

EDITORIAL COMMENT AND TIMELY TOPICS

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

BY C. S. JACKSON

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MRS. RUSSELL SAGE ON SPECULATION

Mrs. Russell Sage, whose husband is said to control more ready money than any other man on earth, has burst into print to give her impressions of the flurry in the stock exchange.

"If all that one hears about Wall street is true," says she, "it seems to me that it is more like an insane asylum than a place where men congregate to carry on business in a peaceful, law-abiding manner."

Here are some other things she said:

"Money is to me only a means to an end, and I believe that when a person has accumulated enough to be comfortable he should cease piling up more."

"Most of the so-called ruinous extravagance of women is practiced by those who are trying to buy their way into society. They are very foolish women, and should be blushed for."

"One of the greatest beauties of our American women is this falling under the blandishments of titled, fortune-hunting foreigners. Some men of title make good husbands. The majority do not, according to record."

"My remedy for this social disease is for our American girls to postpone their marriages until they reach years of discretion, and then—when they are convinced that there is genuine affection—go to the altar."

"This display of luxury on the part of the rich before the eyes of the poor is a sin and should be punishable by some law. It is the cause of more unhappiness and more divorces than any other thing in modern civilization."

"Love in a cottage is quite romantic, but human nature is alike the world over and will not be denied. Some women will always be envious of their more fortunate sisters. A man should be pretty well fixed financially before he is married if he would live happily in New York."

TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS OF A WIDOW.

In view of the treatment Mrs. Cushman K. Davis has received from Washington society, it is little wonder that she quietly ignored it altogether, when she wedded Hunter Doll, of Knoxville, Tenn.

In defiance of all social usages the wives of the other senators refused to call upon her. Her husband did everything he could for her in the social battle in the way of providing her with handsome equipages and all the dress a woman could desire, but he hated society himself and would stay at home smoking innumerable cigars while his wife was fighting her way into society.

The battle came to a head at a reception given by Mr. and Mrs. Wanamaker. When she entered the drawing room she found herself confronted by the coldest of cold stares. Mr. and Mrs. Wanamaker happened to be in the next room at the time, and there was no one to give her the slightest recognition.

Just then First Assistant Postmaster General Clarkson entered with his wife, and seeing the state of affairs, he greeted Mrs. Davis warmly and led her into the room where the Wanamakers were, and presented her to them.

Another attempt was made to snub Mrs. Davis when the Senator was appointed on the Paris peace commission. The other Senators' wives threatened to stay at home if she went, but Mrs. Davis was determined to go anyway, and the others climbed down rather than miss the opportunity to visit the French capital.

Intensely fond of children, Mrs. Davis devoted much of her leisure time to making the little ones happy. She took a number of the young folk on a trip on the Potomac and Hunter Doll happened along just in time, she asked him to go with them and aid her. He did so willingly, and was so attentive to the children that he won the heart of their guardian.

CURIOUS FACTS.

So much has been said of the "teeming millions" of China that the official census recently published by the imperial treasury department of China is of no little interest, since it furnishes a method of determining just how many "teeming millions" there are. It appears that the celestial empire contains 426,000,000 inhabitants, and that China proper—the 18 provinces—contains 407,000,000.

One in every 36 of the males over 15 years of age in Great Britain is a seaman in the mercantile marine or a fisherman. That by no means represents the proportion of Britons who go to sea in ships. For the current year the total number of officers and men, active service ratings provided by the estimates of the royal navy, is 127,000, being an increase of 4,600 over the previous year.

The agricultural authorities at Barbadoes have been carrying out investigations to ascertain the effect produced by falls of volcanic dust on insect pests and other parasites of the field. The first examination was made after the fall on October 16 last year to study the results. Taken on the whole, the dust appeared to have exercised but little effect, most of the insects having hidden themselves during the actual fall.

A DREAM STUDY OF ITALY.

They are a most musical race—the Italians are: and they supply the world with some of the finest singers at the highest rates payable. As is seen by the grand operas, whenever anything serious happens among the Italians they sing about it to each other. A man tells his troubles to his grandmother in a beautiful melody, accompanied by a large orchestra. This is the way much of the conversation is replaced. A soldier comes back from the war. He finds that his sweetheart has, during his absence, married another man. So they sing a duet together.

SUBMARINE DISPUTE.

The cable message met a whale. As through the briny deep it whirled, "Don't bother me," the message said, "I'm on my way around the world." "Don't anger me," the whale replied, "I'm in the best of fighting trim. Old Jonah once got gay like you—I didn't do a thing to him!"

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

A man considers that he goes up in the world when his friends go down. When a girl thinks how worldly she would be if some married man fell in love with her in spite of her coldness, she cannot look at herself in the mirror without blushing. The smart man is not the one who keeps out of trouble, but who gets out. Every time a woman tells a funny story the man who invented it turns over in his grave. If a woman can't find anything else to brag about her husband she will tell how dignified he was when his landlord insulted him.

COST OF FALSE NOSES.

People sometimes lose their noses by disease or by accidents, and some have lost them in war. For noseless persons the most appropriate organs are said to be made of wax, and the best ones cost about \$175, though a really good one can be got for \$75. A nose made of paper mache may be bought for \$5. Noses made of this material are enameled and are deceptive, and for a poor man they are said to answer all the purposes that are required. Waxen and paper noses are, in case of disease, preferable to those made by the planting of the flesh on the diseased part, for several bases have been known where the transplanting of the flesh on the nose has endangered men's lives.

AROUND THE CORRIDORS

Many Easterners are arriving in this city daily for the purpose of investing their surplus savings in Oregon's varied resources. Every day a large number are added to the list already here and Portland's name in the East is now becoming a household word.

W. A. Luzader, editor and proprietor of the Herald, Bloomington, Ill., is among those who recently arrived. "I am in the city," he says, "for the purpose of looking up some of the wonderful Oregon mines and timber. I have heard so much of it in my Eastern home."

"The corn crop and oat crop in Illinois this year will be a fair one and business in the entire corn belt is good. The weather has been cold for some time but for the past few weeks we have had a steady downpour of rain."

Mr. Luzader is stopping at the Hotel Imperial and is accompanied by his wife. He will remain in Portland about a week. Meanwhile he is being piloted around the town by a former townsmen of his, George H. Hutchin, now a resident of Portland.

"William Blackman, Washington State Labor Commissioner," said F. L. Armstrong, a traveling salesman who has just returned from a trip to Seattle, "is a gubernatorial possibility. He is a son-in-law of the late Governor John R. Rogers, and it is believed that his candidacy is groomed by Henry J. Sively of North Yakima, who was Governor Rogers' closest political friend, and by all odds the shrewdest Democratic politician in the state."

"The fact that Mr. Blackman is holding office under the Republican state administration will probably keep him from mixing actively in the fight, and in no event would he be a candidate against Governor McBride; but should the railroads control the Republican party, and turn down Governor McBride, the biggest kind of a Blackman boom would probably be sprung. In that event, Mr. Blackman would divide the support of organized labor, for he is president of the State Federation of Labor, and a unionist of many years' standing."

H. L. Sleser, general agent for the Northwestern Lines, is an enthusiast when it comes to praising the Walla Walla Valley. "Every time I go to Walla Walla," said Mr. Sleser, "I fall more and more in love with the place. It is more like the older towns of the East and Middle West than any other city in the West. Besides that it is the richest spot in the Northwest."

"Why, they are selling wheat land there for \$300 an acre. It is evidently worth it, too. H. McArthur, manager of the Biacock Fruit Farm at Walla Walla told me last week when I was up there that he sold \$18,000 worth of alfalfa from the ranch last season. He showed me a stack of the hay containing 300 tons, which he said was worth \$7.50 per ton as it stood."

As an especial mark of favor to people who may call when he does not happen to be about the building and also for the sake of economy, Sheriff Storey has instituted a new rule under which those who wish to see

THAT "CORNUCOPIA."

To the Editor of The Journal—Despite the characteristic display of evil temper and discourtesy in the expressions of the Oregonian concerning the Morrison street bridge accident, it must be admitted that there is force and wisdom in its argument that the people had no business collecting in such numbers on a Portland bridge—they have had warnings—they must not take it for granted that a bridge in Portland will sustain as many people as can stand upon it. They should exercise a little forethought and a private discretion in the matter and hasten across without stopping in a place contiguous to other people. Neither need they expect a police guard on the occasion of a crowd to count the people and draw a rope when the limit is reached of that number which a Portland bridge is calculated to support.

The "cornucopias" supplied by that class (of whom the editor of the Oregonian appears to be one) which assumes special claims and attitudes as alone enjoying the privilege of paying taxes, have other demands upon their contents, than attention to the mishaps of parasites who misapprehend the relative duties of citizen and government, and stop in numbers upon the bridges built by these tongue lashing "taxpayers."

That there is a wrong somewhere is beyond dispute, and these "parasites" should consider themselves lucky, if, instead of collecting damages, they get off without paying the county damages sufficient to reconstruct the sidewalk and bridge section damaged by their folly and temerity in trusting to anything constructed by our local government performing its customary functions. On the street, they should look out for fenderless streetcars, and highwaymen; in the hotels for thieves and confidence men, in their homes and places of business for burglars and murderers. At the breakfast table they must prepare their consciences for the vitriolic censure of the Oregonian and on the bridges must not expect immunity from those expasperating laws that respect not the plans nor predatory wants of any clique or party or administration though it be composed of the most meritorious people on earth.

When the graft is in such needs, common citizens must not expect benefits from the "cornucopia" for any damages or physical hurt, real or alleged. The indignation of the graft that such is or may be claimed is natural if nothing else. I suggest that names be taken as far as possible of all people collected on the broken section of bridge and that suit be instituted against them or their heirs, for actual damages to the bridge,

prisoners at the county jail may have that privilege twice a week—on Tuesdays and Thursdays. The rule was put in effect yesterday afternoon when a visitor, armed with a permit from the United States Marshal, called to see the Indian murdered Winnahit. The Sheriff who was conversing with four of his deputies and who seemed to be in an unusually jocular mood, declined to recognize the permit on the ground that his subordinates were worn out by fatigue incurred by traversing the distance between the office and the jail. About the courthouse the real reason was supposed to be that the Sheriff feared the wear and tear on the stone steps would be an expense to the county, and on the ground of economy he did not wish any heavy traveling over them. The steps were built a few years ago, succeeding a set that was put in place along in the '70's.

Reports from Cloud Cap Inn, on the snow line of Mt. Hood, 6,800 feet above the sea, state that the Cascades are very popular this summer with Eastern tourists and Portlanders. R. M. Hall, advertising agent for the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company, who has just returned from a trip to Mount Hood, declares that this popular summer resort is one of the most charming spots in the Northwest.

"The weather during my stay at Cloud Cap Inn," he said, "was very pleasant. In my party were Mrs. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Craig, Photographer George Weister and Mrs. Chesney, of Fargo, N. D., and three Hood River people. We made the trip through the Hood River Valley to the snow line in an old-fashioned stage coach. The visit was more a business trip than one of pleasure, as we desired to acquaint ourselves of the place. Some excellent views of the ice fields were secured."

Mr. Hall said that a great many new homes were going up in the Hood River country and that the orchards were all looking fine.

"Joe" is only a bootblack in an Alder street barber shop at the present time, but he was once one of Uncle Sam's sable defenders and carried his musket with the Twenty-fourth foot. As "Joe" puts a gloss a trifle darker than his own smoky countenance, on the shoes of his customers, he sometimes spins yarns of the time when he hunted the "Hombres" on their native rice paddies. "Did ah ever tell yo' 'bout d' time ah was shot at by bofe sides?" queried Joe, and taking it for granted that the man in the chair had not, he continued:

"A detachment of 16 of us boys, actin' as mounted in-fan-tree was scoutin' one day when a big band of Hombres jumped us. D' lieutenant sent me 'bout t' roun' up d' hosses and fust thing ah knowed ah was between two fires. Ah guess our boys thought one nigger was tryin' to desert and hit kept me busy dodging bofe sides. Ah would keep my eye peeled and when ah seen a flash ah would drop flat. Well some how or other Joe managed to keep from gettin' hit but it took a whole lot of phug-pongin' befo' ah could wiggle outen range. Shinin' shoes is good enough fo' me now' days."

As an especial mark of favor to people who may call when he does not happen to be about the building and also for the sake of economy, Sheriff Storey has instituted a new rule under which those who wish to see

as well as to the feelings, temper and fears, of those individuals claiming special privileges in the "cornucopia of the public funds."

BEER IN NEW FORM.

The latest necessary article of diet to be reduced to convenient tabloid form is beer. The wandering Briton may henceforth be accompanied by his beloved home beer to all parts of the earth.

A means has been devised of reducing and preserving malt as a tabloid jelly. All the traveler has to do is to add water to dissolve the jelly as one would a soup preparation, and there is the beer, fresh as from an English inn.

A half-pint bottle filled with the jelly is sufficient to make a gallon of ale, and it is claimed that the beer is immeasurably superior to that brewed from sea-borne malt, which loses much of its freshness in transit.

No sort of temperature affects the beer, tabloid, and for colonial use the new company is able to save one-half the cost of production to consumers.—London Graphic.

WOULDN'T SURPRISE HIM.

A traveling man boarded the train at Mexico early one morning, en route to Jefferson City, only a few hours' run, and complained about the slow time the train was making. With a look that would crack ice the conductor said: "You had better get off and walk if the speed of this train does not suit you." The traveling man said he would but his folks didn't expect him until train time.—Kansas City Star.

TACKLING TOUGH MEAT NOW. The lambs having been shorn and quartered in Wall street, nothing now remains for slaughter save aged rams and black sheep.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

An American woman who met Whistler, the artist, a year or two ago, was amazed at the brilliancy of his wit and the originality of his character. "He was like no other human being I ever knew," she says, "a creature of moods and eulgrims, but altogether delightful. After an hour's chat with him I felt as if I had been conversing with a flash of lightning."

George J. Gould's marble and bronze court and electric fountain at Georgian court, in Lakewood, have excited the emulation of royalty. The King of Siam has requested the firm which furnished them to give an estimate on similar work five times as large for the courtyard of his palace. The probable figures will be about \$200,000.

President Smith of Trinity College, New Haven, will retire next year as head of the institution and will receive a life pension of \$3,000 a year thereafter.

SOME HAPPENINGS.

The happenings in Portland are adding to her renown. There's Seattle who is going to build our fireboat. We give the job to Seattle because our ship-builders are too busy to bother about steel plants. This gives us the opportunity to be magnanimous and help along a struggling neighbor. She ought now to reciprocate. If she will send us down a few of her surplus policemen and a small section of her city government that she is not using, we'll call it square. Or if she will do the handsome thing, she might tear a few leaves out of her swollen directory that she won't miss and send them to us for use in our suburbs. Our police could put them to some use in finding the victims of our hold-ups.

Then there are our hold-ups themselves that distinguish our fair city. For skill in eluding capture we will back them against any crop of criminals in the United States, ably assisted as they are by a police force unexampled in that line by any similar body extant. Portland's criminals do her proud and must eventually spread her fame through the length and breadth of hobo-land.

And then there is our Sheriff. He has a system that will doubtless attract the attention of criminologists everywhere for its simplicity and ultimate effectiveness. He is arresting the populace in blocks of five and "sweating" them. It is easy to see that finally he will get the right men. It is a favorite system of logic and is called the process of exclusion. By discovering who are innocent, he is bound to arrive in time at the guilty. By a series of alibis carefully demonstrated, he must gradually approach the people who can't establish alibis, and the thing is done. The Sheriff is applying the rigid principles of geometry to his investigations, and will inevitably find a quintette that differs from criminals by less than any assignable quantity, and the problem is solved. Quod erat demonstrandum. A few damage suits may strew his mathematical path, but what is a law suit compared with the intense satisfaction of an alibi?

Another thing that is worthy of note, we can sport the rottenest bridge timbers of any other city, with the least mortality. That only two persons are killed in our bridge casualty out of possible hundreds, shows with what nicety we can calculate the chances of rotten wood. It is an engineering feat of no mean skill that can let 150 people into the water so opportunely as to save them nearly all. At the same time it is a most inexpensive method of testing timbers, with the additional advantage of an object lesson to people who are so careless as to trust themselves on the public bridges.

The list might be extended, but these few instances are enough to demonstrate the eminence of our city. It may be after a while that we shall be monotonously well governed, that we shall arrive at the commonplace level of building our own fireboats; that we shall descend to the tiresome sameness of a good police administration, and lose the refreshing sensation of nightly robberies and midnight assassinations; that some insipid Sheriff will arise given to catching criminals instead of mere innocent men; that we may be able to walk the bridges without the thrill of danger and of daring. All this may overtake us in time, but let us enjoy the good times while they last!

WHERE GRAFT WAS EASY.

There is every reason to expect some extraordinary revelations when the expert now at work at the county building completes his investigation of the Sheriff's office for the six years from 1896 to 1902. Enough has already come to light to indicate that the department was conducted with very little regard for the rights of the public and for the purpose of making as much money as possible out of it for the Sheriff. Indeed, it was largely due to the persistent rumors of mismanagement in this department that the investigation of county affairs was begun.

The Sheriff is the most highly paid of all the county officials, despite the fact that the office requires no unusual qualifications and no professional training. None but an experienced lawyer may be County Judge, only a doctor can be County Physician, but the only

requisite for being Sheriff is a pull sufficient to obtain the nomination, and a reputation passable enough to escape defeat at the polls. The duties of the Sheriff are such as any man of ordinary intelligence can easily discharge. The salary of the office is \$4,500, in itself an extravagant price to pay for the services rendered.

But the salary is but a part of the Sheriff's actual compensation. The "side graft," as it is termed, has at times far exceeded the salary. For years the county has been heavily mulcted in the matter of feeding prisoners in the county jail, and the Sheriff has made several thousand dollars annually out of the contract.

Something more than a year ago the Taxpayers' League called attention to the Sheriff's practice of habitually overcharging non-resident taxpayers, in collecting their taxes, and to the fact that these overcharges were not paid over to the County Treasurer. The obvious inference was that the money went into the pocket of the Sheriff or some of his deputies.

It is indisputable that the Sheriff collected "fees" from the county to which he had no legal claim.

Many reports have been current of abuses in the internal administration of Sheriff Frazier's office, and of the employment of deputies upon the Sheriff's private business. Only a few weeks ago The Journal exposed the systematic grafting that was practiced in connection with the transporting of insane patients to Salem.

The latest development is the discovery that prisoners were in a number of cases released from the county jail before their terms had expired, and without the payment to the county of a compensating portion of their fines. If the fines were paid to the Sheriff, he failed to turn them in to the County Treasurer. If they were not paid, he was grossly violating the law and his oath of office, in freeing the prisoners before they had served their time. Either alternative is equally discreditable to Sheriff Frazier.

The full extent of the mismanagement of this department may never be known, but enough has transpired already to show the imperative need of a most searching investigation.

Governor Cummins of Iowa put the case very clearly when he told a convention of bankers that it is the greatest fallacy of the age to assume "that because we are prosperous under certain laws, those laws will keep us prosperous."

The information that Sheriff Storey is going on a two weeks' hunting trip is certainly welcome. His unsuccessful chase after the three prisoners who recently broke jail suggests that he needs more practice in hunting.

Andrew Carnegie's gift of \$2,500,000 in steel trust securities to his native town in Scotland would have looked a good deal bigger before the crash in Wall street.

It becomes increasingly apparent that Multnomah County has had more different ways of losing money than any mere business man ever dreamed of.

Sheriff Storey's talents as a sleuth will be very useful on his bear-hunting trip. And if he gets a bear, he won't be bothered by alibis or damage suits.

If a private citizen burned up his money as Multnomah County has been doing, the courts would appoint a guardian of his estate.

Prize puzzle—Can anybody tell why W. A. Storey was elected Sheriff of Multnomah County?

It's a dull day in Portland when no holdup is recorded. Business in this line was never better.

OUGHT TO BE NOISY.

The Arkansas Gazette announces the engagement of Miss Lulu Salsback and John Loud, both of Yell County. The question is—what will the harvest be?—Mount Morris Index.