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AN OBJECT LESSON.

The strike in the anthracite coal fields

has lasted now for more than five months,

and neither side shows any sign of weak-

ness. The mine operators can, of course,

take the situation easily. They have

plenty of money and their bill of fare is

not changed nor its quantity or quality

altered because the mines are shut down.

On the other hand, there has been less

actual suffering during this strike than

over heretofore in a strike of like mag-

nitude. Yet the time is coming when

actual want will strengthen the hands

of the mineowners and make the situation

of the strikers desperate.

This is the condition of the actual

parties to the struggle, but they are only a

handful, compared to those having no

part in the fight, but a personal interest

in its settlement. The dispute falls heavily

on millions of consumers, who are

deprived of one of the greatest necessities

of life, and who are made to suffer

inconvenience now, and if the strike is

not soon settled it will be actual distress

beneath the cold weather sets in.

Yet the mineoperators stand mute. They

have nothing to arbitrate. By their actions

they tacitly endorse Vandenberg's epi-

gram, "The people be damned." They

seem to forget that they have acquired

all their rights, their lands, their rail-

road franchises from the people of the

United States, the people at whom they

now snap their fingers.

They forget that the power that gave

them also take away, and that the heat

stored in the bosom of the earth for

man's use will be used by man.

Thirty millions of people will not shiver

through the winter, to gratify the stub-

bornness and greed of a few well-headed

plutocrats, who blasphemously claim they

have been selected by God to take charge

of the coal fields and industries of the

country, and deny any mundane authority

have power or right to control them.

Air, water, light and warmth are the

natural right of every animate thing on

earth. Without all of them life would

cease, and it therefore becomes self-evident

that the people will not submit to be

deprived of any one of them.

Self-preservation compels them to procure

the best necessary to their ex-

istence, and when a certain limit is

reached they will take by force, if they

cannot get otherwise. This is not anarchy,

TELL THE GRAND JURY, MR. MERRILL.

Who are the men that participate in the grafting, of which Councilman Fred

Merrill spoke in Tuesday's Journal, retreating his allegations to others?

Mr. Merrill promised and alleged as follows:

"To my absolute knowledge there has been over half a million dollars given

to the grafters, by the gamblers and prostitutes of Portland in the last 20 years."

"The grafters have been in clover. I know just exactly who collected the

money and who received it, and am ready to prove my statements, if it comes to

a show-down."

Let it come to a "show-down." Let the facts be made known. Let the grand

jury take up the matter. Let the statements of the Councilman be investigated.

Portland has been quiescent long enough. There have been allegations that

violators of the law have paid money to men who ought to have refused to

soil their hands with blood tribute wrung from such folk. It has been known to

every intelligent man in town that these things have been true. No one who

has any knowledge of the world doubts it.

The difficulty has been that no one could be found who could supply the

definite information upon which to base a course of action. Everything has

been sub rosa.

Mr. Merrill voluntarily came to the front with explicit statement that he

knows who are the receivers of graft money. And he is willing to reveal these

things. "If it comes to a show-down."

The grand jury must make it come to a show-down.

That is what grand juries are for.

Grand juries are presumed to compel show-downs.

Neglect to compel show-downs makes existence of grand juries absurd.

Will the show-down be compelled?

Again quoting the elegant language of the street, "It is up to" the grand jury

to take cognizance of the remarkable statements of Mr. Merrill, and insist upon

a show-down.

Will the grand jury act?

Shall the people of Portland know about this thing?

Or shall we witness public officials permitting alleged corruptionists to go scot

free without even an attempt to delve to the bottom and lay bare the facts?

Will the grand jury act?

sending their wealth of golden grain down to

Portland's wharves, to help feed the

countless millions of the world.

It is still further gratifying to reflect

that the road is to be a Portland enter-

prise, built by Portland men, with Port-

land capital and officered by Portland

citizens. It has no dependence upon any

of the larger transportation systems, and

will secure to this city the commercial

pre-eminence in a region that will pour

annually a flood of wealth into this mart.

WOMAN.

The most comprehensive word in the

English language is "woman." Not be-

cause the woman or the word embraces

more, but because the woman is simply

uncomprehensible. She covers the entire

range from good to bad. She is not the

neat the angels, and not above the

demons. Man's first friend and his great-

est enemy. The power that pushes him to

the pinnacle of fame, the octopus that

fastens her tentacles on him to his

destruction. The bubbling brook that

hulls him to slumber; the raging torrent

that sweeps him to death. A purring

kitten with a touch like velvet; a tiger

with claws of steel. Like Nature, she

speaks a various language. "She glides

into his darker musing with a mild and

gentle sympathy that steals away and

their sharpness he is aware," and in

her other moods reconciles him to a life

beyond the grave. Soothing as balm, salt

to the petty scratches of his annoyances.

Attractive as a magnet, dangerous as a

buzz saw, a rose, with plenty of thorns.

Perfume to his soul, ammonia to his

nostrils. Solacing as the best Havana

tobacco as a tight shoe. A light in

the dark, a blindfold in the day. An il-

legible guide board, sending some on the

right and others on the wrong road.

Man's bene and antidote, and yet we

all like her. In all her moods and tenes-

ses, past, present and future, here's a health

to Woman, individually and collectively.

May her grip on her husband's heart of

her best friend's weak points never grow

loose. She's hard to get along with, but

to get along without her is impossible.

A sweet necessity, knowing no law; but

laying it down to all mankind like Solon

or Lycurgus.

May she queen it over her baser joke-

fellow. Man, until Gabriel blows his

trumpet on resurrection morn, at which

time she can safely be trusted, to pick

out the finest raiment and the costliest

harp and go to toasting the angels. So let

it be.

THE TABASCO COLUMN.

Miss Helen Gould is so thoroughly

American, so wholly womanly, that one

dreads to see her brought out in the

newspapers like a notoriety-seeking

woman. A St. Louis paper recently

printed her breakfast order and stated

that she ate eggs and toast just like a

common person.

Two sea serpents have been captured

off British Columbia, but the man who

captured them is still at large and hot

after the snake.

A young man of John Smith & Co.

Declared that he'd certainly tho'

Folks who should drop

Rubbish outside his shop—

So the people round there didn't do.

The London Globe comments on the

above as an "exceedingly odd bit of

rhyme," and gravely tells its readers that

"the last word in the first line should be

pronounced in full, 'company,' and the

other abbreviations should be pronounced

to rhyme with it."

Every man has a right to his own opinion.

Of course he has, and if he would

only keep it, instead of trying to give it

away, life would be pleasant.

Councilman Merrill says the city is

"open" and always has been, and wants

the city to derive some financial benefit

THE STATE PRESS.

A SCRAMBLE FOR HOPS.

No matter what the bulls and the bears

in the hop market do or say, the market

is going to be a strong one. The consum-

ers of hops the world over will need more

good hops than there are in the world at

the present time, and more than there

will be before another harvest. There

will naturally be a scramble sooner or

later, for the good hops. It cannot be

avoided. No sort of juggling or loud or

small talk can prevent it. The growers

of Oregon have a lot of good hops to sell.

The growers of Oregon, for the most

part, are sensible men. They are not

spring chickens in the business. They

have had their eye teeth out. They are

not going to let their good hops with-

out receiving good money for them. So

the man who gets in the way of the band

wagon, and attempts to keep the price

down around or below twenty cents a

pound, is likely to be run over and

jumped on.—Salem Statesman.

PORTLAND IS COMEING.

The people of Portland are deserving of

commendation for the promptness with

which they raised a large sum of money

for the sufferers in the recent destruc-

tive fires in Oregon and Washington.

The business men and wholesale mer-

chants of that city showed a liberal dis-

position when the appeal was made, and

of all the donations they made from that

time, none will be appreciated as

much as the one just made for the suffer-

ers in the recent fire. This, surely,

should be the means of creating a mo-

ment of feeling towards Portland in a com-

mercial sense, for the city that did the

right thing in an emergency is certainly

entitled to more of the trade of the state

than cities like San Francisco.—Eugene

Register.

IOWA LOSING HER GRIP.

With Speaker Henderson refusing to

run for Congress and Secretary of Agri-

culture Wilson all but announcing his

retirement from the cabinet, Iowa will

soon be forced to come down to earth

again. Instead of furnishing about all

of the administrative forces excepting the

President, it will soon be content with

Secretary of the Treasury Shaw and

Senator Allison, leader in the upper

body? Astoria Budget.

PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE.

A lynching has been in progress

here in Oregon, but Marshallfield in this

state was the scene of such an incident

one day last week. The victim of the in-

famous populace was a negro who had

laid in wait for a white woman, dragged

her into the brush and criminally assau-

lted her. While we must insist that the

law should be allowed to take its course

in such cases, yet if we place ourselves

in the place of the husband, the father,

the sons, the brothers or even the neighbors

of the outraged woman, there be-

few of us but must admit that our hearts

were with the lynchers in their work.—

Joseph Herald.

A PRACTICAL VIEW.

It is all right for us to do what we can

in a financial way to relieve the condi-

tion of the Boers in South Africa but the