

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL.

JOURNAL PUBLISHING COMPANY Proprietors.

Address THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL, 289 Yamhill Street, Between Fourth and Fifth, Portland, Oregon.

INDEPENDENT DEMOCRATIC PAPER OF OREGON.

Entered at the postoffice at Portland, Oregon, for transmission through the mails as second-class matter. Postage for single copies—For an 8, 10 or 12-page paper, 1 cent; 16 to 28 pages, 2 cents; over 28 pages, 3 cents.

Anonymous communications will not be noticed. Rejected communications will not be returned.

Telephones.

Business Office: Oregon Main, 507; Columbia, 705. Editorial Room—Oregon Main, 507. City Editor—Oregon Main, 254.

Terms, by Carrier.

Table with 2 columns: Subscription type and price. Includes rates for one year, three months, and by mail for various durations.

The Eastern representative of this paper is Albert E. Hasbrook, 31 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.

"Am I my brother's keeper?"

To the Young Men of Portland—Are you doing anything to contribute to the work of making the world better? Are you affiliating with the Y. M. C. A., some church, some organization that makes for personal righteousness, or some institution that has as its distinct object the curing of sin and the bringing of higher life? During the week that has just passed have you performed one act, taken part in one movement, been a factor in one effort that has lightened the days for some of those people in the world who need assistance from others?

A SATURDAY EVENING SERMON.

Don't rest on the fallacy that you can care for yourself, and that, therefore, others may do the same. Don't fall into the error that you are independent; that you'll look after No. 1, and that No. 2 can look after himself. You are part of a social organism, a member of a body, and you are what you are as much by reason of causes operative outside of yourself, as by reason of your own efforts and impulses. You have received a wonderful heritage from the past, from your parents, from the philosophers, from the philanthropists, from the soldiers, from the authors, from the educators, from all who have wrought for the upbuilding of the human race.

On this page, in the edition of Wednesday, appeared an article written by "Old Timer," discussing the advertising given to the West in the East and on the European continent by the Buffalo Bill Wild West shows. The article in part said:

TO HONOR OLD TIMERS.

All this supports the statement that Buffalo Bill's Wild West show misrepresents the West to people living elsewhere. It creates in their minds the impression that but here one must "carry a gun," else run into constant danger. It apparently demonstrates to Easterners that their conceptions of the West, prompted by dime novels and romances, are correct. In reality, the Wild West show merely is a bit of history from a past that has gone with the stage coach and the pony express rider.

some who understood not the spirit of Old Timer, the young man who is not an old timer, and who, perhaps, does not appreciate the effect his musings would produce upon the minds of the heroes of the West. Let us honor the pioneers. Let us revere those who came before us in this great West. Let us fail not to respect the brave hearts who were not daunted by the perils of savagery, and whose vision was co-extensive with the possibilities of their day. They were true statesmen, whose thought went out to the future, and who determined that they would be the means of attaining that future for this country of ours.

It is asserted that President Roosevelt intends to visit the Pacific Coast this fall. If he does so, he will pass through Portland. He should be given a welcome that will leave him pleasant memories of the metropolis of Oregon. Indeed, it is not to be doubted that he will receive such a welcome, if, in the event it be definitely announced that he will come, preparations are made with sufficient elaboration. It behooves the City of Portland to keep close watch upon the plans of the President, and permit no time to elapse after the visit becomes a promised fact before matters are under way for the most enthusiastic reception that ever a man was given by the people of this city and state.

GIVE HIM A ROYAL WELCOME.

The dispatches concerning the Russian, E. C. fire, said: "In 20 minutes from the first outbreak, the fire had spread north to the Anacostia saloon, west to the M. & M. saloon, and south to the Cour d'Alene saloon." As to the saloon on the east that the fire fiend reached in its liquor-consuming sweep, we are left in painful and anxious ignorance.

"FOXY GRANDPA" MAN.

I hear the children's laughter From my chamber overhead; I know it's me they're after— To show the jokes they've read. Carl E. Schultze, the originator of the famous "Foxy Grandpa" sketches, has probably more friends among the little people than any other newspaper artist in the country. He scored a great success with "Foxy Grandpa" and made many friends for the paper and for himself.



"FOXY GRANDPA"

sketched a subject on an envelope. One of the bystanders was struck with the strong lines of the impromptu cartoon and suggested selling it to the newspapers. Acting on this suggestion, Schultze went to the Tribune and was promptly turned down. He called on Dr. Frank Reilly, managing editor of the Chicago Morning News, who refused the sketches, but spoke kindly to the young artist. Some-what encouraged, he submitted the sketches to Horatio Seymour, of the Herald. Here at last they were accepted and exchanged for good dollars.

GOT A JOB.

Victor Lawson, of the Chicago Daily News, noticed the work of the young artist and offered him a position at \$15 a week. This was accepted and retained until an opening on the Tribune at \$20 a week presented itself. After two years with the Tribune Schultze became manager of the art department of the Times, where he remained for several months. The great World's Fair in 1893 provided an irresistible attraction and Schultze threw up his position to become a free lance. After doing service on the Inter-Ocean and the Chronicle, Schultze visited New York, but finding no opening returned to a profitable proposition with W. D. Boyce, of Chicago.

A trip to California filled in a year's time, and while in San Francisco Schultze made a series of original lantern slides for Clarence Webster, of the San Francisco Post. This suggested the idea and some 25 series of lantern slides were sent to New York. These were promptly rejected but visiting New York some six or seven months later every one was easily disposed of.

ORIGINATED THE PICTURES. After a four-months' tour in Europe among old school grounds and familiar places Schultze returned to New York, and after contributing to Judge and other papers for some time, went with the New York Herald, and in January, 1900, originated the now famous "Foxy Grandpa" series.

"Foxy Grandpa" was an instantaneous favorite. Children were enraptured with his antics and grown-up folks were much amused at his cleverness. "Bimby" received letters galore from different sections and usually made firm friends of his correspondents. "Foxy Grandpa" was admitted without question into the homes of the aristocracy as well as the homes of the masses.

BOOMED HIS PAPER. The circulation of the Herald boomed considerably through this grand old man, who had a proclivity for winning out in just the right way. The European edition of the Herald published the "Foxy Grandpa" sketches simultaneously and the children of two continents were amused. Carl E. Schultze bears a resemblance to "Foxy Grandpa" himself. Roused and jovial, good-natured to a degree, fond of a joke, and pleasant withal at all times, Schultze has (unconsciously, perhaps) imparted some of his own personality to the clever old gentleman of the sketch. Mr. Schultze resides at Mt. Vernon, N. Y., and is decidedly a family man. There in the quiet of the country life he conjures up the adventures which have set a good portion of the world a-smiling.

A CHESTNUT TREE. Harry—"Don't you remember that when we were engaged last summer we cut our initials on that tree?" Marjorie—"Oh that's a chestnut,"—New York Sun.

ACCOMMODATING GEORGE.

George Washington had barely fallen into a doze when his trusty aid awakened him. "Pardon excellency," said the brave and watchful soldier; "but you have already slept three and one-fourth minutes." "True," replied the father of his country, "let us go on to the next." Forthwith they trekked down the road, for the great man was determined to leave to his countrymen the largest possible number of roofs under which he had slept.—New York Sun.

FROM OTHER VIEWPOINTS.

There is no reason why oil should not satisfy, mechanically, the needs of warships as a fuel. All experiments point to the conclusion that it will, as far as mere generation of motive power is concerned. But in time of war it would be different. In a naval battle a ship fitted with oil tanks, subject to explosion by a shell, would not be on equal terms with one whose full coal bunkers increased her protection rather than added to her danger.—Seattle P.-I.

A BOOM COMING.

Wood and water are going to be responsible for two booms that are head-on for Oregon, as surely as anything in the future can be. There will be a boom in Southeastern Oregon as soon as that section is connected with the outside world by rail and water applied by means of irrigation canals to the arid lands. There will be a boom all along the coast line as soon as railroads are constructed so that mills may be put in and operated in raving up the immense forests of magnificent timber. The Willamette Valley, between the two sections, will profit from both of these coming booms.—Salem Statesman.

HOPES THEY WILL WIN.

The miners had not yet surrendered. They are making a hard fight. They have never won out before, and there are many who hope they will this time. There is not much confidence in their victory, however, as the odds all seem to be against them. But still, they may succeed in getting concessions. When the Boer war began it was predicted that they would not succeed; that their defeat in short order was inevitable. The country said they were right, but that fate was overwhelmingly against them. Still, they surprised the world by their staying qualities, and ultimately won what may be considered a victory under the circumstances. The miners have many sympathizers and these may render sufficient assistance to them to aid in pulling out with concessions that will be beneficial.—East Oregonian, Pendleton.

ROOSEVELT ON THE TRUSTS.

To use his own homely phrase, President Roosevelt "stays put" on the trust question. His speech at Providence, R. I., though temperate and respectful of the benefit, and rights of organized capital, revealed a clear purpose in the speaker's mind to put the great trusts and monopolies under curb of law. The president made it plain that he believes: First, that these corporations ought to be curbed.

Second, that the existing laws will be vigorously enforced. Third, that his administration will urge additional legislation, in order that still greater restraint may be put upon dangerous combinations. It will be noted that the President is even firmer on this question now than when he first discussed this problem in his message to congress. Time and more mature reflection seem to have deepened his convictions. Neither the blandishments of great wealth nor the subtle threats of the trust leaders and their organs and attorneys have swerved him from the path of duty. This discloses courage of high order and firmness that is always one of the attributes of true statesmanship. Whatever else the President's enemies may say of him, they will not refer to him as a jelly-fish.—Spokane Review, Spokane.

DEMOCRATIC ERRORS.

Roosevelt's administration bids fair to make expansion as universally an accepted fact as McKinley's made the gold standard, Grant's results of the war, and Lincoln's the union and emancipation. True democracy erred and were woefully beaten in opposing these principles—and in persisting in opposition to them.—Brooklyn Eagle.

NOT CHARGEABLE TO CITY LIFE.

Medical science differs widely as to the causes of the increase in insanity. That rural life has produced possibly the largest number of insane patients disproves the theory that the nervous, excitable life of our cities is calculated to cause insanity. Alcoholism and hereditary taint serve to swell the growing list, while insufficient sleep and lack of wholesome recreation are among the other most prolific causes.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

FRANZ SIGEL, PATRIOT.

The death, in New York, of Franz Sigel removes from our midst one of the last of the wonderful men of '48, who, while falling short of their aspirations of independence, yet took an important part in the history of Europe and made for themselves names of enduring fame.

Nor can his services to this country ever be forgotten by the government or the people, while among our sturdy German-American citizenship his name will always be remembered with reverence and affection. He was a great soldier, a devoted patriot of the country of his adoption. America will always welcome such men as Franz Sigel.—Buffalo Evening Times.

STRONG AND ABLE.

A great many people who are not Roman Catholics will be much interested and pleased if it shall prove true that Archbishop Ireland is to be made a cardinal. He is a very strong, sound and able American, and his devotion to the great Republic is a fine example for all his countrymen, of whatever religious views or associations. The Pope could not do anything which would be more pleasing to the American people, as a whole, than to bestow increased power and new honors upon Archbishop Ireland.—Cleveland News and Herald.

TURKEY.

This country and Turkey are still contending over the Stone abduction case, and the consequence is that the relations between the two nations are somewhat strained. The Turkish government does not recognize nor will it admit any responsibility for Miss Stone's abduction or for the destruction of property during the Armenian outbreak. They say that when missionaries invade that country and seek to make proselytes against the Mohammedan faith they must do it at their own risk, and this claim has so appealed to the horse sense of the Roosevelt administration that it is now taking time to refer.—Peoria Star.

A KNOCKER.

Will A. Campbell, a printer, editor, human being and genius, saw the light of day first in some obscure little Nebraska town. He grew up like other children of Nebraska towns, obtained some schooling and began to scramble for a living when he was yet at a tender age.

There was always something the matter with him. He knew it and others knew it, but he never knew what it was until he started a little magazine called "The Knocker," and then it developed that he was a genius.

HIS ARTICLES OF FAITH.

In the initial number of his literary venture the young scribe relieved himself of 23 articles of faith. I knock on the knocker who knocks on Christ and the church. It is a sign that a man is seeking notoriety. Let's keep a good thing until we get a better. I knock on the self-righteous. They are usually people who by worldly success have crowded into view. The best we can do to be virtuous as possible.

I knock on the social rule that permits a woman to cover indiscretions of other days with a sea-blue cloak. A woman has a right to "live it down," but a rich woman should have no shorter probation than a poor one. I knock on the man who tells children that there is no Santa Claus. The tragedy of life begins when faith departs and the man who will hasten the departure is related to the devil.

I knock on the knocker who knocks on his wife. A man who respects not the mother of his own children respects not himself. His plaint that she has not kept up with him fools nobody. He has his eye on another woman. In the Greek "for better or for worse" means "take your medicine." I knock on the social pest, whose social rating is a hat full of prunes, and who passes by old friends as a mob. Trace him back to his father and you'll find a rabbit.

KNOCK ON NAGGERS.

I knock on the woman who nags her husband. More men have gone to hell by this route, and picked up more correspondents along the way than by any other. I knock on the mother who blunders her hair, paints, powders and tries to pass as the younger sister of her eldest daughter. She is a humbug, I beg to state.

I knock on the American girl. The girl who has been raised in a cultured home; who possesses both talent and accomplishment; who has grown into a womanly woman and is too worthy for any young man, but who casts her life by her own choice with a smooth guy, whose brains are worth 2 cents a pound for soap suds—a descendant of a long line of half-wits; a daisy young dude too lazy to work and too cowardly to steal, too overhastily "ornery" to raise a respectable crop of wild oats; a young lollipop ribbon clerk on \$2 per week and a monopoly on the globe—that is the kind of Apollo American girls admire, and it would give a buzzard a billious attack.

I knock on the mother-in-law who goes loaded with advice. She is not so many as some make out, but, like the bad egg in the dozen, it is tough on the man who gets her. I knock on the pessimist. He is an insomniac and tells disagreeable truths. The thing to do is to join the procession and stand for the things "what is."

STRIKES AT CRANKS.

I knock on the religious crank who scares children into nightmares by preaching hell fire. God created man to enjoy life here below and life with him hereafter. He is not sending untold millions to hell. I knock hard on the bum—the legitimate offspring of hoodlumism, the curse of modern civilization. He never pays taxes, but makes a monthly tour in search of a soft snap where wages are higher. He knows the road to every joint and his example artistically escorts the youth to damnation. He scoffs at the church, defies good citizenship and ruins the community. The man who will not work heads the excursion to hell. May the Lord have mercy on his soul.

I knock on the man who knocks on this or that, but who never does a thing for anybody here below and life with him hereafter. He is not sending untold millions to hell. I knock on the little pothouse politician who poses to run the whole electoral college and point out wiser men their duties. He is a bore and don't know a fundamental principle from his funny bone.

I knock on gold-plated goodness. Christ never built a church or asked for a vacation on full pay—never. Jesus Christ, human or divine, was the grandest man that ever graced the tide of time. Be of the same mind. I knock on trying to reform fallen women by turning them over to the police in the Parkhurst. Better put some lucres into the work instead of supporting missionaries to peddle saving grace in pagan lands who incidentally extend the market for tobacco, side jewelry and 40-rod bug juice.

KNOCKS SHAMS.

I knock on the "philanthropist" who tosses a million or so to some conspicuous charity and next day corners a human necessity. He don't fool God. I knock on the subjects of puppet Kings and Dukes who come to this country and breed discontent and anarchy by kicking on the Government. To live in America is to be a King.

I knock on the man who gossips. The guy who tells his troubles to others instead of keeping them for home consumption. If he was up to the moral level of the many coyotes or the intellectual attitude of an acephalous kousie I would give him more space, but he's too small fry. I knock on public osculation. A man should have some sympathy for bystanders—even if he don't know they are by. Such offenses are against the noble in man and the modest in woman. These obligatory demonstrations of esteem should be reserved for the holy of holies and not be permitted in well-regulated parlors. We know a young man whom we would like to take out behind the smokehouse and cause him to pass to the untimely bourne where all faces stand ajar in everlasting singing.

RESORTS STRENUOUS.

"Going away for the summer?" "No," answered the man who complains; "I'm not feeling strong enough to face the brass bands and merry-go-rounds at a summer resort. The doctor says I'll have to stay at home and rest."—Washington Star.

THEATRES.

TONIGHT'S ATTRACTIONS. Marquam—"The Toy Maker," Tivoli Opera Company. Cordray's—"Tide of Life," Melodrama. Shields Park—Vaudeville.

COMING ATTRACTIONS. Marquam—Pollard Juvenile Opera Company for Carnival week. Baker's—Neill Stock Company, "Social Highwaymen," week beginning Sunday, August 31. Cordray's—Belasco Juvenile Specialty Company, beginning Sunday night. Shields Park—Vaudeville coming week.

BILLS OF THE PLAYS.

"Toy Maker" was sung by the Tivoli at the Marquam on Friday night and is to be the bill tonight. It was repeated this afternoon, at the matinee, when there was a world of interest for the children, because each one who was present was given a toy souvenir by the generous management. "Toy Maker" was quite up to the attainments of the Tivoli on previous nights of the week. Staging effects were good, the chorus singing was again the feature, and there were numerous recalls for some of the soloists.

The Pollard Juvenile Opera Company will be the attraction for Carnival week. Cordray's had "Tide of Life" again, a good business. The Belasco Juvenile Specialty Company is next week's attraction.

Last night the amateurs held the boards at Shields Park, after the regular performance. Shields and his Panama hat did the announcing. Julius Caesar was the first number on the program and was greeted with vociferous applause. Marco Antony's friend Brad addressed the assembled crowds on "Labor Day;" he then sang two songs, after which he left the stage with grandiose impressions.

W. T. Kirby, the California bartone, rendered "Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder." Pat and Casey attempted to do an Irish stunt, but became confused, and were ejected from the stage. Ada Parker and Sally Parrott commenced singing a duet, but were routed by the jeers of the amateur show, was the pleasing contest which was won by a small boy about seven feet tall, and who says that this is the third pie-eating contest in which he is the winner.

ADVANCE NOTICES. Advance notices will be found on page 5.

SOME SUMMER LAUGHS.

"No," said Mrs. Finicky, proudly "my husband is so particular that he will never carry a bundle or a package on the street." "How charming!" remarked Lunshup. But to himself he remarked: "That's why he insisted on having a cab the other night, when he wasn't more than half full."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

"How did you come out of that last speculation of yours, Blowley?" "None of your business." "Sorry that you lost, old man."—New York Daily News.

As Elizabeth approached the mud puddle she noticed Raleigh unfastening his mantle. "What is your game?" demanded the monarch, showing a royal flush. "To play the queen for all its worth," answered the courtier, laying his cloak at her feet. "Take my hand," rejoined the sovereign, raising him. Those in attendance thought that cards would soon be out, but Sir Walter, being promoted to command the royal yacht, secured a new deck.—New York Times.

"When are you going to call on the Van Dulls?" asked the daughter. "Just as soon," answered the mother, "as I can find out when they are not going to be at home."—Washington Star.

"Whisky" shouted the lecturer, "will take the coat off a man's stomach." "Worse than that," grumbled the man with the pawn ticket; "it will take the coat off his back."—Philadelphia Record.

"How's this?" asked the customer in the book store. "Last week the prices on Bacon and Lamb were only \$1.25, and now you have marked them up to \$3." "Well, you see," explained the bookseller, "since the meat trust began cornering supplies." But the customer hurried away to secure matinee seats for "A Texas Steer" before the prices went up at the theatre also.—Baltimore American.

"Master!" cried little Emerson Bosting, "may I not amuse myself with the viduetiquis?" "Yes, you may permit him to do so, nurse." "But what is it he wants, ma'am?" inquired the new nurse. "The saw horse, I suppose you would call it," said Mrs. Bosting, admirably concealing her impatience at such ignorance.—Philadelphia Press.

"Yes, he swindled us," said one of the victims, "and we considered him such a perfect gentleman; he had such a gentle, suave way about him." "Providing," remarked the other, "that the way of the transgressor is sometimes soft."—Catholic Standard and Times.

HIS KIND OF WAR.

On the bleak shores of Massachusetts stood a man his face wreathed in smiles. Far out in the briny deep the imaginary enemy was firing imaginary shots at the imaginary fleet conducting the imaginary defense. Suddenly an imaginary officer appeared in the imaginary distance and hoisted an imaginary signal announcing an imaginary victory.

"Ah," smiles Mr. Long, "an imaginary hero at last."—Baltimore American.