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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 20, 1902.

OUR CITY'S HIDDEN BEAUTIES.

So much has been written and said on the necessity for better opportunities and means for seeing the natural beauties and advantages of Portland that the story is, to many, getting to be an old one; but until these improvements are made we propose to keep hammering away, even at the risk of boring those who hold the good work back. The reader the fact is recognized that our magnificent situation, our unrivaled scenery, our marvelous climate, are in themselves a veritable mine of gold, the sooner will we reap, reward from them. During the late spring, summer and early fall months no place in the world offers more to the sightseer, the lover of Nature or the searcher for health, than does this city of ours. We will not venture to paint or picture what is known to us all, what we see when the first rays of the morning sun glisten on St. Helen's snowy peak and light up Columbia's basin, and the last view as bathed in gold and purple old "Hood" fades from view. It is not to the esthetic side, but to the practical and utilitarian that we would appeal just now.

The gold in the ground, the coral in the sea, the jewel in its casing, are all useless until they are brought to light and their beauty seen. Of what avail are all our glories unless they can be seen, and seen with comfort? While there are some who love to struggle to some forbidding height, who love to discover for themselves the beauties revealed only through patient search, the great majority of the tourists have but a limited time at their disposal; they are of all ages, all sexes; they want an easy, comfortable way of seeing things; they want the points of vantage marked; they want to know what there is to see and when they have seen it.

There is much more in this than appears on the surface. The average traveler admires what he is told to admire, and a pretty name, a catchy word, goes a long way. This characteristic of nearly every one is illustrated by every guide-book, every railroad pamphlet or advertising circular issued. We look at what we are told to look at. Furthermore, if we minimize the beauty of our views or other advantages, we may be sure no one else will exaggerate their value.

We need streets, roads and paths plainly marked, of easy grade and access, and running here, there and everywhere. At all important points there should be signs posted, naming the view, spring, or other object of interest. Indeed, it would be well for the Park Commissioners to appoint a sub-committee for this very purpose. We have our "grand view," our "Lookout," our "Inspiration Point," our "Council Crest," etc.

Tens of thousands of tourists each recurring year, with but a modicum of knowledge of our attractions, point the moral to this tale. With rivers, lakes, mountains, water-falls, the mighty sea—everything that attracts, it remains but to make them accessible, and their grandeur and beauty will do the rest. Don't expect tourists to rave over what they cannot see, or be enthusiastic after a jolting ride or rough walk to some place they have to go to get a view. What we need, what we must have, are good streets and sidewalks, smooth roads and walks with easy grade. It is none too soon to commence this work on a systematic plan, and in earnest.

Morgan may gather up all the other shipping, but it's a dead certainty that even he will not be able to surround the German "schooners."

SOME MORE POSITIVISM. The "Kicker" must unquestionably have a part and place in the general make-up of things, else he wouldn't be here. After a fashion he does good, and while at times everybody is glad to have some one register a "kick," the average man prefers that his neighbor rather than himself undertake the job. All the same, the "kicker" don't get there. Now, there is a wide difference between reasonable criticism and "kicking" per

se. The one does not offend, commands respect; the other both offends and carries no weight.

All of which leads us to remark that the Democratic party is "kicking" too much for its own good. The so-called leaders in Congress, and particularly in the Senate, are rapidly degenerating into a set of "scolds," and unless a halt is called, and that right soon, the "ducking stool" will be resurrected and put to use.

Nowadays, as always, it is the constructor that counts, not the destroyer. We must build up, not tear down, and the people of this country are not going to place their destinies in the hands of those who have nothing better to offer than a membership in a National "Knocker" Club.

This may not be palatable reading to our Democratic friends, but it is the fact. Take the whole bunch of so-called leaders of the Democratic party today, Bryan, Carmack, DuBoise, Turner and a dozen others, what do they offer to a young man as an inducement to enlist under their banners? What hopes, what aspirations do they arouse? It is, and has been for months, one long, weary "kick," one everlasting "scold." Why shouldn't the Democrats here assert themselves? Why should we await the declaration of the Democrats say of Nebraska, or of Missouri, before venturing on a platform of our own? Why shouldn't they follow us, instead of we them?

It is a fact patent to everybody that the rank and file of the Democratic party of this state are in harmony neither with Mr. Bryan nor with Mr. Cleveland. It is equally apparent that they do not agree with the doctrine of a Carmack, who voices the abandonment of the Philippines without regard to duty or results. The Democrat of the West is an expansionist within right lines. He does not believe in turning his back on a task until it is done, and well done.

He believes, too, that there is opportunity for great constructive work at home. The great question of municipal and public ownership of many utilities is fast coming to the front; the reformation of the tariff; the control of great corporations and trusts, are all demanding attention, and each is a question that presents issues pregnant with great results.

Does anyone believe for a moment that Mr. Chamberlain would have been elected Governor if he had not been in harmony with the views of the people generally, or do they think if he had stood for "scuttle and sink" he would have had a larger vote? The Democratic party has been a long and patient sufferer at the hands of its friends, and the result of the policies advocated by it in late years are sufficiently apparent that he who runs may read.

What is needed is new blood, new leaders who are more in touch with the present and who do not live altogether in the past; men who are more hopeful, who can see the light of day as well as the darkness of night; men who command respect, who have the confidence of the people generally because of the soundness of their views and the depth and dignity of their reason and thoughts. We have had enough of destruction, enough of pessimism, enough of the doleful.

This country is not going to the devil, this year, anyway. Let us have a leader who sees that there is yet good on earth, who is willing to concede that the average American, no matter what his politics, is loyal to his country and is not a bondman to concentrated wealth, and wants to do what is right rather than what is wrong; some leader whose face is brilliant with the light of victory, not glowering with the clouds of defeat. With such a man there will be a Democratic party worthy of its name.

A big tidal wave destroyed the lower portion of the City of Altam, Mexico, last Friday and washed away several smaller places. This is probably the wave due at Atlantic City yesterday, but it found the Nicaragua route impassible.

Senator Foraker denies his being a candidate for Vice-President. Strange how persons with a guilty conscience will bring suspicion on themselves. No one really suspected Foraker before this announcement.

Miss Kathison Nelson is to marry Reginald Vanderbilt. The dispatches say "She is a Catholic, but the difference in their religions will make no difference." The jingling guinea can always get a dispensation.

As the campaign comes on the people of Delaware quit fighting mosquitoes long enough to vote for Addicks. It doesn't hurt them, because they are Addick(ed) to it.

Science, or rather scientists, having now proven to their own satisfaction that a flying machine is an impossibility, it will be in order for some one to come forward with a perfect airship.

Lewis and Clark are much talked of just now, but is that any reason that prince of gallant gentlemen who commanded the Oregon should be utterly forgotten?

When flying machines get perfected the millionaires will have a realm of their own, where there will be no poor folks to be automobilized or Santos-Dumonted.

EXTRAVAGANCES OF WOMEN.

The other afternoon I went home early, arriving two hours before I was expected, and found a bevy of women guests of my wife, attending a Parish Aid Society. I slipped up stairs, and went into the library, intending to ask the servant to bring me something to eat and then return to my office. I rang the bell in the room communicating with the culinary department, and gave my order for a hasty lunch which I proposed to be content with in place of the dinner ordinarily partaken of in our home at 6 o'clock.

IN A SEWING CIRCLE.

Some one of the ladies saw me come in, and soon I was invited to go down stairs and attend the meeting of the women who were earnestly discussing the affairs of the church of which their organization is an adjunct. It was a novel experience, hence I cancelled other engagements and decided to enjoy the occasion in the best manner possible. I listened to the talk, and said nothing, so that soon the women were going over the matters of church finance as though I were not there. I assure you it was a remarkable illustration of the extravagances of women that I heard.

SUBSCRIBING TO SALARY DEFICIENCIES.

It appears that the salary of the rector was in arrearage, and one of the main objects of the meeting was to devise means whereby they might assist in securing to the man of cloth the hire of which he is worthy, according to Holy Writ. The rule had been in effect that each member of this Parish Aid Society must pay monthly dues of 10 cents. This sum was devoted to paying the amount pledged toward the rector's salary by the society. Someone proposed to increase the monthly dues to 25 cents.

CREATED A FUREOR.

Well, you should have witnessed the consternation this created. The conclusion of the heated discussion was that the increased-monthly-dues-of-25-cents proposition was voted down, and the woman who proposed it was scorned and almost ostracized during the remainder of the session. There was little other business and, by the way, it was beyond my ken that they had in any manner solved the question as to the rector's deficiency, excepting to agree that "it was a shame that the poor man did not receive his salary promptly, and we ought to do something, sometime, perhaps, get up an ice cream social or a lawn fete."

THEN THEY TALKED SOCIAL FUNCTIONS.

Having disposed of the matter of the rector and his precarious financial situation to their entire satisfaction and so as to preserve their self-complacency, they talked informally of coming social affairs. I was amazed. These women, unable to pay 15 cents a month more than they had been paying, told of teas and dinner parties and caterers and flowers and carriages and luncheon affairs and functions coming, which would cost \$25 to \$100 each, for these women are quite prominent socially here in Portland. Talk of men's extravagances! They are not a marker!

OLD TIMER. Portland, Or., August 20, 1902.

SOME SUMMER LAUGHS.

WOULD SPOIL THE EFFECT. "Evident!" exclaimed the impassioned young man, bending over her, while his voice trembled with earnestness and his great eyes grew luminous with hope. "look at me! Can you not read my heart? O, Evadne, the hour of my fate has come! I love you! I love you! I love you!" "Gerard," whispered the golden-haired beauty, while the audience applauded rapturously, "you got that off in splendid style. Are you going to ruin it all now with a mere stage kiss?"

BUSINESS WAS BUSINESS. "Mamma, you know that dark-complexioned, handsome, distinguished-looking young gentleman we met at Lake Genawpaw a few weeks ago?" "Yes, what of him, Beryl?" "I saw him standing just outside the theater when we came out last night, and he acted so queerly. He was in some kind of military uniform, and I was about to speak to him, when he stiffened up and called out: 'Thirty-nine!' Then he helped somebody into a carriage and I didn't see him any more."

BRIEF ALLEGED JOKES. Little Edith's foot had fallen asleep. "Oh, mamma," she exclaimed, "my foot feels just like a live pin-cushion!"

Papa—Always remember, my boy, that tomorrow never comes. Little Fred—And tomorrow's my birthday. Now I suppose I won't have any. Sunday-School Teacher—What do you suppose Jonah thought when he found himself inside the whale? Little Edgar—Guess he thought he'd been asleep in a folding bed and it closed up.

"Now, darling," said a mother to her little 3-year-old daughter, who was repeating her prayer before retiring, "grandma is going away and you must pray for her safety." "Why, mamma," said the little miss, "when did grandma get a bicycle?"

POLITICAL AND SOCIOLOGICAL.

THE DEAR THING.

Now comes another trust, the harvest trust. It is a new organization, but it arrays itself in the same old garments that the trusts have displayed to us with endless monotony for these many years. Did you ever hear anything like this before?

"The manufacturers realize that their welfare and the interests of the farmers are identical. An advance in the price of agricultural machinery would injure the farmers and react upon the manufacturers. But, on the other hand, if existing conditions continued, an advance in prices would be inevitable. It thus became necessary that either the prices should be advanced or that substantial economies should be effected in the manufacture and distribution of agricultural machinery."

O, dearie, dearie, what a nice, kind, amiable philanthropist this, harvest trust is. Just like the rest of the dear, soulful, thoughtful trusts. Here were our poor farmers about to be charged higher prices for their agricultural machinery. Before they had time to realize their danger, the manufacturers united and established a trust.

This trust will see that the simple, unsuspecting farmer is not made to pay more than he ought for his harvesters. The manufacturers were being forced against their will to make the farmer pay more, but by an act of supreme unselfishness they have rallied, asserted their benevolent strength, hurled the demon of high prices into the corner, have spat upon him and are now holding him down with \$20,000,000 capitalisation and a little water cure on the side.

Have hope, O ye of little faith; the trusts will yet save us all from the demotion bowdows of high prices.—Minneapolis Tribune.

A CLERGYMAN'S INTERTEMPERANCE.

A clergyman in Shannandoah, the center of the coal strike, has twice in succession made of his pulpit a point of attack upon the striking miners, struggling for decent treatment, reasonable hours and fair wages.

We do not think it desirable to mention this clergyman's name, as he is a zealous denomination. But we do feel that some reply should be made to his dangerous and damaging utterances. These utterances we notice because they are dangerous and damaging—not to the cause of the strikers, but to the cause of religion.

This clergyman is evidently expressing what he believes to be the truth. A man hired as a special leader in a bad cause would not dare to be so intemperate, so lacking in diplomacy.

Two Sundays ago this clergyman began his crusade against labor unions by denouncing the president of the miners' association, Mr. Mitchell, and all leaders of union men indiscriminately.

"The burden of his charge against them was this: 'The union labor leader does nothing but talk and pretend to work for the benefit of other workmen. He never does an actual honest day's work.'"

How easy is the reply to this clerical utterance! Does not the clergyman confine his energies to talking and looking after the interests of other men? Does HE do an honest day's work, with pick or shovel? Yet he is respected, or should be respected, because he is honestly endeavoring to benefit other men.

The clergyman should accord to the labor leader the respectful treatment that he himself expects from his fellow-citizens.

The clergyman whom we quote has done more in two sermons to drive intelligent, prosperous workmen from his church than can be undone in 10 years by the ablest, best-advised clergyman of the land.—Chicago American.

HATLESS WOMEN IN CHURCH.

Last Sunday the Episcopal bishop of Delaware rebuked some young women who left their hats behind them when they went to church. The bishop told them their conduct was unscriptural and ungodly, and that it looked worse for them to attend divine service with uncovered heads than for men to do so without their coats. Naturally the young women were much mortified. It is not pleasant to be told in public in a place where one cannot answer back that one's conduct is unscriptural and ungodly. The girls meant no offense. They went bonnetless to church because it was warm weather and they would be more comfortable with nothing on their heads.

When St. Paul told the women of Corinth to have their heads covered when praying or prophesying he gave them advice which may have been excellent advice for the untrained, uneducated, uncivilized women to whom it was given, and yet be advice unsuited to the women of this age. "They didn't know everything down in Judee." St. Paul could not prescribe the godly church dress of the women of the 20th century.

Furthermore, what Paul actually said was that the women should do her praying and prophesying with her head veiled. So if one of the young women who were rebuked at Rehoboth by the Episcopal bishop had been hatless, but veiled, she would have been acting in strict obedience to the commands of the apostle. The Corinthian women did not have the elaborate headgear of modern women.

When St. Paul insisted on veils he probably did so because he thought it was decorous and decent for women to have their faces covered in church. He may have believed that the spectacle of many women with uncovered faces would distract the attention of the men of the congregation. Doubtless it did, for even now the eyes that should be devoutly fixed on the occupant of the pulpit are often devoutly fixed on the face of some fair girl.

An intelligent bishop knows where Paul was talking for all time and where he was talking for his own age only, and will act accordingly. The sight of hatless women in a church will not seem to such a bishop an ungodly sight. He will rejoice in it as an indication that his women hearers cannot gaze enviously at hats handsomer than their own or be filled with fears as to whether their own are on just right, and hence are able to pay closer attention to the service and the sermon.—Chicago Tribune.

FOR THE GOOD OF OREGON.

Henry E. Reed, assistant secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, was writing a deposit slip for the total cost of the Harriman leaflet, 150,000 copies of which are to be issued and distributed throughout the East. Mr. Reed believes the leaflet will operate to the benefit of Oregon.



gon to a degree greater than most people realize. "Most advertising matter sent to the East," said Mr. Reed, "is not carefully distributed. These leaflets will be put out by the Harriman system's agents and will go into the hands of intending settlers. Oregon will see some results from this enterprise. It will accelerate the movement toward this state."

GOING TO THE ORIENT.

Colonel H. E. Dorsch, who has already accomplished much for Oregon at the Buffalo and Charleston Expositions, and also in various positions here in Oregon, yesterday modestly listened to the read-



ing of a letter from Governor Gear to Henry E. Reed, in which a bouquet was thrown at him by His Excellency, Colonel Dorsch goes to Japan to represent Oregon at the Osaka Exposition, where he will no doubt do some more good work for the state, and also secure liberal representation by that country at the Lewis and Clark Fair here in 1905.

THE THEATRES.

THE MARQUAM.

The Tivoli Opera Company, stronger than ever before, opens the regular theatrical season at the Marquam next Monday, August 25. Among the new productions that will be played on the road is "The Serenade," which was so long one of the Bostonians' great attractions. The Tivoli production was rated above the original rendition by both the people and the press, and will be the piece de resistance during the road tour, and it is safe to say that no stronger bill in the whole repertoire of comic opera could be offered. The company has been enticed for the summer season, and is again headed by the sterling comedian, Ferris Hartman. Annie Myers, Bertha Davis, Arthur Cunningham, Edward Webb, and Karl Formes, Jr., are among the members of the celebrated contralto, Frances Graham, has been added to the roster. A complete chorus and the entire mounting and scenery of the San Francisco production will add strength to the presentation. Here is an extract from one of the press comments on the San Francisco production. "The Chronicle heads its criticism with 'The Serenade is a Hit at the Tivoli.' 'The Tivoli Opera House produced 'The Serenade' last night with unquestioned success. The opera is one of the most delightful of the better class; its music is of the best kind, and there is comedy true and bright, in the plot and its stage developments. It was a careful and effective performance all through, and all the principle people came in for a share of the success. Ferris Hartman fitted into the role of the Duke of Santa Cruz admirably. His unctuous humor has had few better vehicles. 'The Serenade' had an excellent singer in Cunningham, who is an all-round picturesque and manly Alvarado. Formes, Jr., did an unusually good bit of comedy work as the Tailor, and Webb reveled in the broken down tenor. Frances Graham looked, acted, and sang Dolores well, and the chorus did thoroughly good work. We are certainly ahead of the country, when at the price we can get such a production, and with such a harmoniously strong cast." Many of the metropolitan papers recommend the production in still stronger terms, and it certainly looks as though we were to see an unusually good show.

Popular prices will prevail. Sale of seats will open Friday morning, August 22, at the box office of the theater. Regular Tivoli prices, 75c, 50c, 25c.

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