

The New Age

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THE WAY TO WIN.

Our great and esteemed journalistic friend the Oregonian has insinuated on several occasions lately that it was preparing to turn its powerful batteries on Oregon's senior senator. It has published several rather censorious or sarcastic "squibs" about him, one of which was in connection with a compliment to Senator Mitchell, that "Senator Simon had made no hits." Its memory is short, for it was not many months ago that it complimented Senator Simon very strongly on his position in the matter of trade with the Philippines. On other occasions it has also acknowledged the exceptional abilities and exceedingly valuable services of the man whom it seems now somewhat inclined to sneer at. Did the Oregonian uphold the gold standard alone in Oregon? Were not the responsible, effective and potent leaders of the Republican party, or some of them, necessary to this great work? And who among our political leaders did or could do so much as Mr. Simon then? In that great crucial test, more important, as the Oregonian will acknowledge, than all else, did he ever falter, or straddle, or become doubtful? No, everybody knew just where he stood, and that, win or lose, sink or swim, he stood there undaunted, and as impregnable as the rock of Gibraltar. Where in that crisis was our genial and popular friend, the junior senator from Oregon? Where was our able and pleasant friend, the Republican leader from Clatsop? And others, too numerous to mention? Shall all this be so soon forgotten? This exhibits the steadfast, well-grounded, indomitable character of the man who is now serving his first term in the senate.

And does any one doubt his devotion to Oregon and its interests? Here he has lived all his life. Here is his property; here are his friends; here all his business relations and interests. What particular occasion is there to assail him now?

Why, the old factional fight is on again, and our greatly admired and respected friend the Oregonian shows signs of flopping over from one faction to the other. But why not give both factions fair representation, equal honors; cry quits, and all pull together from this on for the advancement of Oregon and the success of the Republican party? Is there any occasion to carry on this fight to the vendetta stage? Mr. Mitchell is in the senate for the next five years. Many of his friends are in office. They have won notable and, for fair men, sufficient victories. What more do they want? What more could they reasonably ask?

The New Age is a political paper and a Republican paper. It refuses to be a factional paper. It has nothing to say against Mr. Mitchell and his adherents, unless they insist upon not only the fair spoils of victory but revenge and a continuation of strife that must keep the Republican party disrupted, and widen the breach in it. The New Age is not championing Mr. Simon particularly as an individual; neither he nor his friends have suggested a word or an idea of this article; but he is in a certain position, and he has been an undoubted and almost invariably a successful Republican leader here for the past 20 years; and he should receive the consideration to which these facts fairly entitle him.

Let both factions be represented in the senate; then, before the term of either senator expires these animosities will disappear and the breach be filled in, through attention to and labor in wider, more general and more important affairs. There should also be a spirit of harmony, of give as well as

take, in nominations for congress and state officers, and all along the line. This is certainly the practical path to Republican success, and to the best results for the state and city of such success.

EASTERN OREGON'S CANDIDATE.

The Favorite Son of the Inland Empire Is Hon. W. J. FURNISH.

The man on whom the active electors of the Inland Empire are a unit for governor is Hon. W. J. FURNISH, of Umatilla county. On him they have agreed. He has yielded to their importunities to become their candidate and there is now little doubt that he will be their standard-bearer.

Looking over the field for a more available candidate for the state's executive office the astute politicians of Western Oregon have failed so far to locate him; and their subsequent acquiescence in that suggestion of Eastern Oregon simplifies the situation. Mr. FURNISH will be the candidate and he will win.

Thus the opening problem of what promises to be a remarkable campaign has been practically solved in a most friendly way among the leaders of the dominant party in the state. The fact that Mr. FURNISH will enter the state convention with the solid support of the counties east of the mountains has helped to clear the horizon with respect to other nominations. Eastern Oregon is already congratulating itself on this assurance.

Mr. FURNISH lacks only three years of being a native Oregonian. All the mature years of his life have been spent in the development of important industrial and commercial conditions of the territory east of the mountains with which he is now so happily identified. He is an ideal candidate for governor. He possesses those peculiar qualifications for the successful discharge of the duties of that office and he possesses those qualities that attract to him the support of those who know him well, no matter what his claim for favor. He has never been defeated for any public place he ever sought—which suggests a reminiscence or two of special interest in this discussion.

In 1889, at the age of 24, Mr. FURNISH was appointed deputy United States marshal, with headquarters at Pendleton, which office he held for three years. In 1890 he was elected sheriff of Umatilla county, and was re-elected two years later, each time by a very handsome majority. The county never had a better sheriff. He was the youngest sheriff in the West and, the history of the decadence of the reign of the cattle thieves and other range outlaws was given official substance by the hand of Billy FURNISH, the sheriff who routed them and destroyed their criminal trade.

In 1896 Mr. FURNISH was elected mayor of Pendleton and re-elected for a second term by an overwhelming majority. In 1900 he was made a presidential elector for William McKinley. In 1893 he became manager and cashier of the Pendleton Savings Bank, then reorganized and strengthened, and in 1899, as a result of his valuable service in directing the affairs of that institution, he was made the president of the bank, which office he still holds.

The great success of that institution, the leading bank of the Inland Empire, is due to the untiring energy and prudent management of W. J. FURNISH.

He has long been regarded as one of the leading business spirits and financiers of the state. His work of development is unceasing and always profitable. He never does things by halves. He pursues a carefully arranged system in everything he does. His plans are made invariably with a view to success and the success he enjoys now is the result of that careful, conscientious method of development which gives generous profit to others.

It will be so in Mr. FURNISH's candidacy for and election to the office of governor. The people of the state will profit by his business methods and his nomination and election will prove to be no mistake on the part of the people of Oregon. They have confidence in his integrity. No man in the state, it is safe to say, possesses that confidence in the same degree, and no man in the state is better able to meet the new conditions which the next governor of Oregon will have to confront.

FATUOUS OPPOSITION.

A man who has succeeded in politics is almost invariably the object of less able, worthy and successful men's envy. As a rule, if a man succeeds in climbing from obscurity to prominence, from the bottom to the top or near the top of the ladder of political preferment, he is in the main worthy of his success. These remarks have special application just now to the senior United States senator from Oregon. To say that he

has succeeded for a quarter of a century in politics in this city and state without deserving to do so is to accuse and stultify the people who repeatedly and continuously raised him to eminence among them. He has been a "boss," as some envious critics allege, to just about the extent and in the sense, speaking broadly, that the Republican voters needed and desired a boss. Battles would never be won if all the soldiers engaged, or even many of them, were generals.

Mr. Simon now has the great advantage of having served part of a term in the senate. That he is a careful, painstaking, observant, industrious and shrewd legislator nobody doubts; that he is devoted to the best interests of Oregon and of Portland all fairly impartial people will concede. That he should desire a re-election and be given an opportunity better to serve the people of the state is not only natural but laudable.

It is chiefly because of these facts that it is practically conceded by the spokesmen for the opposition to Mr. Simon that the Republican party in this county will show itself favorable to the senator in the approaching primaries and convention. It is a usual trick for the defeated side to accuse the victors of unfairness, but to do this before the game really begins is a give-away; it is a confession of both insincerity and of defeat.

The New Age has no harsh criticisms to make of prominent Republicans who are opposed to Mr. Simon; some of them are very excellent and deserving men; but a bitter factional fight upon a leader for many years and a present United States senator is a poor way to bring about harmony in the campaign and success at the polls.

NEGROES IN POLITICS.

Negroes generally take an interest in politics, which is right. They ought to take an even greater and more general, and a more intelligent and comprehensive interest in politics. Not that the salvation of the race—its advancement, progress, prosperity and merit of recognition—is to be principally achieved along political lines. These must be won by industry, study, efficiency, ability and faithfulness to duty along industrial lines. Yet the Negro race has been, is, and should be more and more a potent force, and an increasingly intelligent force, in national, state and local politics.

The judgment, or with some, perhaps, in one sense, the instinct rather, of almost all Negroes to vote the Republican ticket is wise, and for their best interests. While there are innumerable friends and helpers of the race among Democrats, yet Negroes have nothing to gain, in a broad view of the matter, from the Democratic party. As a rule, if not invariably, the Negroes must adhere yet, for awhile at least, to the Republican party.

Yet the Negroes ought on some proper occasions to do something to show their number and voting strength; to give the Republican party an object lesson that will bring it to a sharp realization of what the Negroes in the Northern states, especially in "doubtful" states, have done and are doing for that party.

There seems to be but one way to do this: That is, on some opportune occasion to vote as solidly as possible for some opposing candidate, some good man whose election would do no harm, but would show what the Negroes can do politically; what, indeed, they have done and are doing, almost without notice and often with but slight recognition.

The council should be very cautious about granting new franchise for electric power, lighting, etc., to unknown persons, or indeed just now to anybody. It is a little suspicious that so many people want to get privileges of this kind just now, and especially if they are not willing to divulge who they are or what means they have to carry out proposed projects. Probably they only want the franchise to let it lie unused until it shall become valuable, meanwhile keeping others out or preventing the development of existing enterprises.

Every two or four years there is a great rustling and bustling to "down Joe," but "Joe" has never been "downed," except for very brief and unimportant periods. In all important emergencies he always comes out smilingly triumphant. And why? Because he has brains, and the best brains of the Republican party trusts him.

L. R. Lewis seems to be the favorite for the Republican nomination for county surveyor. He will make a strong candidate, and if nominated will not only be elected, but all who are acquainted with him know that he will prove a capable and trustworthy officer.

The very active statesman from the mouth of the big river, who is anxious to keep his friend and protege in the fat office of secretary of state, seems to be spreading himself out a little too much to insure success. He is all right in Clatsop county, but Eastern Oregon, Portland, and part of the Willamette valley make rather too much of a load for him to carry. Let him beware lest he suffer the experience of the dog that, crossing a creek on a log, dropped the chunk of meat he had, to seize the shadow of it that he saw in the water.

The term of Judge R. S. Bean, chief justice of the supreme court of Oregon, expires this year, and there is apparently no doubt that he will be his own successor. It is not likely that any one will contest his re-nomination in the convention, but if so it would be a vain effort. Judge Bean is acknowledged to be one of the ablest judges who has ever held that exalted position in this state; he is still in his prime, and is better qualified than ever to continue the important work that he has performed so well in the past.

Hon. Charles S. Moore, state treasurer, is one of the most popular men in the state. He is much more so now than when he was elected, for he is now better known, and all his many new acquaintances are his friends. But what is more important, he has made a faithful, efficient officer, and without any disparagement of his predecessors has given the state a much improved and more economical administration of his office. He deserves a second term.

Frank Reeves, who was recently appointed, has made a capable foreman of the American Type Foundry Co.'s plant at Portland, which handles the inside patents of over 100 newspapers. Mr. Reeves, although a young man, has worked himself up from the very bottom by sticking to business. He is today the youngest foreman employed on the coast and has a number of men under him.

No man is more deserving—perhaps it might be said that no man is so well deserving—of the nomination for county auditor, as the present incumbent of that office by appointment, Mr. W. H. Pope. His books are always accurate, and clearly exhibits the exact financial condition of the county and city.

Evidently Congressman Moody, unless in the event of some late and at present improbable combinations, will be renominated almost without a struggle. All the straws in Eastern Oregon are blowing his way.

There is no good reason to suppose that there will not be honest primaries and a fair election. Nobody having anything to gain could afford to attempt any crooked work under the new law.

The county clerk hereafter is to be a very important office. Who is to be the nominee? Now is the time for aspirants to do their "rustling," and may the best man win.

Hon. W. J. FURNISH has spent several days here this week, and appears to be happy and confident, though he is not a man given to talking overmuch.

All the candidates for state offices have frequent if not important business in Portland these days. Some of them will nearly live here after awhile.

At the Moment.
It is not an unusual thing to be able to waken oneself at a certain time, yet the habit may be carried so far as to be almost mysterious in its delicate accuracy. Says the author of "Three Men on Wheels":

There are men who can waken themselves at any time, to the minute. They say to themselves, as they lay their heads upon the pillow: "Four-thirty," "four-forty-five," or "five-fifteen," as the case may be; and when the time comes, they open their eyes. It is very wonderful, this. The more one dwells upon it, the greater the mystery grows. Some go within us, acting independently of our conscious self, must be capable of counting the hours while we sleep. Unaided by clock or sun, or any other medium known to our five senses, it keeps watch through the darkness. At the exact moment it whispers, "Time!" and we awake.

The work of an old riverside fellow called him to be out of bed each morning half an hour before high tide. Never once did he oversleep by half a minute. At last he gave up working out the time for himself. He would sleep a dreamless sleep, and every morning, at a different hour, this ghostly watchman, true as the tide itself, would silent to call him.

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