

The Oregonian

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PORTLAND, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1906.

HOW THEY DID IT.

Fault is not to be found with the present charter of the city—as it stands—so much as with the use that was made of the methods employed in its formation and adoption, for exemption of the holders of old franchises, from the terms of the new charter, by re-arranging in advance the whole bunch of them, extending them to long terms and juggling the whole business so as to add immensely to the value of the old franchises, at the expense of the city. With the charter as it stands we have found, and now find little fault; but there is a conspiracy to condemn and condemn the rascally proceedings in connection with its formation and enactment; through which old franchises were renewed just before its enactment, and for which its enactment was delayed in order that the authors of the conspiracy might have time to profit for themselves—and immense profit they made—while subjecting future franchisees to conditions from which they exempted their own. This was a most scoundrelly piece of business, pursued and accomplished through plutocratic craft and cunning. It is not to be consigned to infancy every person concerned in it; and it stands as a warning against repose of further confidence in them, in any matter whatever. You may bar your doors against common burglars, but how are you to provide against these secret criminals who plunder under forms of law, and under professions of public spirit and virtue? Of course you see that men who will deal with a public trust in this way will take also every advantage in private business, through craft and cunning, that they possibly can.

The editor of the Oregonian, though nominally a member of the charter board, was seldom present at the meetings, and paid little attention to the proceedings. He was a member of the board, but, as he admitted, never was present at a committee meeting, and confesses that he didn't know at all what was going on. It was a fault, perhaps, that he did not withdraw his name from the board, or that he did not respect that the chief actors in the preparation of the charter and holders of the franchises had sinister purposes, that ought to be watched and exposed. He, with others, naturally supposed there was to be a square deal. There were, indeed, many meetings of the board, but, as he remembers, he was present not above twice, and then only a few minutes either time. But, if he didn't know what was going on, and what was intended, neither did the majority of the members. About three men made the charter, and not above five knew what was in it. These were in the secret of the jungle with the franchisees, under the old charter, and were engaged in getting special privileges under it, in anticipation of the adoption of the new one, which denies such privileges to others.

Though we have said we have not found much fault with the new charter, here is a very serious fault in it. It does not give the city power to regulate the charges for service, or to prescribe the quality and extent of the service itself. No doubt this was purposely omitted; since the operation of the old franchises was to continue under the new charter, and our franchise-holders didn't want to be hampered by such restrictions. Inasmuch as they copied closely the charter of San Francisco, in these matters, except in this particular, it need not be supposed this omission was unintentional or accidental. The fact is that until attention to the charter and to the franchisees was forced by the gas investigation, only the interested parties—and they were few—knew fully what had been done by these schemers for personal advantage. And perhaps all don't know all about it yet.

But at length we do know much. We know, for example, how these franchisees have been largely exempted under the new charter than any others ever can obtain under it; and how they, by "working" the Common Council and the Legislature, exempted themselves and their assigns from burdens that others must bear. Thus, they can get a report of the operations carried on under the franchisees that were fixed up and extended to long terms just before the new charter went into effect—enactment of which was held up five days in the Legislature, after it had passed both houses, in order that the work required might be completed in Common Council of Portland. But every holder of a franchise now granted must make a report to the City Auditor of his whole business every year, in full detail, showing receipts from all sources and all expenditures for all purposes, together with full statement of all assets and debts, costs and profits of service, etc., as the Auditor may require; and the Mayor is to embody it in his annual report for information of the public. But our operators exempt-

ed themselves from this and other requirements by getting their franchises extended barely ahead of time, holding up the proceedings in the Legislature so means whatever of arriving at knowledge of what the greatest and most numerous of the corporations operating under our public franchises are doing, or of controlling their action, for nearly thirty years to come. But our thrifty charter and the conditions for those who have made rigorous conditions for all who may desire to enter into competition with them. These proceedings were employed largely for the purpose of increasing the value of the franchises for sale, or, if sale could not be effected, great advantages would result from the conditions, to our thrifty "best citizens." In a multitude of ways, too long to enumerate, they arranged it so that privileges and advantages are secured to those holding the franchises existing at the time the new charter was enacted; while "every franchise granted under this charter" is subject to the close conditions from which these people excepted themselves. Hence the people can know nothing about the operations of the great public-service corporations in which the authors of this conspiracy were interested. And they have sold out for millions, and put into their pockets the proceeds of the colossal fraud.

A true story, as well as a fable, may teach a moral. This true story teaches a moral it will be well to remember, namely: "Don't trust your 'best citizens.' Watch them."

THE BOARDING-HOUSE HABIT. Births in Portland are much below normal conditions. Why should they be? There are marriages enough, and married couples enough. But few children are born. Why? What is the reason? The boarding-house habit. The desire of so many couples to avoid the duties and responsibilities of family life. At bottom, self-indulgence and general selfishness. They who intend not to have children, should marry at all. Marriage for such is never profanation.

Persons who marry, man and wife, who go to boarding-houses, have no children, and stifle life in its secret and sacred sources, never can know anything of the joys of bringing up a family, which enjoy all other joys of the world. Such deserve no happiness; never get it. Of course it is a sacrifice to bring forth and bring up children. Yet the most estimable of human rewards. In this world there is nothing so fine as the bringing up of a family, alive to every duty, day and night, and bringing up their children. They who refuse this miss all the best rewards of life.

Why is it refused? Through hard human selfishness. Of course no work that can be spoken will change or amend it. But these persons, man and wife, living in profanation of marriage, have and can have no happiness, never will have happiness; because they do not deserve it.

A NEW DOCTRINE. Most people felt their blood run cold when the newspapers printed the report that five respectable citizens of Toledo had been imprisoned for organizing an ice trust. To be sure, ice trusts were unlawful, but so were others, and there was a common understanding that laws of this kind were not meant to be enforced. They were pure, unadulterated punishment. Hence, if things came to a pass where somebody must be punished for breaking the anti-trust statutes to satisfy the clamors of the mob, it was understood that the penalty should be one that would not injure the public interest, or injure his respectability. A rich lawbreaker might be fined, for example, but never imprisoned. To pay a fine with graceful indifference rather enhances one's social prestige. It is an effectual way to display a man's wealth and, when not too heavy, introduces no discredit in the market. The chief actors in the preparation of the charter and holders of the franchises had sinister purposes, that ought to be watched and exposed. He, with others, naturally supposed there was to be a square deal. There were, indeed, many meetings of the board, but, as he remembers, he was present not above twice, and then only a few minutes either time. But, if he didn't know what was going on, and what was intended, neither did the majority of the members. About three men made the charter, and not above five knew what was in it. These were in the secret of the jungle with the franchisees, under the old charter, and were engaged in getting special privileges under it, in anticipation of the adoption of the new one, which denies such privileges to others.

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shudder as if sacrilege had been committed. The discovery that law can strike the rich is new in our social system. We have hitherto supposed that gold was a sort of lightning rod. Whoever had enough of it was as safe in a courtroom as a barn with a dozen points on the roof is in a thunder storm. The truth that trust magnates and plutocrats of all sorts can be punished for their crimes like common men will rank with the great scientific discoveries such as Newton's law of gravitation and Darwin's natural selection. Moreover, it has been brought to light by men who ought to rank in political economy and jurisprudence with the fathers and Hygens in physical science, for it will transform civilization. These discoverers are not college professors. Few advances in any science have been made within college walls, in this country at any rate. The legal and political science of the colleges is a mass of conventional statements, some true and many false, but all adapted to sustain and justify the special privileges of the plutocratic rulers of the Nation. Political economy, for example, is a collection of rules which depend on the economic man follows in his pursuit of wealth. "Economic man" is a polite synonym for hog. A swine, up to the limits of his opportunities, obeys all the precepts of political economy without any instruction whatever.

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of the most turbulent empire on the face of the earth—unless indeed turbulence is merged into peace and tyranny into liberty long before his time comes. In this case, as a young man with a job and with his own way to make in the world, he will stand some chance of living happily and dying in his bed.

Salem city officialdom is hopelessly divided and wrought up to the point of open warfare over the question whether brakemen passengers of the Southern Pacific shall be invited to stop in Salem or ordered to move on. Those who believe that the weary Willies would help harvest the hay crop and garner the grain want the hobos to alight and make Salem their rendezvous. Those who believe the dusty wayfarers would work like if they had a chance and are more likely to burglarize homes than pitch hay argue that the police should keep the city free of unknown transients who have no visible means of support. It's a close question in sociology and well worthy the profound study it is receiving. The solution, if accompanied with new light upon the subject, will be awaited with anxious interest by all communities stricken by the labor famine.

The organ of the first families was not always the organ of the first families. It was started without their assistance, and was about to die; but presently they took it up and made it their organ. It cannot now avail anything for it to reprint against the plutocrats and the first families, they plumped their money into it and made it their organ. It was against them before that; since then it has been their willing servant, fed on the crumbs that fall from the plutocratic tables. To make good, the crumb-pickers and pack-trailers of the first families now apologize, and defend what it says it opposed before they adopted the "little sore-eyed thing," as it has since described what it was in its earlier days, and numbered it among their servants.

Not one accusation, not one of the statements made by The Oregonian as to the mammoth franchise steal, has been met, or controverted. They cannot be. They are truth, the overwhelming and damning truth. There is nothing to be said in defense or explanation of the betrayal of the people by the franchise-grabbers; therefore they say nothing except to shout that "You're another." "Yes, we stole the franchise," they say, "but why didn't you catch, expose and stop us then?" High words of this kind ever associate the right to hold and administer justice in looking, and to keep what it steals because the thieves were not caught in the act.

The defeat of the street-car men's union is a notable victory for the Portland street railway system. It is notable because it was won by the unflinching loyalty of a large number of men who have held their positions for a great many years and who have the highest respect and admiration for Manager Fuller. Perhaps, if there were more men of Fuller type in charge of large numbers of street cars, strikes would be fewer. The Oregonian is not in sympathy with many of the practices of the street-car monopoly, but there is certainly no criticism due on the manner in which Mr. Fuller handles the old men who have known him for many years.

Since Oregon occupies the apparently inconsistent position of raising hops for the manufacture of beer at the same time that it is proceeding to prohibit the consumption of beer, would it not be wise to strike a happy medium and allow the production of hops by merely prohibiting the sale of liquor of stronger intoxicating power than beer? Now this is a suggestion in behalf of temperance and hopgrowing. To prohibit the sale of whisky would reduce the amount of drunkenness but would increase the sale of hops. Now, Mr. Amor, you and Mr. Deckerbach, are the floor. You may both speak at once, if you wish.

"Mr. Jackson," a name common in the comic papers—a portrait of Mr. Jackson, a colored gentleman, usually accompanies the "whitticism"—says something about Mr. Scott, the editor of The Oregonian. With Mr. Jackson Mr. Scott has no controversy. Mr. Jackson is a property—not a separate or individual entity. What The Oregonian may have to say, on any topic, is referred to Mr. Jackson. If Mr. Jackson will not engage the attention of The Oregonian.

In view of the Maegly Junction decision, it is possible that Mr. Hill will find it unnecessary to pull that fine fawn deer at Seattle out by the roots and replant it at Everett. If Judge Frazer could be induced to go over to Seattle and determine just what each of the warring factions ought to have, white-winged peace would settle along the shores of Elliott Bay in short order.

In the circumstances the refusal of the street-car men to strike was wise. Clearly they are not prepared for so grave an issue. Besides, the differences are not yet clearly defined. It may be hoped and expected that employers and employed will adjust differences and get together, so no strike ever will be necessary.

Of course now, infidels, apostates, unbelievers, heretics, proletarians and one-gallop democrats shouldn't have much to say. "Strike the drums! Let not the heavens hear these terrors! Women, rally on the Lord's anointed. Strike, I say!"

The chronic kickers had the scare of their lives, for they were face to face with the dilemma of walking or hiring an automobile. They should get together now and resolve that any car service is better than none.

The Chicago banker who says he ought to be in the penitentiary, and is trying to get in, should be accommodated. Yet he is setting a very bad example for other alleged bankers.

The Oregonian has wished to put all the people on their guard against those whose wealth has become dropical through chanking up estates. Keep out of their clutches.

The Clear feels that so long as he exercises the imperial prerogative of vetoing his own acts, his crown and august head are safe.

The Oregonian admits it was deceived. It depended on the integrity of "best citizens." It never will again.

WHAT PORTLAND HAS LOST.

Awake at Last to Wrongs by Franchise Mongers. Morning Astorian. Portland has just awakened to the fact that she has been shamefully treated by the street railway combine; that she has been gulled to the last dollar's worth of franchise property she possessed; and that she is, practically without recourse except upon the plea of eminent domain for the recovery of the ravaged rights she gave so willingly to the adroit thief.

Well, it was getting around to Portland, anyway; every other city on the Coast has had an experience of the sort with corporate valuations and now the Oregon metropolis can put up her fight. We hope for the city's sake she will put up a clean, hard, winning scrap; that she will be so successful that every other outraged community in the land will have a winning precedent to operate upon when they shall be called upon to fight the like. But, in the light of past experience, the country over, we are compelled to nurse a reasonable doubt of that success.

But Then, You Know, They Passed an Honorable Men. Hillsboro Argus. Portland is still discovering that in the past she has been robbed of valuable franchises. The time to have stopped this flouting of public property was when it was being consumed. It's a poor time to lock the stable door after the ass has been stolen.

No Shame in Fifty Years. Meadville (Penn.) Cor. Chicago Tribune. M. T. Freeman, of Chicago Township, Crawford County, one of the original Fremont Republicans, is now in his sixties. His first Presidential vote was cast for General Taylor in 1848, and since the formation of the Republican party he has been an ardent Republican, voting for General Fremont, the first nominee of the party for President in 1856.

At that time Mr. Freeman made a compact that he would not shave until Fremont was elected. His candidate lost, and Mr. Freeman remained steadfast to his agreement. No razor has touched his face since 1856, and while he never let the beard grow to an unusual length, still he never had it trimmed short. Mr. Freeman has received an invitation, as one of the original Republicans, to attend the golden jubilee of the Republican party held in Philadelphia.

Mr. Freeman is still a bright and interesting conversationalist. When 15 years old he attended the celebrated Whig and Democratic mass meeting held in Erie, Pa., in 1836, which undoubtedly was the largest mass meeting ever held in this end of the state, people traveling in wagons 100 miles to attend. Those were the times when a "Whippoorwill" was "Tyler Tool," "Log Cabin and Hard Cider," and "Roast Beef and a Dollar a Day" were the slogans.

A Department Drug Store. Report from Rabbitville in The Dalles Optimist. For a full line of canned and pickled things and condish and also ham, call at the city drug store. Likewise ladies' corsets and cook stoves. A few of them choice patterns still on hand and a few sets of gosses eggs. Also a fresh cow with calf by her side. Try one of our new prescriptions called the Shepherd's Delight. They are very encouraging this hot weather.

A Ballad of Andrew. The June Civic. When Andrew was a little lad He had no books to read, He had no library, His intellect to feed. When'er he saw a useful book Says he, "I will put that in;" Of German, French and Scots he took But nary Greek nor Latin. So diligent a lad, I fear, Will not be seen again. He labored fourteen hours a day, And read the other ten. But when his money ran he spent, Says he, "I'll take a little rest. There's nothing left for me to do But make a little rest."

Then everybody bought his steel And paid him such a price, That Andrew was a millionaire In just about a trice. He saw that college profe die poor In spite of their endeavor; He filled their pockets up with cash And now they'll live forever. He saw that we Americans In courage are but zeros; He spent ten million dollars to Transform us into heroes. He saw we couldn't spell. Says he, "While tears his eyes did fill, 'Spell just as badly as you please, And I will pay the bill." What things are lovely, true and pure, Of good report and right. On these our Andrew thinks, and these He helps with all his might. So here's to Andrew Carnegie, And when he's called above, He may go poor in pocket, but He will go rich in love.

He did not want the chance to stand On the floor of the Legislature. That Carnegie had extorted With money in his pocket. Says he, "To keep from such a fate I'll alter my character; I'll leave off making steel and be Henceforth a benefactor."

In theologic zeal he gave An acre to a church, And then endowed an "Institute Of Biblical Research." He saw that college profe die poor In spite of their endeavor; He filled their pockets up with cash And now they'll live forever. He saw that we Americans In courage are but zeros; He spent ten million dollars to Transform us into heroes. He saw we couldn't spell. Says he, "While tears his eyes did fill, 'Spell just as badly as you please, And I will pay the bill." What things are lovely, true and pure, Of good report and right. On these our Andrew thinks, and these He helps with all his might. So here's to Andrew Carnegie, And when he's called above, He may go poor in pocket, but He will go rich in love.

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JOHN D.'S FRENCH CHATEAU.

Rockefeller Stopping in a Town That Royalty Often Visited. New York World. The Chateau des Avenues, in Compiegne, France, where John D. Rockefeller is stopping with Professor and Mrs. Strong, his son-in-law and daughter, is a two-story brick and stone structure, of antique design, but in good condition. It has the steep roof of the old French castle and all the modern improvements of science. Its grounds are ample. It is owned by the Comtesse de l'Aigle, to whose husband Napoleon III gave the structure. Louis XIV had a hunting box on the site of the estate, and it was in the old days a favorite resort of the monarch.

Compiegne, which is only one hour and a quarter from the French capital, is rather famous for its golf links. They are beautifully laid out and adjoin a historic forest of about 36,000 acres. The main course has 18 holes and there is a smaller one expressly for women. Being on the road to Rheims, the French Kings early acquired the habit of stopping here for rest on their way home after being crowned in the castle in town was built by Clovis. Charlemagne enlarged it and Charles the Bald further enlarged it still more. Other castles were built by the rulers of the town still in manuscript tells how the Empress used to place the baby on the floor, where the Emperor would be sure to find the child, and his bride would take the child up to tussle it, and then place it in front of a mirror and tell it to behold the future Emperor of the world.

A Disappointed American-Britisher. South Bend, Ind., Tribune. William Waldorf Astor is reported to be very ill. The announcement of his sickness will bring forth little sympathy here in America, for no man in recent years has given the people of this country such a royal favor. His overtures have, however, met with rather indifferent success and it is said that he is a very much disappointed man. He wanted to bear a title commensurate with his millions. He thought that could buy the object of his desire. In pursuit of this belief, he wineed and dined those of influence and in every manner made his wish patent. The career of William Waldorf Astor has been a negative one. It is difficult to understand his attitude.

Tragedy of a Forgotten Shell. New York Times. The Natal Mercury (South Africa) tells the story of a Boer farmer named Moolman, who lately found a 47 naval shell lying on the veldt unexploded and took it home to his sister. She wanted the shell for decoration purposes, and began to dig out the lyddite, and, to soften the lyddite, she poured water on it. Lyddite and water began to effervesce, and the girl went indoors, and from the end of the passage watched the shell, which lay upon the doorstep. Suddenly there was a terrific explosion, and Miss Moolman fell dead, struck in the breast by a piece of shell. The whole house was wrecked, every pane of glass every window frame and every door being cast to the ground, and most of the furniture being upset and smashed.

A Solemn Prophecy in Politics. Triple-Deed Editorial Paragraph in New York Sun. The Sun craves permission to present its humble services to the country under the aegis of a Boer farmer named Moolman, who lately found a 47 naval shell lying on the veldt unexploded and took it home to his sister. She wanted the shell for decoration purposes, and began to dig out the lyddite, and, to soften the lyddite, she poured water on it. Lyddite and water began to effervesce, and the girl went indoors, and from the end of the passage watched the shell, which lay upon the doorstep. Suddenly there was a terrific explosion, and Miss Moolman fell dead, struck in the breast by a piece of shell. The whole house was wrecked, every pane of glass every window frame and every door being cast to the ground, and most of the furniture being upset and smashed.

He Won't Last That Long. Springfield (Mass.) Republican. Mr. Bryan will rise like a balloon in 1906, but his problem is to land in 1908.

Horse Talk. New York World. Happy the rider who proposes to furnish free straw bails and free drinks to all working horses which apply. That suits us. See? And nary a word to the Bide-A-Wee. It's mighty hard lines on a decent horse. That works all day a-bearing his cross. Nor ever complaining, nor going out of stride. Nor scrapping about what he doesn't like. When you have to suffer a long, long day. When good cool water don't come very high. And you have to suffer to his work done. When his head unprotected from a broiling sun. So when we see The Bide-A-Wee, Or anybody else, Doing such deeds of charity, The horse is with them on the spot To give them all the pull he's got. And whinny our thanks to them and say They're acting in a Christian way. For a horse must look to the kind above For a little share of human love. Which, if they choose to disregard, He's up against it mighty hard. He is indeed!

SPORTS, BOTH AMATEUR AND PROFESSIONAL. There is practically nothing of moment in sportdom that is not to be found in the Sunday Oregonian. The completeness of this department is not approached by any other newspaper in the Northwest. Sporting news and events are given in the world comes to The Oregonian in Associated Press dispatches.

SOCIETY, MUSIC AND THE DRAMA. All of the local social happenings are chronicled in the department. There is a readable review of the past week, with its weddings and various gatherings besides announcements of the notable events that are to come. Musical and theatrical news is thoroughly covered by competent writers, and special attention is given to telling what is in store at the different playhouses. Photographs and sketches add to the interest of these pages.

TREATMENT STORE FOR MUSICAL NEW YORK. New Yorkers are eagerly looking forward to what is expected to be the most brilliant operatic season that has ever been experienced. During the coming Fall and Winter many of the greatest artists of the continent are to appear at the great metropolis, besides the best musical organizations of this country. Although the season is not definitely outlined at present, it is known that the productions will be dazzling and stupendous. It is all told in the usual letter from Emile Francaux.

HOW WASHINGTON SOCIETY IS SPENDING THE SUMMER. With the adjournment of Congress and the advent of the hot months, society at the National capital are leaving for the vacation months. In the Washington letter this week is some interesting chat about the plans of Senators, Representatives and members of the various diplomatic corps.

From the Washington Evening Star.

SOME FEATURES OF THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN.

First and foremost, all the world's news by Associated Press, special correspondents and members of The Oregonian staff, making the paper the most complete record of any Pacific Coast newspaper.

HAPPY CHILDREN AT PLAY IN THE SUMMER'S HEAT. A farm weather round up by Marion M. The Sunday Oregonian youngsters, rich, poor, and neither rich nor poor, enjoying themselves during the heated term out in the open air under the shade of a tree—a human story well told and well pictured, by a staff photographer.

PORTLAND BOYS LEARNING TO SWIM. Their teacher is L. W. Myers, an expert in the craft. CA of the Young Men's Christian Association. The most useful part of the instruction is class-work, showing how to rescue drowning persons and resuscitate the unconscious.

NEZ PERCES INDIANS CELEBRATE THE FOURTH. Their manner differentiates from the white man's, yet on the last National holiday they recounted at the Lapwai agency, the brave deeds of their fathers; illustrated by photographs by Major Lee Moorhouse, of Pendleton.

MIGHTY ICE RISING IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA. A stupendous volume of water from the Colorado River that cannot be checked, is pouring into the Imperial Valley, destroying towns, farms and orchards. One mistake of man promises to fill up an inland sea that has been dry for ages.

SONS OF EMINENT MEN WINNING FOR THEMSELVES. Four young men of Portland, some of them having made names in this country. Running comment by Dexter M. Deane, the brave who are likely to figure large in future America; well illustrated.

WILL TRY TO SWIM THE ENGLISH CHANNEL. Two Americans, George Kistler, of Philadelphia, and William J. Glavin, of Elkhart, Ind., are training for the blue-ribbon feat in natation—swimming the 29 miles of choppy water between Dover and Calais. Each expects to duplicate Captain Mathew Webb