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IS IT A MISTAKE?

Has President Roosevelt committed a grave political blunder in practically killing hope for revision of the tariff? Time will tell. Yet, the probabilities are that he has made a mistake, and one that determines radically his future status as a statesman.

If a parallel be instituted between the late McKinley and Mr. Roosevelt, the conclusion herein hinted at will appear to be all the more logical.

Mr. McKinley at Buffalo, not long before the assassination bullet was fired, uttered plainly the view that the time had come to revise the tariff. He took the ground that manufacturing industries had been fostered long enough; that they needed no more of the very high protection that had been theirs since the war tariff had been continued as a purely protective measure.

Mr. McKinley was nothing if not in touch with public sentiment. He was a skillful physician in that he never failed to gauge the rapidity of the people's pulse. He was a marvelous judge of drift of sentiment. Seldom did he miss calculations.

Furthermore, he had stood sponsor for the protective system for a quarter of a century. He was one of its friends. If, therefore, he arrived at the conclusion that it should be revised, he did so in knowledge or at least firm belief that the moment was opportune to speak to the American people as he spoke at Buffalo.

President Roosevelt has killed revision of the tariff for the present session of Congress. He pronounces unmistakably against making alterations that would carry out the intent of the revisionists, even of the revisionists who are of his own political faith.

It is not probable that the tide towards revision has begun to ebb. There is a deep-rooted conviction in the public mind that intelligent revision would cure some of the trust evils, not all of them, but some of them, and that there are other reasons for making changes in the schedules now.

If this tide continues to flow, and lack yet reaching its maximum, then President Roosevelt has committed an irretrievable blunder. He is not powerful enough, nor are the Republican politicians strong enough, to breast this tide. It is something that derives its strength from honest conviction.

President Roosevelt may achieve re-election. But, in the present state of the public mind, re-election is not equal to re-election. Even the hero of San Juan Hill and the popular idol of millions may find that he has attempted to turn back the resistless sweep of the incoming sea, like King Canute. Too, like King Canute, he may find that the sea refuses to obey the dictum of a human ruler.

THAT OIL DISTRICT ORDINANCE.

The rumor is current that it is the intention of eight members of the Common Council to pass the oil district ordinance "over the head of the Mayor" at tonight's meeting. It is to be hoped that this report is not true. The fact of the matter is this connection, for the protesting property owners are deserving of being further heard.

It is authoritatively stated that rates of insurance on property in the "oil district" will be materially increased if the ordinance is passed. It appears to be unfair, to say the least, for the Council to take action in favor of the oil companies in creating a "district" that will be to the detriment and detriment of other property owners.

THE TABASCO COLUMN.

The venerable Chaplain Milburn of the United States Senate, has resigned. It is safe to say no living preacher ever petitioned the Senate for persons more in need of divine mercy, charity and forgiveness than he in his 57 years of intervention between the United States Senate and the only power greater than it.

President Roosevelt has invited Dr. Lorenz, the celebrated Vienna surgeon, who operated on so many children for hip-joint disease, to meet him in Washington. Does Teddy anticipate having his leg pulled to the extent of a hip dislocation?

"May good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both." Baron and Shakespeare evidently had Thanksgiving in view when the or other of them wrote the above lines.

When the Postmaster-General rules that a woman employee of the department shall lose her position if she marries, he deliberately puts a premium on immorality.

Some people pride themselves on being "sons of the Revolution," and yet most folks are satisfied with having come into the world according to law.

One of the big college presidents says football is on a level with prize fighting. Now, what does a college president know about a prize fight?

The dispatches say that "four surgeons held an autopsy on Mrs. Gore at Paris, for the State Department." She didn't have it.

The New York World suggests a football team selected from all the colleges, and then it overlooks Carle Nation.

Prof. Clark thinks a family should be able to live on \$200 a year. This time we refuse to be a Missourian.

New Hampshire is going to abandon prohibition and adopt high license and local option.

Handwriting experts will never form a trust. Even the courts refuse longer to trust them.

It's hard to say whether this is weather or whether it is whether, but it's perfect, anyhow.

The pen may be mightier than the sword, but Carrie puts her trust in a hatchet.

Trouble brings out all a woman's good qualities, and all a man's bad ones.

The revolution in Colombia seems to have gone into the dry dock for repairs.

CIVIC IMPROVEMENT.

(By Dr. Mae Cardwell, in Club Journal.)
It may only be a coincidence, as it is a bad one, but it is under this good, or bad, as you may look at it, republican administration, the streets of our cities are torn up and in worse condition than most of us can remember ever before seeing them.

One has to go blocks and blocks to get a good street. One has to climb to elevated walks to get across deep excavations. Streets are being repaired and improved, old buildings pulled down and new erected; everywhere improvement and progress which will bring happy results, but in the meantime gives a city an appearance of uncouthness and discomfort through which it is hard to discuss future beauty.

It is pleasing to note that the cities of our Northwest keep in line with the East and building and repairs disfigure the streets and in some cases as much as in a great metropolis. On these conditions, however, final judgment of the beauty of a town can never be based. It is the muddy streets, the waste paper lying gutter, street signs protruding painful incongruity of coloring, broken sidewalks and fences, and vacant lots filled with weeds and rubbish that appeals to the woman's eye and prompts her judgment.

We decide the standard of our friend's housekeeping as we enter her gate, by the neatness of her front steps and the walk before the house. Housekeeping qualifications of municipal authorities may well be gauged by the cleanliness and order of the gutters and vacant lots. Finances often limit work by the cleaning department, but no city is so poor that its gutters need be filled with debris offensive to the eye and nostrils, or that it is so filthy that it is a disgrace to the city.

It is filthy truth, little as he suspects it, that in economical management of municipal housekeeping, our brother may need a course of training, and it is our province to contribute to his enlightenment. To this end we cannot do less than make notes on the best methods of work.

Dr. George E. Waring felt his time well spent while studying the methods of city and country and the white uniforms worn by the street cleaners of New York City stand a memorial to his life efforts. To his determined and constant presentation of sanitary laws, the city owes the present clean condition of the streets, where a white-uniformed army daily removes mud and debris from hundreds of miles of pavement, and where placards give warning of the penalty of \$500 fine or a year's imprisonment for indulging in the vulgar habit of spitting.

Large receptacles for waste paper stand on the curb, but the city fathers allow them to be so covered with all manner of advertising that their original use is lost, and they only serve as additional hideous billboards, which must be walked around.

Still, in the dirt exhibit, Chicago holds the banner. Mud, banana peels, waste paper and bad smells blown up through the smoky atmosphere, entirely disagreeable to the residents, whose visions are limited by the circle and circumference of the almighty dollar.

Standing alone in the center of a great square, with mountains in the sea, and a rich soil from the land, Chicago looks to her parks for the rest to soul and mind which comes only from the soft coloring of Nature's handiwork. No blade of grass, no leaf of tree greets the eye of the visitor to "Chicago."

The trees of the great City of New York are pitiful to behold. Leaves covered with dust look dry and withered, reminding one of the little children of the tenements, who, sick and withered, hold their slender arms toward the life-giving sun. Wide flag pavements and tall buildings keep light and nourishment from tree and child.

The Northwest has much advantage in the fresh green foliage which so abundantly decorates its cities. Our climate is adapted to producing the most brilliant coloring in vegetable life, at all seasons imparting beauty to the scene. With this advantage and inspiration, when can we not do otherwise than grow in knowledge of civic economies where they once turn attention to this branch of needed reform, and with knowledge comes improvement.

There are two house flies left over from summer, who have evidently made up their diminutive minds to winter on my windowsill. I have never felt any particular interest in flies, but I will confess that I have quarrels with them. I have quarrels with them who help me most. And one such friend is worth a host.

OREGON STATE PRESS DISCUSSES PURE FOOD

Kind Words for Those Who Have Been Leaders of the Movement.

The Dalles, Ore., Times-Mountaineer: The exposure of the Fairview dairy farm made by The Oregon Journal, in which it was shown that the milk from a herd of cows infected with tuberculosis, was being sold in Portland, may arouse the people of Oregon to demand more rigid pure food laws being enacted by the Legislature. The exposure published in The Journal has brought forth a statement, though reluctantly from the state veterinarian, Dr. McLean, saying that he has found herds all through the state in which from "75 to 90 per cent of the cows had tuberculosis." This confession on the part of the state veterinarian discloses a serious state of affairs, and causes all to wonder why Dr. McLean should not have made the disclosure sooner. Strange, indeed, that a state official should have allowed that a state official should have allowed that steps to prevent the milk from such herds being placed upon the market. By his silence he is telling how much damage has been done, or how many human lives have been endangered by the use of impure milk.

The exposure published by The Journal and the confession of the state veterinarian emphasize the fact that our pure food laws are inadequate, and also that they are being disregarded, both by officials and citizens. In addition to the commissions of Dr. McLean, the health commissioner of Portland says that during the past year he has found numerous carcasses of animals that had been butchered for meat and sold for sale in the Portland markets that were diseased and had to be destroyed, showing that not only the milk, but the meat the people of Portland are invited to eat is impure. With the exposure of food, it is probable that more impure foods are forced upon the unsuspecting public in the country than in Portland, which makes it all the more necessary that strict laws be enacted and enforced.

What is needed is a deputy food inspector in every county and incorporated town, who shall be placed under heavy bonds to perform his duty, and that his duty shall be to carefully inspect every article of food and to see that it is pure, also to cause the arrest and prosecution of all violators of the pure food law. And to begin with, as an example to law-abiding citizens, the state veterinarian, Dr. McLean, if the facts in this case as brought to light are to be relied on, is no more fit in his official capacity than a Siwash would be, and now that the people of Portland are made aware of the state of affairs, they should make it so fervently to the inspector that he will be compelled to surrender his office to some one who can and will perform its required duties.

Not Afraid to Act.
Weston, Ore., Leader: The Oregon Daily Journal has created another stir at Portland, where its voice commands attention, by exposing the presence of tuberculosis in a large dairy herd near the city, belonging to John Thomas, a fourth owner of the vessel (come out) remarked to me in all seriousness that the salmon were caught out of the Columbia, and he would be better off if he could get half as large a Seattle. He claimed that the census was doctored; he had been talking with Seattle people.

There are from 15,000 to 20,000 people leaving Seattle every two years for Astoria, and the remainder to other points of the territory. Seattle from her location can control nearly all of the southwestern portion of Alaska, but I see no reason why Portland couldn't handle the Nome business as well as Seattle. It is an all-water route and there is practically no difference in the distance from Portland to Nome, and why couldn't Portland

particular interest in flies, but I will confess to a growing tenderness for this little fly-foddering creature. They seem to be aware of my increasing regard, for while at first they were shy and sought to avoid attention, they now court my society, coming frequently to perch on my nose, and to crawl languidly over my paper as I write. They look gaunt and hungry, and not knowing whether they had followed the example of the ant celebrated for far-seeing frugality, I suppose the little sugar-daddy served on last paper torn from the edge of a candy box. They dine greedily and now wear an air of continual expectancy. I am wondering how long they will remain with me, and, incidentally, whether a diet of sugar is conducive to health and longevity. One thing I have observed with surprise and pleasure, they are shy of strangers, and invariably seek the seclusion of the window when anyone enters the room or approaches my desk where they make themselves at home without reservation.

COMPOSITE.
The Marquand—Fiddle Dee Dee, popular prices.
The Baker—"The Masqueraders."
Cordray—"Adolph and Rudolph."

COMING ATTRACTIONS.
The Marquand—Fiddle Dee Dee, popular prices.
The Baker—"The Masqueraders."
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MANAGERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS.
When the management of The Baker Theater and the Neill Stock Company after anything they generally succeed in making the capture. Some time ago the idea was conceived that the Portland public would appreciate a production of the well-known play by which Marie Walworth created such a furor in this country, "Shall We Forgive Her?" Consequently when the announcement was first made that this splendid play was going to be secured for the Neill Stock Company, there was considerable doubt expressed as to whether it could be secured for a stock company of not, as the owner, Jacob Litt, has never before permitted to be played by any one excepting well-known stars.

Notwithstanding this fact an effort was made, and as a result "Shall We Forgive Her?" will be played at the Baker Theater all next week by the Neill Stock Company. The play is one that has made a tremendous success, both in this country and England, it having had exceptionally long runs in New York City and London.

Some years ago Miss Walworth played the place at the Marquand and scored the biggest success in it of any thing she had ever presented in Portland, and since that time the desire to have it presented here again has been very strong. The watermelon should never reach the boiling point. Use time rather than too much heat. In drawing off the shell, remember to crack them roll on a board or between the hands, and the covering will slip off in one, possibly two, pieces.

She pointed out the difference between the terms melted butter and butter melted. In the one case you melt your butter, and in the other the butter is melted and then melted. It makes quite a little difference in the amount one gets.

Tomato, soy, Swedish and nut salads were made and passed as the finale of the demonstration. They were simply delicious. There had been some murmured doubts as to the outcome of the Swedish

"A Little Outcast."
In "A Little Outcast," scenic transformations succeed each other with astounding beauty, and such things happen that science would stand agape at were it not aware of the might of electrical batteries and human imagination.

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GOOD OPPORTUNITIES FOR ALASKA BUSINESS

Portland Should Not Overlook the Chances That Are Offered Her.

In beginning this article I will give the broad statement of opinion that the Nome section of Alaska will become the greatest gold producing country so far discovered on the earth. By the Nome section I mean the Seward Peninsula, which is all tributary to Nome, the base of the great Yukon river. The Seward Peninsula is larger than the Columbia—five miles wide to its mouth. Alaska has twice as much coast line as the rest of the United States, and the United States and Alaska extend almost one-third around the globe. All of the streams of Alaska are alive with fish, even beyond Nome, and canny siles are to be had for the taking.

There will be great opportunities for a commercial standpoint in that section for the Pacific Coast cities, it being non-productive of nearly all the necessities of life both for man and beast, fish being the only exception. It will in the near future be an enormous consumer of all kinds of products that aid in the support and comfort of beings. It is a great trade for Portland to reach out for and get her rightful property. The Alaska trade and consequent trade, as everyone knows, was the saving as well as making of Seattle and is still the making of her as much as all other agencies combined.

PORTLAND'S CHANCES.
Of course, Portland sells a large amount of produce to Alaska, but the greatest benefit is in the arriving and departing of the people from the far north. It is a big advertisement for Seattle throughout the East and all over the world. The people who come to Seattle from Alaska, and the people who go to Alaska from Seattle, are a big advertisement for Seattle. The people who come to Seattle from Alaska, and the people who go to Alaska from Seattle, are a big advertisement for Seattle. The people who come to Seattle from Alaska, and the people who go to Alaska from Seattle, are a big advertisement for Seattle.

INCORRECT IMPRESSIONS.
It is also astonishing the amount of ignorance shown by the great majority of apparently intelligent men who yearly visit Alaska as to the standing of Portland. Some of them look upon Portland about as we do on Astoria, a good fishing port, but not a very important one. (fourth owner of the vessel (come out) remarked to me in all seriousness that the salmon were caught out of the Columbia, and he would be better off if he could get half as large a Seattle. He claimed that the census was doctored; he had been talking with Seattle people.

There are from 15,000 to 20,000 people leaving Seattle every two years for Astoria, and the remainder to other points of the territory. Seattle from her location can control nearly all of the southwestern portion of Alaska, but I see no reason why Portland couldn't handle the Nome business as well as Seattle. It is an all-water route and there is practically no difference in the distance from Portland to Nome, and why couldn't Portland

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES.
BY K. K. K.

I went down to the Frazier Reading room last night, because Mrs. Coburn was to tell the William G. Eliot Fraternity of her trip across the plains to Oregon. Most of us don't keep half as much in touch with the early Oregon history as we ought to do. Now, these monthly lectures of the fraternity each Tuesday, there are just lots of interesting papers, and some of the events in the general topic, "History of Oregon to February 14, 1858."

Mrs. Coburn's lecture last night was worth hearing. She told in her clever way of Oregon's indifference to her new home of staidhood. It was months before she reached Portland, and then it really interested one in the thought to suggest the thought that he ought to take the news to the capital post haste. He rode through mud and water, over hills and through valleys for 30 hours, and the only account of his trip came out briefly in the Oregonian 10 days later.

The state arrived in Salem on horseback last week.

She beautifully described the start from the old Illinois farm one April morning in 1852, for the long trip across the plains. Five stout vehicles stood ready, stocked with stores and garments sewed by loving hands through the long winter when the light of tallow candles grew still more dim because seen through fearful eyes. The horses and accompanying endurance of frail women in the journey of 2,000 miles, deaths by the wayside, desolate camps, unruly cattle, all found a place in her account.

The humorous side was not lacking. Her description of the means used to keep the cattle alive that first hard winter reminded me very much of the Crawford fashion of dressing a cow in warm flannel.

As Mrs. Coburn suggested in closing, how much we have lost because more accounts of these trips across the plains were not taken down at the time, and saved for this younger generation.

SALADS.
At the Cooking School yesterday, Mrs. Voorhees gave the promised lesson on salads and salad dressings.

So many ladies were interested it seemed for a time as if there would have been an overflow meeting. Pencils and note books were kept busy as the ladies jotted down the ingredients and proportions of one delicious dressing after another. Miss Voorhees had explained French dressings in a former lesson, so she gave yesterday was along the line of the boiled dressings.

So many of Miss Voorhees' little aside during a demonstration are housewife hints. Now, in using a cooked egg, never speak of it as hard boiled, but as hard-boiled. The watermelon should never reach the boiling point. Use time rather than too much heat. In drawing off the shell, remember to crack them roll on a board or between the hands, and the covering will slip off in one, possibly two, pieces.

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