

## THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

C. S. Jackson

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To die—to sleep;—  
To sleep! perchance to dream; ay, there's the rub;  
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
Must give us pause;  
But that the dread of something after death,  
The undiscovered country, from whose house  
No traveler returns, puzzles the will;  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have  
Than fly to others that we know not of?  
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all!—Shakespeare.

## LET IN THE LIGHT

While it will be impossible for The Journal to correct all of the many abuses that the people are being subjected to by the manipulation of politics of the state by a combination of men whom an honest press has heretofore allowed to run riot, this paper nevertheless intends to expose as many of the tricks of political tricksters at Salem as possible. When the Legislature adjourns the "camping on the trail" of the offenders will continue until some good will come out of the campaign.

The Journal is piled with "tips" every day of political abuses. The paper seems to be regarded as a long felt want as a regulator of a much-abused public. "Let in the light" cry the people. "We have been blundering around in the dark long enough. News has been suppressed for years. 'Let in the light.'"

## INTANGIBLE PROPERTY TAXATION.

Speaker Harris' bill for the taxation of intangible property of corporations was based upon a principle that must find acceptance before we can evolve a correct system of collecting money for the support of government. The Journal cares not whether there be minor defects in Mr. Harris' bill. Its essence is sound, and it should have passed the House and gone to the Senate with such an overwhelming majority that that upper body could not have carried out the plan that had been formed to defeat it.

The plea entered against the bill was that it would place a burden upon smaller corporations and retard the industrial development of Oregon. These are familiar tactics to those who have watched state Legislatures, and learned the resources of the larger corporation agents. For instance, the laws of Oregon are so incongruous that it is possible to collect \$50,000 for injuries and impossible to collect more than \$5,000 for death. It was sought to correct this anomaly. Agents of the larger corporations knew they could not defeat the bill were they to come out into the open and protest in the name of, for instance, the railroads. Their plan was to reduce the presentation of arguments that smaller corporations would suffer under such a law, which was manifestly just, no matter what corporation would suffer. By appealing to the selfishness of man that damage and death absurdity was continued, and the larger corporations won the victory that is not even now appreciated by the average member of the Legislature.

Exactly the same plan was pursued in reference to the taxation of corporations' intangible property fight. It was plain that the big corporations could not kill the bill if they came into the open. Hence, they fought by proxy and won the day.

Regarding this matter of retarding industrial development—upon whom shall the burden of government fall most heavily? There is the farmer and the merchant and the small property owner. Their property is tangible. Any assessor can find it. There is a house, or a store, or land. Any assessor can catalogue them with approximate accuracy. Yet the corporation that has property, a franchise, an interest in a "gentlemen's agreement," etc., not land nor buildings nor cattle, sheep or horses, and which, nevertheless, is of value, escapes from contributing its just share towards support of government.

Did any one think to remind the Legislature that, while these solons were protecting the corporations from so deplorable participation in the honest support of government, they were perpetuating a condition that works to the harm of the man whose property is tangible? That the farmer and the merchant and the man who builds homes and stores and warehouses must continue to bear a too-heavy portion of the burden?

But this subject has been opened and the people of the state will not forget to call upon future Legislatures to do what this one wrongly refused to do. There is a correct principle involved that must eventually compel recognition.

## IS THIS BUSINESS?

"The Oregon State Board of Capitol Building Commissioners has agreed to pay \$20,000 (of the people's money) for a perpetual right to take 1,000,000 gallons of water a day from Mill Creek, at Salem, for the use of the State Asylum, Penitentiary and Capitol Building. The purchase is made from the Salem Flouring Mill Company, which has succeeded to the interests of the Willamette Woolen Mill Company, to which the state granted a franchise in Mill Creek many years ago." (And for nothing, reserving no rights.)

The above appears in the public prints, among the news of the day. The state, in other words, "deeded" away its property for no consideration, and now will pay a part of it back at an expense of \$20,000, furnished by people who carry the governmental burdens. The franchise should pass from the state without consideration and provisions, reserving to the state such rights as should not be made "private property." In brief, franchises should carry the benefits of "use," but not those of "ownership."

At the time of the granting of this particular franchise it would have been entirely satisfactory to the mill company if the state had reserved the right to such of the waters of the creek as were needed for state or public uses. If this had been done, the state would have been in pocket many thousands of dollars, which have gone into private pockets as "unearned increment."

It is gratifying to observe that the people are fast awakening to their rights in the matter of granting franchises and the parting with public utilities, to the enrichment of the few at the expense of the many.

## WHY FIGHT IN SECRET?

The general understanding in Salem has been that the name of H. W. Scott is to go before the Legislature as a candidate for the United States Senate. His managers have been pressed to put his strength to the test prior to the closing hours of the session. Supporters of several other candidates, who have not been working in conflict with him, have served an ultimatum. That he is a candidate is known in the capital city, known just as accurately as it is known that Mr. Geer is a candidate, or Mr. Fulton, or Mr. Hermann, or that there is a United States Senate. Although his name has been withheld from the Legislature and no vote cast for him, he has been a candidate for months Senator Henry McGinn, and others have been striving to elect him.

Yet, until yesterday, from an authoritative source not one word has come that admits Mr. Scott to be a candidate. Why should a candidate for the United States Senate not take the people into his confidence?

Are the people not entitled to some consideration in the premises? Have they no right to be heard? Is it not proper that so important an issue go to them that they may discuss it?

Does the fact that a man has been a candidate for eight months and yet has striven to keep the information from the people argue that the candidate fears the result that might ensue were the people able to understand the issue?

## THE TABASCO COLUMN.

Addition—I just read of a man in Illinois who has invented a wireless piano.

George, (her husband)—Well, if he



wants to become really famous, he should invent a noiseless one.

Who will get the bouquet on last day



of school.



The Sultan means business.



100 to 1 shot at Salem.

## SEATTLE WARNS US.

Up there in Seattle they are debating whether or not to invite the National Bankers' Association. It is a problem of hotels and it is a question that seems to be insoluble.

How about Portland? Were we to desire the National Bankers' Association to come here, what would we do with them?

Two years hence the Lewis and Clarke Fair will open to the world. What will we do with the visitors? The 250-room hotel is projected. It is the earnest hope that it will be secured. But, how many more 250-room hotels must we have? Has anyone estimated the number?

Last summer Portland was unable to accommodate its visitors. People skurried from trains to the residences districts to secure rooms. Often, passengers from trains and boats sat up all night, failing to find a place where they could sleep.

Immigrants are just now speeding to this region, and thousands upon thousands are to follow during the summer. Next summer more will come, and then in 1935 such throngs will be here that one is appalled at thinking of the insufficiency of the hostilities.

Probably, every city that gives an exposition has this experience. Probably, citizens worry and newspapers urge. And perhaps Portland will solve this apparently insoluble problem in due time and to satisfaction. But it is well to remember that in addition to the expected Fair visitors we in Oregon have already exhausted hotel accommodations in caring for the pre-exposition people, and that the Fair itself has practically no place in the local economy of the hostilities, so far as rooms are concerned. At any rate, it is proper to urge upon commercial bodies and citizens and Fair managers strenuous action, and warn against incomplete preparations.

Judging from the reports brought by Mr. I. N. Fleischner, it is imperative that the Lewis and Clarke Fair management pay close attention to St. Louis, and enlist hearty support from the persons who control the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. Exhibitors going there in 1904 must be induced to come here in 1905. We cannot do without them.

One characteristic of the empire to be chosen by Queen Wilhelmina to settle our claims against Venezuela will be that her hat will be on straight, anyway.

North Bend is building a new woolen mill. That's better for the town than to have a United States Senator elected therefrom.

## HARD TO PHOTOGRAPH

As the celebrity closed the door after him on the way out, the photographer breathed a sigh of relief. "These big men," he said, with pity, mingled with some scorn, "are harder to photograph than spoiled babies."

There's President Roosevelt, for instance. He is one of the hardest men to photograph satisfactorily that I've ever tackled. The President in a had subject for the simple reason that he doesn't seem to be able to keep still 20 consecutive seconds.

You get him posed to your own and his satisfaction, he submitting good-naturedly to it all, and are just ready to do the business when, suddenly, an arm or a leg will begin to move energetically, and it's begin all over again.

I've photographed the President at least a dozen times, and each time I've had much trouble, but one experience with him stands out more clearly than all the others lumped together.

Shortly after he had succeeded to the Presidential chair, I got him to consent to sit for me in the Chief Executive's office. My appointment was for 10 o'clock and sharply at that hour I was ushered into the President's presence and was greeted with the cheery remark:

"Delighted to see you; and I'll promise to keep still for you, so we'll get through quickly, for I've much to do today."

"As I put the camera together he recalled several previous times when I had photographed him and he had worried me by his constant wriggling. When I began posing him, he again said earnestly:

"Yes, I'll keep still for you this time, sure."

"Then he," the celebrity chanced glances scornfully at his questioner. "Say, I dare say he tried his best, but he kept me two hours, and out of the 20 exposures I made I got only two decent negatives."

The photographer's gaze fell on a full-length picture of

Adjutant-General Corbin, framed and hanging on the wall.

"Army and navy men also make you wish that you hadn't tackled them before you've been working with them for five minutes," he said. "I've got to photograph an officer who isn't fussy about the use of the gold ornaments across his chest or the angle at which his sword hangs at his side. But the most amusing experience I've had with any officer occurred when I got General Corbin's permission to photograph him in the War Department."

"Everything went smoothly with the posing until I was all but ready to let well enough alone and press the bulb. Then it was that one of the General's aides went into the office. He looked at his superior for a second, then said, in an almost horror-stricken tone:

"Excuse me, General, but there's something wrong with the way your coat sits."

"The General smiled.

"Please fix it for me," he requested.

"The aide did so, but as he was backing away and as I was just starting to snap the camera, he rushed in front of me."

"Hold on!" he shouted. The General's sword belt is up a little too high at the right."

"He put it in place while the General smiled broadly at me over the man's head. Then the intrusive gentleman backed off again, took a critical glance at his commander, and was starting for his side for the third time when the General suddenly commanded:

"Captain, halt! Tension! But face! Forward, march! And go out of that door and don't come back until I ring for you!"

"Then he turned to me.

"Now," he said, and his eyes twinkled mightily, "we'll have peace. Bring out the bride and let it sing."

"Then there's Admiral Dewey," the man of pictures continued. "The Admiral's all right, only he's as shy as a week-old bride who has come to be taken in her wedding gown."

"From the fact that he persists in getting himself into bad shape before the camera, I take it he wants to be in evidence in a photograph as little as possible. I said to him once, after he had rolled up about the fifteenth time at the same sitting:

"Admiral, if you don't keep straight, I'll have to prop you up."

"All right," he said meekly, but just now I feel as if I needed an entirely different sort of a strengthener."

"I'm not saying whether or not the Admiral got what he thought he needed, but I did finally succeed in getting a splendid negative; and to date I've made over \$5,000 selling copies of it throughout the country. "It's astonishing how well the photographs of celebrities sell. The demand for them is constant, even though they vary from \$1 to \$5 apiece. And, queer thing, the Europeans are steady buyers of likenesses of America's big men. Only the other day I got an order from a St. Petersburg photographer for copies of my negatives of President Roosevelt, several members of his Cabinet, and our leading army and navy officers."

"And that reminds me of the time that I invaded the Russian Embassy at Washington in order to get Count Cassini to sit for me. The Count sat quite enough—after he had asked advice of the young Countess, who was sitting next to him, and who was military and who not around the legation."

"Every one had a different suggestion to make, and would you believe it, the Count actually changed his clothing four times in an effort to suit himself and the host that he had called in to give advice. I dare say that he'd be changing clothes yet if the Countess hadn't finally shoved him into the chair and said:

"Now sit there—do to please me."

"And the Count mopped the perspiration from his brow, smiled sweetly into the camera, and it was all over in a second after a two-hour's fuss that had upset the legation from ceiling to garret."

"Free Henry? I should say I have, about 500 times. I have no hesitation in saying that he is the most photographed man of his day, and the Prince also feels sure of this distinction, judging from the conversation that I had with him while the special train was coming East, for I was on the train during the entire trip."

"It was after the Prince's experience in Chicago, where every man, woman and child in sight seemed to have a camera, and where the Prince literally had to make his way at all times through a lane of black-backed clicking instruments. The Prince walked up to me and said:

"How many times do you think you have photographed me?"

"On a rough guess, I should say 500," I replied.

"The Prince pulled out a notebook and busied himself writing something for a few minutes. Then he turned to me and said, and there was much weariness in his voice:

"Using your figures and my Chicago experience as a starting point, I've hastily calculated that, since I've been in America, I've had 4,615,000 cameras pointed at me, with a grand total of somewhere between ten and fifteen million photographs of me taken. I don't think you'll be resisting on photographing me at the next stopping place."

The photographer chuckled.

"I'm reminded at this juncture of the time I got ahead of Charles M. Schwab. It happened last summer."

"I was sent to Loretto, the little Pennsylvania mountain town where Schwab spent his boyhood and where he has built himself a magnificent appointed country home. It was easy enough to secure Mr. Schwab's permission to photograph his residence, and, in fact, everything that belonged to him in Loretto except himself and Mrs. Schwab.

"He was pleasant enough about it, but exceedingly firm in his refusal. In the hope of catching him unawares I loitered around the town for a couple of days, but he turned the tables on me and left town for the East one morning before I'd got up."

"Before taking the stage for Crespos, the nearest railroad station six miles away, I found out that Mr. Schwab would return in a week's time. Then I went on to Pittsburgh, where I had some work to do."

"On the day appointed for Mr. Schwab's return to Loretto I arrived in Crespos, and, hiring a buggy, I drove along the stage road until I reached the hill just a mile beyond the village's limit. Here I hitched my horse at the side of the road and seated myself on the 10-foot embankment overlooking the hill at nearly its summit."

"It was 2 o'clock in the afternoon when I took up my stand, and it was two hours later when I beheld a splendidly accoutred pair of horses begin slowly to ascend the hill. I knew them for Schwab's, because I'd seen the turnout before and because no one else in that region has blooded horses."

"Slowly the horses came toward me and pretty soon I saw where in the trap—none other than Charles M. Schwab, himself handling the reins, and Mrs. Schwab by his side."

"For some reason or other they didn't see me until they were right under me, and then it was too late to do anything. I smiled as I saw Mr. Schwab throw up a splendid arm full 10 seconds after the camera had clicked. Then, as he realized the futility of it all, he

## HONOR FREMONT



A \$5,000 memorial tablet will be placed in the Burrelle Building (formerly Fremont Mansion) in New York, to the memory of Gen. John C. Fremont, famous in history as the Pathfinder. The tablet will stand in the room which contains the 10,000 newspaper obituary notices collected by Frank A. Burrelle. This is the largest collection in the world.

turned toward me and yelled:

"Say, if there had been two roads into this town instead of one, I'd have kept you guessing, all right."

"The easiest of all big men for the photographer? William McKinley, without exception. He was accommodating, polite, affable and thoroughly patient at all times. I never had any trouble posing him, and the way he cut through a lot of red tape that had been bothering me for a week I shall not soon forget."

"At the time that he and Mrs. McKinley and several of his advisers were recreating on Lake Champlain several years ago, I was commissioned to secure a new photograph of Mrs. McKinley. I went to the resort and tried to get the President to intercede for me with Mrs. McKinley, but the men surrounding the President kept me from him and refused to deliver my message."

"I had about given up hope, when, on the day that the party left the resort, I managed to reach the President's side before his guards were aware of my presence. The President recognized me at once and, as he gave me a hearty handshake, I explained my mission."

"Why, certainly, I'll help you all that I can," he replied. "Why didn't you come to me before?"

"I told him, 'He's very zealous and jealous over me,' he replied."

"Then he beheld Mrs. McKinley just about to step on the boat's gangplank. He called to her, asking her to face him and to stand still, adding:

"A friend of mine wants to photograph you."

"Mrs. McKinley turned full toward me, smiled, and clicked went the camera."

"Now," said the President, as he held out his hand in good-bye, 'I ask in return for my services is a print of the negative.'"

"I lost no time in sending it to him, and in due season I received a note from him, thanking me for the photograph and praising it as one of the best ever taken of his wife."—Exchange.

## THE REPUBLIC OF ACRE.

Whether Acre's revolution is simply another attempt to establish an independent republic, or whether, as its population has been chiefly derived from Brazil, its attempt at secession contemplates possible annexation to Brazil as an ulterior object, cannot at present be conjectured with much assurance. But the past relations of this province of the Bolivian Republic to the central government go far towards explaining the action of the Bolivian Congress in granting to the syndicate the concessions above referred to. There was another concession, called the Caupolican concession, to the same syndicate, but as this only touched the Acre area along a small part of the River Madre de Dios, we do not especially refer to it here. The Acre concession, whose scope we briefly explained in these columns last summer, was due to the inability of Bolivia to effectively maintain its authority over Acre and to collect revenue from that district. While Acre is an established section of the Bolivian Republic and possesses vast resources, especially of rubber, it is a peculiarly unthrifty country, and what was more, the point for Bolivia, a pretty inaccessible country except via the Amazon River.

It has become a sort of No Man's Land, and Bolivia, being financially unable to maintain armies there, was on the lookout for responsible parties who would organize a chartered company and take over the administration of Acre. The representatives of the Anglo-American syndicate seemed to fill the bill, and Bolivia gladly turned over the fiscal administration of Acre to it, in consideration of a large percentage of the revenues to be collected from taxes and duties levied under Bolivian law. The syndicate was to be incorporated within 12 months from the middle of February, 1902, with a minimum capital of \$2,500,000, and an agreement was made concerning the use of military force. If such force was needed to repel invasion, the government was to bear the expense, while the syndicate was to maintain at its own expense police forces in Acre.

Of course the present condition of Acre would call for government troops, even if the syndicate had already become firmly established there, and the Bolivian government not long ago authorized the banks of the country to issue paper to the value of 15 per cent of their paid up capital, in order to furnish means for the government's increased expenditures. So that, aside from her contention with Brazil, Bolivia has so far reaped little benefit from her new venture.

## WORST PHASE OF POVERTY.

Stretch very far and very wide;

They call him rich, but there he stands

Ill clad and bent and hollow eyed.

The people call him rich; his gold is piled in many a yellow heap,

But he is all alone and old,

And when he dies no one will weep.

They call him rich, but where he dwells

The floors are bare, the walls are bleak;

They call him rich; he buys and sells,

But no fond fingers stroke his cheek.

They call him rich; he does not know

The happiness of standing blow

Sweet winds across the meadows blow

And toss the verdant billows there,

C. S. Kiser, in Harper's.

## LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

PORTLAND, Feb. 18.  
Editor Journal: I notice that Mouthpiece McGinn does not hesitate to play into the hands of the Oregonian and look after the interests of that decaying old sheet. But does he know that the Oregonian that he is so busy (?) defending is not a friend of the church that he professes to belong to? The Catholic people have been very kind to "Mouthpiece," and so long as he was fair and square in his dealings with them they have liked him. Does "Mouthpiece" know that the Oregonian is the most bitter enemy that the Catholics have in Oregon and that it has never hesitated to sacrifice the feelings of the Catholic people?

It is not many weeks since the Oregonian offered a gross insult to the Priests in its columns. The insult was entirely uncalled for and calculated to sorely hurt the feelings of a large part of the population of Portland.

Does McGinn love the Oregonian better than he does his religion? If not, why does he champion the enemy of his religion? A CATHOLIC.

## THE MARQUAND RUG.

The Persian rug that brought the remarkable price of \$28,000 at the auction sale, the other day in New York, of the art collections of the late Henry G. Marquand, was seen, reproduced in all the glory of its oriental coloring, in the new edition of Mr. John Kimbly Mumford's "Oriental Rugs," of which book it forms the frontispiece. This rug which was woven in the latter part of the fifteenth century was without doubt made as a gift from the Pasha of Persia to the then ruling Sultan of Turkey, for the authentic record held by Mr. Marquand showed that it had been found among the effects of the Sultan Abdul Aziz after his death.

Aside from the marvelous color and texture, which is over 500 knots to the square inch, the feature of the rug is that the inscriptions throughout its border, as well as arabesques in the medallions of the design, are woven in silver threads.

Vast interest has been excited among the European collectors in this carpet owing to the fact that it is a companion piece for the famous carpet owned by the Prince Alexis Lobanow Rostowsky, which was shown in the Vienna Museum's Exhibition in 1893. The Rostowsky rug was supposed to be woven in parallel in the world, but this carpet, the most highly valued among the textile treasures of Mr. Marquand, contains positive internal evidence that it was made upon the same looms and in the same period, and doubtless for the same purpose as that of Prince Lobanow, which also passed into the possession of its present owner directly from the Seraglio in Constantinople, and so far as can be ascertained, this carpet is the highest class Oriental fabric now in existence in this country.

The remaining color plates in the new edition of "Oriental Rugs" includes others of the Marquand collection.

## Fodmore on Spiritualism.

"This is a most needed book," exclaims The Academy of Literature (London) in a review of "Modern Spiritualism," by Frank Fodmore. "Although we may reject with Mr. Fodmore, the partisan estimate which would place the number of professed Spiritualists in the world at ten, fifteen or some twenty millions, there can be no doubt that the sudden growth of Spiritualism is one of the most startling facts in the modern history of religion."

Following Mr. Fodmore's skilful tracing of its development from the Fox rappings at Rochester, N. Y., through its many and complicated relationships with the different forms of mysticism and religious superstition to its frequent entrenchment in many lands, the reviewer says:

"The phenomena of Spiritualism need not occupy us long; for Mr. Fodmore, after a prolonged study of the evidence collected by the Society for Psychical Research and by himself, comes to the conclusion that they are mainly to be attributed to fraud, either consciously or unconsciously practiced." The review concludes, "will always form a complete guide to a very complex subject."

## Peppy's Diary in This Paper.

The thin paper edition of "The Diary of Samuel Peppy," just imported by Scribner, may justly be regarded as one of the great triumphs of modern book-making. The famous classic is here included in a single pocket size volume. This little volume contains over 900 pages of the type is large and clear and the paper, though extremely thin, is still opaque. The book measures 4x6 1/2, and is a trifle over three quarters of an inch thick.

No reader of Peppy will consider his library complete without it.

## "TRYING IT ON THE DOG."

When their entire endeavor is to test a new play they take it out to some of the smaller cities for its first performances, where the smoothing process is developed in the acting of it can be accomplished. This operation they call "trying it on the dog." New Zealand seems to be the land of the "dog," where new experiments in government are getting their trial test, as it were, to judge of the results of the various attempts to introduce and operate there the many more promising fads of legislation. Already the schemes of many reformers have had more or less successful trials in that country, and now the single tax on land is being given a serious experimentation.

The theories of the late Henry George caught on strongly in that country and have resulted in the passage of a local option act which permits any of the local governments to adopt the "land value system" of taxation for a period of three years, after which the continuance or discontinuance of the system is to be again passed upon by the voters.

Thirty-six local communities, including the City of Wellington, have adopted the plan. Statesmen all over the civilized world are taking notice of the facts and are watching with interest what shall be the practical effects of the experiments.

There appears to be no question that the system equalizes the burdens of local and state taxation as no other method has heretofore done, and that it puts a large and tangible premium upon enterprise in the way of the improvement of land