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AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

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OFFICIAL CITY PAPER

GOOD EVENING.

We find ourselves, as has been said, "on a steep incline, where we can veer but little to the right or left..."

A STUPENDOUS FINANCIAL BLUNDER.

PAYING OUT MONEY, we have heard, is a rather disagreeable occupation with most people. All the thrifty ages agree that a dollar saved is a dollar earned.

All of these things appeal to the esthetically as well as the practically inclined. In our good old Portland way, however, we are inclined to look before we leap.

Granting that such an alliance is beyond criticism from a moral point of view, that shrewd practical men of affairs are unwise to consider anything except from the purely commercial standpoint, the mayor and his advisers are being rather sharply criticized.

THE JOURNAL NEWSPAPER.

THE JOURNAL came under its present management in July, 1902, and at that time an editorial announcement was made of The Journal's right to existence.

From The Journal, July 24, 1902. The Journal property has been purchased and has passed under the control of the undersigned, and the paper will be conducted on lines of greatest benefit to Portland, to Oregon and to the great Northwest.

Exuberant assurances are cheap and empty. I wish to make none. Performance is better than promise; action more fruitful than words.

behind the paper. It shall be a FAIR newspaper, and not a dull and selfish sheet. In short, an honest, sincere attempt will be made to build up and maintain a newspaper property in Portland that will be a credit to "Where Rolls the Oregon" country and the multitude of people who are interested in its development and advancement.

Portland capital largely is behind The Journal, and the fund is ample for all purposes. Coupled with energy and enthusiasm, the work of making a paper devoted to Portland's varied interests is begun.

IS HE GETTING CONSERVATIVE?

WITH the presidential nomination looming up in the immediate foreground, it is not at all probable that the president, in his forthcoming message, will go after any of the delicate public questions with a meat ax.

That Roosevelt to a great degree lost the confidence of some of the strongest financial elements in New York through his earlier expressions of opinion there seems no good reason to doubt.

This new attitude of the president detracts materially from the picturesqueness of his character and leaves some of his heartiest admirers in doubt as to whether or not, after all, he is the Real Thing he has been so loudly proclaimed to be.

OREGON'S POLITICAL CONDITIONS.

A Tribute to the Governor and an Appreciated Compliment to The Journal. Congressman Champ Clark's Syndicate Letter. Everybody knows that Oregon is Republican by about 10,000 majority; nevertheless she has had a most excellent Democratic governor in the person of that splendid citizen, Hon. George E. Chamberlain, who appears to bear a charmed life politically and who is a veritable Democratic mascot.

Those who are in charge of the Democratic national committee may not know it, but Oregon is a promising field for missionary work. Governor Chamberlain's triumph has encouraged Oregon Democrats greatly.

The Great Ohio.

From the St. Joseph (Mo.) News. Pittsburg has an "on-to-Cairo" scheme. That is, the business men of that hustling business center are using every energy at their command to secure such legislation and appropriations as will enable them to make the Ohio river navigable in all seasons for every sort of craft from its source at Pittsburg to its mouth at Cairo.

The Girls' Father—And you say you are sure your love could stand any test? The Smitten Swain—Sure of it. I have even seen her picture in that family group taken in the days when the girls wore jerseys.

Servant—I dreamed last night, sir, that you gave me a ten-franc piece. "That's all right. You may keep it."

SNUBBED FUTURE KING.

Incidents in the Life of the Late Duke of Richmond. From the New York American. The Duke of Richmond was the "Grand Old Man" of the peerage, and one of the most important members of the nobility.

The duke was the direct descendant of two kings of England and holder of four distinct dukedoms. He came of a family noted for martial services. The second duke and his sons fought at Culloden and Dettingen, the third duke became a field marshal, and the fourth a general, who had three sons in the army and a grandson who won the Victoria cross at Sebastopol.

He is survived by a family of devoted children and grandchildren. His two sons are Lord March and Lord Algeon Gordon-Lennox, whose wife is half-sister to the Duchess of Sutherland. The duke has been a widower for years. His only daughter, Lady Caroline, had been his constant companion for years, and reigned at Goodwood house.

The duke was celebrated for his dislike of smart society, and his abhorrence of betting, gambling and slang. He twice snubbed King Edward when the latter was Prince of Wales. Ever since 1863, when Edward married, the Duke of Richmond had entertained his future king and the royal family during the Goodwood race week, which course is owned by the Richmond family.

As was his invariable custom, the duke retired at 10 o'clock. Twenty minutes later he went downstairs for a book, and found, to his amazement, his future king and a number of women playing baccarat.

The next year the prince stayed away, but again returned the following season, but this time he snubbed the duke and visited Mrs. "Willie" James. In retaliation the duke refused to invite him to his special stand at the races or to give him the privilege of entry by the private gate.

The duke always signed himself "Richmond and Gordon." He was a large breeder of choice cattle, and sold his stock to buyers in all parts of the world. An American woman from the Middle West heard of the Richmond cattle and desired to purchase some specimens.

"THE CITY OF CRICKETS."

Seems to Be an Appropriate Name for San Antonio.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "San Antonio ought to be called the City of Crickets," said a man who has just returned to New Orleans from Texas, "for I never have found as many crickets anywhere on earth as I found out there. The streets are literally filled with them. It is not simply a case of the cricket everywhere you go. I have been trying to figure out why it is that these insects are so plentiful in the Texas town in question. At night they swarm around the electric lights like the bugs we are familiar with in other places. It is impossible to walk along the streets without stepping on them. And there is just a bit of poetry about the situation in San Antonio with respect to cricket life there.

"The people generally look upon them with a feeling of affection, and it is a rare thing to see a citizen show any sort of indifference to the members of this interesting family. No man would think of treading on a cricket. They take particular pains not to do anything that would in any way injure the lives or limbs of crickets. I was speaking of the poetry of the situation. It is a fine thing to hear the crickets crooning early in the evening. They chirp as cheerily as if they were hidden away in the weeds of some romantic hedge or on the hearth which has been immortalized in verse and song. Men hurry along the streets; women brush along in the musical skirts, and all the while the crickets keep on crooning their little love songs, just as if the pulses of humanity were not beating about them. It is interesting, picturesque, poetic, and, if I had my way, I would christen San Antonio the 'City of Crickets.' I think the name would add color to a city already romantic in its rich coloring."

Test of the Trusts.

From the Wall-Street Journal. The trusts are now undergoing a supreme test of their strength and their ability to fulfill the economic mission assigned to them. Their existence is explained to be due to the imperative need of reducing what is called "the waste of competition." It has been held that by lowering the cost of production and eliminating waste and imparting steadiness to rates and prices that the trusts would be of the highest possible benefit to the country. Moreover, it has been argued that they would enable us the sooner and more effectually to enter and capture the foreign markets. Lately the assertion has been made that they would be a tower of strength to us in any trade reaction, serving to keep the reaction within reasonable bounds, and to prevent any such demoralization in prices and rates as have in former periods been so disastrous. Well, we have undergone a severe liquidation in the stock market, and seem to be entering upon a period of partial reaction in the trade, and the trusts are therefore undergoing their first severe test of endurance. Will they accomplish what has been claimed for them?

Balfour Knows.

From the New York World. Mr. Balfour's reference to the fact that there is free trade between all the states of our union as free trade's "most momentous and permanent victory" reveals him as a British statesman who knows an accurate thing or two about this country.

Hand and Foot.

From the Philadelphia North American. The president had no hand in the Lipton invitation muddle. And Secretary Loeb put only his foot in it.

ENGLAND'S EYE ON MILNER.

Something of the Man Who Has Been Asked to Enter Cabinet. Carlsbad Correspondence New York World. The whole British government situation revolves around Lord Milner, whose already high position has suddenly become one of cardinal importance, especially to the Conservative party, because of the invitation extended him to enter the British cabinet.

While all this fame has been thrust upon him he has been staying quietly at Carlsbad, going through the so-called cure and going to bed at 9 o'clock every night. He left South Africa two months ago and came direct to Carlsbad without passing through London. He was seeking a little rest and restoration, having a bad liver after three years of war work in overthrowing the Boer government.

The fashionable season had ended when Lord Milner arrived. Not a dozen people were staying at the Koenigs-Villa, the hotel where he took up his residence. In the most democratic, free manner he formed the acquaintance of a few belated guests.

The arrival of the king's messenger with an urgent request to enter the cabinet seemed like an interruption from the outside world. It disturbed the routine of his simple life among the people, who tacitly avoided reference to politics.

But the messenger departed, and the next day Lord Milner resumed his social intercourse. He had breakfast with a little American boy of 7, who shared with this ruler of South Africa some fish he had caught the day before.

To those who have the privilege of knowing Milner outside the restricting formalities of official life it is easy to see why he has been so successful and has every prospect of an even more brilliant future.

He has not passed the meridian of activity of mind or body. You look at him and see a man two inches under six feet, with a sturdy, well-knit frame, weighing perhaps 170 pounds. His shoulders have a slight student roundness, but his step is long and springy, his swing of arms as free as a boy's.

There are four striking characteristics about Milner—first, he has a large, firm jaw; second, he has a simple, earnest and frank, yet confidential, honest and straightforward way of talking, without the least attempt at insinuating the tricky style supposed to be necessary in diplomacy; third, he has a soft, musical voice, exceedingly pleasing to hear; fourth, he has the ability to throw off care in a moment, to forget troubles in trifling diversions.

Lord Milner was born in England 49 years ago of German parentage. He inherited neither title, fame nor great wealth. He went to Balliol college, Oxford, and there became one of its most brilliant prize students, among his friendly rivals being Curzon, Brodrick and Clinton Dawkins (J. P. Morgan's partner).

His first work was as a writer on the Pall Mall Gazette under W. T. Stead. Then he entered politics as private secretary to Chancellor of the Exchequer Goschen and pushed up through important financial positions in Egypt to high commissioner for South Africa.

The Boer war gave him his chance to display his ability, and now he is on the high road to possibly be England's prime minister at some future day.

Milner still is a bachelor, because he has devoted all his mind and heart to work.

NEW PORTABLE CHURCH.

Presbyterian Structure in the Bronx Has Sections Bolted.

From the New York Times. Something novel in the way of church construction has been adopted by the committee on Sunday schools and young people's associations of the presbytery of New York in the new house of worship which has just been completed at Home street and Intervale avenue in the Bronx. This house is of a portable or sectional structure, and can be taken down and rebuilt on another site at will.

The committee which had charge of the matter consisted of Rev. Dr. Arthur C. McMillan, Rev. John C. Palmer and Jonathan Marshall. The consideration which led the committee to select the portable type of building for the new church was the fact that the committee does not hold title to the land upon which the church stands, and could not find any other site in the vicinity so favorable for the planting of its new mission work. If the character of the neighborhood should change in the future, or a more available place should be secured, the building could be taken down and rebuilt upon the new location.

In its dimensions the church is 55 feet in length, 25 feet in width and 20 feet in height, and will seat about 200 people. The roof is made of asbestos and the building of yellow pine. Its different sections are bolted together.

The Journal is Right.

From the Pendleton East Oregonian. The manager of the Marquon theatre of Portland has withdrawn his patronage from The Oregon Daily Journal because that paper told the plain truth in a very gentle manner about a play which the manager did not represent correctly in its advertisements. The Journal, in defense of the public, told just exactly what the play was like after it was presented at the Marquon, and the story was not creditable to the association which booked the attraction nor the manager who promised his patrons a good thing at a high price and deceived them. The Journal takes the ground that the public should be kept posted, and to this end employs competent critics to write up the attractions furnished by the Portland theatres. If a play is not good, the public should know it, so the company presenting it may improve or put on a new number. If the manager of the Marquon should buy a suit of broadcloth from a dealer at a fancy price, wouldn't he kick if the stuff proved shoddy on delivery? The people want the goods advertised.

The Swearing Habit.

From the San Jose Mercury. The habit of swearing in public—or, indeed, anywhere—is offensive and is usually condemned by the laws and police regulations, though it has become so common as to be almost a national evil. The street corner talk of loungers is often unfit for the ears of decent people. Men indulge in the grossest forms of expression without thought for the sensibilities of passers, and seldom do creatures of this ilk think to lower their voices in the presence of women and children. It would be well if an occasional prosecution served the excellent purpose of emphasizing the fact that society holds to certain conventions as to speech which cannot be lightly disregarded.

He Might.

Prof. Langley might engage himself and machine to make high dives at the lake resorts next summer.

NEW FAD OF COLLECTORS.

Revived Interest in Old Pieces of Sheffield—Their Scarcity. From the New York Tribune.

There is a fad just now for old Sheffield plate, and most people buy it because it is fashionable. They are confident of its rarity and value, but do not know just how rare and valuable it may be. Connoisseurs, on the other hand, see pieces of a long-past era whose pieces of plate have dwindled to odd pieces here and there, difficult to procure and as valuable as they are rare. Fortunately for them, the marks on Sheffield plate, after the first few centuries of its existence, became so pronounced that they are easily recognizable, and in addition to the stamp certain patterns and designs are peculiar to certain centuries, and enable the collector to determine with certainty the period to which any specimen of Sheffield plate belongs.

The beautiful cups, for instance, which were made in what is known as the egg-and-tongue molding, with bands of engraved foliage, are the products of Elizabeth's reign. Salvagers of the time of Queen Anne proclaim themselves by their shape and feet and by the abundance of exquisite chasing wrought upon them in connection with engraving. George III seems to have had less appreciation of decorative art than his predecessors, for in his reign Sheffield trays are plain of marks, decorated only with beaded edges.

Birmingham plate is often confounded with that of Sheffield, and is practically the same thing; but the two may be distinguished by the stamp, the Birmingham mark being an anchor instead of a crown set in an octagon, the Sheffield brand. All old Sheffield ware is stamped, and is more valuable than modern silver, although some of it is alloyed with copper.

Collectors complain that secular Sheffield plate of a date earlier than the reign of Henry VII is very scarce. It is the plate of the century beginning with the reign of Henry VII and ending in 1586 which furnishes the sideboards of today with their choicest specimens. These pieces are, however, not at all numerous, owing to the destructive influences at work during the conflict of the Roundheads and Cavaliers, when owners of beautiful plate ruthlessly melted it down to obtain the wherewithal for the conduct of the war. But still more destructive to plate were the requirements of King and parliament in a subsequent century and the proclamation of William III at the end of the seventeenth century, offering a premium for hall-marked silver. Incredible as it appears, great numbers of people readily parted with plate of the greatest artistic value, and scarcely less astonishing is the enormous sacrifice of silversware made a century later to satisfy a whim for splendid dinner services in the fashion of the day. This destruction was due to the fact that no new supply of silver ore was available such as had once poured into England from Spanish America and had furnished the celebrated silversmiths of that age with tons of metal.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis.

From the Philadelphia Ledger. The life of Mrs. Jefferson Davis cannot fail to awaken memories that are sacred and to revive hopes that are inspiring. To her it was given to be one of the honorably conspicuous figures in a period that Americans everywhere now contemplate with a sense of reverent pride. In the titanic struggle of more than two score years ago, American womanhood as well as American manhood was put to the supreme test. Throughout this wide country of ours the women as well as the men were then required to "defend the right as God gave them to know the right," and it is but the simple truth to state that in an hour that tried their souls American women of the Southern states as well as American women of the Northern states failed not.

Of these devoted and self-sacrificing spirits Mrs. Jefferson Davis was one. She went through the struggle with patience and courage, and returned to her home in the ashes of defeat to adjust herself in gentleness and dignity to a world of which she had not even dreamed. Like her noble countrywomen of the South, she did not complain; she did not cower before misunderstanding; she acted as the strong always act. She worked and prayed and waited. She put in the front of consciousness her determination to cherish the traditions of her race and her breeding. If in moments of success her example had been stimulating to her people, in the hour of disaster it was little less than ennobling. In her modest home at Beauvoir and elsewhere she lived a life that won the respect, the admiration and the love of all high-minded men and of all high-minded women. Suffering was hers, and sorrow was hers also. In the changes and chances of life the gales of necessity blew pitilessly against her, yet through it all shone the inextinguishable light of a character glorified by grief.

It is right that the world know this. It is right that Americans of the Northern states completely recognize it. And they do recognize it. The age of chivalry is not gone; the age of economists and calculators has not succeeded, and the glory of America, at least, is not forever extinguished. Still may be held that "generous loyalty of sex" if not that "dignified obedience" if not that "proud submission," that "subordination of the heart" which keeps alive and not in servitude "the spirit of an exalted freedom." "The unthought grace of life, the nurse of many a sentiment and heroic enterprise" is not gone—no, nor never can go so long as a life as noble as is Mrs. Jefferson Davis' shall have power to bless and to save the children of earth.

Two Miles a Minute.

From the New York World. The fact that a speed of 106.3 miles an hour has been reached on the Zossen experimental road in Germany is interesting, but the engineers in charge are in error if they think that this is the highest speed ever attained. More than 20 years ago a steam engine and car attached, both of light construction, were driven at over 100 miles an hour on a single-rail "saddleback" road built by Captain J. V. Meigs at Boston. Ten years ago the Empire State express ran a mile at the rate of 112.5 miles an hour. Two years ago a train on the Plant system in Florida ran five miles in two minutes and thirty seconds, equivalent to 120 miles an hour.

Some experts think that while there is no mechanical difficulty in the way of running trains at the rate of 100 miles an hour or more, no engineer will be able to stand the strain of such a speed without a nervous breakdown. But with a thoroughly protected track, free from grade crossings, with nothing to disturb the mind, and with vibrations reduced to a minimum, it may be found that a train can be run at two miles a minute with less mental tension than is caused by half that speed today—when a speck on the track a mile away may develop within 60 seconds into a wagon-load of people.

SHORT STORIES

Whistler and His Creditors. About a quarter of a century ago the artist Whistler went through the bankruptcy court—a sequel to the Whistler-Ruskin trial, which brought him only a farthing damages and a very long bill of costs. The jesters made merry and Whistler with them. It was said that Whistler, the man of "arrangements" in color, was beaten at last—he could not make an arrangement with his creditors. There were comedies enacted in Whistler's home, as when (by a borrowed idea) the bailiff's man, put into evening dress, added to the artist's glories by waiting at dinner. When the bankruptcy affair was over a friend congratulated him on having come through his difficulties. "What difficulties?" asked Whistler. "Oh, difficulties with the creditors." "My difficulties, indeed!" exclaimed the artist. "Theirs, you mean—theirs!"

None of Your Business. From the Philadelphia Press. A seedy-looking individual strolled up to the ticket office in a certain railroad station the other day. The attendant was busily engaged at the time, and while waiting, with his hands thrust in his pockets and lowered head, the individual was soon lost in deep thought. Presently he was awakened from his meditation by the attendant asking him: "Well, what is it?"

The individual awoke with a start, and, after fumbling in his pockets, he finally brought forth some pennies, which he proceeded to count. "Let's have a ticket," he said, with his eyes cast on the ground, and from his suspicious manner it could readily be seen that he was troubled with a guilty conscience. "Where do you want to go?" asked the attendant, in a business-like manner. "The man slightly raised his head, and a frown settled on his face. "None of your business!" was the quick retort.

"Where do you want to go?" repeated the attendant, indignant at his manner. "I told you once it was none of your business," replied the individual, angrily. "I come here to buy a ticket, not to be asked foolish questions." And with that as a parting shot he rambled away.

His Friend's Ignorance.

From the Argonaut. Two Highlanders, being in Glasgow for the first time, were having a walk through the city. Turning a corner, they were much surprised to see a water cart wetting the street. Not having seen anything of the kind before, Tougal, under a mistaken idea, ran after the cart and cried to the driver: "Hey, man—hey, man! Y're loein' a' y'r water!"

His friend, annoyed at Tougal's want of knowledge, ran after him, caught him by the arm, and said, rather testily: "Tougal, man, Tougal—dinna be showin' y'r ignorance! D'yer no see it's to keep the laddies off the back o' the cart?"

His Calf "Rond a Vay."

From the Chicago Inter Ocean. Residents of La Grange are deriving much amusement from an offer of a reward posted on the bulletin-board of the postoffice. The notice was posted, on permission of the postmaster, by an honest, Dutch farmer named Hans Bog, who lives a few miles out of town. Bog came to the postmaster in great trouble, and asked for permission to put up a notice offering a reward for a calf which he had lost. On being given permission and a sheet of paper he wrote and posted up the following remarkable example of phonetic spelling: "ROND A VAY. Von Ret and Vite Calf mit its to behind legs was plack he was a she Calf. Anye potty-dot grings Dot Calf home pays me five Tollar. HANS BOG. Tree Mile Behind de pridge, Bear Creek."

A Personal Bill of Fare.

A squirrel of Andover once hired a brother of Patrick, who was in his employ. The terms were made with Pat before his brother's arrival, and the following conversation ensued: Squire—I'll pay your brother one-fifty a day, Patrick. Patrick (bowing and smiling)—Yis, sor—yis, sor; and will he ate himself or will ye ate him, sor? The squirrel thought that Dennis had better eat himself.

How She Got Ready.

London Tit-Bits. She'd dressed up to go out with him—'Twas on the topmost floor; Before the mirror she had posed A weary hour or more. At last she started down the stairs, And he was glad, but then She tarried on the second floor To see herself again.

Before another mirror there.

She turned and turned and turned, And took her time and seemed as though She only was concerned. She patted bows and touched up tucks And felt her fluffy hair, And rearranged her new "fat" hat With undiminished care.

And then she gathered up her skirts.

And fixed them in her hand, Coquetishly looked back once more Into the mirror—and Went down another flight of stairs To the reception-room, Where he was huddled like a chunk Of rainbow-colored gloom.

He smiled, as any husband should.

But managed not to speak, And it was well, for he was sure He'd waited there a week. He rose to go, but she advanced Upon the large pier glass, And back and forth in front of it Began to pass and pass.

She started with her hat and hair.

And carefully looked down, Inspecting things until she reached The bottom of her gown. She caught her skirts again and looked To see how she'd appear, And, evidently satisfied, She said, "I'm ready, dear."

He heaved a sigh (but made it soft).

And headed for the street, But hearing not the footfalls of Her Louis XIV feet, He turned—he staggered as he fell Against the nearest wall— She was gazing in the mirror in The hatrack in the hall!