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OREGON CITY, JUNE 5, 1903.



Clackamas county is Democratic by 250 plurality. Ye Gods who would have believed it.

Less than 2500 votes were cast in Clackamas county on last Monday out of a possible 5000.

Oregon City goes Democratic by over fifty. "Verily, verily I say unto you, the day of miracles is not yet passed."

In the election of Hermann to Congress the Republicans in this district are heartily ashamed of themselves. It is a victory of which they are not proud.

It is over and ended. It is bad enough the Good Lord knows. Yet there is some leven in the bread. Clackamas county, the strongest Republican county in the state has swung into the Democratic column by a good, stiff plurality of 250 votes. Therefore we rejoice and believe that the clouds are breaking and that better days are coming.

Clackamas county in the years gone by has earned an unenviable reputation. The county has had the largest Republican majority in the state and the highest tax rate. Now in as much as the county has gone Democratic possibly we can cut the rate in half. Good things have an affinity for one another. Bad deeds and corrupt things travel in a bunch.

Lord Brownell didn't do it. Mayor Dimick didn't do it. Judge Ryan didn't do it. "Jimmie" Campbell didn't do it. The people in their majesty and righteous rath raised up and walked over the politicians and voted for the man of their choice and Clackamas county, the biggest and best county in Oregon has gone back to its early traditions and is once more a Democratic county.

In this city and county Monday the Democratic boys had on their gaffs and spurs. They yoked and they won. They can win again if they will work. It costs something in time and trouble to be a good, honest Democrat, but the man who loves his country and his home and is a true patriot can afford to give both of his time and his means to set or the conditions of his fellow men and improve society.

Quite a number of Republicans in Clackamas county voted the Democratic ticket on last Monday. We have an idea that they will feel better for it. It is a good thing to do. It is a little hard possibly on the system of an old line Republican to cut loose from his party and vote the Democratic ticket. It is like taking calomel or salts in to the system. It hurts a little at the time, but it cleanses and purifies and you feel better after the evil effects are over with and the impurities in the blood and the corruption of the body politic has been swept away.

A NATIVE SON.

Possibly no native son of Oregon has achieved more fame or exercised more influence on the country at large than has Homer Davenport. He was born at Silverton in Marion county. He was a common country boy, if anything a little commoner than usual. When we were a resident of Silverton some twenty years ago we met Mr. Davenport. He was then plain Homer. There were none to do him honor. He was regarded as lazy and thriftless. Even the girls would not go to church with him. Today he is the greatest cartoonist in the world. He talks with his picture to a million of people a day. It is not the pictures alone. He writes well and readably. His salary is \$15,000 per year. The following cut from the San Francisco Examiner is his impression of Washington as he sees it today.

"When you revisit a place what strikes you most forcibly are the changes that have been made, especially if the place you are visiting has historical interest.

I came to Washington a while ago, and in the evening, after the theaters were closed, I strolled out, as I love to do in the quiet of the night, to visit with the buildings of our capital city, as they stood there silent and dignified and each one telling some

beautiful or tragic story of our nation's history. When I saw what had been the stately White House mansion, the most impressive building in our country, or in the world perhaps, to our people, because it is the home of our chief magistrate and represents the highest aspiration of every citizen—where this odly dignified mansion used to be I found a sort of a Midway, such as is common to all our fairs and expositions. From one wing it looked like Weber and Fields Theatre in New York. An electric sign, four or five feet high, flashed from what was once a solemn old colonial roof, displaying the numbers 730, 409, and so on. These were cab numbers, the same as you see when the crowds leave the theatres. They were yelled along in all directions until they were lost in the din and confusion "after the show." Modern invention is good—where would we be without it?—but some how this robbed the beautiful old residence of the dignity it should have, and placed it on a level with the music halls.

Reaching out from both sides of the White House are two tunnel shaped wings, connecting the main buildings with the street on both sides of the block. They have small, half-oval windows, such as you see in the best equipped dairies or poultry plants. They are low and flat, on the old mobs plan—an entirely different style from the White House itself. But worse still is the mutilation that has been done inside the house. It has been modernized, made to suit the President, regardless of the sentiments of the people of Washington, let alone those of the United States. The visitors who throng to Washington every day do not come to see the present occupant of the White House; they come to view the places where Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, Jackson, Grant and all the rest of our great Presidents lived and went about the routine of their work, and when Mr. Roosevelt tears down and sells the walls and furniture and changes the landscape that is associated with these men he is destroying what the young and old come to Washington to see. All people are not, like Mr. Roosevelt, accustomed from boyhood to standing constantly in the lime light's glare. It does not follow because the President is tired of the relics of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln and Jackson that the young boys and girls of the country have lost interest in these things. The other day, while our strenuous President was tearing down and selling the furniture, pictures and the very walls of the old original White House, an enterprising saloon keeper bought some of the most historical of the White House furniture, so that he now owns more of the old east room than remains in the executive mansion. He proposes to reproduce the old east room of the White House at the World's Fair at St. Louis in 1904. Among this saloon keeper's purchases was a beautiful old sideboard which adorned the dining room of the White House during the time that Mrs. Lucy Webb Hayes was its mistress. It was presented to that lady by the W. C. T. U. of the state of Ohio, because Mrs. Hayes purposed that no wines or liquors should be served at the White House during her reign there. This sideboard was good enough for Presidents Harrison, Cleveland and McKinley, but Mr. Roosevelt called it old junk and kicked it out. What was given by the women of this country as an emblem of temperance will more than likely pass its remaining years in active saloon duty. The saloonkeeper has been offered \$3000 for this sideboard, but has refused it, thinking, and rightly, no doubt, that he can make more than that by peddling drinks from it in St. Louis during the fair.

Mr. Roosevelt is making a White House to suit himself. He has destroyed the fine old stairway that the Presidents used to come down on state occasions. He has torn the large paintings of George and Martha Washington from the panels that were made for them in the east room when the White House was built. For a time these paintings reposed in a cellar among despised relics of the other Presidents, but now Mr. Roosevelt has opened up his patriotic heart and found room for them in one of his private parlors. He has removed all of the President's portraits from their former posts, and has carefully arranged that when you enter the White House by its main entrance the only picture you see is one of a man in Rough Rider costume, posed in a reckless, daredevil attitude, with one hand resting on his sword while the other hangs carelessly at his side within easy reaching distance of a revolver and a dirk.

The state dining room, too, is now furnished in accordance with Mr. Roosevelt's tastes. The walls are adorned with the heads of the innocent beasts which he so delights in slaughtering. They are stuffed, wearing unnatural, fierce expressions, and speak eloquently of our President's skill with the trigger. Perhaps this may account for the fact that Mr. Roosevelt entertains more than five or

Presidents. Seated at the table, he can point with pride to the trophies of his prowess and describe eloquently the death struggles of the various animals.

If Mr. Roosevelt cannot enjoy his meals except in the presence of the stuffed remains of his victims it would have been better to decorate his private dining room with them, instead of bringing such horrors into the state dining room. As it is, the room where Mr. McKinley presided over peaceful and dignified state dinners is now the favorite haunt of a man who acts like the speller of a modern sportsmen's show. Are these changes right? Should a President pull and haul and disfigure, to say nothing of disposing of that which does not belong to him?

Lincoln did not have himself painted freezing the slaves; Jackson never posed for his portrait in the act of defeating Pakenham at New Orleans; nor did Grant ever insist upon being pictured as Appomattox. Even Cleveland never hung the walls of the White House with stuffed ducks. But here comes a President who has turned the once dignified White House into a Roosevelt cozy corner, forcing those who come to view the scenes where our greatest men have lived and worked to be met with scenes of wanton slaughter and the rarest example of egotism ever inflicted upon a suffering people.

Now, under the guise of exercise, he has obtained permission to ride out on one of the old roadways, and while Senator Lodge wields the camera, he, the President, finds delight in chopping great old oaks to the ground with apparently as little concern as though he were a beaver.

If this is to continue what will our children come to Washington for in later years? Just to see where Mr. Roosevelt destroyed this or that? Or to see where the old landmarks used to be?

Why not indulge your tastes to the full, Mr. Roosevelt? Let your personality have full sway. Just in front of the White House in Lafayette square, there is a bronze statue of a man named Andrew Jackson astride a thorough bred stallion. Who is Jackson? Why not take him down and in his stead have a statue of yourself slashing with great dramatic action at the throat of a beautiful deer? Remove that hideous group known as the Lafayette statue. He was only a foreigner, and therefore that statue cannot mean half so much to the cow punchers who come to visit you as would one of yourself engaged in a terrific struggle with a grizzly. Where Lincoln stands you might put a fine bronze group of bears. Show a mother with a little cub sitting on her cold body crying, while the other paws at her head trying to wake her. This will be instructive and tell a story to the youngsters who will view it in later years.

Those who wish to see Washington as Lincoln saw it should make haste. The city is being modernized. Old junk is being replaced by modern furniture. For the change Congress appropriated \$165,000, but now it is found that the estimate was too low, and the work will cost \$280,000.

HOMER DAVENPORT.

The Oregonian with its usual preciseness and malignity charges the Democratic victory in Clackamas county to Brownell. It was not the influence of Senator Brownell that did the work. There are about 2000 Democrats in Clackamas county and they are mainly responsible for the outcome of the fight. If there should be a thunder storm, or an earthquake or twin babies born, in Clackamas county the Oregonian would charge it all to Lord Brownell. Brownell is not near as big a man in Clackamas county as the Oregonian seems to think. Give the Democrats, the boys in the trenches, the hustlers, credit for the good work and the glorious outcome of the fight in this county and let us hope that the day will come when Clackamas county and Oregon will be as safely Democratic as Texas.

Wanted.

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