

The Oregonian

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PORTLAND, TUESDAY, MAY 30, 1905.

THE COURSE OF THE PLAY.

The public is now in possession of information that will enable it to "see the inside" of much of the political scheming of the past year. It is now seen why Mr. Mills, Mr. Ladd and their associates have "dropped into politics," why they have supported at great cost a newspaper for their monopolistic promotion of their own interests, and why they are now struggling to get full possession of the municipal government, and for a "pull" on the county and state governments as well.

But in any event, what is striking is the fact that Portland is getting away from the "dark shadow" of the Oregonian, still, as ever heretofore, is at the head of the procession, toward the newer and more vigorous life.

DECORATION DAY.

The nation pauses to call the roll of her dead. On the November day when Lincoln made their funeral oration at Gettysburg she recited their names with sob. The sobs are hushed. The long lines of headstones on the grassy slope where Lincoln spoke recall to the memory of the nation the soldiers' faces who sleep beneath them.

Desiring to get into politics, our good friends called "Jack" Matthews in. He helped them to make up a ticket, and they helped him. Their control over the Multnomah delegation was thus assured. But in order to realize the purpose, Mills must be "kicked" out of the party. This was done by the "hard man" to beat; but finally, through promises and deals such as the Matthews machine knew how to make effective, Mills was elected. The Senate already was "easy." Through control of the House the desired legislation followed. A few things will still be done to make control of municipal affairs secure. They must have certain charter amendments, and must have the Mayor, Williams had displeased them. He was not "tactful" enough. So they made their organ attack him venomously, and tried to get another man nominated for Mayor. This failed; and they fall back on Lane. Could they have controlled the Republican primaries, their present position might be more to their liking. But as matters now stand Lane is their man.

There is a difference between mere personal vituperation, coarse and violent—mere sound and fury, signifying nothing—and a plain yet incisive statement of facts. The Oregonian prefers the latter, and is not to be diverted from it by hirings employed to use the former. The one reason why The Oregonian has been dealing with this subject during a week past is that it is a subject of high public interest, on which the people are entitled to information. Effort is being made to divert to private use and profit the proprietary rights of the whole people, yet remaining, in great public utilities. So far has this been carried heretofore that proprietary rights, for which nothing has been paid, are now capitalized at millions. Hasn't this sort of thing gone far enough, and too far? Can you wonder that the people grow restive under the pressure of greed as insatiable as the horse-leech or the grave?

It is the more intolerable because more disgusting, when carried on under the mask and claim of superior public and ardent virtue—under assumption of a lofty altruistic regard for the public good—which, however, never forgets its large-handed business of transferring wealth in vast sums from public ownership to private coffers—using public officials, the legislative body, the newspaper; using pretensions to high morality and even religion itself, as means to capitalistic and monopolistic ends. All this is to be reckoned with; and the example now before the people of Portland is but a manifestation of it as seen elsewhere and everywhere about us as a manifestation of the growing restiveness of the people under the conditions it produces.

FAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

It is common knowledge in Portland and throughout Oregon that persons wishing to make investments here have been discouraged and turned away by the heads of the "reigning families." For a generation this has been the policy. They wished to keep Oregon for their own exploitation. They were making money. They told everybody they asked about chances of investment that there was plenty of money here. Their favorite answer was, "We have lived here these many years; we know the country; if profitable investment could have been made in the ways you propose, we should have made the investment ourselves. What you propose wouldn't pay."

It is in the knowledge of great numbers of our people that representations like these from the heads of "the old houses" have been turning away investments from Oregon this quarter of a century and more. It has been the cause of general indignation. And it has been through this influence, more than all others, that Portland has been slow to grow; that so little has been done to develop the resources of the state; that necessary transportation has not been supplied to sections stagnant for want of it. Indignant comment on this dog-in-the-manger policy has been heard from one end of Oregon to the other. Men and journals of other states have taken up with the creeping "wormness." It has been proverbial throughout the Northwest that the wealthy people of Portland never have done anything for the country. It has been a favorite habit with them to watch and wait while men of smaller means have attempted to do things, and then to snap up the undertakings, when they are assured, instances could be pointed out all around us.

fighting. Mead's victory at Gettysburg was of vital service to the country, but hardly more vital than Weaver's would be if he could annihilate his foes. Lee would have plundered Pennsylvania; the machine has plundered it. Lee would have killed whoever opposed his army; the machine has been guilty of tens of thousands of deaths in Philadelphia alone by poisonous drinking water. Lee would have held the state for the Confederacy; the machine holds it for the devil. Which is worse?

What of La Follette? Wisconsin? Is he a hero? Years ago the timber thieves and corrupt corporations established an oligarchy in that state. La Follette has overthrown the oligarchy and restored representative government. He has been misunderstood and belied, but that happens to common men; it does not make a hero. He has been tempted to make enormous bribes; but honesty is simple duty. It is not heroism. He has been betrayed by his party time and again, which really indicates some high and rare quality in the man; and he has remained steadfast to an exceedingly lofty purpose and finally achieved it. He has subjected the whole railroads of Wisconsin to the civil law and established representative government. The Gracchi did less and people call them heroes.

Is Roosevelt a hero? The great corporations of this Nation are in open or secret rebellion. In hundreds of towns and cities they have seized upon the local government and have used it as a tool to oppress the people more quietly than a foreign army, but not less heavily and effectively; they control numerous state governments just as completely as the Southern Confederacy did, and with vastly more skill; they parcel out the territory of the Union among themselves for loot and plunder. President Roosevelt has undertaken to subject these corporations to the law of the land. If he succeeds, the future of the Nation looks clear for generations to come; if he fails, who can say with certainty that we are not to have class struggles and civil bloodshed? To say that the "irrepressible conflict" in which Roosevelt is taking the master hand more imperils the Nation than the war for slavery did, might sound extravagant; yet there is warrant for the thought and grave men have expressed it; and if it is true, and if he wins for the people against this modern oligarchy of iniquitous wealth, there is a place for Roosevelt in history beside Lincoln.

If it is true, as many think, that these oligarchs are effecting a revolution in our government, silently and almost secretly, it may also be true that the President has comprehended their tendencies and that his rate bill and his other efforts to remedy particular evils are but threads to be woven in a web of salutary strategy for the whole. It is particularly to vote against the 2-mill tax for gulch bridges. In general the proposed amendments are very obscure. The syndicate advises that all these be adopted. But it is safe to vote no, in every case—unless the intent of the amendment is plain, and you approve it.

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So between Goto and Quelpert, right through the Korean Channel the Russian steered. But to the waiting adversary every island and its outlying rocks, every headland that would hide torpedo-boats or submarines, every tide and current in the straits, every landmark on either side, lay plain as printer's block. On, though by each mile he neared the great port and harbor where retreating and repairs stood ready for every injured vessel of the Japanese—where coal and ammunition lay stored in vast abundance for Togo, and the Russians came to Togo, as he had planned and foreseen they must, at his determined place, in his appointed fashion. Doubt the terse dispatch: "In double columns, battleships and ar-

mored cruisers in each, with a long list of names that we have followed from the Baltic to the Korean Sea to their destined doom. Then see how destruction came impartially on the right hand and the left. Sunk, captured, dispersed. Unless all forecast fails, in the bloody waters of the Korean Channel, there sunk the domination of Russia over the shores of the Pacific.

The sheep barons are likely to have their innings this year. Indeed, they already have a number of acres to the good. According to the Chicago Live-stock World, Eastern mills are short of wool and have to have it. Under this stimulus prices went up to 22 cents a pound for the present year in Montana and Idaho and Wyoming were closed out at that figure. Oregon's big crop still, for the most part, remains in first hands, though 25 cents has been paid for a few choice lots. The demand for woolen goods of domestic manufacture was never before so great as it promises to be this Fall. This in spite of the fact that the present year has been scheduled by merchants as a "silk year," a "linen year" and a "high-grade cotton year." That vast stocks of goods in all of these lines are moving shows conclusively that the American people were never before so well dressed as they are now.

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Among the amendments to the charter of the city is one that would impose a penalty of ten percent on all delinquent assessments for streets and sewers. The object of this is to "cinch" the small property-man. Most of the amendments proposed emanate from the political banking syndicate, that has assumed the right and duty of "running" the city. Through its so-called Taxpayers' League—one of its own party—it is telling the people what amendments to vote for, but in particular to vote against the 2-mill tax for gulch bridges. In general the proposed amendments are very obscure. The syndicate advises that all these be adopted. But it is safe to vote no, in every case—unless the intent of the amendment is plain, and you approve it.

The "American visible" supply of wheat is down to 21,125,000 bushels, the smallest amount on record at a corresponding date. As the daily consumption of wheat in the United States is more than 1,000,000 bushels, it will be seen that the visible supply is sufficient only for three weeks' ration for our own people. There is, of course, an invisible supply much in excess of this amount, but, taken as a comparative standard, the figures of the "visible" show considerable scarcity in wheat supplies throughout the country. If the new crop should be somewhat belated in reaching maturity, we would probably see some very high-priced wheat at the end of the season now nearing a close.

Middle Western railroads are still complaining of car shortage, there being an insufficient number to handle the traffic offering. At the same time Wall street is doing more or less grumbling about hard times. This, in a measure, contradictory situation again calls attention to the limited vision of Wall street. It has been a number of years since the West grew away from the domination of the metropolis, but the high financiers have not yet become accustomed to the change, and still expect the West to sneeze whenever the East takes snuff.

Express Messenger Lamb, who gave the leading battle in the late hold-up of the North Coast Limited at Beppu, has a knockout blow at an opportune moment, is both brave and fortunate. The risk he took under the circumstances was not great, but his act required both presence of mind and steady nerve. He used, these to good advantage, both for himself and the railway company. The car and treasure-box of the latter were saved and a check for \$1000 was the messenger's reward.

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Now the victory comes to him who waits, and strategy as well as tactics governs the fight. What a lesson in calm, immovable patience, and self-reliance, have this Japanese Admiral and his commanders held up to the world! When the first of the Russian ships passed Singapore, and on into the Eastern sea, how loud was the cry, how repeated the advice from the "naval experts," who, in every nation, were teaching Admiral Togo his business, to go and meet them before the second division, with more battleships, was added to their force. As the Russians loomed upon the Pacific, the Russian coasting here, shipcleaning there, filling up with supplies everywhere, and setting all the diplomatists agog, tempting attack as all men thought, still there was neither word nor sign from the quiet man who had withdrawn himself and all his men to their waiting-place in unknown seas. Fancy the nerve-destroying suspense for those Russians, as each day the sun rose on an unattended horizon, and the dark nights passed silently, with no searching flashing messages across the sky. Fog surrounded them in that gray sea, but with the gleams no cruisers showed themselves to count their numbers and note their preparations for the fight. Were they borne down by the conviction that wiles and stratagems were useless, and that to prolong the horrible voyage was to exhaust coal? If they went by the northern passages through still narrower and shallower straits, the enemy would follow parallel along the shorter and straight route. Or, did they feel the desperation that throws all issues on a single cast? The shortest, the main-traveled and best-charted channel let it be, then, and have the agony over.

So between Goto and Quelpert, right through the Korean Channel the Russian steered. But to the waiting adversary every island and its outlying rocks, every headland that would hide torpedo-boats or submarines, every tide and current in the straits, every landmark on either side, lay plain as printer's block. On, though by each mile he neared the great port and harbor where retreating and repairs stood ready for every injured vessel of the Japanese—where coal and ammunition lay stored in vast abundance for Togo, and the Russians came to Togo, as he had planned and foreseen they must, at his determined place, in his appointed fashion. Doubt the terse dispatch: "In double columns, battleships and ar-

mored cruisers in each, with a long list of names that we have followed from the Baltic to the Korean Sea to their destined doom. Then see how destruction came impartially on the right hand and the left. Sunk, captured, dispersed. Unless all forecast fails, in the bloody waters of the Korean Channel, there sunk the domination of Russia over the shores of the Pacific.

The sheep barons are likely to have their innings this year. Indeed, they already have a number of acres to the good. According to the Chicago Live-stock World, Eastern mills are short of wool and have to have it. Under this stimulus prices went up to 22 cents a pound for the present year in Montana and Idaho and Wyoming were closed out at that figure. Oregon's big crop still, for the most part, remains in first hands, though 25 cents has been paid for a few choice lots. The demand for woolen goods of domestic manufacture was never before so great as it promises to be this Fall. This in spite of the fact that the present year has been scheduled by merchants as a "silk year," a "linen year" and a "high-grade cotton year." That vast stocks of goods in all of these lines are moving shows conclusively that the American people were never before so well dressed as they are now.

The indications are that if the Emperor of Germany appears in the festivities attendant upon the marriage of her son, the Crown Prince, it will be with a bandaged head, due to her precipitate plunge downstairs a few weeks ago at Welbaden. Her Majesty is a stout German woman, given, as are many other full-blooded persons, an arduous life, to a life of diseases. She is also somewhat clumsy in her movements, and quite heavy. All of these things show that she was fortunate to escape with her life from a tumble head first down a long flight of stairs. Physicians regarded her injuries as serious, but, as in duty bound, made light of them to the public. She has been patched up, and hurried to Berlin, and setting at rest rumors that the wedding of the Crown Prince would be deferred because of the accident to his mother.

Among the amendments to the charter of the city is one that would impose a penalty of ten percent on all delinquent assessments for streets and sewers. The object of this is to "cinch" the small property-man. Most of the amendments proposed emanate from the political banking syndicate, that has assumed the right and duty of "running" the city. Through its so-called Taxpayers' League—one of its own party—it is telling the people what amendments to vote for, but in particular to vote against the 2-mill tax for gulch bridges. In general the proposed amendments are very obscure. The syndicate advises that all these be adopted. But it is safe to vote no, in every case—unless the intent of the amendment is plain, and you approve it.

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OREGON OZONE

We are told