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LONG LIVE THE KING!

Saturday, in Brussels, an anarchist shot three times at King Leopold but failed to hit him. The populace went wild and attempted to mob the would-be assassin, shouting "Long live the king!"

Humanity is a strange mixture, and its likes and dislikes are beyond all understanding.

That King Leopold's subjects should show such sympathy for their sovereign, indicates, not so much that they like him, as that they despise, as all humanity does, the cowardly assassin.

He would be a pretty hard man for any people to enshrine in their hearts, for he is probably the most characterless character in Europe and therefore in the world.

He is known as the Merry Monarch, and for the reason that in the course of his long life he has sought only pleasure. He is always looking for "a good time," and it can safely be said of him that he has missed few opportunities along his chosen line.

His wife has twice been driven to attempts at suicide, and finally died of a broken heart.

Carlotta, his only sister, once Empress of Mexico, has for 30 years been insane.

His eldest daughter, Princess Louise, after figuring in one of the worst scandals of modern times, is confined in a mad house.

His second daughter, Stephanie, was widowed by the scandalous death of her husband, Prince Rudolph, after he murdered his mistress.

His third daughter, Princess Clemence, is an imbecile.

His only son, heir to the throne, died in youth of debaucheries.

The notorious Princess Chimay blames him for her start on the downward course.

Besides this, the innumerable sins told at his door would fill a volume, and this is the very merriest monarch of all Europe. This is he for whom the shouting thousands cried, "Long live the king."

A LIST OF PENSION OFFICE VIRTUES.

Pension Commissioner Ware surprised his department one morning by posting up one of the most unique and realistic bulletins ever put up on a bulletin board. It was the private record of an employee who had attended to business and it read as follows:

"Official announcement of the private record of Justice Wiggins, clerk in Department A, Pension office:

"Annual leave of absence in four years, 14 days.

"Not a day sick leave in 8 years.

"On merit, excellent.

"His chief recommends him.

"He has steered no statesmen against the Commissioner.

"He has not told the Commissioner of his (Wiggins) pedigree nor distinguished relatives.

"He has not expatiated on his own qualifications.

"Mr. Wiggins will be promoted to pay from a \$1,000 position to a \$1,200 position.

"Chiefs are requested to send in similar records."

Commissioner Ware is making an innovation in official promotion which has a decidedly fresh look about it. He is evidently disgusted with the practice of clerks taking "sick leave" and holding another job while waiting for promotion in his department.

With him, the man's ability to turn out work counts. He is not looking for ancestral wonders in the pedigrees of his clerks. He takes it as a discredit to a government employee to practice the poor taste of steering

PORTLAND STEAMERS FOR PORTLAND PEOPLE.

Not many have passed since the reports of the great discoveries of gold in the Klondike started the world. The stories of fabulous wealth created a demand for transportation service which was at first met in a very primitive way. Only one regular line operated vessels between Juneau and more southern ports. Northwestern Alaska was visited seldom except by whalers and sealers.

These pioneer days of the now famous Dawson region were periods of hardship and suffering for the miner who was bent upon reaching the new Eldorado. But since those early times Nome and the Valdes have been discovered, railroads constructed and lines of magnificent river steamers put in operation on the Yukon. The mail is carried with regularity, freight is handled with something like promptitude and the telegraph flashes messages over the frozen wastes where the old-time carrier struggled for months to reach his northern destination with the precious letters from the distant southland.

During the few years that have elapsed since the time of discovery of gold, millions in nuggets and dust and hundreds of thousands of tons of merchandise have passed down and up the river. Thousands of men are employed on water and on land to handle the enormous, and rapidly growing, trade of the new country. But what has Portland done to secure her share of this lucrative business?

Aside from the efforts of a few jobbing houses and an occasional manufacturer, nothing has been attempted in the way of gathering in for this city a fair portion of this northern traffic. During the first months of the rush the steamer George W. Elder was put on the run to Juneau from here by the Pacific Coast Steamship Company. The vessel's official headquarters were here but she was operated from Seattle. The craft was finally withdrawn and thus one of the richest cities on the Pacific Coast, with its world-wide commercial interests, has been forced ever since to call persistently upon the O. R. & N. to put on a regular line of Alaska steamers with headquarters at Portland. From Puget Sound not one but a dozen different steamship lines are in operation constantly, adding their golden treasure and healthy business energy to the life and bustle of the community which they connectively represent.

Alaska's development has not been confined to its gold-bearing mines. Salmon packing, lumbering, coal mining and other valuable industries have sprung up there. Why not allow Portland to share in the territory's prosperity? There is no time like the present to act. There will be sure to be a great rush for Nome in the spring, for the gold output of that section alone was \$5,500,000 this year. It is a foregone conclusion that these figures will be greatly augmented in the future. Dawson is there to stay. The production of her mines does not seem to decrease. The town has grown to a city, modern in many respects and thoroughly alive to its splendid possibilities. Do we want any of the business of Dawson and Nome? Remember, the surface of Alaska has been barely scratched and there are other Dawsons and other Nomes to be discovered.

Why not have Portland, with its own capital and through its own energies, establishing a line of steamers between this city and points on the Northwest Coast? It should be owned here, operated from here and supported by every man in Portland.

To Juneau the Sound has the inside and dangerous passage, Portland the outside and safe one. The route from here to Nome is the outside the same as it is from the Sound. While this may make some difference in passenger traffic it can not affect freight shipments.

The interests of the railroad companies may prevent them establishing such a service as is desired, but if they find that the merchants of the city mean business they may be compelled to do something for themselves. The people of The Dalles put on their own line of steamers to Portland and gave it their support. Not only has the line paid in consequence of their loyalty, but it has doubled the money invested in it. Portland can prompt to the fore when it becomes necessary to raise a fund for the proposed line, and it will surely not refuse to subscribe half the amount for a new Alaska steamship line.

To the south of the port also, business is awaiting our merchants. No right of way for transportation routes have to be secured from Old Ocean. The sea offers no barriers to trade, it is the great highway that all lines can travel. Portland needs new steamship lines and to get them all that is required is a long pull, a strong pull and a pull altogether.

local statesmen into the presence of a busy public official. He is sufficient judge of a man's qualifications after seeing him with his sleeves up, buried in the records, doing his whole duty and keeping his mouth shut. In fact he is going to clear out those old rats' nests of his department, which have furnished brood after brood of dumplings, posing as employees.

HOP GROWERS MAY REJOICE.

This year has been an unusually prosperous one for hop growers in this state. The crop has been of excellent quality and much profit has inured from its culture.

Many growers who have formerly entered pools for selling direct to London buyers, have said this year's crop to local dealers when quotations went up to a profit-paying figure.

The question as to the advisability of pooling was much talked of among growers, many of them contending that nothing was gained last year by that method. Others assert that, had it not been for the pool, prices would not have gone to the high point they reached.

Pool, or no pool, however, Oregon hop-growers have cause to rejoice when quotations reach 25¢ cents a pound—as they have done—and probably the limit of height has not yet been reached.

In Plurien (Brittany) there is a quaint old parish church, built in the early part of the 15th century and having with many other primitive arrangements, the bell rope from the belfry hanging down from the roof of the nave and dangling just in front of the altar.

The process of ringing is performed in full view of the congregation. But what was more peculiar was the projection at right angles from one of the walls (also near the altar) of a sculptured head and arm of full size, as though held out from the shoulder by some body built into the solid fabric of the wall itself, and the hand open and palm upward and fingers extended had a suggestion of appeal and solicitation which naturally provoked curiosity.

As there was no inscription or anything to hint at the nature of the story that evidently lay behind the sculptured limb, I made inquiry of the churchwarden, a lady who was decorating the altar with flowers in view of the next day's high mass, and she told me that many years ago, in the far-off past, there was a wicked villager who went into to mass, but was far from devout, and on one occasion he so far forgot himself in the service on a hot summer's day as to hold out his hand through an open door or window to an equally undevout friend outside for a pinch of snuff.

The pinch was duly given, but St. Peter, the patron saint of the church, was so scandalized by so terrible a want of reverence that he straightway paralyzed the arm of the offending churchwarden, who thereupon took to his bed and died, but before he had admitted the justice of his punishment, and had left directions in his will for setting up in the church of the mole-headed reminder of his sin, in order that all future villagers in Plurien might be warned against the terrible enormity of allowing any distraction to interrupt the devout hearing of the mass. CHICAGO Herald.

HE DREW THE LINE AT LICKIN' 'EM.

A young woman, accompanied by an effeminate looking youth, entered a Philadelphia drug store the other morning and asked for 50 1-cent stamps. She carried a lot of addressed envelopes, evidently containing circulars of some sort. Fortunately for her the druggist, who thereupon took to his bed and died, but before he had admitted the justice of his punishment, and had left directions in his will for setting up in the church of the mole-headed reminder of his sin, in order that all future villagers in Plurien might be warned against the terrible enormity of allowing any distraction to interrupt the devout hearing of the mass. CHICAGO Herald.

St. Louis is having an epidemic of burglaries, which considering that her aldermen have just got through with her is decidedly tough on St. Louis.

When Rev. Rabe, of Omaha, left the stage turned on, he did not make the mistake of his life as has been suggested, but of his death.

It cost General Mollioux \$175,000 to clear his son, and from his pictures he doesn't really look as though he was worth it.

Suppose clouds do have silver linings, when you never get to see that side of them.

It is said the champion mean man has been found. He lives in Iowa and

bought his wife a washtub for a birthday present. How about the man who bought his wife a bolt of muslin for Christmas, so that she could make him some shirts?

When a woman gives you a piece of her mind, just pass it along, for the chances are it isn't worth any more than it cost.

Cows at Mount Kisco, N. Y. have gone on a spree from eating too many

WORLD'S SMALL AFTER ALL.

"I have a cousin in America. No doubt you have met him. He lives at Tokpaka, Kas." Few are the voyagers to the other side of the Atlantic who have not bumped against some such assertion of being themselves unknown, since the provincial mind of the foreigner cannot realize that the Western hemisphere is slightly larger than a parish in Kas.

And this apropos of the fact that some years ago a certain New York man who happens to be a "mighty hunter before the Lord" journeyed to British Columbia in search of big game.

While scouring the Winnipeg he expressed a desire to be some caribou and a friend who knew the country thoroughly advised him to go to Wauwagan, a station on a branch of the Northern Pacific.

There is nothing but a water tank there," said his friend, "and only one man in the whole section, a Scotch reeve, who looks after the tank; but he is a superb guide, and as he has only one way to watch out for his will give you all the sport you want."

The New Yorker went, won the regard of the hermit and slew caribou by the score.

Last summer he was in Scotland, and while roaming over the moors one day he lost his way. At length he espied a little cottage and, making for it, he could not be accommodated with something to eat. His hostess, a motherly Scotch body, at once set about getting him a "snack," and, like all rustics, deluged the course of her preparations, deluged him with questions.

"I think not," replied the visitor, wearily. "You see, America is a very large place. Where does your son reside?"

"At Wauwagan water tank," replied the dame.

Strange freak of chance! A habitué of Fifth avenue was made the link of communication between the lonely mother and he equally lonely son, separated from each other by half the distance around the globe.—New York Journal.

POINTS FROM PARAGRAPHERS.

The tariff is the issue. The people have made it so, in spite of some of their misleaders.—Dallas News.

Philadelphia is said to be overrun with burglars. This comes pretty hard, too, considering the class of city officials she also has.—Atlanta Journal.

It would be interesting to know whether the St. Louis man who lost his mind in a poker game put it in for the value of a white or a blue chip.—Washington Star.

Arthur Pue Gorman is bearing with Christian resignation the new crop of political flies that has just been harvested by David Bennett Hill.—Louisville Times.

The Democratic party will have to go pretty far South for a candidate. President if it is going to insist on one who can carry his own State.—Philadelphia Press.

By what course you know what fun the paragraphers will have with a Berlin "marriage syndicate" involving a real live Baron Muenchhausen.—Washington Times.

President Roosevelt cannot fail to observe that since the election there is an ominous silence among Republican members-elect to Congress concerning his policy of reciprocity with Cuba.—Philadelphia Record.

One of the chief things to be decided by the Arbitration Committee is the right of the coal miners to organize and maintain unions. It ought to be easy to decide that, especially if the right of capital to organize is recognized.—St. Louis Star.

We will all be glad when all bets are settled; the shooting is all done; the official count comes in. Coal prices take a tumble to themselves. Turkey talk takes the place of election gossip. Money and buy Christmas presents becomes plenty.—Buffalo Times.

PHASES OF THE SERVANT PROBLEM.

(Victor Smith, in New York Press.)

The fourth duty of man is to hire and keep a hired servant. How can that duty of womankind have failed to "solve" the problem, as a speaker in a feminine convention said in Denver, and it is to be done to the man to decide what shall be the proper treatment of the hired man?

The proposition is this: "On the hands—bankers, merchants, doctors, lawyers, peddlers, tinkers and thieves—must take a day off and tell us how to keep things running. How can that duty of womankind have failed to 'solve' the problem, as a speaker in a feminine convention said in Denver, and it is to be done to the man to decide what shall be the proper treatment of the hired man?"

The great guns in our new seacoast are further along toward completion than the lighter, secondary armament. Yet much progress has been made in preparing emplacements for and mounting the lighter weapons. Like our navy, our seacoast defenses are now of thoroughly modern construction, certainly unsurpassed and perhaps unequalled in the world.

The coasts of the United States are no longer unprotected. Our rich, great cities are no longer at the mercy of a foe. The Spanish war found us poorly prepared. But work was rushed that summer of 1898 and since then Congress has been reasonably generous. A few more years will see the completion of the whole great plan of seacoast fortifications outlined by the Endicott Board.

The next problem before us is providing for the defense of Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines and of our coaling stations, like the new rendezvous at Samoa. It does very little good to plant a huge pile of arms and munitions at Cuba or Pago-Pago, and then leave it there unguarded to be seized in time of war and stored into the greedy hands of the hostile squadron. That would be like furnishing ammunition to an enemy.—Boston Journal.

CONCERNING WAISTCOATS.

The bottom button on a waistcoat lost all its usefulness when the present King of England ceased to use it for reasons closely connected with his avocations. To button a waistcoat tightly attracted attention to his portliness of figure, which might be less noticeable otherwise.

Fancy waistcoats brought the same loss of occupation to the top button of the coat. It was almost ignored in the attempt to show a glimpse of the waistcoat.

The tailors thereupon cut the coat so low that it might be buttoned and still show the under garment. The same process was carried to its ultimate result in the frock coat.

London tailors are now sending to this country links made like those worn in sleeve buttons to wear with frock coats. The links which are worn there keep the frock coat from flying apart without holding it so closely as buttons would.

The new device has only begun to be seen in this country, and it seems to have arrived at the fashion. Just now the tendency among well-dressed men is to button their coats as closely as possible and avoid any exhibition of a desire to show their waistcoats.—New York Sun.

STORY OF A BRASS TACK.

Cecil Hull, a 15-year-old boy of Denver, was seized with a violent fit of coughing the other day, which lasted for three quarters of an hour, at the end of which time he coughed up a brass tacker half an inch long, which he had swallowed when a child of 4. Efforts were made at the time to remove it, but without success. For eleven years he had had bronchial trouble, which lately had become so severe that fears were had for his life. Since the tack was removed he has been steadily regaining his health.

held by James A. Horne's "Hearts of Oak" and "Shore Acres," which have been revived this season with considerable success. Some years ago a play that could be considered to be a based attraction, "Hearts of Oak" and "Shore Acres," however, astonished everyone by attracting the public for as many weeks as the great City of Manhattan. Although these Harms plays have been presented for many seasons they are as attractive as ever. The gentle realism displayed in the characters of the dramas and the truthful manner in which they are portrayed to old and young alike, irresistibly draw the audience to the stage. One must be the most hardened cynic to witness either "Hearts of Oak" or "Shore Acres" and not feel that the human emotions are stirred. With a splendidly selected company, including a splendid male quartette, and equipped with magnificent scenery and effects, "Hearts of Oak" will be seen at the Marquand Grand Theatre next Monday and Tuesday night, November 24-25. The advance sale of seats will open Friday morning.

Thanksgiving Attraction.

"A Gold Mine," by Henry Guy Carlton, author of "A Gilded Fool," and "The Goodwin," his first great success, will be presented at The Baker Theatre, by the Nell Stock Company, all next week, starting with Sunday matinee. There will be a special matinee Thanksgiving day, Friday, November 27. "A Gold Mine" is one of the most humorous comedies ever written, and the Nell Stock Company will play it to perfection. In all the list of plays in which Mr. Carlton appeared he has never made such a pronounced hit as he did in this splendid comedy. The characters of the piece are extremely funny and the plot is one of exceptional merit. "A Gold Mine," like all the rest of the productions put on the stage by this company, has been tried and proved a great success, and it alone which guarantees big houses for the entire week. Thanksgiving matinee will be a record breaker.

PEABODY'S GREAT TENEMENTS.

The George Peabody fund for the erection of model lodgings in London works men has this year testified with its usual strength to the value of the American philanthropic gifts. Half a dozen model lodgings built under the death-bed wishes of the great American, mostly in the suburbs of London, have proved a great success, and it alone which guarantees big houses for the entire week. Thanksgiving matinee will be a record breaker.

Mr. Peabody gave altogether a two-million-dollar fund, which has since his death been added to largely by the proper manipulation of the property and the rental of the buildings, which are let on an absolute business basis. The men who are trustees of the fund now and who take an active part in its management, are Mr. Charles D. Deane, Mr. Charles Peabody, the American Ambassador in London, Mr. Victor Cavendish, J. P. Morgan, Jr., as well as several additional Englishmen.

The fund has now a hundred and twenty-one London families and now occupies buildings erected by the American's generosity. There are no other such buildings in England. The Peabody houses represent comfortable apartments, convenient and laundries, while they are surrounded by pleasant yards. The new buildings are to be opened with ceremony before Christmas—A London Letter.

WHY PAINTINGS WILL BE SOLD.

Verestchagin's paintings, which are to be sold by auction in the Astor gallery of the Waldorf-Astoria on November 25, were inseparable from him. Wherever he was, his pictures were with him. As they are epics in images, they tell the story of his life, of an ancient philosopher, a Homer with his lyre. Why does he sell them?

He replied to this question yesterday: "Because I have decided to describe in painting another country." To appreciate this reason it is well to realize that a painter of Verestchagin's temperament is not easily diverted from his own happy creations. Even after especially when they have made the impression that they wished to convey with their brush, they are surrounded by pleasant yards. The new buildings are to be opened with ceremony before Christmas—A London Letter.

Verestchagin decides to sell his history and legend in paintings of the campaigns of Napoleon I. in Russia because he has the ardent wish to apply himself to the history and legend of another country.

"Of what use is it to me to realize that 'This I must not tell today,' he was asked. 'His friends think it may be China, but they do not know. There civilization is an invader, as it was an invader with Napoleon in Russia, playing with death and crime.'—New York American.

THE CLOCK STOPPED.

"Ever hear a clock stop in the middle of the night?" said the retired burglar. "I did once, and I never was much more afraid by anything, for a minute, in my life."

"I'd just picked up a watch that was lying on the top of a bureau in a house that I was in, when all of a sudden there seemed to be a clock right down, somehow, a stillness that was like death and I found myself standing there holding that watch and looking around in the world in all directions, expecting something terrible to happen; and scared!"

"Why?" "Well, I was scared almost out of my senses. And then all of a sudden it struck me that a clock that I'd been hearing ticking away good and strong up to that minute in the room back of me, was now dead and I found that 'That's all, but that was enough for me, and I just laid out."

"I like a quiet house, but I don't like one with that kind of stillness in it; and sometimes folks who were up to a clock stopping just about as quick as they would be by the firing of a gun."

UNSAFE.

A short time prior to the outbreak of the civil war, Wendell Phillips, a member of the West, making abolition speeches. On the same train one day was a pro-slavery Baptist minister from the South, who, on learning that Phillips was on the train, entered his car and introduced him to the passengers. One of the passengers, Wendell Phillips, I believe?

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Phillips. "Engaged in saving negroes from slavery," he said.

"Well, why don't you go down South to save them?" Mr. Phillips replied: "You, I believe, are a minister of the Gospel!"

"Engaged in saving souls from hell!" "Yes."

"Well, why don't you go there and save them?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

CARVED THE "CARDIFF" GIANT.

John J. Sampson, the survivor of the famous "Cardiff" lumber, died in Chicago, Nov. 7. Mr. Sampson had no part in the exhibition of the giant, but assisted in the making of the figure. He was a marble cutter and worked at his trade in carving the giant. One of his sons said today that his father always said that work was done in a barn located near Lincoln Park, in Chicago.