

The Oregonian

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Portland, Monday, Nov. 6, 1905. OUR HURDLED LIFE. Why is life so hurried in America? Why does every one arrive with all the intensity of a contending prizefighter?

Every man and woman in the great working force of the city, who comes in to work in the morning and returns to his or her suburban home at night, is entitled, for the fare paid, to a seat during transit.

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ingtons of the Philippines. Well, "Jake" grew old, he was recalled from the islands, and for two years has been on the retired list. But in his own country he can find nobody to loaf with; all the men whom he knows are too busy, too deeply immersed in affairs, too eager in pursuit of wealth, to give more than scant courtesy to a visitor—though an old friend—so General Smith has put off for Europe going first to Sicily, where he had journeyed once before, and where the inhabitants, he says, "are the most artistic loafers on the face of the globe."

And so they are; but this only illustrates more clearly the causes of difference between them and ourselves. In Sicily the people accept their situation, knowing nothing they can do will bring any considerable increase of position or fortune. But in the United States every one sees, or thinks he sees, avenues of wealth lying open before him. Hence Americans "agonize."

ROCKEFELLER WORSHIP. The Oregonian the other day was writing of young Rockefeller and of some of his insane and rapid utterances on the Bible, on morality and religion.

The article, it seems, gave offense to one Lapham, of a Portland pulpit, a brother of Rockefeller's denomination; for the financial standing of the Rockefeller seems to Brother Lapham to make criticism of them blasphemy. So our ranting, canting preacher attacks The Oregonian and its editor, alleging immorality in them. If the editor of this journal had no firmer morality or steadier life than preachers of this class who assail him, he would be ashamed of himself utterly, and would forever hide his head. He is not one of your "professional" moralists, not one of those who mistake morality for an ecclesiastical creed, or confound them together. He thinks morally and religion are shown forth by conduct, not by boiler-plate professions.

And his conduct during his fifty-three years of residence in Oregon is known. Young Rockefeller's utterances are treated by the press with the ridicule they deserve. Of course, no one would think of ridiculing serious study and teaching of the Bible by competent men. Mr. Lapham, however, takes his Rockefeller very seriously and reverently. In his recent harangue he works himself into quite a fit of odium theologoum over the Oregonian's remarks. He thinks every wicked laugh and every wicked word which is capable of the scholarship that some can give any knowledge of the Bible. He has his ecclesiastical preconceptions, which shut out the light. He even believes the Jews do not understand their own Scriptures. He shuts his mind to every light but that of the little tallow candle of his own ecclesiastical view.

He never will learn how to read the Bible or to interpret it. To him the natural, the rational, the literary, the historical interpretation of it, which the whole scholarship of the world receives without question, is utter darkness. This is the "gulf" fixed between Mr. Lapham and the editor of The Oregonian. It will widen rather than grow less.

WILL TEST ITS STRENGTH. The Washington Railroad Commission will hold a very important meeting at Colfax tomorrow. The occasion is important, not only for the railroads and the people whom they serve, but also for the commission itself, for it is not improbable that the questions which will come before it, and which will test its powers to the limit. The law under which the Railroad Commission came into existence conferred on that body practically unlimited power to adjust rates and actually to fix schedules which the railroads would, under the law, be forced to obey. But no good law lays oppressive burdens on any individual or corporation, and if, in the exercise of their rate-making power, the commission should be unjust to the railroads, there are higher tribunals to which the verdict can be appealed. The case in point at the Colfax hearing is that relating to the fixing of joint rates where freight is turned over by one road to another at junction points.

This is really the only important matter that has come before the commission, and nothing approaching it in importance has been before it in the past. If the decision of the commission is unsatisfactory to the roads and the people, and the courts should fall to sustain the commission, that body would immediately become as useless as the fifth wheel on the wagon. By a singular coincidence, the greatest demand for readjustment of the joint rate comes from Seattle and Tacoma, where creation of the Railroad Commission was a direct result of the opposition to the Spokane and the other hand, which was loudly in favor of the commission, is now speaking in whippersnapper whenever a change in rates is suggested.

The question to be settled at Colfax is one of considerable importance to Portland. It is, in reality, an effort on the part of Seattle and Tacoma to force entrance into and divide the trade of a territory on a route which has been developed by Portland capital, which constructed the O. R. & N. line into the Palouse country. Neither the Northern Pacific nor the Great Northern now has facilities for reaching Colfax or a number of other Palouse points, unless it makes use of the O. R. & N. tracks from Spokane to Colfax and adjacent points. The O. R. & N. now charges from Spokane the same tariff on this Seattle and Tacoma freight that it charges for freight originating in Spokane. Naturally, this places Tacoma and Seattle jobbers, who have no direct line to Colfax, at a disadvantage compared with the Portland jobbers, who many years ago put up the greater part of the money for construction of the road from Portland to Colfax.

In order to admit the Seattle and Tacoma jobbers into Colfax territory on even terms with the Portland men, even situated nearly 100 miles nearer the desired field, it would be necessary for the Portland road to make sharp per-ton-per-mile discrimination against Portland. The O. R. & N. would be forced to haul the Seattle and Tacoma freight from Spokane to Colfax at a lower charge per ton per mile for the short end of the haul than it now secures for the entire distance from Portland to Colfax. This is but a single case, but it opens the way for an endless amount of rate-fixing and juggling, which could easily lead to a complete disarrangement of business throughout the Northwest. Such is not the result desired by either the commission, the people or the railroads, and, for this reason, serious efforts of the rate-making power will undoubtedly proceed with due caution.

The business of capturing people and holding them for a ransom has had

Every intelligent citizen knows that the results of these municipal elections will powerfully influence the history of the United States for years to come. In Philadelphia and San Francisco the issue is squarely drawn between honest government and government by graft. There is no certainty that decency will come out ahead. So far as an outsider can judge, the forces that make for the destruction of American institutions are as strong or stronger in these two cities than those that make for perpetuity. In New York all the vital and burning questions of the day are up together. Municipal ownership, Tammanyism, graft, bossism, all have figured in the campaign, while the character of Hearst and Jerome lend a dramatic human interest to the election. Jerome stands out as the champion of independence; the honest man who places himself solidly on the platform of his desert; and defies all party limitations and traditions. Hearst stands for the rights of the common man and the destruction of grafting monopoly. They would make a queer team, but they may have to work together.

A "GREAT GULF." "A preacher scores H. W. Scott." We read the statement in an organ of plutocracy, that works religion as an ancillary scheme. This preacher is Rev. S. C. Lapham, of the Second Baptist Church of Portland. He says: "The gulf that is fixed between the character and principles which dominate the editor of The Oregonian and ours is so wide that it is difficult to make him understand or see anything of life as we view it."

There is a wide gulf, indeed, between the editor of The Oregonian lives in a rational world, a world whose foundation is established in experience, in history, in reason, in study of morals and religion on the historical and comparative basis; on study of all "Scriptures" and theological ideas or doctrines, on the same principles of inquiry and judgment.

But it is not "difficult" at all for the editor of The Oregonian to see anything as Mr. Lapham views it. The editor is able easily to see everything from Mr. Lapham's standpoint, through and through. So seeing it, he sees how hollow, how utterly at variance with the historical principle, how narrow, how petty and exclusive, Mr. Lapham's interpretation of the Bible, of religion and of mankind.

It is announced from Victoria that Captain Alexander McLean will go out in command of the schooner Carmelite next month on another sealing cruise. This is the natural ending for one of the "Sea Wolves" escapades. Every year before McLean arrives from a cruise the able seamen who concoct fearfully and wonderfully-made tales for the San Francisco papers put out a lurid yarn about some new devilry in which McLean is supposed to have been engaged, and the sentimentality of the galloway seems to yawn and yawn for him to appear in the office. But seasons come and seasons go, and Alex McLean comes and goes with them, and in spite of his reputation, is a very mild-mannered and harmless individual. In the language of one of his crew, and undoubtedly to the disgust of Jack London, "Alex would not fight a cat unless he was full of hootch."

Governor Mead, of Washington, has reappointed Grad Inspector Arrasmith for another four years. The appointment is a good one, and well-deserved tribute to an honest man and an efficient official. Portland handles about one-half of the grain crop of the State of Washington, finances about two-thirds of it, and establishes the grades for all of it sold to go foreign. For this reason there is only a mild interest taken in such an unnecessary adjunct of Washington's state machinery as the Grain Inspector; but, if there must be a Commissioner, he vastly prefer a man of the caliber of Arrasmith to a grain broker who would use the machinery of his office to further the ends of his private business.

An important factor in the operations of the reclamation of arid lands by irrigation is the size of the farms chosen by settlers in accordance with this law. Large tracts of land will not be given to settlers, nor will they be allowed to acquire the same by purchase, the object being to develop many holdings through intensified agriculture. All who have noted the slovenly manner in which many large tracts of land in the Willamette Valley, where irrigation is supplied direct from the clouds, must approve the idea that restricts the ownership of irrigated lands to the uses of the settler. Not wide fields, but grandly broken, is the purpose of the grand irrigation scheme now in process of development.

Sixteen steamships and sailing vessels, with draft ranging from 22 feet to 25.7 feet, have sailed from Portland within the past thirty days. Every one of these vessels made the run from Portland to the high seas without detention, either in the river or at the bar. The fact that they were not detained at the bar, of course, shows that the entrance to the river is in very satisfactory shape, considering the stage of the work on the jetty. For the river end of the voyages the performance is remarkable, for the water is unusually low and the average draft of the vessels is a foot greater than that of any previous fleet that ever cleared from Portland in October-November.

Colonel D. B. Henderson, ex-Speaker of Ohio's House of Representatives, has lived his long life, of course, and lies at the door of his passing. His malady—paralysis—is one most dreaded by men of active mental vigor and more or less sedentary lives, and there is little hope of relieving him, even by a heroic use of surgery. True humanity has little heart in attempting to prolong human life under such circumstances. A man who has lived his life up to its opportunities, and passes leaves little to be grieved over, and little to be missed. Especially is this true when he cannot hope again to be free from bodily suffering or to return again to the works and ways of men.

In Massachusetts, "tariff reformers" are again raising their old cry for free raw materials and protected manufactures. This was the sort of jug-handled tariff reform that was tried during Mr. Cleveland's administration.

German Ambassador Von Sternberg indignantly repudiates the common impression that the German Emperor is a "man of war." "I tell you, he's a man of peace," he declares. Certainly. So is the czar.

If "Hell-Roaring Jake" Smith, who has been hauling somebody to loaf with, will go to the Philippines, he will find certain dark gentlemen who will assist him to a long rest.

Honey's abounding energy is shown again by his plunge into the political fight in San Francisco. He is like Hotspur, who never could keep out of any fight that he was in reach of.

The Strap-Hangers League has no rights of the O. W. P. is bound to respect. They're lucky to get the straps.

New York, Philadelphia and San Francisco today expect every man to do his duty.

SILHOUETTES

"The evil that men do lives after them." Matt Quay's Pennsylvania machine will probably carry Philadelphia again today.

Ohio is a benevolent community. The practice there is to release prisoners from jail so as they may vote—right.

A local jurist has discovered that vagrants actually have a use. He says most of our juries are recruited from that class.

It is rumored now that the Milwaukee system is seeking an entrance to Portland. If the railroads keep on coming at the present rate, this town will soon be able to speak patronizingly of Kansas City.

The Ministerial Association seems to be flying in the face of Providence by refusing to insure the Woman Suffrage movement. The women may retaliate by boycotting the churches, and then where would the preachers be?

Since Judge Cameron has decided that the perpetrators of the "Japanese Art" fake must go before a grand jury, local japs are beginning to wonder if it's all true about peace having "victories no less renowned than war."

I notice that Mayor Lane is explaining again. The Doctor should remember that he who explains is lost.

Of course, "de gang" will win the King election in Norway.

Something real rough should be done to those who practice the sublime habit of writing it "Kma."

Although this year's crop of sealkins is reported to be unusually large, most of the dear women will continue to worry along with rabbit and house-cat.

If Mary Tudor was the kind of a girl whom the historical novelists and playwrights represent, I'm right glad she is barred by the status of limitations.

As much pomp and ceremony seems to attend the installation of a police captain in this town as the inauguration of a Central American dictator.

I know a fellow who occasionally breaks into the papers as "a well-known clubman," who belongs to nothing but a "pabn's" preening club.

No, Ethylene, the Patrons of Husbandry are not matrimonial agents.

Dicky Dingbat's Essays. First Grade—Aged 9. Series A—No. 8. THE LEADING MAN.

This is a large person who has sole full eyes and a deep voice, genially he is to be with missus pat Camel and at the beginning of his Career don Hevies with booth, he wares long hare and close that any Other man would be alive to Spring. Matinee Gurls thinks he lives on angle food and ice cream soda, but he don't, he likes his Beans hot and his ham And we dun on both Sides, he Reherses All day and Acts up all Knight so that the Ghest will pass him His onet a weak. But he never Wares, the publick thinks he has Nothing but Juery and munney and he haint got Much but stage. He is always in Love with the leading Lady But is not certain about her when she osts onus and is so proud that he don't speak to anybody but the Manager and the Props, I think now that when I grow up I will be a Leading Man and merry a hairless.

Why Must It Be? Why is it babies grow up so fast? Why is it happiness cannot last? Why is it fairy tales don't come true? Why is it skies are not always blue? Why is it mothers so soon grow old? Why is it cruet's old world so cold?

It occurs to me that some Western delegates to the next Republican National convention will be for Big Bill Taft—ni.

We are gradually becoming civilized. The custom of referring to unmarried women as "old maids" as soon as they outgrow the "out-pit" age, is almost entirely obsolete.

Old Sovereign Vate will cook quite a number of large fat grease today.

Most people keep a light in the window for opportunity but are too stupid or too lazy to keep it trimmed and burning.

Don't you think that Russia has had about enough first-publicity? ARTHUR A. GREENE.

Realism of Pictured Art. Pall Mall Gazette. A Tasmanian paper-journal an amusing story of the visit of the late G. F. Watt, the famous artist, to that colony. The editor of a local newspaper wanted a notice of one of Mr. Watt's pictures and as he had no art critic on the staff, he sent a brother of the brush—a house painter—to describe it. The subsequent notice was somewhat striking, and ran as follows:

"Mr. Geo. Watt, the famous artist, is to be congratulated on the substantial job he has just turned out. He has painted a picture of a lady on a horse, and it looks very pretty. The lady's face is picked out in flesh colors, with arms to match, and the delicate rose-pink on the cheeks forms a nice contrast to the ultramarine blue eyes. The lady's hair seems to have been laid on rather carelessly and is very streaked, and looks as though it had been done with new brush. It would have been better if the brush had been broken in on the body of the horse first."

"There are seven trees on one side of the horse and four on the other; this makes the picture look lopsided, but perhaps trees grow that way. The leaves of the trees are painted in shades of green and trunks drab, with sienna colored knobs. The picture seems to have had several coats of the best oil and lead color, and the paint has not been spread on the sky, which is very thick and cloudy."

"The picture is painted on canvas. There is a lot of suction in canvas, and the job could have been done cheaper if zinc had been used instead."

"Taken altogether, and as the frame is gilded in a first-class manner, the artist deserves the custom of any one who goes in for that sort of thing."

Reflections of a Bachelor. New York Press. A man is great by just how little those around him are.

Nobody ever thinks he is having real fun unless he is spending money for it. A girl with a lot of money generally needs it to get married.

Boys would get very little satisfaction out of being bad if people expected them to be.

It is all right to advise people not to tempt their money, but if the world's how the financiers going to get it?

Partridge by 15,000 Votes. San Francisco Chronicle. Schmitt will be beaten by 15,000 because there is a lot of money in decent citizens against him and his rule of graft.

Candidate John S. Partridge: "If justice and right still walk hand in hand with common decency, and if the grafters of the face of the earth."

Gang Will Win by 35,000. Interview in North American. "The Republican organization ticket will sweep Philadelphia by 35,000 majority," declares David H. Lane, one of the "gang" bosses.

Jenny Kissed Me. Houston Post. "Funny thing about these fellows who say 'how funny'."

"How funny?" "Why, you'll generally find that the man who accumulates a great many bones has a skeleton in his closet."

Fight for Political Liberty. Milwaukee Journal. The people are tired of boss rule. They are tired of political rings and machines. They are determined to take the reins of government once more in their own hands. They are fighting again for political liberty.

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NOTABLE ELECTIONS TODAY.

Jerome and Hearst to Win. Walter Freeman in Chicago Record-Herald.

One of the mightiest and most passionate popular uprisings known to the history of politics in the metropolis is now in progress. If it roars and rumbles on as it is now going for another week, the outcome Tuesday will be municipal revolution, a smashing defeat of both the old political parties and the triumph of two independents—Jerome and Hearst. District Attorney Jerome is well-nigh sure of success, and, strange as it may seem, and despite the betting odds of 2½ to 1 in McClellan's favor, Editor Hearst's chances to win the Mayoralty are as good as the Tammany candidate's. I have not yet satisfied myself Hearst is the leader, and despite the betting odds of 2½ to 1 in McClellan's favor, Editor Hearst's chances to win the Mayoralty are as good as the Tammany candidate's.

Jerome the Only One. Collier's. We care very little whether McClellan, Hearst or Ivins is the next Mayor of this town. We care with deepest conviction about the issue embodied in the independent candidacy of William Travers Jerome. If you vote knowingly for a corrupt politician, you make yourself a thief. If you vote against Jerome, you make yourself responsible for the defeat of the honorable liberty for which he stands.

New York Will Over Jerome. Chicago Record-Herald. New York is what over Jerome. He is gaining hourly. Despite the fact that he is on no regular ticket, despite the fact that he has to stand or fall on the Tammany stronghold alone—Manhattan and Brooklyn—it does not now seem possible to beat him.

Highest Type of Reformers. Washington Star. There are reformers and reformers, but the Jerome type is the highest that has yet appeared in our affairs.

Deserves to Win. Indianapolis News. Mr. Jerome deserves to win because he has served his city faithfully and with high intelligence.

Landslide for Jerome. Chicago Tribune. It begins to look like a landslide for Jerome.

Reverend by 50,000 Votes. Raymond in Chicago Tribune. The chances all are that the corrupt political ring, which has made Philadelphia the shame and byword among the great cities of the new city party, and disgraced and disgraced. It should surprise no one if there were developed in Philadelphia County a majority of not less than 50,000 votes, that the ring would be turned down and disgraced. It should surprise no one if there were developed in Philadelphia County a majority of not less than 50,000 votes, that the ring would be turned down and disgraced.

Decided Slump. Chicago Tribune. The great man was disturbed in mind. "Henry," he said to his private secretary, "have I done anything unpopular lately?"

"Not that I am aware of, Senator," responded that functionary. "Does there seem to be any prejudice taking shape in the public mind against me?"

"I know of none." "Am I spoken of in a sneering manner by the public prints?"

"Not a word, Senator. You know there is a brand of 5-cent cigars named for me, I presume?"

"Yes, sir." "What are you selling them now two for 5 cents?"

The Early Bird. New York Tribune. One of the rural schools in Kansas has a pretty girl as its teacher, but she was much troubled at first because many of her pupils were late every morning. At last she made the announcement that she would kiss the children who arrived at the schoolhouse the next morning. At sunrise the three largest boys of her class were sitting on the doorstep of the schoolhouse, and by 8 o'clock every boy in the school age family of the directors was waiting for her to arrive.

The Only Way. Cleveland Leader. "Why did you fire your new board-er?" "The impudent thing asked for a thermometer on his radiator."

"What for?" "So he could tell when the steam was on."

She Wanted a Show. Detroit Free Press. "Beessie, why are you and Willie forever quarreling?" said the mother of the two, in a reprimand, voice at the end of a long day. "It's my fault," exclaimed five-year-old Beessie, "Willie always wants his own way."

In Portland. Apologies to Puck. Highwayman—Your money or your life, mister! "Native—But you are not the fellow who usually robs me at this corner. Highwayman—No, but it's all right; I've bought his route."

Generally. Houston Post. "Funny thing about these fellows who say 'how funny'."

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