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THURSDAY, AUGUST 7, 1902.

Chairman Dick boasts that Ohio will go Republican this fall. So will Missouri go Democratic.

The coal strike cost \$60,000,000, and yet the coal barons seem to be able to ride in automobiles.

Chicago, with characteristic energy, will employ earthquakes to awaken the suburbanites mornings.

If each convention lately held be correct mutually, then there are many keynotes in the music of politics.

A Staten Island, New York, youngster yelled loud enough to be heard in Atlanta, Georgia, (through the telephone).

A writer in the Scientific American says the Fiji Islanders will not eat a man addicted to the tobacco habit. Neither will we.

A Pennsylvania man drowned himself because his mother-in-law was coming to see him. That is carrying the mother-in-law joke too far.

The excitement in Rock Island stock comes just in time to follow the flurry in oats and corn and give the fools another opportunity to spend their money.

The State of Washington will secure lower grain rates, anyway, out of the agitation over railroad legislation. It was not so much of demagoguery, after all.

Think of a Boer leader a social lion in London, and imagine that same Boer in the same geographical spot a year or two ago, when the South Africans were doing things to the Britishers.

The other day the team and people of Minneapolis failed to kill the baseball umpire, and the Daily Times of that city hastens to print the next day an editorial leader in which the Flour City is held up to the world as a model of righteousness.

Those weather men live too high up in the clouds, and do not get upon the plane of us poor mortals, therefore forgetting to turn off the draft. If they will look at the thermometrical records of the past few days they will be ashamed of themselves.

Chauncey Depew, when he was president of the New York Central, perpetrated the best mother-in-law joke ever heard of, when he sent a pass to a young married man for the latter's mother-in-law, accompanied by this note: "Dear Sam—Enclose pass to and from Albany, for your esteemed mother-in-law. Note that I have limited it to ten days."

Senator Mitchell says the Republicans are divided on the subject of Cuban reciprocity. The Post-Intelligencer the other day wrote a column article proving that they are not divided. This statement of Mitchell's doesn't agree with that of the Seattle paper. Perhaps the Senator has some inside information that has not yet been found by the P.-I.

FORCING NEW METHODS.

Public sentiment and the taking of many lives have at last moved the New York Central to agree to substitute electricity for steam on its lines leading into New York City. It is one of the shames of America's principal city that that road has for so long refused to move forward and has been humored in its refusal. The people of New York State have been willing slaves of a corporation that has piled up enormous profits, making many a fortune for many a family, yet all of the time it was complaining that it could not afford to effect this improvement or make that alteration.

The dominating influence of the New York Central has been a curse to the Empire State. The company's representa-

tatives have been constantly at Albany, and have omitted no opportunity to control legislation, and in so controlling, there has been no regard for the sacredness of the system of representative government.

New York should long ago have forced modern appliances into the New York Central tunnel, and the delay allowed until the horrible accident of last year had convicted the officials of criminal negligence in the jury of public opinion, is but another proof of the viciousness of railroad lobbies.

SEATTLE vs. TACOMA.

The subjoined excerpt from the Tacoma Ledger prompts the query whether or not the quantitative or qualitative theory is correct as applied to votes cast for carnival Queens. It is a grave question, worthy the best brain of the editor of a daily paper in a great city. Whether Seattle casts 1000 or 100,000 votes, or Tacoma 1001 or 100,001, is a theme such as in past ages inspired Homers to sing Iliads and other poets to immortalize themselves in classic epic poems. The Ledger, commendably, let us say, thus seriously considers the matter. Read it carefully:

"Seattle has chosen a Queen for the Elks' carnival. She received 6,981 votes. The total of votes was 13,110. Last year, as will be remembered, Tacoma held an Elks' carnival, and had a Queen. The votes on that occasion were 37,001, and the lady chosen had 14,241 of these, the next competitors having 10,822 and 8,539 respectively. In other words, the Seattle Queen had less than half the votes given the Tacoma Queen, and the Tacoma Queen had more votes than all the candidates in Seattle combined. The enthusiasm indicated lasted during the whole of the carnival, but Seattle does not seem to have reached the pitch."

LABOR MUST ORGANIZE.

One of the speakers at the labor rally in the Cordray's Theater the other night said: "Down through all the ramifications of life we find it moved and controlled by organization."

It is because of this truth, pertinently uttered by this representative of labor, that sensible and fair-minded people acknowledge the justice of the contention of organized laborers. It is because of this truth that many millions overlook even mistakes of serious character. It is because of this vital necessity that those who are not eligible to membership nevertheless encourage the formation and the maintenance of labor unions.

Let the workman stand at his doors to guard his family, to insist that just conditions shall rule where he is sought that affects them. And let the workmen hold justice as a mantle that covers all when it be spread by righteous hands.

LET US OBLITERATE TRACY.

"The evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones." So let it not be with Tracy; for, in the first place, there was so little of good in the convict that the undertaker would have difficulty in accomplishing a funeral; and, in the second place, it will be unwise to cause the evil to retain its vitality by going over the subject times without number for the non-edification of the young. Let the bones lie unnoticed of the man who stirred a continent, and even rippled the sea of thought in a whole world, because his life was forfeit, and he therefore cared not what he did; who, with animal instinct, eluded his pursuers; whose career was black with reeking crime, and to write about whom is about as pleasant as to discuss bloody butchering in a house where slaughtering is done.

CURIOUS CONDENSATIONS.

Last winter 1129 women were studying at German universities. There are now some six Europeans in the Buddhist priesthood in Burma. Milk that is slightly tainted may be sweetened by stirring a little soda in it. The largest coral reef in the world is the Australian barrier reef, which is 1109 miles in length. In the United Kingdom last year 821 persons were killed while at work and 105,259 others injured. Ireland is steadily losing population. The decrease last year was 31,453, entirely accounted for by emigration. Prehistoric amber objects are now being manufactured in Austria from the mouthpieces of old cigarholders.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

POEMS WORTH READING.

FROM "IN MEMORIAM." ALFRED TENNYSON. Alfred Lord Tennyson was born in Lincolnshire in 1800. He studied at Trinity College, where he first met his friend, Arthur Hallam, to whom the following poem was written. In 1850 Tennyson married and settled at Twickenham; later he lived at Aldworth, and finally at Farringford on the Isle of Wight. He succeeded Wordsworth as poet laureate in 1850, and was made a Baron in 1854. He is buried in the Poets' Corner at Westminster Abbey. "Maud," "The Princess," "Enoch Arden" and "Idylls of the King" are his longer poems. These stanzas are from Tennyson's great poem, "In Memoriam": O, yet we trust that somehow good Will be the final goal of ill. To pang of nature, sins of will, Defects of doubt, and taints of blood; That nothing walks with aimless feet; That not one life shall be destroyed, Or cast as rubbish to the void, When God hath made the pile complete; That not a worm is cloven in vain, That not a moth with vain desire Is shriveled in a fruitless fire, Or but subserves another's gain.

WHEN THE ICE GOES OUT.

The Post-Intelligencer of last Thursday, July 3, contained an editorial posing deep interest, on the subject of "The mistakes of a Chechaco." In it, the writer mentioned "Chechacos" and "Sour doughs" as terms used in the Klondike. Perhaps some people will care to read of how a chechaco becomes an old-timer or sour-dough. It is all done in a moment, and the transformation is somewhat interesting.

The chechaco is a person who has recently gone to the Yukon country, either to Alaska or the Klondike, and the word, according to the best authority, just grew. It has no authoritative etymology. The chechaco is simply a newcomer, a tenderfoot.

We will presume that a given chechaco has gone into the Yukon valley, and has landed in Dawson. He is a chechaco until the coming spring, when the ice goes out, when he becomes an old-timer or sour-dough, which is the same thing. The writer witnessed such a transformation as an interested spectator in Dawson City, during the Spring of 1898, and will never forget it.

WHAT IS AN OLD-TIMER?

The law of the North is unwritten, yet it is fully as binding in this regard as in any provided for by statute or royal decree. The social stature of a man who had ventured into the northern country depended on how long he had been there. It is merely the same law that makes our "oldest families" seem so important to some people. It is natural to the human to respect permanency of character as evidenced by permanency of location. In fact, from the nomad to the settler was civilization's first step. It is therefore no peculiarity of the Klondike country that he who was a newcomer held not the respect of one who had endured the dangers of the region during the most dangerous time. Hence, it was the ambition of everyone to be among the high-toned people who were referred to in respectful tones as "Oh, he's an old-timer. He's been here three years." A man who had been there four years was a demigod, while old Jack McQueenen, "father of the Yukon," was worshipped as the divinity of the northern gold fields. A man was an old-timer only when he had passed a winter in the country and seen the ice go out.

BEING MADE OVER.

So, it was a company of men who would now be ashamed to acknowledge how really anxious they were for the ice to go out that day early in June of 1898, for so soon as it started, they would join the "burned circle" of those who had made their Yukon calling and election sure.

The entire camp was there on the banks of the Yukon River, which had been rising rapidly, and would soon discharge its masses of ice into the sea, leaving the great waterway free for the passage of craft.

All winter long the Dawson people had stared out their cabin windows, through the frost sparkles, at the river, held in the bonds of an ice tiring whose domain extended from the Bering Sea to the upper reaches of the mountains near the divide of Bennett Lake. There were sober faces, too, for the camp was built where the waters could easily sweep it away, and after an hour's time had gone, it was apparent that the old Yukon had gotten up a special exhibition of flood powers, to entertain the 49,690 chechacos who had come down the river in small boats that Spring of 1898.

THRILL OF THE MOMENT.

One who was there concedes that there was enough of sentiment to cause him to experience some of those cold chills that often crawl along the backbone in a moment when the emotions are crunched or when one is catching cold. There had been, through a long winter, cut off from communication with all of the world. Months had gone, and we knew not whom our friends death had claimed. The days had been dark and cold and dreary. There had been moments when one took tight hold of some object anchored firmly, and wondered if the senses would leave. Sometimes the oppression was heavy. It was the impossibility of getting out or hearing from those who were out. Probably most men who were there would refuse to acknowledge these things. Yet in some manner or other the same feeling took hold of every one. It was only a matter of how they showed it—by exhibiting emotion, or plunging into dissipation or gaming. It all came from the same source.

GRIND OF THE ICE MASSES.

It was almost exactly 10 o'clock in the forenoon of June 8 the first signal was heard. It was a low grinding sound, and some old-timer remarked that in a few moments the prodigious masses of ice that had held the Yukon for the winter would be moving towards the sea. The sound had escaped the ears of the chechacos. But it was only a few moments later when everyone knew quite distinctly that the ice had started, and crunched and ground, plied up and rushed down swift placed in the river, and it was not long before the entire river was a mass of tossing, eddying floes bound for the ocean of the north. It was when that moment came in which the old-timer heard the first sound of moving ice, that we graduated from the school of the chechacos to become degree holders in the alumni association of Yukon old-timers or sour-doughs. People should have seen us during the remainder of the summer imposing on the chechacos and leading it over everyone who chanced not to have gone through the transformation process.

OLD-TIMER.

Portland, Aug. 6, 1902. TONS OF PRECIOUS METAL. A bar of gold, containing \$1,250,000 worth of precious metal would be three feet square and 29 feet long. At two tons to the million, it would take 2,500 double teams, or 5,000 horses, to haul this mass of coined treasure over the average roads of the country. Fixing 50 pounds as the proper load for the average man to carry any distance it would require an army of 100,000 to carry the stuff. In ranks or 12 moving in fairly open order this army of gold bearers would stretch over 11 or 12 miles, or about the length of Broadway on the Island of Manhattan.

TWO PEN PICTURES.

This is John J. Jackson. He is a Judge of the Federal Court of Appeals.

He is the oldest Judge on the United States bench. He has ruled that the coal miners of West Virginia are in contempt. Here are things they did: They rented land, a mile from any mine, and held a meeting. A QUIET ORDERLY MEETING. That was CONTEMPT, says Judge Jackson, a CRIME against the RIGHTS of the coal barons. The guilty men will go to jail. The coal barons evicted 20 families. They had no food and no homes. The miners' union rented ground, half a mile from any mine, put up tents and made a place for these men, and for their starving wives and babies. AND THAT, TOO, WAS CONTEMPT, says Judge Jackson, a CRIME against the RIGHTS of the coal barons.

This is Mother Jones. She is called the "Angel of the Mines." Judge Jackson says she must go to jail.

What has she done? What was her CONTEMPT and what was her CRIME against the RIGHTS of the coal barons?

She carried FOOD to starving women and children.

She went among the miners and spoke words of cheer to them.

She visited their hovels and took with her a GLEAM OF THE SUNLIGHT OF CHARITY AND SYMPATHY.

She saw the sick and was good to the children of the poor.

She was kind and sweet and gentle and tender.

Remember they call her the "Angel of the Mines."

She is and does in her humble way what Christ did and was in Godlike greatness.

WELL, THEY HELD HIM IN CONTEMPT, TOO, BUT THEY PUT HIM ON THE CROSS TO DIE.

THERE HAS BEEN THAT MUCH GAIN IN 20 CENTURIES.

And so here they are both, JOHN J. JACKSON—JUDGE—COURT OF APPEALS. MOTHER JONES—"ANGEL OF THE MINES"—JAIL BIRD.

On God's great judgment book, which name stands first, do you think—St. Paul News.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

UNIONISM. To the Editor—"Stand by the cause of unionism," is the cry of the working man of Portland today, and very sensible advice it is. Labor has one great moral force at its back, and that is the influence which controls and upholds the principles of its unions, great as the opposition has been to the combining of the labor forces. The sentiment of antagonism to the trusts and combinations which oppose the worker in his demand for fair and just recognition is spreading, until he has obtained a tacit acknowledgment of the justice of the cause of unionism, from even its most powerful opponents.

The prevailing sentiment is strongly unionistic, though it has many enemies, even among laboring men and mechanics owing to the simple fact that they have not looked into the motives which are the controlling factor in upholding the cause of the laboring man.

Among the many objections to unionism advanced by its opponents is that it is "anti-American, and in conflict with the freedom which should govern every man's actions, and which he has a right to maintain. This objection can be set aside by the statement that where a body of men combine for their mutual interests and protection, they are aiding the greatest principle of Americanism, which in itself exemplifies the strength of unity.

The individual rights of no man are injured or interfered with in the promulgation of unionistic doctrines, and no reason can be adduced for the claim that it is trespassing on individual rights. The benefits to the laborer can easily be estimated and shown, and the right to maintain this great moral lever for his own protection can be clearly demonstrated.

In the professions we have the same controlling forces at work which enter into the organization of the laborer. The legal profession maintains their bar association, which binds its members to certain rules and obligations. The medical have twice more stringent laws in their application and more autocratic in their demands than those of their honored brothers of the bar, in fact it is a general rule followed in all branches of professions that certain lines must be followed in order to uphold the high principle which is the *sana qua non* of success.

The advantages that stand from unionism are many. A fair standard of wages has been maintained, the shortening of the working hours has given the toiler more time for study, more opportunity for improving his mind, and more chance to get acquainted with his duties as a husband and citizen; it has given him the American workman and mechanic superior to his European competitor. It has made of him the fearless companion of truth, justice and honor, and the foe to oppression, monopoly and greed. Stand by the cause of unionism, maintain its principles, uphold the sacredness of the trust that is imposed upon you as a part of the great factor which has helped to uplift the laborer from that condition of social serfdom where he could be pointed at as "a brother to the ox."

B. KEENE.

FORCE OF HABIT.

Prospective Father-in-Law—Do you ever gamble or smoke, sir? Prospective Son-in-Law—No, sir! Prospective Father-in-Law—Do you ever drink, sir? Prospective Son-in-Law (absent-mindedly)—Well, I don't care if I do, sir.—June Smart Set.

TALKS WITH VISITORS.

IRRIGATION AND IMMIGRATION.

"The greatest need of these Pacific Northwestern States are irrigation and immigration," said B. Campbell, assistant traffic director of the Harriman railroad system, with headquarters in Chicago. Mr. Campbell was for a number of years a resident of Portland, having been appointed agent of the Union Pacific Railroad here in 1884; was made division freight agent; subsequently general freight agent of the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company; then traffic manager and after that road was taken into the Harriman system he was advanced to his present position last January, being assistant to J. C. Stubbs, another former Pacific Coast railroad man, 30 years with the Southern Pacific in San Francisco.

"Our company is doing its best in every way to encourage immigration in this direction, and the bureau of which Mr. McKinney is the head intends to canvass the matter thoroughly, especially among the Eastern, Middle Western and Southern farmers, explaining the advantages of this country in the way of climate, fertility of soil, never-failing crops and absence of destructive storms. This work will be kept up for several years until the country along our lines in the West are much more thickly populated—in fact, as long as efforts extended are productive of the desired results."

"I came to the Coast on my present trip primarily to attend the Colfax, Wash., joint convention of railroad men and farmers a few days ago and will remain until Sunday, returning direct to Chicago."

LIKES THE WEATHER.

"There should be no complaint coming on this weather," remarked F. R. Forrest, a traveling salesman from San Jose, Cal., who has been in the city a few days on business. "I was sick about this time last Summer down at Red Bluff in the Sacramento Valley, California, where the thermometer registered 114. In Seattle last week it got up to 95, which, together with the continuous streams of hot air emitted from the mouths of the majority of that town's residents, made it decidedly disagreeable."

"The great Central Railroad's prospects of being pushed through I consider quite good. The Goulds having bought the Rio Grande road into Denver naturally want to come on to the Coast, and I believe they intend to start out from the Oregon-California-Nevada corner, build west with one lateral to Coos Bay, Or., and the other through Trinity and other mining towns in Shasta County, Northern California, sadly in need of railroads, on to Eureka on the Bay. From there they own the line formerly known as the North Coast Railroad down to San Francisco. I ran onto one of their field parties in Shasta County not long ago, and while it is a rough country there is a rich mining district which is demanding smelters and they will not build until there is the establishment of the required transportation facilities."

"Farmers experience great difficulty in securing harvest hands to take care of their crops in my section," said State Senator W. W. Steiner, who is in the city from his home at Possil, where he has extensive merchandise interests. "They are offering \$2 a day and board. Grain and fruit promise well, stock commands a high price and the people generally are prosperous."

FULTON IN TOWN.

Charles W. Fulton of Astoria, president of the Senate during the last session of the Legislature and whose legion of friends claim that he would make himself heard if robed in a United States Senatorial toga, which they hope to eventually place upon his shoulders, is in the city for a short stay. He says that business is good in Astoria, and the salmon pack is large. Local political circles there are quiet, all interest being now centered in Portland, where the big chiefs hold forth.

HOOD RIVER PROGRESS.

"The Hood River district is destined to become as well known a fruit section as the Santa Clara Valley in California," declared R. R. Erwin, a long time real estate and mining man who now lives at Hood River. "The Hood River apples have taken premiums at all of the great international exhibitions held the past few years with monotonous regularity, and their position in markets far distant is assured. The Hood River District Fruit Fair will be held October 8 to 11 of this year, and I say without hesitation that no similar exhibit could be gotten together anywhere to excel it. The Hood River valley is rapidly becoming the Promised Land for many of the Eastern Oregon farmers and stock raisers. After several years of hard work in the fields or on the range they accumulate a competency and come down to our neighborhood, where they buy a small place of 10, 20 or 40 acres, and set it out to fruit. In a few years it comes into bearing and life after that is easy for the fortunate owner. A considerable section of land suitable for fruits and vegetables near the town of Hood River is soon to be divided up into small acreage tracts and placed on the market. Many Portland people are now coming up to spend their summer outings in the numerous camping places, pleasant farms houses and hotels in different parts of the valley."

HAIL, COLUMBIA!

Let independence be our boast Ever mindful what it cost; In killed and wounded, July 4 It cost, this year, 300 more. Firm, united, let us be Rallying round our liberty, Glad, if, with their latest breath, We dodge the lockjaw route to death! —Atlanta Constitution.

LAZY HUSBAND.

Mrs. White—Sam! Ah wish yo' was lak dat Mont Peise. Mr. White—How an dat? Mrs. White—Had plenty ob dust en wah active.—Atlanta Constitution.

No More Dread of the Dental Chair New York Dental Parlors 4th and Morrison Sts., Portland, Ore. No Pain NO PLATES REQUIRED No Gas Full Set of Teeth \$5.00 Teeth extracted and filled absolutely without pain, but our late scientific method applied to the gums. No sleep-producing agents or cocaine. These are the only dental parlors in Portland having patented appliances and ingredients to extract, fill and apply gold crowns and porcelain crowns undetectable from natural teeth, and warranted for 10 years. Without the least pain. Hours: 8:30 to 8:00—Sundays 8:30 to 2:00.

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BELOW COST EDISON ELECTRIC LAMPS To consumers of current from our mains we are now selling LAMPS AT 15c EACH, or \$1.75 PER DOZEN. These are the same lamps that we formerly sold at 25c each, and are made expressly for us. Buy Them If You Want the Best. Delivered in Dozen Lots Free of Charge. Portland General Electric Co.

Heating apparatus adapted to Pacific Coast. If we see, that our furnaces can be improved in any way, we have them made that way. It's not the manufacturer, it's we who say how our furnaces shall be made. W. G. McPHERSON Heating and Ventilating Engineer 47 FIRST ST., bet. Ash and Pine

THE KNOCKER. She had a little hammer, She used it with a will, She knocked at everybody, They couldn't keep her still; She knocked about her neighbors If they were friends or foes, She knocked about the table, And knocked about her clothes. She knocked at hubby's smoking, About his snoring, too; She knocked about his whistling, And so, perhaps, would you; At last the Reeper claimed her, Her course on earth was run; Her husband then considered Her knocking days were done. But hubby went one evening To see a spirit show, Where always, in the gloaming, The spirits come and go; He heard a spirit knocking, "My wife," he said, "I'll bet! Now isn't she a wonder? By gosh! she's knocking yet!" —Lonkers Statesman.

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