

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

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MR. LORD DID NOT INSPIRE CONFIDENCE.

Mr. Lord said to The Journal on Friday that he had abandoned the campaign for law enforcement because "he could not fight church, officials, administration and law-breakers."

It has never been thought by rational people that Mr. Lord is sincere in his campaign. There was a smell of graft about it that was offensive to the nostrils of most people. And there were memories of matters that were known to some, if not many, and that are now known to them, that argue motives not in keeping with the acts of one who was honestly desirous of purifying municipal affairs.

It is unfortunate for Mr. Lord that there is history and that that history induces to the conclusion that he was not in the past anxious for law enforcement.

However, it is not always fair to go into the past and dig up records. Sometimes people adopt new ideas and become advocates of better order, and, when they do, they deserve commendation.

It is not for what has been heretofore, but for what has gone right recently, in certain negotiations regarding collecting money from the law-breakers that compels the opposition to Mr. Lord's "League," membership of which is shrouded in deeper mystery than the character of the weather that is to be a month hence.

In fact, there was no membership, beyond Mr. Lord and a very few others. And it was not enough to draw support. In fact, it was calculated to repel it.

Again, in those negotiations for collecting money from law-breakers there were features not creditable to some who have recently been loud in demands for law enforcement, under guise of "leagues" that keep from the public their identity.

BUSINESS MEN FAVOR, POLITICIANS OPPOSE.

It is apparent that, with few exceptions, the business men who have expressed themselves are in a big majority in favor of the extra session of the Legislature, while the politicians are opposed to it.

With due respect to the men who have said they do not want the extra session, The Journal believes that this fact here cited should be determinative of action by the Governor. He may not only his duty to the people, but at the same time accomplish a good stroke of policy by acceding to popular wishes in the premises.

The Journal desires again to cite that the prime reasons for the extra session take color from the general needs of the state outside of Multnomah County. The initiative and referendum should be made of force and beyond doubt operative to apply to the acts of the coming regular session. That is in accordance with the spirit of the constitution. That is in accordance with the public interest.

The flat salary regime should be inaugurated, and there should be no doubt about it, no loop-hole for escape for any official who will be indicted into office in January or who holds over.

Again, it is to the interest of the entire state that the situation be clarified of so many, in fact, an unusually large number of things that may mix matters in January and create confusion most confounded.

The Senatorial election should not be complicated with the question of the election of a Senator, nor with the Lewis and Clark Fair, nor with the Portland Charter.

All in all, it is obvious that the special session demanded by the business men should overcome the opposition of the politicians. Governor Geer will do well if he call it.

CHAUNCEY'S BRAVERY.

Heretofore, Senator Depew has been looked upon simply as a talker, a sort of old to digestion, brought on with the desert, but a recent occurrence shows that he can rise to the occasion, even though the occasion be on top of a flag pole.

A few days ago, in driving along the highway to attend the Republican Assembly convention in the New York district, which he represented forty years ago, he saw, as he passed a country schoolhouse, the American flag upside down, but still on top and flapping sturdily in the breeze. The Senator's face blanched, his chin trembled, and he started to make a speech, but he couldn't stand it. He talked determinedly to the schoolhouse and demanded in a deep, executive-session voice, why this was thus.

The pretty schoolma'am explained that the halyards were broken, and would only work when the flag was bottom side up.

Then the Senator recovered his mental balance, kissed the pretty schoolma'am and all the pretty school girls, and went on his way, conscious of having added another heroic deed to the long list for which he is so revered by the great American public.

THE GOOD WORK OF MR. FIELDS.

By a recent report of the County Clerk, the result of the workings of the law for the consolidation of the offices of Recorder, Clerk of the County Court and Clerk of the Circuit Court into one office, is shown. It not only reflects credit on Mr. Fields, the County Clerk, but demonstrates the efficacy of the law. The change was made by the last Legislature, and was one of the laws advocated by the Taxpayers' League, and the outcome justifies their claims as to its economical workings.

The results for the first three months of its operation are as follows:
The pay roll of 1901, during July, August and September, for the Clerk of the County Court, the Clerk of the Circuit Court and the Recorder, was \$9,045.01.

The pay roll of 1902, during July, August and September, for the consolidated office, was \$6,111.45.

The saving in salaries in three months was \$2,933.56.

The receipts for the corresponding period increased \$643.50.

The total gain was \$3,577.06.

On this basis there will be a saving for the year of at least \$14,000, and if Mr. Fields does as well in the office of County Clerk as he did as Clerk of the School District at Mt. Tabor, he will make, before the year rolls around, a still better showing.

OPINIONS FROM THE PEOPLE.

The press of the country is the voice of the country. It is the sentiment of the public, crystallized. The people speak through it, to each other. It is maintained for this purpose. This is its office.

One of the undiscovered things about conducting a newspaper is—why do people interested in public questions remain silent until after issues are settled, and then kick because they were settled contrary to their wishes?

The time to discuss a question is while it is before the house. The time to change public sentiment is while that sentiment is in the formative stage. The way to decide upon a public policy is to air it freely and truthfully. The people who generally kick about government are usually found at home on election day. Instead of mingling their ideas in the community of ideas, they nurse them into complaints to be delivered after the fight is over.

If you know anything of interest, give it to the press. Don't hide it. News is perishable stuff and must be given quick dispatch. If you don't like the way things are being run, say so. It is your privilege; as a citizen, it is your duty. It makes more interest for yourself and the press. The press is a servant of the public, not the master. Make it the mirror of public opinion.

FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF OREGON.

In bringing the advantages of Oregon to the notice of the Oregonian, The Journal proposes to go to every corner of the State as a missionary in the interest of higher development. We believe the average Oregonian understands the resources of his State and the possibilities to which they may be extended. We recognize the need of development in the great plains and inland sections and we recognize the necessity of some decisive action on the part of Portland to secure a permanent control of the great floods which will some day flow from these regenerated districts.

In the interest of the highest development of Oregon, no sacrifice is too great to be made by an Oregonian. The State is an empire of wealth, even now, and its latent resources are incalculable.

We want to see a crusade begun now, for a new era. We want to see the citizens of the State become personally interested in their affairs. Beginning with the winter months, while farmers and others are not rushed with business, we want to see meetings held—mining conventions, fruit conventions, irrigation conventions, dairy meetings, farmers' meetings, business men's meetings, to discuss the development of these branches in different sections of the State. We want to see the railroads encourage these movements. It prepares Oregon for a better future. It is laying the foundation for future dividends. Not a County in the State would fail to offer openings to capital. You cannot lay your hand upon a spot in Oregon that is non-productive under good treatment. There are thousands of good subjects for these meetings to discuss. Forests, ranges, crops, all need regenerating. Who will do it, but Oregonians?

We hope to arise to a higher conception of the art of journalism than is generally accepted, and instead of working the people, work with them for the State of Oregon. Citizens are asked to think and let us know their thoughts. We are here for the elevation of the Oregonian. We are in business to make conditions better. We want to begin where it will count. We want to make a basis that will be lasting, hence we turn to the task of wringing from the willing hand of nature that which rightfully belongs to the people. We want to see Oregon the best State on the Coast, and we want to see Portland the perpetual pride of that State and Nation. This is our mission. All our efforts, however they be directed locally, are toward that end.

If there is a stone that can be turned for the advancement of Oregon, we will help turn it.

To the citizens of Eastern, Southern and Central Oregon, those great semi-developed districts, we especially appeal for information and help. If there is a meeting for the discussion of your interests, tell us. We will herald it, and spread its good effects. We will be wings for your words and servant to your wishes. Command us.

Where Our Hope Lies.

In the enjoyment of the best market on the Pacific Coast, Portland cannot afford to be satisfied to stand still. She has further conquests within her reach and opening markets before her on every hand. She must extend the facilities of improvement into those unused plains mountains, and plateaus of Central Oregon, that the flood of produce pouring out of this unfinished empire shall pass through her gates to the waiting markets of the North and of the Orient.

Her capital must go into railways, irrigation schemes, colonization schemes, if necessary, to further and complete her mastery of the markets of the Coast. Oregon can be made to yield 75 percent more produce than she is now yielding. The arid tracts can be made to load trains and ships from this port. The mines can be made to swell the financial accounts of this State and City and the impetus of a willing hand and willing capital can be made to send the thrill of life throbbing through a thousand industries tributary to us.

We are standing still while Oregon cattle, hogs and sheep, wool, grain and fruit are being sent from the interior counties, directly away from us. We are turning a deaf ear to the markets of the Far East, because we have not put our hand to the treasures of the inland counties and said: "Come, be mine." Over the counters of Portland clearing houses could be sent a business one hundred fold greater than at present, if we but make the way for it to come. The resources lie within the radius of our efforts. They only await our word. From the port of Portland could be sent a volume of produce so vast and inexhaustible in supply that the nations of Europe would be driven from the markets of the East. Oregon fruit, cheese, butter, vegetables and hops are crowding the French, German and Australian from the Chinese commission houses. The great Alaskan markets teem with farm produce from Oregon valleys. With a vim injected into the capital lying idle in this city, the sources of supply for these great staples can be multiplied infinitely. No greater preparation for the great Fair could be made than to place this State in the highest degree of excellence, for the admiration of the thousands who will come to see and to stay. It will yield a full return for every dollar invested to build canals, reservoirs, railway lines, plant orchards, vineyards and alfalfa fields, build creameries and factories and open the way for the imprisoned treasures to come to our markets. Nothing valuable is gained without an effort. If we want the Eastern and Central Oregon trade we must go after it, and we must go after it quick. If we don't, it will be diverted in another direction, to our everlasting loss and shame.

Turn the Light on Oregon.

Will Portland business men tell us why train loads of ore from Washington, Idaho and Oregon mines are shipped from our very gates, to the smelting and refining plants of Pueblo, Denver, Everett and Salt Lake? Portland has a population of 120,000 people, with unequalled facilities for capturing every item of trade that goes out from the Inland Empire.

Why do the stockmen of Harney, Malheur and Grant Counties go South to the Central Pacific to find an outlet for their produce? Are we to continue in this handicapped state? Will not the idle capital of this State venture to open these great flood gates on the side of Portland?

Why are the wheat fields of the inland sections only half developed? Is it want of enterprise? Is it lack of means on the part of settlers?

It is simply the absence of transportation facilities. Why does not the Columbia Southern reach out to that field that lies before it? The settlers would be benefited, the railway would be enriched the State of Oregon would be improved in its status as a commercial factor and Portland would handle this increased output to her profit and the profit of the idle labor that is ever present.

Why does not the Sumpter Valley reach out to the John Day section? It would stop that gradually increasing flow of Oregon produce to the California and Nevada lines.

Why does not the O. R. & N. Lullid from Elgin into Wallawa? It would head off that constant stream of Oregon produce now flowing to the Sound cities and would develop the wonderful riches of that promising corner of Oregon.

At a hundred points on the map of this State, the use of a small fraction of our idle capital could be applied to the task of completing the commercial story of the State and City. That ideal condition which should obtain will not be gained by inactivity. The natural outlet for every article of export from this State is the market just being systematized in the Orient. Its demand will tax the producer to his highest capability of production. It will hold out waiting merchant fleets to the throbbing fields and factories of Oregon, for generations yet to come.

THE ROSE CITY.

Following out a worthy suggestion made some time ago that Portland be made literally a Rose City, residents on Lovejoy, between Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth streets, have begun some practical work on this line.

Between the curb and the sidewalk, the line of turf has been planted with roses, of every imaginable hue and form. It is the intention to extend this commendable work to other adjacent residences and to begin a flower crusade in every part of the city. Between the splendid ornamental trees and clambering over shrubs and hedges, it is planned to have a continuous line of roses, from street to street the city over.

The imagination falters when it strives to picture this beautiful and refreshing scene. The broad sidewalks of the city embroidered with a tangled, and luxuriant growth of this old, yet favorite, flower, climbing about the trellises and hedges, crowding the corners of plots and lawns, trailing over windows and nodding in the street, would be the most beautiful decoration imaginable.

In the moisture that prevails in this city they would stain to a most luxuriant growth and perfection. It is an inexpensive task, a work that can be done with spirit and enjoyment and there is no reason why it should not be carried on continuously, henceforth. Some of the most beautiful residences sites to be found on the Pacific Coast are located in this city. The view obtained of the surrounding city and country is one of the most picturesque on the Coast. With a little energetic work and talk on this aesthetic line, Portland can be made to rival the world-famous flower gardens of Los Angeles, the splendid homes of Oakland, and the refreshing, elevating splendor of the Pasadena Flower Carnival.

Local pride is ever on the alert for inspiration. It never lags in the task of adding to the beauty and attractiveness of the city. It finds new delight in the ingenious promptings of fancy and is never so keenly alive as when doing a work of lasting and un fading charm for this chosen spot. Let us repeat—Portland is to be the City of Roses.

While the man who stole a carload of thoroughbred bucks from the Baker City stock yards, may not have preached, he was evidently willing to practice "good breeding."

Elder Dowle should remember, while trying to be a modern Elijah and Barney Barnato at the same time, that the roles are different. Elijah went up in the air too easily.

THE TABASCO COLUMN.

Ex-Secretary of State John W. Foster, is now delivering a series of lectures in the East on "American Diplomacy." The St. Louis Board of Aldermen has "scooped" Foster on the subject. They have been giving practical demonstrations of it for a year.

Attorney-General Knox, in a so-called great speech, has pointed out to the public that the trusts are an evil. He is as useful as the doctor who, finding a patient doubled up with colic, tells him he has a cramp in the stomach, and lets it go at that.

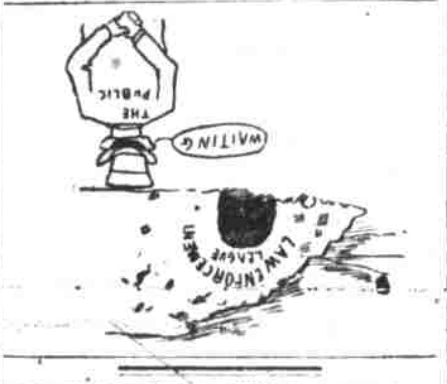
Patient—I have strange, weird dreams, doctor.
Doctor—What is their nature?

Patient—Last night I dreamed that Portland had a fire boat.

At Bellevue hospital a few days ago, the doctors took six stitches in a woman's heart, sewing a knife wound inflicted by her husband. It is thought she will recover, and yet poets write about the tender heart of her.

Uncle Russell Sage ought to make goo-goo at Aunt Hetty Green. Sage green is the fashionable shade, and it would demonstrate the truth of the old adage that birds of a feather flock together.

Admiral Casey is looking after American interests in Venezuela. Should he ever open up on that mob, they will know it's "Casey at the bat."



The three distinguished guests from Bombay, and his name is Tata. If Newport picks him up he will be the Cream of Tata.

It looks as though the only way to find out what Attorney Lord is going to do, is to drop a nickel in the slot.

When we say we had a "long talk" with a friend, it does not necessarily mean that we talked over the phone.

Many a man when he finds he needs a wife, hastily and wrongly concludes he wants some other man's.

When General Corbin said the American soldier was the finest on earth, he was indulging in introspection.

The weather bureau man took charge of the weather Monday and it has rained ever since.

Santos Dumont won't fly again for less than \$50,000. He evidently thinks he is a high-flyer.

Lady—How did it happen that you lost your job?



Dusty Davie—Well, you see, lady, de draw was open.

The coal barons are not the only outfit that think the firm name should be Lord & Co.

The golden rule has not depreciated in value, in all the monetary changes of the past.

Baer says my coal, the strikers say mine coal, while the public howls minus coal.

General Corbin's \$50 uniform is much like a saddle on a 30-a-dozen Cayuse.

Cuba makes Uncle Sam feel like she also were out of coal.

TOM'S EXPLANATIONS.
"Why, Jones said to me only this morning: 'Tom, can you make your wife happy?' And I said, 'No, Jones, no man can make his wife happy. No woman is continuously happy. The best we can do is to continue so to mitigate the conditions of bondage that all the alternatives will seem on reflection to be inexpedient.'—Life.USEFUL AT LAST.
In Chicago billboards are being used for fuel. Now the Chicago council is probably sorry it ever tried to restrict the billboard nuisance.—Kansas City Star.

BY THE WAY.

Times have changed. In the nineteenth century when a piously inclined woman wanted to pray she retired to her closet and communed with her Maker, but in this day of progress, according to an avant courier of woman's devotional evolution, she "holds a tryst with God." There is something alarming in this tendency of the new woman to flirt with the Deity.

There is a certain English magazine that makes itself readable by republishing articles and stories that have originally appeared in American periodicals. Does this speak for international copyright law?

There is an editorial sanctum in Seattle which is a bottomless pit for jokes. They never smothered. It is suspected that the chief, who is a serious-minded man, has been there late late evenings. Indignant contributors to the funny column are proposing to wire that editorial cranium, establish telephonic communication and get the diagram of at least one simple joke inside. If that editor were an Oregonian, born and bred, we could understand his mental attitude toward the humorous things of life. The only other conclusion to be arrived at with any degree of certainty is that he is an Englishman.

The man who wants to make this world over into a Puritanical earthly heaven is not always wise in his methods of reconstruction.

There is this difference between a good intention and an evil design: The one is very rarely carried out, the other never fails to be promptly executed.

"Now," said the Bowers tough to his friend, "I've thought it all out, an' there's nawthin' in nawthin', nohow. Livin' or dyin', it's all one, an' a feller's just got to take it as it comes."

The river like a sapphire gleams
Beneath a sunlit sky.
And flood, a pyramid of pearl
Which the sunbeams gleam unfurl.
And wandering winds go by
And lift like a shining stair
From earth to heaven, through the air
Soft fair Arachne's web. And lo!
The changing ocean—wide-eyed glow
That wraps the hills and valleys, all
Is as a richly bordered rug.
For oh, the glory of the day
Is but the beauty of decay.
And we who wait with saddened hearts
The slow procession of the years,
Know how the splendid pageant fades,
Washed out by floods of bitter tears.

There is a little boy who is being taught the rudiments of arithmetic at home. His 10-year-old sister is his self-constituted instructor. The other day his mother overheard the following dialogue:

"Now, Tommy, when I tell you that twice two makes four, you must remember."

"But," objected Tommy, "how do you know it doesn't? Is it in the Bible?"

"No, of course not."

"Is it in the Prayer Book?"

"No, of course not, Tommy, they don't put such things in Prayer Books."

"Then," replied Tommy with conviction, "it's not true, because Aunt Mary told me never to believe anything that wasn't in the Bible and the Prayer Book."

"But this is arithmetic," protested his sister, reduced to the verge of tears.

"How am I ever going to teach you anything if you won't learn?"

"I don't care," said Tommy with masculine consistency. "If 'rithmetic ain't the Word of God, it ain't true." And now his sister is beginning to have him sent to school. She suspects his religious scruples are assumed for a purpose.

The difficulty encountered by people with children when they attempt to rent a flat or rooms or a house in Portland these days recalls the story of a Boston mother of large experience who, hearing of a desirable house, finding a change of residence necessary, put on a black gown and a saddened expression and went to inquire about it.

"Have you any children?" came the inevitable question. "We cannot let to parties with children."

"Ah," signed the woman, "five dear little ones have been given me, but," she took out her handkerchief, "they are all in the cemetery."

The agent was sympathetic, and the lease was drawn up and signed without further delay. Then the lady hurried up Tremont street and collected her active youngsters from among the time-blackened gravestones in the old church yard that overlooks the Common.

COMPOSITE.
POTPOURRI.

On Saturday night the world turns itself loose in the city. The labor of the week is done. Its little vexations are brushed aside for the time. The commercial masquerade is ended. The actor of the week becomes himself in the sacred precincts of Saturday evening. From desk and counter and workshop the busy world pours out for a season of recreation. Humanity hangs its mimic armor up, puts on the becoming robe of individuality and opens its heart to its friends. It is the first breath it has drawn for the week.

It gets out in its holiday dress, looks at the jostling crowd, as thick as the jostling stars, laughs, makes merry and lives life in the right way—the only way—for a few hours of freedom. If there were disappointments yesterday, it matters not tonight. If there were untangling meshes of anxiety and vexation, they are locked up in the shop. It is the hour of business forgetfulness. It is the holiday of hand and brain. It is Saturday night, the release of the industrial slave, whose arms have bent under the ears of duty since Monday morning.

Its little hour of freedom keeps the world alive. If it were not for this refreshing flood of laughter and joy the human activities would stagnate. It is the playground of the grown-up. The sparkling pool of leisure, brimming over its banks in the desert, over which the human caravan is wearily plodding. Keep Saturday evening sacred. Build a wall about this holiday hour. It is the best scene in the whole distracting drama of life.

It was her first poem and her mother was proud of her and proud of it, also.

The Mayor, like Mark Hanna, is just simply standing pat.

And some folks think he's bluffing and is talking through his hat.

Fred Merrill smiles a jolly smile, for he is feeling good.

And the Sheriff's saying nothing, though he isn't saying word.

The factions on the moral side are searching for words sequipedalian in the onomatopoeia.

The fellows with the slot machines have put them all away.

And, asked if they will start again, they simply wink and say—

Search me.

The people wait and wonder what the end will really be.

While the battle rages fiercely for the law and decency.

And the bones of the contention in the middle of the way.

Keeps open doors, as usual, the livelong day.

The gamblers are quiet, but if you really want a game.

You can get a gentle partner where to find it, all the same.

They are doing steady business and are not a talking shop.

And they smile a jolly, welcome while replying to the cop—

Search me.

What's the inside of the matter? Well, I really couldn't say.

But the typewriter is clattering and clicking night and day.

And pouring out a flood of stuff, and fact for further use.

To prove that each and every side is "sound upon the goose."

And scores of clerks are piling up a mass of manuscript.

With a pen alighted, in worn-out, freshly dipped.

Words, a metaphor and an expletive, and tropes and wind in and out.

And will I kindly tell you all, just what I mean?

Search me!

—J. H. Cradobaugh.

THE JOURNAL'S POETS.

A Photograph.

A pretty picture on my table stands,
The sun-caught image of a girl of seven,
Pure as a spirit from the fields of heaven,
The downcast eyes, the meekly folded hands.The perfect pulsing of the gold-crowned head,
Feet that seem fitted but on flowers to tread,
A mouth that Cupid kissed, and left his bow
To mark the rose buds of the lips below.Combined, all make her such a dainty sight,
Her parents' blessing, and her friends' delight,
Than Summer skies her eyes more deep and blue,
And, like them, letting heaven's own light shine through.

The Merger.

There's the merging of the railroads,
The merging of the mines,
The merging of the salt trade,
And that of teamboat lines!From Portland to old Boston,
The merger craze is hot!
The biggest merger scoops the day,
And jockey at the post.The merging magnate rules the land,
He's merged the blessing quite
Until the unmerged public
Will have to merge or fight!They've merged the art of politics
Until its scope is small:
The biggest merger the statesman's suavity
With undiluted gall.They've merged the rascal's boldness,
With the magnate-bully's skill,
They've merged the people's business
Against the peoples' will.The people are quite patient,
They smile at every pang;
Some day the Indian
Will sub-merge the whole shebang!

The Narrow Way.

Sliver, keep the narrow way,
Do not right nor left astray—
With your gully, sinful feet,
Wade the rubbish in the street!Piles of mud and paving brick,
Lime and rock and lumber thick—
Scrap iron heaps and cable rope—
Only hold your peace and hope!Softly tread these dainties through
Something better waits for you!Sweetly on the morning air
Sounds across the city tear—
Sledges falling, blow on blow—
Flying track spikes come and go!Grinding rocks and drilling holes
Send a spasm through our souls!
All the crossings blocked with trash!
Lips that curse and teeth that gnash!Fair forms on shopping bent
Fourteen hours the round are sent!
Smiling damsels—dainty things,
Lacking but the angel's wings!Fried of mind as high as they
Can they find the narrow way?
—Bert Huffman.Search Me.
The air is full of question marks these
Pleasant autumn days
And some are loudly talking of some
Others' devious ways.And the fellows who talk loudest of enforcement of the law,
Are getting from the preacher-folks a counter in the jaw.While they in turn are held up as the thing to be abhorred,
And the strangest thing about it is they're held up by the Lord.