

EDITORIAL COMMENT AND TIMELY TOPICS

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

BY C. S. JACKSON



JOURNAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, Proprietors.

Address: THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL, Fifth and Yamhill Sts., Portland, Or.

CITY OFFICIAL PAPER.

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

Entered at the Postoffice of Portland, Oregon, for transmission through the mails as second-class matter.

TELEPHONES:

Business Office—Oregon Main 699; Columbia, 705. Editorial Rooms—Oregon Main 259.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Terms by Carrier. The Daily Journal, one year \$7.00. The Daily Journal, six months 2.60. The Daily Journal, three months 1.30. The Daily Journal, by the week .10.

The Semi-Weekly Journal. The Weekly Journal. The Semi-Weekly Journal, eight to twelve pages each issue, all the news and full market reports, one year \$1.50.

Remittances should be made by drafts, postal notes, express orders and small amounts are acceptable in one and two-cent postage stamps.

THE JOURNAL, P. O. Box 121, Portland, Oregon.

When men shall name the lands they love, The land each holds all lands above— The mother land that gave them birth— The greatest, fairest and the best Of all the countries of the earth— Then let me simply say: "The West!"

—A toast—Ella Hoffman.

WHY NOT SUE THE JOURNAL FOR LIBEL?

The Journal has had occasion in a number of cases to publish criticisms of individuals in public or in private life whose acts have seemed to merit condemnation.

If these persons have been maligned or misrepresented, why do they not sue The Journal for libel? The courts afford ample relief for the victims of false publications and The Journal is able to pay all judgments that may be recovered against it.

Former county officials have been directly charged with responsibility for the frauds and abuses disclosed by the investigation now in progress.

Minor instances of dishonesty, especially in business dealings affecting the poorer classes in the community, have been unsparingly exposed and The Journal has challenged contradiction of the facts presented in its columns.

To every man who alleges that he has been libeled by The Journal we say, Bring suit. The courts are open and this paper is amply responsible.

COUNTY AGAIN SEEKING REDRESS.

Another suit has been instituted by Multnomah County to recover taxes lost through one of the compromises effected under a former county administration.

In this case the county's claim amounted, with penalties, to over \$2000. The owners of the property had been brought suit to escape payment of \$1000 of the amount, but they were unsuccessful and judgment was rendered for the county.

OREGON EXHIBIT AT ST. LOUIS.

It is highly important that Oregon should have an adequate exhibit at the St. Louis Exposition. That Exposition opens next

summer and will probably be more largely attended than even the World's Fair at Chicago. Every state in the Union will send samples of its products and if there were no other reason, Oregon must not be behind her sister states.

Two more arrests in the Postoffice Department and the indictment of ex-Superintendent Machen give renewed evidence that the corruption was even more widespread than has been supposed.

Governor Pardee of California has sent his private secretary to study Oregon's state institutions. If he wants to know how to conduct public office he can find a few striking object lessons in the past history of Multnomah County.

Russell Sage has had a hard blow. A Minnesota court has compelled him to take \$62,262.20, instead of the \$82,262.25, which he claimed was due him.

IN A BAD PICKLE.

A graduating class at Columbia College several years ago contained a Chinaman, an Indian, a South American and an African, in addition to young men from various parts of Europe and our own country.

"I got sick all right," said he, "until I came to the closing words. Then, with my arms spread, as if I were pronouncing a benediction, I said: 'And now, after these years of pleasant association, we must separate, even to the uttermost ends of the earth. May we ever meet again, and may the Supreme Being, who rules all things, pick us up until we meet again!'"

BURLEIGH'S CHICKEN.

Tennessee is doing its best to keep up. A special telegram from Glasgow, in that state, to the North-Hill American tells that Esquire Douglas Burleigh of the eleventh district of this county has unearthed on his farm near town a petrified chicken.

HOW A CHEROKEE BELLE WON A CATTLE KING

(Concluded from Yesterday's Paper.)

Chief Ozant, his son and daughter were witnesses of the mad act. "Good-bye, white man," said the old Indian. They were standing about the door of young Ozant's cabin.

"No one man, nor 20 men, could stop or turn that herd of bellowing devils now in that valley," exclaimed young Ozant. "Poor fellow! How I pity him!" he added.

"And as we to stand here and see the young man mangled to death?" said the Indian girl, as she ran towards her father's favorite horse, which stood only a few steps away, pawing the earth and snuffing the air, as if eager to join in the stampede.

This famous horse is well known in the Indian Territory, under the name of Rebo. He has been victor upon a hundred racing fields, and the Indians believe that he is the fastest four-footed animal on earth.

The eyes of the fearless girl were fixed upon the venturesome young Texan, who was fast drawing near the great mass of crazed beasts. She saw him turn slightly to the right as he intended to gain the distant flank of the approaching herd.

"He had as well try to command the winds!" exclaimed the girl as she slapped her flying horse upon the neck. The two endangered people were now about a hundred yards apart and the cattle were not more than half that distance away.

"He must be mad," said the girl as she urged Rebo forward, hoping to gain the young man's side and induce him to abandon the idea of trying to stop the stampede.

"I had barely sense enough left to realize that I was lost," says the Texan. The Indian girl held the same opinion for a moment. The fallen horse could not regain his feet, and Sams by a desperate effort was only able to scramble to his knees as his rescuer reached his side.

Tillie bent over and grasped his hand. The cattle were upon them. The girl could see the faces of the horses just ready to jump upon the bosom of the venturesome, helpless youth.

"Saved!" exclaimed the Indian maiden as she slapped the sensible horse on the neck and bade him spring forward towards a place of safety. The spirited horse soon placed considerable space between his heels and the horns of his pursuers.

Fortune seemed determined to doubly punish the Texan for his reckless venture and double his indebtedness to the pretty girl who twice risked life in one day to save him from death.

The lower end of the valley was covered with prairie grass that had grown high enough to hide a full grown horse. At a moment when the young people were congratulating themselves upon their narrow escape, a great, dense cloud of black smoke swept over the valley in front of them, and as they drew nearer they could see tongues of flame leaping high into the air.

The herd was now greater than ever. There was an avalanche of cattle behind them and a sea of fire in front. They had lost a slight advantage in making the ride in an oblique direction and the steers on the flanks were forging ahead.

The horse was white with foam, but his speed had not abated. "Forward!" whispered the Texan. "If his strength fails I will fall off and you must save yourself."

The Indian girl turned her fine eyes with a look of rebuke upon the man she was trying to rescue, and when she saw the livid eyeballs, red tongues, and sharp horns of countless mad cattle ready to sweep over horse and riders she involuntarily uttered the Cherokee death wail, and throwing herself on the neck of the flying horse she said: "We will die together. If you fall I will throw myself by your side."

The long line of flame in front was rising high in the air. As they drew nearer the sea of fire they could hear the crackling of the angry tongues of flame mingled with the hideous howls and screams of wolves and other wild animals that were being scorched from their lairs.

The Texan threw his arm about the brave girl's neck, and as they closed their eyes and bent forward both shouted a word of encouragement to the noble horse. He seemed to know that a prodigy was required of him, and he sprang amidst the flames as if they possessed no terrors.

A dozen leaps placed the spirited horse beyond the scorching fire and the brave Indian maiden was ready to shout for joy, but the fates seemed to have a spite against the lovers on that eventful day. There was another battle to be fought.

At the last moment, when the proud horse was bounding beyond the fire, a dozen ravenous wolves, maddened and scorched hairless, sprang up from the hot earth, and running to Rebo's side they fastened their fangs in one of the Texan's shoes and dragged him to the ground. Fortunately, he had a small bowie knife at his belt, and quickly drawing the weapon he was able to protect himself until the Indian maiden again came to his rescue.

"Now," says the grateful and gallant young cattle king, "I would prove myself repentant to all principles of civility and violate every law of romance if I did not follow the promptings of my heart even in defiance of conventionalities and social customs, and share my fortune and prospects of happiness with this fearless and charming Pearl of the Cherokees."

THE GOOD LITTLE BARMAID.

The London barmaid is first, a pretty girl, and only secondly a servant. It is therefore much to her credit that she holds herself so well up and exerts so much respect from jolly rounds.

Her good works are twofold. Her mere presence forbids bad language and a deal of roughness. It is seldom necessary for Jack to say to the potman, "Please put this man out!" Thanks to the barmaid, the atmosphere of London bars is pure.

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SENATOR SPOONER INVESTS.

Senator Spooner of Wisconsin has bought on private terms the great Blanchard estate, which includes practically the whole town of Pittsburg, the most northern town of New Hampshire, which, it is understood, he will turn into a game preserve.

President Roosevelt's welcome in Salt Lake City was very warm, indeed, probably because his theory of big families makes the Mormon heart swell and glow with pride.

THE REAL LORD'S PRAYER.

(Jesus' Teaching Appeal to the Father for His True Followers on Earth.)

St. John 17.

These words spake Jesus, and lifted up His eyes to Heaven and said: FATHER, THE HOUR IS COME:

Glorify Thy Son, that Thy Son also may glorify Thee:

As Thou hast given Him power over all flesh, That He should give Eternal Life to as many As Thou hast given Him. And

THIS IS LIFE ETERNAL.

That they might know Thee THE ONLY TRUE GOD, and JESUS CHRIST, Whom Thou hast sent.

I have glorified Thee on the earth: I have finished the work which Thou gavest Me to do.

And now, O Father, GLORIFY THOU ME, WITH THINE OWN SELF.

With the glory which I had with Thee Before the world was.

I have manifested Thy name unto the men Which Thou gavest Me out of the World: Thine they were, and Thou gavest them Me; And they have kept Thy Word.

Now they have known that all things whatsoever Thou hast given Me are of Thee. For I have given unto them the words which Thou gavest me, And they have received them, And have known surely That I came out from Thee, And they have believed. That Thou didst send Me.

I PRAY FOR THEM: I PRAY NOT FOR THE WORLD, But for them which Thou hast given Me; For they are Thine, And all Mine are Thine, And Thine are Mine: And I am glorified in them.

And now I am no more in the world, But these are in the world, and I come to Thee. HOLY FATHER, KEEP THROUGH THINE OWN NAME Those whom Thou hast given Me, that they may be one, as we are. While I was with them in the world, I kept them in Thy name: THOSE THAT THOU GAVEST ME I HAVE KEPT.

And none of them is lost, but the son of perdition: That the Scripture might be fulfilled. AND NOW COME I TO THEE: And these things I speak in the world, That they might have my joy fulfilled in themselves. I have given them Thy word: AND THE WORLD HATH HATED THEM.

Because they are not of the world, even as I am not of the world. I pray not that Thou shouldst take them out of the world, But that Thou shouldst keep them from the evil. They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world. Sanctify them through Thy Truth: Thy word is Truth.

As Thou hast sent me into the world, Even so have I also sent them into the world. And for their sakes I sanctify myself, That they also might be Sanctified through the Truth. Neither pray I for these alone, but for THEM ALSO WHICH SHALL BELIEVE ON ME THROUGH THEIR WORD.

That they all may be one: As Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, That they also may be one in us: THAT THE WORLD MAY BELIEVE

That Thou hast sent Me. And the glory which Thou gavest Me I have given them; that they may be one even as we are one; I in them, and Thou in Me, that they may be made perfect in one: AND THAT THE WORLD MAY KNOW

That Thou hast sent Me, And hast loved them. As Thou hast loved Me, Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given Me, Be with Me where I am; that they may behold my glory, Which Thou hast given Me: for Thou LOVEST ME BEFORE THE FOUNDATION OF THE WORLD. O RIGHTEOUS FATHER, The world hath not known Thee; but I have known Thee, And these have known that Thou hast sent Me. And I have declared unto them Thy name, and will declare it: THAT THE LOVE WHEREIN THOU HAST LOVED ME MAY BE IN THEM, And I in them.

MULE NOT EASY.

The Waconia Patriot brings to hand the exciting account of John Fredrich's retirement from the broncho busting profession in consequence of trying to get on top familiar terms what appeared to be an inconsequential little broncho that looked easy, but which was not.

HE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND.

A little fellow out West Roxbury way, some 10 years old, perhaps 12, bested his grandmothers the other day rather neatly. All three were at the table, when one of the ladies casually mentioned the name of the family nurse. Immediately the little fellow wanted to know who the lady was.

IN INDALUSIA.

Beneath the brilliant Spanish sky a tower, Lofty and lovely, rears its graceful height Near the fair palace where by royal right The noble Arce ruled in feudal power; Here Ponce de Leon, of his race the flower, Set forth upon his quest in all men's sight, To seek but never find—oh, happy knight!

NEVADA'S SILENT GOVERNOR.

Governor Sparks, of Nevada, would be known as "Silent John" if he lived in the East. Last fall he electrified in the Desert state from a stage coach. He "made" Carson, Virginia City and Tonopah. After a splendid reception at that great mining camp, where his speech consisted of just 39 words, his election was conceded by his fellow-travelers on the coach.

A companion on the Journey asked the "Cattle King" for some pointers to young men on the best way to attain success. Governor Sparks pondered for a few moments and then said: "Be a little crier than the other fellow!"—New York Times.

A Liverpool warehouseman, unpacking some Canadian eggs recently, came across Maude, a lonely widow, aged 30, at Meade's farm, Bellevue, Manitoba. Now the warehouseman was a widower of 39 and lonely, too. He took the obvious course (in closing his photograph.) And within three weeks the cable flashed the single word "Come." He went and neither the warehouseman nor the widow is any longer widow or warehouseman and lonely.

A man of mettle must be one who has plenty of brass.