

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, six months, \$1.50; Daily and Sunday, three months, \$1.00; Daily and Sunday, one month, \$0.50.

How to Remit: Send postage money order, express order or personal check on your local bank.

Eastern Business Office: The S. C. Beckwith Special Agency, New York, rooms 48-50 Tribune Building.

Kept on Sale: Chicago-Auditorium Annex, Postoffice News Co., 178 E. Pearson Street, Dallas, Texas.

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Portland, Or., Monday, July 31, 1905.

HASN'T EVERYBODY GOT EVEN?

If the Republican party of Oregon is to have any more successes its members of various factions must try to get even with each other.

The Oregonian does not know. It has hopes and fears.

The tury of ancient differences in the party, that had raged so long, had fairly burned out.

Over the money question led to a new and more serious rupture, which has not been healed since that contest was ended.

It was a contest which, on both sides of it, increased the pretensions of individual leaders.

Applied to leadership, as all these have their factions, partisans who ever since have engaged in the pastime of "throat-cutting."

The men of one set or faction, rather than allow those of another set or faction to win, have acted and voted, upon all the important matters before them.

Especially as to candidates for leading positions, with the Democrats.

This course has given the Democratic party many of the leading offices in a state nominally let us say actually Republican.

This course, if it be not abandoned, will give the Democratic party the remainder of them.

In the year 1902, Governor Geer, who desired another term, was not nominated.

Some didn't think it such a terrible offense, since Governor Leach had not been re-nominated four years earlier.

When Geer stepped in and cut him out. Nor in the year 1902, was Senator Simon given the consideration to which he deemed himself entitled.

But, since in the long game of give and take, Mr. Simon had taken much and given little, many thought this turn in affairs, to him, no great sin.

Various groups of men here and there, accustomed to political activity—for all men in Oregon have political importance—more or less dissatisfied and waiting for their chance to "take it out" of somebody, threw in their efforts together to defeat Furnish and to elect Chamberlain; and they succeeded.

Two years later, in the Democratic local contest in Multnomah County, gentlemen, who, eager to retaliate for various slights, defeats, affronts, or for other motives, were "out for revenge," threw the most important of the local offices to the Democrats.

The same was the motive and the history of the majority election last June. The controlling force that made the victory was the purpose of large numbers of Republicans to "get rid of Jack Matthews," as they expressed it, and "to clean out the last vestige of his influence and power in politics."

Some noise, indeed, was made about other matters, but this row of political factions was the dominant incident.

The new primary election law added to the complexity of the situation; for the number of Republican candidates who contended for the nomination made it impossible for any one of them to receive more than a fractional plurality; and most of the friends of the unsuccessful candidates, acting on their assumption that such nomination could not have the force of ordinary party usage, and moreover, desiring to "get even" with somebody anyhow, rejected Judge Williams and voted for Dr. Lane.

With all this Senator Mitchell's career has had much to do. He, indeed, has been the main storm center of the dissensions.

At this time The Oregonian states a situation. It wishes, however, to suggest to the Republicans of Oregon, and especially to those of Multnomah County, whether there is not reasonable ground for the opinion, all round, that the appetite for internecine party war ought by this time to be pretty well satiated?

To The Oregonian it would seem that to even everybody has "about" "got even" with everybody else. Such a situation, it would seem, ought

reasonably, to afford a basis for cessation of strife, abandonment of differences of opinion, slates and general accommodation.

If not now, when? Shall the sword devour forever?

AS TO GREAT SALARIES.

Mr. Bryan's Commenter notes the suggestion that the salaries of the officers of the President's Cabinet ought to be increased.

Increased, because able men can make more money, and the secretaries cannot live in the style they should on the money they now receive.

This is the Commenter's comment. It is the Commenter's comment.

It is not yet clear that it would be the part of wisdom to abolish this department, but in the light of recent events, the long overdue reform would undoubtedly result in a saving which would help to shorten the heavy deficit in the running expenses of the government.

It is not improbable that similar conditions prevail in other departments, and if a thorough renovation and fumigation would be made all around, the financial showing that would follow, would be even more satisfactory to the treasury officials and also the people.

HOW TO MAKE YOUR FIRST \$1000.

Portland has many successful men of means, influence, position and character.

Some of them told in The Oregonian yesterday how they laid the foundation of their fortunes.

There was an astonishing similarity between these stories, although there was great variety of incident and experience; but with scarcely an exception all started in the same way and reached the goal by the same road.

They saved their money. Asked how he made his first thousand dollars, Theodore B. Wilcox replied: "I made it by spending less than I earned."

Louis Blumauer "made his first \$1000 by washing bottles in a drug store at \$30 per month."

Edward Ehrman "began to work and save early in life."

S. Benson "always tried to do more work and do it better than his fellow."

Vincent Cook "always contrived to keep his expense account as low as his wages."

L. C. Henriksen "saved his money."

So did Frederick Egert. Solomon Lipman "made his first \$1000 by being industrious and saving his money."

"I have always saved my money, not perpendulously, but never wasting it or spending it foolishly," said N. J. Blagen.

"By saving and investing well, I got a good start," said Sylvester C. Farrar.

"I saved every penny I could," said Joseph Supple. "I made my first \$1000 by the hardest kind of hard work," said Tryer Woodward.

"I saved \$1000 from my pay as a soldier in the British army," said William Gadsby.

"By perseverance and economy," said D. W. Wakefield; and "saving," said George W. Bates and C. W. Hodson.

"By putting away something out of each month's salary, no matter how little," said H. S. Rowe.

Frank A. Spencer borrowed money at the bank and quickly made more. So did F. Dresser, but these are the exceptions that establish the rule.

The unvarying story in all these instances, unless attention be paid to industry, unceasing attention to business, self-denial, prudence, care, honesty, watchfulness, is theirs, too.

There is, then, no royal way to fortune or achievement except the homely, sure way. The primrose path has no pot of gold at the end, but it has hidden snares at every step.

This is not to say that youth is not the time for fun, recreation, or even frivolity. The person who never enjoys himself when he is young cannot when he is old.

It is all right to hit the trail at night, but not every night; or to go to the Oaks after the sun sets, but not to stay till it rises.

But the one who goes to the hills with nothing will never have anything. The time to study is when you are put in a full day's or week's work; and the time to come away is when you feel the need of rest, and take it, for the next day's hard labor.

You may think it's a hard world, because you must toil and sweat and deny yourself many things to get your first \$1000, but you will never have it until you do, unless you play the gambler for it, and the latter methods have serious and obvious drawbacks.

Even if you are lucky and get it, you can't and won't keep money got in that way.

RED TAFE AND GRAFT.

The Treasury statement for the month of July will show a deficit of about \$14,000,000.

In other words, the operating expenses of the Government were that many millions greater than the receipts.

Washington dispatches commenting on the matter, state that the showing is regarded with satisfaction by the Treasury officials.

The reason for this is that the deficit is \$2,600,000 smaller than that of July, 1904.

Were the government a private corporation dependent on the use of business methods for success, such a showing as will be made for the month of July would be the cause for great anxiety.

The country is now booming along on a tide of prosperity.

Our foreign trade has broken all previous records; bank clearings, real estate transfers, and building permits, all over the country, reflect a degree of commercial activity that is without a parallel.

Passenger and freight traffic is taxing the capacity of the railroads to handle it, and the railroads in turn are taxing the capacity of the rolling mills to supply the rails.

Yet, in the midst of all this, the old line and double track or extend the old ones.

Amidst all of this prosperity, it is not pleasant to read that our greatest financial institution, the government itself, is so badly managed that it is running behind in its expenses.

There is perhaps a possibility that the great prosperity in our private commercial enterprises may in a degree be responsible for the laxity of management that has caused this deficit in our national accounts.

When the people are prosperous in business, they are usually contented and not inclined to spend much time looking around to see what the government or any other enterprise is doing.

This gives the grafters and red tape artists an opportunity and gratifying red tape both have a tendency to create deficits in the treasury.

that they were worthless, the cotton exports juggled the figures and sold their knowledge to the bidders.

The Oregonian's rejoinder to Senator Heburn of Idaho, who had sent it a letter, denouncing in the most virulent and insulting terms a statement made by its Washington correspondent, as to Mr. Heburn's position in relation to forest reserves, and, in terms as furious, Oregonian for publishing it.

The correspondent's statement was written in no spirit of hostility to Senator Heburn, and was couched in respectful terms.

But the Senator got on his high horse. He charged and blustered and roared. He assumed that his great position would bear the Oregonian down.

In a short paragraph The Oregonian replied to him as he deserved. And now the paper published in his own words, "The Oregonian Squirms."

No, sir, The Oregonian does not squirm. It never squirms. It leaves that exercise to men like the Idaho Senator.

Any decently written statement from Mr. Heburn The Oregonian would have treated respectfully and courteously.

But when a man, because he happens to be United States Senator, replies to a decent statement as a backguard would, what resort is he to expect? All such may "squirm" to their hearts' desire.

This journal has seen processions of such come and go—even through the United States Senate—puffed up with their importance during their little day.

On the old Central Pacific, through the Sierra west of Sacramento, one of the greatest of modern railway projects is now to be undertaken.

The purpose is to shorten the line by about forty miles, and to reduce the grade by 2000 feet.

There are to be five tunnels, 11,000 feet in all, and the cost will exceed \$25,000,000.

Length of tunnels will make it impossible to use coal engines, and electric or compressed air engines will be substituted for steam.

When these great tunnels shall be completed thirty-two miles of snowshed, which would cling to the mountain side and wind about it in a tortuous trail, will no longer be needed.

For, starting at a short distance northwest of Donner Lake, the train will leave the wild, rugged scenery through the Sierras directly into the open air only long enough to catch its breath, then back into the next tunnel, which will burrow its way through mountains of granite.

The last tunnel will bring the train out at the foot of Blue canyon, on the American River, and from there it will follow its present course. The project brings Donner Lake and the fated Donner party to mind again, and sets the correspondents of many newspapers upon inquiring into that tragedy of the days of the pioneers.

"It," says the Washington Post, "the Democratic party manages to unite its warring members in time for the campaign of 1908, and to make the campaign its issue, we believe it will score a greater defeat than has ever been administered to it."

The radical element of the Democratic party is trying to make Government ownership the leading issue is apparent. This element, in fact, is forced to go to the polls.

Its only strength has been in appealing to the passions of discontent and tumult. It cannot return to the path of conservatism and caution. It must dash headlong, and its end will be destruction.

Perhaps; yet no one can tell in what form these questions of vital import will be presented, or what will yet be the attitude of parties towards them.

We are not to expect a new party, but we do expect that we will force changes in party alignments. Conservatism and caution are well, but they can't forever be the defenses of old abuses.

"The dust on antique time" will not be allowed to "lie unwept" forever. Plutocracy is to be checked, both in its greed and in its ultimate. Public ownership of public utilities will be a long step.

GETTING INTO DEEP WATER.

Within the past week or ten days no less than half a dozen young women have been drowned in the Columbia River, or one of its estuaries near this city, as the result of going in bathing.

In each case these victims of their own heedlessness could not swim, and there was no one of their party, and no one within hailing distance, who was better equipped than themselves with the essential for protection or rescue from the peril that follows "getting into deep water."

Courage does not suffice for the purpose of rescue in such a case. Knowledge of how to handle one's own body in the water is the simple and necessary equipment for self-preservation.

In the case of those who would bathe in a river, stream or where the water is beyond their depth.

This is such a simple self-evident fact that its statement would seem to be wholly unnecessary, yet recent sad and deplorable events prove that this is not the case.

Three young women—two of them sisters—were buried in the cemetery at Fisher's Landing, a few miles above Vancouver, yesterday, because they ventured into the Columbia River regardless of the fact that they could not take care of themselves in water beyond their depth, and that there was no one near to aid them in the always possible extremity; scarcely more than a week ago two other sisters lay side by side in a chapel in this city, having lost their lives in like manner a few miles below the scene of the last drowning.

All were bright, capable, worthy women, just upon the verge of useful lives. Parental sympathy—public sympathy, indeed—follows the stricken parents of these young women back to their suddenly devastated homes, while prudence of a simple, practical type reacts the story of these untimely deaths as a warning against the recklessness that caused them.

In this connection it may be said that girls and young women should be taught the simple art of taking care of themselves in water—not only for the sake of the pleasure that such knowledge gives to the summer outing, but for self-protection in the event of sudden emergency.

Very frequently you will see in some country paper an article beginning, "The Oregonian Squirms." But it is a mistake. The Oregonian doesn't squirm.

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OREGON OZONE.

A Little Longing.

Man wants but little here on earth, But wants it long; A little love, a little mirth, A little song; A little hope, a little care, A little strife; A little babe—and that's the scope Of human life.

Weather Doctors.

"Did you ever observe how many doctors there are acting as United States Weather Observers?" queried the thin man in the linen duster.

"Well," replied the fat man in the Winter suit, "I don't know of anything that needs doctoring more than some kinds of weather."

Two Dashes.

"Here's a little thing that I just dashed off." The poet began.

Producing a poem that would cover an "Here's a little thing that I just dashed off."

Said the editor man As he straightway ran With the corpse of the bard to the undertaker.

The Shooting Life.

Thomas Dixon, Jr., erstwhile New York preacher, always thrilling orator, sometime popular lecturer and latterly traveling Southern gossamer, has published a new book called "The Life Worth Living."

Its 146 pages are devoted to a description and a glorification of a fine old estate in Virginia, on an arm of Chesapeake Bay, made new by Mr. Dixon himself and owned and occupied by him and his family.

Mr. Dixon, some years ago, was arrested for shooting song-birds on Long Island. Now he celebrates the life of a living man as he sees it—the glorious privilege of being independent, of owning one's own estate, with all kinds of birds and beasts to shoot.

Mr. Dixon was a great preacher so long as he preached, he will be a brilliant orator so long as he orates, he will lecture to crowded houses "if he lectures," as the lyricists always set forth, and he has written a couple of the Six Best Sellers.

But he never will be a poet; and in this connection we may be permitted to quote, with perhaps a word or two changed, Coleridge's noblest lines:

"He liveth best who loveth best; All things, both great and small; But the dear God who loveth us, He knows and loveth all."

We learn that Sheerness, a British town of 15,000 people and a naval station of importance, has not a single telephone. Why not change its name to Queerness?

Now that the bones of John Paul Jones are resting in the Navy-yard, we do not hope some new hope May fill and thrill the daily bard.

A correspondent from Castle Rock complains that the young people of that town recently engaged in a game called "progressive bunco," which the local paper wrote up to the extent of three columns of space.

The correspondent invites us to castigate Castle Rock society for indulging in such "sheer inanity." We hereby refuse. While the bellies and beaux of Castle Rock might more profitably be engaged in picking holes (if it is his hop time) or in learning French so that they can read the menus when they visit Portland cafes, their antics at the progressive bunco party were not half so inane as the antics of Newport society folk who indulge in the inanities of a retrogressive monkey party.

Progressive bunco, retrogressive monkey party, even if it be a bunco game, cannot be a measure of the hardness of the field. He must be also as courageous as any soldier.

Indeed, his duty is even harder one, because he must put himself in places of the greatest danger without the patriotic fervor, the touch of the comrade's elbow, or the possession of a rifle, which are large aids in making up a trooper's bravery. He must be capable of describing what he sees accurately and graphically. He must have as large a perspective as the commanding General, if he seeks to tell the whole story of the battle.

But he may have all of these primal requisites and still prove a failure. He must comprehend a diplomat's sense of the importance of his position and be capable of ingratiating himself into the sympathetic and helpful friendship of those with whom he comes in contact. He may be an ideal reverser of the Russian and an American General, wholly incapable of serving satisfactorily with the Russians or the Japanese.

As an illustration, all of our men on the Russian side spent the winter of 1904-5 in the field. If they did not, they would be French. At least three of them are long-time personal friends of General Kurapatkin.

Above all, the war correspondent must possess in marked degree that familiarity with events and affairs which will command the confidence of those in power about him. His influence often extends beyond the camp, and he may be consulted by the commander of an expedition as to his proper attitude toward the military representative of another power, whose actions may be causing grave concern in that delicate hour.

THE WAR CORRESPONDENT.

He Must Have a Soldier's Courage and a Diplomat's Tact.

Melville E. Stone, in the August Century. In reporting a war, the first and most important question naturally arises over the selection of correspondents.