

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

G. S. JACKSON PUBLISHED BY JOURNAL PUBLISHING CO. JNO. F. CARROLL

Published every evening (except Sunday) and every Sunday morning at The Journal Building, Fifth and Yamhill streets, Portland, Oregon.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF PORTLAND

PRESERVING THE TIMBER.

FOR THE amount of discussion devoted to future timber supplies of the world, especially in America, thinking men wonder that no more intelligent plans for supplying present needs and conserving the interests of the future have been evolved.

friendly touch with those southeastern Washington people, who are very numerous and exceedingly prosperous. Not that the visitors will not be well repaid for their trip, aside from any business advantage to be gained.

CANDIDATE WATSON'S POSITION.

THERE IS a good deal of truth in Candidate Thomas E. Watson's letter of acceptance of the Populist nomination for president. His severe arraignment of the Democratic party and of certain Democratic leaders, is not altogether without excuse or even justification.

Small Change

Hello, Alaska. Cattle down, beef up; hurrah for the beef trust.

So far as reported, Taggart hasn't claimed Ohio yet.

Perhaps the whirlwind campaign will be postponed for four years.

The principal candidates are silent, remembering that money talks.

Possibly if we could get Candidate Swallow out here it would rain.

The trusts are in control again and are to have everything their own way.

But don't imagine that your umbrella, a long idle, is a useless piece of furniture.

Are you doing what you can to make Portland a better looking, and a better city, next year?

Not only a battleship, but the big waters of Puget sound, were a strange sight to Nebraskans.

The rail trust will sell natts at bargain prices for use in nailing campaign lies about Teddy or Cortelyou.

Some legislation is needed next winter, yet the approach of a legislative session is always to be dreaded.

Being a little short at the time, Senator Clark contributed only \$400,000 instead of the \$1,000,000 expected.

General Stoessel may be reflecting that if he gets out alive he will be entitled to a slice of that Carnegie hero fund.

Judging from the large number of marriages reported in Oregon exchanges lately, the girls must have remembered that it is long year.

Is it right to work for money? Is a question debated by the Universal Truth Strikers out the last two words.

If Taggart has said all that he is reported to have said about Democratic prospects in various states, his hat must have suffered a good deal of wear and tear.

How would it do to close that infamous Paris house upstairs and down, foot and branch? It should be done. That establishment would disgrace Whitechapel.

Was it Judge Parker that attempted to scuttle the hatless convention? He has been in New York lately and might have slipped over to the Brooklyn navy yard some night and done it.

Since it is acknowledged by Republican organs that all the trusts are for Roosevelt, isn't it rather rubbing it in to pretend that intelligent voters that Roosevelt will do anything to restrict the rapacity of the trusts?

A Pennsylvania girl who discovered that her intended was about to flunk at the last hour, caught and tied him hand and foot, and carried him to the altar; and only unbound him after the matrimonial noose was duly fixed about his neck.

After narrating instances showing the great prosperity of eastern Washington farmers, the Tacoma Ledger asks: "Where did they get this wealth?"

The action of the Woman's School alliance is, I repeat, beautiful; but that there should be the necessity for such an action is an everlasting disgrace to the flag that floats over us, and to the people to whom that flag belongs.

Under "old glory" the necessity of raising funds for furnishing breakfasts for poor children should not exist.

Under "old glory" there should be no poor children, nor would there be if the "opportunity" for which America is supposed to stand were other than a pretty myth.

I received a very touching letter the other day from a poor woman in Delaware that summed up the whole thing as well as a nutshell.

She told me that her husband, a sober, hard-working man, received \$20 a month for his labor, on which sum the family had to pay its house rent and live.

Incidentally, and without the least spirit of envy or ill-will, the woman had included, along with her letter to me, a newspaper clipping, entitled "Little King Aler is Thriving in Toyland," about which she simply remarked: "This little boy is the richest boy in America."

"Here," I said to myself, after wiping away the moisture that had gathered about my eyes, "we have here a man and a woman, who are the poorest of the poor, and who are yet rolling in wealth and affluence."

Such are some of the thoughts that logically come to us in connection with the news item about the Woman's School alliance and the free breakfasts for poor children.

REMINISCENCES OF HEARN

(By Henri Rene du Bois.) New Orleans was beautiful when Lafayette Hearn was there. Small, ill-shaped, badly dressed, with a suffering face and a pipe similar to a black flower in bloom at his mouth, he walked through the streets gazing at things.

To see them he had only one eye, the other being blind by an accident. But his observation was acute, his appreciation of the exotic and the rare was sincere. There was the interest of his style. It evoked a New Orleans of Egypt in the time of the pharaohs.

I liked in his style, then, the words that suddenly welled themselves and the ends of phrases that went into him. It was one of his great mysterious charms that lack of ending of certain phrases which seemed to go out of the text and continue in the white of the margins of the page.

We talked of Japan while the Quasi-murder of the cathedral's daily Tribune to its founder, Don Pedro Almonaster. Hearn repeated to me things that he had read of Japan in books of Burly and Concourt. Hearn said:

"I don't like my style. It is too truthful; it has too many real aspects. I like Gautier and Loti too much. I want to transmute things in art—to make them dream and fantasy."

"You do that," I said; "in your landscapes painted lanterns have air of stars in flower-studded gowns."

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Oregon Sidelights

Farmers going much seeding but want rain. Hops at 30 cents can lift many a mortgage.

Asheford is going to take a census of herself. Sixty machines are out of business in Hood River county.

The bank of Heppner is to open a branch at Lexington. Fifty new pieces of new sidewalk are to be built in Dallas.

There's less than half a crop of prunes in Polk county; quality good. The Gold Hill News hints of big enterprises to be undertaken there.

Threshing in portions of Morrow county will not be over for a week. For a road from Springfield to Estacada citizens have subscribed \$200.

Indications are that October will be a June as a marrying month in Oregon. Four hunters got five large bears near Lave, Crook county. Good dogs helped.

Saddle horses in Morrow county are bringing old-time prices—good ones at high \$25 or \$75. H. B. Nicholas has offered to donate a block of ground in St. Helens for a new court house.

A house burned in Lane county this week that was built in 1846, and was the first house built in that county. The old pioneers put in timbers to last.

No one, says the Salem Journal, can buy a lot in Aurora for love or money, the descendants of the original colonists holding all the townsite. Yet the town grows.

A Hood River valley man saw a coyote chasing a chicken, and the ran and got his gun and fired at the pursuing quadruped, but killed the feathered biped. However, he and not the coyote had a chicken dinner.

A Linn county horse thief, who has escaped from the sheriff twice, and from jail in another county once, and is now at large. Perhaps if the sheriff had kept him again the officer will keep him attached to an Oregon boat.

The Deschutes Irrigation company has bought 70 head of cattle, which broken, will be put to work on the ditch. The company has 75 teams at work, and needs many more.

A fine crop of sugar beets has been raised near Burns. The yield was 41,800 pounds per acre, which, if a sugar factory were here, would be worth \$24 per acre. The same man raised 240 pounds of cabbage a square rod, at the rate of 38,400 pounds an acre.

Long Creek Ranger: Miss Emma Wilmoth of Ritter came to town Friday to appear at her contest case and look after other matters. Saturday morning she gave birth to a lusty baby boy, the father of whom, she says, is Joseph W. Hardisty of this place, who, up to last reports, had not done the only thing which he can and should do to protect her and the child.

Myrtle Point Enterprise: "Dad" West took an extra high in his trousers this week and reported an egg story that heavily discounts his previous achievement in that line. Tuesday he gathered in from his henry an egg measuring 7 inches in length and 3 1/2 inches in its shortest circumference, and the shell contained three full yolks.

Gerard Star: Some Portland hunters shot at a bird recently and the shot struck the Dubois family sitting on a nearby perch. The shot was so far apart that it only buried itself in the bird's back, and it would have done much damage. It is not pleasant to have shot rattling about one's body, even if it does no damage. Hunters are allowed to mock and make fun of others should be more strict and promptly order away all trespassers.

PORTLANDERS MAKE SETTLEMENTS. From the Wasco News. There are some property owners in Portland, who, it seems to us, are not quite as enthusiastic over the Lewis and Clark celebration as we would like to see holders of that city should be. For instance, last week while in Portland we happened to overhear a conversation between a stranger and a Portlander who boasted of his "property holder," which ran like this:

Stranger—What is that large sign "1905" for? Portlander—Oh, they're going to try to have a fair here next year. Do you know anything about any work on it yet? Portlander—Yes, I think they are doing something out there, but I haven't been out to see it, and don't know whether it will be a success or not.

Now, if such citizens as this one were not old "moss backs" there would be more enthusiasm, and consequently it would be easier for the promoters of the fair to make it a boiling success. The mere lack of enthusiasm in this Portlander's answers is enough to discourage any stranger from caring to visit the fair. Look at Clark's fair near Astoria. About all one can find out in regard to the exposition in Portland is from the newspapers. Even the little town of Hood River can give Portland a few points on enterprise and enthusiasm when it comes to local publicity.

Target Oak in the World. A cask recently constructed for a California firm has put the famous tun of Heppner completely in the background. It is made of California red wood throughout, and the selection of the timber and making required two years of labor. The cask, which is also some selected, were rejected as unsuitable. Two entire trains of wagons were needed to convey the selected timber to the vineyard. The hoops of the cask, which are of the finest steel, weigh 15 tons, while the completed cask is 33 feet high and 75 feet in circumference, and large enough to form a three-story house, where 500 people could dine in comfort.

Parson's Joke. From the Chicago News. A well known Chicago clergyman who is a widower and the father of two children, has a young daughter, who is also some thing of a wag. During his vacation this summer he sent the following telegram to his daughters:

"Have just married widow with six children. Will be home tomorrow." The next day he arrived alone and found his daughters in tears.

"Where is the 'widow' they, sobbed in unison.

"Oh," he replied, a merry twinkle in his eyes, "I married her to another man."

PORTLAND AND ALASKA TRADE.

THE WHOLESALE MEN of Portland are willing and anxious to do business in Alaska. They have no doubt that they can do a large, profitable and growing business there, if they were provided with a steamship line. This they cannot, or do not desire to provide for themselves. They naturally look to the O. R. & N. company to do this.

The O. R. & N. company has done a great deal to serve the commerce of Portland, though of course at the same time looking out for its own interests. The establishment of the steamship line between Portland and Alaska is the most conspicuous example of this encouraging fact. This enterprise was long delayed, as it seemed, but was at last undertaken, and has been very advantageous to Portland, and will be more so.

Let us hope that this will be a precedent to be followed with regard to the ports of Alaska. Without probing into the arrangements between this railroad and those running to Puget Sound ports, it may reasonably be hoped and expected that Portland will not very long remain without this very important and necessary means of extending its trade.

In some particulars Seattle will remain on vantage ground, yet on the whole the difference in that city's favor, if any, is slight. Portland should have had direct steamship connection with Alaska for the past six years, at least, but because it has not is no reason why vigorous and persistent efforts should not be made to establish such connection.

VISITING THE WALLA WALLA FAIR.

WALLA WALLA is the next place to be visited, the particular attraction or occasion being a fair there, by a large company of Portland business men. They do wisely to go, and all Portland citizens should appreciate the public spirit shown by those who make the trip, for these visits of prominent business men to points where fairs are held—Salem, Eugene, Roseburg, Yakima, The Dalles, Walla Walla, or any points in territory tributary to Portland—are of advantage not to themselves alone, but to all of us, to the city as a whole.

Purest sound business men have been making laudable and admirable efforts for many months past to divert the trade of the region around the southeastern Washington metropolises from Portland to Seattle and Tacoma, probably not without some measure of success, although Walla Walla is distinctly and unquestionably within Portland instead of Seattle or Tacoma territory. It is not only nearer to this city, but the advantage of railroad grades is greatly in Portland's favor. So it is not probable, though Walla Walla and other towns northeast of that city about the line of the O. R. & N. are in the state of Washington, and have a state pride that counts for something, that much of their trade will be permanently won by the rustling business men of the Sound cities; yet it is well for our leading business men to keep in close and

place in this marriage business in the past. "The difficulty is to make English people face such a problem. They want to live under discipline more than any nation in the world. They won't look ahead—especially the governing people. And you must have philosophy—though it is more than you can hope—to get English people to admit the bare name of philosophy into their discussion of such a question. Again and again, notably in their criticism of America, you see how the English people will persist in regarding any new trait as a sign of disease. Yet it is a sign of health.

"A correspondence about marriage, like the present one, does nothing but stir the subject in kept in too much darkness. Air it! Air it! Nothing can do more good than that, and I am very glad if any words of mine can help."

They Must Kiss Up. From the Philadelphia Press. "I tell you," said the visitor, "this fair is an education. There are lots of things to be learned through it."

"Yes," said the St. Louis man. "For instance, nearly every housekeeper in this town has learned that he has lots of straw with thousands who he hasn't heard from for years."

TEXT OF MARRIAGE INTERVIEW. Following is the full text of George Meredith's interview with the Daily Mail on limited marriage:

"It is impossible to write fully and completely on the subject. Everything which ought to be said has to be cut in half. As a result, I myself am positively sometimes accused of being obscure."

"Marriage is so difficult, its modern conditions are so difficult, that when you find two educated people ready and willing for it nothing should be put in their way. The fault at the bottom of the business is that most women are so uneducated, so unready. Men too often want a slave, and often think that they have got one, not because the woman has not often got more sense than her husband, but because she is, inarticulate, not educated enough to give expression to her real ideas and feelings."

"I remember a man who asked a girl to marry him. The girl, who liked him in a way, but disliked certain portions of his character, said 'No.' He asked her again and again, and she said 'No,' but could give no reason and express none of her real feelings. Therefore, when she said 'No' a certain number of times, and could think of nothing new to say, she married him. Fear of the

world kept them together afterward, but if you could look into the heart of a girl like that, and if you could lift the veil from a thousand such households and see into the hearts of the women there."

"It is a question to my mind whether a young girl married, say, at 15, utterly ignorant of life, knowing little, as such a girl would, of the man she is marrying, or of any other man, or of the world at all, should be condemned to live with him for the rest of her life. She falls out of sympathy with him, say, has no common tastes with him, nothing to share with him, no real communication with him except a physical one. The life is nearly intolerable. Yet many married women go on with it from habit or because the world terrorizes them."

"Certainly, however, one day these present conditions of marriage will be changed. Marriage will be allowed for a certain period, say 10 years, or—well, I do not want to specify any particular time. The state will see that sufficient money is put by during that time to provide for and educate children, perhaps the state will take charge of this fund."

"There will be a devil of an uproar before such a change can be made. It will be a great shock, but look back and see what shocks there have been, and what changes have nevertheless taken

place in this marriage business in the past. "The difficulty is to make English people face such a problem. They want to live under discipline more than any nation in the world. They won't look ahead—especially the governing people. And you must have philosophy—though it is more than you can hope—to get English people to admit the bare name of philosophy into their discussion of such a question. Again and again, notably in their criticism of America, you see how the English people will persist in regarding any new trait as a sign of disease. Yet it is a sign of health.

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BEES REMOVE DEAD AFTER A YEAR. From the Philadelphia Record. Over 100,000 honey bees were killed during the fire at the Burekas paper mills here the other day. As soon as the smoke had rolled away and the charred remains of their homes had cooled the little insects, human like, set to work cleaning up.

Apparently, an ambulance corps was formed, numbering several hundred bees. These began getting out of the way their dead comrades, many of them killed by stung firemen, and the way they worked suggested the work that must be going on daily on the Russo-Jap battlefields. Each bee tackled a dead one and struggled away with it, and as the field was strewn with thousands they have been employed the past few days.

The crop like buried, preserved from

THE FINEST NEW POTATO. From the Chicago Chronicle. "The wooden nutmeg of Connecticut was the first imitation food," said a grocer, "and then came the mean Bostonian who dried snow and sold it for salt. This year we have an imitation new potato."

"A watermelon put the imitation new potato on the market, and they say he has made about 50 per cent profit out of it. I am speaking seriously now, mind. Of course, it was in a joking way that I alluded to the nutmeg and the salt. The watermelon, to accomplish his deceptive plan, on toward the end of the summer, a crop of late potatoes of a kind that keep well. These ripen and are dug up just before the first frost. They are sorted and all the bad ones are thrown out. Then the rest are buried in a field.

They are. (Pete G. Frymire in Success.) "I have seen the paste diagnosis of widows."

The crop like buried, preserved from