

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

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JNO. P. CARROLL

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THE NEWSPAPER BUSINESS!

THE FOLLOWING paragraphs are the latest emissions from the Oregonian tower, and surely they speak for themselves. They are worth perusing for their peculiarities, for their hyperboles and for their evidences of Scottonian dotage.

The newspaper that is backed up by banks is a mistake, and the banks that back a newspaper make a mistake. No newspaper yet ever was established with money, and banks and corporations that attempt to carry their purposes by publishing newspapers, always miss their object and suffer, themselves, in consequence.

The Oregonian ought to know whereof it speaks. Not later than a span of years since it was "backed up" by a bank's money and "saved" from the sheriff through a banker's money.

This is true, and the people "trust" The Journal, as witness the circulation of 21,500 to 25,000 which has come to it within a period of three years, while the Oregonian has been busy for over 50 years developing about the same circulation strength.

"And here let it be said that the Oregonian is not 'squealing because it is hurt.' It isn't hurt at all. Its business, both in subscription and advertisements, is greater, far greater, than at any former period of its history.

Is this so? Why then did the editor of the Oregonian embark in politics and use both his papers as organs to "boost his game"?

RESULTS OF TOGO'S VICTORY. IN THE DESTRUCTION of Rojestvensky's fleet Admiral Togo struck a great blow for the peace of the world.

Togo struck a great blow also for the advancement of commerce and the uplifting of civilization in the far east. He has done more in three days in the sea of Japan than all the statesmen and philosophers and evangelists have done for centuries.

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But the "yellow peril." We don't believe there is or will be any "yellow peril."

By the time China could convert itself into a military and naval nation the world's face will be set against war between great nations.

It has been centuries since so great a victory, not only in itself but in its probable consequences, was won; and it probably will be centuries before it is duplicated.

WHAT "PARTY" DOES IN CITIES. IT IS now New York City that is in the grip of the boodlers.

In Philadelphia the machine is Republican, as the state legislature always is, by an overwhelming majority and they work in perfect harmony to rob the people.

So in New York City, so long as the Tammany machine is in undoubted and undisputed control, and is wringing millions upon millions from the taxpayers,

He may become Admiral Head-of-office.

Back eat they are just publishing Hilar-poetry.

Rojestvensky's head is bad, both outside and inside.

No doubt if Russia keeps on the end, will be bitter enough.

Los Angeles concluded that it didn't want to be entirely dry.

It will be a beautiful sight—steamers on the upper Columbia again.

Products of the Clearwater valley must and shall come to Portland.

For its length the portage road is the most important one in the country.

There will be some more hard fighting if Norway and Sweden go to war.

Don't grumble about the rain; we've a coming, and the sooner it comes the better.

Nobody need be alarmed about extortionate charges in Portland; there won't be any such.

And still the Equitable row goes on. Can't an injunction be issued against the whole malodorous outfit?

A lot of beef trust people have been indicted, but conviction is another matter—and punishment still another.

Togo did a bigger trick than Dewey. It must be acknowledged, but there is no occasion for Dewey to become jealous.

Whatever happens, tomorrow the people will put city politics aside and pursue again the more or less even tenor of their ways.

In China a man's head is chopped off if he wears tan shoes.

Now Admiral Nebogoff is being accused of a cowardly surrender and may be shot.

Perhaps the best way for the car out of his difficulties is to let the Japs come to St. Petersburg and capture him.

There have been severe earthquakes in Japan, which will probably cause the Russians to prolong the war in the hope of being able to answer to their devotions, is about to destroy the Japanese archipelago.

Some one, perhaps an old bachelor, says: "The three happiest moods in a woman's life are when she gets her first love, her first beau and is being led to the altar."

It is so everywhere, when a party has undisputed swing and sway in municipal affairs.

There wasn't a dive or deadfall in the city which wasn't placarded yesterday with signs.

Another rural telephone line in Douglas county—to the English settlement.

Yoncalia is to have several brick buildings, the brick being made in Oakland.

A Douglas county Cotswold lamb, 16 months old sheared 1 1/2 pounds of wool.

Nearly all Salem is coming on Salem day. Same with other towns not too far away.

The electric storm in eastern Oregon last week put many telephone lines out of business temporarily.

A good many Oregon towns will celebrate Fourth; there are plenty of other days to come to the fair.

Wallawa county sheepmen feel blue because all their wool was contaminated with a pound of it.

SMALL CHANGE

It is nearly all over but the counting. Still the bear growls at the dove of peace.

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TWO INSTITUTIONS IN "KAY SEE, MIZZOO"

Samuel G. Blythe in the New York Times has written an article on the Kay See, Mizoo.

Kay See has two institutions—one human, one bovine.

William R. Nelson in the baron's name, an Indiana citizen who went ahead with the thirty eye of the Hoosier and came to Kansas City early in the game.

It has grown to be one of the great afternoon papers of the country.

The baron is a stout, not to say fat, citizen, who grows at you with a deep bass voice and looks at you at the same time with an eye twinkling with good humor.

He wears the most amazing collar ever seen outside of a minister's first pair.

The baron has two precepts and a million ideas.

It is the duty of every citizen of Kansas City to help build up the town, and the second is that money was made of mud.

He went outside the town and bought a great many of municipal improvements.

He positively refuses to accumulate a fortune in money.

Great is the baron and happy! He has a better time than any other millionaire in the country.

And that other institution? The Sam Lazarus steak? There is something of a local boom in the city.

Now you can ride on the cars to Condon.

The Fossil band has engaged and imported a teacher.

Strawberries and cream till you can't rest all over Oregon.

Work on the new Lafayette-St. Joe railroad track will soon begin.

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Baker City Democrat: 'rade conditions are on the improve and with good crops, fair prices for stock and the mines turning out a large gold yield, lively times this fall are assured.

Some of the members of McMinnville's water commission have lately spent much time in examining and making surveys of the several water supply sources west of town, but as yet no definite plans have been decided upon.

A farmer near Oakland raises fine hogs, Jersey cows, chickens, fruit and vegetables.

From six dozen chickens he makes 60 pounds of butter a week and also furnishes the city with cream parlors.

View of a Possibility. From the Boston Globe.

There doesn't seem to be much use in working to acquire millions.

Boosevelt's Preference. From the Chicago Tribune.

LEWIS AND CLARK

En route up the Missouri river from Fort Mandan the intrepid explorer North Dakota.

June 8.—The rain fell during the greater part of last night and in the morning the weather was cloudy and cold with a high temperature.

Lewis proceeded up the river eight miles to the bluff on the left side toward which he had been directing his course yesterday.

Here he found the bed of a creek in the center of the stream, and the water, notwithstanding the rain; it is indeed astonishing to observe the vast quantities of water absorbed by the soil of the plains, which being taken in large quantities presents a fine rich loam.

At the mouth of this stream, which he called Lark creek, the bluffs are very steep and approach the river, so that he ascended them and, crossing the plains, reached the river, which from the last point he had reached he had to travel four miles from this place it extended north two miles.

Here he discovered a lofty mountain standing alone, at the distance of more than 50 miles in the direction of north 20 degrees west and 10 degrees from its conical figure, he called Tower mountain.

He then proceeded on these two hills, and afterward in different courses six miles, when he again changed for a west and north 30 degrees west and 10 degrees south side; in making this passage over the plains he found them like those of yesterday, level and beautiful, with great quantities of buffaloes and some wolves.

From the distance of one to nine miles from the river, he met the largest village of barking squirrels which he had yet seen.

He then proceeded on these two hills, and afterward in different courses six miles, when he again changed for a west and north 30 degrees west and 10 degrees south side; in making this passage over the plains he found them like those of yesterday, level and beautiful, with great quantities of buffaloes and some wolves.

Having finished his course of 10 miles west across a bend, he continued two miles north 30 degrees west, and from that point discovered some lofty mountains, the highest of which he called Tower and bearing north 35 degrees west at 30 to 100 miles distance; here he encamped on the north side in a handsome low ground, on which were several old stick lodges.

On the river in the fore part of the day, but now there is a greater quantity than usual. The river itself is about 30 yards wide and from six to 10 feet deep, and has a current of about 10 miles an hour.

He killed five elk and a mule-deer, and by way of experiment, roasted the burrowing squirrels, which they found to be well-flavored and tender.

MADE HER NAME WAS MADE. From the New York Sun.

Previous to the French revolution, whether officers should tie the club of hair on the back of their heads with a blue or red ribbon was a matter of some source of frequent quarrels, discussions and contradictory orders.

A young officer who wore one of these rose-colored ribbons was ordered to Santo Domingo.

When he had landed there he was met by his captain, who told him that an ornament of that kind would not be tolerated in the colony.

This captain, named Dalcourt, was a noted duelist. His rebuke led to a quarrel between the two officers, and Dalcourt was dangerously wounded.

His adversary expressed the liveliest regrets and generously nursed the wounded man.

Dalcourt asked his name. He discovered that the man was really married, and asked who his wife was.

Dalcourt vowed never to engage in another duel. He quickly forgot this vow.

At a dinner a quarrel arose between him and another guest. This led to the inevitable quarrel, and the two fought in the middle of the night.

The house was situated in a large lawn, where the domestic animals were allowed to pasture.

An hour after the two combatants had been on the ground for some time, the other guests mistook the sound of the sword and instituted a search.

They found Dalcourt on the ground covered with blood and moaning with pain.

He said that he had put himself in guard before the fight, and that he should have done so.

"But," he added, "I gave him a thrust with my sword and you will find him dead near by."

The man, who had been looking on with torches, looked about and saw traces of blood; they followed them up and discovered a mule with a wound in its thigh.

They then went to the mule and found it bleeding. Dalcourt had put himself in guard before the fight, and that he should have done so.

"No," he would feed it to them in the mouth," replied the Indian.

Origin of the Tip. From the New York Tribune.

The word "tip" originated in the old coffee-houses of London.

THE DANGER THAT THREATENS NATION

Cleveland McGowan in June Spectator

Wherever we follow our spectacular rich (the newspapers force us to follow them) we find them parading like socialists, taking on shoes and stockings in Baltimore after a fashionable gathering to wade in a public fountain; playing leap frog in Washington (men and women) after a smart dance; wandering off for hours in the Bois de Boulogne (in couples with husbands and wives seated after brilliant Paris dinners; watching the body to body contortions of a young woman and a box constriCTOR (this in New York before a company of men); applauding unmercifully the features of the stupid Chatterbox; gambling, smoking, drinking, gaudy, in short challenging the devil to offer any fillip for their jaded senses!

What wonder if the unappreciated west yields to this contamination, as appears in a recent Boston paper which speaks editorially of "an entertainment in Minneapolis where 300 men gathered to enjoy the dancing of a nude actress!"

All of which means, if it means anything, that a powerful element in our best—that is our richest society—is setting a profligate example in this country, an example that threatens the sanctity of the American home, the American home! Pleasure and show and money! Dress for the women! Gains for the women! And a rich husband! There is the poisoned lure that tempts our maidens. Pleasure and show and money!

And of these three but one is essential; money for money will buy the other two. Does any one doubt that thousands of our women are actually selling themselves for money in marriage and then selling themselves again for money in divorce? Does any one doubt that this pressure for riches breeds prostitution (as they call it), sweetharts and society is in fundamental cause of the dishonesty that is more and more tainting our business and political life? Ah, now we have said the word, the bitter, warning word—dishonesty! There is the danger that threatens this republic—dishonesty among its citizens. All other evils are less than this, all cures for evils are vain until this evil is cured, for the whole civilization of the present government falls abjectly when the people strive only to plunder and betray the people!

If one of our writers 30 years ago or even 10 years ago had dared to question the honesty of the American people he would have been counted an impudent renegade, a babbling whose stupid insults would have aroused only contempt and scorn from the men of letters of our day. Our eyes have been opened, and without surprise though with dismay, we see able men commissioned by our great magazines to go from city to city, from state to state, to investigate and report on the honesty of the people of our cities, all our states, the whole world of business and finance, even our national government, even our courts. And we take it as a matter of course! It is notorious that our courts are scandalously slow in paying their bills.

I recall one instance where the wife of a multi-millionaire (she was afterwards divorced) took no notice, month after month, of the bills for her clothing, for \$20,000 for her daughter's wedding trousseau, and this bill was not paid for more than a year after the ceremony, and only then because a successful collector held up the multi-millionaire himself in the street one day and finally got his check.

I have been told of several rich women in the smart set, two of them very rich, smaller ones, who haggle over prices in the shops as if they were in genteel poverty.

One of these ladies whose showy Newport fetes are widely applauded, tried, on a certain occasion, to buy a pair of shoes for \$100. The saleswoman, who is a hurry for a dinner dance, and having failed in her effort, she finally exclaimed: "Why, you oughtn't to charge me a cent for these shoes; they are really a bargain; you can get out of it! If you treat me right I'll see that your place is mentioned by all the reporters!"

And another, whose husband is one of the richest men in the world, actually wept before a Fifth Avenue dressmaker in her pleadings for a reduction of \$15 on the price of a certain garment that she simply had to buy, but could not afford to do so out of the small allowance made her by her husband.

When I was in Newport last summer, people were laughing at the latest petty economy of a young man who had just certainly one of the "closest" of our idle millionaires. He had heard of our new aluminum paint, warranted to keep shiny without much rubbing, and he had forthwith given orders that the brasses on his beautiful yacht be smeared over with this paint so that he might reduce his pay roll by the wages of two sailors previously needed to clean these brasses. The gentleman's income must be at least \$4,000,000.

I happened to be in Tiffany's recently and asked one of the head men if it is true that people really eat off gold plates.

He smiled, and turning to a young man said: "Bring me an after-dinner coffee set."

And presently the young man returned with a small tray holding three small pieces. They were gracefully fashioned and looked like gold. And the tray looked like gold.

"What do you think they are?" asked the head man.

"Silver gilt," I suggested.

"Hold it," he said, and put the service in my hands.

"It's heavy," said I, "but it can't be solid gold."

"That's what it is," he assured me, and pointed to the mark. "These four pieces, the tray, the coffee pot, the cream pitcher and the sugar bowl are 18-carat gold—solid. The price is \$25,000."

Not only is it true that a number of millionaires in America own plates of solid gold or silver gilt (which latter is considered good enough for European royalty), but there are also families who buy sets of china costing from \$5,000 to \$50,000 a dozen, so that the breaking of a single plate means the loss of several hundred dollars.

ENGLISH ROADS. From John Scribner's.

What good roads they have in England! Look at the piles of broken stone for repairs, stored in little niches all along the way; see how promptly and carefully every hole is filled up and understand how a small beast can pull a heavy load in this country, and why the big draught horses wear long and do good work. A country with a fine system of roads is like a man with good circulation of the blood; the labor of life becomes easier, effort is reduced and pleasure increased.

POSTAL CARD ADDS POPULATION.

From McMinnville Telephone-Register.

Father Hoberg wrote a postal card, and thereby hangs a tale. The postal card contained about 1,500 words descriptive of Yamhill county. It was sent to a friend in England and was there published as a curiosity.

Later it was translated into German and published in a German paper. The eye of Mrs. Heinrich Michaels fell thereupon, and the glowing description made such an impression on her mind that she wrote another day or night—until she had written to Father Hoberg and received an answer. She soon induced her husband to set out upon a journey to the promised land. They came by way of California, but that land of adobe and greasers did not suit their esthetic taste. Last Wednesday evening at 7:30 they reached McMinnville. On Thursday morning at 10:30 they had bought property. Fifteen hours of our delightful climate completed the work so well commenced by Father Hoberg and another family of good people is added to our rapidly growing population.

The Lucky Thirteen.

From the Kansas City Journal.

Number 13 has no terror for St. Anthony, father of Assistant State Auditor James Nation. He was born on April 13, enlisted in the war on August 13, was nominated for county treasurer of Noosby county on September 13, was inaugurated October 13 and has 13 children.

POTATOES \$2.190 A POUND.

A year ago Consul Mahlin reported from Nottingham, England, that a new variety of disease-resisting potato was selling at \$2.190 a pound for seed. Its "boom" is over.

A contributor to the Nottingham Guardian announces that the Eldorado is now obtainable for less than a shilling a pound. The collapse was not due to a lack of disease-resisting power in that tuber. According to one dependent it was the hardest seed potato on the market, while another considered it "the most disease-resisting potato that has ever come before the British public."

Last year's harvest was not good and potatoes fell in price, and the Eldorado was sympathetically affected; dealers would not pay a fancy price for it "ran it down," to excuse their not having it for sale, and so on.

A contributory cause of the Eldorado's loss of prestige is believed to be the extensive practice of forcing it under glass and taking cuttings from the product—a practice discountenanced by Lincolnshire growers generally as producing abnormal and untrustworthy results.

Two Experiences.

From the Sioux City Journal.

Kansas farmers want college boys to help harvest the wheat crop. Possibly some college boys who didn't do the harvesting stunt last year may go out and work for some Kansas farmers who didn't employ college labor last year.

ALL RIGHT EXCEPT.

From the Prineville Journal.

Mayor Williams' campaign for the chief seat in the municipal government of Portland is meeting with as strenuous opposition as is possible to print on sheets of white paper. The Portland Journal, in its uphill struggle for clean politics, does not vary its sentiments a great deal from those of the ordinary commonwealth when it assumes the position that a man who served in Grant's cabinet and who is now backed by all the corrupting influences inside the city limits is a trifle too old and too vacillating in character to hold the reins of power in a growing and progressive city.

The present mayor would be all right were it not for the fact that he is principally all wrong, so far as his present position is concerned.

View of a Possibility.

From the Boston Globe.

There doesn't seem to be much use in working to acquire millions. Even men bright enough to succeed at it can find nothing better to do with the millions when they have got them than to give them away again.

Boosevelt's Preference.

From the Chicago Tribune.

There is a general belief that President Roosevelt would like to leave the same man behind him to hold the lid down when he goes away from Washington in March 1909.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Now you can ride on the cars to Condon.

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