

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

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WHERE ARE FIGURES?

The taxpayers would do well to give some attention to the figures shown by the County Auditor's report (such as it is) as published in yesterday's Oregonian. Not that much is told by it, but even the totals are eloquent. Do the taxpayers realize or will they ever realize where the finances of this county are drifting?

The indebtedness of the county is increasing alarmingly, notwithstanding repeated efforts of the taxpayers to have it kept within bounds. On December 31, 1902, it was \$286,968.94. On December 31, 1901, it was \$31,565.84. On December 31, 1900, it was \$76,815.81. On December 31, 1902, it was \$19,436.85.

And this, too, in spite of the extraordinary collections of delinquent taxes last year. In January of 1902 it will be remembered that a delegation of taxpayers met with the County Court, but the reception given them still lingers in their memory, and although the largest taxpayer of the county was one of those present, the delegation were treated as though they were intruders whose business it was to pay taxes and to ask no questions.

The Taxpayers' League has since prepared a bill limiting the county expenditures to the levy. IS IT NOT HIGH TIME FOR SUCH A LAW? In what other way is the ever-growing deficit to be stopped? Three years ago the annual interest charge was about \$17,000; today it is \$31,200. Two years ago we were told the collection of back taxes would practically wipe out the debt. The result is very different. All taxpayers should urge the passage of this law. At times it may prove somewhat inelastic, but far better to endure some trifling discomfort, than this ever-growing debt. If some such law as this is not passed, in sheer self-defense, the taxpayer will be forced to his remedy under the constitution, and enjoy the issuance of warrants and the creation of further debt.

While on this subject it is not inappropriate to refer to the reports now being published by the County Auditor. For the purpose intended, that of giving the taxpayer information as to the conduct of county business, they are worthless. Formerly the reports showed the cost of conducting the various offices, for advertising, for bridges, courts, poor farm, etc., etc. Now it shows none of these facts. It is true a citizen could take a week off and get the information, but what is the Auditor paid for?

We urge every reader of this paper, even though thereby the circulation of our morning contemporary is largely increased, to get a copy of yesterday's Oregonian, look at this report, and then see if he can tell therefrom what any office cost the county, what was expended in bridges, what the poor farm cost, what was paid out for advertising, or indeed what anything has cost the county.

SUCH REPORTS AS THESE SHOULD NOT BE PUBLISHED. THEY AMOUNT TO NOTHING, IF NOT INTENDED TO CONCEAL, THEY HAVE THAT EFFECT. In a former issue of the Oregonian the auditor rendered a statement from which it would appear the result shown was caused by contracts made by a former board. That may be true, but where are the figures? An act has been prepared to compel the auditor to publish an intelligent statement. Will it pass?

Recently one of the County Commissioners, and, by the way, one of those who listened so attentively to the delegation of taxpayers one year ago, is reported to have said sarcastically when asked what the levy would be for this year, "Oh, the Taxpayers' League will attend to that." This may be the spirit an officer of the county should show to the heaviest taxpayers in the county who are simply striving for good government, and again, maybe it isn't.

OF one thing those in charge of the county government may be assured and that is, that with increased taxation in all directions the taxpayer does not view without alarm this constant increase of the county debt.

THE LATE THOMAS H. TONGUE.

The people of Oregon, less than the members of the Houses of Congress and those who observe matters in Washington, know that they have suffered loss in the death of Thomas H. Tongue, Congressman from the First District, which occurred on Sunday morning in the national capital, from heart disease. Mr. Tongue had been in Congress since the election of 1886, when so close was the margin that he had only 63 votes more than his opponent, Vandenberg. He has been successively returned to Washington, and was chosen again at the election last June. He has served with distinction.

Today, had he lived, Mr. Tongue would stand as one of the most forceful members from the great West. His committee assignments were proof of the estimation in which he was held by the members of the House. Probably the man had not attained nearly to the maximum of his powers. He was only in the prime of his manhood. He was born in 1844, being therefore only 59 years old. That is not the limit of men of the stamp of Thomas Tongue. He was a symmetrical nature, with balance between physical and mental such as assured long life, excepting that organic troubles seized his frame and ended what promised to be a conspicuous career.

There was in him a combination happily of the two essentials to success in public life—understanding of the theoretical and mastery of the practical. Lacking either, without wonderful genius in one, no man may gain place. And while Mr. Tongue had not genius, he had some brilliancy in both of the essentials mentioned, and therefore was upon the roadway towards success such as might see a vaulting ambition.

As to the state he served, Oregon had only begun to appreciate the man whom the people of the First District elected in 1896, to sit in the lower national House. Thoroughly versed in the details of legislation as accomplished in that body, with the prestige of three terms already chosen for, Mr. Tongue undoubtedly would have gone on to achieve new successes in the field of congressional action.

Peculiarly, the state loses in the death of Mr. Tongue just at this time, Oregon is at the beginning of a forward movement. Her Congressmen and Senators must contribute towards its acceleration if it be not retarded. To have in the lower house a man of the acknowledged force of Mr. Tongue was one of the commonwealth's necessities. To suffer the death of that man is a loss.

Of the personality of the dead Congressman, go to Hillsboro and ask his neighbors. Many excellent men have gained places upon the ladder of fame without cordial sympathy from those who lived close to him. But where Mr. Tongue lived he was respected and held in regard. And his family relations were those of an ideal husband and father.

Remarkable that two conspicuous United States Senatorial possibilities should die so closely together as did Mr. Solomon Hirsch and Mr. Thomas Tongue. Unusual that complicated political situations should be so radically altered in so short time, as Oregon's political status has changed by this decree of death. For it was one of the almost probabilities, and certainly a high possibility that Mr. Tongue would be elected to serve as the associate of Mr. Mitchell in the United States Senate. How fleeting man's plans. How little knows he of what fortune awaits him. What uncertainties in all that seems certain from human point of view. What lesson to the youth to build that come what may there is preparation for any mandate from the power who rules so sternly the affairs of men.

That most genial fellow and vigorous fighter, Judge Pipes, reasoned in a circle, as the logicians say, when he argued that Mr. Chamberlain could not qualify as governor, because his successor as District Attorney had not been elected and qualified. His reasoning placed within the power of the incumbent, Mr. Geer, to prevent Mr. Chamberlain from ever assuming the

TWO GOVERNORS OF OREGON.

Hon. George Chamberlain is to serve as Governor of Oregon for the term of four years from the time of his inauguration tomorrow. Governor-elect Chamberlain takes office under the most favorable auspices, for in him the people have a representative who stands for fairness toward all classes. He will not represent the poor man nor the rich man, but will be a fair representative of all who come within his official jurisdiction.

When George Chamberlain submitted his name to the people of Oregon, he did so at the instigation of the Democratic party, but that he commanded the respect and support of the Oregon voters was proven at the polls when he overcame the usual large Republican majority and was chosen State Executive. George Chamberlain will not betray the trust that the people have placed in him—The Journal feels confident of this. He will not legislate for the poor against the rich, nor the rich against the poor. In him the state will have, in our belief, a man at the head of its government who will not only reflect credit upon Oregon, but upon the party that elected him. And yet in his position as Governor, Mr. Chamberlain will be found not to be addicted to partisan rulings. After all, there is but a narrow political line that separates honest government. Party politics are more or less the plaything of politicians, and he who is elected to serve the people should remember the people first and the party afterwards. This we are sure Mr. Chamberlain will do.

Governor Geer has given a wise and conservative administration and Oregon may congratulate herself on having selected him to represent her during the past four years. It should be a matter of considerable state pride that the voters showed in selecting Governor Geer that they were good judges of human nature and made no mistake.

Let us all set aside our political prejudices, if we have any, and "welcome the coming and speed the parting guests."

BOTH SHOULD WIN.

It seems to be a political paradox, nevertheless both Levi Ankeny and Governor McBride should win in the fight that now wages at Olympia. Mr. Ankeny should win the Senatorial fight, over any other man who is mentioned for the office, because he is fitted to serve there with conspicuous success. Governor McBride should win out in his railroad commission bill, because Governor McBride is right in his contentions therefor.

It is obvious that such a double and apparently illogical victory cannot easily come from out the tangled web of possibilities over there at Olympia. The outcome as a matter of course usually is for one side with all of its right and all of its wrong to gain complete ascendancy. The people by their proxies—the Legislature—seldom have the wisdom to take the good from one faction and the good from the other and combine the two for the betterment of the commonwealth.

Levi Ankeny possesses every attribute of an ideal Senator, excepting that he is not an orator. It were better that he were. But, Mr. Preston is not an orator. And Mr. Wilson is morally, and let us all hope, politically, an impossibility.

Harold Preston is clean, able, young, progressive, and has qualities that endear him to those with whom he has come in contact. Yet he is not conspicuously above many other men of Washington in ability, and has principally geography as a basic argument to underlie his candidacy. To an extent, that is true of Mr. Ankeny, with the advantage upon Mr. Ankeny's side that his geographical argument makes for the just recognition of the common people of the state with reference to Columbia River improvements, while Mr. Preston's entire political strength consists in the ambition of Seattle to control affairs in the State of Washington.

Mr. Ankeny is pledged to assist in developing Columbia River navigation possibilities. His private business interests in the Walla Walla Valley and the Palouse and elsewhere demand these improvements.

Mr. Preston would find it damaging to his political position to give even passive consent to improvement of the Columbia River.

Washington will deal justly only when she recognizes the rights of her Eastern Washington people and gives them the Columbia River as a governor of transportation. And although Mr. Ankeny may have railroad affiliations, yet he has private business connections that compel him to stand as an advocate of Columbia River improvements.

But Governor McBride in the main is correct in demanding that railroad commission bill, or at least, to insist upon some intelligent control of railroad affairs by the state government. There is every reason why Washington should exercise state control. She is in the hands of the merger companies, with unlimited possibilities of arbitrary action by the autocratic head. If there be manhood in that state such as seems to be, there will be a rebuke to the recent tyrannical edict of Mr. James J. Hill, that was nothing if not notice served upon the people of a sovereign state to come to his terms or suffer the consequences.

Hence, both Mr. Ankeny's election as Senator and the passage of a properly drawn bill for the control of railroads would be best for the State of Washington.

What newspaper alive to the passage of events can fail to notice that Grand-mama Munra has been transferred permanently to the Huntington railroad eating house. The Log Cabin Dining House of the O. R. & N. Company at Meachem is the Blue Mountains will never again have the kind-hearted, sweet-faced woman to breathe over the face the benign spirit of a mothering of the whole traveling fraternity. The famous Log Cabin house is not to be reconstructed. It was destroyed by fire several months ago. Oregon really loses an advertising feature by that decision of the railroad company. Hereafter, Huntington will be the point towards which travelers will look.

A county seat fight will come to Salem from Malheur and Harney, one from Union, one from Wasco and Crook for a new county, and one or two others. Those fights should not become mixed with state matters. Refer them to the people concerned, provided there be evidence that a sufficient num-

ber of the people therein desire to have opportunity to vote upon the subject. Enabling acts are the ideal means. The Legislature knows nothing of the local conditions. The people living there know all about them. There is some talk of forming a county seat fight "merger," whereby all Senators and Representatives concerned will go together to accomplish their ends. Gentlemen, don't confuse a confusion that already is worse confounded than the status of the Prince of Hades. For the sake of your commonwealth keep your fights from the state law-making body.

Mr. Will N. Gatens is to be Governor Chamberlain's private secretary. Mr. Gatens will officiate in that capacity with efficiency and guard the interests of the Chief Executive and of the concerns of the office with faithfulness. Democrats with practically no exceptions are satisfied with Mr. Gatens' selection for the position.

Five armed bandits held up seven railroad men in Chicago the other day. Chicago's highwaymen are getting into "lesser business." Heretofore they have operated in the City Hall, and held up a million people at once. Those Chicago aldermen should arouse themselves and prevent disgrace to their reputations.

"Zero weather and no coal" is Chicago's plaint. "Forty to 50 degrees in the shade" is Portland's boast. "With fuel to burn in plenty," and no one aware of a coal famine excepting when they read the Eastern dispatches.

Down in Juarez, Mexico, last Sunday, Francisco Matillero, bandillero, was gored to death by a bull in a bullfight. It was witnessed by an audience composed mostly of citizens of the United States. The shame of it!

When William Taft, Governor of the Philippines, was leaving Manila the other day, the Filipinos wept and prayed him to remain. It was complimentary to the official who had been honest in the discharge of duty.

It would be a national loss were Abram S. Hewitt of New York to die, as now seems probable. He is a distinguished politician and has been a long a great philanthropist. Mr. Hewitt is 81 years old.



MAGNIFICENT ATTRACTIONS. The Marquon Grand—Symphony Concert. The Baker—"The Little Minister." Cordray—"Down by the Sea." Fredericksburg—Vaudeville.

COMING ATTRACTIONS. The Marquon Grand—David Warfield in "The Auctioneer" Friday and Saturday matinee and night. The Baker—"The Little Minister." Cordray—"Down by the Sea." Fredericksburg—Vaudeville.

"The Tyranny of Tears." "A Modern Fanning of the Shrew" would be too harsh a title for the play that was witnessed at the Marquon Grand last night. "The Tyranny of Tears," the title given by the author, Haddon Chase, being exactly appropriate. The wife, Mrs. Parbury, spouse of an English novelist, is too pretty and at times too sweet to permit the application of so unlovely a name as shrew. It is all about a woman upon so many occasions in life as a means of gaining her desires. She tyrannizes over her husband with the flood tears until her poor man is despairing. He cannot get upon a two-day's hunting trip without his wife, without leaving her in tears. He does not go. He cannot call in at the club, without parting from his wife with the weeping of the poor little thing as his last remembrance of home, that "you don't love me any more, or you wouldn't run off to that horrid club and leave me here!" He doesn't go. He wants to go yachting for four days with his old college chum. His wife hears of the trip, eagerly asks when "we" are going to start, learns that she is not one of them, and reproaches him, and—she doesn't go.

Finally, she gets jealous of her husband's private secretary, Miss Woodard, and orders her to leave her husband's employment. Then she refuses to compel her to go, and, without having given just cause for the wife's suspicions, he stands his ground. Tears avail not. He asserts himself, scorns the overflowing tears, and with kindness in his eyes and they have a day's separation, meet and come to an understanding, and begin life with new comprehension of what mutual trust between man and wife, what it means to arise in the morning and during the day seek no happiness, but seek to give happiness.

Then the clouds roll away, and everything eventuates in most stories eventuate, with happy married folks, and the play is hurried to the end.

In the last act, Paul Gilmore's address to his wife, at the time of the final understanding, as he sets forth the ethics and the philosophy of married life, is a superb piece of English read beautifully. And that describes Mr. Gilmore's acting and reading throughout the play. He essays a John Drew success, and essays it with another brilliant success.

Each one is competent. Mrs. Parbury as acted by Miss Grace Hobart Hanson is exceedingly effective. Miss Rose Tiffany's Miss Woodard is a fine bit of acting, and she is a very good actress. Turner is capital. Mr. Bertram as Gunn, the cynic, is good enough for the greater part of the time, but only in the scene in the morning, after champagne and a few drinks, does he develop much force. Then he enacts the half-quarrelling scene exceedingly well.

The scenery is good, especially the rose garden scene.

MAGNIFICENT ANNOUNCEMENTS. "A Gambler's Daughter," at Cordray's. "A Gambler's Daughter" comes to Cordray's for one week, commencing Saturday night. It is the latest drama from the skillful and talented pen of Owen Davis, the author of several other highly successful melodramas, including "Lost in the Desert." Through the "Gambler's Daughter" the new piece is most elaborately staged, and equipped with a much greater amount of new and beautiful scenery than is ordinarily used in the production of such plays. A fine array of the best players to be obtained comprised the cast, and the many exciting scenes and startling climaxes are vividly portrayed.

One of the most interesting comedy events of the season occurs at the Marquon Grand Theatre on Thursday, Friday, Saturday matinee and night, when David Warfield appears for the first time in this city in "The Auctioneer." In fact, the occasion is one of the really important ones of the year, and it is certain that no more interesting comedian is likely to be seen in this city. For the past few years Warfield has been one of the triumphal figures on Broadway. David Warfield took him from the rank and file and placed him in the stellar firmament, everyone was glad of the ultimate and complete success of the enterprise. No better endorsement of Warfield's high ability could be asked than the fact that he attracted the confidence of such a man as Belasco, whose world-wide fame as an author is equalled only by his discretion as a manager and his power to discern genius and talent. Mrs. Leslie Carter illustrates his far-sightedness in this direction, and now that he is putting Warfield forward as a star, there are many who believe the comedian's future will be as brilliant as in his particular field as Mrs. Carter's has been in hers. At all events, Warfield's appearance at the Marquon has aroused profound interest among the most lovers, and there is every indication that the audience will be one of the largest and most brilliant known here in a long time.

Belasco's unerring genius in handling stage effects should result in an entertainment that few theatre-goers will care to miss. The leading part in the piece is Simon Levi, who owns an auctioneer's office on Broadway. While it is not proposed to lessen the novelty of the story by repeating even its outline, the public may bank on the fact that the play will be, by virtue of Warfield's irresistible skill, one of the most enjoyable from beginning to end. The young actor gave to the stage that uproariously funny Hebrew which inhabits the East Side of New York, and when it is told that in "The Auctioneer" he places his creation "among its natural surroundings, and that the comedian is allowed full rein to his ability as fun-maker, it will be understood that nothing will be lacking to make an evening with War-

WHAT THE FAIR WILL DO FOR OREGON.

The Lewis and Clark Centennial will help us to discover ourselves—to learn what manner of people we are. In the struggle to advance our financial interests, we sometimes neglect our opportunities for enjoying the home comfort that is our heritage, and but half appreciate the golden link that unites the present and the past. The Pacific Northwest, and its already achieved success is a record of courage which, if but fully appreciated, would make every citizen proud of the successes already attained. This Exposition will give us an opportunity to widen our present, to consider from whence present opportunities and conveniences have arisen, and to take our bearings the better to appreciate the great future which is now opening to the Pacific Coast.

We are entering upon a new era in the development of our section. Westward civilization has steadily advanced. The wilderness sea has been reached. Here the Orient and the Occident must determine what this westward movement has done for the courageous. In general, exhibitions have been held to commemorate some great historical event and to show what has been already accomplished. Ours will do more. It will repeat again the wonderful story of the past, but it will also show the things achieved, and it will point the finger of opportunity toward great things yet to be accomplished, which this new section presents on every hand.

Civic pride will receive an impetus that will establish better conditions on every side. Streets will be improved, houses painted, lawns and gardens will bear the proudest of care, and the preparation will everywhere be made. Our state, as well as our city, will put on company dress, because we are expecting somebody to come and see us. Our company will not only see us, but they will see what we have, hence all of our institutions, however good now, will be made better. As a resultant, higher ideas will be established, and the people will better appreciate our many opportunities and the certain resources of our section.

Statues will be erected, art collections will be installed. Landscape engineering will turn our parks and public yards into things of beauty. Architectural models will stamp their influence on future building, and the aesthetic will be everywhere in evidence. Industrial ideas will stimulate to higher activity in our rapidly growing industries. Our commercial opportunities will be made known, and the great Northwest will henceforth occupy a distinctive field for the development of commercial possibilities. It will result in a heavy rapid increase in population, because visitors here will quickly recognize the beauty of the country, and the value of the land. In the not distant future our fields, orchards and gardens will bear evidence of increased attention, and their fruitage will testify to the fertility of the valleys and plains "where rolls the Oregon."

THINGS WE SEE THAT IMPRESS US.

In one's rounds during the day one sees many things that impress one, but there are always certain things that are more firmly impressed upon the mind than others.

For instance, one may see nearly any evening a lean, hollow-eyed woman dressed in black standing at the corner of Yamhill and Third streets haranguing the passers-by. She always holds an open Bible in her hand and quotes from it freely and fluently, and she is giving a lot of fellow-felows long digusted pedestrians that they will go a black around rather than pass by where she is talking, and as they are constantly dodging her, she has to change her "appointments." At present she devotes most of her time at the corner of Third and Yamhill, because a large number of people take the cars at that point, and necessarily congregated there to wait for their cars.

She often thinks they congregate at the place for her benefit, or in her madness realizes that they are not a willing audience, but knowingly takes advantage of their inconvenience. Anyway, she always selects such places, and the audience has to suffer accordingly.

The fact that this woman has for more than three years stood upon the streets of Portland and harangued the people as they passed by in storm and sunshine, naturally causes the inquiry, "Who is she, what is her private life, where and how does she live, and what class of mental aberration does she labor under?" She has many places on the streets at which she does her "pitching," but these vary from time to time. Her pitiable plight has so many times attracted the sympathy of the good people of the city, that she has been changed her "appointments." At present she devotes most of her time at the corner of Third and Yamhill, because a large number of people take the cars at that point, and necessarily congregated there to wait for their cars.

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