

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

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A BEGINNING, BUT MUCH MORE NEEDED.

THE MEETING held last evening admirably met the temporary exigency in the public schools and to this degree acquitted itself well. It did better than there was reason to hope for a few weeks ago, but at the same time it may be said that it has only scratched the surface.

We have now reached a stage in Portland when it is no longer possible to escape our responsibility in this matter. Wrapped up in the solution of the question before us is the future of the schools themselves. It is a matter which affects directly or remotely every man, woman and child in Portland and it is a matter which concerns the future welfare of every minor in our whole population.

A PRACTICAL RESULT OF THE STOCK MEETING.

ACCEPTING their own freely made expressions as proof those who attended the National Livestock association meetings are glad they came to Portland. They are pleased with what they have seen and are delighted with the cordial reception which has been accorded them on every hand.

So far as the special livestock interest is concerned circumstances transpired to make of the convention one of the most important that has ever been held. The cattle and sheep men are closer together than ever before in all history. The matter of range rights is better understood and its equities better appreciated than ever before.

MANY SILENT AT HOME.

Divorce Lawyer Says From 500 to 1,000 Wedded Couples Do Not Speak. From a New York Special. A. H. Hummel, who has been employed as an attorney in many divorce suits, in discussing matrimonial troubles today, said: "From my experience as a lawyer in cases of matrimonial infidelity I should say there were between 500 and 1,000 homes in this city where absolute silence reigns between husband and wife."

Lesser Evil.

From the Omaha World-Herald. A merchant at Friend, Neb., was given his choice between the penitentiary and a horse-whipping. He chose the latter.

Pacific ocean which they could best reach from this vantage ground. As it appears to them there would be big money in three great packing plants on the Pacific coast—one at San Francisco, already established and a flourishing success, one at Los Angeles and the greatest of all of them at Portland.

All of these conclusions based upon expert opinion and a realization of the needs give an entirely new aspect and practical value to the question so far as it relates to Portland. It is one of those questions which should receive immediate attention and consideration.

THEY MADE A FINE IMPRESSION.

SOME of the trouble of the world and very much of the ill will which is frequently aroused between individuals is directly traceable to the fact that one or both sides is under a false impression with reference to the other. If each were fully acquainted with the real purposes of the other, there would very often be plain sailing and happy accord instead of suspicion, recriminations and discord.

SOME EXPRESSIVE FIGURES.

PORTLAND can well afford to let the figures speak for themselves during the year 1903. During that period the building permits taken out in this city footed a total of \$4,281,056. Much of that work has been practically completed, the most notable exception being the government work in progress at the postoffice which cannot be finished for a year and a half yet.

But the most striking feature of the figures in a purely local sense is the relative growth on each side of the river as the figures indicate it. The total amount of money represented by the permits for the year on the east side amounted to \$1,555,186 and on the west side \$2,695,870. The total number of buildings for which permits were taken out was 1,028 on the east side and 610 on the west side. The average cost of the former was \$1,542 and of the latter \$4,419.

"COURT PIANIST" FOR HAITI.

President Alexis hires a New York Negro at a Big Salary. From the New York Sun. A great honor has been thrust upon Ford Davney, a negro piano player of Washington. He has been engaged as pianist to President Nord Alexis of Haiti. Davney will create the part, so to speak, for he will be the first official pianist at what is being called by his friends and associates the "Haitian court."

THE JAPANESE SAMURAI

Inherited Influences Which Are Back of Navy Officers. By birth all Japanese officers belong to the old fighting class of the Samurai; the proportion is indeed so overwhelming that the word "samurai" is not misleading.

From the Chicago Tribune. Out of 373 accidents to postal cars in the United States railway mail service last year came 22 deaths to clerks, 78 serious injuries, and 398 hurts that were more or less slight in comparison.

THE HAZARDOUS LIFE OF THE RAILWAY MAIL CLERK

trips by rail in a sleeping car or parlor car has little idea of the sensations of speed in a postal train under fast schedule—a schedule which with possibilities of delays and the hardships of making three round trips running at times to 90 miles an hour.

ST. LOUIS WILL BEAT CHICAGO.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal. The usual methods of indicating the proportions of the Chicago and the St. Louis world's fairs is by comparing their expansiveness in territory and buildings, a comparison greatly in favor of the St. Louis enterprise.

FACTS ABOUT COLOMBIA.

From Harper's Weekly. Some facts about Colombia which come by way of Washington are in point just now. Colombia, not counting Panama, is as large as California and Texas combined, and has over 10 times the population of Panama.

Fruits of Economy.

From New York Mail and Express. The great trust a little economy will save \$43,000,000 a year. That's right—save the millions, boys, and the billions will take care of themselves.

Left Nothing Worth While.

Burglars broke into a West Virginia jail the other day and carried away everything of value. They left the jailer.

That Psycho Knot.

From the Pittsburgh Dispatch. Cholly—Is she a psycho looker? Clarence—She's a psycho—not Cholly—I've noticed that she wears one.

The Native Falling.

From the Detroit News. If Senator Gorman were from Missouri he could hardly be more persistent in demanding that they show him.

Vanished.

From the Washington Star. A few years ago no one would have believed that Aguinaldo would not be in demand for at least an occasional magazine article.

The Best Issue.

From the Springfield Union. The damage that the boll weevil does to cotton no longer interests us. What we wish to know it what will damage the boll weevil.

Is It Self Defense?

From the Chicago News. The unwritten law of society considers every man guilty until he is proved innocent.

A Social Tip.

From the Atchison Globe. Be good to your neighbors; they know all about your family skeleton, and can tell some entertaining stories about it.

Now they speak of the steam heat, the Plintch gallies, and the six-truck cars, built the regulation 60 feet in length.

The cars making up No. 15 had been under the sheds of the Northwestern station in Wells street since 10 o'clock the night before. They were a letter car, one paper car, and a storage car, which were scheduled to make the 230 miles into Cedar Rapids, Ia., in 265 minutes, including the seven stops—two for water and one for a change of engine and train crew.

Clark S. Mann in charge, with Clerks Frank Klauk, A. M. Brandage, H. E. Tenchout, H. Kolbe, E. W. Frye and H. C. Settle, had been toiling with mail pouches, heaps of letters tied in bunches, piles of Christmas boxes, and strappers overflowing the tables and the aisles of the cars ever since 6 o'clock in the evening, and it was 3:30 o'clock in the morning when the writer for the Sunday Tribune passed into the car with the heaving gray mounds of the newspaper mail—this of it from the station trains and mountains of it a little later from the Chicago newspaper offices.

For nine hours in the stiffness and dust of the letter and paper cars the postal crew had been slashing mail in the endeavor to have it sorted before the newspaper mail at the last should swamp them. With the paper wagons came the conductor of the train, Arthur E. Bassett, and out of the gloom ahead loomed the black outlines of John Allen's locomotive, No. 10, and the engine, Fireman Dyrart shoveled coal through its double furnace doors.

Beyond Wells street and the bridge and the black intersections of the cross streets south and north of the river might have been thoroughfares for the lead, save an occasional passenger wagon rumbled through them, waking the silences. Wells street station was asleep, save for the watchman; for one to buy a ticket from the sleeping agent behind his closed window necessitated a hammering at glass and a shaking of the window out of keeping with the surroundings.

Outside it has been driving snow until the whole earth is white. The wind is rising and the cold is keener and more penetrating. A snow flock already has struck the Conductor Bassett, is walking and down the platform in some impatience, when suddenly a belated wagon dashes up, half a dozen sacks of paper mail are thrown to the platform and almost without striking are shot into the open door of the car.

These cars are 60 feet long and of the "mule end" type—that is, without platform. Close up to the engine tender with its mighty weight of steel and its load of coal and water is the letter car, and in the blind forward end of this forward car are the racks and pigeon holes and tables for the sorting and sacking of the first-class mail matter.

Three-fourths of the rear portion of the car are given over to the racks for the bags into which the paper mail is shot, ready for the sorting and sacking at the proper station for the swinging open of a jammed door, the careful sighting into the dark of the station and its platform, and then, with the train moving 60 to 70 miles an hour, for the clerk to swing the bag out into the air, trusting the air to carry it at least within the corporation bounds of the village.

A postal car, from an interior point of view, is not reassuring. With a cross continental portion of mail from the west, the clerk is working in 600 miles, together with a Saturday night grist of the local postoffice and of the Chicago newspapers, a postal car such as is coupled close up to No. 1991 on the borderline of telescoping at the slightest collision is breast high with pouches and bags, and the side door, for half an hour probably not a single door could be slid back, because of the jam of the mail. At least one end of the car is as blind as a rat trap and down the sides of it are little railed windows out of which it would be impossible for a grown man to squeeze in case of accident.

There are bottles of fire extinguishing liquids, the axe, saw, and hammers of the regulation emergency box, and overhead on each side the car, just in front of the ventilators are swung the "life rods"—high enough for a clerk whose car is making 70 miles an hour to jump and seize one of them, providing suspended till the crash comes—having he have any knowledge of the crash before the car comes to a stop.

Heads of departments in the railway mail service will tell you of the time when they worked in stuffy cars only 40 feet long, heated by dangerous stoves, and using coal oil lamps that smoked and spluttered high up under the car.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

From the New York Press. The only remedy for baldness is a wig. It takes more courage to admit one is bald of his wife than to pretend not to be. It's very foolish of a woman to lace so tight when she gets hugged it doesn't seem any different. What worries a girl almost to death is what people think about the things they ought not to think about. You couldn't get a woman to go on a north pole expedition with out a low-cut gown, in case she had to go to a reception there.