

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

JOURNAL PUBLISHING CO., Proprietors C. S. JACKSON, Publisher

Published every evening (except Sunday) at The Journal Building, Fifth and Yamhill Sts., Portland, Or.

OFFICIAL CITY PAPER

GOOD EVENING.

The Soul's Captain.

Out of the night that covers me, Black as a pit from pole to pole, I thank whatever gods may be...

—Emerson.

IS THEIR SILENCE GOLDEN?

WHERE ROLLS the erstwhile thunderous Oregonian and its trailing Evening Shadow? Whence their deathlike silence...

For over a year The Journal has contained disclosures of criminal misdoings in Multnomah county that have stirred the people to the depths...

What these disclosures embraced was known to many people in Portland, for the information had slowly filtered through the town...

An expert was finally put to work to overhaul books and accounts of delinquent public officials. His reports not alone sustained but further developed the frightful system of graft...

But all of this altered not at all the status of the Oregonian or its Evening Inequity. While their columns might reek with stories of investigations in Minneapolis, St. Louis, Pittsburg or New York...

Where this total indifference to the public welfare? Do they approve of the robberies that have been going on? Do they imagine that such criminal official conduct is another feather in the cap of our metropolitan pretensions...

Is this another case of "addition, division and silence"? The people are asking of one another. "Is this the price which the thieves paid the Oregonian and the Evening Repeater to maintain their attitude of deadly indifference?"

The burden of proof is on them.

OUR FOREIGN COLONIES.

UNTIL the Spanish-American war colonization was something entirely new to our system of government. Even Hawaii did not alter the force of the proposition...

But when this country captured and perhaps unwisely decided to buy the Philippine

islands we were confronted for the first time with the duty of governing a colony thousands of miles from the mainland...

He has therefore deserved well of his countrymen and they will welcome him back with heartiness and sincerity to the new duties which he is called upon to perform.

MORE HOTELS FOR PORTLAND

THE MATTER of more hotels for Portland should not be permitted to sleep. There is no criticism to be passed on the hotels as they stand.

But the summer business is growing in Portland. Railroad advertising and the advertising which comes from our loving friends who have been here largely increased our tourist traffic.

A commendable effort is being made to attract national conventions here. Those who attend them must largely depend on the hotels for accommodations.

These in themselves are serious matters, but there remain still more serious. How are we to accommodate the great influx of visitors we may reasonably expect to come to the Lewis and Clark fair?

DAIRY OF A REFORMER.

G. Washington Throggins Plays Solitaire with His Smoking Habit.

From the Chicago Tribune. Extracts from the diary of George Washington Throggins:

Aug. 1.—Have become convinced that I am smoking too much, and have decided to quit it at once and for good.

Aug. 2.—Pretty tough, but I'm sticking to it. Wanted a 12-cent cigar the first thing this morning. Put a dime in the pasteboard box.

Aug. 3.—Decided it would be a good thing to taper off on my inclinations a little. Wanted to smoke three times this morning.

Aug. 4.—Thought I might as well come down to nickel cigars. Getting rich too fast. All my handkerchiefs today were resolutely scaled down to 5-centers.

Aug. 5.—Smoked a still cheaper grade today—in my mind. Eight for a quarter. Put 25 cents in the box.

Aug. 6.—Had a strong inclination this morning for a 25-cent cigar. Decided to humor it to the extent of adding 25 cents to the collection.

Aug. 7.—Smoked—constructively—nothing but stogies today. Three for a nickel. Too cheap. Left a bad taste in my mind.

Aug. 8.—Went back to the three-for-a-quarter kind. Added half a dollar to the treasury.

Aug. 9.—Had a strong desire for a 50-center today. Gratified it—in the same way. Felt that I could have smoked a coffin nail.

Aug. 10.—Got reckless again today and indulged in wild imaginations of unlimited stogies. Dropped 65 cents in the box. Have 50 now.

Aug. 11.—Took the 50 and went out and bought a box of perfectos.

Uncertain King Peter.

From the Washington Star. The King of Serbia has a new cabinet and is now wondering what it is going to do with him

CERTAINLY A SWIFT GIRL.

A Young Woman Beats a Machine Counting Money.

From the Chicago Record-Herald. The expert coin counters of the treasury department have beaten the Yankee inventor who thought he could build a machine that would count faster than human eyes and fingers.

Then he grabbed a crank and began turning it, while at the same time the coppers began flying into little stacks at a tremendous rate. The operation was repeated 10 times, and when the 10,000 had been counted, the official time was announced as 58 minutes.

THE MEN CONTRASTED.

W. E. Corey Is Very Unlike Schwab When He Succeeds in the Steel Trust.

One's first impression of William Ellis Corey, the newly chosen head of the largest corporation in the world, the United States Steel corporation, is that he would be the wrong man from whom to borrow an umbrella on a rainy day and forget to return it.

He has a square, round face. The chin is square and the cheekbones and jaw form in the little bulge of muscle that dog fanciers call the "double look," and which they always look for in thoroughbred English bull-terriers.

As a whole he looks more like a medical student or a man engaged in some scientific pursuit than one who has his extraordinary business executive ability.

There is one thing that impresses everybody who knows Corey and Schwab, and that is that one is the direct antithesis of the other. Schwab is very much like what is known to telegraph operators as a "nerve sender."

MAXINE, THE STARTLING.

Mrs. Nat Goodwin Breaking Her Way Into London Society.

From the New York Press. In the most fashionable of London restaurants Mrs. Nat C. Goodwin, known to the stage as Miss Maxine Elliott, is often seen.

Of course, the householders of Holyoke are not facing the new order of things with placid resignation. They threaten charges on their own account for broken china and scorched linen, and between-meal cups of tea, or the "bite of something" ordered to the casual cousin who drops in of an evening.

Whoever wins, there will be one inevitable and sad result—the last remnants of the pleasant old-time relation between server and served will be swept away.

1908 a Long Way Off. From the Louisville Courier-Journal. Newspaper correspondents are wasting time in speculating as to the man whom Theodore Roosevelt favors for president in 1908.

An Expert Opinion. From the Emporia Gazette. The report from Florida that a negro has been legally hanged there caused an old colored man in Emporia to exclaim: "Thank Gawd, the black man is gittin' his jus' deserts at last!"

THEY WILL AND THEY WON'T.

Servants' Independence Is Simply Appalling in Prim New England.

From Everybody's Magazine. To the housekeeper the news from Holyoke is somewhat like the firing on Sumpter. The growing trouble between mistress and maid has come to a climax in the formation of the first Household Employees' Union, and the fight is now on in good earnest.

Wages and Hours Schedule of the Household Employees' Union. Sixty hours shall constitute a week's work for cooks, general housework girls and second girls.

General housework girls and second girls required to attend babies and otherwise care for children shall be allowed 15 cents an hour in addition to their regular weekly salary.

Cooks, general housework and second girls required to tend to furnaces shall be paid \$1 per week in addition to regular weekly salary.

The minimum weekly wages for second girls shall be \$4 per week. All overtime, as above enumerated, shall be in addition to these weekly salaries.

The nurse girls' hours shall be as follows: 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. daily; 8 a. m. till 1 p. m. Sunday. The minimum wages for nurse girls shall be \$3.50 per week.

All household workers who have been in any one employer's household for nine months or more shall be given a vacation of two weeks, with full salary.

It will be noticed that the work hours of the cook and table maid seem to suggest a return to the old-time 6 o'clock supper of dismal memory. And no pleasant lingering over the table will be possible now; the householder must eat with anxious eyes on the clock, knowing that if the meal is not over and cleared away by 7 there will be a bill for "overtime" at the end of the week.

At the suggestion that the tired man of business, who cannot come home to a noon dinner, might not find this a very satisfying regime, one of the leading spirits is quoted as explaining: "If the boss can't get home by noon he ought to go to a hotel, and not expect a poor, tired girl to slave in a hot kitchen at night."

This is a cheerful prospect for a boss earning, say, \$25 a week with which to maintain a home. Wages fixed at \$4 and \$5 would easily slip to \$6 and \$7 on this basis of charges, and board would raise the cost of a servant to some \$10 a week—more than most householders can pay, and decidedly more than the much-quoted factory girl gets.

With afternoons and evenings off, a club for domestic workers will be the natural sequence, and there is already talk of a country house where the two weeks' vacation on full pay may be enjoyed. The intelligence office promises to become the road to what is popularly known as a "snap."

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While waiting in the immigration room of the depot a man whom I understand to be the head of the railroad came to me and bought the pipe for \$24. I write to say I would gladly give \$50 now for its return.

The tale contains so many elements of human interest that the present holder of the pipe, whoever he may be, will certainly be applauded if he comes forward with it at this time.

A Chicago Beauty. From the Chicago Record-Herald. Mrs. A. S. Trude, a Chicago beauty, is one of the most famous hunters in the country.

The late George E. Waring, a Newporter of the old and modest day of small things in Newport, said to an acquaintance who remarked that the "smart set of Newport" devoted themselves to expense, regardless of expense: "You are quite wrong; they devote themselves to expense, regardless of pleasure."

What self-respecting girl who knows anything would like to step into somebody's dirty, greasy kitchen and fight the pots and kettles from, say, 6 a. m. to 8 p. m. And then on hand if wanted till 10 p. m. Then, what

is worse, to be so degraded by the doing of it that she is not fit to be introduced to even the ignorant story girl who calls on her mistress probably on church business. She is not respectable enough for any one of her employer's family to recognize on the street (no matter how perfect her reputation and references may be), and she is "Mary" or "Bridget" to every Tom, Dick and Harry, while the factory girl is exclusive and has the right of the prefix "Miss" to her name.

The little soul that so degrades her work and cheapens her own importance by clamoring lest others should not recognize it is worthy of the snub she bestows. But we would have been hot champions for the dignity of Margaret and Katy, who never dreamed of asserting it, and had no need to.

DREAMY—THAT'S DUSE.

A Little Contrast Between the Italian and Bernhard's Methods. From the Reader for August.

I found Mme. Duse in one of the corridors leading from the stage, talking with a small group of people. I was surprised to see that she seemed wholly unlike the sad-eyed, listless woman I had imagined her to be when not acting. She looked very handsome, and spoke with great animation, her face luminous with her wonderful smile revealing her large white teeth.

"You could play that, too," and inquired politely about the work her visitor was doing. No one could have been more easy and delightful. When I was presented Mme. Duse was about to go to her dressing room; but she gave me a moment during which I received a definite impression of the extraordinary charm of her manner.

I felt that I was in the presence of a rare nature. Some one has said that Sarah Bernhardt is a greater actress than Duse, because she is more successful in impersonating the grande dame, while Duse just misses realizing that character. It seems to me that no statement could be more absurd. Sarah Bernhardt, with her exaggerated ways, may easily be the grande dame of the theatre, but she is never grande dame of the drawing room. Duse, on the other hand, is never the woman of the theatre; she is always human and simple, a creature of exquisite fibre.

From the New York Evening Post. Pipes seem to be able to arouse in their owners almost as deep an affection as do dogs. From the dainty fancies centering about Romulus and Remus in "My Lady Nicotine" to the blatant emotion of "Oh, who Will Smoke My Meerchaum Pipe," story and song have celebrated the pipe as one of man's closest friends.

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SHORT STORIES

An Anecdote of Whistler.

The London Chronicle, explaining that some artists talk to sitting models to keep their expression animated, says that one painter pursuing this plan asked a girl model to whom she had been sitting of late, and received this answer:

"Mr. Whistler." "And did he talk to you?" "Yes, sir." "What did he say?" "He asked me who I'd been sitting to, same as you do, and I told him I'd been sitting to Mr. — sir."

"Well, what else?" "He asked me who I'd been sitting to before that, and I said Mr. —." "And what next?" "He asked me who I'd been sitting to before that, and I said I'd been sitting to you, sir."

"What did he say then?" "He said, 'What a d-d crew!'"

He Patted the Goat.

Major-General Isaac Catlin tells a story of one of his political campaigns. "I voted for you," said a workman the day after an election in Brooklyn where the general figured as a candidate for a county office. "I didn't intend to at first, but one afternoon you were going by my house and you patted my goat, Billy, and guv him an apple, and says I, 'If the general's so sociable as all that, he must have my vote.'"

He Won the Bet.

Like other men of prominence, Admiral Dewey often comes across the irrepressible party who always affects to be on terms of intimacy with notable personages. Courteous and genial to a degree, the admiral is profound dislike for this sort of nuisance and does not hesitate to show the feeling. Not long ago, while out walking in Washington, he was accosted by an effusive stranger, who grasped his hand and said: "George, I'll bet you don't know me." The admiral looked his displeasure as he answered, grimly, "You win," and walked on.

"Who Gwine to Keep Him Out?" The funeral of General Cassius M. Clay calls to mind a story relating to "Old Hickory" Jackson, whose brave, daring, big-headed determination to have his own way in everything at any cost was no more marked than was the same characteristic in General Clay. In one of his recent stories contributed to the columns of the Saturday Evening Post, Opie Read, who is a past master at recounting Southern stories, says: "Shortly after Jackson's death two of his slaves were working in the field. One of them remarked: 'Well, Abe, ol' marster's gone.'"

"Yep, done lef us." "Abe, you reckon he went to heaven?" "Well, if he wanted ter go, I doan know who gwine ter keep him out."

An Intensely Human Pope. Rome Correspondence New York Tribune. It is an intensely human figure which by the grace of the Sacred College, and indirectly by the adventitious aid of the aged Austrian Emperor, now reigns in the Vatican. As archbishop and cardinal he has retained the homely manners of the parish priest, and now that he is Pope he wears a nickel watch at the end of a cheap silk guard and speaks with the unaffected simplicity of a peasant's son. He shrinks instinctively from the traditional homage of the Vatican retinue, and wishes to have ceremonial and etiquette dispensed with so far as may be possible. He embraces cardinals who attempt to kiss his hands and feet, and seeks to set an example of humility in relaxing the rigorous etiquette which has been established during recent reigns. He talks familiarly, yet without sacrificing his dignity, when ever he is approached by cardinals and officials and he dislikes to dine alone in solemn state or to be revered and well-nigh worshipped as a superior being whose common clay has been transmuted to gold by his translation from Venice to the Vatican. The present Pope at the opening of his reign is eager to establish a new order of democratic simplicity at the Vatican, based upon the sovereignty of the fisherman's ring. Probably his ardor will be chilled when he discovers how ready every one is to fall down and kiss his feet; but he can hardly fail to be a very human Pope.

Reflections of a Bachelor. From the New York Press. The seashore always agrees with girls who have curly hair. The only thing that can be changed that one hasn't got is a woman's mind. Yachting is a fine thing to make a man contented with his home when he gets back to it. Some people are so naturally tricky they take pleasure in cheating themselves playing solitaire. After a man has tried for three quarters of an hour to light a fire with dry kindling wood, it is hard for him to see how a fire insurance company can ever lose a cent.

Wheat in Kansas. From the Kansas City Journal. Barton county is the banner wheat county of Kansas. It has wrested that honor from Sumner. Barton produced 5,004,305 bushels of wheat this year. Sumner raised only 3,486,780 bushels. Rush county evened up Sumner, growing 3,879,040 bushels. Fourteen Kansas counties raised more than 2,000,000 bushels each, and 35 counties produced more than 1,000,000 each.

The Modern American Girl. When I met her on the steamer. Coming back from foreign climes, A bright maiden did I deem her, And we had some pleasant times. She was bright in conversations, And such learning she displayed When we spoke of other nations, That I was in truth dismayed.

She'd a foreign education, Knew the language of each land; I was dumb with admiration, Though I could not understand. But her English was affected, And for this naught could atone, Learning others, she'd neglected To study up her own.

She could read me quite a sermon On the history of France, When she spoke of legends German I displayed gross ignorance. And the bit I'd learned at college Seemed ridiculous, until I discovered she'd no knowledge Of the fight at Bunker Hill.

—Brooklyn Eagle.