

EDITORIAL COMMENT AND TIMELY TOPICS

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL BY C. S. JACKSON



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Give no bounties, make equal laws, secure life and property, and you need not give alms. Open the door of opportunity to talent and virtue, and they will do themselves justice, and property will not be in bad hands.

ARBITRATION.

The proposition to establish in this state and city boards of arbitration for the settlement of disputes between labor and capital has been submitted to the Portland Board of Trade, and has already attracted much serious attention.

From the theoretical standpoint, arbitration of industrial disputes is the soundest philosophy. The trend of the times is toward the peaceable solution of all controversies, both among nations and among individuals.

But in practice the use of arbitration as a regular means of reconciling the conflicting interests of labor and capital can become successful only when it has the support of strong and widespread popular approval.

To make the plan a success it must have the adherence of not only the employers and the employees, but of the great body of citizens who are commonly onlookers in the industrial wars.

The Board of Trade committee has wisely recognized this necessity and its report calls attention to the fact that if the plan of arbitration is to be tried, it must have not merely the passive assent but the active support of the community.

PREPARING FOR WAR

For several months local Republican politicians have had under consideration the plan of establishing a committee to supersede the County Central Committee, and to assume control of the county machine.

The promulgation of the plan was accompanied by the statement that it would terminate the active interference of Jack Matthews in local politics, and that in future the new body would exercise all the powers which he has hitherto been permitted to wield.

This new governing body, it is announced, is to be chosen by the county committee. Inasmuch as the county committee was named by Matthews and fully three fourths of its members are his friends, it needs no spirit of divination to foresee that his interests will not be forgotten when the executive committee is chosen.

Executive committee is a mere subterfuge, which should deceive no one. But a much more significant feature of the scheme is that it affords one more evidence of the inevitable conflict which is impending between the Mitchell and the Simon Republicans.

LOGIC OF THE LAW.

The layman, ignorant of the niceties of judicial argumentation, uninstructed in the logic of the courts, asks for only brief space in which to set forth his analysis of the Judge Lochren decision in the Northern Securities merger case.

Somewhere in the recesses of his memory, the layman finds that one of the intentions of the anti-trust law now on the statute books is to prevent restraint of trade. Competition between vendors of any given commodity or between solicitors for the performance of a service is necessary to the open and free scope of trade.

Another view to be taken by the ignorant layman is that James J. Hill, president of the Northern Securities Company, is the chief exponent of the idea of eliminating competition. Competition he declares to be wasteful.

The issue is brought into court, and Judge Lochren wisely tells the nation that the Northern Securities Company is not in restraint of trade, which is the same as saying that Mr. Hill has failed in his endeavor to eliminate competition, thereby leaving no excuse for continuing the Northern Securities Company in existence.

If Mr. Hill was right in his avowed belief in the openly admitted design of the Northern Securities Company, to eliminate competition, and the judge is right in saying that it does not eliminate competition, then Judge Lochren in kindness to Mr. Hill should have destroyed the company, declaring against it.

However, these intricacies of legal interpretation are beyond the layman's comprehension, and that is probably the reason he fails to understand the decision of the Daniel come to judgment for the salvation of the railway magnates.

Since a Philadelphia grocer was caught



selling green tomatoes which he had painted red, the Quaker City cannot longer be accused of lack of enterprise.

The proposed increase in the police force cannot be made too quickly. It is preposterous to imagine that good order can be maintained in a city as large as Portland with only 10 patrolmen on duty at a time during the night.

In the number of times he has been indicted, Mr. Machen how holds the distinction of having excelled all his fellow officials of the Postoffice Department.

"FRENCHY'S" PET PIGS

"Frenchy" wiped the foam from his grizzled mustache as he reclined against a wheel of the hippopotamus wagon and watched one of the canvas men chasing a contrary razorback hog with so much interest that he nearly capsized the tin bucket that he was in the act of putting down.

"I reckon a man would have his work cut out trainin' one o' them," remarked the senior clown, as the hog doubled, with a rasping squeal, and raced back to the fodder pile. "A hog must be the limit. Ever train a hog, Frenchy?"

"I train six of dem onces," replied the veteran of the alley. "Dey was razorbacks at dat. Me, I don't want no better snapp dan dese peegs. Dey is smart, you bet you. I comie t'oo dees contree with Joe Collins 16—maybe 17 years ago. Dat Joe Collins he bus' up dat same year. Hee's boy Henree is doing a stunt on de high trapeze wit' Grosbeck's show tu keep de old man lak a seek monkee. Yas, de boy is all right, you bet."

"I get dese peeg from an old rube who want to see de show en haf not de mazonum. I pay him two beet for each, en' when he haf one dollar en' ha'f in de col' cash I guess he tink he was so reech he would start a bank if dere was not a show in de town. Dere was de mamma hog, also, he would geef me if I lak, but I jus' tek de peegs—dat's enough for me. All de boys dey 'oller en' laff en' Joe Collins he say: 'Sacre! Say, Frenchy, you tink dees circus a packing house?' But I say: 'All right—nous verrons. Vait en' you see I mek t'ousand dollar out dem p'tit cochons. I train dem.'"

"Yes, I train dem all right. I call dem Rroland, Pierrot, Tou-tou, Dagobert, Henriette en' Mimi, en' dey do de great stunt ensemble concert, each squeal in different key, en' den pyramced. Den Pierrot I teach him vaise—you navare see a peeg vaise—eh? Tou-tou, he peek out de letters of hees name. Rroland en' Mimi, dey see-saw togedder en' Mimi she ride in leette cart en' drive Dagobert en' Henriette round de ring. It was a bullee act, I tell you. None of dem peegs talk."

"I s'pose they didn't," said the senior clown. "There's lots o' hogs that do, though." "No, dey could not talk, but dey do mos' everyting else. Wen Joe bus' up I took dem peegs back to N York en' I mek good money wit' dem. Den I tek dem acrost de water en' I mek good money dere. But I get tired at las'. A man cannot show peeg forever. I lofe dese peeg, but dey mek me seek, so when Barker come to me in Hamburg en say: 'How much you tek for dese peegs?' I say, kveek: 'I tek one t'ousand dollar, cash.' He laff at me, but he want dem bad. He say two—free, four, five. But I shuk my hed. 'Well,' he say, 'I geef you six hundred en' not one darn cent more, by a t'ousand t'under.' I tink a leette en' den I say, 'All right.'"

"You didn't make your thousand out of them, then?" observed the senior clown. "No? You wait. I know dem peegs. I tek my six hundred en' I wait en' pretty soon Barker he come back in a day or two en' he say, 'What kind of bleeding swine you sell me—ch? Dey do nothing only eat en' fight en' squeal. Dey will not work, by blue!'"

"I tell him I can't help dat, en' I go en' show de man he got, but dat man he do not ondarstand peegs—not de razorback. I wait again, en' bimbeby Barker come en' say, 'Do you want a job, Frenchy?'"

"I say, 'I am not particulaire, but I do not work for less dan a hondred a week—'" "I try you a week wid' dem," he say, but I tell him I do not work for less dan four week. He swear peegs, but at las' he come off de perch en' I make my t'ousan. Den I kveet, but dem peegs will not work for hees man. No, I am alone, me. But Barker would not geef me my hondred dollar job. He was mad. Den he say, 'What will you geef me for dese blame peegs?' I say, 'I geef you two hondred and feefty dollar. I am seek of peeg, but I geef you dat en' not one darn cent more, by t'ousan' t'under. He say—well it does not maitaire what he say. He was angree."

"I know what Barker would say," interjected the senior clown. "I was with him one season." "He went away, but I wait—en' I wait, en'—w'at you s'pose dat miserable do, eh? He sells dese peeg to de pork butcher for two dollar each. An' I lofe dese peeg lak a brozer."

"Seems to me you acted as if you might be some kin to them," said the senior clown.

IN THE KANSAS WHEAT FIELDS.

"Well, this isn't what it is cracked up to be," writes a college boy from the Kansas wheat fields, "and Harold would have confessed himself all in and come home to mamma inside of two days after starting if he hadn't been worse afraid of the joshing of you devils than of blistered paws. But say, Willie, don't you believe that story about a shortage in the world's bread crop. I know better, for I pitched enough of the blamed stuff to make two crops of world's breadstuffs."

"And, Willie, there is another thing you can disabuse your festering intellect of. You can't spoon with these country girls with the joyous freedom that you read about. We have a roly-poly girl here. I kissed her the other night. I won't do it any more. If I want exercise of a rapid kind I will go out and ground an electric light wire through my handsome person. She whacked me on the side of the head with a fist like a ham, and don't you doubt it, Willie, she meant every word of it."

"I get \$2 a day and found," "Found" means that the old man comes to your downy couch at 3 in the morning and, finding you asleep, whoops you out to feed the horses. By the time the horses are fed we are called to breakfast. Did you ever eat pie at breakfast? Well, we have pie for breakfast every other morning. It seems to be the idea out here if you have pie you can't complain at any other indignity. And every pie we have had so far is made out of raisins. Now, don't get it into your head that raisins won't make good pie. They do."

"After breakfast we hie us away to the field and cut wheat until the fat dame waves a tablecloth out of the window to tell us that dinner is ready. Then we eat and go out and cut more wheat, and the old boy keeps us at it until it gets too dark to see. But, Willie, the way you can sleep after you have had a day like that! You go dead—that's all about it."

"I figure that I will get home with about \$30 to the clear. The old boy says he will give me \$25 a month to stay and plow, and a thresher man offers \$1.50 a day and 'found' if I will work for him. But \$30 is capital enough for Harold. I am not grasping or sordid."

"(P. S.—I had a heart-to-heart talk with the roly-poly girl last evening. She said I ought to be ashamed of myself for kissing her in the house where the fat dame might see. If it wasn't for school taking up I believe I'd tackle that job of plowing.")—Philadelphia Press.

BRAVERY.

"Bravery is difficult to analyze," said a speculative man the other day. "I know of some men who are brave under certain circumstances and cowardly under others. To me the bravest man is he who is naturally timorous and who overcomes his nerves by the force of his will. There are in history numerous instances of great warriors who have had to dominate a natural timidity in the face of danger. Look out for the man who has will enough to do this. He will become more daring and energetic than men who are naturally gifted with calm nerves and a seeming insensibility to the sensation of fear. Peter the Great and Frederick the Great turned tail and ran when they first went upon the field of battle, but they returned to the charge and eventually became absolutely callous to the thought of danger. Ordinarily the idea of the turbulent Peter is that he was a man who never felt fear. In fact, even today there is a controversy among his biographers as to his courage. There is no doubt, however, that when the soldiers of his sister Sophia marched upon the camp he lost control of himself absolutely, fled in his nightclothes to a place of safety, was in such a condition that he was unable to give any commands to his officers, and eventually sought refuge in a convent. Yet this was the man who afterward astonished all Europe by his military intrepidity and by acts of personal courage. One biographer analyzes Peter's character in this fashion: Peter has passed through a terrible experience in his boyhood, and was in addition constitutionally timid. According to the biographer, he showed this by his lack of calmness and by the unnecessary acts of violence of which he was guilty at times. A constitutionally brave man is calm, being rather inclined to gentleness until the occasion calls for violence. But as Peter developed, his indomitable will gained control over all the weak impulses of his nature, and he was then able to face any danger without flinching."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A DIFFERENT KIND OF MAN.

"A young friend of mine," said Senator Joseph W. Bailey, "married, not long ago, a woman of 59 years. She was rich and ugly; he was handsome and poor. "The day after their wedding I met the bride and groom on a Pullman train, traveling West. The groom went into the smoking compartment with me, and we lighted up. He smoked gloomily. He was silent a long while. "Well, Jack, I said, 'so this is your honeymoon, eh?' "He smiled grimly. 'Don't call it my honeymoon,' he said. 'It's the harvest moon with me.'"—Baltimore Post.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

A fool and his money are soon parted. It's mighty comforting to have a thin wife when you've got to take a long drive with her.

A man doesn't care to have cooking schools run in his house; he wants graduates there.

Some men haven't any more practical sense than to think they did a clever thing to get married even after they have done it.—New York Press.

The other night the colored pastor of the Wheat Street Baptist Church spoke a welcome to Booker T. Washington. Pastor Bryant is a regular "rousement" preacher. In the course of his speech he said he could imagine "the angels leaving the battlements of heaven to kneel at the foot of the throne and beg for furloughs to perch on the stars outside and hear Booker T. Washington speaking wisdom and patriotism."—Atlanta Constitution

AROUND THE CORRIDORS

H. G. Greene, president of the Electrical Workers' Union, and until recently business agent of the Building Trades Council, returned yesterday from a two weeks' fishing trip along the Lewis River. He reports poor luck, and states that he believes the fish in that stream are on a strike for better bait. At any rate they refused even to nibble what he offered them, although it contained the necessary ingredients to improve their condition. He threw out every possible inducement to bring them to terms, but they boycotted him so completely that he was forced to retire from business—that is with them. "But in all other respects," says Mr. Greene, "they must be satisfied, because they seemed to be getting along swimmingly."

Col. R. C. Judson, industrial agent for the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company, says that Richard McGahey, formerly in the employ of the O. R. & N., has invented a sack piler that is a wonder. "It is a success in every way," said the colonel, "and it takes but one man to operate it and do the work of six. The stacker is built on a truck and can be moved to the exact place desired. I saw the new invention tried at the Kennedy farm, near Walla Walla, a few days ago and it was piling sacks seven high."

Mique Fisher, manager of the Sacramento ball team, is understood to be well versed in the national game and in the ways and manners of those who follow the profession of ball tossing, but the friends of the man with the aristocratic way of spelling his first name, declare his "sights are twisted" when it comes to Indians. Mr. Fisher, it is said, has watched with envious eyes the way in which Sam Morris, the Redskin pitcher of the Browns, has been making a thorn of himself in the side of the Sacramento. If he could but have Mr. Lo on his speedy team he would rest content. But Mique's vision is out of focus. Seeing several well-dressed young copper-colored men from Chemawa standing on the corner, Mr. Fisher is accredited with, walking up and tapping one of them on the shoulder, remarking: "Would you like to go to Sacramento?"

"Betcherlife!" came from the son of a former Bison killer, as he lighted a Turkish cigarette, "but I don't catch the drift of your conversation." It took Fisher's friends an hour to explain to him that all Indians do not look alike.

Among the most interesting of the daily reports of policemen handed to Chief Hunt for his inspection are those of Patrolman Isakson, who patrols Sellwood and other portions of the East Side. Patrolman Isakson is a philosopher. His reports are marked by good suggestions, for he can propose a remedy for every evil he finds in his territory. His reports avail of the editorial, but there is frequently food for

reflection in what he has to say. Yesterday this officer complained about a camp meeting which has invaded his territory. Small boys have found this event a convenient excuse for cutting up coppers, but the policeman does not blame them so much as he does the gathering of older folks. He gently intimates that the speakers make more noise than Young America and in general he suggests that the authorities take some action to curb the tendency of the modern open air revival meeting. He also concludes that these gatherings are not the best for the young people who find them excellent excuses for making dates for "apooning."

"More men wanted to save the wheat crop" is the cry from the harvest fields of Minnesota and the Red River Valley of Dakota, said T. M. Van Smith, a traveling man from the Twin Cities who was in Portland yesterday.

"Although the wheat crop of the Northwest will not be a bumper this year, it will be quite heavy and railroad officials figured last week that fully 15,000 men will be needed to gather the grain. They can get employment harvesting and threshing until snow flies. Wages average \$2.25 a day. The harvest began last week, but it will be in full blast by this time.

"The railroad officials are doing all they can to induce harvest hands to leave the cities and work in the country, for they realize that failure to gather the wheat means loss of business for them. Along the lines of the railroads in Western Minnesota and the Dakotas the farmers gather at each station and get hands to come and work for them. The greatest demand is along the line of the Great Northern. It is not a question of where a man can find work for it is up to him as to where he will consent to work."

Harland G. Smith, representing the Natural History Museum of New York, is in the city after an exploration of Eastern Oregon in search of Indian curios and relics, and studying the history, habits and customs of the inhabitants of that country during the early days. Mr. Smith called at the rooms of the Oregon Historical Society and took a great interest in the collection on exhibit there. Photographs of a few of the more precious exhibits will be made, as there are many which it would be impossible to duplicate. The collection which he has made during his trip will be placed on exhibit in the eastern institution.

The war on the cattle ranges of Montana has quieted down now and all is peace once more between the sheep herders and the cattlemen, according to D. Flowerer, a millionaire cattle man of Helena, who is making a short visit to the coast. He says the difference between the contending factions have been amicably settled, temporarily at least, and the prospects for those two industries in that state have never been better.

THE WAY TO REACH A MAN'S HEART.

Not necessarily through his stomach. This brutal truth only applies to men after they turn 35. Under this age, and frequently over it, the golden key which unlocks the shut door is sympathy.

Not bright eyes, golden hair, rosy cheeks, trim waist, good temper, though all these help; but the one thing which is enough without any of these charms—and without which they are usually of no avail—is sympathy.

I used to wonder once upon a time how it was that one of the plainest girls I knew had on an average four proposals a year, while others who were dashing, stylish and far more accomplished never got one. Then one day I saw her with a man, and I knew at once how it was. She had brown eyes, gentle, spaniel-like eyes, and all the while he was talking she kept them fixed on his face with an expression of breathless interest.

He was talking about the trouble he had had in business, owing to his partner being a man of violent temper, and the worry his typewriter has been; it wasn't at all interesting, and he was obviously talking because he wanted to get it "off his chest," not with any idea of amusing or interesting his companion. Most girls would have been horribly bored, and would have yawned discreetly or made an irrelevant remark about another girl's hat, but she listened with what the novelists call "her heart in her eyes," and I'm sure if he had talked to her about the statistics of the Boer War she would have listened with just the same air of absorption and regarded him with just the same eloquent eyes.

It was the keynote of her individuality to be interested in what interested others—to try and understand their thoughts and their feelings, to enter into their trivial woes and to rejoice over their triumphs. She could no more help it than she could help breathing. She had no thought of coquetry, and when one and all they begged her to give them that exquisite sympathy for life—as they always did—she was cut to the heart when it came to the inevitable refusal, and felt angry with herself for not having seen the inexorable consequences in time to avert a declaration. Yes, it is the one straight road to a man's heart, be he dark or fair, tall or short, fat or thin, young or old; he is like a sunflower turning to the sun when he encounters the warm influence of human sympathy.

It isn't as easy to sympathize as it sounds. First of all, it means being able to look at things from another person's point of view. Then it means actually identifying one's self with their troubles and joys—it means putting self and the things which interest and concern self into the background and keeping them there.

You can't realize what sympathy does for a man. It nerves him to bear a brave front, to conquer dependency, perhaps to throw off despair; it makes him do the work of three men with a light heart, it convulses him of the ultimate goodness of things and makes an optimist of anything; but a dyspeptic hypochondriac.—Chicago Herald.

THE GIRL AND THE SELF-SATISFIED YOUTH.

It was with malice aforethought that the captain told the self-satisfied young man to go forward.

The indifferent girl was balancing herself on the end of the bowsprit and did not even look up as the man began:

"I thought I would come and talk to you—you look lonesome."

"Lonesome on a sailboat?" exclaimed the girl, then quoted, "It is better to be lonely than to be bored."

This heavy charge missed its mark and the girl decided to try bird shot. "It was good of you to come forward just to entertain me," she said.

"I thought you would own up."

"Yes," continued the girl, "so many men are so thoughtless that they don't seem to realize how happy they can make us."

"I know it. I think that is one reason I get along so well with women—I understand them."

The girl nearly fell off the bowsprit. Recovering her equilibrium, she said, innocently: "A man who understands women does not need to worry about his popularity. But I should think he would have to be careful not to let them fall in love with him."

"Down home the girls in three different crowds crowd to invite me to everything they gave—"

"In small towns," the girl interrupted, "young men are like strawberries in winter—they may be small and green and mealy, but the girls will take them just because they are scarce."

Then the young man began to edge away.—Chicago News.

NO GIRLS NEED APPLY.

J. Pierpont Morgan is old-fashioned in at least one respect. He is as chivalrous as a knight banneret after the crusades and believes that women should not be required to go out into the world to work for a living. No woman has ever broken into the Morgan office. Everything at the corner of Wall and Broad is of the male persuasion, and is likely to remain so until the Father of Trusts retires. Several bright girls, expert with the typewriting machine, able stenographers and of splendid business ability, have pulled all kinds of wires to get places in "J. P.'s" office, but their efforts have proved vain. Mr. Morgan never uses a profane word in the presence of a woman, and inasmuch as there is a little "cussing" sometimes done in his office, females are hopelessly barred.—New York Press.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

Tightly laced, loosely paced.

Two things a woman never can do naturally are to smoke cigarettes and cross her legs.

The woman who sets out to reform a man's morals generally ends up by deforming her own.

It is better for a man to fall in love with a woman older than he is than never to fall in love at all.—New York Press.