

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL.

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The Eastern representative of this paper is Albert E. Hasbrook, 21 Times Building, New York, and Hartford Building, Chicago.

When you leave the city or change your address even for one week, don't fail to call at the business office and leave your order for The Oregon Daily Journal.

As The Journal has heretofore stated, it is a matter of common knowledge that, for some reason, for the past two years or more, the affairs of the city have been conducted on more economical lines than those of the county.

UNDER THE FEE SYSTEM

The County Judge and County Commissioners were elected by the voters of this county to institute such reforms as would result in a more economical conduct of a number of the county offices.

Let him pause and consider what it means when this great revenue-producing office of former years shows such a deficit. Formerly the Sheriff paid his deputies, now the county does.

Another matter in connection with this office needs investigation and attention. The Sheriff is given a salary of \$4500 per annum, which is intended to be compensation in full for his services.

It is only by taking up these matters and dealing with them in a vigorous way that any relief will come. We propose to take up the various offices and other county affairs, and in every way we can, aid the board in putting the county's business on a reasonable basis.

The Oregon Daily Journal believes in looking towards the future, in living for what is to be done, and that only as it teaches us lessons for future guidance, should we ponder over what has been.

This, coupled with sincerity and earnest desire to be an institution that shall have wrought for the good of Portland and Oregon, is the policy of The Journal.

LOOK TOWARDS THE FUTURE.

It is ambitious to be the exponent of the best thought of the city and state; to be regarded as ever ready to champion any measure that will make life more worth living here in this wonderful state, here in this center of commercial activity.

A little improvement each week, losing no ground at any time, but marching along the pathway of progress towards the heights of newspaper success, this shall be the manner in which The Journal builds up its enterprise.

There are great opportunities before the people of this region. If The Journal shall have assisted in realizing some of the possibilities, it will have justified its existence.

No newspaper, no man, no institution deserves support unless it or he contribute just as much to the good of the community as he takes from it. There is no room for drones in the bee-hive of human activity.

The Journal builds its hopes upon support from the plain American citizen. He is the bone and sinew of the nation. He is the bone and sinew of the state and of the city. We care less for the rich men. They are abundantly able to look out for themselves, so long as they have justice and opportunity.

The Journal will strive to render to that plain American citizen full return for all that he does for us. It shall be a "trade-last," and we shall hope that, while we say sincere, complimentary things of this average man, he in reciprocity, will do the same for us.

"1905" should be plastered over everything emanating from Portland. It should be kept before the people of this country from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

"1905."

Letters should be written with "1905" conspicuously emblazoned on them. Bills of invoice and inventory, of lading and of account, private communications and public documents when possible should bear the heralding of the world of "1905."

This is a mere suggestion from The Journal to the committee of publicity of the Lewis and Clark Centennial. It is to emphasize the necessity of advertising the Fair and keeping everlastingly at it until the gates swing open at the middle of 1905.

The Morning Tombs and the Evening Epitaph no longer content themselves with publishing pioneer reflections and leading in a funeral procession. They have very recently taken a move on, that promises good results to Portland and Oregon.

THERE'S A SWIFT MOVE ON.

through the coming of The Journal, which will endeavor to fulfill its mission of printing the news and being a fair newspaper. The fact of the matter is plain to be seen, that the newspaper-readers in Oregon and the Northwest, as well as the advertisers, both at home and abroad, are to reap reward in more ways than one by The Journal's existence.

THE TABASCO COLUMN.

This town pest No. 2, who stops you just as you see "the only woman in the world" tripping across the street.



the legal aspects of the umpire's decisions. He is verbose, complex, redundant, incompetent, immaterial, and besides he needs spraying for idiosyncrasies.

Mrs. Martha Allen of New York is in the hospital with a punctured ear-drum, caused by her little granddaughter kissing her on the ear, the concussion caused by the kiss doing the damage.

John Palzewski of Chicago was carded to wed Miss Kazimira Kibastouski of that same village, but John's affections slipped a cog and the Lithuanian damsel had Johannes "pinched."



I merely wish to remark in passing, said the Senator as he ambled up the gang plank, that I take to Hawaii to keep from taking to the highways, and incidentally get out of reach of those Walla Walla bloodhounds.

Pitcher O'Neill of the St. Louis team is opposed to swearing. He has evidently been outclassed in that line, and should spend his vacation driving mules or touring as deck hand on a Missouri River steamer.

The trusts all have a hard name, which makes a fellow look askance at the statement that a soft coal trust is to be formed. It sounds as though there was a gold brick in it, some place.

What China needs if she expects to take rank with the nations of the earth is fewer boxers and more fighters.

The girl who marries her ideal generally discovers that she's up against the real thing.

The New York sports express the opinion that Santos-Dumont was too fly.

Tracey R. Bangs of Grand Forks, Dakota, was elected supreme chancellor of

the order of Knights of Pythias, and yet he is not half so well known as was the Tracy of Oregon. There is a similarity of names, too. Tracey R. Bangs; Our Tracy Shot.

Socrates married Xantippe in order that he might be taught patience. When he learned it he must have obtained that kind that "sat upon a monument and smiled at grief."

It seems more difficult to get Schwab out of the dispatches than it is for him to get out of the Bethlehem Company. Schwab says he has retired; let's take him at his word.

A man may be progressive without owning an automobile, yet when a progressive man gets an automobile he gets there in a hurry, see for instance, Fred Merrill.

Nbw that Yoke and "Putty" Strong have kissed and made up it is to be hoped that he will not use himself to fasten another pane in her tender little breast.

In the senatorial situation with Scott on one side and Fulton on the other, Mitchell may be said to be between the



d-1 and the deep blue sea. Partly on account of geography, Fulton may be said to represent the sea.

The headline over this column yesterday was spelled T-o-b-a-s-c-o, which is certainly the "hottest spell" known to Portland this season.

Santos-Dumont got mad at the New Yorkers because he could not make arrangements for flying his machine, so flew the track.

Captain Carter is clamoring for justice, just as though he expected to be able to find it outside of the penitentiary.

English enthusiasm over the Boers may be accounted for by the fact that the English are very glad to have them.



Mitchell always was a Lulu, and now he is going to be a Honolulu.

The burning question among the Fair heirs is, not which died first, but which died last.

OREGON'S MINES.

This has, so far, been the most prosperous year for mining people the state has ever known. The output by the end of the year will be greater than ever before, and the many new mines added to the list of producers will make the results loom up in 1903.

The improved conditions are not confined to any one section of the state, but are general and marked. Southern Oregon has made a fine showing in her placers and the hard work done in the past few years on the quartz propositions is now showing good results.

CHARACTER STUDY, No. 1.



ducing a goodly share of the state's yield, what it has done is nothing to what it will do, and that, too, without waiting for a remote future.

Over at Ashland less has been done, perhaps, than anywhere. This was not due to any lack of faith in the camp, but rather to the fact that the prospectors are awaiting the decision in the Oregon-King case.

THE PLACERS OF SPANISH GULCH and, in fact, of all Eastern Oregon, have yielded, at least, up to their average, with some big dredges going, whose products no one but the owners know.

Near Baker City active work has been resumed on the old Virtue, and some very good ore is being taken out near the surface. The present shaft is flooded from the 300-foot level, being 500 feet of water in it.

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OVER IN THE GREENHORN

neighborhood probably the most activity prevails and with reason. The new strikes made last winter and spring have been opened up and in a few weeks one of them, the Payche, will have a 20-stamp mill going on ore running over \$100 to the ton.

The Town of Greenhorn itself is the best evidence of the outlook of the district. It was started last winter in the snow, and now has a population of about 1000. The peculiarity of Eastern Oregon mines is that there has never been a boom. Most of the present quartz camps were originally established by the placer miners years ago, and Greenhorn is no exception.

A RAILROAD DREAM.

THE TRANS-BERING ROAD.

During the winter of 1897-8, when I was in Dawson City, someone sent me a scrap of a newspaper printed in Oregon, containing extended reference to a project said to have originated in some financial center for the construction of a railroad across British Columbia, across the Alaska peninsula to Bering Straits, across the Straits, down Siberia to connect with the Trans-Siberian road that has been built by the Russian Government.

De Windt has just returned from a trip across Siberia, and I talked with him when he was in Portland. He believes a railroad will sometimes be built across or under the Bering Straits.

Did it ever occur to you what wonderful possibilities open out from such con-

AMUSEMENTS.

THE MARQUAM.

When the management of the Tivoli Opera-House in San Francisco sent its first company on the road two years ago theater-goers were surprised and delighted at the sumptuousness with which the operas were mounted, and the even excellence of the principals and company in their respective lines.

A big chorus of handsome girls and male singers will add strength to the performances. The operas this year are The Toy Maker, which scored such an enormous success last summer, and which has recently enjoyed an extended run at the Tivoli; The Serenade, the famous Bostonians' success, which was the talk of New York, and has never been given by any other company before—packing the theater for six weeks last spring; The Idol's Eye, a record-breaker at the home house, and said to be the funniest creation in the comic opera line ever written.

The company begins a week's engagement at the Marquam next Monday and will open in The Serenade, which will be sung on Monday and Tuesday nights. The Idol's Eye will be the opera to see on Wednesday and Thursday nights and The Toy Maker fills out the week with a matinee Saturday. Seats now on sale for week.

THE TIDE OF LIFE.

A grand lesson is taught in the realistic drama, The Tide of Life, which will be produced at Corday's Theater Sunday evening, August 24. It is that a young girl may preserve her innate goodness and purity, no matter in what adverse surroundings she may be placed.

BUFFALO BILL'S SHOW. The thoughtful observer who visits Buffalo Bill's Wild West is impressed by the genuine character of the exhibition.



things, things that men have heretofore done things that do not appall and startle, things that do not seem impossible, things that bear resemblance to anything that ever before was, these things are of no use in these days of marvels and Morgans and unheard-of attainments.

Why not run railroads from the Cape of Good Hope to the old Cape Horn, via the earth? Does anyone suppose that it could not be done, if the mind of man and the money of man and the need for such a road were to be supplied? I assert that, while most people will pooh-pooh at the idea, it is feasible, if Mr. Morgan wants to do it.

SO HERE'S MY DREAM, and it was dreamed by many an old Yukon stamper, during the winter of '97-8, and almost as frequently discussed around the cabin fires. It was comforting to think of a time when Alaska and the Klondike would not be cut off from all connection with the outside world. And the railroad plans via Bering Straits supplied the needed imaginary connection.

SHIELDS PARK. Manager Shields always has something nice up his sleeve for his patrons. The bill is headed by Captain John Hiltum, a distinguished Danish artilleryman, who will give a number of stirring performances with a cannon, which the Captain states, has the most interesting history of any on earth.

Atlanta, the fire and serpentine queen, is another star feature. Her terpsichorean abilities are wonderful, and aided by numerous colored lights. Millard Bros are another brand new team. They are a neat song and dance team and do a double banjo specialty. Leonard and Leonard, the musical duo, are held over in a new act, and the polycorse and Joseph Thompson's illustrated songs are other strong features of the meritorious bill. The Japanese acrobats return next Sunday.