

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF PORTLAND

FACE TO FACE AT LAST.

ONCE AGAIN is there a verification of the old French proverb—the unexpected has happened.

There is no doubt that the instinct of the American people leads them into sympathetic relations with Japan.

INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY IN PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

FROM some remarks we have heard recently we are struck with the lack of the sense of individual responsibility, which obtains among so many of our citizens.

He is typical of many of his fellow citizens. Others are so engrossed in their personal business that they say they have no time to give to city affairs.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

Another Phase of It. Portland, Feb. 6.—To the Editor of The Journal—Since the consensus of opinion appears to regard the opening of the fair on Sunday as harmless, those who think differently should retire peacefully, hoping that in the multitude of councilors there may be safety.

life; must feel as they did in the Venice of old, of whom it has been said:

THE BALTIMORE FIRE.

ALTHOUGH very much more circumscribed in territory involved and much less spectacular in some respects, it looks as though the fire which wiped out the heart of Baltimore's wholesale district will reach in money loss the staggering totals which epitomized the Chicago fire.

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION.

THE school board of Portland reports that the school children of the city are in no danger from fire, although none of the school buildings are fire proof and the Atkinson school is very badly arranged while the High School building is practically a big chimney.

RATES ON BURNSIDE STREET BRIDGE. EARLY in December last the circuit court took under advisement the propriety of increasing the tolls to be paid the county for cars running over the Burnside street bridge.

more than lazy humbug. The whole matter is in the hands of the people and as a very large majority of those people constitute what is termed the working class, it is for them to decide.

A PARSON BROWNLOW STORY.

John Sharp Williams, the Democratic leader in the house, told a number of stories in a recent speech, but the one that was the most laughed at was this: "What I think of the course of the Republicans in this Philippine business reminds me of a story I heard of old Meredith F. Gentry in Tennessee."

WATSON ON HEARST.

What the Kentucky Editor Said About the New York Journal. From the Courier-Journal.

"That a man wholly untried in political affairs, untried in office, personally unknown to any constituency and in any public arena should appear as a candidate for president of the United States seems anomalous to the point of absurdity."

DISCOVERY OF THE COLUMBIA.

Bert Huffman, in Pendleton East Oregon. From quaint New-England's loved and rugged shore.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

From the New York Press. It would be awfully foolish for women to dress the way they do if they weren't built the way they are.

How Can He Ever Do It?

From the Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune. With what grace can a St. Louis alderman with his fixed price of \$1,000 look into the face of that Grand Rapids alderman who got \$40,000 for just one vote?

Trespassing.

From the St. Louis Republic. The father who attempts to chastise his married daughter is most assuredly trespassing upon the prerogatives of his son-in-law.

Accept His Suggestion.

From the St. Joseph Gazette. Secretary Shaw says that a young man who had not worked for hire, and a good many of them are inclined to follow his lead.

The Simple, Yet Old, Old Story of Emma Schmidt

This is the story of Emma Schmidt. It is a story for those of you who are curious to know what moved Emma Schmidt to abandon her 6-weeks-old baby girl in Grant park, on the lake front, last Saturday night.

For Emma Schmidt is a Marguerite. She has never heard of "Faust." She cannot read the poetry that starts the tears of sympathy to your eyes, nor feel the music that clutches at your heart.

Emma Schmidt sat in her cell yesterday at the Harrison-street police station and pondered the riddle of life. Not the supreme enigma, but just the riddles of her existence, yesterday and the day before, and the day before that.

Emma Schmidt is a domestic. She is 27 years old. She can neither read nor write. Her father, who died a month ago, was German. Her mother, who lives in Le Moyne street, is Irish.

It was here that Emma met the man who she says is the father of her child. He was a bellboy. Though Rose attempted to break up the relationship, Emma declared that the man had promised to marry her.

American Gunners in Great Demand for War Supplies

From the Chicago Journal. The sixty-four trained men-o-war's men who jumped their ships just before the departure of the American fleet to Evans' Asiatic fleet from Honolulu, are said to be on their way to Port Arthur to ship at their rates on Russian men-o-war.

Advice to the Lovelorn

BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX. Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been introduced to a young lady at a dance. I gave my card and she did not have any.

Then within two weeks of the baby's birth Emma was sent to the county hospital. Her bed in the long ward where other Marguerites lay was next that of Margaret Holman. Their babies were born the same day.

So, at the end of a week, Emma took her baby Emma and passed out to the big hospital into the human wilderness, not knowing whither to turn her steps.

"You call Rose a virtuous woman, don't you, because she didn't do what I did?" philosophized the unlettered Emma. Emma's weary head on the cot. "Where is your husband?" demanded the woman of fashion.

Emma started to tell her story, but when the rich woman saw its burden she called her footman to drive the creature away. Emma Schmidt and Mary Holman then went downtown and Emma made a last appeal to Rose.

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Emma told what she had done. The mother threw up her hands in horror. "Quick, quick, you must go back and get your baby," she cried. "Bring it home child. What can you be thinking of? You are—"

But Emma had fainted. As soon as she was revived and had taken nourishment she was sent back with her young sister, Lizzie, to recover the baby.

"It was so slow goin' back," wept the prisoner at the thought. "I was so glad that I could bring the baby home, but I was afraid it would be dead before we got there. We got off the elevated at Adams street, and I ran ahead and showed Lizzie where I left the baby in a box. But it was not there. Then a man stepped up an' showed his star and said I was arrested."

MISS MISTAKEN.

I think it would be better to let the man make the first advances, and then you can be ready to meet him half way. If he really wants to make up his mind, you can find some way of letting you know. You might tell the person who told you that he was sorry that you were sorry also and perhaps in that way the breach may be mended.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young lady of 20 years of age and have been keeping company with a young man nearly three years my senior.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young lady of 20 years of age and have been keeping company with a young man nearly three years my senior. I thought a good deal of him, but he always quarreled with me for talking to other young men I knew. I have found him to be very jealous, and I quit his company I hear he is nearly crazy over my giving him up, so I thought I would ask your advice.

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