The Oregonian

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Or., as second-class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.
(By Mail or Express.)

Daily and Sunday, per year	$9.00
Daily and Sunday, six months	5.00
Daily and Sunday, three months	2.55
Daily and Sunday, per month	.85
Daily without Sunday, per year	7.50
Daily without Sunday, six months	3.90
Daily without Sunday, three months	1.95
Daily without Sunday, per month	.65
Sunday, per year	2.00
Sunday, six months	1.00
Sunday, three months	.50

BY CARRIER.

Daily without Sunday, per week	.15
Daily, per week, Sunday included	.20

THE WEEKLY OREGONIAN.
(Issued Every Thursday.)

Weekly, per year	1.50
Weekly, six months	.75
Weekly, three months	.50

HOW TO REMIT—Send postoffice money order, express order or personal check on your local bank. Stamps, coin or currency are at the sender's risk.

EASTERN BUSINESS OFFICE.

The S. C. Beckwith Special Agency—New York; rooms 48-50 Tribune building. Chicago, rooms 510-512 Tribune building.

The Oregonian does not buy poems or stories from individuals and cannot undertake to return any manuscript sent to it without solicitation. No stamps should be inclosed for this purpose.

KEPT ON SALE.

Chicago—Auditorium Annex, Postoffice News Co., 178 Dearborn street.

Dallas, Tex.—Globe News Depot, 260 Main street.

Hot Springs, Ark.—F. C. Boring, 415 Central avenue.

Denver—Julius Black, Hamilton & Kendrick, 906-912 Seventeenth street; Harry D. Ott, 1563 Broadway.

Colorado Springs, Colo.—Howard H. Bell.

Des Moines, Ia.—Moses Jacobs, 309 Fifth street.

Duluth, Ia.—G. Blackburn, 215 West Superior street.

Goldfield, Nev.—C. Malone.

Kansas City, Mo.—Ricksecker Cigar Co., Ninth and Walnut.

Los Angeles—Harry Drapkin; B. E. Amos, 514 West Seventh street.

Minneapolis—M. J. Kavanaugh, 50 South Third; L. Regelsburger, 217 First avenue South.

Cleveland, O.—James Pushaw, 307 Superior street.

New York City—L. Jones & Co., Astor House.

Oakland, Cal.—W. H. Johnston, Fourteenth and Franklin streets.

Ogden—F. R. Godard and Meyers & Hartop, D. L. Boyle.

Omaha—Barkalow Bros., 1612 Farnam; Mageath Stationery Co., 1308 Farnam; McLaughlin Bros., 246 South 14th.

Sacramento, Cal.—Sacramento News Co., 429 K street.

Salt Lake—Salt Lake News Co., 77 West Second street South.

Long Beach—B. E. Amos.

San Francisco—J. K. Cooper & Co., 746 Market street; Goldsmith Bros., 236 Sutter; L. E. Lee, Palace Hotel News Stand; F. W. Pitts, 1008 Market; Frank Scott, 80 Ellis; N. Wheatley Movable News Stand, corner Market and Kearney streets; Hotel St. Francis News Stand; Foster & Orear, Ferry News Stand.

St. Louis, Mo.—E. T. Jett Book & News Company, 806 Olive street.

Washington, D. C.—P. D. Morrison, 2132 Pennsylvania avenue.

PORTLAND, THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1905.

THE SHORT WAY.

Every argument for the election of a Democratic Mayor of Portland at this time will be equally good for the election of a Democratic Governor next year. Or better, by so much as George Chamberlain may be deemed superior to Harry Lane.

Well, if there is no difference between parties; if one is as good as another; if the policy of the Democratic party is as good for the country as the policy of the Republican party, or better, then let us not think of electing Republicans any more. Let us elect Democrats, and let the horn of the Democratic party be exalted.

If it is not worth while to elect a Republican Mayor of Portland, it is not worth while to elect a Republican Governor of Oregon, nor worth while to elect Republican Representatives in Congress, nor to elect a Republican Legislature.

So, on this view of things, let us quit, and admit that there is nothing in Republican principles, Republican policies or Republican purposes, anyhow.

Harry Lane is now the Democratic candidate for Mayor of Portland. Next year George Chamberlain will be the Democratic candidate for Governor of Oregon. There will be no difference between a vote for one of them now and a vote for the other then. It is a party matter, purely, in either case. Only if Lane should be elected now it would greatly promote the chances of Chamberlain next year, and help very much towards turning Oregon from a Republican to a Democratic state. Perhaps this may be desirable. But The Oregonian, having some knowledge of the Democratic party and some remembrance from experience with it, doesn't think so.

If all the principal offices in Oregon are to be filled by election of Democrats, how long can Oregon be classed as a Republican state?

LIQUORS AND THEIR SALE.

The Oregonian considers and always has considered, the manufacture and sale of liquors as legitimate a business as any. But sale of liquors at retail is a business specially liable to abuses, and must therefore be controlled carefully by law. Again, since liquors are in demand and therefore will be sold, the trade offers unequaled opportunity for collection of revenue. It is the same with tobacco. These two lines of trade are the special resource and reliance of fiscal statesmanship.

But sale of liquors, at retail, in places open and prominent, is objectionable, because liable to abuse. Drinking men often are noisy and offensive, and the character of a town is judged in great measure by the control it keeps over its liquor shops. Every first-rate hotel has a bar, but no first-rate hotel makes its bar a prominent or conspicuous feature. Men of sensibility who engage in the liquor trade conduct it modestly, do not thrust it forward, keep it in quiet background. To the liquor trade so conducted there can be no legitimate objection. But in fact there are those who will not conduct it in this way. They thrust it into prominence, make it offensive, and through this inconsiderate action raise up enemies against the whole trade and recruit the ranks of the prohibitionists.

The Oregonian holds that it is not seemly that liquor shops should gather about the entrance to the Lewis and Clark Fair. To visitors such spectacle at such a place will be an offense. Had the liquor shops been kept a little in the background, there would be no objection; but at the very entrance and on the avenues leading up to it, they are out of place. Now, it is proposed to shut them out wholly within a district three-quarters of a mile from the entrance of the Fair; and this may carry, through the reaction against the greed that placed them in numbers just against the entrance, so that no one can get in or out without passing the cordon of the liquor shops.

Nearly all the trouble the liquor dealers have with the people is the result of "pushing" the business into offensive prominence. This instance is only one further illustration of old experience.

PROBABLY MARTIAL LAW.

In all probability martial law is coming in Chicago. It will be necessary for preservation of the peace and for protection of those who do business. Attacks of strikers and their sympathizers on the streets, upon those who are pursuing their lawful business, will, if carried far, result in an order, enforced by the military, that no one shall appear on the streets unless he or she has first obtained a pass from the provost marshal. This will shut up all strikers and sympathizers within their own quarters or in the city jails, within a very short time. Meanwhile—these disturbers of the peace forced off the streets—business will be re-established.

It is a severe remedy; but perhaps no remedy less severe can be effective. If military force shall be called in, it will keep order, under martial law. It will be effected by keeping all persons off the streets, who do not have passes; and passes will be withheld from strikers and from those suspected of sympathy with them. Arms will be taken away from every person not authorized to possess them, and search will be made of houses, for the purpose of seizing arms or other material that might be used for offensive or deadly purposes. A city must have order and will have order, even if despotic measures are employed to get it. Violence, carried far, will surely bring its cure through violence. Martial law is the present outlook in Chicago. Before men resort to violence they should look to necessary consequences.

ONLY A WEEK—TO JUNE 1.

Only a week, and much to do in it! Everybody on the Fair grounds, inside the buildings and out, working as if life depended on getting so many boards up and nails driven, draperies nailed up and boxes unpacked, stands and shelves filled, machines set up and booths adorned. The finishing work, of course, but all-important. The splendid United States Government building and its contents seem nearly ready for the multitudes of the opening day. The War Office exhibit is practically all in order, and the same is true of much of the educational exhibit, one of the most interesting in the whole of the spacious interior. The main features in the other buildings are also rapidly getting into shape. A friendly caution to some of the counties of Oregon may be permissible. For the credit of our own state, "get a move on." Take example from the most advanced, and work quickly up into line, or apologies will have to be made—which is what none of us will be contented with. It is not fair to peep into the room before the guests arrive, so no more will here be said, except that the state will be proud indeed of her children if some of the exhibits already in place are fair samples of the rest.

We have all read the official assurances of readiness for the opening day, and we believe them. The flowers have managed their part well. The roses, in their luxuriant abundance, are timing their blossoming to a day. Nothing like the general view from the Government building up to Palaces Hill has been equaled at any previous exposition. That may be most truly said. Two regrets will intrude—one that the Washington building was allowed so advanced a site as to break the general view of the carefully arranged fronts; the other that nothing has been done with that most legible whisky sign that stares every one in the eye across the lake, truly an offense.

The disgrace to the city in the avenue of saloons, marring the approach to the Exposition, cannot be too plainly stated or too often repeated. Is the Council waiting for a unanimous protest from man, woman and child in Portland? That can surely be had if it waits only one week longer—that is, until the guests of the city and state, the representatives of the Nation, stare with astonished and rebuking eyes—as they most certainly will.

The Mayor and the president of the Exposition Corporation have staked their reputations for truthfulness in public announcement that hotels, boarding-houses and restaurants are going to be reasonable in the matter of charges to Exposition visitors. Doubtless they did not speak without book. How about the multitude of small lodging-houses, and of private houses? Rumors are rife of exorbitant demands, both for single rooms, suites and houses. Be moderate; be careful of the city's good name. It is not a case of fleecing the Egyptians, but rather of entertaining friends who have crossed a continent to visit us. Of course they should and will be only too willing to pay, even generously, for the outlay many will have incurred in getting ready for them. A reasonable harvest will be reaped without offense. But draw the line between fair recompense for accommodations of all kinds and extortion. Oregonians have the name for hospitality. It has been a tradition from the pioneers. It will never do to risk it now.

BOARDING-HOUSE LICENSE UNNECESSARY.

The county grand jury yesterday refused to return a true bill against D. W. Paul, charged with conducting a sailor boarding-house without a license. This action was not unexpected, for the reason that the state law which Mr. Paul is said to have violated is generally considered worthless. The experience of many years has demonstrated quite clearly that no law regulating the sailor boarding-house business can be enforced unless it is backed up by public sentiment. There have been many laws enacted and many prosecutions instituted with a view to eliminating or regulating the evils in connection with the business of shipping sailors. So far as known, none of these state laws failed to conflict with the Federal law which says quite plainly that it is unlawful for any fee to be collected for shipping seamen.

Its attempted enforcement has never been attended with satisfactory results, so that the Federal law might as well have been removed from the statute-books. It was its inefficiency or impracticability that caused enactment of state laws, and none of those laws was ever enacted but that some of the sponsors knew that they were in direct conflict with the Federal law. They were enacted and their enforcement attempted because the business of shipping sailors had become so notoriously detrimental to the best interest of the port that it was an absolute necessity that something be done to remedy the evil. Contrary to the theories of well-meaning but misguided reformers who from time to time essay to regulate the sailor traffic, boarding-houses are a necessity, and, if properly conducted, are in no manner detrimental either to the sailor or his employers, the shipowners. But a sailor boarding-house cannot be conducted as a charitable institution, and, if one of the boarders, after a protracted sojourn, attempts to leave without liquidating his indebtedness, there has always been an immediate violation of the Federal law, which says that the sailor's clothing cannot be held for debt.

The local courts have always refused to make any distinction between an absconding sailor and an absconding landsman, and, by ignoring the Federal law on the matter, have perhaps encouraged the boarding-house men to go farther in their demands than was right and proper. For the past two years there has been such a small number of foreign vessels here that the troubles which were so prominent in busy seasons were not in evidence. With a return of normal conditions in the grain business there will again be plenty of sailors to be shipped, and, as the state law is worthless and the Commissioners have no powers that the boarding-house men are bound to respect, the business will probably drift back into the old rut.

COLOR SCHEME IN FOOD PRODUCTS.

In the forthcoming Year Book of the Department of Agriculture the weaknesses of consumers in the matter of preference for foods that are attractive in color, or are highly colored, over those of a better grade that do not catch the eye through nature's color scheme, will be treated from the standpoint of experience in catering to the market. An article compiled from advance proof sheets of this book, in a recent number of the Saturday Evening Post, makes an interesting presentment.

It is not a new subject to the Oregon farmer, dairyman or fruitgrower, though, truth to tell, knowledge in this respect has not always been turned to the profit of the producer. It has been learned, however, that "red apples are good sellers" and the Ben Davis and some other rosy, but tasteless varieties of apples—"good keepers, but poor eating"—have taken the place in the market of the old yellow Bellflower and the Roxbury Russet, while mammoth strawberries, slightly but comparatively tasteless, have usurped the place of sweeter, smaller berries that were standards of excellence a few years ago.

These are familiar examples merely, but they bring our own experience to prove the fact that where an actual food product is under consideration, no matter of what kind, flavor is of minor importance from a market standpoint.

Wider proof is given in the statement that in judging peaches at the St. Louis Fair twenty-five points in a total of one hundred were allowed for flavor, while seventy-five were allotted to eye-pleasing qualities, including size, color, form and freedom from blemishes. The allowance for flavor, in the case of cherries and grapes, was reckoned at but twenty per cent and for apples only fifteen per cent was allowed.

The consumer's whims in regard to the looks of things take a wide range, often trenching upon absurdity. In Boston, for example, eggs with brown shells sell for a cent or two more a dozen than those with clear white shells, while the opposite is the rule in New York. If the brown and white eggs are mixed, they sell in either city for less than if the colors are separated. It is a fact known to everybody that both cheese and butter are colored (unless the law intervenes) to meet the popular demand for "just the right golden tinge" which varies according to locality. For example, Washington calls for darker or yellower butter than Chicago, and New Orleans for a shade still deeper than that required in Washington, while in New York, through the influence of the great restaurants and clubs, artificial coloring in both butter and cheese is being to a great extent dispensed with.

The compiler of these and many similar facts for the Department of Agriculture, Mr. George K. Holmes, speaks of the admiration for foods that are polished or have a gloss. Thus the lifelong resident of a city who has no first-hand knowledge of an apple orchard, prefers and buys from the apple woman at the street corner a rosy apple with a fine waxlike polish on the surface, secured by a lick of the tongue and a wipe with a dirty rag, while the countryman selects the apple that has not been thus ruthlessly robbed of its natural bloom. Rhubarb must be a dark red, if the producer expects to get a good price for it. The same must be true of beets, while carrots must be of a deep orange—and so on through the long chapter—the eye must be consulted before the palate, while color and size hold over flavor and quality.

Here, as in all other departments of commercial life, supply follows demand. To meet the conditions the farmer must raise pretty red apples, though they are tasteless; his blackberries must be large and pleasing to the eye and it will not matter how sour they are; the same may be said of his strawberries. Polish and luster are in demand and, for the rest, things must be big, uniform in size, shapely and done up in convenient and showy packages. If, says the commentator of the Post, "the intelligent farmer will carefully observe these rules the foolishness of the consumer will be to him a source of wealth. He will easily command sale for his products at high prices and will grow fat in purse and person."

It may be inferred that the latter condition will result from the fact that he will himself feed upon the products of his orchards and gardens which are superior in everything but "looks" to those which find ready sale in the markets.

While not presuming to question the authority upon which these deductions are made, or to gainsay the statement that large and highly colored vegetables and fruits are prime favorites in city markets, it may be said that there is still a multitude of intelligent city housewives who look distrustfully upon highly colored catsup, bleached corn, and dried prunes that shine with a borrowed gloss; who prefer vegetables of medium size to those that are pulpy and overgrown and who turn in disgust from butter, the deep golden hue of which suggests either that the calves of the cows that supplied the cream were sacrificed for veal very early indeed, or that the "butter color" is a manufactured one.

An effort is being made to have the dredge Chinook placed in service on the bar. It is stated in connection with the project that "a detailed statement of what the jetty has accomplished toward deepening the channel during sixteen years as compared with the few months' work of the dredge is also to be a part of the petition." The impossibility of determining to what extent, if any, the dredge had improved the bar was the principal reason for withdrawing the expensive digger from service. There was no question about the results that could be obtained by extension of the jetty. There was a question about anything being accomplished by the dredge, and, as the latter was eating great holes in the appropriation for the jetty, it was withdrawn to admit of sufficient funds for carrying on the more important branch of the work. The Chinook is undoubtedly of considerable value in stirring up sand on the bar, and, if the money for her maintenance was forthcoming without jeopardizing the jetty appropriation, there would be no objection to keeping her in service. Between the dredge and the jetty, however, the latter will be given preference in the appropriation available.

As an echo from far away, so rapidly does the world make history, comes the statement that the Spanish cruiser Reina Mercedes, captured at Santiago in 1898, has been repaired and is now in commission as a first-class receiving ship of the United States Navy. This cruiser has been undergoing repairs for nearly five years. There was probably little if any saving in reconstructing her, as no doubt an entirely new vessel could have been built for what her rehabilitation cost. There is, nevertheless, a feeling of satisfaction in the thought that, as a trophy of victory, she will be made to do duty in preparing men to operate our navy in the always possible emergency of war.

Let us hope that the deficiency in precipitation will be made up in records in the Weather Bureau of this district this week, and that Jupiter Pluvius, discharged of all responsibility in the premises, will draw off his forces and give Old Sol a chance at the drenched Fair grounds and sloppy streets. As far as Oregonians are concerned, a few days rain, more or less, does not matter, but it will be somewhat embarrassing to be obliged to explain to our visitors on the first of June that cold rains at this season are very unusual in Portland. Besides, with all of our volubility it might be hard to make them believe it.

Evidently there is general agreement as to the real issue of the city campaign. Dr. Lane says:

> I am a Democrat; I was born one; my father was one before me. I was a Democrat before I knew what I was, for that matter, and I don't want to conceal it from any one.

The doctor might have added that he is running as the Democratic candidate for Mayor, and on no other ticket whatever. He was indorsed by the "citizens" convention, but it is noticeable that his name does not appear on the "citizens" ticket. Why? Because the citizens fear thus to confuse the issue and to drive away Democratic support from the Democratic candidate.

Mr. Lincoln Steffens seems to have described both Philadelphia and its Mayor with some accuracy in his sensational article in McClure's Magazine nearly two years ago. He said the Mayor was the "nominee of the ring," but "a very present hope." It was the Philadelphia plan that the "Mayor should not be in the ring." That explains why Weaver was nominated and why the ring cannot control him now. The Steffens article makes good reading, in view of the Philadelphia situation today.

The Russian contention that cotton is contraband of war because it might be manufactured into guncotton, and thus become a war supply, seems to be rather far-fetched. A similar line of reasoning would result in placing on the contraband list practically everything that is shipped across the Pacific. The State Department will contest the decision, and, in the end, the Russians will pay for the cotton on the steamers seized when the war was young last year.

Southern Oregon mines are maintaining the excellent reputation they have long possessed. A strike of ore running $40,000 to the ton is reported in the Opp mine near Medford. One man took out $10,000 in a single shift. More good mines have been uncovered in that part of Oregon than in any other section of the Pacific Northwest and the number of really meritorious strikes is increasing so rapidly that the industry will soon become one of the most important in the State.

Tonopah may not turn out as much gold as the Klondike, but President Young and Cashier Boal, of the Goldfield Bank & Trust Company, can offer indisputable evidence that some gold has been taken out of the country. The temper of the populace, as indicated by the dispatches from the Nevada camp, seems to warrant the belief that this particular pay streak has "pinched out."

The secretary of the Iowa State Board of Health has issued an ultimatum to physicians and surgeons to remove their beards, contending that they are unsanitary and carry disease germs. In these days of coercion, it may be that the Iowa barbers' union is responsible for this reform.

We find this statement in print, attributed to a citizen of Portland: "There never was a Lane who ever debauched his office or went back on his word." Why force recall of the political career of Joseph Lane?

The scheme of the Seattle business men to raise a large fund for the purpose of sending delegations to the Fair is excellent. Perhaps in this way the frugal Seattle doctors may get to see the Exposition.

From the drift of the war news we infer that General Gitupangitsky is about to lead another able retreat of the Russians from their positions in front of the Japanese forces.

June 1 is opening day for the Fair, and closing day for everything else in Portland.

All Want to Come.

Springfield (Mass.), Republican.

A free trip to the Oregon Exposition for 17 and not for six is the demand of the Legislature. It will be a "perk," pure and simple.

OREGON OZONE.

It is reported that in St. Louis the oldest inhabitant of the earth is living. This modern Methuselah is a tortoise named Toto. He is described as having been of voting age when Columbus discovered America. He is still hale and hearty, though we are not informed that he has chewed tobacco and drunk whisky ever since he grew up. This tortoise, if he could talk English, might tell us wonderful tales about the weather along back in 1492. Doubtless he was personally acquainted with Christopher Columbus, and, of course, in his prime he was on familiar terms with Shakespeare and used to sit dozing in the sun while young Ben Johnson laid brick. Toto, no doubt, trekked with Napoleon's legions across the plains of Italy and after emigrating to the New World voted for Andrew Jackson. Now he is passing his declining days in St. Louis, under the shade of the Anheuser-Busch.

Apostle George A. Smith, of the Mormon Church, says in an interview that "polygamy was instigated when there was a preponderance of women" in Utah. The kindness of the Mormon brethren in thus taking care of the forlorn females, who otherwise might never have had a chance, is touching.

Nothing to Do.

"Our lazy friend Slowboy at last has found a profession in which he won't have any work to do."

"What's that?"

"He's going to be a dentist."

"But dentistry is hard work."

"Ordinarily; but Slowboy is going to be a specialist."

"Ah! what's he going to do?"

"Pull hen's teeth."

"Peaceless Chicago" is the title bestowed by a California headliner. Let us hold fast that which is good.

Too Late for Classification.

FOR SALE—A title clear to mansions in the skies; left by a melancholy gentleman who committed suicide.

PERSONAL—The person who stole my pedigreed pup will learn something to his disadvantage when he finds out that it was a stray cur from Niggertown.

TO EXCHANGE—Two million dollars' worth of mining stock for a 5-cent cigar or 6 cents in postage stamps.

At Winona Lake the Presbyterians are holding their general assembly. At Fort Worth the Southern Presbyterians are holding their general assembly. At Fresno the Cumberland Presbyterians are holding their general assembly. Very likely somewhere else the Reformed Presbyterians and the Dutch Presbyterians and the Irish Presbyterians and the French Presbyterians and the Reconstructed Presbyterians and the Recognized Presbyterians and the Baptized Presbyterians and the Unbaptized Presbyterians are holding their general assemblies. Will there be one Grand General Assembly of Presbyterians in heaven, or a dozen sectional assemblies? We pause for reply.

George Ade on Dialect Poetry.

At a dinner given by the Periodical Publishers' Association to magazine poets and others, down at Lakewood, N. J., a few days ago, George Ade read from copy paper a facetious response to a toast. His subject was Indiana as a breeding farm for genius. In the course of his remarks he said: "Go south and west of Indianapolis and you are in the home of dialect poetry. Riley started it. Now noone seems able to head it off. Every man who can't spell thinks he is an author." Now Mr. Ade is a good-natured jollier, and the occasion called for some jollying; but it may be in order to suggest that the dialect poetry—some of it—by Riley and others will be recited at public school exhibitions, read from the lyceum rostrum and treasured in thousands of scrapbooks for many years after Mr. Ade's slang prose has been marked obsolete. Slang is a creation of the day; dialect is a growth of the age. Slang dies young, whether good or not; it is a linguistic fungus. Dialect lives on and on to posterity; it is the solid substance of popular human speech. And another thing—Riley did not start dialect. Robert Burns wrote some dialect more than a century ago which survives. James Russell Lowell, in America, did things in dialect which time has not undone. Mr. Ade has added to the temporary gaiety of nations, but Burns and Lowell and Riley have enhanced the permanent glory of literature. Mr. Ade can sling slang as no one ever slung slang before, but he can't write dialect poetry. He even was compelled to hire a poet to write the lyrics for his comic operas.

An Assignment for Davenport.

Homer Davenport, cartoonist, late of Silverton, Or., is respectfully requested to draw for us a likeness, idealized or identical, of the remarkable dog mentioned in the prosecution of a case against a Silverton man. Mr. Haakon Olson, in a Justice Court in that town a few days ago, Mr. Olson was sued for alleged damages resulting from the alleged bite of an alleged vicious dog alleged to belong to him, and he offered in defense the following brief:

First—My dog is very kind and never bites.

Second—My dog is blind and cannot see to bite.

Third—And if my dog had eyes to see he has no teeth with which to bite.

Fourth—And if my dog had eyes to see and teeth to bite, he is crippled in both his hind legs and cannot walk nor crawl.

Fifth—I always keep my dog chained in my back yard.

Sixth—My dog died six months ago.

Seventh—I never owned a dog in my life.

The Sunnyvale Sun.

(Published at Sunnyvale, Wash.)

In the Sunnyvale Sun there are sunny
things to see;
There are ripples full of glory, there are
tipples full of glee;
There are dancing, glancing gleams
From the Lily Land of Dreams.
Oh, the Sunnyvale Sun is the sort of sun
for me!

From the Sunnyvale Sun there are scintillating shines;
There are glimmers from the mountains,
there are shimmers from the mines;
There are beaming, gleaming glows
From the Heights of Hope's Repose.
Oh, the Sunnyvale Sun is a lilt of lyric
lines!

Though the Sunnyvale Sun only rises
once a week,
It enlightens every valley and it brightens every peak;
In its flowing, glowing glare
Lies the Land of Not-a-Care.
Oh, the Sunnyvale Sun is the sort of sun
to seek!

—ROBERTUS LOVE.

"PHILADELPHIA—CORRUPT AND CONTENTED"

Lincoln Steffens' Exposure of Disgraceful Conditions in the Municipal Organization—How the Machine Runs Things, and How It Makes or Breaks Politicians—A Timely Article.

(In McClure's Magazine for July, 1903, Lincoln Steffens wrote of political affairs in the Pennsylvania metropolis under the caption, "Philadelphia: Corrupt and Contented." The following are extracts from that article:)

Disgraceful? Other cities say so. But I say that if Philadelphia is a disgrace, it is a disgrace not to itself alone, nor to Pennsylvania, but to the United States and to American character. For this great city, so highly representative in other respects, is not behind in political experience, but ahead, with New York. Philadelphia is a city that has had its reforms. Having passed through all the typical stages of corruption, Philadelphia reached the period of miscellaneous loot with a boss for chief thief, under James McManes and the Gas Ring, 'way back in the late sixties and seventies. This is the Tweed stage of corruption from which St. Louis, for example, is just emerging. Philadelphia, in two inspiring popular revolts, attacked the Gas Ring, broke it, and in 1885 achieved that dream of American cities—a good charter. The present condition of Philadelphia, therefore, is not that which precedes, but that which follows reform, and in this distinction lies its startling general significance. What has happened since the Bullitt law or charter went into effect in Philadelphia may happen in any American city "after reform is over."

* * *

The New Yorkers vote for Tammany Hall. The Philadelphians do not vote; they are disfranchised, and their disfranchisement is one anchor of the foundation of the Philadelphia organization.

This is no figure of speech. The honest citizens of Philadelphia have no more rights at the polls than the negroes down South. Nor do they fight very hard for this basic right. You can arouse their Republican ire by talking about the black Republican votes lost in the Southern States by white Democratic intimidation, but if you remind the average Philadelphian that he is in the same position, he will look startled, then say, "That's so, that's literally true, only I never thought of it in just that way." And it is literally true.

* * *

The machine controls the whole process of voting, and practices fraud at every stage. The Assessor's list is the voting list, and the Assessor is the machine's man. The Assessor of a division kept a disorderly house; he padded his lists with fraudulent names registered from his house; two of these names were used by election officers. The Assessor pads the list with the names of dead dogs, children and nonexistent persons. One newspaper printed the picture of a dog, another that of a little 4-year-old negro boy, down on such a list.

But many Philadelphians do not try to vote. They leave everything to the machine, and the machine casts their ballots for them. It is estimated that 150,000 voters did not go to the polls at the last election. Yet the machine rolled up a majority of 130,000 for Weaver, with a fraudulent vote estimated all the way from 40,000 to 80,000, and this in a campaign so machine-made that it was called "no contest." Francis Fisher Kane, the Democrat, got 32,000 votes out of some 294,000. "What is the use of voting?" these stay-at-homes ask. A friend of mine told me he was on the lists in the three wards in which he had successively dwelt. He votes personally in none, but the leader of his present ward tells him how he has been voted. J. C. Reynolds, the proprietor of the St. James hotel, went to the polls at 11 o'clock last election day, only to be told that he had been voted. He asked how many others from his house had voted. An election officer took up a list, checked off 42 names, two down twice, and handed it to him. When Mr. Reynolds got home he learned that one of these had voted, the others had been voted.

According to the "Philadelphia plan," the Mayor should not be in the ring. He should be am ambitious man, and his reward promotion, not riches. If he is "out for the stuff," he is likely to be hurried by the fretful thought that his term is limited to four years, and since he cannot succeed himself as Mayor, his interest in the future of the machine is less than that of a boss, who goes on forever.

When he was nominated (for Mayor) Ashbridge had debts of record amounting to some $40,000. Before he was elected these were satisfied. Soon after he took office he declared himself in an interview with ex-Postmaster Thomas L. Hicks. Here is Mr. Hicks' account of the incident.

"At one of the early interviews I had with the Mayor in his office, he said to me: 'Tom, I have been elected Mayor of Philadelphia. I have four years to serve. I have no further ambitions. I want no other office when I am out of this one, and I shall get out of this office all there is in it for Samuel H. Ashbridge.'"

* * *

That corruption had reached the public schools and was spreading rapidly through the system, was discovered by the exposure and conviction of three school directors of the Twenty-eighth Ward. It was known before that teachers and principals, like any other office-holders, had to have a "pull" and pay assessments for election expenses. "Voluntary contributions" was the term used, but over the notices in blue pencil was written "2 per cent," and teachers who asked directors and ward bosses what to do, were advised that they would "better pay." Those that sent less than the amount suggested, got receipts: "check received; shall we hold for balance or enter on account?" But the exposure in the Twenty-eighth Ward brought it home to the parents of the children that the teachers were not chosen for fitness but for political reasons, and that the political reasons had become cash.

* * *

Disfranchised, without a choice of parties, denied, so the Municipal League declares, the ancient right of a petition, and now to lose "free speech," —is there no hope for Philadelphians? Yes, the Philadelphians have a very present hope. It is in their new Mayor, John Weaver. There is nothing in his record to inspire faith in an outsider. He speaks himself of two notorious "miscarriages of justice" during his term as District Attorney; he was the nominee of the ring; and the ring men have confidence in him. But so have the people, and Mr. Weaver makes fair promises. So did Ashbridge. There is this difference, however: Mr. Weaver has made a good start. He compromised with the machine on his appointments, but he declared against the protection of vice, for free voting, and he stopped some "wholesale grabs" or "maces" that appeared in the Legislature, just before he took office.

It looks as if the Philadelphians were right about Mr. Weaver, but what if they are? Think of a city putting its whole faith in one man, in the hope that John Weaver, an Englishman by birth, will give them good government! And why should he do that? Why should he serve the people and not the ring? The ring can make or break him: the people of Philadelphia can neither reward nor punish him. For even if he restores to them their ballots and proves himself a good Mayor, he cannot succeed himself; the good charter forbids.

STRENUOUS TIMES IN CABINET

As Set Forth by a Veteran Washington Correspondent.

From Major John M. Carson's Dispatch in Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The stand-patters in the Cabinet are endeavoring to get the President to change his mind and disavow his policy, throwing the burden of it upon Taft. They are not in the least likely to succeed. The President has no intention whatever of backing down in any degree. He and Taft expected the wild cries which the stand-patters all over the country are emitting and have not been surprised or dismayed. They look for a great deal more of this sort of thing, and know that there is stormy weather ahead of them.

The President and Taft heard from the stand-patters all day. One of them called on the Secretary and announced abruptly, "I have come here to attend your political funeral." "I won't believe in that funeral till I see the flowers," retorted Taft.

Secretary Shaw has never given any countenance to the tariff revision talk even when the President seemed most in favor of it. He has, on the contrary, given aid and comfort to the stand-patters whenever he has had an opportunity. He has never intended to remain in the Cabinet throughout President Roosevelt's administration. His purpose has been to resign long enough before the approach of the National convention and enter upon his canvass.

Should the present difference of opinion result in an actual split in the Cabinet, Shaw will undoubtedly resign before he intended to, and will enter the lists as the stand-pat candidate for the Presidency against Secretary Taft.

Secretary Hay is away. Secretary Morton is not in a position to take an active part on either side. Postmaster-General Cortelyou is not a politician, but stands with the President in everything. Attorney-General Moody is with the President, and the same is believed to be true of Secretary Hitchcock.

A split in the Republican party in Congress is also foreshadowed. The President will not lack supporters, despite the attitude openly taken by Representative Grosvenor, who is one of the four leaders of the House machine, and the still more severe private comments of many Senators.

Even in the center of the House machine itself there may be a split, for Representative Payne, another of the quartette, heretofore has shown a disposition to hearken the tariff revision if the President is shown really to favor it. The Western Representatives, typified by Representative Tawney, the Republican whip of the House, have been held in check by the power of the machine and the lack of support in other directions, though Tawney last Winter showed a willingness to head a revolt. As supporters of the President they will have a vantage ground which will make them enemies to be reckoned with.

The center of conservatism will be in the Senate, but even there the President will have his supporters. The great fear of the stand-patters is that the President's action will furnish the Democrats with a powerful weapon in Congress which can be used with great effect if the Democrats are ably led.

Democratic votes, in the House, at least, will be given to the President's Republican supporters. This is another thing which worries the stand-patters. The President stands in a different position before the country than any of his predecessors since James Monroe. He has received so many assurances of Democratic support and Democratic admiration that he feels himself less a partisan President than a President of the whole people. If he cannot get enough Republican support to carry through his politics, he knows he can count on Democratic support, and he is aware that the Republican party needs him more than he needs it.

JOAQUIN MILLER DAY.

How the Exposition Has Honored Oregon and Literature.

San Francisco Call.

The officers of the Lewis and Clark Exposition at Portland have struck out something original by dedicating one day of the Exposition to Joaquin Miller. He gave the State of Oregon its sobriquet, "The Emerald Land," from which it has come to be known as "The Emerald State," and his fame is connected closely with Oregon, where his career began. He is a native of Indiana, and was taken to Oregon by his parents when a child over the old Oregon trail, on which so many traveled and so many perished.

The honor proposed for him is also a conspicuous recognition of literature. Other States have had authors and poets, but have never paid them any conspicuous attention. Miller's native State, Indiana, has produced a very able and interesting group of writers, with Lew Wallace leading in prose and Riley in verse, but none of them was ever given a public triumph. New York and Massachusetts have been rich in the number of their literary men and women. Their poets and authors have enriched the literature of the world, but they have had no significant public recognition until they were dead. In due time they are given monuments and their statues grace libraries and public parks, and that may be very satisfactory to the living promoters of these postmortem honors; but we think the Oregon plan of extending honors and hospitality to the living poet is preferable. While it is true that poets live quite alone, far up the slopes of Parnassus, in tune and time with nature, yet they are very human after all, and must appreciate, in proportion to the refinement of their fiber and their sensibilities, the recognition and kindness and ascriptions of their fellow men.

Joaquin Miller is part of the pioneer history of Oregon, and he is a citizen of the Republic of Letters. The State sets the pace for its elders in the treatment of literary genius, and the effect upon other commonwealths will be watched with interest. Maybe California will one day assemble her poets and authors, her painters and sculptors, and give them praise and garlands.

Rojestvensky's Game.

HONGKONG.—Thirteen warships were sighted 12 miles off the Three Kings on Wednesday evening.—Cable Dispatch.

New York Sun.

Quoth bold Admiral Rojestvensky,
"Presto! Here we are againsky!
Bet you can't guess where we've beensky,
And no more can I, for one;
But there's one place that I knowsky
Where we certainly did gosky,
And I'm sure that it is sosky,
For I saw it in the Sun.

"With our cigarettes and boozesky,
Sailed we through the vasty oozesky,
Till we didn't know what the deucesky
Were our longitude and lat;
But not in all the swashky
And the damp, unpleasant washky
Did we find a spot, by goshky,
Where the Japanese were at!

"And did Admiral Nilfogatoff
Sail to any place you thought of?
If he did you rake the pot off
And you're way ahead of me;
But through currents, tides and weather
Came we finally together,
And we really don't know whether
There are Japs in this here sea.

"But if there are Japanesesky
(They should spell it with a sneezesky)
In this Indo-Chinese seasky,
We will surely take the pot;
For we have in sight Three Kingsky,
To draw to just the thingsky,
And we'll beat them out by jinsky,
Though we never fire a shot!"