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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF PORTLAND

THE OPPORTUNITY IS NOW.

PORTLAND'S COMMERCE, which means the export trade of the state, grows in importance with every degree of industrial prosperity throughout the commonwealth.

In the local columns of this issue is a summary of the various situations in the southeastern part of Oregon. Viewing work done and seriously projected, it is seen that development has been along lines divergent from Portland, and hence in channels not best suited to the future prosperity of the communities affected.

The Sumpter valley has been the only rail line doing tangible, real work in behalf of Oregon's interests of the southeastern section this year.

Southern Oregon on the east of the Cascades will soon be a hopelessly lost to this state, in a commercial sense, unless the rapid work of the Nevada-California-Oregon line be forestalled.

HOT AFTER THE PROMOTER.

THE RESPONSIBILITY of promoters is to be tested in a suit lately instituted in New York. A woman of that state being attracted by the advertised prospectuses of the shipbuilding trust, noticing therewith the signatures of presidents of trust companies and big attorneys testifying to the substantial character of the investment, put \$200,000 of her money into the enterprise.

But this particular woman determined that she would not tamely submit to such monstrous injustice. She brought suit not only against the officers of the trust at the time of the organization but included with them those who stood sponsors for its flotation.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE ADVERTISING COLUMNS.

NOVATION is the keynote of President Roosevelt's policy. It is his pleasure to strike out on new lines, to get out of the beaten track, to do old things in a new way.

The Saturday Evening Post is a widely circulated paper, claims to print considerably over half a million copies each issue. It goes to its readers in a non-partisan guise, conveying to them information on current topics as well as a mass of matter with more or less literary flavor to it.

WAS THE TREASURY A HEAD?

From the Springfield Republican. The question arises, in view of those who are being driven into the arms of the treasury department at present has a head or not. What is the meaning of an extraordinary activity of under secretaries and those repeated references to their acts to the president?

of reaching the unsuspecting public. The president's advertisement occupies one full page. It is graced by a half length portrait of Mr. Roosevelt and is made up of quotations from his political friends and associates, from one or two Gold Democrats and from his own letter of acceptance.

Altogether it is a new departure in presidential campaigns that may or may not be limited; it is likewise a new departure in high class weekly publications and must therefore be set down as more or less of an attempt to take advantage of the confidence of its readers, a step which is very unwise in the case of a paper appealing for a general constituency, based upon giving the money's worth while at the same time respecting the various views of the people to whom it necessarily caters for circulation and support.

THE BALTIC FLEET'S QUEER RECORD.

SURELY a more extraordinary thing has rarely happened than the firing of the Russian Baltic squadron on a fleet of English fishing smacks in the North sea. It is inconceivable that the ship commander knew what he was about, for Russia now has its hands full without deliberately stirring up any more trouble.

There was a time when the Russian Asiatic fleet was an even greater menace to itself than it was to the Japanese navy. It had a habit of planting mines promiscuously and then forgetting all about them until the unhappy moment when one of its own ships came in contact with them and was hurled to destruction.

NICE WEATHER TO LOOK AROUND.

THE sun is shining these days. It is a nice time to walk around. If you choose to walk instead of ride, suppose you take a thoughtful glance at our streets? Are they not beautiful? No matter whether you turn your inquiring gaze on a street in the heart of the business district, or out in the suburbs, you certainly will thrill with joy and pride.

These are only samples. The streets we have in Portland—the adjuncts and appurtenances of streets—would not be tolerated in any other city in America. The people of Sacramento, for instance—and that is not exactly a model town—would rise in rebellion against such conditions. What we see here all around would disgrace Sismokawa or Skowhegan.

Philadelphia is the rottenest city, politically, in the world; it is inoculated with the Quay bacteria; but you won't find great holes in its business streets, nor the devil's tares of weeds by acres all through its residence districts. There, too, the people have been robbed, but they have something to show for their money.

What is the remedy? Not in officialdom. Don't depend on that. It is in an awakening of civic pride—civic decency. People have become so accustomed to these conditions that they do not care. That is the trouble.

A Night Entertaining Buoy.

A novel lifesaving device has been added to the equipment of steamers on Lake Michigan in the night buoy, designed to prevent the drowning of persons falling from a vessel in the darkness. The buoy, above which will burn a brilliant gas jet, is by means of chemicals lighted as soon as it strikes the water. The devices are being fitted aboard the steamers Columbus and Virginia, of the Goodrich line.

Small Change

Addicks is to be rewarded.

Smoot stays—till after election.

Is Dowie to be Royal Chaplain?

Democracy is a broad word, brethren.

Bryan is scarcely yet in the prime of life.

Why not make John Barrett King of Panama?

General Apathy seems to be running quite well.

The mikado is realizing that he bit off a mouthful.

The Baltic fleet would be safe up on the Long Tom.

Kuropatkin has to conquer or die—the sooner the better.

The Raps think they have turned General Apathy's flank.

If Tibbles doesn't hurry up, we won't vote for him—so there.

Spooner's defense seems to have fallen very flat in Wisconsin.

Rally, rally! But somehow the old-time rally flavor is lost.

After all, Dave Hill hasn't lost Parker over a million votes, probably.

What a loss to the country if Uncle Chauncey should not be re-elected!

With some politicians the robber tariff law supersedes the ten commandments.

How Salem ever kept most of the state institutions so long without a protective tariff is a wonder.

Bulletin to Commander B-K-1: Great victory reported in de ate ward, N. Y.; General Apathy routes.

Pretty soon you'll wonder why you hurried for some politician so much and did nothing to build good roads.

Booker Washington is a bigger and better man than August Belmont. If this be treason, make the most of it.

Put on your spectacles, get a telescope and microscope, and arm yourself with a Diogenes lantern, if you expect to find the corpse of a trust.

If a man feels it necessary to get in contact with a political fight, he need not go back to New York or Indiana, but only over into Washington or Idaho.

What is needed is a protective tariff on football—and baseball. But it would be made, as General Hancock correctly stated the tariff to be, a local question.

If half the reports of losses of life in the Russo-Jap war are true, there must have been the greatest armies engaged ever—ten times the numbers reported.

Young pupils of the public schools are required to study too many branches, in a common and growing opinion. There is too much cramming of childhood out of children.

A Salem woman will not allow a Democratic paper to be brought into the house.—Salem Statesman. Doubtless others could be found in an institution near that city.

As Bryan closed his campaign in Indiana he remarked that the Democrats of that state were then ready to vote. Nothing more to be said or done when he got through?

AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT TO WALK.

From the New York World.

Here's a "horrible example" to be imitated, persistent automobilists, to those who are so devoted, so habituated, that they jump into an auto if they have to cross the street.

Here is the awful warning that if they do not walk more soon they will not be able to walk at all. Their legs will dwindle, they will retrograde, they will become auto-cripples, the victims of their mania for driving devil wagons.

In a gymnasium here today was a rich young man with fine muscular arms and body. While he painfully exercised his legs he said pathetically:

"My legs are wabbling. I have been riding in my auto all the time for three years. I have the habit. I have been either in the auto or asleep all these years."

"Now my wife is not overfond of autoing. The other evening she said she would like to take a walk. It was a new idea. I had not taken a walk for so long that it brought back the days of my courtship. I grew sentimental. I told her I would be delighted. We started. The great full moon was shining. For a very short time I was living over the old days, and she seemed very happy."

"But we had not walked half a mile before I wished we were home. I did not want to funk, so I kept on, but my legs hurt me awfully. The muscles stung me as if they had been lashed, my knee-joints kept dipping and bending involuntarily. I tried to be gay and buoyant, but I made a dismal failure, for all the time I realized that I had gone back to a point where walking was impossible practically."

"The next morning I got a bottle of alcohol and liniment, which I rubbed on my aching legs as I had not done since I played football. Then I got out my auto, rode to the gymnasium and paid my fee for a year."

"And here I am making the effort of my life to get my legs strong enough to carry me when I need to use them."

THE GREATEST EVIL.

From the Keokuk Gate City. The Methodist pastors in attendance on the Rock River conference, which includes Chicago, were asked the question: "What is the greatest evil of today?" Nine pastors of leading churches in the conference made answer, and each named a different evil. I tried to be gay and buoyant, but I made a dismal failure, for all the time I realized that I had gone back to a point where walking was impossible practically.

THE CYNIC'S DICTIONARY

(By Ambrose Bierce.)

OLYMPIAN, adj. Relating to a mountain in Thessaly, once inhabited by gods, now repository of yellowing newspapers, beer bottles and mutilated sarcophagi, attesting the presence of the tourist and his appetite.

His name the smirking tourist scrawls Upon Minerva's temple walls, And marks his appetite's abuse Where thundered once Olympian Zeus!

OMEN, n. A sign that something will happen if nothing happens.

OMNIPRESENT, adj. Everywhere at once. That the power of omnipresence, or ubiquity, is denied to mortals was shown by the actor who, in the model Simia audibilla (or Simicanthorpos stentor)—the apt that bowls.

The actor apex a man—at least in shape.

The opera performer apex an ape.

OPATE, n. An unlocked door in the prison of Identity. It leads into the jail yard.

OPPORTUNITY, n. A favorable occasion for grasping a disadvantage.

It is a crime to rear children in a discordant home.

Until by the slow process of evolution men and women attain higher ground the ties of marriage should not be made indissoluble.

Divorce is a disaster and a tragedy.

It is a lasting shadow upon the life of those who pass through its portals.

Yet the continuance of a marriage which has become a bondage to both parties is a greater tragedy.

And upon the children reared in such

strategically difficult position and a lack of support in certain high quarters. It is not to be wondered at that of late his temper has become so irritable that even his chief lieutenants hesitate to approach him.

To take a trivial and flippant attitude toward marriage is as shocking as to take a flippant attitude toward religion.

The woman who jests about her unfortunate marriage is as depraved as the woman who jests about her loss of virtue.

Divorce should be attended with some of the solemnities and quiet rites which belong to well ordered obsequies.

It should never be sensational or spectacular. It should be followed by a decent term of retirement and mourning for a dead ideal.

This is the work for the church to undertake—the work of cleaning up and dignifying divorce—not of abolishing it.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE

(By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.)

The condition of society is such today, and the tendency of thought so independent, that unless the church recognizes divorce, society will cease to recognize the church, and religious anarchy will ensue.

So soon as marriage ceases to be a holy relation by the continuance of love and respect between the contracting parties it becomes an immoral relation.

There are more illegitimate children born in marriage out of loveless than out of wedlock.

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NEWS FROM THE WEST

New England Firing Operates in the West.

(Thomas F. Millard, in Scribner's.)

Expertness of the fire (Wa-Feng-goo) agree that it exceeds in intensity, accuracy and execution anything of the kind they had ever seen, and many of those expressing this opinion were officers of experience in former wars. A perfect rain of shells, as well as a similitude in literally true) fell upon the position occupied by the Russian batteries, killing and wounding hundreds of the artillerymen and dismounting quite a number of the guns.

After the Japanese fired another shot, within that brief time from 10,000 to 15,000 shells fell upon the Russian positions, making it absolutely impossible to work the guns.

The Japanese used both high-angle and low-angle shells, and both were terribly effective. The Russian redoubts, which were the old-fashioned kind, offered scarcely any protection from the shrapnel, while the new high explosive first used in this war by the Japanese caused fearful havoc, ripping up the entire top of the ridge like a plowed field.

Notwithstanding this fire and the fact that their artillery was no longer able to reply to the enemy's guns, the Russian troops on the ridges held their ground without flinching, and would probably have continued to hold it had they been called upon to do so.

The scene during this frightful cannonading was typical of modern war. Looking toward the Japanese lines nothing was visible except the brownish-green slopes of the hills, ribbed by the darker shading of the gorges. Here and there on the lower slopes or in the little valleys, nestled a Chinese village, its yellow mud walls and thatched roofs of red-brown tiles, and a few straggling stretches of the stream, where its course fell into line with the eye, were marked by a silvery sheen. Nowhere within the hill-bound perimeter of the vision the slightest sign of the enemy. The deafening roar of the guns, jumbling by quick-fire mechanism into a sound like that caused by a boy scraping a stout stick rapidly along a picket fence smote the ear. But more real, more palpable than the noise was the vibration of the concussion like a tuning fork, causing a queer, tingling, faraway, tingling of the ear-drums. The roar was punctuated by the nearer, more acute, bursting of the shells and the raucous whine of shrapnel after it blows its head off and gives out a distinct note of its own. Shells were bursting high up in the air, leaving a pale-blue ring of smoke, as if some destructive spirit had puffed upon an invisible cigar; others, nearer the earth, extended penetrating fumes together with their clusters of shot; still others, yet more varied, ricocheted over the ground, throwing up by their explosion a cloud of stones and dust. But still no enemy. Shells are bursting by thousands, hundreds of men are being killed by them, but whence do they come?

In this battle the Japanese used entirely the indirect method of firing, made possible by the long range and consequently high-aiming elevations of modern field guns. For the information of the uninitiated, I will explain and indicate firing consists in placing guns behind an elevation of the ground, and by raising their muzzles at an angle mathematically calculated, firing at an object a long distance away. Thus, while the projectile, which takes a curved flight, reaches the object at which it is aimed, a line of vision which is direct cannot reach the gun from the object fired at. So the Russians at Wa-feng-goo were for hours under a terrific artillery fire, yet not once did they catch sight of a Japanese gun. Of course, while they were able to reply, they directed their own fire where the enemy was supposed to be, and probably did him considerable damage until their own shells were put out of action by the superior fire of the Japanese.

I have tried to make clear General Kuropatkin's situation and the difficulties which have beset him. The Russian commander in chief has had more handicaps than numerical weakness, a

OFFERITION, n. In politics the party that prevents the government from running amuck by hamstringing it.

The King of Ghazgor, who had been abroad to study the science of government, appointed one hundred of his fastidious subjects as members of parliament to make laws for the collection of revenue. Of these he named forty of the party of opposition and had his prime minister carefully instruct them that they were to oppose every royal measure. Nevertheless the first one that was submitted passed unanimously. Greatly displeased, the king vetoed it, informing the opposition that if they again they would pay for their obstinacy with their heads. The entire forty promptly disembowled themselves.

"What shall we do now?" the king asked. "Liberal institutions cannot be maintained without a party of opposition."

"Splendor of the universe," replied the prime minister. "It is true these dogs of darkness have no longer their creeds, but all is not lost. Leave the matter to the worms of the dust."

So the minister had the bodies of his majesty's opposition embalmed and stuffed with straw, put back into the seats of power and mailed there. Forty "what-ifs" were recorded against every bill and the nation prospered. But one day a bill imposing a tax on warts was defeated—the members of the government party had not been called to their seats.

So enraged the king at the prime minister's refusal to put to death the parliament was dissolved with a battery of artillery, and government of the people, by the people, for the people perished from the earth!

Millbrook schools, 337.

New hotel at Newberg.

Baker City a little dull—but wait.

Good time to set out cherry trees.

Over 100 pupils in Dufur school.

Sherwood is to have a barber shop.

Coco Bay is saying: Hello, Santa Fe.

New church at Forest Grove almost done.

Hubbard apple dryer running night and day.

Sherwood is to be a halo neighborhood soon.

Drain is obtuse—is working for a football team.

Woodburn expects to have a cranberry factory soon.

Columbia county's crying need is a new courthouse and jail.

Pretty nearly everybody now knows that Hood River is all right.

Ashland, having had no end of salmon fights, now has a sewer fight.

Nearly 35,000 has been raised in Woodburn for the opera house.

The Grand Ronde valley will have 235 acres of surplus apples to ship.

A Baker City lawyer complains that merchants there send their accounts to Astoria.

A fine, new steel bridge, 90 feet long, will soon span the Ochoco river at Prineville.

More fish ladders are needed to allow salmon to ascend Elk, Billy and Pass creeks.

There is a good chance for building a profitable irrigation reservoir in the Silvies' valley, Harney county.

Burns has a local development league, and Harney county will have an exhibit at the Lewis and Clark fair.

Lakeview is now lighted by electricity and the Examiner wants its readers to keep out of contact with the wires.

A young bear, with almost blue hair, was captured near Riddle. Maybe he turned blue because of being caught.

A cougar has been frightening residents of Astoria, one woman being prostrated by fright at the animal's screams.

The few pheasants left have now an opportunity to peck out from the bushes while the guns are turned toward the darling ducks.

On 25 acres near The Dalles, 1,000 boxes of as fine Spitzenberg, Pippin and Ben Davis apples as are grown anywhere were raised this year.

A Prineville preacher delivered a sermon on "How to Get Married," which seemed to interest many of his audience, most of which were women.

Columbia county, in large part a vast wilderness, practically a terra incognita, lying almost at Portland's doors, is susceptible of almost unlimited development.

Many bears are being killed in southern Oregon, but as they are not grizzlies it is supposed that Teddy would not deign to come out here to hunt them.

For the third time the Corvallis ferry rope has been broken in a night, and it is expected that when cold weather comes the ferryboat will be taken for firewood.

A GIANT OCTOPUS SEEN.

From the New York World.

Ben Parker, owner of 25 saloons in Des Moines, Ia., and candidate for Republican nomination as mayor of the city on a wide-open platform, has challenged Dr. M. McCash, state superintendent of the Iowa Anti-Saloon league, and for many years pastor of one of the most fashionable churches in Des Moines, to a joint debate on the liquor question. The challenge has been accepted, and the debate is scheduled for the largest auditorium in the city on the night of November 1.

Ben Parker, in more ways than one, is the biggest saloonkeeper in the middle west. He not only represents a large number of brewing and malting concerns, conducts a grain-brokerage office, owns and operates 25 saloons in one city and numerous others in other cities, but he weighs 400 pounds. He is as big as his business. He has a voice that is reminiscent of John L. Sullivan in his palmy days.

"I'm going to name my next saloon Bishop Potter's Place," said Parker. "Why, he's a wonder! That saloon of his will skin the others to death. I'll do more business in my Bishop Potter saloon than in any other of my 25, because of the advertising he's given to the whisky business."

About the same time the Iowa state fair was held, the trustees of a prominent church asked Parker if he had a room they could use during the week. "No room empty," replied Parker, "but there will be by Saturday evening."

The trustees left well satisfied, and that night Parker commenced moving the liquors out of one of his largest saloons. By Saturday night every bottle and barrel was out, and Monday morning the church people moved in. When they were through with the room Parker moved his saloon back and refused to take a cent of rent.

TOBACCO IN JAPAN.

From the New York Herald.

During the last 10 years the consumption of tobacco in Japan has increased to a very marked degree. The old Japanese pipe, which was practically the only way tobacco was consumed, has been supplanted by the cigarette. In 1902 the Japanese government monopolized the tobacco trade, since which the cigarette imports have increased noticeably. In 1903 cigarettes valued at \$60,234 were imported, mostly from Asiatic countries; in 1903 the value of the amount of imported rose to \$1,095,600. The tobacco monopoly law was so modified later as to permit cigarettes and out tobacco being imported by private parties upon the payment of 150 per cent ad valorem duty. It was not till 1891 that Japan came to be regarded as an important market for American tobacco, and since then the imports thereto have been increasing yearly. Cigarette machinery has not been introduced there to the same extent as in other countries, but German manufacturers are making efforts to introduce their machinery there, and are meeting with success. Since American cigarette machines are the best in the world they should command the market.

FAPES HERSON WILLIAM VERN.

From the Boston Herald.

Do you care to know the style of note paper used by the German emperor when he favors his friends with a line?

It is of a large size, pale blue in color, and is printed with a beautiful design in gold and delicate colors in the left corner of the sheet and upon the envelope flaps, showing the Kaiser is not above flinging them down like ordinary mortals. In the center of the design, which we are assured is quite new, are William's initials and the imperial eagle with the ribbon of the Order of the Garter, and the motto and the chain of the Black Eagle order intertwined around.

The white Johanner cross is just visible and two marshal's staffs are crossed near it, while over the whole is the Kaiser's crown. If anything more had been put into the design it would cover the entire page, and his imperial majesty thought there was enough in that monogram to let recipients know who had been writing to them on sky blue stationery.

FURBES SIXTY ORTS A FOUND.

From the New York Press.

When a Thanksgiving turkey costs over 20 cents a pound there is a mighty protest. The proletariat, "one of whom we are," cannot usually afford to pay more.

The government, being paternal, there should be a law against high prices for the national bird on the annual feast day. What do you think of turkeys at 45 cents a pound? They are bred in old Vermont and nurtured on chestnuts. In and their name is not legion. Only few reach this market, and they are sold to men of great wealth.

Mr. Carnegie buys 10 or 12, Mr. Rockefeller takes six, Mr. Havemeyer orders four, and Mr. Stillman three.

Three or four are shipped to James Gordon Bennett in Paris, whose Thanksgiving dinner is a festive among the American colonists.