

PORTLAND JOURNAL

ALFRED D. BOWEN. JOURNAL PRINTING CO., Proprietors. Eastern Representative: Albert E. Harbrook, 8 Times Bldg., N. Y. Hartford Bldg., Chicago.

THE INDEPENDENT AFTERNOON PAPER OF OREGON. Goodenough Building, Fifth and Yamhill streets, 23 Yamhill street.

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PORTLAND, ORE., JULY 16, 1902. TWO "TOUCHING" INCIDENTS. A correspondent writes from Seattle a story of the chase after Tracy, and refers to the dogged persistency of Jake Williams, an Oregon reservation Indian, who from the day when first they went after the convict, has stuck to the trail.

But, the most remarkable, more remarkable even than the correspondent's effusion, was that letter that went to Governor Geer from one H. T. Turner, of Seattle, purporting to be president of the Seattle Hygienic Association. That letter should go into the archives as the noblest work of literary and philanthropic man. This man, who is at the head of an institution that is based upon physical sanitation, certainly proves that he has mastered the principles of spiritual sanitation as well and that he knows what is good for the salvation of society.

President Turner thus wrote to Governor Geer: The so-called outlaw, Harry Tracy, has conducted himself in and around Seattle so as to have won the sympathy of the great mass of thoughtful people. On every side we hear the expression: "Tracy is a brick; he is a jewel; a persecuted man who has abilities like that should not be hunted by bloodhounds and bounty-seekers, dead or alive."

Why not issue an edict of pardon for him and place him in some responsible position where his qualifications and ability can be put to use for the benefit of humanity? He will appreciate the position and opportunity, and that big heart benefit to the race, perhaps, as a detective.

He concludes with this climax of appeal: Every great man has but one opportunity to do a universal good to his fellow-men. This is, I believe, your great opportunity.

The Governor ought to pardon Tracy, by all means. Tracy has now no opportunity to do any amount of good in the world. He is hampered, somewhat, by the bloodhounds that yelp upon his trail, and by a number of men who follow him with 30-30 rifles, loaded, and holding them ready to send hot lead into Tracy's fleecy body whenever he heaves in sight.

Now, a man cannot attend to the good of his fellows under such conditions, and therefore, Governor Geer ought to pardon Tracy and place him in such circumstances as would enable him to bring his good qualities into play. He might superintend a Sunday school, or teach a Bible class, or teach secular school, or, perhaps, study for the ministry. In some of these relations, Tracy would be able to do much good, and it would be a whole lot nicer than to sleep in swamps, and spend day and night trying to baffle hounds and armed pursuers. By all means, pardon Tracy, and put an end to the touching incident of that redskin.

WANTED—AN ISSUE. A certain Washington correspondent worries lest the National Democracy have no issue with which to enter the coming campaign. If there be no issue, the peculiar part of the thing is that he fails not every day to mention the alleged fact. He evidently is not fairly satisfied that there is no issue.

There is always an issue. It is fundamental. It goes to the primal principles of government, and refers to the elemental belief that the whole people are safer as a ruling power than is any coterie of financiers and political operators. The issue is now before the people of the United States. It is vouchered for inadvertently whenever leading Republican newspapers bewail that the trust swindlers are able to control legislation against the almost demand of the President that they keep their promises.

by the platform utterances of the Republican party, and then the Congress proceeds to slap the Chief Executive in the face and to disregard those promises. This is merely an illustration of the truth that there always is an issue so long as the will of all the people is not done and a few control the matters of National legislation.

It is the eternal battle between the privileged few and the average of men in any country, for the same issue presents itself everywhere.

Read the editorial column of the majority of the Republican newspapers and then learn that there is an issue that stirs them to bitter reflection and resentful statement. Let the prevailing party furnish its own proof that there is an issue. It is an issue almost great enough to split that party into two distinct political entities.

FROM SALISBURY TO BALFOUR The change in the English Premiership from Lord Salisbury to Arthur J. Balfour, says the cable, was effected with scarcely any alterations of prices upon the stock board. The new regime came in quietly, more so than at any previous time. It is suggestive of two alternatives, either that Balfour represents the same interests that were cared for by Salisbury, or that the controlling forces in modern government affairs are subsidiary to the controlling forces in finance and commerce.

The facts are that Balfour does represent the same interests as those that were upheld by his predecessor, and that it is still the house of Cecil that rules England, for the real ruler of the British Empire is the Premier.

Yet, it is also true that changing administrations do not in these days so powerfully affect the current of men's affairs, as do changes in the direction of matters of large import not directly connected with government. The struggle over the Northern Pacific common stock a year ago was a vaster disturbance than the election of a new President of the United States. The purchase of surface lines and plans for underground railways in London by Yerkes of Chicago and his colleagues was of greater significance than the resignation of Salisbury and the seating of "Prince Arthur" as the new Premier is called in his country.

That this is a fact, no thoughtful person will deny. That it is not all bad, some thoughtful men will claim. There is nowadays nothing sacred about a particular administration, nor is there in the mind of the average man aught of divinity surrounding a government regime. Government is for the regulation of men's affairs, and if their affairs be properly regulated, then is the end attained, whether it be through the older method of national divisions with each country operating individually, or with a sort of general agreement on the part of the men everywhere who nowadays are able to effect changes in cabinets and ministries and presidencies without much jar to the fabric of society. All nations are now too closely articulated to permit any other regime to exist.

OVER HALF A CENT. A headline writer, quoting from the text of a Chicago correspondent, places before a strike story: "Over half a cent." This was to epitomize the substance of the story, and to tell in a line what was the point of difference between the freight handlers and railroads, a difference that involves but \$500 of wages for each 24 hours, to be distributed between 24 roads.

Of course the headline writer did not intend to intimate that the half a cent difference was all, but it makes pertinent the reiteration in these columns what was stated the other day, that there are two basic principles involved in that Chicago "strike"—the sympathetic strike and the question as to whether or not employers ought to confer with their men as individuals or as employees.

Until this be settled, the strike and labor troubles will continue to harass the people. It is not to be presumed that the time ever will come when there will not be something to worry people here on earth, but some day there will be some sort of agreement as to this fundamental proposition. Looked at superficially, one must confess to a leaning toward the employers' side of the controversy, that they ought not to be compelled to treat with the men as unions, but as individuals. Yet, perhaps, there are arguments that tend to substantiate the claims of the men. If, however, the union could be made a legally responsible party, if it could be sued, if it could make a binding contract, then would no employer object to treating with them. He would regard it as a convenience invaluable, indeed, if he could arrange with his employees by arranging with two or three of their representatives.

The legal responsibility of the union—that is the crux of the question, and lacking such responsibility, the question remains unsolved.

FAKE AMAZONS Prof. Thomas Declares Story of Them a Myth.

Atlanta, Hippolyta and other classic Amazons received their death blow at the hands of Prof. H. W. Thomas in the course of a lecture before a class of students at the University of Chicago. "The old legends of women who controlled the government and either drove out the men or else allowed them to exist on sufferance are myths, nothing more," declared the professor, while the students of the class gasped. "There never was such a thing as the matriarchal form of government, consequently the Amazon of Greek story never existed, and if Theseus won Hippolyta he probably did so in battle with her father's men. Some early tribes traced descent on the maternal side, but the government was in the hands of the men politically."

Prof. Thomas declared that the Amazon troops of the King of Ashanti were entirely subordinate to masculine command. "The King of Ashanti has women for his bodyguard," said Dr. Thomas, "merely because he thinks they are less likely to attempt assassination."—Chicago American.

BEARS AND COUGARS. It is not every man that knows that there are still bear around the slopes of Old Baldy, and not more than six to eight miles distant from Sumpter. Last week one of the workmen at the Griffith placer diggings was away from the cabin a little late and saw a small brown bear in the path. Other reports have been made of the same order, proving that bear yet haunt the rugged sides of the gray old peak. A good hunt with bear dogs has been suggested by some sportsmen, if the dogs can be secured.

Some time ago Al Churchill killed three bears in Bohemia, the mother and two cubs, about six miles below the Musick mine on the Noonday ridge. He sent the skin of the old bear in to Bob Veatch, who tried his hand for the first time at stuffing the brute. He succeeded beyond his expectations.

Mrs. John Morehouse, at Jasper, was getting breakfast, when a cougar came to the house, rared up and looked in at the window to see how the meal was progressing. The beast then jumped onto the log and nearly killed it. The cat came next and was quickly put out of business. Later the cougar enjoyed a meal on 15 chickens. The Jasper boys turned out with guns and hounds and soon treed the beast and killed it. It was about half grown and poor.

Several cougars have been seen in the valleys of late, having come down from the hills presumably for something to eat. One was killed at Jasper this week and one on Row River last week, while several have been seen in other neighborhoods.

Jim Handley, of Lakeview, ran across a bear the other evening—in the Masonic woods. Jim started after his gun, but before he got back to the scene he discovered that bruin belonged to the circus next door. Explanations between Jim and the bear were cordial, and just because the animal growled a bit Jim changed his clothes and went to the circus.

Carrie Nation's Opposition. Carrie Nation is to be here either on next Wednesday or Thursday to play a one-day engagement at Baldwin Park. She is on a lecturing tour and will not smash any barrooms in this city. Carrie wanted \$5 to appear as an attraction at the Macomb Fair, the association to furnish the cash and the hatchet. The directors considered the proposition for a few minutes and decided that the \$5 would be better invested in offering it as prize for the biggest sow in the county. Mrs. Nation is to lecture at Baldwin Park while in Quincy.—Quincy (Ill.) Daily Herald.

What Happened to Logan? Logan Johnson had an experience at the K. P. Lodge on the 24 Monday night that was full of interest. Several of the Keytesville boys came over to participate in the pleasures of the evening and Logan admits that they were well paid for their trouble. "The K. P. boys are booking new work right along.—Salisbury (Mo.) Press-Spectator.

A Christian Cowboy's Creed. I am no professin' Christian of the sort the cities hold, Hain't been gathered with the chosen in the church of no sacred fold, An' never groan in spirit while a-thinkin' o' the way That the reckless unbelievers sin around me every day; All the creed I try to practice is the o'-time Golden Rule, Never hear no sacred music but the breezes fresh an' cool, An' the only church o' worship onto which I'd ever cling Is the outdoor church o' nature, whar the Lord's a-runnin' things.

I kin git more soothin' comfort from the music o' the brooks Than the preachers o' creation ever rasberry, An' the sighin' o' the breezes an' the singin' o' the birds—Brings some Christian feelin' you kin never git from words. There is sermons in the sunshine, there's discourses in the flowers, There is life an' inspiration in the brooks 'n' in the springs, Out in nature's sanctuary whar the Lord's a-runnin' things.

When I'm ridin' on the night herd every star that gleams above Seems a sparkin' gem that's speakin' o' the glory o' the heavens, An' the flashin' o' the lightning an' the thunder's angry roar Tells me o' the power majestic o' the Lord I adore. When the storm in awful fury is a-howlin' in 'is wrath, Like as if 'd swar the cattle jes' like feathers from 'is path, I'm contented as the sage chicks underneath their mother's wings, Out in nature's big cathedral, whar the Lord's a-runnin' things.

When I hear the final summons sent to tell me I must go To the round-up in the heavens from the ranges here below, Not a song nor a sermon nor a ceremonious play Do I want in the proceedin' when my body lies a-runnin' low, I would rather far be buried on the ranges all alone, With the spot whar I'm a-sleepin' never marked by board or stone, So when Gabriel sounds his trumpet I kin rise an' spread my wings From the grassy slopes o' nature, whar the Lord's a-runnin' things.—James Barton Adams in Denver Post.

FAKE AMAZONS

HINTS TO WOMEN

BECOMING NECKWEAR.

Nothing plays so important a part in midday's summer outfit as the various dainty neck-pieces by which she gives her summer gowns variety and becomingness.

TO SOFTEN WATER.

Spirits of ammonia is a good toilet requisite, as a little in the water will both soften it and help to remove stains from the hands.

THE SHORT SKIRT.

Of course, all outing gowns these days have a short skirt, not an unbecomingly short one, but just the right length for comfort. Side and box pleated models are the latest, but those with tucks, so stitched that they simulate pleats while being perfectly flat are most popular.

LOVELY AND CHIC.

Have you a Liberty silk fichu? If you haven't and have the price, make yourself the possessor of one as soon as possible. That is, if you want to enhance your charm.

CUCUMBER FRITTERS.

Cucumbers make a very nice sort of fritter. The batter, which must not be too thin, should be composed of one cupful of flour, sifted with one teaspoonful each of baking powder and salt and a little pepper; with two beaten eggs and one cupful of water added alternately.

HER STATIONERY.

Illuminated letters are the newest for stationery. The monogram or initials are in script, as a rule, in two or more harmonizing colors favorable to the owners of the initials. Any attractive combination can be used, and the effect is excellent.

ODD AND INTERESTING.

At Reikjavik, Iceland, the temperance women, who are known as "white-ribbons," have taken to standing at the doors of public houses from 4 p. m. until closing hours, urging men not to enter.

Capt. Andre, a Chicago life-saving official, has devised a steel rocket which, when used to throw life lines to wrecked vessels, leaves a trail of light behind it and enables lifesavers to locate the distressed ship.

The design of the President's flag is to be altered. It now bears the coat-of-arms of the United States in a blue field. In the new flag the 13 stars will surround the eagle and a sunburst will radiate from the stars.

The star Arcturus, the hottest of celestial bodies, gives out as much heat as a standard candle six miles away. This fact was ascertained by the radiometer, an instrument which will show the amount of heat given off from a man's face at 2000 feet distance.

A curiosity in the shape of a miniature book, has been issued by a Birmingham (England) manufacturer. The book, which is a dictionary, is only 1 3/4 inches by 1 3/4 inches in size, but is so clearly printed that, with the aid of a lens provided, every word is legible.

Dairymen hate thunder. It turns their milk sour in a few hours. The reason is that electricity changes the sugar in milk to lactic acid. The casein or cheesy part of the milk, being insoluble in presence of an acid, is then precipitated into curds, and so the milk sours.

Complaint is made in Paris that, while French guards on the sleeping car train between Paris and Berlin are obliged to efface themselves at the frontier and make way for German conductors, the Teutons on the return journey remain at their posts until the French capital is reached.

An Economical Senator.

Senator Hoar of Massachusetts has a natural and an abundant supply of New England economy. Not only does he economize in his expenditures—he rides to and from his hotel to the Senate in the street cars—but he economizes in time. One of his peculiar street car habits, which can be observed twice a day, any day, is his seemingly unconscious desire to get a seat near the door where he is to get out. The other day he boarded a long F-street car which was well filled. The venerable Senator had to take a seat near the front end. As the car proceeded toward the Capitol the passengers gradually got out. Every time a person next to the Senator got out he promptly slid into the vacated place. By repeating this sliding operation half a dozen times the Senator arrived at the seat next to the door which he held the balance of the journey.

Sure Thing.

Deacon Grubbs (gloomily)—"I don't know what is the matter with our church. We don't seem to get on." James Lightly—"Have you tried getting up a heresy trial yet?"—Chicago Daily News

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