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IMPORTANCE OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

STAGE ADMIRERS of Kyrie Bellew will be rather surprised to find him in a new role as member of the Royal Geographical and Microscopic societies.

While American eyes have been concentrated on the oriental countries it is barely possible that an even more inviting field has been waiting exploitation in Australia.

On the general proposition of what Western America will do one may judge to a degree by what it has done in the past.

QUEER, ISN'T IT?

SHERIFF in eastern Oregon, who has some of the earmarks of our own Sheriff Word, has created a profound sensation.

"Isn't it funny?" he naively inquires, "that the sight of a man doing his duty should create such a fuss? There is no discretion lodged with a public officer in enforcing the law; he is sworn to enforce the law as he finds it."

But in it all is a lesson which we should bring home to ourselves here in Portland. We should no longer give countenance to official law-breakers.

From the New York Herald. When the first train made its trip over the railway road on Wednesday night, Mr. August Belmont, president of the Inter-Borough Railway company, was at the controller.

the theory upon which the government is based and it is the only safe theory. Heretofore we have accepted as a matter of course the arrangement through which a certain body of our laws was ignored.

The good effect of this action is already apparent in other countries where other officials have learned that it is entirely possible to literally obey their oaths and that the enforcement of the law is not only possible but quite easy if each official is sincerely disposed to act.

SOUTHERN OREGON.

CROPS this year in southern Oregon—meaning by this term that part of the state lying between the Callippola mountains and the California line, north and south, and between the Cascade and coast ranges of mountains east and west, are on the whole as good if not better than usual.

As to climate, that part of Oregon cannot be excelled, if equated, anywhere in the United States. There is no excessive and prolonged rainfall, as sometimes happens on the coast.

Southern Oregon is also noted for its poultry, especially turkeys. From one little town alone many thousands of turkeys are shipped annually just before Thanksgiving and Christmas to Portland and San Francisco; and many tens of thousands from that part of the state, which seems especially adapted to raising fine poultry, an industry by no means to be despised, and which offers golden opportunities to hundreds of homeseekers with small means—even right around Portland.

To go into details no further, there is not a pleasanter or more inviting region between the great oceans for the homeseeker than southern Oregon.

Small Change

Port Arthur falls slowly. Weather hindcast for August—dry. Everybody go to El Paso next year.

Japan may make new maps necessary. Meanwhile, don't forget to make good wagon roads.

Preachers and teachers will soon be with us again. Couldn't Chief Hunt get a press censorship established?

Well, Messrs. Miners, how do you like Portland so far? That Hague tribunal isn't doing a thing but drawing its salary.

Without the mining men, where would your gold standard be? How would you like to be the Pop. chairman in a close state?

Now the barber board is holding its nose high in the air again. Gentlemen, come again; we are sure you will be glad to do so.

The Japs are fairly earning their title, "The Yankoes of the orient." Perhaps by the time Port Arthur falls the baby will have cut a tooth.

Fairbanks is not scheduled to come to Oregon. Let us weep in chorus. Perhaps Port Arthur wants to be in fashion and fall only in the fall.

There is one good thing about Chief Hunt—once a month—his salary. Shaw is coming to tell us how to vote. He supposes most of us can't read.

The children wish September—and school—would hold off another month. Miss Roosevelt wears a live snake for an ornament. She is a daughter of Eva.

By the way, does any colored brother know how Scott and Payne are going to run? Rockefeller and Uncle Russell Sage fondly imagine that they can bribe St. Peter.

"O what a fall was there, my countrymen"—when Roosevelt surrendered to the trusts! Republican big game are campaigning in Vermont and Maine—practicing—trying it on the dog.

The octogenarian vote ought to belong to Grandpa Davis—as long as Uncle Russell Sage isn't running. The public is disgusted with this legal technical monkeying with Murderer Guglielmo's case. Hang him!

Probably Bishop Potter is quite serene through all this criticism, even if his "attention has been called" to it. The prospect is that "Gas" Adkins can't carry Delaware, even with President Roosevelt at his odorous back.

After a due comparison of the Columbia and Chicago rivers, General Funston is likely to decide to stay at Vancouver. An exchange alludes to Uncle Russell Sage as a human cash register. Inapt; you can get money out of a cash register.

No doubt the caab is safe while Secretary Shaw is away expiating that high beef for the consumer and low beef for the producer. In one of the greatest blessings ever invented.

That latest lynching of a negro in Georgia was as nearly justifiable as any such crime has been. If the crime had been a comparatively venial one the "nigger" would have been lynched just the same.

But those Filipinos never will find out in this great and glorious country what they are politically, or are to be—citizens, subjects, aliens, slaves. Even the supreme court at Washington cannot enlighten them.

Watt till you hear Secretary Shaw explain how the Republican party raised the price of wheat for the farmers by destroying the crops of other farmers, and taught the workmen's hungry children that a small loaf is healthier for them than a big one. No, sir; there was never such a party.

The wheat crop of Wasco county at the present time will put in circulation over \$700,000. Democrats can't publish any pathetic articles about the poor farmer this year, especially in Oregon.

The Dalles Chronicle. The crops in the Willamette valley are short this year. Republicans can't expect to carry this portion of the state.

A leading Toronto merchant sent word to one of his clerks to come to the boss' office, and when the clerk appeared, said to him: "I waited eight minutes for you in the office while you were gossiping with the loafers standing about. This will cost you ten dollars with the privilege of leaving if you wish. The next time you enter a saloon or barroom during business hours, I will send you twenty dollars with the privilege of leaving, and the third time it will cost you the privilege of leaving."

OREGON STOCKMEN INTERESTED. Determined to Have a Packing Plant at Portland in the Near Future.

From the Denver Record-Stockman. Mr. D. K. Holly of the Record-Stockman returned Saturday from a trip through the northwest, where he went on pleasure bent.

Mr. D. K. Holly of the Record-Stockman returned Saturday from a trip through the northwest, where he went on pleasure bent. Mr. Holly went through Oregon and Washington, up into the Vancouver country and was south as far as St. George.

He looked over the Columbia and Snake river country and is enthusiastic over the stock growing possibilities of that section.

The only trouble is, that the stockmen present have no outlet for their cattle. The railroads charge rates that make the eastern markets practically out of reach and as a result choice packings and twos are selling for about southern cattle prices, though they are of fine quality.

Yearlings are worth from \$13 to \$14 and choice twos are selling at from \$18 to \$20. These prices are entirely too low when the quality of the cattle is considered.

Portland seems to be the natural market for these cattle and sheep, the Columbia river as well as the railroads tapping the stock section reaching that point easily.

When the government canal is constructed around the rapids above The Dalles, it will enable boats to tap the stock country clear over into Idaho and Montana and furnish a cheap and easy way to reach market.



August 25.—Captain Lewis and Clark with 10 men, went to see an object deemed very ordinary among the neighboring Indians. They dropped down to the mouth of the Whitestone river, about 50 yards wide, where they left the boat, and at the distance of 200 yards ascended a rising ground, from which a plain extended as far as the eye could discern.

Waw none of these wicked little spirits nor any black for them, except some small holes scattered over the top; we were happy enough to escape their vengeance, though we remained some time on the mound to enjoy the delightful prospect of the plain, which extends itself out till the eye rests upon the northwest hills at a great distance, and those of the northeast still farther off, enveloped by large herds of buffalo feeding at a distance of several miles.

WHY CANADA IS SORE AT AMERICA

(By John H. Raftery, Special Correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, Published simultaneously in The Journal.) Sunnyside, Prince Edward Island, Aug. 22.—In order to arrive at an adequate and symmetrical appreciation of public opinion in the maritime provinces of Canada with regard to reciprocity or free trade with the United States, it is necessary to classify the wishes and beliefs which all sorts of people here express.

American tariff wall, the fisheries contentions; the Venezuela episode; a few isolated incidents in which the British flag was dishonored by American Anglophobes; the Boer war display of anti-English sympathy in the state—I have heard all of these real or fancied grievances recited a dozen times with the best of good will, and I have never seen a man who would not agree that they are not overlooked. A few radical Tories, as one may call them, point to the presence of whole families, and even settlements, here, which have been driven from the revolution; others recall the Fenian raid and the bitterness against England in the union during the civil war.

Oregon Sidelights

The hops are nearly ready. Don't want no rain, nohow. The harvest is nearly over.

Astoria is all right—of course. Get ready to go to the state fair. The hops are beginning to feel heavy.

Oregon has reformed—quit smoking. O, what tired mortals are they coming home. The night air conveys a hint of autumn.

Astoria and Salem are both good places to visit. Ticket, please, by electric line, from Portland to Eugene.

Clatsop county is properly proud of its new court house. Cattle away down again—beef up! but show will make it all clear.

Many more people went to Newport this summer than ever before. The new Irrison school house will be ready for the young eyes this fall.

Philomath also had an Old Folks' gathering—25 people between 70 and 80. Four-legged hogs are not allowed to run at large now along the famous Santiam.

The first successful well on Agency Plains, Crook county, has been dug—water at 80 feet. The new Athens bank furniture and fixtures are equal, the Press says, to any in eastern Oregon.

A Californian who has been visiting in Pendleton is going to return, saying: "This is the only country." The golden wheat of eastern Oregon will soon bring a flood of golden coin into that fortunate region.

An attorney named Mustard is in Oregon from Omaha looking for a location. He should be able to draw a practice. A sheep ranch near Shaniko, consisting of 7,000 acres of land, and including 60,000 sheep, has been sold for \$75,000.

The Umatilla county sheep inspector says that in Umatilla county sheepmen 2,500, 4,500 and 10,000, are among the numbers mentioned. A portion of the town of Mitchell, Wheeler county, is known as Fletty Hill and it is dry—too high for water, and of course its inhabitants would drink nothing else.

A lot of Baker City people are hot-foot after the sheriff for closing saloons and other places on Sunday, and declare he can't and shan't do it. In fact, they refuse to close, and ask him: "What are you going to do about it?" The Jacksonville Sentinel repeatedly alludes to Dairy and Food Commissioner Bailey, who recently passed through Jacksonville, and who has been kicking never claimed that title down here, but probably deserves it as well as many that wear it.

Four generations of the Stewart family have a four-course dinner at Corvallis. The patriarch is John Stewart, aged 65, and his wife, Mary Stewart, is the first white woman who came to the site of the present city of Corvallis, in 1848.

A boy 14 years old, living near Drain, was kicked on the head by a colt and severely injured. Just six years before, at the same time of day, he was kicked on the same spot, in the same barn, by the colt's mother. The next animal of that breed that gets a foot-whack at his head is likely to fix him.

The Dalles Times-Mountaineer: The federal government ought not to be stingy in expending the irrigation fund in the construction of irrigation systems throughout the arid regions, since the fund now aggregates \$34,095,525. And especially should it be liberal with Oregon, which has contributed \$4,682,461 to the fund, or nearly 14,000,000 more than any other state.

Here is an item from the Bolo News that ought to interest Game Warden Baker: Reports from all sections of the county show that Chinese pheasants are being killed with utter disregard of the law. A game warden would be a curiosity in this section. Birds are killed before they are old enough to protect themselves, and no one is ever brought to account for it.

A Marshfield young man was out walking with two girls, and carrying a gun, which he was handling recklessly, and which they cautioned him, but he said it was not loaded, and to prove it put the muzzle against his neck and pulled the trigger, sending a bullet through his neck and killing him. This is but a variation of a very old and often-repeated story.

The sugar yield of the Grand Ronde valley beats this season by about 20,000 tons. This will be the largest yield in the history of the beet industry in this section and on a smaller acreage than has heretofore been cultivated. One of the reasons assigned by Mr. Stoddard was the fact that about two-thirds of the acreage this year was under irrigation and nearly all had been in the beet culture for several years.

CREDIT TO MAN, NOT NATURE. From the Pendleton East Oregonian. Man, and not nature, is making Umatilla county better year by year. Deeper plowing and the exercise of more intelligence is bringing up the dry land yields from 16 bushels five years ago, to 30 bushels this year. Elbow grease and horse flesh and well directed labor, and not increased rainfall, is redeeming the western portion of Umatilla county from its former sterile state to one of the most valuable sections of the county. Living wells are being found, new houses are being built, a home county is being made of the once abandoned portion of the county around which the banks of a dead line, Man, and not nature, is deserving of the credit. The hard-working, deep-thinking, early-rising farmer, and not changing climate, is bringing this enormous yield from the stubborn soil. As the intelligent methods are applied to wheat raising, the industry will continue to flourish. Umatilla county should show the fate of California wheat raisers, by showing the methods of the Californians.

AT LIGHTNING SPEED.

From the New York Herald. When Col. Prentiss Ingraham, Chicago died in Beauvoir, Miss., on Tuesday night the most prolific producer of fiction in the world passed away.

This is the record of his output: Six hundred novels, averaging 70,000 words each; 42,000,000 words. Four hundred novelettes, averaging 10,000 words each; 4,000,000 words. Annual output, 1,553,944. Daily output, 3,704. Hourly output, 154.97. Capacity per minute, every hour of the day for 24 hours, 2.24.

The foregoing does not include verse, magazine articles, newspaper sketches and miscellaneous matter that might easily have brought Colonel Ingraham's daily average to 4,000 words.

For years he wrote a novel every two or three weeks. There were whole libraries of them, and many of them appeared only as serials. He averaged \$10,000 a year, and much of the money was lost in speculation. Not all his works were "bestsellers." The "Land of Legendary Love," "Montezuma" and others had large sales among intelligent persons.

A Glass to Be Filled. From the Baltimore American. Pity the babies of a presidential year. Through life they will have to stagger under the burden of names other men have made famous, and they can neither live up to them nor live them down. It is like a brand of nonentity stamped upon those who otherwise might have lived peacefully in respectable mediocrity among thousands of their unmarked fellows.

All Have Seen the Light. From the Atlanta Constitution. Don't bank on Chairman Cortelyou losing any sleep over fear that the dough will not be forthcoming. The line-up of the trusts for Roosevelt is now complete.