

The Oregonian

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EASTERN BUSINESS OFFICES: (The S. C. Beckwith Special Agency)—New York: Rooms 43-49, Tribune Building; Chicago: Rooms 610-612, Tribune Building.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 67 degrees; minimum, 49. Precipitation, 0.02 inch.

TODAY'S WEATHER—Showers; southwest wind.

PORTLAND, FRIDAY, APRIL 30, 1904.

OREGON'S POLITICS. Two years ago the plurality for Judge Bean was 17,146. That for Judge Moore should be about 20,000 more. By such a majority the Republicans of Oregon should open the Presidential campaign.

ZEAL MISDIRECTED. The Oregonian cannot but fear, and indeed it believes, that exceeding injustice and terrible wrong have been done by those persons who have made attack upon the honor, decency, purity and behavior of members of the Portland High School.

LOCAL OPTION. "Local option" is simply attempted prohibition by municipal subdivisions. In past times the Oregonian has written its opinion of prohibition as a policy. It has since seen no reason to change or retract that opinion.

It is not to be argued that because government successfully manages the postal system—though there is always a deficit—it could therefore certainly conduct the railway transportation system of the country.

man's confession on this point shows that Grant was a greater soldier than Sherman. For Sherman was tied to his text-books, while Grant's hard military common sense persuaded him that "some things could be done under some circumstances that could not under other's," which was practically Lee's answer to his officers when they protested against his division of his army before Antietam.

NO SENSE OF HISTORICAL PROPORTION.

Grant's birthday, like the birthday of Lincoln, is a worthy subject of universal National commemoration, but since Grant, like Lincoln, was a man of simplicity of character, a man of veracity, free from personal arrogance, a man who detested exaggerated praise, it is not about time that the orators on Grant's birthday manifest a decent sense of historical proportion when they attempt to assign him his just place in the temple of fame?

CONFIDENCE HAS ITS DANGERS.

In the collection of poems recently published by a prisoner at the Oregon Penitentiary there is one entitled "Trust Him," written by a man who will be known to his readers only as "Convict No. 3622." The burden of this man's song is that if men would trust their fellows more there would be less evil in the world.

REGISTER NOW!

You haven't registered yet, some of you, many of you; yet you can't vote in the June election, nor in the Presidential election in November, unless you register before May 16—without an infinite amount of trouble in securing the six necessary householders as witnesses on election day.

NO NEED TO LOSE COURAGE.

The final passage by the House of Representatives of the Lewis and Clark Exhibition appropriation bill, was a great relief to Oregonians in general, and to the active promulgators of the exhibition in particular.

The Servians, or that portion of them who considered King Alexander and Queen Draga the head and front of all their troubles and thought that these would be ended by the assassination which took place in the palace at Belgrade last June, have not realized upon this bloody investment.

right. Faith in our fellow-men is necessary and proper, but it should be exercised within reasonable limitations. A constant display of suspicion doubtless works injury, but so also does an excess of faith in the strength of human character.

THE LAND BOARD'S CAUTION.

While there is no apparent reason to expect that there will be any trouble whatever in securing patents from the Government for the land that has been segregated in this state under the terms of the Carey act, it was nevertheless well for the State Land Board to make it clear that deeds from the state depend upon patents from the Government.

NEW USE FOR CRUTCHES.

Newt Morgan recently hobbled in on crutches from the River, which he swam, using them as floats on either side. Although a cripple he is as happy as a trilling meadow lark at being in the old home town once more, and also at the prospect of having a bathysphere.

A LONG-LEGT WANT.

Writing us from Philanthropy, Kansas, Mr. A. G. Lee submits to the people of Portland this attractive proposal: If you will give an acceptable site for the purpose, we will locate a branch of the International Diathetic Institute at Portland.

GAMBLING DOESN'T MAKE BUSINESS.

Not one word of logic is contained in the assertion that Tillamook City will become a dead town if gambling is stopped. The money that went into the coffers of the gamblers, loafers and hangers-on will now go into the legitimate channels of trade and a number of business men will benefit in having their back accounts paid up and less book accounts in future, and, besides, they will do more business.

SHORT CAMPAIGNS BEST.

The Republicans of Oregon named a candidate for Supreme Judge, a Food Commissioner, Presidential Electors, delegates to the National Convention, and fixed up routine matters at one convention, and there is no yawning demand for another convention, unless it may be from the professional grafter, who is out in the dry pants unless he can work a candidate for political office.

OREGON'S MARRIAGE LAW.

North Yakima Farm and Home. Over in Oregon there is an antiquarian law that prohibits a County Clerk from issuing a marriage license unless the groom and his witness swear the proposed bride is a resident of that particular county.

DIRTY DRAMA IN BERLIN.

Cleveland Plain-Dealer. A theater of a certain class in Berlin has recently been regaling its audiences with a farce in which President Roosevelt and his daughter, Mrs. Taft, are the figures among the leading characters.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Gas almost ended Field's end men. Evidently Knox knows there are trusts. A criminal libel in those Japanese characters must be a terrible affair. Owen Wister must have made money out of "The Virginian," as he is now able to have appendicitis.

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A MUSICAL TYPEWRITER.

Clarence Morse is not only a young musical genius, but he has recently demonstrated the fact that he has some of the fine mechanical head on his shoulders. Feeling the need of a more rapid means of copying and writing music than by use of a pen he secured an old typewriter, remodeled it and fitted the bars up with brass and steel.

HIS MULTITUDINEOUS ENEMIES.

The Dailies Chronicle. If a newspaper man knew how many knicks are received behind his back he would adopt another calling, remarking to the other day: "The citizen is wretched. The newspaper man who has the elements that make success in his business is maligned by every law-breaker, swindler, hypocrite, carping critic who loves notoriety, and is ignored, and in fact by all who do not agree with him on public and private matters.

A UNION NOVELTY.

Chicago Chronicle. Things new and strange are always happening in large cities, and the latest in Chicago is the action of the Carriage and Wagonworkers' Union, which is being fine and by prosecution in a Police Court one of its members for slugging a nonunion workman.

ROOSEVELT'S PROBABLE RUNNING-MATE.

E. G. Dannel, in Leslie's Weekly. Charles Warren Fairbanks, of Indiana, now regarded by many Republicans as a likely certain to be nominated for Vice-President on the Roosevelt ticket, is made at Chicago, in no more ways than one a conspicuous member of the Senate of the United States.

THE JAPANESE PARADOX.

New York Globe. The Westerner finds it difficult to understand the Japanese temperament. There is such a mixture of modernity and medievalism, such a combination of the Occident and the Orient, such an intertwining of superstition and science that it is not easy for us to unravel its qualities.

A GLOUCESTER SKIPPER'S SONG.

James B. Connolly in Scribner's. Oh, Newland and Cape Shore men, and men of Gloucester town, With ye I've traveled o'er many banks and through the compasses of craft, I've ate with ye, and watched with ye, and banded with ye, all three.

WALKER'S WHAT KIND OF A SHOW YOU GOT THIS SEASON?

Walker's—What kind of a show you got this season? Tietz—Oh, it's a problem. Walker—What's the problem? Tietz—As to whether we get our salaries or not.—Pittsburg Post.

DEAR ME!

Dear me! exclaimed the beautiful young actress, as she went behind the scenes after doing her turn in the play. Young Mack—What's the matter with you? You're looking worse every day. "What's the matter with it?" asked one of the stage hands. "It's a case of the blues," grumbled Mack, and together they went to get the blues for them.—Washington Star.

THE NORTHWEST PRESS

This issue of the Oregonian is something unusual and out of the ordinary in the way of newspapers, but as the roads are in such a bad way it was impossible for the stage to bring the paper, stock from Sumpter; indeed, it is a wonder we get any mail now. However, we hope to issue the regular edition next week. No apologies offered.

A ROAR FOR THE ENEMY.

Gold Hill News. A unanimous resolution was passed with a roar, thanking the News' representatives for their attendance, for which we cheerfully returned thanks and let us say right here, while personally differing in political belief, we honor any man that is out and out for what he is, but detest a mugwump. We are not so narrow as to close our columns to any party political or otherwise, unless personally arranged for, and should that be the case, we'll tell you so in plain print.

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