

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

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LOGGED-OFF LANDS FOR HOMESEEKERS.

THAT thousands of eastern people are coming to the Pacific northwest this year, not as mere tourists or sightseers, but in search of new country homes, is evident. Transportation agents are kept on the jump furnishing information to such people about lands in Oregon, Washington and Idaho.

A good many of these homeseekers that are coming and will come are organizing into colonies or companies for the purpose of acquiring logged-off timber lands or other as yet undeveloped and unimproved lands, that can be obtained cheaply, or within their means.

Making homes on such lands means years of hard and steady work, but it is healthy, enduring work, and no very great barriers stand in the way of success.

JOURNALISTIC INDEPENDENCE.

The most optimistic feature of political journalism in the United States is its steadily growing independence. Loyalty to party has ceased to be construed as an imperative demand in the management of a newspaper for self-effacement or stultification.

THIS is the truth, and a very encouraging and gratifying one. Readers neither demand nor expect partisan journalism as people demanded or expected it not very many years ago.

There are newspapers—one even in Portland—that affect independence of opinion and utterance when it doesn't count, when it is not pertinent; but when a campaign comes on, even a municipal campaign, forgets or ignores everything it has said in exposing or criticizing its party.

ONE TYPE OF GRAFTER.

THE ACCEPTANCE of large sums of money by men in public positions who do not earn it, money absorbed from people who are overcharged and in effect swindled out of it, has become a notorious evil that has been pretty well exposed in the revelations concerning the Equitable Insurance company.

Italy and Italians.

From the Washington Post. There is probably no man in this country who knows Italy and the Italian people more thoroughly than the learned and philanthropic Bishop Broderick of Havana, who is now in Washington.

Small Boy in the Country.

From the Kansas City Journal. A Perry mother sent her small boy to the country and after a week of anxiety received this letter: "I got here all right, but I forgot to write before a letter and I went out in a boat and the boat tipped over and a man got me out. I was so full of water that I didn't know anything for a long time.

UNION AND WALLOWA COUNTIES.

THIS is the special day at the exposition for two interesting and exceedingly prosperous Oregon counties, Union and Wallowa, comprising the northeast portion of the state.

REASON FOR HOP-CROP FAILURES.

BAD REPORTS are coming from portions of the hop fields, some of them representing that the crop will be ruined by lice and mould.

THE GREATEST DAY OF THE FAIR.

EVERYTHING conspired yesterday to make the fair a great success. The weather was simply ideal. While there was much less noise in the city than is usual on Fourth of July, many were anxious to flee it in anticipation and no more inviting retreat could be found than the fair ground afforded.

Miss Alice Sets New Style in Hats.

Washington Cor. New York American. If society follows the fashion of "the first young lady of the land" it will adopt a great broad-brimmed, rough-and-ready straw sailor, small of crown and wearing a band of ribbon of two broad strands of yellow and black.

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SMALL CHANGE

Feel tired? Honey knows his business. Williamson next.

Sympathy must sometimes be suppressed. New deal in Oregon next year.

Roads, roads! More railroads and better wagon roads.

New York's birthrate is 3,000 a week, not including cats.

New York has a new, big, 5 cent restaurant. But it's a long walk to New York.

Speaking of hard jobs—look at the car.

Governor Folk is also having his troubles.

The political reporter brings Tom Johnson into view again.

Enforce or repeal.

Once in several years it doesn't rain on the Fourth.

But what will Russia do when it no longer has battleships with which to sink multitudinous battleships?

Miss Alice Roosevelt will have nine rooms at the Palace hotel, San Francisco. What a mockery of democratic simplicity one silly girl can make.

Finest summer resort in the land.

There seems to be a lot of prevarication about hops.

"Man's attire is ridiculous," says Sarah Bernhardt. It is when worn by some women, including Sarah.

The beef trust magnates are sure they can use the law to beat the law and the government, and probably they are right.

A New York man has been sentenced to kiss his wife once a day for a year. And she not under bonds not to eat onions.

A holiday is always a bad, sad day for some people.

Through a printer's error a Heppner merchant advertised waterproof socks when he meant to advertise holeproof socks. But isn't one about as reasonable as the other?

Keep sending in the best products for exhibition.

Everybody agrees that the fair is all right and will be a great success.

By the time Oyama gets through with Linievitch, Kurapatka's militia reputation may have advanced considerably by comparison.

The names of those Russian warships are enough to sink them or cause a mutiny.

The boxes must go. The laws must be enforced.

Harvest will be early.

Big crops sure around Condon.

Celebrating all over Oregon today.

Largest crop of hay ever harvested in portions of Douglas county.

Another Vol. I. No. 1—the Lostine Ledger.

A Lostine man makes a business of cutting soft rock for flues.

After the storm comes the sunshine of gladness. And the scorch and spoiled hay was all unnecessary, remarks the McMinnville Reporter.

The Royal Ann cherry may prove the royal road to wealth for many an Oregon orchardist.

From one grain of wheat 106 stalks grew near Iona.

Cherries far more plentiful than expected around Milton.

The Nyssa Progress predicts a great boom for that town.

A 5-year-old boy of Jordan was bitten by a rattlesnake while playing near his home and died in a few hours. The snake bit the child several times. A doctor was called, but arrived too late to benefit the child.

The Tillamook Headlight is fighting toll roads.

Tillamook Headlight: With the prospect of finding oil and getting a railroad in the near future, this ought to cheer every Tillamooker this summer, even if they do get another fit of the blues before next winter.

From the two-acre Beardsley Royal Ann cherry orchard at Eola, B. I. Ferguson has picked 20,000 pounds of fruit which he sold in Portland for \$300.

Many swarms of wild bees are being hived around Popcorn, Polk county.

The prospects for good brick, to be made near Klamath Falls, are very good.

On a Tualatin cherry tree branch two feet long, with two small boughs, there were over 100 fine Royal Ann cherries.

Now for Tillamook and tall timber.

With a railroad, Tillamook will become a favorite summer resort.

On 35 acres of land a man near Gold Hill has 1,000 cherry trees, 400 Spizenburg and Yellow Newtown Pippin apple trees, one and one-half acre strawberry trees, and 1,000 Black Cap raspberry plants. 1,000 tomato plants, two acres in muskmelons, one half acre watermelons, one and one-half acre carrots, one acre onions and three acres of corn, besides other varieties of vegetables, also several acres of alfalfa.

WASHINGTON CITY IN SUMMER

My Mrs. John A. Logan. (Copyright, 1900, by W. A. Hearst.)

In these days of the summer's solstice had we a covert enemy who was in the least well equipped he could slip into Washington at any time between July and October and capture the whole city and escape the departments of government so absolutely unperceived in the capital.

All the blinds are down and everything is as silent as the catacombs. The few executive clerks who are so every morning to the executive offices to attend to the mail and forward important matters to the president are listless and indifferent, and are ready to take advantage of the summer order establishing earlier hours of closing.

In the departments the assistant secretaries, in the language of baseball, have their innings, and if unknown to fame during nine months of the year, they have opportunities as acting secretaries to be conspicuous, and it has been hinted that the settlement of many disagreeable and delicate questions has been transferred by the chiefs to the assistants, so that if there were demerits or unpopularity of the assistant's decision, the chief could not be criticised, a subordinate, though that sub may have carried out his instructions to the letter.

A certain percentage of the clerks and employes have their annual leave, reducing the number of persons who go in and out of each department daily. Only the most urgent business matter would have any one to come to Washington in midsummer.

All the embassies are closed, and the diplomats have gone to cooler climates abroad during the heat of the summer. It is doubtful if the absorbing question of peace or war between Russia and Japan could keep the representatives of these two countries here during the dog days of July and August.

The wealthy nabobs who within the past few years have established palatial homes are among the first to leave Washington after the social season is over. They seek new fields for the display of their wealth and exchange of hospitalities with other of their kind.

The very streets have a desolate air. The few who from business reasons and lack of finance must remain do not go about during the heat of the day. The visitors who have the courage to venture the heat of this city or magnificent distances make a brief stay and spend their time in the public buildings, the splendid Congressional library or visiting the various pay homages at the tomb of the Father of his Country.

The business houses cut down their force to an absolutely necessary number to wait on the few customers. The officials of the newspaper bureau are left in the care of the messengers, who inform the wayfarer who happens to stray into them. "Everybody is gone, sir, and will not be back till congress adjourns."

And so after all that has been said of beautiful Washington, its wide streets, lovely parks and magnificent public and private buildings, it is the people who remain that are the attraction.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

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THE SPEED MANIA IN AMERICA

By Thomas S. Swagary.

To the average American of today the thing we call life must be a terrible curse, for nothing can be cheerier than the fact that he is doing his level best to get rid of it in the shortest possible time.

When some poor fellow swallows poison or puts a bullet through his brain, we cry out, "Suicide! Suicide!" and turn away from the spectacle in horror, little realizing the meanwhile that he is committing suicide.

Literally speaking, we are killing ourselves. Under the spell of the speed mania our hearts are forced to beat much faster than they should, and before life's meridian is reached we are prematurely old and worn out—dead, in fact, all but the burying.

There are thousands of dead people in this city who are not in the cemeteries, who have not as yet been pronounced dead by the physicians. One can see them any day on the streets, on the cars, in the stores, mills and offices, mere shells, the life all burnt out of them by the fiery pace they are trying to keep up.

RABBITVILLE NEWS

From the Irrigon Irrigator.

The Bunkerbottoms have issued invitations for a surprise party to be given at their house next Thursday evening. I don't know just how the surprise comes in, but it will surely be a good one.

Den Slumpey met with a sad accident last Saturday. He broke his right leg short of just below the knee. It was a wooden one, he had taken it off and was beating his mule over the head with it.

The City drug store will hereafter take orders up to Friday noon for bread to be delivered Sunday mornings. The store has a big business, and a stylish haircut he says and go to the City barber shop. The proprietor has entirely gotten over the worst case of Jimjams Doc Standpat has ever tackled.

Deacon Hardup's team of brown horses balked right in front of the Bunko house last Saturday. The deacon coaxed and petted, then pushed and pulled, then he took off his coat and got into a club and called in the crowd.

Hon. Slim Dopp, the financier and promoter of Irrigon, was walking around the city Sunday morning, attended church in the forenoon. In the p. m. he took a few drinks and got mixed up into a little game of poker and lost three 75, which was all he had.

The Bunko house has got a new waitress lady in the diningroom. She is a Lulu, too, same as the other one, but her last name is different. The fresh Lulu that is we mean, the one who says she is 19 but she didn't mention no dates.

The City drug store has lately had a good many calls for lemon drops, which our society ladies have found are being worn in fashionable circles in New York and Boston. So they have received a dozen of them. First come first served. Prices reasonable.

It would not use any of the money he got in not honestly earned, because it was not honestly earned. Mrs. Connell, her two children and her parents were before Justice Kelly on the return to a writ of habeas corpus and ordered her husband for possession of the children.

Mrs. Connell said she left her husband a year ago. "He wanted me to lead a dishonest life," she said. "What is that you say?" Justice Kelly asked.

"Well," replied the woman, "he is a gambler. My parents have supported me since I left him. They give me three meals a day and what pin-money I like out of it. I would not take a cent of my husband's ill-gotten gains. Last March he let the little ones on the steps of papa's home and gave them some fruit, but my parents would not let the children be mouthful of it."

Justice Kelly decided in view of the fact that the children are very young, they should remain with their mother. The father, however, will be permitted to see them. He made no order for the payment of any money by Connell to his wife.

TEARFUL MILK.

From the Tattler.

A lady was complaining to her dairymaid some time ago about the quality of her milk. "Short o' grass feed this time o' year," said the jocular milkman. "Bless you, them cows o' mine are just as sorry about it as I am. I often stands and watches 'em cryin' regular cryin' 'em out, because they're sorry how their milk don't do 'em credit. You don't believe it?"

"Oh, yes, I believe it," said the lady. "But I wish in future you'd see that they don't drop their tears into our cans."

THE WORLD GROWING BETTER.

From the Boston Post.

We reverence the stern virtues of our predecessors, those who founded our republic, but today there is less of sect, and we believe, more of Christianity.

The liberalizing spirit has brought men into more generous, more tolerant relations; hands are clasped in good works; selfish or sectional or exclusive benefits are not encouraged. The millennium is not yet in sight, but who shall say that it is not perceptibly nearer? It is a better world than that of our ancestors.

This world that we live in—better, cleaner, happier, more full of promise for honest endeavor, more inspiring for advancement along the lines of human progress.

There are a great many wonderful sights between here and Chicago; sights to touch the heart and electrify the soul; but what good are they, with the cars going so fast that all creation looks like a great, big-blurred streak?

In yonder pasture the cows are grazing and the larks are chirping on the trees along its banks the birds are singing as Patil never sang; on the grassy lawn in front of that little white cottage with its green shutters a heavy of little children are playing, punctuating their play with the laughter that tells of innocence and joy, and up there, arrayed in a glory such as Titian or Raphael never painted, is a cloud of angels, playing a melody on silver and vermilion and gold, flung across the heavens by the hand of the Infinite Artist!

There they are! But you won't see them from the windows of the "Twentieth Century Limited."

Not a bit of it! You will see nothing but the streak, the long and meaningless blur that man's foolishness casts over a landscape of God's love has cast about our path.

For my part, I would prefer to go through the world more slowly. Instead of rushing, let me loiter now and then, seeing and enjoying the beautiful things that are about me.

"Time?" I don't want to cut it short. Rather I would lengthen it out. Hurry? Not if I can help it. I prefer to go leisurely, seeing what is to be heard, enjoying what is to be enjoyed and getting as much out of my journey as I possibly can.

In the remarkable book wherein so many wise precepts are to be found I read something like this: "I returned, and saw under the sun that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong."

"Do you know what that means? If you do not, I will tell you. It means that there is room in this God's world for something else besides 'hustling' and the struggle for power and place."

It means that in life's Olympian game there are other things to be counted on besides the fitness of foot and hardness of muscle; that love, and humility, and the open heart, and the appreciative soul count for something; and that it is to these qualities, at least, that the finest gifts are awarded.

Life is not measured by the speed with which one is rattled from place to place, but by the quality of one's intellectual possessions and heart-wealth.

If I go through life leisurely while you go rapidly, and if at the end of the way it turns out that while I have seen and enjoyed much you have seen and enjoyed nothing, on account of the hurry, what is the gain to you? It is to be enjoyed and getting as much out of my journey as I possibly can.

LEWIS AND CLARK

En route up the Missouri river from their winter quarters at Fort Mandan, near the site of Bismarck, N. D. The party is close to the foothills of the Rockies.

July 5.—The boat was brought up into a high situation and fired kindled under her in order to dry her more expeditiously. Despairing now of procuring any hay, we formed a composition of pounded charcoal with beans and buffalo lard to supply its place; should this resource fail us it will be unfortunate, as in every other respect the boat answers our purposes completely.

A large herd of buffaloes came near us and we procured three of them, besides which were killed two wolves and three coyotes. In the course of the day other herds of buffaloes came near our camp on their way down the river. These herds move with great method and regularity. Although 10 or 12 herds are seen to scatter from each other, yet the spots of many miles as if they are undisturbed by pursuit they will be uniformly traveling in the same direction.

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