

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

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FALSTAFFIAN POLITICS.

THERE IS a sort of cowardice that makes a religion of slavery. The moral cowardice or the mental potheriness that shrinks from independent action and surrenders its powers to the arbitrary regulation of a dominant influence has ever been the price which misery pays to craft. Whether it be in religion or in politics the triumph of mediocrity over ability, of boldness over modest merit, of corruption over common decency or of slavery and superstition over the natural rights of man.

barriacs that have disfigured her hull and impeded her commercial progress. Men of all parties thoroughly understand the maxim of Schopenhauer—that nothing is ever lost to so much advantage as when you have been cheated out of it—when applied to Oregon politics. It has compensated them with a more up-to-date sagacity which suggests the impropriety of carrying their political principles in other people's heads. Indeed, no political party can permanently succeed in shackling the human intellect. In spite of its perpetual assertions of purity, and all that, it is conscious of its own spurious coinage, realizes the degradation of threatened discovery and usually "reads the sentence of posterity in the foreheads of the wise."

To clean house and comply with the latest provisions of the law of sanitation will cost the packers \$1,000,000. But the people will pay.

EFFICIENCY COUNTS.

THE RECENT FLOODS in eastern Oregon and the Walla Walla valley are something extraordinary, causing a vast damage to property of every kind, particularly to the lines of railway traversing the section. The O. R. & N. company being the main sufferer. This railroad physically was "knocked out," and had it been under ordinary management it would have been days before it could have been restored to operative conditions. As it was, within a few hours after the damage had been done the work of restoration commenced and within a remarkably short time it was announced that traffic had been resumed. The extraordinary performance was due to the fact that a "real roadrunner" is at the head, is the general manager of the O. R. & N., in the person of James P. O'Brien, ably assisted by Superintendent W. J. Buckley and a small army of very efficient men.

BRYAN FOR PRESIDENT.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN is looming upon the horizon of national politics and the extraordinary enthusiasm aroused by his prospective candidacy for the presidency is one of the most significant signs of the times. Times and conditions have changed since 1896, and Bryan has changed too. He has grown and ripened. He is a broader and a greater man than when he made his first presidential campaign, but he is still the great Commoner, who stands now as always for "equal rights for all, special privileges for none."

THE LIQUOR DEALERS IN POLITICS.

THE liquor dealers, as an organization, should keep out of politics. They have had this admonition given them of late, as well as several times before, in a very striking way. Suppose the furniture dealers, or the restaurant men, should attempt to make politics a hand-aided business, would not the voters resent it at the polls, as they have done in the case of the liquor dealers?

How Editors Get Rich.

From the Morehead (Ala.) Coaster. After a good deal of study and work we have at last figured out why so many country editors get rich. Here is the secret of success: A child is born in the neighborhood, the attending physician gets \$10; the editor gives the loud-lunged youngster and the "happy parents" send-off and gets \$5. It is christened; the minister gets \$10 and the editor gets \$50. It grows up and marries; the editor publishes another long-winded flowery article and tells a dozen lies about the "beautiful and accomplished bride"; the minister gets \$10 and a piece of cake and the editor gets \$500. In the course of time it dies and the doctor gets from \$25 to \$100, the minister perhaps gets more \$15, the undertaker gets from \$50 to \$100; the editor publishes a note of the death and an obituary two columns long, and lodge and society resolutions, a lot of poetry and a free card of thanks and gets \$1000. No wonder so many country editors get rich.

SMALL CHANGE

Where's harmony, eh? There may be several vetoes. Roosevelt is a party smasher. Good evening; looks like rain. Looks considerably like Bryan. We told you there would be roses. What are the 80 going to do with it? There's liable to be some vetoes next winter. Anyway, they didn't all vote it straight. Will Teddy run against is a growing question. The birds are singing all the same—and just the same. Now for a bigger, better Oregon, regardless of politics. Let us find out if any crooked work was done, and by whom, and what for. Anyway Chamberlain is a winner, and after four years' trial must have deserved to win. What a calamity to Oregon that it hasn't 61 Republican members of the next house. Weep! Weep! We were "in hopes" that the new course of Spain would stop those accused bullfights; but she's only a young thing. The Democrats have half a dozen state senators on guard, all good men, too—but you can't possibly imagine a Democrat being a good man.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Let 'er rain. New more good roads. More rain; more crops. Did you get "wet" or "dry"? Big crops in Oregon, as usual. Big barbecue at Monroe Saturday. Stock getting fat now all over Oregon. East Oregon prunes. They're healthy, abundant in the country to transcribe the epitaphs in their churchyards so that a permanent record may be kept. Some curious epitaphs come to my mind. Here is one, reminiscent of Omar Khayyam: "Beneath this stone lies Catherine Gray, Changed to a lifeless lump of clay. By earth and clay she got her self, And now she's turned to clay herself. Who knows but in a course of years, In some tall pitcher or brown pan, She in her shop may stand again?" "Here lies Robert Wallace, Clerk of All Hallows, And maker of bellows."

British Warships Sold.

The sale of 18 obsolete naval vessels, including several powerful iron battleships and cruisers, provoked spirited bidding at Devonport dockyard; a total of \$46,325 was realized. There were many rumors as to the destination of the purchases, and it was averred that the single-screw third-class battleship Superb, which fetched top price—\$19,000—is to go to Russia, and that some of the more powerful of the others will accompany her. The best of the other vessels was the third-class battleship Iron Duke, built at Pembroke in 1871, which fetched \$15,100. The second-class cruiser Amphion, built at Pembroke in 1883, fetched \$11,500, and the twin-screw third-class cruiser Ringarooma \$8,800. There was quite a scene over the twin-screw cruiser Erisk, a German gentleman became very excited and declared that he had bid a higher price than the buyer, but those present were against him and the auctioneer stood to the ground. Five first-class gunboats realized from \$2,900 to \$3,350 each, and the Salamander, a twin-screw torpedo gunboat \$3,300. The Superb was sold with 60 tons of coal aboard, a most unusual incident.

THE PHILISTINE IN SPOKANE

At this writing it seems to me as if the city of Spokane, Washington, quite surpasses any city of America in its attention to the excellence and fit in architecture. It is a city of 75,000 people, built up in about 15 years, not by struggling pioneers, squatters and speculators, but by people who came intending to stay. Spokane skipped the shanty stage. Spokane is being built by young, ambitious, hopeful people from the east, who came with money expecting to make more. The discard of Europe is noticeable in Spokane by its absence. It is a Yankee town with a mixture of Holland and Dutch to give it a flavor. The Dutch form a great ballast of solid commonsense wherever they go. Holland was once the financial, artistic and literary capital of the world, and while this capital has shifted, Holland, unlike Spain, has never floundered on folly, nor allowed herself to sink in superstition. Holland has also conserved her art treasures. The Dutch in Spokane were strong enough to influence their uncles at home to invest upward of \$7,000,000 within 10 years in Spokane real estate. And during the late boom of financial tides the Dutch have stood by, stolidly smoked and drawn checks in favor of Spokane. If a few Yankees at a time got cold feet, the Dutch took over their holdings and kept them firm. They smoked their pipes in a faith not founded on smoke. So now behold that finest blood on earth—the produce of the middle west—Indiana, Illinois and Iowa, sending her wings and women to Spokane, and these with a plentiful sprinkling of thrifty folk from New England, and a dash of our Semitic friends who follow the lead of commerce with unerring instinct and a horse-gone, firmly holding their own and you get Spokane, the model city of America. Mining towns always have a camp-like quality of instability—a flash quality that excites suspicion like a woman over a man. But while Spokane has very large mining interests up at once see that they are not supreme. There are lumber, agriculture, stockraising—a vast territory on every side that looks to Spokane for support.

Some British Epitaphs.

I see the Suffolk Institute of Archaeology has issued an appeal to incumbents in the county to transcribe the epitaphs in their churchyards so that a permanent record may be kept. Some curious epitaphs come to my mind. Here is one, reminiscent of Omar Khayyam: "Beneath this stone lies Catherine Gray, Changed to a lifeless lump of clay. By earth and clay she got her self, And now she's turned to clay herself. Who knows but in a course of years, In some tall pitcher or brown pan, She in her shop may stand again?" "Here lies Robert Wallace, Clerk of All Hallows, And maker of bellows."

The Oldest Tree.

From the London Graphic. The oldest tree in the world is said to be the famous dragon tree of Tenerife, which is estimated to be from 4,000 to 6,000 years of age. This wonder of the plant world was 700 feet or more in height until the year 1819, when during a terrific storm one of the large branches was broken off. A similar storm in 1867 stripped the trunk of its remaining branches and left it standing alone. This tree derives its common name from a reddish exudation known as dragon's blood, found in the sepulchral caves of the Guanches, and supposed to have been used by them in embalming their dead. It is said to have been at one time an important article of export from the Canaries and has never fallen entirely into disuse.

DINKELSPIEL ON THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE

By George Y. Hobart. (Copyright, 1904, by W. B. Hearst.) Home, Dis Vaek. Mein Lieber Son, Loony: Ve ha' recalled you letter from Charleston, S. C., and you mother and me was glad dot pitance on der road. It still flourishin like der bay-rum tree. I met a friend of yours lately by the name of Mike Skesegelster vich lives in Brooklyn. He inkvaded after you kindly mit an much voice as he has been able to save after der effects of going home ofer der Brooklyn Bridge at der steps o'clock massagers, every evening. "Loony, dis mad rush der Brooklyners for roast beef and mashed potatoes at der closing der day has been looked upon as a choke, but if you could see der scars and der bones rattle in your friend, Mike Skesegelster, after two years of it, you would call it a bum veek. Mike Skesegelster has der idea in his noodle to write a book about dis evening riot at der Brooklyn Bridge and mebbe vich he will do. He told me vun chapter of dis book in vich he makes himself his own hero. I like you to listen, please! Mike Skesegelster fell der outdoors on his forehead leaving him forever, but mit der sweet sound der supper bell in his ears he rushed forward into der vortex der der arching push. "Zowie!" "Maddled mit der thought der vast cakes getting colder and colder brafe men ebowed der vimmen, and stepped carelessly on der porticos vich der policemen used as seats. "Der aroma from der corn-beef had seemed to float over from der distant fireside, beckoning, beckoning! Under dis influence strong men puffed cigarot smoke in der faces of der vimmen and smiled hysterically. "Vot pitance has a voman on der battlefield, anyway? "Does she carry der sign of der Red Cross into var at der britch? "Den give her der double cross. "Zowie!" "Mike Skesegelster—falt-as-dough he had swallowed a bottle of hair dye, because it grew him der hair. "Ven he avoked der ambulance sturgeon vas looking carelessly over him. "Much of you vas missing," set der sturgeon. "Feel it in my bones," responded der sturgeon. "Even your voice seems to be cracked," set der sturgeon. "It happened to be der vee I got it in der neck," set Mike Skesegelster. "Perchance is you monkeyed mit a bus-saw, maybe?" inkvired der sturgeon. "No such luckiness for me," sighed Mike Skesegelster, moonfully. "Ach, der ambulance sturgeon quivering mit internal nervousness: "I see it all!" "No, you doand," set Mike Skesegelster. "dere is some of me dot vich hafer der dare." "Der ambulance helped himself to a bunch of trembles. "I vas a Brooklynite!" gasped Mike Skesegelster, "and hearing afar der last call for supper, I attempted to go ofer der Brooklyn Bridge. "Der ambulance quivering mit internal nervousness: "I see it all!" "No, you doand," set Mike Skesegelster. "dere is some of me dot vich hafer der dare." "Der ambulance helped himself to a bunch of trembles. "I vas a Brooklynite!" gasped Mike Skesegelster, "and hearing afar der last call for supper, I attempted to go ofer der Brooklyn Bridge. "Der ambulance quivering mit internal nervousness: "I see it all!" "No, you doand," set Mike Skesegelster. "dere is some of me dot vich hafer der dare."

A Little Nonsense Now and Then

Editorial Compliments. George D. Prentice, the famous Louisville editor, knew very well the force of word repercussions, and old files of his papers seem to witness the fact. He once said: "I am never quite certain that a lady knows what a kiss is until I have it from her own lips." His rival editor in Louisville had reason to know his skin, in the matter of Mr. Prentice, when he had their political tilt. This rival once said, at the end of a long article intended to combat Prentice, that "The Democratic party knows how the land lies on this question." Whereupon Prentice, quoting the remark, said: "Yes, and the land knows how the Democratic party lies on this question." Dickens Made Two Mistakes. "Twice in one evening the great novelist, Charles Dickens, was guilty of an embarrassing malapropism. In two respects, lately, he wrote to a friend, explaining the matter: "I took a young lady unknown down to dinner and talked to her about the Bishop of Durham's nepotism. In the matter of Mr. Chesnut, I found she was Mrs. Chesnut. And I expatiated to the member from Marylebone, Lord Fermoy—generally conceiving him to be an Irish member—of the distinguished character of the Marylebone constituency and Marylebone representatives." The Season's Fault. Douglas Jerrold used any occasion for his pun, even an accident to himself. Having stood up in a boat off the Swan at Battersea, he fell backward into the water. The next morning he had this conversation with the Swan steward: "Jerrold—I suppose these accidents happen often off here. "Servant—Oh, yes, sir, frequently; but it's not the season yet. "Jerrold (currying himself)—Ah, I suppose it's all owing to a backward spring." The Romance of Willie. "Don't you believe I caught a pike four feet long," said a Detroit fisherman the other day to a party of incredulous friends. "Why, I only got one fish, and I can prove it," said Willie, turning to his little son, "how long was that fish?" "Th' one you gave that boy 50 cents for?" asked Willie, innocently. "There are no details of the woodshed incident between my father and son which followed," is suspected, on the departure of the incredulous friends. Fine New Farming. It was of the evening of London that Sydney Smith met game by his famous double-dealing remark when they were discussing the merits of a wooden pavement for the streets of that city. The argument upon their plan and deliberations was that they could no doubt make the scheme a success "by carefully putting their heads together."

A Wood-Sawing Fly.

It is marvelous how many of the tiny creatures—in the insect world—control their own destinies. Some will deposit them in extraordinary places, others will insert them in the skins of living animals. Others, again, deposit their eggs where the young grub, after coming from the egg, finds food close at hand. Among these last mentioned are insects who bestow great labor in the cradle of their young. The place they select is a hole in the bark of a tree, or a woody branch of a tree. It is they they saw out a hole large enough to contain their eggs, whence their name, sawflies. For this purpose they are provided with an ovipositor of peculiar construction. It consists of two long pieces closing like a sheath over a third. In the tethredo this third piece contains two little saws, each of which has been compared to the tenon-saw used by the cabinet-maker. The tenon-saw is single, but that of the tethredo is double, consisting of two distinct saws. The insect in using them throws out one saw, and while it is returning pushes out the other. This alternate motion is continued until the cut is made, when the two saws, receding from each other, conduct the egg between them into its place. In the edge of the saw notched into teeth, but on every tooth a number of smaller teeth appear.

LEWIS AND CLARK

On the Clearwater river in Idaho. June 8.—Cutnose visited us this morning with 10 or 12 warriors; among these were two belonging to a band of Chopunnish we had not yet seen, who called themselves Wiltoopos, and reside on the south side of Lewis river. One of them gave us a good horse which he rode in exchange for one of ours which was unable to cross the mountains, on receiving a tomahawk in addition. We were also fortunate in exchanging two other horses of inferior value for others much better, without giving anything else to the purchaser. After these important purchases, several foot races were arranged between our men and the Indians; the latter, who are very active and fond of these races, proved themselves very expert, and one of them was as fleet as our swiftest runners. After the races were over the Indians divided themselves into two parties and played prison base, an exercise which we are desirous of encouraging, as several of the men are becoming lazy from inaction. At night these games were concluded by a dance. One of the Indians informed us that we could not pass the mountains before the next full moon, or about the first of July, because if we attempted it before that time the horses would be forced to travel without food for three days on the top of the mountains; but having no time to lose, we are determined to risk the hazards and start as soon as the Indians generally consider it practicable, which is about the middle of this month. Making Bread by Machinery. An invention which promises a large reduction in the cost of producing bread has been perfected by a London baker. It is not only a labor and time-saving invention—it might also be called a machine-saving machine, so greatly does it simplify the process of breadmaking. For instance, at present the miller grinds his wheat perhaps as many as 15 times to obtain the best flour. By the new method the wheat is ground only once. This grinding gives three products—flour, middlings and bran. The foremost is conducted to the bin, the bran is mechanically carried and automatically weighed into sacks, while the middlings pass into tepid water, by which the flour part is washed out. This water, impregnated with nutritive material, flows into the kneading pan in which dough is made automatically.