

EDITORIAL COMMENT AND TIMELY TOPICS

THE OREGON
DAILY JOURNALBY
C. S. JACKSON

Oregon Journal

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, 2 cents; over 28 pages, 3 cents.

TELEPHONES.

Business Office—Oregon, Main 500; Columbia, 705.
Editorial Rooms—Oregon Main 250.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Terms by Carrier.	Terms by Mail.
The Daily Journal, one year \$5.00	The Daily Journal, by mail, one year \$4.00
The Daily Journal, six months 2.60	The Daily Journal, by mail, six months 2.25
The Daily Journal, three months 1.30	The Daily Journal, by mail, three months 1.25
The Daily Journal, by the week .10	The Daily Journal, by mail, one month .50

The Semi-Weekly Journal.

The Semi-Weekly Journal, eight to twelve pages each issue, all the news and full market reports, one year \$1.50.

The Weekly Journal.

The Weekly Journal, 100 columns of reading each issue, illustrated, full market reports, one year, \$1.00.

Remittances should be made by drafts, postal notes, express orders and small amounts are acceptable in one and two-cent postage stamps.

THE JOURNAL, P. O. Box 121, Portland, Oregon.

To live content with small means;
To seek elegance rather than luxury;
And refinement rather than fashion;
To be worthy, not respectable;
And wealthy, not rich;
To study hard, think quietly;
Talk gently, act frankly;
To listen to stars and birds,
To babes and sages with open heart;
To bear all cheerfully, do all bravely;
Await occasions, hurry never.
In a word, to let the spiritual,
Unbidden and unconscious, grow up
Through the common.
This is to be my symphony.

—William Henry Channing.

ROOSEVELT THE POLITICIAN.

President Roosevelt's views of public office have undergone a remarkable change since the days when he won fame as an ardent advocate of civil service reform, and when he was one of the most enthusiastic exponents of that school of political morality which inculcates that the office should seek the man. The change has been gradual, but none the less complete. Theodore Roosevelt is today one of the foremost "practical politicians" in the country, though it is by no means implied that he resorts to or approves the baser methods too often employed by men of that class.

Time was when Mr. Roosevelt believed and taught that it is improper for an incumbent of public office to use his position for the furtherance of his own political ambitions. The servant of the public must be content, he argued then, with those rewards which are the natural result of faithful service performed with an eye to the public interest.

But Theodore Roosevelt is no longer an idealist in politics. He has graduated, or, as the theorists with whom he formerly consorted would say, he has degenerated into the practical politician, who sees in the honors conferred upon him by the people only an opportunity to gratify still further his personal ambition or his desire for office.

There are many indications of this change, which seems to have taken place in great part since Mr. Roosevelt became President. The most potent is found in his electioneering trip through the Western states, unmistakably undertaken for the purpose of advancing his campaign for the presidential nomination in 1904. For more than a year he has been using his office to further this end and the trip which he has just completed was the crowning stroke whereby he expects to wipe out all opposition and to render success certain. His appointments, his messages and his speeches have been made with the idea of impressing upon Republicans that he is the sole dictator and the sole savior of his party.

Every detail of the western trip was planned with this object in view and the results have shown that the President has been a painstaking student in the once despised school of practical politics. No officeholder could have made more strenuous efforts than has Mr. Roosevelt to prolong his tenure.

But for his desire to spend four years more in the White House, he would never have placed at the head of the Postoffice Department a man whose only recommendation was that he was thoroughly versed in all the arts which build up a personal machine and give control of party conventions. Had he not made that appointment, the President would now be grieved the mortification of the most serious scandal which has arisen since the Star Route frauds.

His predecessors have been governed by an unwritten law which forbids that a President should openly seek a re-nomination. It has been deemed contrary to the dictates of propriety for the chief ruler of the republic to engage in a hunt for a second term. When President Roosevelt imperiously demanded, under pain of his personal displeasure, that his candidacy should be endorsed by the Ohio Republican convention, he violated every precedent of his office. It is true that he carried his point, but the victory was purchased at a sacrifice of Presidential dignity which would have been viewed a dozen years ago with amazement and disapproval. And Mr. Roosevelt would then have been one of the first to disavow such a degradation of the office.

GOOD PROSPECT OF RESULTS.

The investigation which is now being made by the District Attorney should certainly give some substantial results. Whether evidence sufficient to justify criminal proceedings will be discovered, is, of course, a matter of conjecture, so far as the public is concerned, but it would seem safe to assume that civil suits will be instituted for the recovery of the deficit discovered in the accounts of former County Clerks. The total shortage was approximately \$3,500. The bondsmen of these officials are responsible to the county for any shortages. The report of the expert, upon which the present investigation is based, is the result of several months of patient work and it is reasonable to suppose that he is not mistaken in his statements of fact.

Thus far the County Clerk's department is the only one upon which the expert has reported. He is at work on the books of the other departments and will report upon them in time. There is grave reason to fear that the tale of irregularities and abuses is still far from complete. Sheriff Frazier was openly charged during his term of office with having collected from non-resident taxpayers sums in excess of their indebtedness to the county, and The Journal published a year ago fac-similes of raised receipts issued by the Sheriff's office. There have been frequent rumors of even more serious malfeasance in this office, and the expert's investigation may prove even more sensational in its revelations than in the case of the County Clerk's department.

There are other departments which will demand close scrutiny. It must be thorough and impartial if any lasting good is to be accomplished.

Sweden proposes to levy a tax on fat persons. Party lines in future will probably be drawn between the fat and the lean citizens. One advantage of the new system of raising revenue is that tax dodging will be exceedingly difficult. The only way of escape will be to go into training before the tax-collector makes his call.

The threatened crisis in the British cabinet has been averted and the plan advocated by Chamberlain of imposing protective duties has been shelved, at least temporarily. His following, however, is a large one and the question will yet become an important issue in the nation's politics.

A Chicago paper notes with satisfaction that the chiropractors have not yet gone on strike. Every other trade in the Windy City has done so.

New Jersey has a citizen who has been in jail 600 times. And so many people who ought to have been in, have never been there at all.

Chicago had no sooner emerged from the laundry strike than the waiters went out. Chicago's leisure class is constantly increasing.

MUST LIVE ON EACH OTHER.

Uncle Sam has been temporarily bedded in a tussle with King Alcohol; Jonathan retires from the Bremerton contest for a time, and rum rules. The only consolation for the friends of decency and order can draw from the situation is that the fringe of ginmills will now have to subsist upon each other, or to go out of business. The navy department will not reopen the yard to new work until the Bremerton authorities guarantee the government against the evils which have brought about the present trouble, and the navy authorities are right in their demand.—Sacramento Record-Union.

A FEW PLAIN TRUTHS

There are some people of Portland who seem to be of the opinion that the effort of The Journal to purify the political atmosphere of Portland is merely "newspaper talk." The expression "newspaper talk" has been invented since the days of vigorous prosecution of thieves and political scalawags by the modern newspaper. Under the guise of conservatism a certain kind of degenerating journalism is making so-called "dignity" an excuse for not spending money for news and a protection against an expose of the grafters on whom it has fastened during the inane years of its existence. Portland has a most brilliant future, but the municipality is as badly managed as St. Louis and as out-of-date as a South American town with its self-styled dictatorship by petty municipal hangers-on and clerks lazy and fat on public plunder.

To a Republican machine and to Republican abuses the City of Portland owes its present wretched municipal condition. If this condition were due to the Democracy The Journal would condemn it just the same.

Let us stop and contemplate, man to man, the abuses that the rotten administrations of Portland's affairs have heaped upon us. Here we have a city as fair as any on God's earth, favored with a site that has no equal in the world and in a position to command the trade of an empire. Does not the love of this dear place make you yearn for its betterment, for a government that will be for the people and not for a political combination either dominated by a Simon or a Matthews, assisted in the latter case by a Mitchell?

Then why not act? Are we to go along forever, kicked and spurned by an impudent horde of office-holders who are the tools of this double-headed Republican combination, working for self-interest and not for Portland?

What have we to be proud of in the men who serve the city under grace of power bestowed upon them by political manipulators? What city in the country would stand for a Hunt, or what county tolerate a putty man like Storey? Has even honest old Mayor Williams so forgotten his splendid record as a man as to be blind to the deceit that every designing scamp of a wire-puller is working on his rapidly elongating leg? Has the county figure-head, Storey, followed in the footsteps of his predecessor and taking to reversing poetic fancy for his employees, the people, by making a sow's ear out of the county's silken purse? Has Hunt, a hold-over from a municipality, the memory of which Portland would like to wash away with the coming flood, come into his brass for the purpose of swelling his head or the receipts of the city treasury from the tribute of gamblers?

Are not you willing to know that The Journal is sincere in its efforts to better your conditions? We believe you are, but you must not stand supinely by and let discreditable things happen while this paper points to means for their undoing.

The old saying is "We are the people." Here the axiom is inoperative apparently. Is Portland to go on record as being even more careless of her being than is San Francisco, according to the poet, when he wrote:

"Serene indifference to fate
She sits beside the Golden Gate."

Portland, too, is sitting beside the Golden Gate of a magnificent opportunity. The eyes of the country will soon be turned toward us and the glories of Oregon and our city will be heralded to the traveler in all parts of the world. The state and city have combined to make the Lewis and Clark Fair a great thing for all of us. But before we invite strangers within our gates let us insure them that we have a pure city and county government, a fearless press, a sturdy, honest commonwealth and a clean city.

To get this we must not brook for an instant the cheeky demands of a lot of tax-gobblers who are causing us to operate under a high tax with the rottenest municipal government in America compared to population.

These are plain truths and the only way to correct evil is to correct it. Let the incompetent office-holder of the Mitchell-Matthews-Simon-Hermann or whatever you may choose to call it, political ring, go way back and not only sit down but lie down.

WHY HERMANN WAS ELECTED.

The Lewiston Tribune gives voice to the following "outside view" of Oregon politics: "Hermann has been elected to Congress by Oregon to succeed Tongue on the promise that, although he is said to be unfit and discredited, the party will nominate a better man next time and so the people were importuned to stand by the party regardless of its failures and mistakes. Another controlling factor was that Hermann would be able to get a share of administration spoils for his district, while a Democrat would have no right to ask favors of the government. Thus our extreme party politics leads to the elevation of unfit men to the high places and prevents the fit man from taking any part in the shaping of public affairs. Still we prize our politics very highly and seem willing to pay several prices to have the public service abused and plundered."

JEROME'S DOUBLE.

There is a man in New York who is so like District Attorney Jerome that his life is a burden. He thinks of moving away to avoid Jerome's friends and enemies. His name is F. L. McCutcheon. Some of his adventures would make a horse laugh. Only a day or two ago a man stopped him at Nassau street with: "Ah, now I've got you. I have been to your office three times and have been turned down every time. You are supposed to be a servant of the public, and I'm one of the public. I helped to elect you and I'm entitled to respectful treatment. When can you see me on that matter?" McCutcheon, instead of trying to explain that he was not Jerome and knew nothing about "that matter," simply apologized and said "call again."

"The other day," says Marshall Wilder, "I got on a Fifth Avenue stage and found that I had nothing less than a two-dollar note in my pocket."

"Well?" asked a friend.

"I gave it to the driver," said Wilder, "and he asked me which horse I wanted."

New York Times.

She: Is it really true that the blind can determine color by the sense of touch?

He: Sure. I once knew a blind man who was able to tell a red-hot stove by merely putting his finger on it.—Chicago News.

BULLMAN TORN BY A HORSE

It Seizes Him With Its Teeth and Tosses Him About Till Trainer Pierce Fells It With a Currycomb.

Caught in the jaws of a maddened stallion, tossed, bitten and pounded, Jockey J. J. Bullman had a marvelous escape from death at Sheephead Bay yesterday.

The affair took place at Bullman's private stable, near his home, at Sheephead Bay. The horse, a beautifully proportioned jet black trotter, was a new purchase.

Bullman, reared in the saddle, loves a horse, and all his leisure is passed behind as speedy a trotter as his means can afford.

Ten days ago he bought the black stallion at a bargain, as he thought, and last Sunday proudly gave the dust to everything on the Coney Island boulevard.

To all appearances the stallion was as gentle as he was speedy. He would eat from Bullman's hand, and when the jockey-owner groomed him in the mornings the black racer would whinny in the friendliest fashion.

Only one man about Bullman's stable was sceptical of the new purchase. This was Hiram Pierce, a young Kentuckian, the brother-in-law of Charles Patterson, head trainer for Burns & Waterhouse, the California millionaires.

"Look out for that black fellow," warned Hiram at first sight of the new trotter. "I don't like his eye. He'll bite you if he gets a chance."

But Bullman only laughed and continued to come and go in the horse's box stall without a thought of fear.

Bullman was up early yesterday morning. It was to be his busy day. He was scheduled to ride three races at the Gravesend track—Pentaur in the second, Duffell in the sixth and John A. Scott in the seventh. After this he was to take a train for Chicago, where he was engaged to ride McChesney in the Chicago derby.

Bullman rides for John W. Schorr, the millionaire horseman of Memphis.

Eager for the dash behind his new trotter, Bullman hurried to the stable from the breakfast table and, currycomb in hand, unhesitatingly entered the stallion's box stall. Hiram Pierce half jestingly repeated the old warning:

"Look out, Bullman!" he shouted. "That black devil will bite you sure!"

Without halter or headstrap the horse stood motionless. His head was lowered, and so rigid was his pose that Bullman ceased laughing and spoke to him.

"What's the matter, old boy?" he said, stroking the glossy neck.

As a spark of fire acts on gunpowder, so did the first stroke of Bullman's hand act upon the stallion. He turned, fastened his teeth in Bullman's right side and, with a heave of his powerful head, took the

jockey from his feet.

Bullman recovered his nerve in an instant and fought to tear himself loose. But he was tossed into the air, and the crazy stallion shook him as a terrier would a rat.

Then round and round the big box stall the horse dashed, whirling the helpless jockey from side to side, pounding him against the rafters and striking at him with his hoofs.

The tossing and the pain of the teeth fastened in his side robbed Bullman of consciousness when Hiram Pierce reached the scene. He had not seen the attack, but his ear had caught the thunder of hoofs and Bullman's cries for help.

The young Kentuckian threw off his coat, seized a bar of wood used as a guard for the front of the stall and rained blows upon the animal.

Under the rain of blows the horse rushed at his assailant, but the grip of his great jaws on the jockey never loosened. Dodging the flying hoofs, Pierce threw away the wooden bar and caught up the heavy metal-backed currycomb that Bullman had dropped.

It would have been a contemptible weapon in the hands of most men, but the young Kentucky trainer knew just how to make the most of it. As with lowered head the mad horse made straight for him, Pierce struck straight and hard for the stallion's eye.

Back on his haunches fell the brute, his jaws fell apart, and Bullman rolled into the straw, covered with blood and seemingly dead.

Before the stallion recovered from the blow he was a prisoner behind the dogs of his stall, while Bullman was being carried to his home.

Dr. Pool, of Sheephead Bay, was the first physician to arrive. He found a great wound where the stallion's teeth had torn Bullman's right side. To this were added many cuts and bruises, but not an injury anywhere that menaces the jockey's life.

"Bullman should be up and about in reasonably good shape in a week," said Dr. Pool.

Bullman will not be able to ride in the Chicago derby, and his employer, Mr. Schorr, wired the news West last night.

"Of course, it was a desperate close shave," said Bullman to a World reporter at his Sheephead Bay home last night. "That black horse certainly did fool me. Why, he was as friendly as a pet dog. I have let my five-year-old boy drive him half a dozen times."

"How did I feel when he had me up in the air? Well, I can't exactly remember. What I do know is that Hiram saved my life with that blow on the stallion's eye."

TOURIST AND PIONEER.

The bare-footed tourist swoops down on the West

With a glimmer of diamonds, a surfeit of nerve—

He flashes his bank notes and hints the request

That the whole busy country his pleasure should serve.

His ticket is good on the lightning express—

The flunkies all thirst for his harrowing tale—

But his bluster falls flat with the men who came West

When your busiest street was a dim pony trail!

He can tell you the woes of the overland train—

The long two-day journey, the dust and delay—

How to starve for two hours on the perilous plain.

When the cook in the diner got drunk on the way.

The tenderfoot shudders to hear him relate

How the manners of Westerners make him turn pale—

But his fuming don't ruffle the hero sedate,

Who laid out your streets by the dim pony trail.

The tourist may know all the operas grand—

But his soul never tasted the raptures that steal

From the old martial music of pioneer land—

The crack of the bull whip, the creak of the wheel!

He may know all the authors, and read the late books—

But the light of his wisdom to nothingness pales

In the light of the Epic locked up in the breasts

Of the men who built towns on the old pony trail!

Pendleton, Or.

WHAT HE IS WORTH.

"What a curious habit we have," remarked the streetcar philosopher, "of saying that a man is worth \$5 and so many thousands of dollars. I know men who have many dollars, who, judged from any reasonable standard, that I know, are not worth anything at all. It is refreshing to hear occasionally of men who do happen to be worth a great deal, even although they are rich, and who are anxious that people should forget they have money and think of them only for their qualities. All the same, it always gives me an unpleasant turn when I see a man's worth put down in dollars."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Rich men's sons always have a pass to the devil—but let it be said to their credit that all of them do not use it.

REGARDING RAILS.

PORTLAND, Or., June 10, 1903.—Editor Journal—At the present our civic pride is growing at a rate arousing thrills of enthusiasm in those who are progressive in their ideas, and making the old moss-backs stand aghast with astonishment, wondering whether they will be able to recognize their old haunts in a few years. And while these good intentions and acts are going on, I see cause for each citizen to act as a committee of one and give a bit of time and attention to the public work now being done.

I desire to call attention to the proper officials to the laying of a streetcar track at the intersection of Washington and Nineteenth streets, which should be of heavy rails, to assure the public that within a year or two the jarring has not made it necessary to take up the asphalt to fasten the clamps, and thereby ruin the streets. It should be the pride of our citizens to have well-paved streets, and then to maintain them, and corporations should give a helping hand, without being reminded of their public duty.

LEO FRIEDE.

A LITTLE TABASCO SAUCE.

Mrs. Knicker—They say a fool and his money are soon parted.

Mrs. Bocker—It isn't so. George is a perfect idiot, and I can't get a cent out of him.—New York Sun.

It transpires that Mark Hanna has been for Roosevelt all the time. Easy Mark!

The reason, it is said, that Chicago is so strenuous, is because everybody curses its climate.

The guests were waiting. Already the organ was playing the procession.

Under the terms of the betrothal the bride was to pay \$999,000 cash. She had counted out a hundred \$10,000 bills.

"Change, please," she said.

That his grace, the Duke, was nettled, everybody could see. It was a painful moment.

But the archbishop came to the rescue. Laughing as if it were all the best joke in the world, he passed the hat among the bridal party, and in a moment collected \$5,000, which he pressed into the bride's hand.

Thus the self-respect of neither was sacrificed.

Of course the story leaked out.

"Dear old fellow!" exclaimed everybody, and the archbishop was more in demand at weddings than ever.—Life.

Eddie Arnold's "tariff investment concern" paid its victims 2 cents on the dollar. That's better than many oil and mining companies have done.

It is seriously announced as news that Governor Yates of Illinois wants to be re-elected. Certainly, was there ever a man who contracted the office-itch that could rid himself of it.