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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF PORTLAND

REPUBLICAN CONVENTION ORATORS.

THE nominating and seconding speeches at Chicago yesterday are proof that oratory is by no means a dead or even a decaying art. We who read cannot estimate the measure of merit in the delivery, the tone, the inflection, the emphasis, the fervor, the gesture—the indefinable, God-given gift we call oratorical magnetism—of the several speakers, which is more really than the words; the studied phrases, the polished and glowing sentences. But it may be taken for granted that Black, in addition to this, is a master of the art of rhetoric. He is not only polished, but concise, trenchant. His was by far the best address yesterday—though we might take exception to the spirit of one portion of it, that in which he asserts that the world will always be at war, never at peace.

Beveridge is also an orator, no doubt. His language is fine, but even in reading it, without hearing the man, one can perceive that he is more of a made and less of a born orator than Black or Knight. He has not their warmth within, in the case of Knight amounting to furnace heat. Beveridge has evidently studied longer over phraseology than Black did, and yet does not match the New York man's rhetoric. His language, and we presume his delivery, is cooler, more precise, more rigid. Black is strong enough, but he weaves and sways, and subtly moves his audience with him, while Beveridge holds them straight up and down in their seats. But Knight makes them jump up and down and sideways. He probably studied his speech scarcely at all. He merely poked up the coals and the flames burst out spontaneously, as naturally as a fire burns when it has dry material to feed on.

Foraker is always a good speaker too, a natural orator, though probably in this wonderful natural gift not up to the standard of either Black or Knight, but perhaps surpassing Beveridge in point of swaying an audience. He is equalled, if not excelled, as we imagine, by Deliver, who is also well dowered with this masterful gift of ready, effective speech.

Who will be the great orators at the Democratic convention, besides Cockran and Bryan? And does not the fact that they are out, and politically down, and not agreed among themselves, doubtful if not despondent, discordant if not disrupted, mitigate heavily against their oratorical powers? But we shall see. There is an opportunity for true Democratic oratory, even yet.

AN INADEQUATE PUNISHMENT.

AFTER many months' investigation Captain James B. McIntyre, skipper of the steamer South Portland, has been found guilty of negligence and incompetence, and sentenced by the San Francisco board of inspectors to punishment, to wit: Suspension of his captain's license for a period of three years. This is not a light punishment for a sea captain to bear, but it is an exceedingly light and an altogether insufficient penalty in consideration of McIntyre's gross and uncommon offense.

The findings showed that Captain McIntyre was negligent and unskillful in the navigation of the steamer before he struck the fatal reef; that he was astray as to his position about 18 miles and did not know whereabouts he was; and that notwithstanding this and the further fact that a dense fog prevailed, he was going at full speed when the ship struck.

The steamer had two life boats, sufficient to carry all the passengers, but they were not properly launched. One of them got away empty, and several passengers lost their lives in the attempts to launch the boats. The captain, instead of staying with the ship to superintend the work of rescue, was about the first one over the side, and got away in the first lifeboat lowered. He and five other men in it were all that were rescued, McIntyre being the first one saved, all the women in the boat having been drowned.

The inspectors' findings, in brief, bear out in full the reports of Captain McIntyre's conduct at the time. He not only was negligent, careless, even reckless, in the navigation of his ship, but he was guilty of the shameful and almost unprecedented cowardice in a man in his position of deserting his ship and its panic-stricken passengers, apparently caring for nothing but his own life.

It is to the credit of seafaring humanity in general, and captains of ships in particular, that such an exhibition

STUDYING THE JAPANESE.

From the New York Times.

With the progress of the war between Japan and Russia, the pleasant theory that, however it may be in manners and morals, in war any white race is superior to any race of another color, whether black, red or yellow, has been suffering from a severe attrition, and now even the military experts are admitting, frankly, but with no particular manifestation of joy, that at least one yellow race can meet on equal terms in strategic ability as well as personal courage.

As a result the life methods of the Japanese—what they eat and drink, the frequency of their baths, their devices for developing bodily strength, and the like—are receiving careful study, not so formerly, from academic interest in the queer ways of an alien people, but in humble admission that the west may possibly have a thing or two of this sort to learn from the east for its own race. That the Japanese live largely on rice, and often add fish to meat thereto when they add anything, is carefully considered, the vegetarians drawing one deduction and sane people another.

The Edinburgh Medical Journal seems disposed to credit much of the Japanese clearness of mind and strength of body to the fact that not only do they bathe more than any other nation, but they bathe with cold water when they are thirsty, and even then they are very apt to drink something else. The daily custom of the Japanese, on the contrary, is to use water in about the quantities consumed by a white health-seeker while taking a "course" at a medicinal, or supposedly medicinal, spring, and it is more than possible that they get water that we do from water containing minute quantities of mineral substances for the most part quite inert.

As for the Japanese diet, perhaps its composition is of less consequence than the fact that it is so moderate, and that there is little or no overeating. A marked moderation of emotional expenditure also marks the nation, for its courtesy consists in large part of repression of its feelings which, when displayed, waste both time and energy.

Day of Miracles Is Past.

From the Cleveland Leader.

However thoroughly the "conservative" may control the St. Louis convention, it is safe to predict that Bryan will get a great reception when he takes

his seat with the Nebraska delegation, and that he will put any other orator before the convention out of business as far as firing the galleries goes. But there is no free and unlimited coinage of eloquence into votes.

CARELESSNESS, NOT PROVIDENCE.

W. D. N. in Chicago Tribune.
And so again we hear the moans of mothers;
And so again we read how children died;
And sharing grief all men become as brothers.
For grief has long and long been sanctified.
Again there come from countryside and town
The word to comfort them that are cast down.

And yet again arise the ones who wonder.
Who ask: "Why should high heaven let this be?"
Who see the blight but do not see the blunder.
Who think a vengeful act in this they see;
Who in the sackcloth of the ones that grieve
A branding thread of punishment would weave.

And yet again occasion they would borrow
By pointing to the new-turned, rose-heaped sod,
And sighing as a reason for their sorrow:
"In all of this behold the hand of God."
Why is it, when gray grief comes stalking in,
That some must straightway cite the wage of sin?

How greatly does it mock the gentle Master—
The Man of Sorrows, well acquainted
That we, sunk numbed by death and by disaster,
Would seem to say of faults His was the chief!
There should be sung across the sky in flame
The words: "Your shrieking hands must hold the blame!"

Matter of Shape.

From the Chicago News.
Miss Angles—Don't you think this dress makes me look horrid?
Miss Plumpton—Well, to be frank with you it does it rather tight.

of cowardice and disregard of others' lives is exceedingly rare. The almost invariable rule is that masters stay with their ships to the last, or at least as long as anything can be done to save passengers. But this man not only recklessly wrecked his ship, but at the first thunder-clap of danger, basely betrayed his trust and left his passengers helpless in the deadly peril in which his own recklessness had placed them.

Considering that such are the official findings, as well as the ascertained facts published at the time of the disaster, the punishment—only a three-years' suspension of his license—is totally out of proportion to the offense, so much so as to constitute a travesty of justice.

THE NEW PACKING PLANT.

IT IS NOT EASY to overestimate the importance nor to measure the fruitful consequences which will flow to Portland from the establishment here of a great meat packing plant. But the benefit which Portland will realize is only incidental compared with the even greater benefits that will flow to the cluster of states which would naturally be tributary to the enterprise and whose stockmen would find here their readiest and best market. The movement in itself is tremendously significant of a growth in the right direction and a full appreciation of the fact that it is neither business sense nor good judgment to ship the raw product several thousand miles to a market and then return it here in its finished state when all the work might just as well be done at home.

Yet the movement is not a whit in advance of the time. There has long been need of it and the logic of events has inevitably led in this direction until in the fullness of time the thing is to be realized. The great stock-raising country lies directly back of us extending to the crest of the Rocky mountains. So long as there is here no large packing plant of this description the market is necessarily limited almost exclusively to the local demand for the product. The case is analogous to that of the berry and some of the fruit growers who until they established canneries, were obliged to depend upon the daily demand for their products and could do nothing with the surplus. But things are different now in that respect and as time goes on, no matter how much the product may be increased, or how large the surplus, it will all be taken care of systematically and with a fair margin of profit. The same will be true of the packing plant and with possibilities of growth that few realize.

SCHOOL SPORTS AND SOCIETY.

NEWLY ELECTED director of the Pendleton public schools says:

I do not like football, and do not think that it should be sanctioned by the board. If the boys will play, let them do it outside of the authority of the district, and then the management will not be held responsible for injuries received by the players. I like the gymnasium, and think it is a fine thing for the students if they are not allowed to overdo themselves in the work. Under proper management the gymnasium is an excellent thing for the young student. And I like the debating society, but I do not like too much social life and too many night doings. The young pupils, both boys and girls, need all the sleep they can get while going to school, and it is not best for them to be up at social functions three or more times a week. This man is just right. A reasonable amount of athletic amusement in the public schools, as well as in higher institutions of learning, may be well, but the tendency in both schools and colleges, the former aping the latter, is toward too much sport; that is, it is coming to be made the main thing, the chief object of an education.

The "social life" of young pupils attending common and high schools is even worse. After the day's study and play and work, the place for school children, even high school and academy children and youths, is at home and at an early hour in bed. This may be a little old fashioned, but it is a word in favor of a fashion that should never go out.

Schools are running entirely too much to formal game contests, juvenile social functions, and making creatures out of children that they should not be.

This director—his name is Smith and he has five children in school—is just right. Would there were more such directors, and parents.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN GIRLS.

From the Washington Post.

About a score of English maids and matrons, well bred, intelligent, and of the upper ten, were lately in evidence in the lobby of one of Washington's best hotels for about a week. During the stay of the fair ones from abroad they were the objects of much curious attention. People seemed to know at a glance that they were foreigners.

"Yes, the women of England do look queer alongside ours," said the wife of a congressman, when appealed to for an explanation. "There are several important points of difference. In the first place, they do not as a rule possess good figures, neither do they carry the stay of the fair ones from abroad they were the objects of much curious attention. People seemed to know at a glance that they were foreigners.

"Don't envy the rich. From the Atchison Globe.
We rubber at the idle rich, envy them and wish we were in their shoes, not knowing that real pleasure is foreign to them. The truth about living is that the pleasure of having things is to work for them and earn them. The man who appreciates living is the one who works. The woman who loves her home is the one who takes care of it herself. The vacation that is enjoyed is the one which is gained by sacrifice. People who are surfeited on lavish dinners do not enjoy their food like the workman who enjoys his simple fare. Do not envy the idle rich.

Better Than Nothing.
From the Chicago News.
"Any game around here?" asked the city sportsman.
"Goin' to be a game uv baseball back uv th' graveyard this afternoon," replied the native.
"Good!" exclaimed the c. s. "I'll stay and take a shot at the umpire."

Small Change

Only a week more to get that June bride.

For vice-president, Charles W. F.—air-banks, not—alton.

Where are those 500,000 Russian troops that were here this to be in action?

We may look back longingly yet this summer on these cool days and cooler nights.

It required a very long and carefully prepared speech for Secretary Root to explain.

Assassinating a ruler or high official is a poor way to try to bring about a reform.

The pioneers conquered Oregon, and every year they come and reconquer Portland.

What a surprise it will be to President Roosevelt to hear that he has been nominated.

There won't be any need of ice water or fans in the audiences that Mr. Fairbanks addresses.

What the United States has to fear, in respect to undesirable immigration, is the Atlantic cut rate peril.

Though it will not rain, let farmers and orchardists be thankful that it is not quite cold enough to freeze.

The more fuss the United States makes over him the more Rainsford demands. He is a sort of Rockefellerian bandit.

If Reggie Vanderbilt would next essay a loop-the-loop ride, people would watch the performance with interest and hope.

Even if it was necessary to deport the union miners from Colorado, was it not needless inhumanity to leave them in Kansas?

The reorganization managers at St. Louis will have the job of their lives on their hands if they attempt to muscle one W. J. Bryan of Nebraska.

Editor Gear says the crowning glory of the Willamette valley is the Willamette river. But isn't the river in a queer place for a "crowning" place?

Uncle Joe Cannon is too extreme a partisan to be a great statesman, but there is an old-fashioned twang and flavor about him that is agreeable.

It is suggested that delegates to the Democratic national convention leave their guns at home. Let the fight be confined to tongues, fists and furniture.

The Illinois Democratic convention has a plank favoring woman suffrage. Did somebody make the platform committee believe that women could vote in Illinois?

"Grinning, ghastly, silly cartoons," is the Albany Herald's opinion of the caricatures of President Roosevelt recently appearing in the Oregonian. Probably most other people who have seen them endorse this description.

Last week Spokane papers boasted of being a good town because 17,000 people went to church. Last Sunday 25 hold-ups, burglaries and attempted robberies occurred there, perhaps partly because so many people go to church.

The Roseburg Plandemaster is still urging the Republicans of Douglas county to "stand by their party." What couldn't they sit down and rest a little while during the summer? What on earth does the grand old party want of men standing by? It just now for, if all Republicans and some Democrats are going to vote for Roosevelt in November anyway?

BIBULIANS.

"Raisgill is a gentleman," writes Iron Pedicaris.

"He would not do a single thing intended to embarrass His captives, nor does he desire their peace of mind to harass— He only wants the money."

"The ice-man is a gentleman"—this word is from another—

"His every inclination is to be a man and brother; Therefore your indignation you should grapple with and smother— He only wants the money."

"The coalman is a gentleman" (of course we'd have to bump him)— "It jars his sensibilities when with brigands you lump him; Go ask him all about his work—you'll find, if you will pump him— He only wants the money."

"The meatman is a gentleman"—this note is from a buyer—

"He don't like to see your grief when prices are made higher; If you assert 'tis otherwise, he'll hint you are a liar— He only wants the money."

"The gasman, soda-fountain man, the druggist and the grocer, The man who sells electric light—set down this point as so, sir; Not one of them but feels for you. Your enemy? Oh, no, sir!— He only wants the money."

"The bookie is a gentleman"—we get this from a better Who uses losing tickets as the basis of his letter—

"He would not have a single man through hard luck be his debtor— He only wants the money."

With no desire to add to this or lengthen it unduly, The point that Pedicaris makes is not discovered newly.

The world is full of gentlemen who work a la Raisgill— They only want the money. —Chicago Tribune.

MR. PEDICARIS' VACATION.

From the Springfield Republican.
Mr. Pedicaris now writes to friends in civilization that his kidnaper "is the most interesting and kindly hearted man I have ever known. It is impossible not to like the man." It was almost a pity, then, to hear these two persons apart. To think that a whole fleet of United States warships should be building the sultan of Morocco into the making of arrangements whereby Mr. Pedicaris must separate from his delightful friend! This is a new act in the play of international kidnappings. Mr. Pedicaris, having achieved such fame, ought at least to visit his own country after his release. He should come over to see what the country is like after 20 or 30 years' absence.

Journal of the Lewis and Clark Expedition



June 24.—We passed at eight miles distance Hay Cabin creek, coming in from the south, about 20 yards wide, and so called from camps of straw built on it. To the north are some rocks projecting into the river, and a little beyond them is a creek on the same side called Charaton. Scary—that is, Charaton like the other. We halted after making 11 1/2 miles, the country on both sides being fine and interspersed with prairies, in which we now see numerous herds of deer, pasturing in the plains or feeding on the young willows of the river.

MAN—THE ENIGMA

(By Rev. Thomas B. Gregory.)

Readers of the great world-poet will recall the words of Hamlet:

"What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculty! In form and moving how express admirable! In action how like an angel! In apprehension how like a god! The beauty of the world! The paragon of animals!"

And yet to what depths of folly and contempt this mighty being can fall! Infinite as he is in faculty, it is not along with it all the most foolish creatures in the whole hierarchy of being?

Despite his godlike reason, what wretched things he is always doing! In action how like an angel—sometimes; and then, again, how like a beast!

A saint today and a satyr tomorrow. Today, inspired by the noblest ideals; tomorrow, the dupe of appetite and passion, his crown in the dust, his royal robe torn to tatters or soiled beyond all recognition by the effluvia of his own unspeakable corruption!

This strong being called man—how he perplexes and puzzles us, as we see him, now with his "bursts of great heart," and now with his "slips in sensual misdeeds," the eternal paradox, the enigma of enigmas, the mystery of mysteries!

The bit of advice that used to be carved into the rock at the old Greek oracle of Delphi, "Know thyself," might just as well not be given.

We cannot know ourselves. Within us are "dark places" that have never been explored, and that never will be explored.

We have found the long-hidden sources of old Egypt's mighty river; but the spring of human conduct, the reason, the strength, the weakness, the traditions of human nature are as dark to us as ever.

We have measured the distances of the stars. We have counted them, weighed them, mapped them, analyzed them; but to the question, "What am I?" the wisest man can make no answer.

Much is known about the laws of the heavens, but about the laws that have their field in these beating human hearts and throbbing human brains we know absolutely nothing.

Human nature breaks every slate and upsets every calculation. You never can figure out what it is going to do. It will not be reduced to a schedule.

IS THE SUN'S HEAT FAILING?

(By Garrett F. Serviss.)

(Copyright, 1904, by W. H. Sears.)

This rather startling question is suggested by an article written by Professor S. P. Langley in the current number of the Astrophysical Journal, perhaps the most authoritative publication in the English language on subjects connected with astronomical physics.

Professor Langley concludes, as the result of a careful investigation of the weather conditions recently prevailing all over the northern hemisphere, that at the end of March a year ago the amount of heat received by the earth from the sun dropped off about 10 per cent.

The almost immediate result was a lowering of the temperature on our planet to the extent of about three and six-tenths degrees Fahrenheit below the normal. This defect of heat was not due to any unusual cause, such as in America, Europe, northern Africa and Asia.

Professor Langley points out that a similar diminution of 10 per cent in the solar radiation would produce a constant lowering of the temperature of the earth more than 12 degrees Fahrenheit below that to which we have hitherto been accustomed. Since the actual loss was less than four degrees last summer, and there has apparently been a gain since September, 1903, it may be inferred that the trouble in the sun was only temporary and of short flicker, so to speak—and that Old Sol is now all right again.

But it is somewhat disconcerting to know, or even to have reason for suspecting, that the sun, so long justly regarded as the most regular and unflinching performance of duty, is capable of giving us the cold shoulder.

This strange charge of the Washington Post, however, is not to be taken too literally. It will be able hereafter to feel the confidence in the orb of day which it once universally commanded. If the sun can suddenly drop 10 per cent of its radiation, who is to assure us that, on another occasion, it may not drop 40, or 50 per cent? And where would we be then, and what would winter be like?

Professor Langley does not attempt to explain what it was that happened in the sun when its heat fell off, except by referring to the fact that there was a "sudden" decrease of the amount of gas around the sun which has off a large part of the radiation from its interior body, and that former calculations made by him have indicated that if this envelope were stripped off the earth would get about twice as much heat as it now receives. The inference is that at the end of last March the sun's gaseous envelope suddenly became more dense than usual, thus preventing a noticeable portion of the solar heat from streaming out into space, and reaching our planet.

This is really a subject of the utmost importance. The earth is entirely dependent upon the sun for its very existence as a living globe, and a cooling sun would quickly make a finish with our ambitious race and put an end to our quarrelsome forefathers.

It has long been a general belief among astronomers that the sun must eventually cool off, but the period when its failure of radiation would have serious effects has usually been set several million years in the future. It is to be hoped that these calculations do not conceal any error.

TEN DALLIES ELECTION.

From The Dalles Times Mountaineer.

Whether the result of yesterday's election will be more far reaching than to suppress gambling remains to be seen. We do not expect that the election will be a general crusade of any radical changes in the city administration. Mr. Seufert was elected mayor on a single issue—that of enforcing the laws as he finds them—and this he will most certainly do. When this is done, when the laws are followed by those in authority, nobody has just grounds for complaint. Neither state nor municipal laws are framed with a view to working a hardship on anyone. They are enacted with a view to resulting in the greatest good to the greatest number, and their enforcement cannot work a hardship on any considerable number. If the enforcement of any law proves irksome to a majority of the people, it will be repealed, but we do not anticipate that the enactment of the anti-gambling laws in The Dalles will cause people to demand its repeal. The verdict of the people is that it shall be enforced, and it is not likely that they will be speedy to reverse the judgment they rendered yesterday.

From The Dalles Chronicle.

The result of the election yesterday will be a good advertisement of The Dalles to those seeking homes. By a large majority the citizens have elected a mayor who will strictly enforce the laws, and who will not tolerate any regulations regarding gambling and other vices. He is a man of strong individuality, and is so situated that he can act independently of any outside influence. The people have the utmost confidence in his integrity, and believe that he will carry out the program in municipal government that he said he would. The majority is sufficiently large to emphasize the fact that The Dalles is under the complete control of the better elements of society, and that, as a home town for families, the pernicious influences found in an "open" town will not be tolerated here.

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KEEPS HIS OBLIGATIONS.

"Now, look here, Thompson," remarked young Brown, "it is six weeks since you borrowed that dollar from me."

"Seven," corrected Thompson gravely. "Well, then, you've kept it, haven't you? And you promised to give it back to me in a week. Promised faithfully, you did, to return me it in seven days, instead of weeks."

"I know it," answered Thompson, sadly, drawing a memorandum book from his pocket. "The date of that piece of money was 1886. I made the note, and then I spent the money. Since then I've been trying to recover it."

"But," howled Brown, "any other would do as well."

"No," responded Thompson, shaking his head. "I always keep to my word. When you gave me the money, I said, 'I will return this to you,' and I meant it. Brown, old chap, just as soon as I come across that 1886 coin I'll see that you get it, for I am not the one to go back on my promise."

"MACARONI WEARS."

Pretty soon, the department of agriculture predicts, all the macaroni sold in America will be made of American wheat.

So recently as 1893 the department had an agent abroad to look for seed of the hard wheat used in macaroni making, and he brought home a good load of samples. The result has been that last year the Dakotas alone raised 10,500,000 bushels of the new grain, which is tough and hardy and a good climate resister.

Three years ago not a single factory in the country was using macaroni wheat in making macaroni. This food when made from ordinary bread flour is of inferior quality. In 1903 we imported more than a million dollars' worth of macaroni and vermicelli.

Macaroni flour makes excellent grid-dle cakes; on the whole it seems to be a case to say, "Welcome, stranger."

Oregon Sidelights

Ashland is improving faster than ever before.

Florence is to have a new \$3,000 schoolhouse.

Albany is to have a new and complete city directory.

Work on the Dufur railroad is progressing rapidly.

The fruit cannery at The Dalles has begun operations.

Slide shows are bliking people of far interior Oregon towns.

Roseburg school pupils number 948, a gain of 11 over last year.

The hop crop of Oregon will reach 100,000 bales this year—if.

Irrigation will work wonders in the long-time desert-land of Malheur.

Stockmen are looking more peart, because cattle are coming up a little.

The Rhineharts will hold a big family reunion near Summerville, June 25.

At the Astoria school election only 16 votes were cast, all for J. A. Eakin.

Irrigon people will vote on Bonding the district for \$3,250 for a schoolhouse.

The need of keeping clean is becoming more appreciated in Oregon towns.

The consumptive sanitarium in the Blue