

The Oregonian

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Or., as second-class matter.

Subscription Rates: Daily and Sunday, per year... \$3.00; Weekly, six months... \$1.50; Monthly... \$1.00.

How to Remit: Send postage money order, express money order, or check on your local bank.

Eastern Business Office: The S. C. Booth Special Agency, New York, 40-50 Tribune building.

Kept on Sale: Chicago-Auditorium Annex, Portland News Co., 375 Duane street.

San Antonio, Tex.-Louis Book and Clear Co., 214 East Main street.

Portland, Ore.-J. H. Johnson, Fourth and Franklin streets.

Portland, Sunday, June 11, 1905.

MODERNITY IN OUR SCHOOLS.

To conform to the needs of modern life, educational systems in our time have been greatly changed. On a few simple principles the education of our young people is now being conducted.

It is believed that acquaintance with the languages of the modern world is better for general culture than devotion to the study of Greek and Latin.

Our own mother tongue is an offshoot of the Teutonic. Sixty per cent of our daily vocabulary has German roots.

Since all the roots of our common speech are German, it might be supposed that the German language would be a natural and easy study for our youth.

No other modern language holds the peculiar place that the French language holds in our schools.

dicaments, from which French always opens a door of escape.

Our great English writers used to rail against this characteristic of the French language, which indeed is but an expression or transcript of French manners and morals.

It is a perilous language; it is the language of reservations, equivocations and lies.

A striking object lesson. The owners of the Consolidated Street Railway of Portland—representatives of the "first families"—announce through their newspaper organ that they have sold out that property for \$6,000,000.

However, that valuation of \$6,000,000 is to be taken into account in assessment of the property and "franchises"—and that not less than two-thirds of it was got through methods that the grand jury here has just now reprehended and the whole body of our citizenship condemns.

Here is the most striking object-lesson—showing the nature and the consequences of the system of monopoly and plutocracy—ever presented in Oregon.

General Manager Calvin, of the Southern Pacific, has issued an order requiring all applicants for positions with the company to undergo a physical examination.

The population of the country has increased so rapidly that it is no longer necessary to employ a man who uses spirituous liquor, even at intervals.

This slow, gradual working out of the problem of the survival of the fittest will eventually result in a much higher order of citizenship and a more perfect race of men.

the unions that no distinction should be made between any men who bore the union label.

This principle is unfair, and in the end will be discarded. The poor workman, regardless of his union affiliations, will be sent to the rear, just as the drunkard and the physically deformed workmen are now being set aside by the railroads.

Who has a better time than the country editor? Here we find our old friend Albert Tozier, Bohemian and bon vivant, down in Oklahoma, the honored guest of an enthusiastic populace.

On the Eastern coast of the United States three cities contend for the honor of supremacy in the seventeenth century—Boston, New York and Philadelphia.

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to the credit of all journalism, are in the majority.

But we are getting far from Albert Tozier. We left him in Oklahoma. He has started for Oregon, some three hundred miles, and we shall be glad to see him and all of him, when he comes.

The statesman of France who was known to be most friendly to Russia, and the strongest supporter of the dual alliance, M. Delcasse, has resigned, or has had to retire, at a most awkward moment.

On the other hand, consider the extent of territory whose roads run all the way downhill to Portland.

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the natural routes of commerce converge. Artificial routes may obscure the plans of Nature for a time, but not permanently.

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joyed, but the more rather, in that they have first come to know something of the vastness, the beauty and the wonderful resources that lie between the Atlantic and the Pacific in the wide expanse of a great continent.

Oregon real estate dealers must expect to wait until 1906 or even longer for the fruits of their sowing in 1905.

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OREGON OZONE.

Norway appears to believe thoroughly in divorce.

Somebody has figured out that the war cost Russia about \$20,000,000 a week. The last week in May was somewhat more expensive than the average.

The chief difference between St. Louis and Portland, leaving climate aside, is this: In St. Louis, when a pioneer dies, he used to run a steambot on the Mississippi and was intimately acquainted with Mark Twain when the humorist was a river pilot.

Mr. Kryn, the long-haired cornet soloist with the Innes Band, proposes to get a hair-cut this week, for which he offers any competent barber in Portland the unusual fee of \$1.

Leavis and Clark Journal Up to Date. PORTLAND, June 10, 1905.—We have been invited to depart for discovering Astoria.

As to ourselves, we are doing very well, thank you. Last night we were invited to a gathering of the Webster tribe in honor of Big Chief Goodie.

In about three weeks, provided we can collect our men and pay the ransom demanded for Sacajawea and the papoose, we hope to push on toward the reputed locality of Astoria.

The Stringtown Band. I'm no great shakes for music, though I play a chime of so.

Bill Bunker played the first cornet, Jim Wilker second, Jack Gillespie elated them cymbal things till you'd 'a thought they'd crack.

His brother-on-the big bass horn could drown out Gabriel's blow.

The trombone, it was blown by Jones, who wore a beaver hat.

Tom Shelton tapped the tenor drum. The bass drum? I beat that!

And when we marched along the street with many stride and swing.

I 'low we manufactured noise that made the heavens ring.

And proud? Well, now, I 'low there's no be-citified galoot.

Git's half the honors poured on us when we begun to toot.

I know these primer donnies, in the city, on the stage.

With squeaky, speaky upper notes, fit now are all the rage.

And these here bands that set around on cheers, and claw the air.

Are mighty poplar here in town; but say, now, I declare!

Git gimme ole Bill Bunker, sir, and Jim Wilker and Jack and Sid.

Tom Shelton and the undersigned, and won't we lift the lid?

And can't compare with that brass band made up of Stringtown boys.

ROBERTS LOVE.