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OFFICIAL CITY PAPER

GOOD EVENING.

Most of us are inclined to think that if our tasks were different, it would be easier for us to be the sort of men and women that we ought to be. Yet every duty is an opportunity, and we need no other gymnasium for the development of our moral muscle than the work which falls to our hands today, whatever that work may be.

THE MAYOR'S FIGURES.

THE MAYOR OF PORTLAND has published a comparative statement of the arrests made and fines collected in the six months preceding his administration and the first six months of his own administration which has just ended.

The ordinary implication from the increased number of arrests and the increased amount of fines would be that a much more vigorous policy in prosecuting criminals had been instituted by the new administration.

It is not intended here to discuss the policy, but only to see that the Mayor's administration shall have the full credit for it, and for what it is in truth and fact, without the erroneous inferences.

Now the truth is that these additional arrests are not arrests at all, and these additional fines are not fines, in any proper sense of the word. An arrest, a genuine legal arrest, is the detention of a person accused of crime for the purpose of judicially ascertaining his guilt and then punishing him.

This is not an argument but a statement; not a criticism, but an elucidation of the true meaning of the Mayor's figures. He is doubtless ready and capable, of high moral sense and great learning, make anybody capable of defending the policy which accomplishes statistics that he takes pride in displaying.

Why The Journal Succeeds. Editorial from the National Printer-Journalist. The Oregon Journal of Portland printed in red ink across the top of the first page of its issue of May 20, the forcible declaration, "The Journal has the confidence of the people, that is why it succeeds."

A LESSON FOR PORTLAND.

THE JOURNAL is in receipt of the appended letter which places in a new light two recent transactions: To the Editor of The Journal: I am a stranger with some capital to invest. I am delighted with your beautiful city, with its rich surrounding country and naturally I would like to invest here.

communication will be struck with its hard-headed sense. It is a cardinal principle of thrifty philosophy that a dollar saved is a dollar earned. Its wisdom has never been doubted and its application may safely be extended from the individual to the community.

There is a lesson in it all for the people of Portland to take to heart. Let us do here all those things that it is possible to do. Let us patronize home industries and home institutions and thus by building them up, help to build up the city.

A SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM.

THERE WAS A TIME in the history of Journalism when the college graduate who aspired to its ranks was looked upon with contempt almost too profound for utterance.

Schools of journalism have not hitherto proved profound successes. They have been conducted on impractical lines and too often by instructors who lacked definite practical training in and knowledge of the business.

When it was decided to bring the Shamrock I across it was found necessary to have an extra conveyer. The Erin could not do the work of the two racers. Sir Thomas bought the tug cruiser for about \$75,000.

There are 45 men on each of these racing boats. The captain's salaries are \$4,500 each, the officers \$2,000, and 40 men on each boat draw about \$20 a month apiece.

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From the Richmond Times-Dispatch. Mr. Carnegie is going to start a newspaper in Glasgow, so it is said. Surely he is in earnest about wanting to die poor.

IT COSTS MONEY TO LIFT THE CUP.

Sir Thomas Lipton Has Already Spent Over a Million and a Half in Money.

Attempting to lift the America's Cup is strenuous work. For more than five years Sir Thomas Lipton, one of Britain's merchant princes, has been devoting every minute of his spare time and millions of dollars of his fortune to try to capture the trophy won 52 years ago by the famous schooner America.

The fleet is headed by the flagship Erin, a steamer 260 feet in length. Then there is the challenger for the cup, Shamrock III, a racing boat pure and simple.

Sir Thomas entertains so extensively that his big steamer is not large enough to accommodate all his friends, and so he has chartered the big houseboat Narodha, which has been fitted up luxuriously.

While the boats have been in the dry dock and while the Erin was being overhauled for the races he transferred his flag to the houseboat Narodha. This boat is a fine one for his purposes.

Few persons have an idea what lifting the cup means in money. Each of Sir Thomas' efforts has cost him more than half a million dollars.

The new Shamrock probably cost to build about \$200,000. She has five suits of sails, and these cost \$20,000 each, so that with her sails her cost is \$300,000.

Shamrock I had new sails and she used some that were made for Shamrock II two years ago. These had to be recut to fit the older boat.

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The American people love fair play, and if the American boat is beaten they are fair enough and liberal enough to acknowledge the defeat and make no excuser.

It is a strange fact that this man, who is spending hundreds of thousands of dollars to try to win the America's cup, never has a cent in his pocket.

Some time ago Sir Thomas was walking along Fleet street in London with his secretary, John Westwood.

"It is very hot and I am very thirsty, Mr. Westwood," said he. "Won't you buy me a cup of tea?"

"I was just about to suggest that," replied Mr. Westwood, and they turned into Blanchard's.

Some old beach combers at New Rochelle, where he was born, say that Iselin learned to swim before he learned to walk.

Sand-baggers have gone out of fashion; so it is worth telling that the May Emma was 24 feet long, her beam was half her length.

Then (about 1871) came Jake Smith, a famous builder of sandbaggers, living on Staten Island, with his Pluck and Luck sloop.

With two pennies firmly clutched in her fist, Pauline Muller, three years old, toddled into Second avenue, at Ninety-second street, yesterday, intending to cross the avenue to buy candy.

She lives at 240 East Ninety-fourth street. So when she was in the middle of the avenue and saw two cars approaching her from opposite directions Pauline didn't know what to do.

From the Pendleton East Oregonian. It is said by the members of the Associated Press that this corporation is simply a private news-gathering institution, without any inclination to discuss public questions in the daily news.

From the New York Press. The man who is to do battle with Capt. "Charlie" Barr of the Reliance is Capt. Winge, said to be the ablest sailor in Great Britain.

GOLDWIN SMITH AT 80.

Something Personal About One of Foremost Living Men of Letters.

Toronto Correspondence New York Sun. One of the most interesting characters in the world of letters this week celebrates his 80th birthday.

Age deals gently with Dr. Smith. Erect of figure, faultlessly attired and of striking mien, he attracts much attention in Toronto. He writes much and with ease.

It is a curious illustration of the defeat of a great man's personal wishes that coming to Canada with the avowed purpose of seeking more democratic surroundings, he now resides in the grounds laid out by one of the families of the old aristocracy.

What is the secret of the charm of this writer? That is the topic that has been broadly discussed. The student of Goldwin Smith's style is struck by its clearness and simplicity.

One of Dr. Smith's literary friends here, John Lewis, says of the historian: "Goldwin Smith's fame will not rest upon his opinions, whether you agree or disagree with them."

Though 80 years old, Dr. Smith enjoys splendid health.

PORT ANTONIO AS IT WAS.

Headquarters for Jamaica of the United Fruit Company.

Port Antonio, on the northeast coast of Jamaica, is the headquarters of the United Fruit Company on that island, and owing to the operations of the Company, has recently become a thriving port.

Port Antonio is the chief town of the Parish of Portland, and in 1901 had a population of 2,000, which has probably considerably increased by now.

Lower Titchfield, or Port Antonio proper, extends along the seashore. The native quarter was a collection of ramshackle wooden structures, which have probably all been destroyed.

From the Ralston, Mo., Free Press. A colored preacher recently enlightened his congregation in regard to the conditions existing in the infernal regions in the following manner: "Brother, I has been asked how hot is hell, an' I will say, after givin' de subject considerable reflection, dat if yo' took all de wood in York state an' all de coal in Pennsylvania, an' all de oil in de world, an' set all on fire, an' den took a man out he'll an' put him in dat burnin' mess, he would freeze to deff' befo' he harly lit! Dat's how hot is hell."

SHORT STORIES

The Apologetic Time.

A very Scotch story of an old caddie and his wife is chronicled by Goffins. The minister who was called in tried to comfort his wife, saying that while John was very weak he was evidently ready for a better world.

The Retort Courteous.

From the New York News. A popular commercial traveler attends a large social gathering one evening, after the supper was over was promenading with one of the guests, a young lady, to whom he had just been introduced.

The Irish Woman's Complaint.

From the New York Mail and Express. Father Thomas Hendrick, Roman Catholic bishop-elect of Cebu, Philippine Islands, is a man of many accomplishments.

A Question of Titles.

From Harper's Weekly. The City Treasurer of Edinburgh, Col. Sir Robert Cranston, who has lately been knighted by King Edward, was called upon recently by a commercial traveler, who wished to see the colonel on business.

Something Left, Anyhow.

From the Chicago Journal. "I was amused," said F. R. Desbrough (a Cincinnati), at the Shoreham, "over the report I heard a young Boston man give a shap who was doing the guide out at Quebec."

He Evened Up Things.

From the Kansas City Journal. A young negro couple, according to a story that is going through the rounds of the state press, presented themselves the other day to a Paris parson to be married.

It Would Show Them.

From the London Post. There is a friend of mine living in Peek skill who had all the flesh is heir to, and he took pills and powders and powders and pills without result.

What Hell Really Is.

From the Ralston, Mo., Free Press. A colored preacher recently enlightened his congregation in regard to the conditions existing in the infernal regions in the following manner: "Brother, I has been asked how hot is hell, an' I will say, after givin' de subject considerable reflection, dat if yo' took all de wood in York state an' all de coal in Pennsylvania, an' all de oil in de world, an' set all on fire, an' den took a man out he'll an' put him in dat burnin' mess, he would freeze to deff' befo' he harly lit! Dat's how hot is hell."

Life's Little Ironies.

From Life. We respect a good poet; we reverence a good cook. Our childish lovers are forgotten because they left no sting.