

CITY NEEDS QUARTERS FOR JUSTICE AND TO HOUSE ITS MANY PRISONERS

Charges Cannot Be Treated in Humane Manner Until Adequate Means of Caring for Men and Woman Criminals Is Provided by Bond Issue Which Is to Be Voted Upon at Next Election.



INTERIOR OF THE SMALL MUNICIPAL COURT ROOM



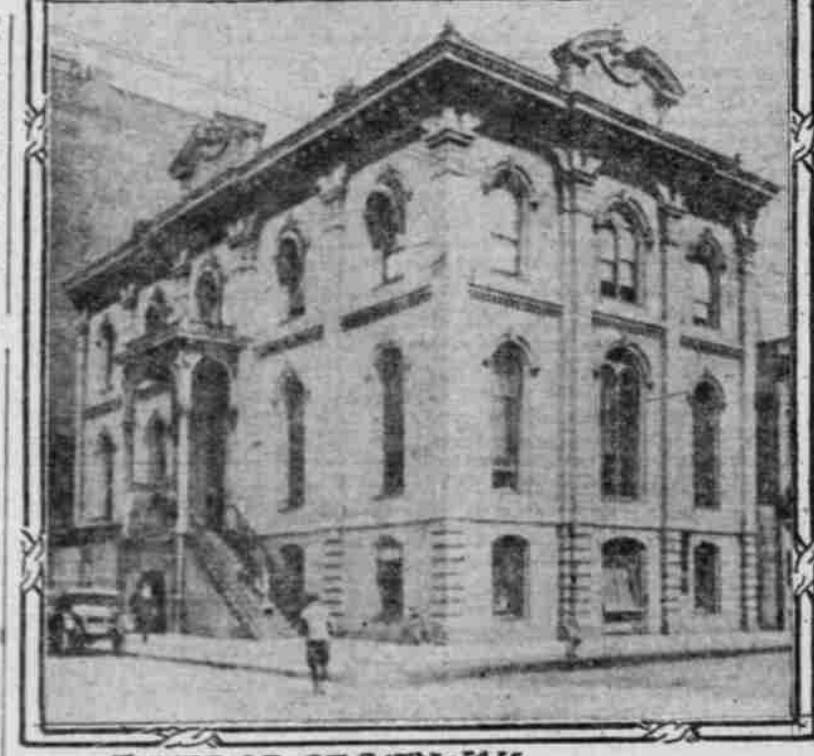
PRISONERS IN THE CORRIDOR OF THE CITY JAIL

ONCE upon a time the city police started a campaign to enforce the ordinance which requires lodgings to furnish a fixed minimum of cubic air-space for each lodger. From their stuffy bunks Chinese, Hindus and other gregarious aliens were routed out and sent to the police station. Then some official bethought him that the best condition was worse than the first; that in the city jail there was less air-space per pair of lungs than in the quarters from which the men had been taken. The crusade stopped quicker than it started.

It is a quiet Saturday night at Second and Burnside when the city jail is not in tumult of the ordinance referred to and the stunted supply of air allowed the captives comes to them laden with whistly fumes, tobacco and what-not.

Twenty years ago, as now, there was a standing joke about the regularity with which monthly grand juries incorporated in their final reports a charge that the jail accommodations were insufficient and deficient. In the nearly four decades since the present edifice was built Portland has sprung from a straggling village to a great metropolis, yet its facilities for dealing with its criminals have not advanced a step. Existing conditions have worked against humane treatment of prisoners, against efficiency and discipline in the force and against the progress of the city.

General quarters for male prisoners, on the ground floor of the jail, are circumscribed within the limits of a room not larger than the average corner grocery. Here as many as 100 men at times eat, sleep and take what exercise they can. Every day those who have received prison sentences or cannot pay their fines are sent to the luncheon quarters, yet before midnight their plates are filled and the jail corridors again become a reeking cave of a thousand smells, in which the casual visitor quickly acquires a headache or nausea. Sometimes, as when two holidays come together without a session of the court to dispose of the accumulated cases, the situation would be past handling did not the Chief of Police and his captains exercise their discretion and release without trial those charged with simple offenses.



EXTERIOR OF CITY JAIL

Comfortable housing of the officers of the department has long since been given up as an insoluble problem. One small locker-room is all the provision made for 200 men, in which to keep their belongings and to assemble when waiting their call to duty. Some few of the officers, crowded out of the space allotted by the city, have privately

engaged rooms in the neighborhood in which to don and doff their uniforms. Probably the most serious result of the crowded condition is its direct bearing upon the manner in which justice is administered to the afflicted captives from below stairs. Some modern Mrs. Malaprop, when told that the acoustics in a theater were bad, replied that she didn't smell anything. In a morning session of the Municipal Court the acoustics can be smelt and heard and felt. Because the hearing is bad, all interested parties crowd about the Judge's bench, shutting off the sound of the witnesses' voice and giving rise to a score of disturbing features which tend to make the administration of justice an unbecoming procedure. The spirit of the thing spreads to the spectators, who swarm on three wobbly benches in the rear of the hall. They laugh and converse.

A hum of conversation swells above the voice of the witness or the court. Lawyers arrange their evidence, collect their fees. Warring factions reclimate in audible undertones. Street-cars and trucks rattle outside and business stops till they have passed. Because it is hard to make one's self heard, persons lean over the Judge's bench and talk to him in tones not audible except to the two. A fertile field for suggestive scandal is thus provided. Every Judge who has presided over the Municipal Court has signed at this condition and made futile efforts to better it, but at last has thrown up his hands and let business proceed in its old slipshod way. "When we have a decent courtroom things will be better," they say. Plans for a new jail include an emergency hospital, than which no civic improvement is more needed. Cruelty most inhumane is practiced every week in the delay which meets the banding of accident cases coming to the attention of the police. Men

have been started for the hospital and diverted to the morgue, and men have started for the morgue and diverted to the hospital. Many a sufferer has lain for precious minutes on a germ-laden bunk at the jail, receiving homely first aid from the jailer while awaiting the arrival of an ambulance. Men have died because the trained and sterilized hand of a physician did not touch their wounds in time. With the general hospitals two miles from the center of the city and no other place to care for the wounded and dying, the emergency hospital is a crying need. At the station near the city jail, the men are asked to vote upon a measure providing for the issuance of bonds for \$200,000 to build an edifice in which the police department can be housed in a manner fitting to a city of the size of Portland. The measure has the hearty approval of all who are cognizant of the conditions as they exist at present.

Each Man Has But One Life to Risk

To Make Success of That One, Each Man Must Act as Though World Had Waited for His Coming.

BY MADISON C. PETERS.

S-TANDS for Seriousness. Life is an earnest, essential, vital affair. Many men act as though they had many lives and could afford to lose one. We have only one life and if we make a failure of that one life it means the failure of all. To make a success of your life, act as though the world had waited for your coming and expected you to perform a grand part in it.

U-STANDS for Uprightness. Unprincipled men win success. Swindlers roll in wealth. Tricksters are crowned with public office and scoundrels cunningly manage to keep the whole community in the clutches of the police. This demoralizing puzzle is a fearful temptation before which some young men are not strong enough to stand. This is the Great Trusts may be sought by scoundrels who sometimes find them, but great trusts never seek unprincipled men and the services of upright men are always sought and they are not found in shoals, but in clear springs. Though a crooked age, yet men are asking: "Is he honest?" Let a man get the reputation for uprightness in his dealings and he will be sought, while the man who wants watching, no matter what his other merits are, will finally find that honest men will have nothing to do with him. The world is always on the lookout for men who will stand for the right, though the heavens fall. Capital is not counted by what a man has, but by what he is. Character is capital. Honor is success. Stained success is failure.

C-STANDS for Concentration. "My father," said a boy bragging about his parent, "can do almost anything; he is a notary public, a druggist, a horse doctor, he can pull teeth, he can mend wagons and things, he can preach, he can play the guitar, and he is a jackass at all trades." It does not pay to know everything. Only sophomores are omniscient. The best way to prevent a gun from scattering is to put in a single shot. Better be a tenth-rate something than a first-rate nothing. An old German proverb says: "To change and to change for the better are two different things." It is not the most brilliant men, but the sticklers who generally achieve the highest success.

C stand for Courtesy. Good manners can do more for a man than money or influence. Lord Chesterfield wrote to his son: "All your Greek can never advance you, but your manner, if good, may." Emerson says: "Give a boy good and accomplished and you give him the mastery of palaces wherever he goes. He has not the trouble to earn or own them, they seek him to enter his service." The "I-don't-know" and "I-don't-care" men generally stay where they start. Show courtesy to others, not because they are gentlemen, but because you are one.

E stands for Energy. There is no genius like the genius of energy. Genius is the talent for hard work. We are bringing up in America gentlemen idlers who are passing down the stream of life at the expense of their fellow passengers. The Great, the Great, the King of Britain, a paragon of attainment in his time—the ninth century—when asked how he found time to accomplish so much, answered: "I find time by never losing it." This answer is the secret of success. To succeed you must be up and doing. Milton said: "I work harder than any plowman; my advice to boys is 'work.'" The old German inscription on a key: "If I rest I rust"—is as true of men as it is of the iron in the key.

S stands for Sobriety. The world of business has put a ban on the drinking man. Every line of business is barring out the man who drinks. One secret of the groovy success of the Jew in America is his sobriety. Sobriety must characterize the man who can hold his place in the contest for place and power. The business of the country, both large and small, is conducted today by men who don't drink. You don't, as a rule, find successful men lined up at the bars; they are usually the fellows who are now are, or are on the road to become loafers. Take any community in any city or in the country, and as it has become successful it has become more sober.

S stands for Service. Useful work done for others. To a man who is content to steal, when a man puts up his work the best that is in him he can, like Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith," "work for the good of the world." Some men's only aim is to get through with their work, to get the money, regardless of how the job is done. The man who works for the good of the world is becoming increasingly difficult to find honest help. There is no country in the world where there is so much poor work done as in America. Things are usually thrown together, so that often European goods are cheaper at double the price. A servant girl had the correct idea of what practical good work is when asked on joining the church, what reason she had for thinking herself a Christian, replied: "I now sweep under the mats."

Housekeeper. Mary Minor Lewis' sympathies go out toward the nurse of an article, "The Trained Nurse and Her Training," she says: "From the day of my entrance until the day of my graduation I learned to member little but the fatigue, the utter and cruel exhaustion at the end of each day; the aching, blistered feet; the nagging of those over me in authority; the unceasing rush of work that was never done. It seemed to me then in my ignorance that much of this was unnecessary, and if my probable employer, I am sure of it. Too much attention is given to non-essentials; for, in my opinion, and in the estimation of many wise physicians, a young woman will make an admirable nurse without having first perfected herself in the arts of the maid-of-all-work. The training so severe that many a strong constitution is permanently undermined, and the statistics show that the active life of a trained nurse averages only seven years."

GASOLINE POWER CRAFT MAKE COOS BAY KNOWN AS VENICE OF OREGON

Launches on Harbor Number 250, and Are Used by Ranchers to Convey Produce to and From City—Large Boats Fly Between Towns on Bay, and Fishermen Also Employ Them in Work.



GASOLINE BOAT FOR BRALOW CENTER



SOUTHERN PACIFIC LAUNCH



SUNDAY PICNIC LAUNCH



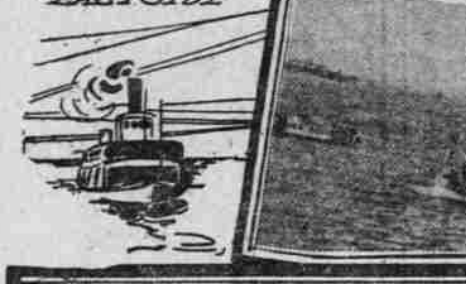
A. H. POWERS'S SPEED BOAT



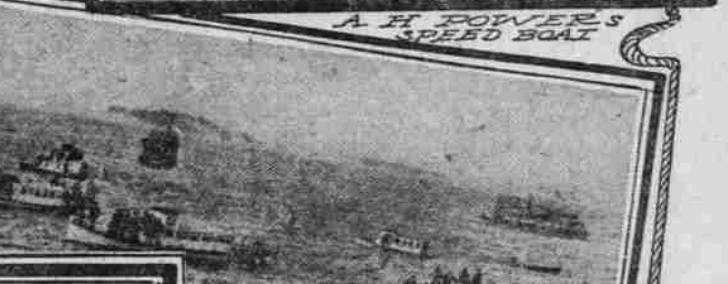
GASOLINE FERRY TO EASTSIDE



FLEET OF SMALL BOATS IN LOWER BAY



ONE OF THE RANCH BOATS



REGULAR PASSENGER BOAT

MARSHFIELD, Or., June 3.—Gasoline boats as a means of transportation probably are used more extensively on Coos Bay than in any other community on the Pacific Coast. So general has become the use of this type of boat that the place has come to be known as the Venice of Oregon. The gasoline launches are the freight and passenger carriers of the whole community, serve the same purpose as streetcars, are used by the ranchers for delivery of milk and produce and furnish great sport for the lovers of speed boats.

The public and privately owned boats on Coos Bay and the tributary rivers and inlets number about 250, and range in size from small open boats to launches 60 feet long. The power of the gasoline boats is from two-horse power up to 50. Some of the smaller boats are open, some are large cabin boats and others are speed boats with hoods. In fact, most every style of boat is used.

Type Is Diverse. The pattern of the usual launches, however, is rather different from those in other harbors and bays. Some are designed to travel the shallow rivers and others are built to cross over the bar and most of them are intended to combine various purposes. Probably half a million dollars is invested in the gasoline launches on Coos Bay, and practically all of them were built in this locality. The white, or Port Orford, and Coos County, which is so valuable in marine work, enters largely into the construction of these little boats.

In Marshfield the Timmerman and Holland shipyards make an exclusive business of building gasoline launches. There are several other builders and many owners have built their own boats. Half a dozen machine shops on the bay are kept busy doing repair work.

Boats Give Employment. Aside from the absolute necessity of the gasoline boat in this locality, its use creates quite an important industry for employment of many men.

A down of the larger boats are seagoing, and are used for deep-sea fishing, while one or two make regular trips to neighboring smaller ports. The gasoline boat is the only means of direct water connection with the city. The Coos Bay community could not get along without the little white boats that dart around on the bay at all times of day and night. Many of the best ranches are located on the rivers and are only reached by water. While many of the ranchers own their own boats, every river has its regular freight and passenger service, giving many advantages as if the farms were located on an electric interurban line and doing away with the mud road problem in winter time. Milk and produce is carried from the rancher's door and the boat brings back his needs from the city. Passenger boats run between Marsh-

field and North Bend on schedule the same as streetcars, a gasoline ferry maintained by the county, gives the only connection between Marshfield and the city of Eastside, and dozens of boats are prepared at all times of day and night for charter.

During the summer, Sunday picnics to the beach and river resorts bring into use all of the available boats and furnish one of the chief amusements for the people of the cities. On Saturdays the waterfront of Marshfield is lined for several blocks with the launches from the different rivers and are laden with produce taken to and from the ranches. The freight consists of everything, from a package of sugar to livestock for the butcher. The boats are also used extensively in the logging operations on the bay and are the chief asset of the salmon and deep-sea fishermen.

Sportsmen Employ Craft. In out of door sports the gasoline craft play a very important part. They are a necessity in reaching all of the hunting and fishing grounds, and dozens of people living in the city own boats merely for the pleasure of running them. Among these are some fast ones.

Dr. Beattie, of North Bend, who is president of the club, owns one of the handiest gasoline cruisers on the bay. Dr. J. T. McCormack, president of the Marshfield Chamber of Commerce, owns the Dixie, one of the largest private cruisers and a launch of seagoing qualities. A. H. Powers and his son, Fred Powers, of the Smith-Powers Logging Company, own the two fastest speed boats on the bay. They have been entered in races, but throughout the year they use their fast boats to visit the logging camps operated by the company, and which are located on the waterways. Coos Bay's mosquito fleet is one of the most conspicuous features of the place and one of the most useful. Without the gasoline boat Coos Bay would have to come to a standstill, and business could not be transacted. Even after the localities has a railroad and streetcars the gasoline boat will always have its place on Coos Bay.

Are You Money Mad? United States Senator Taylor, of Tennessee. There is a money madness that has swept over us, consuming everything in its cyclonic path. It is the gold today that lures millions from their homes in the fields, in the hills and hollows, to great cities, where they try to scale dream ladders that break beneath them. The American people are like a nation of swine rooting up the trees and flowers in an eternal search for gold—and the big hog with the diamond in his snout is our symbol of greatness and success. A millionaire today is ranked above Goldsmith, and the gold of a multimillionaire represents more to our minds than the greatness of Shakespeare. Gold is the power that is riding today rough-shod over love, law, and liberty, killing romance and destroying a love for better things. The lust for gold has killed other nations. Is it not possible that we too are approaching the time when by digging for gold we will dig our own graves? Gold is in everything—in the church, society, politics; all I verily believe that if the American people went to heaven they would dig up the golden streets of the new Jerusalem and levy a tariff on the harps of the angels to protect American industries.

How Often to Feed a Puppy. Until a puppy is four months old it should be fed four times a day; after that, three times a day until the completion of its growth, which varies with different breeds. A young and growing animal should never be allowed to overeat, as it invariably will do if the periods between meals are so long that the animal is reduced to a state of ravenous hunger before every meal. The heaviest meal of the day, which should consist in part of meat in some form, should be given at night.

Different Kinds of Bids. Lippincott's. "Yes," said the specialist, as he stood at the bedside of the miser millionaire, "I can cure you." "But what will it cost?" came feebly from the lips of the sick man. The specialist made a swift mental calculation. "Ninety-five dollars," was his answer. "Can't you shade your figure a little?" wailed the other. "The undertaker's bid is much less."