

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.

Things which cannot be altered are to be borne, not blamed; follies past are sooner remembered than redressed; and time lost may well be repented, but never recalled.—John Lilly.

A RIDICULOUS REPORT.

THE WHITEWASHING REPORT presented by the navigation committee of the chamber of commerce yesterday with reference to the jetty work at the mouth of the Columbia river is scarcely such as will inspire public confidence either in the committee or the chamber. The progress of that work is confessedly a matter of vital concern to all the country for which Portland stands as a metropolis. As a self-confessed guardian of our commercial interests, as a public body formed to act for the whole people and to aid in furthering their material welfare in a way that could not be done by the unorganized public, it was scarcely expected to find in it or in any of its committees apologists for the derelictions of contractors or special pleaders whose apparent purpose was to cover up manifest shortcomings and to satisfy the people with specious promises where performances were so loudly called for.

Not only was the investigation inadequate if not actually inconsequential, but the members of the committee cheerfully swallowed whatever was presented to them. As a social symposium on the you-tickle-me-and-I'll-tickle-you order it was a howling success, but as a cold business-like investigation into the facts with the purpose of suggesting a remedy it was a solemn farce without excuse or palliation. Portland has had entirely too many such reports, which go far to explain public indifference to the movements of our commercial bodies and their own lack of effectiveness along practical lines that would be of benefit to the community.

The stone contract went into operation on June 1. The last week in July, that is nearly two months later, The Journal Investigator found that for the seven days there were delivered 4,775 tons of stone, or an average of 700 tons a day when the contract called for a minimum of 1,500 tons and a maximum of 2,000. This report likewise showed that not only was the stone inferior in quality, but that only 10 per cent of class A, 20 per cent of class B and 70 per cent of class C was being delivered, while the contract called for 25 per cent of class A, 50 per cent of class B and 25 per cent of class C.

Other information that The Journal deems reliable is to the effect that the delivery during August did not average over 800 tons a day and is now little if any more than that amount. All of which would mean that it will take three times longer than contract time to complete that part of the jetty embraced in the first 150,000-ton contract. This may not be a serious delay in the judgment of the committee, but we feel assured that the general public will not embrace this view of the case with hearty enthusiasm.

One other very important feature of the case entirely overlooked by the committee is that the relative as well as absolute quantity of stone furnished is a matter of great consequence in carrying out the contract. Not only must the quantity and quality of stone required be furnished, but the classified weights—which again gives no concern to the complaisant committee.

Does the committee really know from first hand investigation whether 50,000 or 100,000 tons of stone has been furnished? How can it assume that the contract will only be 50,000 tons short of completion on October 1 when unprejudiced information which it might have had is to the effect that it is more likely to be 100,000 tons? But suppose that it is only 50,000 tons short October 1, that is one third of the whole amount, upon what airy ground is the committee justified in assuming that the second and much bigger contract—that for 475,000 tons—will be completed within the specified time? No committee can change the action of the elements and extend the period when work can be done. Hereafter November 1 was the limit of working time—does the committee want it understood that it has made different and better arrangements for this year?

It is an open secret that in quantity, quality and size of stone the existing contract has not met the official requirements; it is likewise an open secret that the quarries now in use cannot possibly furnish stone to complete the second contract. Is the committee then satisfied to trust to luck to complete the jetty sometime in the dim distant future and, if it is, is the public satisfied to accept the committee's report as final and conclusive?

THE CONTRACTORS SHOULD ACT.

IT ALWAYS TAKES two people to make a bargain, but the building contractors of Portland have it now in their own hands to say whether or not the orderly progress of business will be interrupted and dislocated by strikes next year.

This is an opportunity which rarely comes the way of contractors and as such there should be little doubt that it will be embraced with enthusiasm. Strikes in the past few years have been a very distressing part of our municipal history. No one who undertook to put up a building could say when it would be completed nor how much would be added to the expected cost of the investment through delaying the time when it would begin to produce revenue from tenants. Practically there was nothing for him

to do but to take his chances; if he were lucky he could get all right; if he were unlucky he could only grin and bear it, meanwhile pocketing his losses. But there was no certainty about it. He could clearly see his way in but he could never see his way out.

A solution for the trouble has been found in an agreement entered into January 1 and binding for the succeeding year. In such an agreement wages, hours of work and all other elements incidental to the relations between employer and employe are specifically covered and by the terms of it both parties are rigidly held to the letter and spirit of the contract for one whole year. This arrangement being made contractors, investors and men may look forward with certainty to each season. They know precisely what they have to expect and knowing this they make their plans accordingly. Being bound by agreement they accept its terms, for neither side could afford to fly in the face of the contract.

So far the labor organizations have taken very kindly to the plan. They have shown a disposition to accept it in good faith and do their part in carrying it out loyally. Some of the building contractors have manifested a similar disposition, but not all of them. The outcome, therefore, rests largely with them. In the interest of the whole city they should not neglect this opportunity to place their business on a safe and sure foundation for the coming year. In doing so they assume a heavy responsibility and they cannot expect public sympathy in the event that trouble comes which it was in their power to forestall.

GOING TO SCHOOL.

A Mother's Feeling and a Child's First Touch of Experience.

THERE HE GOES trundling away, his arms bulging with bright new books, his little figure swaggering with pride in this great new experience—going to school.

There he goes—God bless his little innocent heart that is all astray with the newness of the thing, bless those little feet that trudge away from his mother so blithely, so firmly confident; may he learn many things, but may he never learn so much that he will not need his mother's love and guidance; God bless the little man!

The mother stands at the gate watching the tiny mite of a figure as he trudges away, all a mother's love and yearning in her eyes and a lump in her throat that somehow won't be swallowed.

"I ain't a baby any longer, mother," he had announced with all the scorn of six years when the servant was suggested as his escort to school. And the words had brought something suspicious to her eyes as she stooped and stopped the indignant protest with a kiss. "I am a man now," he added, as the little arm wound themselves, baby fashion, about the mother's neck.

"A man now"—the words are the lump that make her throat hurt. The big red schoolhouse has swallowed her baby. She tries to smile as she goes in from the gate. "He will learn, many things," she says, "many things—how many my tiny man little dreams; he will learn above all things that a boy must not be a baby any more, but must be grown up and independent; he will learn that he must do things for himself, that he mustn't come always to mother, school is a fine thing for little boys, they learn that a-t spells the old black pet that they pulled and pinched and loved; they learn that one kiss and two kisses make three kisses—they grow so large with wisdom. There are many schools for little boys, why is there no school to teach a mother how to keep her heart from aching when her baby grows to a man in a day?"

The house is very quiet today. There is no beat of the little old drum, the battered horn lies silent and discarded in a corner. If they would just beat and blow, beat and blow until her head ached, her heart would stop some, perhaps.

There is no little laughing face to peer suddenly at her from behind doors and scare her with unexpected "boos." The little face is to be seen with rows of other little faces behind little square desks, and the drumstick is laid away for the slate pencil. There is no wee dirty figure to seek for a coddling; instead there is recess and lunch out of a new tin box.

The baby is gone, and the mother does not yet know the man that has come instead. It is a very silly thing, but she cannot keep back the tears when she comes unexpectedly across a little old kicked-out shoe in the closet, when a tiny towseled cap appears to bring the baby vision back. The big red schoolhouse has swallowed her baby, and all the pleading in the world cannot make the schoolhouse give back the baby as he was when he went in.

TO PARTITION ALTENBERG.

Smallest Independent State in World Goes to Germany and Belgium. From the New York Herald.

An European state so soon to be wiped out of existence and its territory divided between Germany and Belgium. True, the country is only 88 years old and cannot boast of as long a history as the republics of Andorra and San Marino, nor will its partition cause as much of a stir as did that of Poland, but it possesses one distinction that deserves more than a passing notice—it is the smallest independent government in the world, both as to territory and population.

This country, known indifferently as Alteneberg, or neutral Moresnet, is bounded on the south and east by Germany, on the north by Holland and on the west by Belgium. It forms a triangle, the base of which is the town of Alteneberg, and the acute angle touches the point where Germany, Holland and Belgium meet, and where four frontier stones have been set up. Its area is 939 acres, and some idea of its size may be obtained by comparing it with Central Park, which has 843 acres. If the park limits were extended to One Hundredth and Sixteenth street, with its present width, its size would just about equal that of the country which is about to disappear. Two thirds is covered with woods, and the rest forms the towns of Calarmine, or Kelmis, and Alteneberg.

There are about 3,500 inhabitants, of whom 1,450 are Germans, 1,150 Belgians, 350 Dutch and 550 neutrals; that is, descendants of persons who occupied the territory before 1815, when the map of Europe was made over by the Congress of Vienna, after the Napoleonic wars. Two commissioners were appointed to mark the boundaries of Prussia and Holland, but each drew the frontier so as to include in his own state this little country, which contains some rich zinc mines. As the commissioners could not agree, their governments agreed to disagree, and the territory has been left neutral to this day.

In 1839, when Belgium separated from Holland, she retained the latter's claim to Alteneberg, and since that year the little state has been administered by two royal commissioners, one Belgian and one Prussian, who name the burgomaster, who in turn chooses 10 counselors. Their regulations must receive the approval of the royal commissioners.

There is no military service, the army and police being united in one individual named Mager, who has exercised these functions for 40 years. There are no courts in Moresnet, and the inhabitants may apply either to the Belgian or Prussian tribunals, before whom criminals are tried. There are no custom-houses, and the expense of government are derived from real estate and other taxes and licenses. In 1886 there was a set of postage stamps printed by the local authorities, which was stopped the same year by Germany and Belgium, not, however, until a large quantity had been sold to collectors.

In Alteneberg there is a fine Gothic church and wide streets, one of which is on the frontier line, the houses on one side being German and on the other in the neutral territory. German is the dominant language, but French, Walloon, Flemish and Dutch are also spoken.

Some weeks ago some professional gamblers from Liege obtained the councilmen's consent to erect a gaming pavilion in Moresnet, which was designed to rival Monte Carlo. The concessionaires agreed to build electric railroads to neighboring towns, to maintain parks and various institutions, and to share in this way the profits of the roulette tables with every inhabitant.

A casino was opened on August 15 and the German and Belgian press contained reports of the distinguished persons surrounding the tables, especially wealthy youths from Cologne. The attention of both governments was drawn to the anomalous status of the territory, and a quick exchange of communications resulted in an agreement to divide the territory equally between Prussia and Belgium, so that in a brief time this happy land, where crime is rare and taxes light, will be submitted to the regime of European militarism.

Devoted to "Beauties."
From the New York Press.

Mrs. Astor seldom gives a dinner without American Beauty roses as the leading flower. At her present series of dinners in Beechwood the large round table has been adorned with these roses. Mrs. Astor has several sets of table vases for flowers, and among her handsomest articles of plate is an old-fashioned silver ewer. It is wrought beautifully and was a wedding gift. There are 10 arms containing vases, and when filled with Beauty roses this ewer forms a brilliant decoration. Mrs. Astor's devotion to this flower is noteworthy, because Newport women change "favorite" flowers from year to year. Orchids gave way to gardenias, and now stephanotis threatens to unseat the gardenia. Camellias are used on many a fashionable table.

KATE SPRAGUE'S OLD HOME.

Still a Show Place for the Visitors at Narragansett Pier. From the Kansas City Star.

Canonchet, the home of ex-Governor Sprague, at Narragansett Pier, once the summer center of some of the brightest minds in the country, is still one of the show places of the fashionable resort. As one regards the handsome place, its history, now softened by time, clothes it with an element of romance. It was here that beautiful Kate Chase, the war governor's first wife, and daughter of the late Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase, entertained most brilliantly. And in the lofty rooms Horace Greeley, President Garfield, Senator Roscoe Conkling, Benjamin F. Butler, Samuel J. Tilden and a score of others looked into the keen, laughing eyes and discussed problems which meant high offices for some and political oblivion for others.

Political lights of the day have sat on the crowded piazzas and watched the fading light as it disappeared over the cliffs at Newport, for Kate Chase hoped through their influence to land her father in the presidential chair.

Had the Spragues, or that particular branch of which the governor was the head, feudal centuries ago, they would have been feudal barons. Youngest of the war governors, when the first call for volunteers in the Civil war was sounded, he marched into Washington at the head of 3,000 troops and placed them at the disposal of President Lincoln. Dauntless, of fascinating manner, skilled in all the wiles of statecraft, it is to be wondered that he caught the eye of the woman whom diplomats at Washington likened to Mme. de Staël?

To those unfamiliar with its history, Canonchet of today is but an immense estate with a great mansion which when built was the largest and most complete in the country, costing \$750,000. One hundred thousand dollars was spent in its furnishings. Oak and mahogany predominate throughout, more particularly in the hall and dining-room. But it is in the upper rooms that the greatest effort at decoration has been made.

In the music-room and in Mrs. Sprague's bedroom are evidences of the work of N. R. Bremer, an artist who spent seven months at Canonchet. In the music-room the arts are represented by four types of beautiful women. Music carries a lyre, painting a palette, etc., but it is in the frieze which encircles the entire apartment that the best effect of Bremer's designs are seen. Cupid and Music are executed in various forms. To the north is a large picture of Venus, and this, with three portraits—one of Governor Sprague on horseback, Mrs. Inez Sprague, his second wife, and Mrs. Wheaton, Mrs. Sprague's sister—complete a highly valued collection.

Bremer's best efforts are represented in the decorations of Mr. Sprague's bedroom. Upon the ceiling are four female figures representing Morning, Midday, Evening and Midnight. "Love Asleep" and "Love Awake" are the titles of other paintings in this bedroom. The first shows a woman asleep. Her hair is in confusion, and the half-open lips speak of emotion in her dreams. Cupid is there, with one hand over his eyes and holding the hem of her gown. Cupid, the young rascal, in the act of stealing a kiss from the lips of the beautiful reclining figure, suggests the title of the other painting. Antiques and valuable paintings are scattered throughout the house. The grand staircase, in carved oak, cost \$40,000. The ceiling of the first floor is painted to represent the heavens. In the drawing-room is a Marie Antoinette mantel taken from the Tuilleries. On a stand near by is a glass case containing a piece of silver given to Governor Sprague by Pope Leo XIII.

In 1890 Kate Chase brought suit for divorce, but it was not until two years later, and only after a stubborn fight, that a decree was granted. Then came the sale of Canonchet to Frank D. Moulton, Beecher's friend, for the ridiculous sum of \$62,500, less than one tenth of its original cost. When Moulton attempted to take possession he was met and rebuffed by an armed force. Many were the enterprises of the purchaser and his hirelings to gain possession of Canonchet, but at every point he was defeated. It was not until some months later that the governor capitulated and went to Washington.

During the siege Canonchet resembled a fortress. The governor's flag flew from the flagpole, men carrying Winchester rifles marched about the lawn, and the governor, quaint and fearless, ever ready to meet an assault, directed the maneuvers like a general. Had the Moulton forces attacked, bloodshed would no doubt have resulted.

In 1883 the present Mrs. Sprague, then Mrs. Inez Calvert, was married to Governor Sprague, at the Hotel Virginia, Staunton, Va. In April, 1886, Frank Moulton died. The governor and Mrs. Sprague were at the time living in Providence. Negotiations were at once begun for the purchase of Canonchet, Mrs. Moulton finally consenting to sell for \$65,000. And thus again the governor entered into his own.

Mrs. Inez Sprague at one time promised to become a great singer. She studied in Paris and made a successful debut here, but concluded to abandon the operatic and concert stage. She is a beautiful woman, a charming hostess and a fearless equestrienne.

THE TURK AT HOME.

An Admirer of the Sultan's People Tells of Their Daily Life. John Stuart in the London Mail.

Englishmen are rarely just to the Turks, for the stolid and superficial reason that Englishmen rarely know much about them. I believe that if more of our race were to study the Turkish peasantry, as yet uncomprehended by contact with the outcroppings of civilization which are headquartered in Constantinople, the cunningly spiced tales served up for Western consumption would find less credulous acceptance.

Too often, also, the untraveled are content without inquiry to believe chromolithographic statements from passengers by the Orient express, whose prejudices against everything that is not Christian and on the side of whatever is Christian, in name, if not in essential fact, remain unmodified by a short residence in a smart hotel at Pera. So our eyes are blurred and our intellects clogged.

I know well enough that the Turk has faults, but, as these faults are so frequently advertised, let his virtues for once be my theme. I shall speak of him as I found him in his country home.

A golden thread of religion runs through the Turk's life from the cradle to the grave. He lives in unflinching observance of the severe rules laid down by Mohammed, in a sure and certain hope that obedience will unfailingly find its due reward in Paradise. It is this faith that invests the Turkish peasant with the air of simple dignity which so often makes his presence charming.

The Turk is never ashamed of his religion. At the stated hours you will find scrupulous, if not fervent, worshippers in the mosques. Not once nor twice have I watched the farmer at his devotions beneath a wayside pine or fir tree. If the hour of prayer strikes while the Sultan is receiving an ambassador, the audience is suspended until the Sultan's orison has been spoken.

One night I traveled across the Sea of Marmora on a steamer laden with sheep and their shepherds. The men formed up in a long line, and each in turn made his obeisance to the Almighty on a praying-mat which lay, pointing toward Mecca, at the vessel's stern. On reflection I felt cause to be ashamed of my own surprise that men should do such a thing.

This unsuspecting faith is the parent of many shining graces of character. The Turkish peasant is industrious, frugal and contented. It is the will of Allah that he should work hard to wring a living from the parsimonious soil; but his reward is certain. It has been suggested by one who knows the agricultural classes well that it is this certainty which gives the Turk his air of placidness and his sense of conscious superiority. He does not think himself a better man than his Christian neighbor—he knows it. And yet he is humble to the very grain.

The prophet demanded cleanliness, and every religious observance is preceded by ablution, where that is possible, just as the observances are really gymnastic exercises designed to keep the body fit. A Turk's house is always clean, in contrast to the houses of Greeks and Armenians of his own wealth. His kitchen would satisfy a Dutchwoman; his camp kettles are never left unpolished.

Sobriety is the rule and not the exception in the country districts. Even in the towns the majority of Turks use stimulants sparingly. Fidelity, patience, obedience, discipline, are native to the Turkish character, and that is why the Ottoman armies have always been terrible and often irresistible.

Once I had to stay alone in a village in Asia Minor. Every night the bekje, or village policeman, slept outside my door, and he accompanied all my walks. He was a delightful companion, and he gave me some capital shooting, for, like all his race, he was a zealous sportsman. Even in Christian villages the bekje is always a Turk, for the Christians prefer an official whom they can trust.

SHORT STORIES

Victim of His Own Game.
From the New York Tribune.

Mrs. Potter Palmer's son Honor, who was married in August, once outwitted a conierge in Paris neatly.

A lad of 16 or thereabout at the time, he was spending the winter in Paris with his mother. One cold night in February he stayed out unusually late, and, desiring to get in without awakening any one, he rang up the conierge softly. The conierge, with equal softness, came downstairs. He whispered through the keyhole, "Is that you, M. Palmer?" and then he said, positively: "I can't let you in, sir."

"Why not?" asked the young man.

"Because the rules are very strict," said the conierge. "No one ever is let in after midnight."

The boy desired ardently to enter. He thought a moment, then he slipped a gold louis under the door.

"I have just slipped a gold louis under the door for you, conierge," he whispered. "Now let me in, that's a good fellow."

The conierge instantly drew back the bolt. "Come in softly. Make no noise, monsieur," he said shamelessly.

But young Palmer was already regretting the gold louis—his last one. A thought struck him, and he had no sooner entered than he said:

"Oh, by the way, I left a book on the stone balustrade outside. Do you mind getting it for me?"

With great politeness the conierge, in his bare feet, tiptoed out upon the cold stones. While he fumbled about the boy pushed the door to and locked it.

Lost His Accent.
From the New York Times.

Roselle Knott, who is to star this season in "When Knighthood Was in Flower," has been spending her vacation at her home in Hamilton, Canada. After her return to New York to begin rehearsals she took time from her busy preparations to tell the following story of a Canadian bishop who is well known for his broad Scotch accent as well as his belief that it is not perceptible:

"The bishop received a visit one day," said Miss Knott, "from a brother Scot whom he had not seen for several years. They were soon engaged in earnest conversation and finally the bishop asked, 'How long have you been in Canada?'"

"'About six years,' was the reply.

"'Hoot mon,' said the bishop, 'why hae ye nae lost your accent, like mysel?'"

A Full "Program."
From the New York Times.

A country pastor gave a dance to the farmers and tenants of his parish. After supper he noticed a certain farmer's wife looking rather disconsolate. On being interrogated she replied:

"Well, sir, I never was so insulted in my life as I have been tonight."

"Dear me," said the pastor, "what has happened?"

"'Happened!' she replied. 'Why, a young chap comes up to me after supper and says, 'I suppose by this time your program is quite full' and, believe me, sir, I had had nothing but the wing of a chicken!'"

Offending Nature.
From the Philadelphia Ledger.

There is an excellent old lady, who lives in Germantown and is a strong advocate of the enforcement of the blue laws. But she is very fond of the good things of the table, and for this reason she delights in doing her own marketing. The other Monday morning found her, bright and early, selecting some fine pears from her marketman.

"Are you sure," she asked, "that these pears were not picked Sunday?"

"I don't know about that," said the man, with a grin, "but I do know that they grew Sunday."

A "Slave to Method."
From the Scottish American.

A medical specialist was very much in the habit of using a notebook to assist his memory and insure precision. In course of time it happened that his aged father died. The worthy doctor attended the obsequies as chief mourner with due solemnity. At the close he was observed to take out his notebook and carefully to erase the words, "Mem. Bury father."

How Did You Die?
Edmund Vance Cooke, in Light of Truth.

Did you tackle that trouble that came your way,

With a resolute heart and cheerful?

Or hide your face from the light of day,

With a craven soul and fearful?

O, a trouble's a ton and a trouble's an ounce,

Or a trouble is what you make it.

But it isn't the fact that you're hurt, that counts,

But only, how did you take it?

You are beaten to earth? Well, well, what's that?

Come up with a smiling face.

It's nothing against you to fall down flat,

But to lie there—that's disgrace.

The harder you're thrown, the higher you bounce,

Be proud of your blackened eye;

It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts,

It's how did you fight, and why?

And though you may be done to death, what then?

If you battled the best you could,

If you played your part in the world of men,

Why, the critic will call it good.

Death comes with a crawl or comes with a pounce,

And whether he's slow or spry,

It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts,

But it's only, "How did you die?"

They Don't Need One.
From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Sultan has engaged an American press agent. The Macedonians do not need one; their side of the case speaks for itself.

Don't Feel That Way.
From the Washington Star.

Col. Watterson says "the money evil is our Nemesis," but a large number of people do not feel as if they were being pursued.

It's Charm Gone.
From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Perhaps the greatest charm of smoking has now been removed for those West Point cadets. It is no longer a forbidden pleasure.

And Shrieking for More.
From the Washington Post.

There are but \$50,000 words in the English language, and all of them are in use by the Delaware Republicans.