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PORTLAND, ORE., JUNE 24, 1902

TOO HIGH WHEAT FREIGHTS.

The producers of the Northwest have the right to demand early recognition of their needs in the improvement of the waterways that might be now cheapening the cost of transportation of products to the sea coast. There is at this time no check upon the too high charges of the railroad companies. Rates for the hauling of wheat are more than they are in any other state, excepting, perhaps, from some parts of Washington. Even California, traditionally complaining at the exactions of the Southern Pacific Company, does not pay so much for wheat freights per bushel, proportion to the distance. We of Oregon have been too patient. We have been content when we should have been insistent. We have permitted, when we should have prohibited, excessive charges.

The opening of the Columbia River to navigation would make for these cheaper rates. It would solve the problem as it solved the problem of carrying products of the Middle West to the Atlantic. It would be to the inland Empire of Oregon and Washington what the Suez Canal was to Minnesota, Wisconsin, the Dakotas and Iowa, and even a much larger scope of country.

It is a subject that must be hammered upon. It must be brought constantly to the attention of the Houses of Congress. It must be forced upon the thought of those who go to Washington to represent us, or, too often, to misrepresent us, in the deliberations of legislation.

There must be an irrefragable conflict, a never ending strife, a persistency that knows no rest, until the end has been attained. Temporizing methods must be condemned. Makeshifts must be excoriated. Attempts to satisfy the demands of the people with temporary surveys must be rejected.

Portland, as the commercial mart of the inland Empire, has vital interest in the Columbia's opening to navigation. Portland will reap as much benefit as will the producers farther inland. The Columbia open to the free passage of boats will make Portland such a city as will be to the present size and importance as ten to one. There will be no San Francisco, nor any Tacoma, nor any Seattle that will compare with the Portland that receives the flood of trade waiting upon the opening of the Columbia. It is the one enterprise that should be inaugurated for the good of this city and the towns and country that depend upon it.

LITTLE HELP FOR THE PEOPLE.

Senator Thomas R. Bard of California voted for the Panama Canal route. Mr. Bard is one of the men who was elected by a Legislature absolutely pledged to the Nicaragua route and he himself was pledged to it. Yet he falls down before the able hands of Mark Hanna. The railroad influences that were at work in the able hands of Mark Hanna. The railroad have fought the canal from the start to the present time. The substitution of the Panama for the Nicaragua route was at their instigation and for the purpose of defeating the scheme. They know as well as nearly everyone knows that the Panama route is not a practical route and its adoption is defeat of the measure. Mr. Hanna is the man who is leading the fight for the railroads. When such men as Bard, who has been above reproach, will bow to such an influence, it makes one wonder what show the people have against corporate influence.

MORALE OF THE KINDERGARTEN

To one who looks over the city and realizes the sin and degradation that curse us, the possibilities of the free public kindergarten appeal most powerfully. And it is in no impractical, Estolpan conception of its function that the advocate of the kindergarten asked recently that the school district take over the system from the Portland association.

Let the testimony of one who knows the facts, whose position gives him insight into the conditions, bear upon the subject. Let Mr. McLaughlin, Chief of Portland's police, be a witness. Mr. McLaughlin avers that the free kindergarten will make for better lives of the children of the worse portions of the city; that they need it to the end that they be given a glimpse of better things than homes in which influences are of the worst; and

that the morals of the city will be vastly improved if the public schools maintain the kindergartens.

Here is word from a man who does not remain in an atmosphere of books, isolated from contact with people of less than usual intelligence and good morals. It is from a man of intelligence and good character who is compelled to see much that is repulsive, and yet who desires the best for his home, town. It is expert testimony, not the theorizing of one who lives in the clouds and who would not strain one tenet of an abstract social philosophy, even when the facts and arguments move to such alteration.

Furthermore, public maintenance of the kindergarten will remove from them the objection of charitable institutions that engender paternalistic ideas. Now, in Portland, they are kept up by private purses. Under the proposed plan they would belong to all of the people, and there would be no superintending of any who sent their children to them.

SCHOOL DAYS AND AFTERWARD

Perhaps the school boy and girl are to be pitied for that they must hear so much of advice—cheap commodity freely given and less freely followed. Yet there are some things that young people may read without lack of profit. There are some experiences that older persons have had that would be as accumulated capital were the youngster to heed them, and not compel that they learn only in the school of the same experience.

The school is but an epitome of the world. It is not true that the student comes forth to find an atmosphere different, with standards of opposite character. As one lives in the school days, as one hopes and fears, as one succeeds or is disappointed, so will it be in the future into which the graduate steps when he reads his essay or speaks his oration.

There will be the same glittering promises; the same things that seem but are not gold; the same high hopes with the same bitter disappointments. There will be the same striving for the prizes of life, with the same contestants and the same jealousies.

In the school are young men and women, grown somewhat older, but nevertheless with just the needs, desires and ambitions that caused striving among the students.

It is a false philosophy that teaches young people that this active world is so different from the world of school days. Such philosophy grows either from lack of knowledge of the school, or from failure to conceive what is the real meaning of life. Wherever are people will be the things that go to make up the school days. There will be that which interests them, which they love, which they hate, which they desire and that for which they strive.

The religious philosopher argues that death is but an incident in an endless career, that end of physical life is but a point in time that never ends. In the same sense, graduation is but an incident in life, a point of time in the career that goes on the witness the same experiences that marked the earlier years.

MR. PERKINS SHOULD EXPLAIN

Senator Perkins of California withdraws his support for the Pacific cable, and favors one constructed by private owners. He cites the fact that the company now offering to build the Pacific cable will transmit messages at \$1 per word, whereas the present rate is \$1.65. This appears to be about all the reason given by the California Senator why there should be a cable owned by individuals, instead of by the Federal Government. Mr. Perkins should explain his position further. He has not covered the ground. He apparently forgets that the British Government is to transmit messages over the same ocean at 50 cents per word; that if the cable be owned by the Government it will be operated upon the cost to the consumer principle; that when business develops sufficiently the rates will be lowered; that, like the postal system, the Government-owned cable line would gradually be cheapened until the ordinary person could afford to use it. In short, Mr. Perkins seems to forget about all of the salient points in favor of a Government-owned cable, and to dwell upon the one that is not essential.

If there is any enterprise that the Government should own, it is the cable net to the postoffices. Especially is this true in view of the fact that our relations with the Far East are strengthening each year, and our business growing rapidly. For the reasons given herein, the Pacific cable should be owned and operated by the Federal Government. Senator Perkins ought to know this, and knowing it, he ought to stand by the position upon which he stood formerly, when he was a champion of the construction of the cable by this Government and its ownership, by the same.

AN HISTORIC AFFAIR. A site should be selected for the 1905 Fair where improvements could be made that would be permanent in their character. For instance the primary object of the Fair is an historical display. It is to commemorate an event of much importance to the Northwest. Taking that as a central feature then the idea should be to erect upon the site selected an historical building, it should be permanent and for all time. After the Fair has passed, away this historical building would be in the nature of a monument and the people now living and those to

come would find in it much to instruct and interest them. To accomplish the greatest good in the erection of such a monument the site of the Fair should be as centrally located as possible. Mr. Rosenblatt thinks that the whole people should not be taxed for the benefit of the few. He thinks the benefits derived from a fire boat would be for those along the water front. True, but if it was not for this same water front the rest of us would not be here. The man on the water front cannot be successful to any great extent without extending his success to those doing business up on Sixth street, or even to Twelfth street, or for that matter to all parts of the town. No, that sort of doctrine is not the kind which makes the best for all concerned.

"HOLINESS" SECT

Religious Enthusiasts Who Are Always Looking for Trouble.

The "Holiness" adherents are a peculiar sect. They believe that the Day of Judgment is near at hand, and are exceedingly demonstrative in their preparations for it. Whenever a few of them get together they begin to sing, and their hymns are of the most doleful kind—all about the condemned soul and the horrors of perdition. Their religion is of the same doleful kind, and the beauties of religion, of the world and of life have no place in their creed. "Praise God" is their way of saying "Good morning," and their reply is "Amen." The men kiss each other when they meet and they have many other curious customs. "Thank God I see you alive!" is another salutation. They are faith curists and have no use for physicians. Their ministers are not paid, but work at some trade as a side line. Their religion will not permit them to wear neckties. They wear collars, generally of celluloid, but no ties. Singing of hell, preaching of hell and praying to be delivered from hell occupy most of their time, and they seem to be trying hard to dodge the fiery furies of the hereafter, but as they go through life they lose sight of much that is beautiful and inspiring.

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More Date Trees in Arizona.

Another carload of date palm trees recently arrived at the experiment station south of Tempe to be planted. They came from Egypt a year ago, says the Phoenix-Republican, but did not arrive in Arizona until October, being kept in the station greenhouse at Tucson through the winter. They are of large size—the largest weighing as much as 600 pounds. They are 25 in number, comprising some six or seven of the choicest varieties. Professor Forbes reports the orchard in fine condition. If the suckers imported two years ago being in blossom. This is a record-breaker for transplanted suckers, and there will be early information on the quantity of fruit produced by these imported trees. Thus far the date orchard experiment near Tempe seems to be successfully proving that the culture of date palms in Arizona will some day become an extensive and a profitable industry, or that it may become so if the tillers of the soil choose to engage in it. The palm is valuable first for the reason that it can be grown successfully in so few sections of the United States and secondly because the soil required is that which is least valuable for other purposes. It is one of the lines of investigation carried on by the experiment station that is resulting satisfactorily and that could not well have been undertaken by private enterprise.

Artificial Marble.

The lack of marble in Denmark has led to many attempts to produce a substitute which would equal in decorative effects the natural product. A Danish master builder is producing a stone of such delicate transition of tints and play of color that it is impossible to distinguish it from the natural product, while as to cost of manufacture, it can compete with all other artificial marbles. The imitation of the most expensive species does not exceed in cost that of the cheaper ones. The process of manufacture is simple and the cost of the outfit does not exceed \$15. The article can be produced in any form desired—columns, plain or fluted, and capitals—as readily as flat slabs. It is claimed that even pictures may be made of this marble. It seems to have the durability of genuine marble, but its cost is only about one-tenth as much.

How to Tie a Woman's Shoe String.

It was a Brooklyn electric, comfortably filled, when a well-dressed young woman entered and took a seat next to a man. Presently she leaned forward and began to tie up her shoe lacing. It proved rather difficult to do with her gloves on, but after a while the passengers witnessing the performance saw the feat accomplished and the lady sat back, calmly gazing out of the window as if "she was always tying her shoe" in electric cars. At the next stop the man beside her rose to get off, but, lo! there came a struggle, and then horror, mutual and general. The two were fastened, not exactly hand and foot, but shoe and shoe! So diligently had the lady tied the knots that the lacing had to be cut by a ready pocket-knife before the couple could be separated. Blushes and laughter, embarrassment and indignation were rife, for of all comical scenes to which street cars are subject, this was one of the drollest.—Boston Herald.

A Panama Hat.

The man who wore a Panama, Referred to it as "she." Until a friend, who heard him talk, remarked to him that he did not exactly understand why he should think it fit to feminize the neuter, and say "she" instead of "it." "Oh, you don't know the Panama." The other man replied, "As gently as I can, I'm taking of his hat. It's plain enough to me why I should speak of it as 'she.' Because, old man, the Panama is so expensive. See?" —W. J. Lampton in New York Herald.

THE JOURNAL SHORT STORY

Last night I was sleeping soundly, when I was suddenly awakened by a loud hiss—something like the overblow of a piece of furniture in the next room. At the same time the clock struck 4 and my cot commenced to move unaidedly. I jumped out of bed and quickly, without precaution—with an intrepidity explained only by the strength of my convictions—I opened the door and entered the room. It was all illuminated, and the first thing I saw was a very elegant gentleman in evening dress, who was filling a leather valise with valuable articles.

The valise did not belong to me, but the articles did. I saw here an inconceivable and unseemly operation, against which I prepared to protest. Although I did not know the gentleman, yet he had a face that was familiar to me, a face that one meets on the boulevards, at the theater, in the restaurants, religious and patriotic fetes—none of those correct and well-cared faces which make one say of those to whom they belong: "He must be a club man."

To pretend that I was not in the least astonished to see in my home at 4 o'clock in the morning a man in habit whom I had not invited would be exaggerating. But this astonishment was not accompanied by any other feeling of fright or anger with which these nocturnal visits are usually received. The air of elegance and good humor of this club man reassured me immediately, for I must confess I had rather feared to find myself face to face with a horrible brute of a cambrioleur, against whom I would have to resort to defensive violence, for which I had no inclination, inasmuch as one does not always know how it will end.

Seeing me, the elegant stranger interrupted himself in his work, and with a smile of friendly irony, said to me: "Excuse me, monsieur, for having so impolitely awakened you, but it is not at all my fault. You have very sensitive furniture, which faints at the approach of the little crowbar." (Jimmy)

I then saw that the room was all upset. Drawers were open and empty, a glass case broken and a small empire secretary, where I hide my valuable and family jewels was turned upside down on the carpet. A real pillage, in truth; and while I was making these observations this early visitor continuing to fill his valise, said to me in his well-tended voice: "Oh, this modern furniture! What a frail frame it has, hasn't it? I believe it is also affected with the disease of the century—that it is nervous, like the people. And he accompanied his pleasantness with a little polite and charming laugh, which did not offend me, and which revealed a man of the best breeding. Really I could not help but notice it, it is such a rare thing today.

I decided, however, to interfere, but not wishing to show myself inferior to him in good grace, said simply: "To whom have I the honor of speaking?" "Besides I now followed with a fearless glance the movements of the nocturnal visitor. He had such an air of a man of the world.

"Monsieur," replied this perfect gentleman in a flippant tone, "my name would perhaps at this moment be too much of a surprise to you. Besides, do you not think it better to reserve it for a less extraordinary occasion—a presentation which I wish for soon, but which I can swear to you, I do not seek today—although nothing could have been more agreeable, believe me, to have been so acquainted with you, to keep for the present the strictest incognito."

"So be it, monsieur. I should be grieved to disoblige you. But all this does not explain to me"— "My presence in your home at such an hour, and amid such disorder?" "That is it. And I would know?" "Indeed," acquiesced the unknown; "your curiosity is justifiable, and I do not dream of evading it. But, pardon! Since you wish to have a little talk, do you not think that it would be prudent to put on a dressing gown? Your deshabille distresses me. It is cold, and one catches the grip so quickly in these strange times."

"That is right. You are very thoughtful. Kindly excuse me a moment." "Certainly, monsieur, certainly." I gained my dressing room, donned quickly a dressing gown, and returned to the stranger, who, during my absence had endeavored to re-establish a little order in the room so disarranged by his burglarious work.

"I have it alone, monsieur; stop. I beg of you," I said to him. "My servant will arrange all that tomorrow. Do not give yourself any trouble." I offered him a seat, took one myself, and before lighting a cigar, said to him in an encouraging tone: "Monsieur, I am ready to listen to you."

The club man might have waited to collect his thoughts, as do all heroes of romance before telling their stories, but he evaded this commonplace proceeding like a sensible man, and immediately began: "Monsieur, I am a robber—a professional robber. Let us say, if you wish, a cambrioleur. You have doubtless guessed it."

"Assuredly." "That does honor to your perspicacity." "Oh, that is nothing. Who would have doubted it?" He continued: "I did not decide to embrace this social position until having become convinced that in these troubled times in which we live it is the most open, the most loyal—let us speak out—the most honest of all."

"This is," said I, "a charming paradox." "Not at all, monsieur. I assure you. I would be ungrateful to you for your cordial hospitality if I did not talk to you seriously. Robbery, monsieur—and I speak of robbery as I would speak of the bar, literature, painting, medicine,

industry, religion—robbery has been a disreputable calling because all those who have followed it, until now, have been only odious brutes, repugnant, vulgar, uneducated and unrefined people. But I intend to restore to it the luster which it deserves and to make robbery an honorable and envied calling."

"I would not ask for more, for in principle I am for social reforms, but I would not be sorry to know how you will effect this."

"In the simplest manner. Let us not deviously ourselves with words, but let us look at life as it really is. Robbery is the unique avocation of man. We only choose a profession, whatever it is—mark it well—because it permits us to do more or less, according to our particular aptitude, and finally to steal something from some one legally, or under cover of admitted customs."

"Oh! oh!" I cried. "You are illogical. And those who, like me, have no profession?" "One always has a profession," replied the stranger, gravely. And it is precisely those who seem to do nothing who are the most dangerous and most hypocritical sharpers."

"And with a smiling grace, in which was firmness, he continued: "Come, monsieur, you have too wary a mind—you know too well what the deceptive painting of our virtues and our honor conceals, but I am forced to support my words by probatory examples and decisive enumerations."

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WAR ON BUZZARDS.
The buzzard has been condemned as well as the mosquito, and must go the way of all good buzzards. His virtue as a scavenger has been impeached and he is accused of spreading diseases, through contact with diseased carcasses. The cattlemen are to take the matter up at the next Legislature, and instead of being a \$5 fine to kill a buzzard we may look for a bounty to be paid for his scalp. He is a nasty bird, and science has some good reasons for wanting him exterminated.—Dallas (Tex.) News.