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C. S. Jackson

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Those who have "grit" succeed. And "grit" largely consists of a disposition to "hang on." So, young man, if you have started out to do something, without determination and persistency, you are likely to make a "lame race." Sticktoitiveness is a word which should be added to every young man's vocabulary. Its meaning should be in every man's makeup, for without it man is without the distinguishing characteristic of the "superior animal." It is the stream that gives the "human engine" force to accomplish something.

BROWNELL TURNS STATE'S EVIDENCE.

"I gave my assistance to Harvey W. Scott and his faction in their battle to down Senator Simon, and I helped them to place Jack Matthews in the seat of power as dictator of the state."

These words were spoken by George C. Brownell in addressing a mass meeting at Oregon City last Thursday evening. Though the Oregonian devoted two columns to an account of the meeting, it did not find space to quote this statement.

"When thieves fall out, honest men get their due."

Out of deference for the feelings of Mr. Brownell and Mr. Scott, and to adapt the familiar adage to their case, it might be modified so as to read: "When office seekers fall out, honest men learn the truth."

The public will be interested in Mr. Brownell's frank confession that his former friend and political ally, Harvey W. Scott, has been engaged in the effort to make the notorious Jack Matthews "the dictator of the state." Not that it is news, for The Journal has repeatedly laid bare the facts of the conspiracy and has published the details of the schemes of the Scott-Matthews machine. Many weeks ago The Journal acquainted its readers with the plot which was designed to make Mr. Scott United States Senator and to make Jack Matthews the Republican boss of the state.

The interesting feature of the declaration is that one more of the conspirators has turned state's evidence and has made a clean breast of his share in the transaction.

Mr. Scott's confession was not a voluntary one. He sought refuge in denials and evasions, but was forced at last to eat his own words and to acknowledge that his plea of not guilty was false. It wasn't pleasant, and Mr. Scott, in seeking some one upon whom to vent his spleen, fixed upon Mr. Brownell.

But when Mr. Scott announced his intention of crucifying the Clackamas senator, he quite forgot that his victim might not submit in silence. Mr. Brownell should have been gagged before he was nailed to the cross. It would have saved Mr. Scott from the unpleasantness of such revelations as were made at the Oregon City mass meeting, and which inevitably become known even if they do not find a place in the columns of the Scott papers.

The editor of the Oregonian had the same right as any other citizen to run for United States Senator. But in undertaking to make Jack Matthews the political boss of the state, he will find that every decent citizen in the state will condemn and oppose him.

TROUBLE IMMINENT IN CHINA.

Persistent rumors come from China that another bloody outbreak is imminent, and that it will in all probability exceed even the Boxer uprising in its violence and atrocities. The feeling against the foreigners is exceedingly strong, and the Empress Dowager is accused of secretly fomenting it, while pretending to suppress the threatened disturbances. The representatives of European governments and of the United States seem to be agreed that no real progress is being made toward carrying out the reforms which the Empress has promised to make.

It is a grave question whether the present government of China can be maintained unless sweeping changes are made in the administration of the internal affairs of the country. Many crying abuses exist and the burdens imposed upon the people are intolerable. Discontent and rebellion are the inevitable consequence. In the interior provinces the prejudice against all foreigners is intense and if the Peking papers are to be believed, it has been aggravated by the agents of the Empress Dowager.

The world stood aghast at the cruelties perpetrated by the Boxers. Another outbreak may be even more terrible in its consequences.

A New York citizen spanked his wife and grown-up daughters because they did not reach home before 10 o'clock in the evening. This attempt to maintain domestic discipline was brought to the attention of a local magistrate, who upheld the head of the family, deciding that he was acting entirely within his rights. In order to give still further sanction to such chastisements, a member of the New York Board of Aldermen introduced a resolution into that body, endorsing the action of the husband and father. But with a singular indifference to the opportunity to place themselves on record in support of recognized authority the aldermen refused to adopt the resolution.

Success is a glorious thing. It is life's best stimulant. But it is not everything. Success is not worth all it costs sometimes. It was Macbeth who said:

"That but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come."

There are people who seem to be willing to sacrifice "the life to come" for success in this ephemeral world.

The following utterance recently made by Henry Watterson, the famous editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal, is commendable to the consideration of the proprietor of the local newspaper trust:

"The leading papers, from every standpoint, in all cities of the country, are the papers which adhere strictly to the truth, and which are not constantly forced through their own columns to apologize for the inaccuracies of previous issues."

If there are any more owners of bottom land who want to sell their property to the Port of Portland Commission at seventy times its assessed valuation, now is the time to come forward. It is the taxpayers' money which is to be invested, so there is no occasion for economy.

Apologies of the offer of a Mexican millionaire to pay \$50,000,000 toward liquidating the national debt of his country, an Eastern exchange suggests that Andrew Carnegie need not despair of getting rid of his money—he might pay off the national debts of the world.

It is interesting to observe that the author of the "Crimes Act" of Oklahoma's "boom days" is now a life prisoner under his own law, in fact the first violation. In this connection let it be added: Dr. Guillotin lost his own head under the blade of his name and invention.

The next Republican national platform should contain a provision that the President may sell any second-hand furniture that happens to be in the White House without asking the consent of Congress.

The Oklahoma Legislature has passed a bill regulating the rules for the game of "seven up." These lawmakers are evidently alive to the real needs of their constituents.

Mr. Scott's paper observes: "Our trials are gradually diminishing. The Oregon Legislature and Congress are out of the way." Yes, but Mr. Brownell is still talking.

The new anti-trust legislation enacted by Congress requires complete publicity on the part of the trusts. Does this apply to the local newspaper trust?

ADVOCATES INTERMARRIAGE.

The Methodist bishop who recently advocated before a San Francisco audience the intermarriage of whites with negroes and Chinese will not find many to sympathize with his views.

"You may shudder," said the Bishop, "at the idea of such intermarriages, and it is natural you should, but such unions are illustrative of the sweeping away of caste lines which should occur in the Church and is occurring in the world."

But when the clergyman was asked subsequently whether he would be willing to allow his own daughter to marry a negro, he replied that he would not, for the reason that racial prejudice is so strong that it brings reproach upon white women who contract such marriages. The argument ad hominem was too much for the reverend theorist.

It is no disparagement to the negro race to recognize the deep-rooted feeling which exists against such unions. It is more than a mere caste prejudice. The best thinkers of both races are agreed that intermarriage is unwise and unfortunate in its results.

The chief value of legislation today lies in the opportunity and power to remedy mistakes of the past. "Repeal is more blessed than enactment," declares Henry Loomis Nelson. It is growing more and more apparent that the country stands in need of de-legislation and not legislation. The average man has reached such a plane of capacity and such a height of practical intelligence that he has commenced to comprehend the principle of being "free" and the fruitfulness of being "fair," which is preliminary to his becoming absolutely "self governing" and self supporting, thereby and to that proportion making government less necessary and many laws entitles of no practical worth or help. Thus the demand is arising for the repeal of laws—de-legislation—instead of the enacting of more of them.

An ambitious New York cow has broken all bovine records by giving in 30 days 2,754.6 pounds of milk, containing 123 pounds 8 1/2 ounces of butter. The world's official record previously stood at 112 pounds of butter. Oregon cows should not tamely submit to being outdone by a product of the effete East. If they have any pride in their native state, they will get busy without delay.

George C. Brownell, "about whom, it is likely, there will be much more to say" in the columns of Mr. Scott's paper, is experiencing the outpourings of the editor's wrath. He is displaying a disposition to fight back, which promises to make the scrap a very entertaining one to the public.

The last Legislature should have passed an anti-trust bill—a bill to compel the Portland newspaper trust to speak the truth.

TOLD HARD LUCK STORY.

Touching Tale of Poor New York Farmer.

"How about a pass-to Buffalo?" inquired a red-faced, cheery-looking man of the poor superintendent at Rochester, N. Y. The latter replied that transportation was suffering from a bear movement and would not probably recover to run for several days.

"Well, I'm used to it," remarked the stranger. "Ever since I lost my ranch out West, nothing can touch me. I'm burglar proof."

"How did you lose your ranch?" inquired the superintendent, as he sharpened a pencil.

The applicant took a back seat and explained.

"When I went out West 40 years ago, the country was rough and tough. I was way out West—in fact, what you might term beyond the West. I located a strip of land and was about to build a ranch house, when the government stepped in and made a new allotment. This left me a strip of land two miles long, but only three feet wide. However, I put up a house, 2x300 feet, and went to work cultivating the rest of the premises. Game was so thick that I had to go out every morning and sweep it off the doorstep before I could make my way to the well. Fortune favored me at first. There wasn't room enough for more than one man to work at a time on the property. It was so narrow, and one thing I could never do again was to overstep onto government property. After the first corn harvest, I found the west end of my building was filled with golden ears. But I did not have room to shell it. Then came a cyclone and blew every cob through a knothole in the roof, leaving the kernels in the house. There it was, all shelled. I followed some of the cobs for 18 or 20 miles, and found them stuck four or five inches deep into rock maple trees."

"You are wandering from the main issue," suggested the overseer. "How did you lose your property?"

"Oh, yes. You see, my holding was so narrow that I was forced to build it head to the wind. Well, last month the wind veered about and struck the house broadside, and, of course, blew it over. Then the toll of years went for naught."

"Say," gasped the overseer. "You don't want a pass to Buffalo. You want to become a hypnotist, or, better, go into politics. Stay here through the next fall campaign and explain to the voters the whyness of the wherefore and the whiffness of the thus."

Charcoal Eph's Daily Thought.

"Day am er hull lot ob people in de world," said Charcoal Eph, getting back on his old strain, "dat got er heap mo' hope of Hebben dan dey hab prospects ob gettin' dar, Mistah Jackson."—Baltimore News.

Among the letters which Bjornstjerne Bjornson got on his 70th birthday was one from his nurse, who is 90, and who wrote: "I congratulate you on your 70th birthday and wish you all good things for your old days. From Karen Koelmoen, who carried you in her arms in the years of childhood."

Dr. Harold Pender of the Physics Department of the Syracuse University, has just called for a team to perform his experiment on electrical connection currents before the University of Paris.

NEW YORK IS TALKING ABOUT

NEW YORK, March 7.—The city is filled with an unusual number of visitors this week. Dressmakers from all over the country are here to attend the convention of dressmakers, many Senators and Congressmen are in the city on flying trips and there is an unusual influx of buyers for the spring trade. Nearly all of the hotels are taxed to their utmost capacity to accommodate the crowds of visitors and commercial men. In some of the hotels cots in corridors are being rented gladly at good prices.

It will interest those persons who keep in touch with the rapid growth of New York to know that the population has increased nearly 200,000 in less than three years. According to the United States census in 1900, the population of the greater city was 3,437,202. The estimated population just compiled by the Health Department is 3,637,000. The increase in the last three years is 200,000. Health Commissioner Lederle believes that the 4,000,000 will be reached in a year.

Mr. Lederle is one of the most discussed men of the day, locally speaking. In his warfare against consumption, he is having thousands of leaflets on the subject printed in every language spoken in the city, including Chinese. These leaflets, which will be distributed among the poor in every tenement district, contain simple instructions by the observance of which the danger of infection to a great extent may be avoided. Dr. Lederle will also send trained nurses among the tenement house consumptives to care for and instruct the afflicted and their associates.

Two very interesting reports are current concerning Mayor Low. One is to the effect that he wishes to be renominated as a vindicator of the policy adopted by his administration. The other, just to the contrary, says that his ambition is to be appointed United States Minister to some foreign capital, preferably Paris, should a vacancy occur. There is no doubt that Mr. Low would make an excellent diplomat, while his wealth would enable him to represent his government at a foreign post in creditable style. Whether or not the matter has been broached to the President is not known.

The reported aspirants for the Tammany Mayoralty nomination change with almost every passing day. It is conceded, however, that George B. McClenahan is in the lead, while Street Cleaning Commissioner Woodbury and Edward M. Shepard are among the prominent possibilities. It is undoubtedly the intention of the Tammany leaders to name a strong man with a clear record to head their ticket. Tammany will be shrewdly contrite with protestations of rectitude until it gets into office again, and then—but who can say?

The enterprising owners of the bill-collecting wagon which goes through the streets of Brooklyn and has created such a sensation, had a predecessor several years ago which as boldly proclaimed its purpose. The predecessor, however, was in New York and employed a number of determined looking men, who seemed to have been in some degree selected with the idea of frightening delinquent debtors into settlement by their physical appearance. One day the worm turned, thought, and the predecessor, "William," had the wagon completely upset that it went out of business.

While the old Assay Office on Wall street is not imposing, nor a thing of beauty, being completely dwarfed by the Sub-Treasury Building at its side, New York would not be entirely pleased if the office should be removed to the new mint at Philadelphia, as is contemplated. It is true that there have been complaints about the odors from the use of sulphuric acid and copper for the reduction of silver and efforts have been made to have the building removed to another part of the city. It is said that \$2,000,000 has been offered for the site.

Roland B. Molineux appears to be determined that the public shall not forget that he was a central figure in one of the most famous criminal cases ever tried in this city. Following his bold making up of his own experiences and observations in the death cell in Sing Sing, he has just had a playlet accepted and it will have its initial performance at the continuous vaudeville houses here on Monday next. It tells a story of the revolution while the British Army lay encamped at Trenton.

Telephone charges in this city have always been heavy in comparison with other cities, and with the end in view of cheapening this service a bill has been introduced into the State Senate which provides that regular subscribers shall be charged no extra fee for five-minute talks between boroughs; that not more than 10 cents shall be charged for borough messages and that 15 cents shall be the maximum fee for messages from one borough to another.

On account of the notoriety that the matter has gained, the tax commissioners have decided to conceal hereafter from the public the names of prominent citizens who swear off personal assessments or who ask that their real estate assessments be reduced. There have been many complaints about the publication of news of a personal character respecting assessments, as it has been the source of much idle gossip.

The building of a liner from a revenue cutter by the women inspectors recently appointed by the government has not proved a very difficult or sensational performance, after all. Since the women have been appointed there has been much in the papers about the costumes and the dangers of ascending the ladders of the ship's side, but the entire affair has been exaggerated to a great extent, as the success of the innovation has thus far proved.

Something new in the way of church construction will be seen when the North New York Congregational Church in One-hundred and Forty-third street is completed. In the basement will be a gymnasium, where, several times a week, members will receive instruction. A large kitchen is also to be installed for church suppers and the Sunday School may be thrown into an immense banquet hall. A feature which will interest the brides is a large reception room at the head of the main aisle into which the bride will pass on entering the church and there have a chance to adjust her attire before proceeding to the chapel.

President McKinley's memory is to be honored in Brooklyn by the placing of a stained glass window in the Twelfth Reformed Church, which will be a study from Hoffman's famous painting, "Christ in Gethsemane." The gift will come from the congregation.

A DRINKING SONG.

Look at life through rosy wine it takes a golden hue;
And it would seem life's pleasures were discovered just for you.

Your head and purse grow larger as you quaff the tempting glass;
You fancy you're a millionaire—drink on—and then—alas!

This saucy, elish god of wine hath fascinating gleams;
And 'neath his sparkling smile is hidden mystic golden dreams!

His genial warmth expands your heart—robs life of all its cares—
His bubbling wit persuades us oft that we are millionaires.

But when the midnight revel's o'er, the garish day full-fledged—
It specter-like still haunts us with the follies we have pledged—
And every golden bubble seems an arrow homeward sped,
Whose memories are an empty purse and throbbing, aching head.

THE SOUTHERNERS.

Something of the flavor of Cyrus Townsend Brady's forthcoming novel, "The Southerners," may be had from the following extract from his preface:

"This book has been years in preparation. The subject has appealed to me as none other in our history. I have watched the evening camp fires under the trees at Chickamauga, while I wore the army uniform, and have fancied I was an actor in that tremendous cataclysmic battle, than which this continent has seen none more desperate and bloody. I have stood in the rain on the ramparts of Fort Morgan, and involuntarily looked toward the staff for a glimpse of the Stars and Bars, flag a cause that was lost. I have sailed in the sun-ship through the channel where the Tecumseh sank, where the Tennessee fought the fleet, where the Hartford, carrying the flag, dashed ahead and ran down the torpedo line—once I wore the navy blue—and I could almost hear the thunder of the guns."

John P. Jones of Nevada, about to close 30 years of service in the United States Senate, is one of five members of the upper house not a native of this country.

EMPLOYMENT AGENT VICTIM

By Paul De Lany.

His name does not matter. He is known from one end of the coast to the other as "Uncle Sam." He formerly wore his beard out like that worn by the ideal Uncle Sam. He resembled the national uncle so closely that the name was immediately applied to him wherever he appeared. He has now shaved off his upper lip and the beard forms a sort of fringe around his chin, but he is still called Uncle Sam. He won the name while he so much resembled the cartoon character and he will carry it as long as he lives on the coast, and that, he says, will be so long as his life lasts.

"Uncle Sam" is getting close to his allotted three-score-and-ten years, but rustles jobs and works just as hard as he did 30 years ago. He has to keep at it, he says, to live. He has been working hard all of his life, and has not yet saved a dollar. He does not drink intoxicants, would not think of playing at a game of chance, wears the cheapest of clothing, never has an idle moment, except when he is hunting a new job, and then he is not idle, but still he does not get one cent ahead. He is alone in the world, too, and has no one to look after but himself.

Uncle Sam bobs up in Portland just as regularly as do the seasons, and a great deal of effort. He may appear here today and leave tonight, but in 30 or 60 days you meet him down near the employment offices again. He gets shipped out, but he always has to pay his way back. He doesn't know how to hobo it. He considers that beneath the dignity of workingmen. He either pays his way or gets shipped. He thinks it is perfectly legitimate to get shipped out to a job, and he is always faithful; if they ship him into the mountains to work on a railroad tunnel and he has to stand in water hip-deep to perform the work he never shirks his duty, even if the last salary does not pan out over 30 cents a day. And this is often the case, for hospital fees have to be deducted and other incidental expenses besides.

Then "Uncle Sam" buys all of his clothes from the commissary of the contractors, and these come high, though they are in reality cheap. His dress is always the same. He wears a heavy pair of hob-nail shoes and a pair of overalls and jumper. His hat and shirt are of the most comfortably fitting kind and of cheap brands. He always rolls his overalls up at the bottom of the legs. This is done when he first puts them on and they often wear out the fold first. When he first starts out on a new job his overalls are usually torn and patched, but as soon as he gets enough



ahead he buys a new pair. It is the same with his general wardrobe. It is usually while he works that he is best dressed—his clothes are new then—but when he is hunting a new job he is afraid to buy clothing for fear that he will not have money to eat on and pay the employment man.

He follows all kinds of labor, that is, all kinds of hard labor. He does railroad logging, clearing, rock-quarrying, anything that a man can get through an employment office and get shipped at the same time. One month Uncle Sam may be found working in a mountain tunnel, another he will be with an extra track-laying gang, the next he is with an extra gang of roadbed repairers, then he is on a section working in a logging camp, then he tries a job of cutting wood by the cord, then he tackles a rock-quarry, and so on down the line on such jobs as men get under the head of "Men Wanted—Shipped today."

He has become like a prospector or a pocket miner. He does not expect to find a big fortune like those people, but he expects to find an easy job after awhile where there is really \$4 a day in it. Through flush times and dull times he has this hope.

He works at the new job until he pays for a new suit, and it is about worn out before he does this, and gets money enough to get back to Portland. Then he goes to the employment office and reads down the line of "Men Wanted," selects the most tempting thing the advertisement indicates, pays his fee and away he goes on the first train. He has done this. Year in and year out he has followed it up. His hands are calloused and recalcified until they look as if he had a dozen callouses on each of them. His body is like a seasoned tree trunk, and his limbs are angular and strong as whiplashes. He can sleep on the ground in a box car or on a pile of cord wood and never get a pain. He can handle a pick, shovel, axe or sledge all day without the least fatigue, and a blow against his body that would cut or maim the average man of his age is not noticed by this man of iron.

"I make a living, I pay for what I get. I owe no man. I have good health," said Uncle Sam the other day, "and that is a good deal more than many people of my age can say. I've got to go to a logging camp over in the Tillamook country tonight," he said, as he exhibited transportation and a receipt from a local employment agent.

The next time Germany sends a fleet of war-ships over to awe a South American Republic the people of this country will know better than to get scared and jump at the conclusion that the republic is likely to be shattered into fine dust.—Chicago Record-Herald.

If Cesar Nicholas ever calls another international conference to see what can be done about securing a general reduction of armaments he should send a special invitation to South Carolina.—Hartford Post.

GOSSIP FROM THE CITY

BY THE SOUNDING SEA

Astoria, Ore., March 7.—In support of the allegation that the election of C. W. Fulton to the United States Senate was accomplished without the use of money, the following story is related here and it is vouched for by responsible citizens:

"During the time when Mr. Fulton was making his campaign," said an Astorian, "a citizen of considerable wealth, C. S. Brown, a Democrat, one of the stockholders in the Astoria Savings Bank, went to Mr. Fulton and said that it was the general wish that he go to the Senate. That wish was so strong, said Mr. Brown, that a fund of \$20,000 could easily be raised by the citizens to forward his candidacy. Mr. Brown further said that he would start the fund with a contribution of \$2,000, and that no difficulty would be experienced in securing the sum named."

"To this proposition, Mr. Fulton replied, that he was impressed with the fine loyalty of the Astorian to him as an aspirant to the seat in the United States Senate, but he did not need the \$20,000 or any other sum of money. He was making his campaign without resorting to the use of money, and he was doing so for two good and sufficient reasons, the first of which was that he desired very much to go to the Senate, but he desired to go if at all without having recorded against him the damning fact that he had sought to corrupt the people of the Legislature by purchasing votes. This reason was enough to prevent him from accepting money from his friends, and therefore he would refuse to consent that a fund be raised for the purpose indicated."

"But, there is still another reason which, without the first mentioned would argue against adopting the policy of throwing money into the fight, and that was that if it came to a question of money, he would certainly lose the battle as it was certain that the other fellows had the 'longest sack.' If it became a battle of dollars," said Mr. Fulton, "I will lose." So, from principle as well as for considerations of policy, he refused to allow anyone to go about among the people of Astoria and secure a campaign fund to advance his interests as a candidate."

"If anyone tells you that Charlie Fulton used money in gaining his recent victory," concluded the Astorian, who was relating the incident, "you tell him that he is a very good imitation of a liar."

Had No Railroad Influence.

Another allegation that has been made regarding the election of Mr. Fulton to the Senate is repudiated by the people here as false and manufactured from whole cloth for the purpose of political effect. It is that C. W. Fulton was elected through the exercise of influence by the Southern Pacific Railroad Company. Astorians become somewhat indignant when they hear the claim put forward that their townsmen owes any allegiance to the railroad company mentioned. Speaking of the matter, a leading Democrat said:

"Charlie Fulton was not elected to the Senate by the Southern Pacific Company. We have heard that story down here, and don't believe it. It was alleged that the change in the status came when C. W. Nottingham arose and voted for Fulton on the last night of the session. Nottingham, however, had not been a candidate in any real sense. Mr. Nottingham had complimented Mr. Fulton by casting his vote for him, and yet Mr. Nottingham was devoted to Mr. Fulton and had hoped that matters might shape themselves so that he could see action as soon as Fulton's support and elect him to the Senate. Mr. Fulton is attorney for the Southern Pacific Company. He attended to affairs at the Legislature that pertained to the Southern Pacific's business, representing them before the various committees that had before them bills affecting the railroad company."

Why Mr. Nottingham Switched.

"Probably Mr. Nottingham was sufficiently devoted to Mr. Fulton to be influenced by Mr. Fulton's wishes to some extent. And the story goes that Mr. Fulton at the critical moment conferred with Mr. Fulton on the floor of the House Chamber and that as a result Mr. Nottingham changed his vote from Fulton to Fulton, and started the land-slide that soon had swept Fulton into the office for which he had striven."

"It cannot be doubted that the change of Mr. Nottingham came at what might be called the psychological moment, and if such a change had not been made at that particular moment, another result might easily have come from the Senatorial contest."

"It may be true that Mr. Fulton consented to allow his influence to go to the Astoria man, but if he did so I believe that it was for personal reasons and not because he chanced to be the attorney for the railroad company."

Has Helped the Democrats.

Clatsop County Democrats maintain that the election of Mr. Fulton has operated to strengthen the position of the Democrats here as well as everywhere throughout the state. As to the state at large, they allege that it widens the breach that has been never so very narrow between the two factions that have fought so savagely in the Oregon Republican party, and that this will work to the advantage of the Democrats.

Here in Clatsop County, allege the Democrats, many citizens have taken an active part in the political affairs of Mr. Fulton from local pride in the ambition of an Astorian citizen to go to the upper national house. Some of these men have worked hard to assist in accomplishing such an end. Probably, had not Mr. Fulton been a United States Senatorial candidate last June he would have been defeated for the State Senate. But, it was difficult to do much against the sentiment that ran in favor of a local candidate who had some chance of going to the United States Senate, and therefore the State Senatorial election stood. Now, however, that he has accomplished his ambition and has been seated in the Senate, many Astorians who have worked hard towards that end will cease their efforts, and leave politics for those who love it for its excitement and those who engage in it for the profit that they secure from it in the offices.

Hence, they say, when the next election occurs, you will see Clatsop County strongly Democratic. As a matter of fact, Astoria is now Democratic. It has a Council composed of nine members, seven of whom are Democrats. The Mayor, Joseph Supernant, is a Republican. But the city government is mostly in the hands of the Democrats.

Wanted to Down Democrats.

The claim is made that the objectionable city charter that was passed through the Legislature and that Governor Chamberlain vetoed, was evolved by the Republicans for the purpose of ousting the Democrats from their position of power here in Astoria. It would have amounted to legislating the Democrats out of their rights as vested in the last election, and was properly vetoed. It should have been vetoed, and it should have gone to the Governor for his signature.

It transpires that the nature of the charter as proposed by the Republicans and as passed through the Legislature, was that it stipulated that any person who was elected to public office in the municipality must pay at least \$25 of city taxes. This appeared to be innocent enough upon the face of the proposition. For many persons believe that a small property qualification should be imposed upon candidates for seats in City Councils. But in this case it was scarcely just, for it meant that a person could not hold office in Astoria unless he was possessed of from \$7,500 to \$10,000 of property.

Property is assessed here at from one-fourth to one-third of its value. There is a provision that the city shall never levy a tax rate to exceed 10 mills. So that, if the proposed charter had been signed by the Governor as a law, eligibility to municipal office in Astoria would have consisted in owning from \$7,500 to \$10,000 of property, for 3 mills or 1 per cent of taxes would mean that the taxpayer, who paid \$25 annually would pay upon at least \$2,500 assessed valuation, and that assessed valuation being one-third to one-fourth would mean that the one paying \$25 in taxes on \$2,500 assessed valuation would really own three or four times as much property as four people. From the standpoint of Astoria people, Governor Chamberlain did no one thing that was more meritorious than his action in vetoing the Astoria charter. Therefore, they generally commend him therefor. That is, those who did not belong to the comparative few who worked the job through the Legislature.

A LITTLE PHILOSOPHY.

Noise is not an indication of ability or worth. Any old wagon will rattle when all its bolts, rivets, tires and tongue are loose.—Pendleton East Oregonian.

Those gentlemen who declare they will never again darken the doors of the White House evidently feel that the darkening process can be left to others.—Washington Post.

One of the Chicago University Professors maintains that the time has come when it is possible to arrest this charge.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.