

WEST CAMPAIGN STILL FAILURE SAVE IN NOISE

Plenty of Excitement, But No Great Change Noticed in City's Morality.

About a week ago Governor West dropped into our fair city, bringing with him a dozen brooms and a couple of press agents. Mr. West mentioned quite casually that he was going to "clean up Portland". He was all excited about it, and was going to get busy just as soon as he got his machinery unpacked and got back from taking a bath in the Pacific.

The week has passed. Each day the papers have found plenty of copy in chronicling the doings of the state executive. But aside from that affairs in Portland have been going along just about as before. Some of the militia-men have come back from target practice at the forts, and have walked about the streets in uniform, being joshed by the police and other people. The Governor has told District Attorney Cameron that he is no longer public prosecutor, and by so doing has tangled up the work of the courts and the grand jury. The Governor has also appointed somebody to do Cameron's work, and now there is every prospect of a nice legal battle.

Walter Evans, republican nominee for prosecuting attorney, was offered Cameron's job by the Governor, and after reading up the law on the case he told the Executive that he couldn't take the job. Mr. Evans did not believe the "removal" of Cameron was legal, and so he found his business in the federal courts too "pressing" to be left just at this time. By so doing, Mr. Evans has saved himself from getting in a ridiculous position, and has strengthened his position before the voters.

Tom Word, one time sheriff of Multnomah county, has also declined to pull the Governor's chestnuts out of the fire, and has gracefully sidestepped the appointment of "special agent". Mr. Word, though the democratic nominee for sheriff, has decided that he doesn't want to jeopardize his chances of election by getting tangled up in the great wild West show. Mr. Fitzgerald, who is Word's opponent on the republican ticket, has also decided to leave well enough alone, and to fail to hear the Governor's appeals for somebody to go out and arrest somebody.

While all these things have been happening, Governor West has moved into Portland, established his stenographer near the adjutant general's office, and has himself begun to peer about at the "shocking" conditions in the city. "It is reported he has read the vice commission's report, and cast it aside. His latest move has been to get real well acquainted with the grand jury, and to urge that body to look into the conduct of Mr. Cameron. On the streets it is reported that an attempt will be made to tangle Cameron up with the ancient May Real mystery.

In the meantime the police and Sheriff Stevens have been doing their work. Nightly there has been brought to the police station the usual grist of crooks and lawbreakers of varied kinds. Mr. Stevens has continued to keep a watchful eye upon the roadhouses, as was demonstrated the other night when he landed down on the Linnton road only about two seconds behind the police patrol when a fight broke out in a party of joy riders. The Governor has written Sheriff Stevens a number of letters, but they have been somewhat out of date, for most of the information contained in them has already been taken cognizance of by the sheriff.

In short, Governor West seems to be somewhat up against it for material for a really good grand-

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WEIRD CHARGE MADE AGAINST AUTOMOBILE OWNER BY MISTAKE

A certain Portland man has a habit of tooting the horn on his benzine buggy as he cavorts about the city streets. Enthusiastic honking of an automobile siren is a violation of one of the city ordinances. This man has made himself such a general pest about the streets that this week a warrant was sworn out for his arrest, it being set forth in the warrant that he had violated a certain city ordinance, the number of which was given.

The police went out and in due time served the warrant. The man furnished bail, and went his way, awaiting trial. While he was thinking the matter over he decided to look up the law on the matter, and then he beat it quick for the police station. Once there he demanded to know what he had been arrested for.

The desk sergeant happened to remember the case, and told him that he'd been blowing his horn too much.

"Well, there's nothing about that in the ordinance that I'm accused of violating," he said.

The policeman thereupon got down the automobile ordinance and read it to him. And he also told him the number of the ordinance.

"That may be all right," said the prisoner, "but this warrant charges me with violating an altogether different ordinance."

The matter was looked up, and it was found that through a mistake the man had been charged with violating the section of the building code that refers to concrete walls. In making out the warrant the wrong ordinance number had been put down. The man in question is going to plead not guilty to the charge, and lawyers say he will be freed. But it is a sure bet that the next time an ordinance number is written on a warrant, somebody will be careful to get the right number down.

NEW RAILROAD LINE TO NORTH NOW UNDER WAY

Announcement this week of the formation of a railroad company to build and operate a line from Vancouver, Wash., to Tacoma, has been heralded in some of the daily papers as the forerunner of the Milwaukee road's entrance to Portland. Every now and then some scribe whose knowledge of coast railroad affairs is but slight "brings the Milwaukee to Portland" in spite of the repeated statements from President Earling, of the Chicago, Milwaukee & Puget Sound, that his line has no intention of invading the Oregon field.

The new line from Vancouver to Tacoma is not backed by the Milwaukee line, as time will show. It is, instead, backed by the Stone & Webster interests, who some four years ago planned an electric interurban line from Vancouver, Wash., to Vancouver, B. C. Sections of this line from Tacoma, through Seattle to Everett have already been built and are in operation, and the line from Everett to Bellingham is now under course of construction. In this last stretch of line a logging road running north from Everett to St. Marys has already been acquired, and track-laying and grading is proceeding between Bellingham and Mount Vernon.

The link in the system from Tacoma to Vancouver, Wash., will be built under the guidance of the huge Washington-Oregon Corporation, the greatest electric concern in the Northwest. This concern has already purchased the interurban road between Centralia and Chehalis, and will use it as a part of the southern section of the line. A branch will also be built from the main line up the Cowlitz valley—in fact, this branch is already well under

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The Man on the Corner

I SEE Fitz has gone and moved that Detective Sergeant Tom Kay be reduced to the ranks and uniform," said the Man on the Corner. "Well, I guess Tom Kay had it coming to him all right, though I don't think he should have been sloughed for bumping a cigar man into a wagon, instead of letting him ride in a taxi. It seems to me that any man under arrest ought to be glad of the seclusion of the patrol instead of being walked in with a pair of bracelets on his wrists.

"Be that as it may, Fitz seems to know the job of running the police department a whole lot bet-



ter than some others that might be mentioned. You don't hear of Fitz knuckling under to anybody. If Fitz thinks a thing ought to be done, he is pretty sure to put all his energy into getting it done, and getting it done right. Fitz has had the habit most of his life of getting what he wants. Just now he wants to be the next

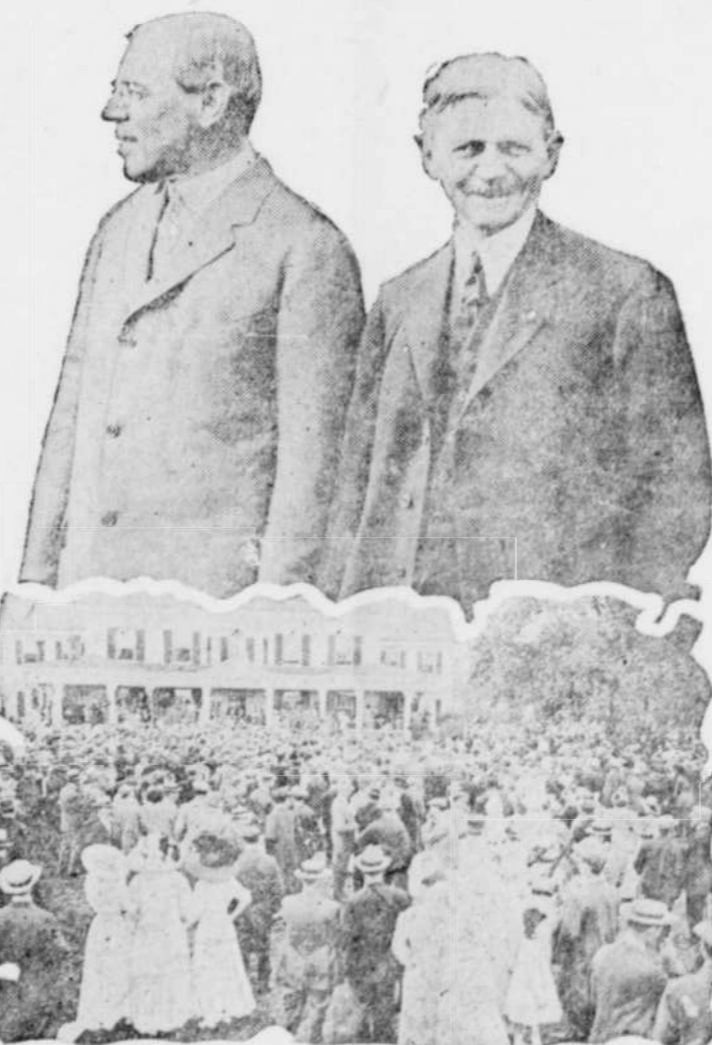
sheriff of Multnomah county, and I guess Fitz will be on the right end of things when all the votes are counted. And Fitz ought to make a god sheriff at that.

"Fitz has made good at about everything he has tackled. As boss of the Cigarmakers' Union he put that organization on its feet and made it respected by everybody, including big business. He made the union a square outfit, and Fitz made it plain to everybody that a union could be as useful in a community as a trust, and maybe somewhat more useful.

"When you meet Fitz you'll discover that he is one of those quiet and forceful fellows that does a whole lot of thinking and very little talking. He is one of the best listeners in the world, and when he gets through listening he has his mind pretty well made up how much he ought to believe, and how much he can cast aside as mere hot air. And with this once decided, he makes up his mind quick as to what he is going to do.

"That's one reason why I think he's going to make a good sheriff. I don't think they'll be able to put much over on Fitz. I don't think things will be as easy as some people think they are going to be; in fact, I think the malefactors are going to find out that Fitz will be one of the squarest men in office, and that it will be next to impossible to fix him. I know a man who has been sticking around Fitz lately just like a brother, and he thinks that when Fitz is sheriff he can do about as he pleases. But take it from me, this fellow is going to wake up awful sudden the first time he tries to do anything that isn't right, and Fitz will be the alarm clock that will wake him up."

Governor Wilson Officially Notified of His Nomination



THE "Little White House" grounds at Sea Girt never before were trampled by such a crowd as that which gathered to make a Democratic holiday of the "notification" of Governor Wilson. It is estimated that 5,000 people attended the ceremonies, and it is unofficially reported that the condition of the governor's right hand and arm the next day was such as to make him believe that he had shaken hands with all of them. A committee of fifty-two members, one from each state, the District of Columbia, Alaska, Hawaii and Porto Rico, waited upon the candidate, and Senator Elect Ollie James, flanked by senators, congressmen and governors, did the talking up to the point when the governor read his speech of acceptance. Mrs. Wilson and her daughters were interested witnesses of the formalities, which were enlivened by the presence of a large number of prominent Democrats, including Governor Marshall, the vice presidential candidate, who, in the photograph, is seen standing at Governor Wilson's left.

ST. JOHN POLICEMEN PREFER SLUMBERING TO CATCHING YEGGS.

This really happened. A Portland policeman, who walks a beat in the far northern section of the city, was hailed by the conductor of an inbound St. John car the other night, and told that people on the car had seen a burglar breaking into a house in St. John as they were coming in. Not feeling called upon to fight burglars, the passengers had done nothing but look at the burglar. The patrolman at once called up the police station, and told Sergeant Lee Jenkins about the report. Desiring to help out the police of the northern suburb, Jenkins called up the St. John headquarters. He had some difficulty in raising them, and finally a sleepy voice answered over the phone.

"There's a burglar breaking into a house out in your town," said Jenkins, and he proceeded to give the St. John guardians of the peace details of the report.

"Aw, stop your kidding," came back over the wire. "Is that all you waked me up for?"

Jenkins is a good policeman, and he just loves to catch burglars, so the reply from St. John made him mad. He roared into the telephone that he wasn't fooling, gave the directions again, and then in a fine burst of irony, shouted into the phone:

"Of course, if you'd rather sleep than go out and catch a burglar, why go ahead and sleep. But this is Portland Police Headquarters talking, and if that's the way you feel about it, I want to tell you that we don't think much of you. Good bye."

News dispatches from St. John have not recorded the recent capture of any burglars, so it is surmised at Portland Headquarters that the brave officer who answered the phone decided to go back to sleep and let the burglar burgle undisturbed.

GREAT NORTHERN TAILORS' OUTFIT IS UNDER PROBE

Maybe there is nothing in it, but nevertheless some very odd things have come out of certain offices on the fourth floor of the Swetland building. Take room 405, for instance. It first leaped into fame when a discharged employee of "Hapgoods" of New York started a high-class employment agency there; an employment agency that brought in the promoter a lot of money, but that failed to give work to those who were duped by the beautiful literature sent out.

This same room is now occupied, along with others, by the Great Northern Tailors Combine, 403, 404 and 405 Swetland building. The walls of the rooms are nicely decorated by pages torn from fashion magazines, and here and there a small table and a chair or two may be seen by those who enter. These details are mentioned in passing, and merely as an introduction.

Last week there appeared in the residence districts of the city a number of young men, who went from house to house distributing cards. These cards had spaces on them for names and addresses and on the end of each card was a stub bearing a number. Arriving at a house the canvasser told "the lady of the house" that he was collecting addresses, and was going to send out advertising matter. The name of "the lady of the house" once obtained, the canvasser would tear off the numbered stub and leave it, saying that it might win a prize.

Some three or four days later two other young men, nicely and neatly dressed, followed the first canvassers about. They called at the houses where the numbered stubs had been left, and gave glad tidings. The "lady of the house" was extremely fortunate, they said. There had been a

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PORTLAND BILLS HIGHER BECAUSE WORK IS LIMITED

Prominent Printer Explains Why Cheaper Quotations Are Given Outside.

Those of a philosophical nature will find food for thought in the following commentaries upon certain local conditions and the high cost of living. "While the example cited here deals but with the printing business, similar conditions prevail in nearly all other lines of local industry. And as these industries are necessary to the existence of Portland's community, it would appear that it will take more than a reduction of the tariff and the victory of the Democratic party to change conditions. In fact, careful consideration of the argument set forth makes a solution seem impossible.

A business man was complaining, the other day, about the cost of printing in Portland, and mentioned in the course of his remarks that he could get his business stationery printed more economically in Seattle. In the party of which he was a member when he made his complaint was one of the largest employing printers of the city, and the modern Gutenberg at once took up the defense of his business.

"You say printing in this city is more costly than in Seattle. Well, let me tell you something," said the local printer. "You can always do work more cheaply for a client living outside your home market than you can for the local consumer, and I'll show you why. Take my business. There are a certain number of definitely established printers in Portland. Let us say, just for illustration, that there are twelve shops. Each of these shops has certain set expenses that have to be met every year—wages, cost of material, upkeep charges and new machinery. We know what this cost is going to be, for we have been meeting it for a number of years.

"Also there is just about so much printing to be done in Portland every year. There are about so many thousand letter-heads wanted, so many bills, so many cards, and so much general job and display work. We know about how much of this there is, for we have been in business a long time. And we know what the yearly increase is going to be. This work has got to pay us our shop expenses, and it has got to give us our own profit, for we need the profit so that we can live. That's what we're in business for.

"Knowing how many printers there are, and how much work each of us is liable to get, we realize that there is a certain price which we must charge in order to meet our expenses. We have to take in this much money to pay our employees, and these employees are Portland people, depending on us for their living! If we cut our prices below this rate, we either lose money, or we must cut down our expenses to meet the lower income; and the only way to do this is to discharge men. So to keep these Portland men on the job, and to pay them and ourselves, we have to get a certain amount for our Portland printing.

"But when we figure on a job from out of town we are in an altogether different position. Instead of figuring this job on our local fixed expenses, we can figure it on the cost of production alone, for it is extra work that we had not taken into consideration. So when we get a job from Seattle, the chances are we can do it for perhaps five or ten per cent less than Portland prices, and still make a profit on it. That is why I say that a man can always make better terms for an outside market than he can for his home market. He has got to make a certain profit out of his home market, which is his only sure resource, in order that he can make his annual expenses. Once assured of this, we can figure

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