

EDITORIAL COMMENT AND TIMELY TOPICS

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

BY C. S. JACKSON

Oregon Journal

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Strenuous pleasures are on the increase. In this connection, President Jordan, of Leland Stanford Jr. University, recently stated: "The kingdom of heaven is with us when we have developed along normal lines."

MANLY REPLY FROM MILES.

Apologists for the atrocities committed by American soldiers in the Philippines can make but one reply to Gen. Miles, and that is to ridicule and belittle him.

Gen. Miles has written a reply to his critics which is justly characterized by the New York World as "a manly, soldierly, patriotic production."

In support of his belief that the tortures inflicted upon prisoners were unnecessary, Gen. Miles says:

"For 100 years the army has been waging war against savage Indians, and there is no namable atrocity that at some time some Indians did not commit, but retaliation in kind and violence toward captive and surrendered Indians has always been prohibited."

"It is idle to assume that campaigning in the Philippines has conditions that warrant resort to mediaeval cruelty and a departure from the honorable method of conducting warfare, or that such departures as have existed should be overlooked and condoned."

FAILURE OF THE GAG LAW.

No man in the country is being so mercilessly cartooned and ridiculed as is Governor Pennypacker of Pennsylvania by the press of that state, since he signed the infamous press muzzling law.

No effort to gag the press will ever be successful in enlightened America. We commend to Governor Pennypacker's prayerful consideration that sound old adage, "don't monkey with the buzz saw."

A HUCKSTERING EARL.

The latest disclosure concerning the Yarmouth-Thaw marriage is that the liberal settlement made upon the groom by the terms of the legal contract which preceded the wedding was the result of a coup effected by him prior to the signing of the altar.

the allowance previously agreed upon and that he would decline to go on with the marriage unless his own proposition were acceded to. His demand was for \$10,000 a year for himself, and that the entire fortune of the bride should go to the Hartford estate in the event of her death without issue.

LEND A HAND.

With the failure of the efforts to invoke the referendum upon the Lewis and Clark Fair and the Portage Railway, these two great public enterprises must now be pressed to completion.

The task of initiating the work on the portage railway lies with the Governor, the State Treasurer and the Secretary of State. Some preliminary investigations have already been made and they will doubtless proceed at once with the preparation of specifications and procuring bids.

Every man, woman and child in Oregon should from this time forward strive to lend a hand in making the Fair a success.

An Ohio woman has received a letter from an unknown man, enclosing 25 cents in payment for a chicken which he stole in 1861, before entering the army.

The latest fad in Boston is genealogy, and the papers are devoting columns to the publication of facts about the forebears of their readers.

As usual, the directors of the road were hanged for manslaughter. Of course, they were only remotely to blame for the wreck. The engineer was color blind. He admitted, under oath that in his youth he had read the supplements of the Sunday papers.

NOT AN ESSAY ON OLD CLOTHES

(By Ida Clare)

Dignity! There are times and situations, apparently, where a superabundance of it hampers action, and retards progress.

And clothes! What are clothes, my dear madam, compared to character? Some of the most gifted and brilliant women of this, or any age, have shown a notable disregard for dress.

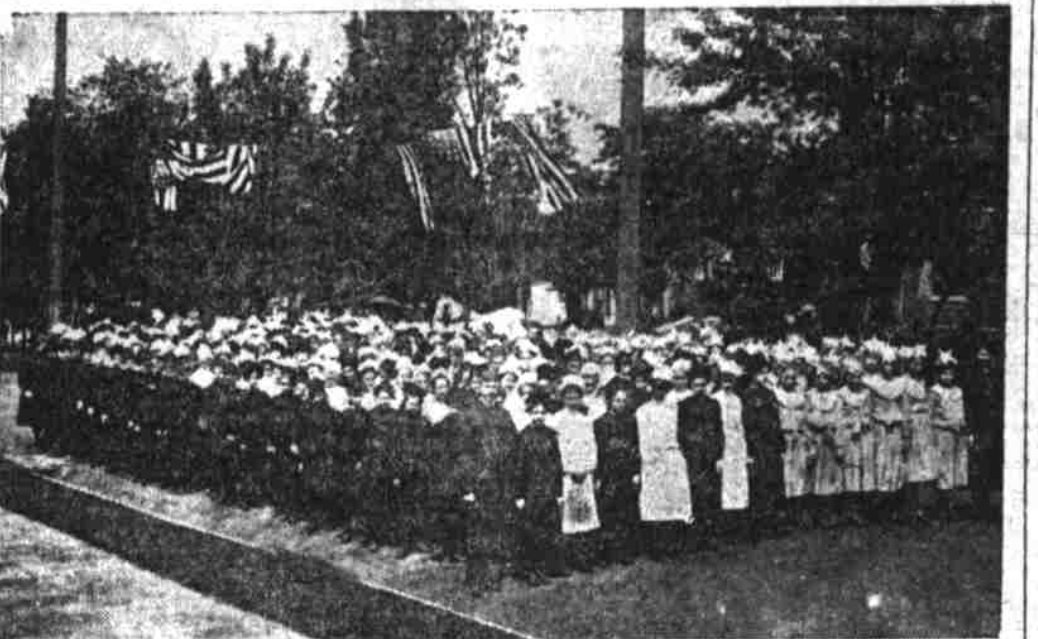
Grace, amiability, and the power to produce poems that please and charm, and help the world to higher thoughts and happier hopes—are not these better, and more to be desired than fine raiment, and the fashionable fripperies with which we less gifted mortals must adorn ourselves?

But, my dear madam, judge the woman by what she does, not by what she wears. Surely she who produced that most exquisite of songs, "The Lost Garden," is clothed in immaterial beauty, and is not dependent upon the art of the dress maker and the milliner for the power to attract and hold affection and admiration.

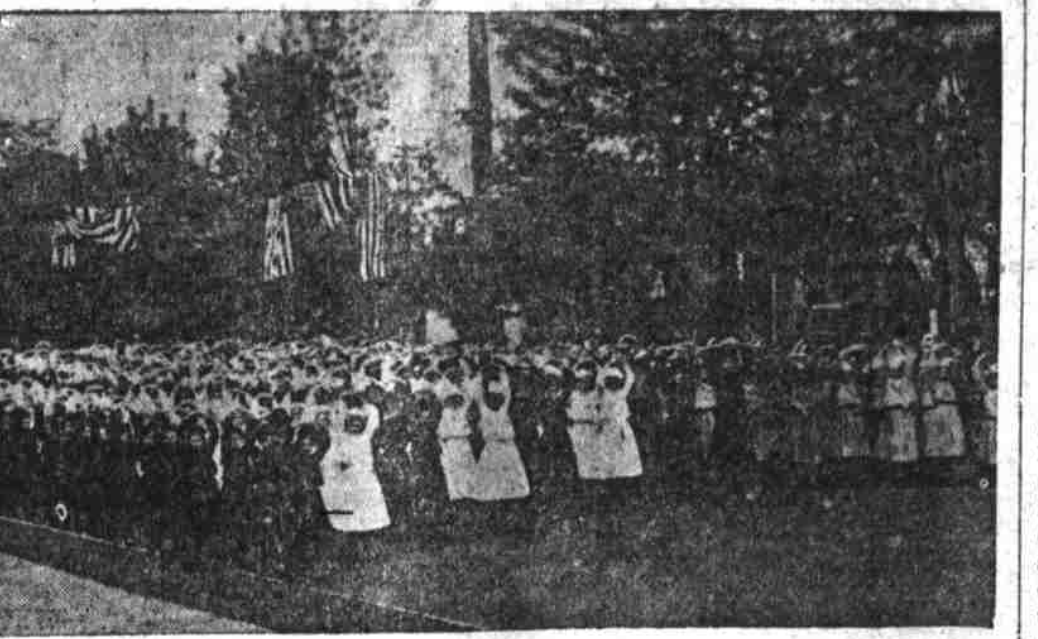
By the way, do you know that the women of Portland are generally admitted to be the most tastefully and quietly gowned as compared with those of any city this side of New York? There are, also, it is claimed, more pretty girls and less loudness to be observed on the streets of our conservative town than anywhere else in the Northwest.

A woman who has sojourned in nearly every city of note on the face of the globe, and who travels about the world, as she expresses it, with her eyes open, says: "It is remarkable, don't you know, why even the girls behind the counters have an air of refinement. They look like ladies."

"They are ladies," the loyal American to whom her observations was addressed, assured her. His affirmation puzzled her, but she explained it finally on the ground of his being a Westerner. Yet he spoke from conviction. His wife and her, at-the-time, hostess, had been a chambermaid in a country hotel before he married her, and is now one of the society leaders in this city, a woman known and loved for her noble nature and charming manner, and none the less revered because of the fact that in her youth she earned an honest living by honest work.



THE HUMAN FLAG



A Pretty Idea of the Pupils of Portland's Public Schools. It Was One of the Features of the Presidential Reception.

FIRST NEWS OF WATERLOO.

Leopold de Rothschild tells this story of how the house of Rothschild had in its early days beaten the English newspapers in obtaining important information, and he related the true version of how the first news of the victory of Waterloo was made known to his grandfather.

There had, he said, been many different accounts of the latter incident, but the accurate one was that the news came through the medium of a small Dutch newspaper. The intelligence was published in a single line: "Great victory of the English at Amsterdam."

His grandfather, who was the owner of some ships, told his captains that whenever they went anywhere they were always to bring him the latest newspapers. One of these trusted captains arrived with a paper announcing the great victory. His grandfather immediately took the news to the treasury and gave the information to Lord Liverpool. He did not tell how he knew it, and his news was scouted because the intelligence had arrived on the previous day that the British troops had been beaten.

As to the siege of Paris, Mr. de Rothschild said that his firm received the news by pigeon post from his brother-in-law, who had been in Paris during the whole siege, and they knew at least a fortnight beforehand that Paris was about to capitulate. He did not think it had any importance financially, but it enabled them to send to Paris by a trusted messenger a wagon load of provisions, which was the first food to enter the city when it capitulated.

As regards foreign news, it was indeed wonderful how different the newspapers of the present day are from those of a quarter of a century ago. When Mr. de Rothschild first went into the city they were dependent on a mysterious letter, "Les petite papiers," which was written by M. Tansky and was copied by his clerk. He believed that the London Times and one or two other papers were in the habit of receiving this document which came to the inhabitants of the city, and from that little letter the foreign news was elaborated in the greatest journals of the day.

DOGS SMELL DEATH.

There's an old superstition that a howling dog in front of the house of an ill person portends death. One prominent physician believes absolutely in it. The physician has a wonderfully acute sense of smell. Frequently, he says, he can foretell the coming of death within 48 hours of a patient's demise. Within two days of death, he says, a peculiar earthy odor becomes noticeable about a person about to die. He tells of one case where he became aware of the peculiar odor while talking to an apparently healthy man. That night the man dropped dead of heart disease. The physician is far from attributing the peculiar manifestation to other than physiological reasons. His own sense of smell is abnormally acute.—Troy Press.

JUDGING BY THE JOB.

A man was taken on as a laborer in one of the large shipbuilding yards on the Clyde. The first job he had to do was to carry some rather heavy planks. He had been about an hour carrying them, when he went up to the foreman and said:

"Did ah tell you ma name whin ah started?" "Aye," said the foreman. "You said it was Tamson." "Oh, that's a right," replied the man, looking over at the pile of planks he had to carry. "Ah wis wunnerin' if you thoct ah said it was Samson."—Tit-Bits.

As usual, the directors of the road were hanged for manslaughter. Of course, they were only remotely to blame for the wreck. The engineer was color blind. He admitted, under oath that in his youth he had read the supplements of the Sunday papers. Yet the art editors of these papers go and come as they will, and brazenly hold their heads as high as anybody.—Puck.

PRES. ROOSEVELT IS MERCIFUL

The Suggestion Is Made That He Invite Hermann to Ride on the Same Train With Him and He Complies.

The following remarkable "confession of guilt" recently appeared in a morning paper:

"President Roosevelt has invited Binger Hermann, Republican candidate for Congress in the First District, to ride with him from Salem to Portland. The invitation is evidence conclusive that the President wishes Hermann to be elected. The letter is as follows:

"To Hon. Binger Hermann, McMinnville, Or.: The President will be pleased to have you join his train at Salem and ride with him to Portland. WM. LOEB, JR., Secretary to the President."

"Following upon the announcement of the President, as published by the Oregonian last week, this letter bears out that: There is not one word of truth in the rumor that I am opposed to Mr. Hermann's election; but, on the contrary, I heartily and earnestly desire his election. I hope that every voter who believes in the principles of the party and wishes well for the administration will cast his vote for Mr. Hermann. The rumored quarrel between Mr. Hermann and myself is without foundation. Our relations are, and always have been, cordial."

"That announcement was very disconcerting to the Democrats of the district. This letter will be doubly so. They hoped to prove that the President had never said the words ascribed to him. The letter will disprove the hope into thin air, and the Democrats will have to fight their battle on political issues. The President, of course, feel obliged to help out a Republican candidate for a national office. This duty he owes to the national party, and to shun it might cause him embarrassment."

The reader will especially notice the words in black letters. Is it not strange that this invitation had to be construed as an evidence on the part of President Roosevelt to "whitewash" Binger Hermann so that he might break into Congress after "breaking out" of the General Land Office on the toe of Secretary Hitchcock with President Roosevelt's full knowledge and consent. And, further, let the reader observe that the attempt is made in the above quotation to make it appear that President Roosevelt has said or written his endorsement of Hermann, in the face of the fact that he caused him to be "kicked out" of the General Land Office. "Corruption is a tree, whose branches are of an unmeasurable length; they spread everywhere; and the dew that drops from thence hath infected some chairs and stools of authority."

SHARPER EARS THAN OURS.

Most people suppose a mole to be dumb, but it is not. A mole can give a sound so shrill that it hasn't any effect on the human ear at all, and another sound so low and soft that no human being can hear it. Yet a weasel can hear both these sounds as plainly as you can hear the report of a gun, and a sound-registering machine, the phonograph, will show them both, with scores of other sounds you are deaf to. The usual note of the mole is a low purr, which is used as a good deal while at work underground, and it can also shout at the top of its voice, if hurt or alarmed; but though it shouted and purred in your ear you wouldn't hear it. The sound register, however, with its delicate pencil that marks the volume of sound on a paper, gives the quality of both sounds.

A weasel, too, which is one of the mole's enemies, can hear these sounds through a couple of inches of earth, and often catches the mole when he throws up his hillocks of earth. The common field mouse, too, has a purr that is altogether beyond you, though you can hear him squeak plainly enough if he is hurt. A death's-head moth, too, can squeak, but that is done by rubbing his wings together, and is not a voice at all. But the champion of all creatures for good hearing, and one that can hear a sound that is over a hundred degrees beyond our own limit is the common thrush, and you may often amuse yourself by watching him at it. He can hear a lobjworm moving underground, locate him by the noise and haul him out.

Often you can see a thrush stand perfectly still on your lawn, cock his ear and listen intently, then make a couple of steps and haul out a fat lobjworm. Even the starling, which is about the size of a thrush, cannot do this, but he knows the thrush can, and, being a disreputable person with no common honesty, he follows the young thrushes about on their worm hunts, and steals the worms from them as soon as they are caught. As for the smells you can't smell, they are more numerous than those you can, and if you want an example, go on your knees in a field where there are partridges and see if you can smell them six or seven yards away—or even a freshly dead one an inch from your nose.

They have no scent to you. But if you own a pointer dog you may watch him canter across a field at full speed and suddenly stop as if shot, tall outstretched and body rigid, nose in the air, all because he caught the scent of a covey of birds some yards away waded to him by the wind. He—and most other dogs—can smell a lark as far as a partridge. But if you choose you can make yourself smell 50 per cent better by wiffing your finger and drawing it under your nose. With dampened nostrils—like the dog—you will detect scents that did not reach you before. Coming to the feelings you cannot feel, perhaps it is as well they are so numerous. You can feel a gnat settle on your skin, but not a lake midge, nor 50 of them, and you cannot even feel their bite—though they stick a quiverful of saws and flies into you—till the irritation begins.

But watch one of those midgits light on a horse's flank—though they do not weigh the 50,000th of a drachm—and you will see the horse give his whole skin a twist, round about where the midge's, and try to shake it off. Even though he has a shaggy coat, he can feel that midge alight. Besides these limits to your every-day senses, however, there are several senses which you haven't got at all, but which plenty of other creatures have. One is the sense of weather. You cannot tell by any sense—except newspaper reports—what the weather will be the day after tomorrow, but animals can, for they carry natural barometers in their brains. When a frost, for instance, has lasted a week or two, and all the meadows are bound up, you will find insect-feeding birds that have gone to the mudbanks of estuaries, moving back in flocks to the fields 30 hours before the first signs of a thaw.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The damage to the cotton crop from the leaf worm, which in some seasons exceeded \$20,000,000, is now prevented by insecticides. The missing link from Fashoda to Ujiji in the telegraph line from Cape Town to Cairo, will be supplied by wireless instruments.

THE JOURNAL WAGON

Unique Expedition Being Sent Throughout Central and Southern Oregon by the Oregon Daily Journal.

The Oregon Daily Journal advertising wagon is now rolling along somewhere in the interior of Oregon, where roads are often dim and postoffices scarce.

This unique scheme has attracted great attention, as almost every Central Oregon exchange has reprinted the story of The Journal wagon, as it first appeared in the East Oregonian three weeks ago.

It left Shaniko last week in charge of Paul DeLaney as correspondent, and A. E. Putterbaugh as solicitor. They expect to remain in the field for at least three months, perhaps ending their remarkable trip at Pendleton some time in August.

All the famous battlefields of Central Oregon, all the early settlements, old mining camps, places of historic note and prominent pioneers will be visited and written up. The Journal will make use of the data gathered in a great harvest or holiday edition this fall.—Pendleton East Oregonian.

CATCH ALL OF 'EM.

The rank and file of Missourians, without regard to party, have but one opinion relative to the hoodlums. They wish all caught. They make no distinction as to high or low, Democrat or Republican. It is a matter of common honesty, of public honor, of civic righteousness.

As a party question Democratic officials cannot afford to stop in the investigation, indictment and punishment of those guilty of corruption. While there is no politics in crime the party in power will be judged as responsible in largest measure for the corruption. It will be the sufferer, should the party officials fail to do their whole duty in the premises. Nor will it be sufficient if two or three of the more blatant hoodlums, those who can be the most easily convicted, are indicted or sent to prison while the smoother gentlemen who are equally guilty are, for personal reasons, allowed to go unwhipped of justice. As far as the effect upon the public mind is concerned it would be better to permit all to escape.

The Democratic party in Missouri is on trial. The machinery of the courts is entirely in Democratic hands. Judges, jurors, prosecuting attorneys, sheriffs, all are Democrats, elected upon Democratic tickets and pledged to Democratic policies. Public clamor ought not to be permitted to indict or convict the innocent, but the guilty must not be allowed to go unpunished because of personal or political pulls. The state prison is the proper place for all who violate the state laws, if the Democratic officials do not send them there the time will speedily come when there will be no Democratic officials to pass upon hoodlums cases.

Catch 'em all. Having caught them, punish. That's honesty and sound party policy.—The Columbia, Missouri, Herald.

THE SUNSET MAGAZINE.

The Sunset Magazine, published in San Francisco, for May, is a superb number. It is full of "good things." Commencing with the poem "In the West" and ending with the fine display advertisements, the magazine is handsomely illustrated and printed and a great credit to "the art preservative." There is a story by Sam C. Dunham, "Tonopah and its Gold," and a character sketch, "The Governor of Nevada," by Sam Davis, that "old time" newspaper man. By this is only a sample of the contents of the number, a copy of which can be obtained at 10 cents from any newsdealer, or by application to the passenger agents of the Southern Pacific, the passenger department of that railroad being its publisher.

Fifty-foot feet is the height of a colossal monument to the late Prince Henry of Orleans which is to be erected on Cape St. Jacques, at the mouth of the Saigon river, French Cochinchina.

Tasajo, or jerked beef, is the principal export of Uruguay, the amount being 3,500,000 pounds per annum. The great market for it is Cuba.