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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF PORTLAND

WHY NOT?

IF THE MUNICIPAL AUTHORITIES of Portland should order an expert investigation of the several departments of the city government, similar to that which has been made by the county, they would probably have the cordial approval of the taxpayers. The people would like to know precisely what becomes of the city's revenues. Where does the money go?

The annual and semi-annual reports of various city officials shed some light upon the subject, but not enough. It is not enough to know that expenditures are kept within speaking distance of receipts nor to know how much it has cost to run the police department for the previous year. The city's books should be experted in the same manner that any other large business is checked up, by careful expert investigation. If there has been waste, irregularity or misuse of funds, it will be brought to light.

There is a widespread impression among the people of Portland that the city government is not economically administered. The results are not commensurate with the high rate of taxation, and the impoverished condition of the city treasury excites much dissatisfaction and comment. If criticism is unjust, if the affairs of the city are in fact being administered with economy and prudence, this would be made apparent to the public by an expert investigation and city officials should be heartily in favor of it.

The city may well profit by the experience of the county. The reports of the expert who has been at work at the courthouse have brought to light many abuses previously unsuspected. Considerable sums of money will be recovered by the county which, but for the expert's investigation, would have been lost altogether. Many loose methods in the conduct of public business have been discontinued. The benefits of the county's house-cleaning have been unmistakable. It is fair to assume that the city would profit quite as much if it follows the county's example.

THE COUNTRY'S WHEAT CROP.

THE WHEAT CROP of the United States is now being harvested. In the Pacific northwest it will be a bumper crop, but according to present estimates will fall below the average of the past three or four years in the country.

The wheat product of the United States in the past few years has ranged from 600,000,000 to 750,000,000 bushels, its value ranging from \$350,000,000 to \$450,000,000. The value of the hay crop averages about \$450,000,000, and that of the cotton crop has reached \$350,000,000.

James J. Hill recently estimated this year's wheat crop at not over 600,000,000, which is now reckoned a short crop, and Mr. Hill is regarded as a pessimist; yet he may not be far wrong. The shortage, as compared with the years since 1899, is attributed chiefly to continuous and drenching rains and windstorms in the Red River valley, and in the great grain belts of Kansas and Nebraska, where the crop, though very large, will be less than in some former years. But even 600,000,000 bushels is not a very light crop, for in 1895 it was scarcely 400,000,000 bushels, and several years since fell below the 600,000,000 mark. The greatest yield was in 1901, 748,460,000 bushels, while it was 670,000,000 bushels in 1902 and 637,000,000 in 1903. These yields were above the average, for in 1900 the harvest was only 522,000,000 bushels, and in 1899 547,000,000. In three years during the past eleven, the crop has fallen below 600,000,000.

So with even only 600,000,000 bushels this year there will be plenty for ourselves and a considerable quantity for export. And the Pacific northwest, with its 50,000,000 bushels or more, will make a fine showing.

HEAVY COST OF WAR.

IT IS ESTIMATED that the war in the far east is costing Russia now \$1,000,000 a day, and the expense is constantly increasing. If, as some experts think, the war will be prolonged through many months, the aggregate cost will be enormous, and will burden Russia with debt for many years—and most of her people are none too

well off now. Russia was not well off financially to begin with, principally on account of the great cost of the Siberian railway, and expenditures on Port Arthur, Vladivostok, Dally, Harbin and elsewhere. Besides, it is popularly supposed that most Russian officials are corrupt, and divert large percentages of expenditures to their own pockets.

But Russia is also losing heavily in indirect ways, through the interruption to industries occasioned by the war, and the idleness and restiveness of the people not engaged in it. One wealthy Moscow man, it is reported, is spending several thousand dollars a day in aiding his former factory hands, so as to keep them from rioting. The volume of Russian goods delivered to railways for export has declined greatly, and the railway tonnage has shrunk 25 per cent.

It is estimated that railway loaders and carters to the number of 60,000 have been discharged and that nearly 400,000 laborers and artisans of all kinds are already idle. On the other hand, owing to these conditions, the constabulary must be increased throughout the empire, to guard against revolt or revolution.

War is a very expensive thing, aside from the lives lost, and it is well that it is so. The very cost of war will operate as a preventive of war, and aid the efforts being made to preserve the world's peace.

PROTECTED MANUFACTURES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THERE IS one important and significant fact that the standpaters for a high protective tariff, for the present tariff law, dodge. The Republican organs won't mention it, or if they do they make lame and insincere explanations.

This fact is that protected-manufactured articles, such as agricultural machinery, sewing machines, steel rails, glass and metal wares of various kinds, and many others, are sold in foreign countries much cheaper than they are sold at home.

A Russian, a Hungarian, a Tibetan, a Brazilian or an Abyssinian, can buy these protected things cheaper than the American living a mile from the manufactory can buy them.

It certainly costs considerable to transport these things to far-distant countries. And it is certain that unless in exceptional cases these articles are sold abroad at a profit.

Now these facts, and this subject, are going to be thoroughly inquired into, investigated, and talked and written about, during this campaign.

The people are going to be told and shown what the standpat policy means, and is doing. The time is near at hand when the Republican party cannot successfully dodge this matter longer.

The tariff should be reformed, and not by the friends of this system of robbery of the people by means of so-called protection.

The people will not stand pat much longer.

THE FIGHT IS ON AGAIN.

JUST as every one had settled into the comfortable conviction that the great packers' strike was ended, that reason, justice and common sense had replaced the spirit of pugna which has marked the past few days, word comes that the strike, instead of being settled, is more decidedly on than it ever was and apparently farther away from solution. If there is now added to the other awkward questions a suspicion of unfair dealing the whole situation will be seriously complicated.

If both parties to such a controversy are disposed to do the fair thing by themselves and each other, there is no good reason why the strike should be prolonged; but if this were true there would be no good reason why it ever started. But the packers should at once relieve themselves of the charge that they have attempted to take snap judgment in having the strike declared off and then falling to live up to the understanding. This would greatly embitter the fight, while at the same time it would withdraw from the big packers some of the sympathy that otherwise might be theirs.

REMARKS SOMEWHAT MODIFIED.

"Make haste, Johnson, and get up," said the pastor's wife from a place of safety; "it's starting to rain again."

"Let him eat again, ma'am," gasped the sexton. "I'm going to wait till he's got some good will to man inside 'im."

NOTHING BUT HOUSEWORK NOW.

From the Newark News.

Mrs. Gresham tied the rowboat at the rickety little pier and went out the weed-grown path from the lake to the old farm house.

"Good morning, Mrs. Hopkins," she said to the thin, worn woman, who came forward to meet her.

"Mornin', Miss Graham," said the other, and, drying her hand, she held it out. "You all back for the summer, I s'pose."

"Yes, we got here this week."

"Where you stoppin'?"

"Same place—the Lake house. How are you and yours?"

"Oh, tolerable, thank you. Won't you get down?"

"No, I'll not stay. I've just rowed over to see if you'll do our washing this summer as you did last."

"I'm sorry to disappoint you, Miss Graham, but I don't believe I'll take in washing this year. I'd do most anything to accommodate you, but I'm out of the washin' business. You see," she added, with a sigh, "an uncle o' mine died out in California last winter—maybe you read about it in the papers—and he left us nigh on to a million dollars, so I ain't doin' much now but the house work."

AN UNFALLING TOKEN.

From the Denver Post.

Once in a while the fact bores in deeply that the perfect performance of the ordinary duties of city government, which arouse little or no comment because of their ordinary and unexciting nature, are the real thing to get the public money's worth.

Disciplined, exact, systematic performance is the best evidence of efficiency in any line.

A Reform Measure.

From the Chicago Journal.

Several ladies were engaged in decorating the church when news was brought them that a goat was making a meal of a "Peace on earth, good will toward men" design in pretty leaves, which was standing ready for removal into the building.

The sexton, who was assisting, immediately rushed to the rescue, but the goat, resenting the interruption, repelled

Small Change

No fatal heat prostrations here, however.

Longing for a sea breeze and a sea bath.

It is a good time now, if ever, to be a vegetarian.

Those green mountains with snow crowns look good.

The settlement of the stockyard strike was a sensible thing.

Will arbitration cause another rise in the price of beef in eastern cities?

When a pretty woman is on trial, it might be well to blindfold the jury.

If money talks, Candidate Davis can become very eloquent, if he chooses.

The murmur of those mountain trout streams is almost compellingly inviting.

The aid needed at the afflicted town of Mitchell should be prompt and ample.

Russia is having nearly as much trouble, it would seem, as she deserves.

Nobody needs to consult a calendar now to know that it is the summer time.

Senator Platt of New York is 71 years old. In a few years he may run for vice-president.

If people of eastern cities were only Igorrotes, the meat question would be settled, for awhile.

Candidate Davis believes in the gold standard, but in how much of it, for campaign purposes.

Now Rainsell is carrying off many cattle, but he is at least an American citizen, so our government will not interfere.

The Chicago Chronicle has come out as a Republican paper. It has been so in fact, though not in open profession, for years.

Some Republican organs are doing an unnecessary amount of worrying about the gold standard, considering that nobody is trying to pull it down.

Judge Parker has passed the parish church plate at Eopous for the past 15 years. Lane scarcely considered worth a sign of water. All this shows a suspicion that he took out more than put in.

The men who play baseball such afternoons as these should be well paid somehow. The crowd of spectators at pretty summer girls might be the most acceptable sort of reward.

INCREASED RAINFALL.

From the Pendleton East Oregonian.

Is nature reviving her ancient program in Oregon? Is the gradual settlement and cultivation of the arid regions of eastern Oregon having a tendency to increase rainfall? and is the denudation of forests on each side of the mountain fall in some districts in that part of the state? It is true that portions of Umatilla county, north and west of Pendleton are increasing in fertility every year.

Land scarcely considered worth plowing 15 years ago, is now considered to be the safest and most certain wheat land in the county. Where it yielded from five to 12 bushels in 1890 to 1895, it now yields 18 to 25 bushels and it is needless to say that prices have increased accordingly. Wells have been recently found on farms in that dry district, upon which numerous holes were bored years ago, which did not show a sign of water. All this shows increasing moisture and greater precipitation. There are those who believe that the gradual settlement along the outer borders of the arid district will slowly reclaim the entire area, and that it induces moisture and the natural rainfall of the county is increasing. Umatilla county is experiencing a natural transformation for the better.

DIDN'T READ THE PAPERS.

From the New York Sun.

The last man in New York to hear of the Slocum disaster arrived at the Battery pier at 7 o'clock Saturday evening.

"What time does the General Slocum leave for Rockaway?" he asked the gateman.

"What's that?" said the gateman sharply. "He thought his ears had deceived him. But the man repeated his question."

"I've been reckon' on a trip to Rockaway all the week," he said. "I understand from here, but I've been waitin' quite awhile, and it don't show up."

"You'll have a good long wait for it, all right," said the astonished gateman. "The Slocum burned and sank with more than 1,000 people aboard last month ago. You'd better wake up."

"You don't say so," returned the inquirer with a faint note of surprise. "Sorry to hear it. Guess I'll have to go by train after all, though I don't like ridin' on the cars now."

This was too much for the gateman. "Say you're an odd fish," he exclaimed. "They want you over at the aquarium. Where do you live, anyhow?"

"Right here in New York," the stranger replied. "But I don't get a chance to read the newspapers much."

SOMEBODY OF A FARM HAND.

S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.

How glad I am to be a toiler here. There ain't no smoke to make your Gosh! how that sun does beat down on my back!

Where every prospect pleases, and the air is always pure and bradin'—I declare, my tongue feels almost dry enough to crack—

Git up, there, Fan, or I'll give you a whack!

And all you have to do is laugh at care. I pity them poor slaves that work away up there in town—gee! how my head does ache!

While I am out here, singin', glad and gay—

And what they earn the selfish bosses take; I've saved six dollars since the first of May.

And seems as though my blistered back 'ud break.

One of Senator Davis' Fads.

From the New York World.

Senator Davis has many little fads, and one of them is the picking up of old horseshoes. He never allows himself to pass one in the street or on his country roads. There is a story about his making a 250-mile horseback ride to Charleston, W. Va., and back last year, when he brought back half a dozen horseshoes tied to his saddle horn.

Journal of the Tarkenton and Clark Expedition.



July 22.—This morning we set sail, having found at the distance of 10 miles from the Platts high and shaded situation on the north, we camped there.

THE MAKING OF A GOOD WIFE

(By Beatrice Fairfax.)

Tucked away in the depths of every girl's heart is the thought that some day she will marry the man of her choice and live happily ever after.

There is nothing to be ashamed of in this—no woman's duty is to love and marriage as naturally as a flower to the sun.

But even though it is so often in a girl's mind, I doubt very much if she bothers to realize what it all means.

Even at the altar the solemnity of the vows she makes weighs but lightly on her mind.

She loves the man and means to make him a good wife, but her ideas of the duties of a wife are of the vaguest.

In marrying a man it is not alone his love you accept; you are indebted to him in most cases for your actual support.

The only way in which you can repay this obligation is by making him a good wife.

The woman who is a good wife and mother is filling the highest vocation that is granted to woman. There is no career equal to it.

We do best that which we are most naturally fitted for, and every true woman who has thought of her duties as a wife and motherhood.

The good wife should be her husband's comfort, strengthening him when he is weak, softening him when he is hard, and walking proudly by him in success, giving him tenderest love and sympathy in adversity.

She should spend his money wisely, remembering that every cent represents work and thought on his part.

His good name she should hold more precious than gold.

Many a man has lost heart and courage simply because he could not keep up the demands of his wife. The young wife finds it hard to realize that she cannot have all the luxuries she had in her father's house.

Even if she does not actually complain, she looks hurt and surprised when the husband hints that expenses are running a little too high.

He loves her and wants her to have as many pretty clothes and comforts as she has been accustomed to, and that is the beginning of the trouble.

Try and remember, girls, that if you wish to help your husbands to success you must be content with small beginnings.

DINKENSPIEL SEES FITZ

By George V. Hobart.

(Copyright, 1904, by W. R. Hearst.)

I had just finished a short conversation with Bob Fitzsimmons on the subject of hope deferred maketh der heart grieve a seakick.

Ven I met up mit Bob he was pasting a picture of der mayor of Philadelphia on a punching bag and setting ready to take a leedle exercise.

Bob Fitzsimmons has a wonderful collection of live stock made up to look like household pets, and der principle vum of dese is a self-chumping kangaroo.

Dinkenspiel seems to reflect der moods of his master vich at dis moment was red like a sunburst, since Mayor Vetter passed Bob der ice pitcher.

"It was so difficult, so extremely difficult to earn a living dese days," Bob exclaimed bitterly as he watched his pet kangaroo chew up der boxing gloves vich Bob would use no more for ever.

"Here at home was leedle mouths to feed, and I haf not swatted a rib nor soaked a jaw for nearly a year!"

Bob sighed bitterly.

"Here was I sitting at home mit no yun to hold an argument mit eggplant a cuckoo clock vich strikes and den ducks!"

Dare was almost a sob in Bob's throat.

"I should be out in der vorld mit a flag wrapped around my middle distance, reaching for der gate receipts."

Bob brushed away a tear of regret.

"Dare is der baby crying for a new dress, and curses on der luck! I haf not been able to land a right hook for so long dot I forget der odor of arnica!"

Bob's expression was full mit der sadness of longing for der unobtainable.

"Here is now a new hot summer wiesting us and not an eye blacked!"

TONY.

(By James Montague.)

Tony, he's de pedler w'ot comes along our street.

A yellin' "Buya de baman!" "Orange! Two cent! Sive-e-it!"

De fellows liken ter swipe der fruit w'ot Tony has ter sell.

Because he gets dead crazy an' can't do a ting but yell.

Out cuss words in Etyetalian; but, if they knowed it, he is no nearer as human as a guy like you or me.

For once, one winter mornin' when I went to buy de coal,

I saw a feller sittin' on a doorstep wit' a roll o' blankets underneath his coat a tryin' to keep warm.

A baby w'ot someone had left out dere in all de storm.

I see him take it up de street and down a cellar way.

To w'ere he had a bed an' stove. An' it was Tony! Say!

An' now at night I go down dere, w'en Tony's wolk is t'rough.

An' we sing songs to dat dera kid, an' he just answers, "Good!"

A Guinny woman Tony knows, she keeps de baby days.

But all de bills fer milk and cloze, w'y Tony always pays.

An' ev'ry night she brings him down, and Tony has him creep.

An' plays an' talks an' sings to him until he goes to sleep.

One day I asks him w'ot he sees in dat young kid dat he

Shud tink dere wasn't nuttin' else in all de wold, an' gee!

He looks so sad an' far away, I felt just like a shinin'.

W'en he says, "I hav a baba once, an' he jus' lika mine!"

Dat's w'y de kids don't t'row no bricks at him w'ere I am at.

I almost wint I had a dad 'e could be lika dat.

Oregon Sidlights

Watermelons, soon, just as good as Georgia's.

La Grande has 10,000 feet of new water mains.

Sherman county crops are even better than expected.

Grant county sheepmen have also formed an association.

The best crop of the Grande Ronde valley has never been better.

"Come over and get cooled off," invites the Tillamook Headlight.

How much will Mr. Belmont ship in to the Parker campaign fund?

Now it is apricots, and next peaches and pears, that are to be canned.

Of the five saloons recently in Tillamook, two have gone out of business.

On one man's Grande Ronde valley farms, 20 men are engaged in haying.

J. W. Scriber purchased the whole of a new \$25,000 issue of La Grande bonds.

A Spray man is breaking a large number of horses to take to the Alberta country.

Surveying for the proposed big artificial lake north of Ashland is in progress.

Now it is announced that the hop crop will be big, after all. Another case of premature scare.

Nearly all portions of Marion and Polk counties will soon be in connection telephonically with Salem.

Plentiful and timely spraying will rid the fruit trees of pests and make Oregon the best fruit state in the union.

"A sawmill near Hillgard employing 30 men, when it can, has closed down because it cannot get men to work."

Mr. Henry S. Ward and wife of The Dalles, aged 76 and 68 years, respectively, have been married 50 years.

Lake county, the Herald claims, raises as fine cherries, strawberries and other fruits as are raised anywhere, and in large quantities.

The Corvallis sawmill is receiving over 2,000,000 feet of fir, maple, oak and ash logs, and expects to do business on a large scale.

The Tillamook Headlight argues that saloons do not bring business to a town, but on the other hand are an injury to other kinds of business.

A Dallas party caught last Saturday six trout in the Kikikita—one man 10's, another 9's. Why catch women and girls fish successfully—for fish?

Union county has six flouring mills requiring about 2,500 bushels of wheat a day. The county needs a good enough grain to keep them all busy for a year.

Within the past month the Pendleton flouring mill has disposed of nearly all its stock of 40,000 barrels of surplus flour, besides its usual output of 600 barrels per day.

The Union woolen mills will ship away \$50,000 worth of products within the next three months. Their manufactures are considered to be among the best in the country.

Salem Statesman: Now the hops are climbing and the cool bree