

EDITORIAL COMMENT AND TIMELY TOPICS

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

BY C. S. JACKSON



JOURNAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, Proprietors. Address: THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL, Fifth and Yamhill Sts., Portland, Or. CITY OFFICIAL PAPER.

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

Entered at the Postoffice of Portland, Oregon, for transmission through the mails as second-class matter. Postage for single copies—For an 8, 10, or 12-page paper, 1 cent; 16 to 28 pages, 3 cents; over 28 pages, 3 cents.

TELEPHONES:

Business Office—Oregon, Main 500; Columbia, 706. Editorial Rooms—Oregon Main 250.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Table with 2 columns: Terms by Carrier, Terms by Mail. Lists rates for Daily Journal (one year \$5.00, six months 2.60, three months 1.30, by week .10) and Semi-Weekly Journal (one year \$1.50).

The Semi-Weekly Journal, eight to twelve pages each issue, all the news and full market reports, one year \$1.50. Remittances should be made by drafts, postal notes, express orders and small amounts are acceptable in one and two-cent postage stamps.

When the East lightens with strange hints of morn, The first tinge of the growing glory takes. The cold crown of some hush'd high alp forlorn, While yet o'er vales below the dark is spread!

PORT OF PORTLAND COMMISSION.

The decision handed down Saturday by the Circuit Court in the Port of Portland case must be received with regret by that large element in the community which desires to see this commission kept free from the contaminating influences of the practical politicians. The court held that the act passed by the last Legislature ousting from office five of the seven members of the old board and appointing in their stead men selected by the Mitchell-Matthews machine, is valid, despite the objections urged against it.

THE EPPINGER FAILURE

The failure of Eppinger & Co. of San Francisco is the culmination of a protracted campaign to "bear" the price of wheat and to force the farmers of the Northwest to part with their crops at prices far below their actual value. A combination known as "the Big Four" was formed, comprising four of the largest grain shipping and warehouse firms on the Coast and for many months they were engaged in fighting the advance in prices resulting from foreign demand and the failure of the Australian crop.

this Coast at figures far above the rates now prevalent. The steady decline in wheat, finally broke the back of the manipulators and Eppinger & Co. were forced to the wall. While the failure may bring disaster to many who sustained business relations with the insolvent firm, it may prove a wholesome lesson to other greedy speculators who seek to wrest from the farmer his hard-earned profits.

POLITICS IN THE EMPIRE STATE.

Republican newspapers are publishing the report that Secretary of War Elihu Root may be put forward as the party candidate for Governor of New York, in the next state campaign. The chief significance of the rumor lies in the circumstance that it is one more evidence of the fact that the Republican leaders are extremely apprehensive that the Empire State will go Democratic in the Presidential election.

Chicago has just administered a crushing defeat to a coterie of political bosses who sought to gain control of the courts by electing to the bench machine judges who could be depended on to "stand in" with the organization which created them.

There is a wide difference between steady work and a steady job. An illustration may be found in the case of the men who are paid to sprinkle the city's streets. If some of the water which has been going to waste in Kansas and South Carolina could be turned on the streets of Portland, life here would be much more tolerable.

EARLY DAYS AT CANYON CITY

(By Paul De Laney.)

Canyon City is not only one of the most interesting towns in Oregon, but around it clusters more stories of the early pioneer days than any other point in the state.

"There on the hill—Rebel Hill," said Mr. Parrish, pointing to a thickly populated point on the East side of Canyon City's main street, "is the old house once occupied by Joaquin Miller as his home. Then that little shack across the canyon was once occupied by J. W. Whaley. And just up the street is the old house where W. Lair Hill used to board."

Then he named man after man who had lived in Canyon City in early days and who afterwards reached prominence in the country. There were Senators, Congressmen, jurists, financiers and scores of others who had made their start in life in Canyon City.

"And there were some rough times in those early days, too," continued Mr. Parrish. "Like all of the early mining towns she had her bad men as well as the good, and it sometimes became necessary for the people to take the law into their own hands—at least they did it. There were some amusing incidents in those days, too. The Canyon City miners stole a grave from the New Pine Creek camp which lies over the hill yonder, and just above the fire bell there, a soldier's horse jumped over a bluff and had to be led out through a woman's parlor in order to get him back into open territory. Canyon City also had one of the most orderly lynchings ever reported in the Western country."

How about stealing that grave? I inquired of Mr. Parrish. "Oh, it was this way," he replied. "There was a death over in the New Pine Creek camp and the miners over there made up a purse and employed a sailor who had drifted into the country, and was having a hard time of it to get along, to dig a grave. They gave him \$20 to do the work and he dug the grave on top of the hill between the two canyons, where the present cemetery is now situated. The new Pine Creek men set the following day to bury their dead, and the hour of 10 o'clock in the morning was fixed for the ceremony."

"The night before, however, there was a shooting scrape in the Canyon City camp and a gambler was killed as a result. The Canyon boys knew of the newly-dug grave on the hill and they rushed their corpse out by day-break and buried it in the grave prepared for the New Pine Creek corpse. When the New Pine Creek fellows arrived in solemn procession with their corpse and found the grave occupied by the dead gambler, there was trouble in the air. They didn't care for the \$20, or for the delay in digging another grave, but they were incensed over being made the butt of the greatest joke they ever heard of before."

"They went in search of the sailor, thinking he had sold the grave to the other side, after they had paid him for digging it, but he got a hint of the trouble and took to the woods. Then they came over in a body to Canyon City and threatened to clean out the camp, but everybody kept quiet and they did not know who to start in on. They finally had another grave dug, but they guarded it with shotguns until the corpse was lowered and the dirt replaced over it. The sailor did not show up until the whole trouble had blown over."

"But the worst sold soldier you ever saw was the one whose horse jumped over the bluff. A detachment had been on a scouting expedition in the Harney country and returned by way of Canyon City. The first thing they did was to get on a spree. They were camped on the east side of the canyon near the resident portion of the camp, at that time, and the men were mining on the opposite side. The miners were hauling the dirt in wheelbarrows to the sluice boxes and the intoxicated soldiers were amusing themselves by shooting at the wheelbarrows as the miners were wheeling them along. The hilarity became so great that one of the soldier's horses leaped over the embankment into the back yard of one of the citizens and it looked as if he were there to stay. The house was wedged into the gulch with perpendicular walls on either side and the back yard occupied by the horse looked like a huge well from above. After discussing various methods for rescuing the animal it was decided that it would have to be taken out through the house. The lady of the house was finally persuaded and the doors were thrown open and the animal led out through her parlor. This little episode resulted in quieting down the soldiers."

"The most orderly lynching in the history of the West took place here in early days," continued Mr. Parrish. "The victim was a man by the name of Berry Way, and he doubtless paid a just penalty. He had already had a narrow call in a California mining camp and was not in good standing anyway, and when he committed a cold-blooded murder in Oregon, the miners here thought it was time to close his career. He was suspected of killing a man in California for his money, but as the body of the man could not be found the miners by a small majority vote decided to let him go, provided he would leave the country. He came to Canyon City and here he was soon spotted by men who knew him there. Jim Small, at present one of Grant County's leading sheep-men, was among the number to recognize him, and was also among the number to take him from the Sheriff and execute him."

"Way and a companion had been engaged in teaming between Canyon City and The Dalles and had made a large sum of money. Way's old inclination came back to him and he murdered his partner on the road and took his money. He was arrested, but made his escape from the Sheriff and went to Idaho. He was heard from over there and arrested and brought back. When the Deputy Sheriff reached Canyon City, the miners considered the fact that it was a long distance to The Dalles and feared that Way might again escape from the deputy. It got noised about camp that the prisoner would be taken from the officer and the latter sought the upper story of a log house as the safest place to keep Way. The doors were locked and the starway barricaded. There was only one window to the building, and through this the miners, accomplished their purpose."

"They placed a ladder against the house and Jim Small climbed to the window. The deputy discharged his revolver, but Jim went right on and demanded the prisoner. The window was forced open and the prisoner was dragged from the building. The miners then assembled, elected a judge, selected a jury of 12 men, and appointed a number of deputies to carry out the orders of the court. Witnesses were sworn and the trial proceeded in as orderly a manner as any modern court is conducted. After the evidence was all in and the speeches were made, the miner judge charged the jury upon their honor, their oaths, everything that was sacred, to do justice to the prisoner. It is said to have been one of the ablest charges ever heard by those present at the trial."

"The jury found Way guilty at 2 o'clock in the morning. The judge immediately sentenced him to pay the death penalty by hanging at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of the same day. Forty deputies were appointed to see that the execution was carried on in an orderly manner. A collection was taken up to have a scaffold built, and promptly at the appointed hour, Way arrived at the scaffold, sitting on his coffin, in a two-horse wagon strongly guarded. "The prisoner examined the scaffold minutely, after which he was asked how he liked it."

"There is not drop enough," said Way. "I can give you more drop," said the man who had superintended the building of the scaffold, "but I fear you might strike the ground, and that would hurt you." "Way's measurement was taken, however, and a half a foot more drop was given. He then walked upon the scaffold firmly, the noose was placed about his neck, the black cap adjusted, and the work of the scaffold was perfect."

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

The more lace there is around a woman's corsage, the less it conceals. The only man who is prouder than the intimate friend of a United States Senator is the intimate friend of a friend of a Senator. Women get as much pleasure out of thinking of the big things their husbands are going to do as their husbands do out of doing them.—New York Press.

WHY SO GENEROUS?

Joseph Girouard of Spencer, Mass., announced recently that he would give receipts in full to all his debtors who applied, providing they were unable to meet their obligations. "No matter whether it is \$10 or \$1,000," he declared. "Any man who says he cannot pay it shall have a receipt. I want to feel kindly toward all the people and not have them burdened with any debts to me." But it has turned out that no man owned him a single cent.

REMEMBERED THE WIDOWS.

In his last will, Dr. Ladislaus Jasinski, a leading physician in Lemberg, Galicia, bequeathed \$65,000 to a fund for assisting widows of doctors, and ordained at the same time that not more than eight shillings should be spent on his funeral. His numerous orders and medals of distinction had been given away the day before his death to a hostler and postman.

A TRUE STORY.

It is told as a true story that John Chapman, at Galena, Kan., fell down a 20-foot tramway at the Blind Tiger mine and dislocated his shoulder. He went home and stumbled down the cellar steps, and in falling his shoulder was thrown back into place. He took a drink and returned to work.

United States Senator Daniel of Virginia said in a recent speech at Baltimore that the nineteenth century produced five soldiers to whom the world has given the title of great—Napoleon, Wellington, Von Moltke, Grant and Robert E. Lee.

THE WORLD OF FASHION FINDS ITS FOCUS IN THE OPENING OF LONDON'S GAY SEASON

(From the New York American and Journal)

LONDON, May 23.—With the beginning of May, the "London season" starts in earnest, and society people are now flocking back to town in ever-increasing numbers.

The opera and the great art exhibitions have opened their doors, and are crowded daily and nightly by all that is noblest, smartest and wealthiest among the population of Great Britain.

If the weather was only decent, instead of being dull and damp when it isn't pouring torrents, the appearance of the West End of the town would be as bright and animated as it always is during the season, when the streets are filled with carriages and motors, lords and ladies in bright raiment promenade in the park, and the mansions of the great are decked with flowers on every window-sill and balcony.

The season of 1903 is likely to be a brilliant one, for more than one reason. In the first place, it is the first one free from the incubus of war.

That of last year was only relieved by the news of peace when it was half over, and was, besides, preoccupied with the King's illness and the coronation.

Secondly, though taxation is still heavy, the concession made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to the wealthy class in taking four pence off the income tax will doubtless cause a freer circulation of money.

West End tradesmen are looking forward to the season's business in a more hopeful spirit than they have for the last three years.

An amusing episode occurred at a recent bazaar at Woolwich. The Mayor of the borough was addressing the assembled company, when he informed that the glove on his right hand was the one he wore when the King shook hands with him on the occasion of His Majesty's visit to the Herbert Hospital.

"Now," continued the Mayor, "I am willing to stand here for 10 minutes to shake hands with all comers at six pence a time."

Eighty-one six-pence were realized in 10 minutes for the church fund, and then, after he had had a rest, the Mayor, amid much laughter, reduced the charge to three pence.

Ultimately he had to stop his money-making exertions on account of a weak wrist.

The Bishop of Norwich, Dr. Sheepshanks, quite understands what "roughing it" means. The other day he stated at a meeting that he had known what it was to sleep on the ground for weeks and months together. He had mended his own boots and patched his breeches. As for cooking, well, if any one wanted to know how to make flapjacks, let them go to him. The explanation of Dr. Sheepshanks' unusual experiences and accomplishments is to be found in the fact that some years ago he was chaplain to the Bishop of British Columbia.

The idea of a Bishop going about his diocese in an automobile is decidedly novel, and the Church Times comments on the gift of the diocese of Newcastle to Dr. Jacob on his translation to the see of St. Albans thus: When Jacob was to Egypt called, The old man's heart grew gay, Sung the thoughtful Joseph's gift Of wagons for the way. Another Jacob leaves his home, Southward to travel far; And filial piety provides A handsome motor car.

The recreations of statesmen are very often in the direction of literature, and Canning's rhyming dispatch to the British Minister to Holland is a well-known example of the political muse.

It is now being recalled that Joe Chamberlain has a play hidden away somewhere which he wrote in earlier days, and which wild horses would not drag from Birmingham to the stage of Drury Lane.

But Mr. Chamberlain is not the only statesman-playwright, though possibly he is the only statesman who has played, even as an amateur, in a farce or drama of his own.

Lord Rosebery appeared as an amateur actor in a performance of "Rob Roy," and did his best, an old farmer said to his wife, "to turn a gran' play like 'Rob Roy' into a pantomime;" and one of Mr. Chamberlain's predecessors as Colonial Secretary owed his rise in politics largely to the success of his plays.

Bulwer Lytton and Sir Thomas Talfourd were among the statesmen who wrote plays, and France has had a President who was

once for three years a paid applauder in a theatre. "I have never been here," said Cobden, when taking Convent Garden for the Anti-Corn Law League, "since I came to offer a play to the management, which was refused." The play was the first thing the great reformer ever wrote. It was called "The Phenologist," and had it been accepted we might have known nothing today of Richard Cobden in politics.

He came to look back upon the rejection of the play as a stroke of luck, "for if he had accepted it," he said, "I should probably have been a vagabond all the rest of my life."

Personal estate valued at \$185,000 was left by the late Dean Farrar, and it is a very large sum for a working cleric.

The great success of his literary work, which included a "Life of Christ" and the popular boys' story, "Eric; or, Little by Little," was the source of his wealth.

His "Life of Christ" is said to have yielded its fortunate author a third of his testamentary wealth.

Dean Farrar was a copious writer in other lines of literature. On one occasion he dictated 1,200 words to a scribe for syndicate use, and was paid \$100 for less than 40 minutes' work.

The incomparable river scenery that is to be found on the upper reaches of the Thames is a perennial attraction for American pleasure seekers, and this year the charm of the river appears likely to lose none of its power.

Following the example of the King and Queen, many well-known society people are having new launches built or old ones re-decorated and renovated for the season on the river.

Their majesties intend to devote a good deal of their time to the river this season, and their state barges have been completely overhauled.

The water parties to Virginia Water are to be revived this year, and will vary the more brilliant "land" functions that are contemplated.

Many American and Continental parties are already housed at some part of the river between Richmond and Lechlade, and altogether the prospects of the river season are exceptionally bright.

Every fresh batch of statistics that is issued concerning this great city causes new wonderment.

The annual street traffic return for the city of London—the "one square mile," with a resident population of some 35,000—shows that in 1902 over a million persons and nearly 100,000 carriages entered and left the city every day.

Entrance to the city from the south is necessarily made by the bridges, and in spite of the opening of the Tower Bridge not 10 years ago the widening of London Bridge has become imperative on account of the constant increase of traffic.

This work is now being carried out, the method of increasing the width being to construct overhanging sidewalks supported on brackets.

The present London Bridge was opened in 1831, and was constructed by the great engineer Rennie, who also built Waterloo Bridge, which is considered, in nobility of design and proportion, to equal anything the ancient Romans ever did.

Some samples of miscellaneous statistics will give a further idea of the magnitude of the city's daily work.

In washing the courts and streets of the city no less than 46,971,865 gallons of water were used.

A total of 79,548 van-loads of refuse were removed, an average of 255 per day.

One disadvantage of belonging to a noble family is the great burden one is involuntarily liable to, carry about with one in the shape of baptismal nomenclature.

A young "gentleman cadet" of Sandhurst Military College has just had the gratification of seeing himself in print in the "London Gazette" as having received from the King a commission as Second Lieutenant in the Army.

His name is, of course, set forth in full; thus: Leone Sextus Denys Oswald Fraudenti-filius Tollemache-Tollemache de Orelana Plantagenet Tollemache-Tollemache.

Second Lieutenant L. S. D. O. F. T. T. d O. P. Tollemache-Tollemache is the second son of the Hon. Lyonel Tollemache, and grandson of Baron Tollemache and of the seventh Earl of Kingston.

A LITTLE TABASCO SAUCE.

A strenuous woman is not a thing of beauty or a joy forever.

A number of rascals seem to have served terms in the Postoffice Department at Washington when they would have fitted the penitentiary better.

The greed of the custom houses appears to be the only thing on the face of the earth that appals J. Pierpont Morgan.

The Standard Oil Company has just invaded Russia. Again Greek meets Greek. History is a repeat.

Hermann's election in Oregon cannot be said to be a Rooseveltian idea.

THE FUTURE.

Starry lights in the heavenly spaces Watch above in the solemn night; Guarding mist that the day displaces Rise on sunbeam ladders of light; Bending roses of summer pressing Sweet red lips to the daisy snow, Murmur ever of peace and blessing O'er our loved ones cold and low!

A frieze on the wall is worth two colds in the b