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Published every evening (except Sunday) at The Journal Building, Fifth and Yamhill Sts., Portland, Or. OFFICIAL CITY PAPER GOOD EVENING.

WHY NOT COME TOGETHER? FOR TWO YEARS building operations in Portland have been crippled by labor strikes causing losses, to all concerned and to a degree retarding the growth of the city.

Now all these past strikes are over and gone and the question of whether they were wise or unwise is of little consequence except in so far as they may teach a lesson that will be valuable to us in the future.

The nearest approach to a solution of the question comes from those cities in which an agreement, to hold for the coming season, is entered into at the beginning of the year between the builders and the various trades upon which they depend.

The advantages of such a contract should be obvious. In the first place it insures steady employment at good wages, which means that the men may make calculations in advance to meet payments on homes or obligations that they may incur for any other purpose.

It seems to The Journal particularly desirable for everybody in Portland that some such plan should be carried out during the coming season.

A NEW KNOW-NOTHINGISM. A NEW SPECIES of Know Nothingism is rapidly growing up in the East that has in it some things which will appeal to the common sense and intelligence of the people of the whole country.

without aspirations except to make an easier living than was possible in the countries from which they came. This is a new and decidedly interesting development of the Know Nothing spirit.

Most serious, and it appears to The Journal, most reasonable objection is made to the indiscriminate extension of the franchise to such people. It is being pointed out that their rights can be protected without conferring upon them citizenship and making them usually venal participants in our elections.

NOW FOR THE EVIDENCE.

IF THERE ARE any charges against Special Policeman Roberts they should be publicly presented and vigorously investigated. So far the esteemed Oregonian and its Evening Echo have been exceedingly reckless in hinting charges in the good old Oregonian way, but they have failed to substantiate them when the opportunity came officially to do so.

If Roberts is guilty it should be possible to secure the evidence to establish guilt. With guilt proven it would be criminal for the police committee to hesitate a moment in summarily dismissing Roberts.

Bring forward the evidence. Now let the man who apparently contemplated harm to the president be disposed of as quickly and decently as is consistent with legal usages and above all with as little spectacular publicity as possible.

Reflections of a Bachelor. From the Chicago Tribune. A husband wouldn't be of any use to a woman unless she could brag about how she taught him to like to go to church.

Reflections of a Bachelor. From the New York Press. Some men are not fit even for themselves to associate with. It would be a terrible temptation to take out insurance on one's mother-in-law.

Smudge Fiend. From the Chicago Record-Herald. When it comes to the "hog" question the fellow who clings to the end seat is insignificant in comparison with the one who goes on day after day making the air foul with smoke.

A Fitting Climax. From the Milwaukee Sentinel. Newport society has had a dog dinner, a monkey dinner and a lion dinner. Now let it give a coon dinner, and Col. Watterson will do the rest.

Farmers' Trust. From the Chicago Post. At last the farmers have caught the pooling fever. They have met in this city to declare for \$1 wheat and 40-cent potatoes, no matter what the crops or the demand.

He Means Business. From the Kansas City Journal. Mr. Cleveland is to talk to the Chicago business men. There are various indications that Grover means business these days.

A Detached Thought. Remember that to change thy mind and to follow him that gets thee right is to be none the less the free agent that thou wast before.

A Hint to Tom. From the Chicago News. We can see Tom Johnson's finish if he goes scooting around the country in his automobile seeking farmers' horses.

BEIRUT'S IMPORTANCE. City is the Center of Extensive Missionary Work.

From the New York World. Beirut, in Syria, is the seaport of Damascus, and is commercially a city of importance.

A French company has recently built a railroad over the mountains to Damascus, and Beirut may be the terminus of a railroad to India.

The Lebanon range of mountains towers above the town to the height of 8,000 feet. Back of it are beautiful olive and palm groves.

There is no city in the Turkish empire, with the possible exception of Constantinople, in which America has so great interests as in Beirut.

In it is located the Syrian Protestant college, with 13 buildings, on a campus of nearly 30 acres. It has more than 600 students in its various departments, and has a large corps of Yale, Harvard, Princeton and Amherst men on its faculty.

It is the headquarters of the Syrian mission of the Presbyterian church of America, which maintains four sub-stations at Sidon, Tripoli and at Zahleh and Abeh, in the Lebanon district.

The mission supports in Beirut the American press, which issues in the Arabic language nearly 2,000,000 volumes a year. These are circulated in all parts of the world where the Arabic language is the official and religious one.

The educational work accomplished by the college and the Mission has been steadily increasing in the last few years. The former began its work in 1866 with a mere handful of students. As said above, it has now over 600 students, and has lately received from the Turkish government concessions calculated to make it still more of a power in the country.

The college now has an academic department, a medical school, a school of commerce and a preparatory department. Its campus is on the promontory extending west from the city out into the Mediterranean. Its buildings are the most conspicuous in the town, the first that one sees from approaching steamers.

These buildings, representing an outlay of many thousands of dollars, include a main building, used as a dormitory; the medical hall, a chemical laboratory, the George E. Post Science Hall, the preparatory department, the Marquand house for the president, the Daniel Bliss hall, the observatory and others.

Besides the press and a building, formerly used for a theological seminary, but now used by the college, the Mission property includes a girls' seminary, a church and a building used for a Sunday School room and for church festivals.

The entire American investment in Beirut amounts to hundreds of thousands of dollars, and many of the professors and missionaries have built their own city homes and summer residences in the mountains at their own expense.

Recent letters from Beirut indicated great unrest. The city contains some 120,000 people, and only about 40,000 of them are Mohammedans. Yet the Mohammedan is the dominant race and holds the upper hand.

Of late it has been dangerous for Europeans to go out at night alone, and even in the day time there have been many cases of assault.

On the promontory a great waste of sand stretches up from the south shore. Between it and the north shore there is a network of cactus hedges. Several Americans have been attacked within the last few months in these lanes.

A Word With Col. Watterson. From the Washington Post.

It is always a privilege to catch step with Col. Watterson and to follow wherever he may lead. In this matter of our army and navy maneuvers on the far New England coast, however, we shall have to deny ourselves altogether. Col. Watterson is of the opinion that the said maneuvers amount to little, if anything, more than child's play; in fact, we think we caught a yawn that sounded very much like "fuss and feathers."

We have long admired these manifestations of military ardor—these illustrations of deep cunning and homicidal strategy. They do not teach the country anything, and what they teach our great warriors the latter conceal from the vulgar curiosity of the rabble. But it is a real treat to read about them in the newspapers every morning. How the "enemy" was baffled here and the indomitable "defenders" exhibited prodigies of valor there; how the invading battalions were destroyed one by one, each by a single shell, and how the dastard foe must finally be driven from our shores in a hopelessly fractured and demoralized condition—all this makes mighty feverish reading these dull summer mornings. So, at least, we have always found it. Ever since that glorious day three years ago when Col. Henry May led the first regiment of the District national guard to victory, after resorting to the masterly expedient of locating the enemy from the dizzy summit of an adjacent smokehouse—ever since that glorious day we have regarded the summer maneuvers of our fleets and armies as an infallible preparation for America's destined conquest of the world.

Col. Watterson is behind the times, or else he lives too far away from the object-lessons to make a just appraisal of their value. Let him come to Washington some day next fall—after hog-killing, say—and side by side with some one who knows the meaning of things, gaze upon the martial for mof Gen. Thinsambob or Admiral Binnacle as that foaming warrior passes by. Let him mark the haughty glance, the swelling brisquet, the fearless legs, and then ask whether this means pride and empty arrogance. He will learn that it means possession of the secret of the maneuvers and a sense of the almost intolerable responsibility that that spience.

Shift your point of view, colonel. Come here and get into the light. Just once!

Must Get a Move On. From the Minneapolis Journal. If it takes all the airships as long as it takes Prof. Langley to get a start, his wife will have time for one more glance into the mirror.

Another Chance for Miss Stone. From the Chicago Chronicle. As the Macedonian revolutionary committee is appealing for funds, it is now up to Miss Bulgaria, Stone to go over there and get captured again.

HE WAS A SORE. And the Girl in Pink Stood Him Just as Long as She Could.

From the Chicago News. The girl in pink wrinkled her brows trying to find the right phrase to explain her meaning. "He was the sort of creature," she began at last, "who tries to hold your hand the second time he comes to call—perfectly impossible, you know, but harmless."

Her auditors nodded comprehensively. "I knew one of that type once," said the girl in blue. "I always felt so sorry for him—wanted to pat his hair in a motherly way and tell him to run and play. It is merely a case of brain development stopped at about 16, I think."

"I couldn't be properly indignant at all," went on the girl in pink. "I might just as well have tried the Clara Vere de Vere air on a mouse. He looked like a mouse anyhow, with his pale eyes and hair and he was perfectly unconscious how irritating his attitude was."

"What did you bother with him for?" asked the practical girl. The girl in pink looked gently kind. "My dear child," she breathed, "I was stranded at that desolate summer hotel and he was the only man there!"

There was a rebuked silence till she went on. "With all his inanity he was an awful egotist. He used to tell me by the hour about his aspirations and how he was wandering through life a misunderstood man. I endured it because there were 10 other girls there who didn't even have a feeble-minded egotist to talk to. Besides I could plan my winter wardrobe while he talked. He said he was sure he and I were affines and asked if I didn't feel a subtle something in the air that led me to think the same. I said all I felt in the air was about a million mosquitoes and I wished he'd take me indoors."

"Even that didn't squelch him. He murmured, 'Ah, little one, you cannot always evade me,' and attempted to pat my hand as though I were about six. I had to eat two pounds of chocolates before I felt myself again after that."

"I should think so," said the girl in blue. "When a man decides he is an ethereal, philosophical, mountain-heights genius he is proof against slurs and sarcasm. You might just as well try to shoot a rhinoceros with a candy gun."

The girl in pink plaintively resumed her narrative. "He used to walk me down to the beach and rhapsodize on the thunderous waves, but when one of them smashed in and drenched me he simply rushed for higher ground and wrung his hands, shrieking for me to come on. Afterward he explained that his agitation was due to his awful fear that I would be swept away from him forever. I couldn't get the idea out of his head that in me he had found his fate and that in time I would recognize our affinity. He had a sympathizing way of assuming that the scales would drop from my eyes in time that was perfectly maddening. There is nothing so terrible as a man you can't snub."

"That's a tremendous truth," murmured a sympathetic listener. The other nodded assent. "I told him I was too frivolous and simple ever to climb to the mental heights that he had reached and he—"

"Only patted your hand," suggested the girl in blue. "Yes," admitted the unhappy one. "That didn't work, so I tried making fun of him to his face, but he only grew patient and repeated the performance. I almost had hysterics. I knew I should do something desperate. Finally I told him flatly that he was a bore and I hated him and I wished he'd go away and bother some one else. Would you believe it? He sighed pityingly and said these soul flutterings of mine were precious to him, showing as they did the strength of my character. And he started to pat my hand again. I lost my temper then completely and—"

"What did you do?" they asked, breathlessly. "I slapped him! Yes, I did! And I think he is sitting there yet with the light of intelligence breaking over him."

ABOARD THE ERIN. Mysterious Disappearance of Trinkets Attributed to Guests.

From the New York Sun. There were not quite so many undiverted guests on the Erin yesterday as there were at the other races. The publication of the facts regarding them waked the dormant sense of propriety in at least 27 of them, and they called up Sir Thomas' offices here and asked if they were not expected. They were told that if they had been invited they were not. A few came in spite of this somewhat explicit explanation.

When the folks who have been sponging on Sir Thomas began escorting his real friends and guests down the bay on the William Fletcher and began scrambling to get in front of his real friends and guests when lunch and tea were served, there were a lot of little trifles of some interest as bric-a-brac about the cabins. There were silver ash trays bearing the name of the Erin in enamel. There were cut-glass match safes. These have vanished. They were not stowed away on board; they were taken from the ship by "guests." Two years ago the Erin was nearly stripped by souvenir thieves. At that time a well-known American yachtsman congratulated Sir Thomas, after looking over the stripped cabins and pantries. "You ought to be thankful that they left the keel," said he.

The Usual Reward. From the Milwaukee Sentinel. At the base of Pompey's statue stood J. Caesar, facing the mob. The first conspirator to appear, dagger in hand, was P. Servilius Casca, inventor of the caesaree. Dodging the thrust of the would be assassin, Caesar swung on his jaw, putting him down and out.

"Aha, Casca!" he exclaimed, facing his second foe, whom he dispatched with a hook in the solar plexus, after receiving several flesh wounds. Then came Brutus, and it was all off. "And you, too, Brutus!" moaned the great general. "You whose note I indorsed but yesterday!"

So saying, he wrapped his toga about him and gave up the ghost. Signs of Prosperity. From the Harney Valley Items. The Windsor bar has added mirrors to the back bar for glasses, etc. It is very swell.

Salisbury. From the New York World. The "weary Titan" of Britain is at last at rest.

MAGELSEN DESCRIBED. One of the Handsomest Men in the Consular Service at Beirut.

From the New York World. Henry Noble MacCracken, eldest son of Chancellor MacCracken of New York university, returned on Tuesday on the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse from Beirut, Syria, after having spent three years at Beirut, Syria, as a teacher in the Protestant college there.

He was one of the 150 English and American residents of the town, and his work and social duties brought him into close contact with Consul Magelssen. Their intimate friendship extended over the three years that Mr. MacCracken spent in the Syrian town, and to the World last night he told of the characteristics of the man and the conditions under which the foreigners in the place live. Young MacCracken was forced to return home through illness. Ten weeks ago he was taken sick and his father went to him and brought him home.

"Mr. Magelssen," he said, "was considered the handsomest man in all the numerous consular officials stationed at Beirut. He was over six feet tall and powerfully built. He and his brother-in-law, the consul, were both of Norwegian extraction."

"Mr. Magelssen was unmarried and made his home a short distance from the American consulate at the Victoria Hotel, which stands in the center of the city, within five minutes' walk of the port. He was very popular among both Syrians and Europeans. He was a member of the English club and of various social organizations, a number of which exist among the 150 Anglo-Americans of Beirut."

"Last April Mr. Magelssen interested himself prominently in organizing the field-day sports of the Syrian Protestant college in Beirut. He served as judge of events on this occasion and was instrumental, with Mr. Rayndall, the consul, in securing the attendance at the games of the newly appointed governor of Lebanon, Muzaffir Pasha, who took with him the imperial band. The new governor is very friendly toward America. He married an American girl."

"The inadvertent placing of an American flag over the tent occupied by the imperial band on this field day came near causing serious trouble, as complaint was made to the Sultan that an insult had been shown his flag. Over 5,000 people including the entire diplomatic corps of Beirut and the highest Turkish officials, including the general in command of the Sultan's troops in Syria, were present."

"The past year has been one of increasing danger to foreign residents in Syria. An European was killed on the Damascus road in the spring. Archdeacon Frere of the English church was twice shot at when passing in his carriage through the streets of Beirut in April last. As late as June Dr. George Ford of Sidon, one of the most prominent American missionaries in Syria, was attacked, probably by the Shiek of a village in the Lebanon district, whom he had removed from office for injustice to native Christians."

"These cases indicate increasing contempt for the power of foreign governments to protect their citizens. Every failure to discover and punish the perpetrator of such an outrage confirms this feeling in the public mind and renders more and more unsafe the lives of all foreigners."

"Mr. Magelssen was much interested in the prevention of cruelty to animals, and by his repeated intervention in their behalf may well have incurred the animosity of some of the cruel horse drivers whom he had arrested for mistreating horses. He was a man of great personal bravery, and was not to be deterred by personal consideration from carrying out his philanthropic impulses."

"He was very active and efficient in working up a market for American goods. He had secured the introduction of a considerable number of shoe-making machines the past year; threshing machines, phonographs, sewing machines and other American manufactures."

From the New York Tribune. In the opinion of Walter S. Bigelow of 24 State street, an exporter who has business interests in Turkey, where he spent six months last winter, the assassination of Mr. Magelssen was probably an affair provoked by personal revenge rather than inspired by any political motive.

"Last April I spent three weeks in Beirut," said Mr. Bigelow last evening, "and, meeting Mr. Magelssen the first day, I saw a great deal of him, and came to know him very intimately. The news of his murder is a great shock to me, and yet in a way I may say that I am not altogether surprised, knowing Mr. Magelssen so well as I did, and knowing also the almost total absence of personal protection existing in all Turkish cities. The vice-consul was a splendid physical specimen of a man. He was unusually tall and of large frame. Halling from Minnesota, he possessed all the characteristic daring and nerve of the Westerner. He was absolutely fearless, and his disregard for personal danger amounted almost to recklessness. For these reasons he was known and beloved by all Europeans along the Syrian coast as far south as Alexandria, and perhaps for the same reason he invoked the enmity of the natives."

"Soon after arriving at Beirut I was told several stories of encounters, which Mr. Magelssen had had with native highwaymen. On one occasion he was waylaid by two desperate characters along the shore road on a dark night, and, although unarmed, he disposed of his assailants single-handed. The punishment he administered was said to have been as severe as it was unexpected. Later, another native cutthroat attempted to hold up Mr. Magelssen one night in a lonely part of the town, but he was so badly used up as a result of the encounter that the services of a doctor were necessary. Naturally, in a small place like Beirut, the reports of these affairs spread, but it was supposed that the American vice-consul had inspired such respect among the native desperate characters that he would be immune from further molestation."

The Women Who Work. From the New York Press. Of the total working population of the United States, women constitute less than 15 per cent. Compare this with other countries, and you will realize fully how well women are treated in America. In Germany the percentage of females employed to the total self-supporting population is 25, while in England it is 27. In Italy the percentage is 40, and in Austria 47. Among the Indians it used to be 100, and about the same percentage was found by Livingstone in Africa. The higher the civilization, the lower the percentage.

Need a Strenuous Harmonizer. From the Norwich Bulletin. An effort is to be made to harmonize Col. Bryan and the Hon. David Bennett Hill. The harmonizers should take clubs with them.

SHORT STORIES

General Sheridan's Friend. From Lippincott's Magazine.

Upon a certain occasion Gen. Sherman was the guest of honor at a banquet, after which a reception was held. Among the line of people who filed in and out to shake hands with the great war hero Gen. Sherman perceived a face that was very familiar, but which he could not place.

"Who are you?" he asked in an apologetic aside, as he welcomed the guest heartily. The man blushed and murmured behind a deprecatory hand— "Made your shirts, sir."

"Ah, of course," exclaimed the general loudly, turning to the receiving committee behind him. "Gentlemen, allow me to present Major Shurtz."

The Fault of the Bells. From the London Globe. A clergyman on his way to church one Sunday morning pulled up to rebuke an angler. "Don't you hear the bells summoning you to church?" he asked. The fisherman put an inquiring hand to his ear. Encouraged, the clergyman repeated the question. But once again the fisherman asked for a repetition, and then again, and even yet again. Flushed from overmuch bawling, the parson was about to proceed on his way, when the fisherman spoke: "Very sorry, gov'nor," he said, "but them bloomin' bells makes such a hades of a clatter that I can't hear a word you says."

OLD AGE PENSIONS.

They Have Aroused Much Enthusiasm in New Zealand.

Henry D. Lloyd in Good Housekeeping. The old age pension has captured the heart of the Australasian public. The hope and rescue it has brought to broken down men and women condemned without it to bitter, degrading, unassuaged misery, are beyond question; their gratitude is recorded in many touching ways.

The old age pension is the abolition of capital punishment in industry, and the people of New Zealand are glad to pay the bill. New Zealand is the most prosperous and the most solvent country in the world. Its ten years of reform have been ten years of financial surplus for its government. It is the most progressive of all the Australasian democracies, and its bonds rank the highest of all the colonies in the London money market.

The principles and operations of the law are simple enough. No new tax was levied to pay for the pensions, as the surplus revenue sufficed. No new officers had to be appointed, and the work is done by those who are already functionaries of the state, the postmasters who furnish the printed forms for applications, the magistrates who pass upon them, and the registrars who make the payments. The relief is for the deserving poor, but one does not need to be either a saint or a pauper to get it. One may have property valued at \$200 or an income of \$170 a year and still receive the full allowance of \$50 a year, an English shilling a day. The idea is to prevent pauperism and encourage thrift by adding to the savings of the poor enough to keep them out of the pauper class. For those who have more property or more income, the allowance by the state is decreased proportionately until it disappears. Thus, those who have \$260 of income or \$1,500 of property can have no pensions.

Those who are criminals are excluded, but not those who have been criminals. One may have committed the most heinous of crimes and be forgiven if it happened 25 years ago. A serious misdemeanor of 12 years since will be overlooked. Minor matters like drunkenness of more than five years ago are pruned by this tenderness toward the weak of morale was deliberate. "The democracy," the statesman said, who proposed this feature of the law, "can afford to forgive." The Maoris are admitted to the full benefit of the law; 1,055 of them were drawing pensions last year. In this sense they are the "white man's burden."

There are some frauds, of course, but not many, and the law is amended from time to time to meet such violations of the public confidence.

Lipton's Views. Sir Thomas Lipton, in an article published in the September Cosmopolitan, entitled "My Efforts to Win the America's Cup," expressed his dissatisfaction with yacht racing conditions, which require the building of vessels which are merely racing machines. He hopes for the day to come when contestants in international sailing matches will be real yachts. He says, in part:

Cup challengers and defenders are dangerous. One stands upon their decks as one sails, and at any minute a spar may fall, or a sail may fall, or a piece of metal may fall. Yes, racing yachts are dangerous and useless.

Of what use to mankind, of what use to commerce, are these beautiful white swans? They are of no use at all. They are a menace.

Do they aid in the science of shipbuilding? Do they teach any lesson to the thousands of men who earn their livelihood upon the seas? They do not. They are mere racing machines, nothing more and nothing less.

When these races are ended they are worth only so much as the metal within them will bring. They are of no practical use to anyone. If Shamrock III loses I shall have to throw her upon a scrap heap. I love her, because upon her my hopes are centered.

I want the cup to go back where it came from, and, in order to meet the requirements of the defenders, I had to build her—good-for-nothing, beautiful creature that she is. But if she wins the cup I will cherish her for the glory that was hers. Yet, in that case, never will her type race again for the America's cup unless it again leaves its native shores for the United States.

American yachtsmen would have to build a different kind of a boat from either Shamrock III or Reliance to bring it back again. If the cup goes to England, Ireland and Scotland, the challenger must build an honest boat, a healthy boat, a real boat, to meet the defender on the other side, if I live and have any voice in the matter.

Pompeii.

From the Kansas City Times. Vesuvius is shooting flames and lava to a height of 4,000 feet, and Pompeii is in a fair way to have another series of Last Days.

Where Patti Started.

From the Baltimore American. Mme. Patti's first fee for singing was a pound of candy. She has been a sweet singer ever since.