

EDITORIAL COMMENT AND TIMELY TOPICS

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

BY C. S. JACKSON

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It is easy enough to be pleasant. When life flows on like a song. But the man worth while is the man that will smile when everything goes dead wrong.

THE PORT OF PORTLAND A PARTISAN POSTOFFICE COMMISSION.

The contest for the control of the Port of Portland seems to be based entirely upon the question of political expediency and what it will do, or can be made to do for politics as a business, and not particularly in the interest of the port and the people who are expected to carry the burden now and during the years to come.

In any line of business enterprise, where new men were to be selected to associate with the older heads in its conduct, it would not be expected that the new men would be preferred for the executive positions, particularly if the fitness of the older members was specifically recognized, as in the case under consideration.

It is self-evident that the people of this city who are permitting themselves to be taxed every year to raise vast sums for the improvement of the river, will not view with any degree of satisfaction the possibility of this body being used for political purposes, and there are many citizens who are now beginning to take the view that this is the cause of the contest.

A fellow named Cowgill, at Baker City, who makes his living by fawning on railroad magnates—these are the words in which the Oregonian editorially describes the man who was the chief agent of the railroads in the effort to invoke the referendum against the portage road, and who, at that time, was given all the space he wanted in the columns of our contemporary.

A philosopher who has studied the subject declares that there are exactly as many ways of being fooled by a woman as there are women in the world. This is very discouraging to the man who is trying to understand the sex.

The waiters' strike in Chicago has resulted in the formation of an Anti-tipping League, whose members are pledged to refrain from giving tips to employees in hotels and restaurants. This unexpected retaliation has caused some long faces among the strikers.

Coincident with the laundry strike in Chicago, there was an epidemic of marriages. No wonder! Men must find some means to get their linen washed.

A PARTISAN POSTOFFICE

The postoffice investigation has brought to light two significant facts: First, that there has been wholesale corruption among some of the higher officials of the department, and second, that the patronage of the department has been used for political purposes on a very large scale.

While the sensational feature of the disclosures thus far made is the boondoggling and grafting on the part of postal officials, this is perhaps in fact less serious than the discovery that the whole department is permeated with politics.

Postal facilities have frequently been extended in new districts, merely for the purpose of creating places for the proteges of prominent politicians. The whole department has become honeycombed with politics and is fast assuming the appearance of a mere adjunct to the political machine of the party in power.

The evils of a partisan postoffice are even greater than the corruption which has been discovered among postal officials. The latter may be graduated with comparative ease, but to cleanse the department from politics is a far greater task.

It may well be questioned whether it will be accomplished as the result of the investigation now in progress. President Roosevelt himself will scarcely have the courage to enter upon so vast an undertaking in the face of the certain opposition of a large and influential element of the Republicans in Congress.

It is interesting to observe how closely European governments observe the utterances of the American press. Nothing could be more significant of the growing power of this country in the affairs of the world. It is but a few weeks ago that Germany was in a fever of excitement over the criticisms uttered by American newspapers, and now Russia is equally disturbed.

The dispatches from Martinique, reporting the renewed activity of Mont Pelee, suggests that the volcano is growing jealous of the recent prominence given by the newspapers to the Mississippi.

George C. Brownell does not want to be District Attorney, for he has said so repeatedly. How grieved he will be if the Oregon delegation disregards his earnest wishes and insists upon his appointment.

Mark Hanna's advice to his fellow Republicans to "stand pat" is probably prompted by his own unpleasant sensations when he recently took the opposite course.

The welcome given to President Roosevelt by the people of Washington, D. C., upon his return from his Western trip, would probably have been more gratifying to him if they had only been voters.

FAMOUS SERMON FROM THE BIBLE.

BRIDLE THE TONGUE.

(A Little Member, but a Powerful Instrument of Much Good and Great Harm.)

My brethren, be not many masters, knowing that we shall receive the greater condemnation. For in many things we offend all. If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man.

And able to bridle the whole body. Behold, we put bits in the horses' mouths, THAT THEY MAY OBEY US; And we turn about their whole body. Behold also the ships, which though they be so great, and are driven of fierce winds, Yet are they turned about with a very small helm, Whithersoever the governor listeth.

Even so the tongue is a little member, And boasteth great things. Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth! AND THE TONGUE IS A FIRE, A WORLD OF INIQUITY.

So is the tongue among our members, That it defileth the whole body, And setteth on fire the course of nature; AND IT IS SET ON FIRE OF HELL,

For every kind of beasts, And of birds, And of serpents, And of things in the sea is tamed, And hath been tamed of mankind; BUT THE TONGUE NO MAN CAN TAME, IT IS AN UNRULY EVIL, FULL OF DEADLY POISON.

Therewith bless we God, even the Father; And therewith curse we men, WHICH ARE MADE AFTER THE SIMILITUDE OF GOD.

Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing. My brethren, these things ought not so to be, DOTH A FOUNTAIN SEND FORTH AT THE SAME PLACE SWEET WATER AND BITTER?

Can a fig tree, my brethren, bear olive berries? Either a vine, figs? So can no fountain both yield salt water and fresh.

WHO IS A WISE MAN And endued with knowledge among you? Let him shew out of a good conversation His works with meekness of wisdom. But if ye have bitter envying and strife in your hearts, GLORY NOT, AND LIE NOT AGAINST THE TRUTH.

This wisdom descendeth not from above, but IS EARTHLY, SENSUAL, DEVILISH. For where envying and strife is, there is confusion AND EVERY EVIL WORK.

But the wisdom that is from above Is first pure, Then peaceable, gentle, And easy to be intreated, Full of mercy and good fruits, Without partiality, and Without hypocrisy.

AND THE FRUIT OF RIGHTEOUSNESS IS SOWN IN PEACE OF THEM THAT MAKE PEACE.

ONE MAN'S GOOD WORK.

For upward of six weeks a low-voiced, quiet-mannered man has sat at the desk in the big room in the northwest corner of the fourth floor of the Postoffice Department Building, at Washington, D. C. That desk was formerly presided over by August W. Machen, recently arrested, charged with having accepted a bribe in connection with a contract for supplying articles for the use of the free delivery division of the Postoffice Department.

Young Fosnes attracted the attention of William Windom, then the central figure in Minnesota public life, through whose influence he was appointed a special agent in the pension bureau. He served in this capacity for 10 years, nearly all the time in the Middle West. He made such a good record that he was then transferred to the inspection corps of the Postoffice Department.

At the beginning of the first McKinley administration, back in 1897, Joseph L. Bristow was made Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General. The inspection division was under his jurisdiction, and the reports of the 50 or more inspectors passed through his hands. Among them were those of Inspector Fosnes. There was a certain quality about them that Bristow liked. They were direct and to the point, and there was no point in a case he investigated that was left to the imagination.

The methods pursued by Fosnes strongly attracted Bristow. They were like his own in many respects, and he therefore pushed Fosnes to the front in order to test his ability in an executive position. During the Spanish-American war he was assigned to temporary charge of the Chicago division. Then he was sent to Philadelphia in permanent charge of that division. While in the Quaker City he was given several important and complicated cases to investigate, and did his work so well that Mr. Bristow knew he had a man on whom he could depend and who could be trusted with almost any duty in his line.

Mr. Fosnes returned from Cuba somewhat broken in health, the result of an attack of yellow fever, and was ordered by his doctors to a bracing climate. He did not want to loaf and asked for an assignment that might meet the requirements of his health, and he was therefore sent to St. Paul, in charge of the northwestern division. He stayed there until about two months ago, when he was called to Washington to again assist his chief in unearthing frauds. He was put in charge of the investigation of the free delivery service, over which August W. Machen had supervision. For a time Machen was allowed to continue in service. Then Fosnes asked that Machen be relieved in order that he might have full control of all the papers and documents in the bureau. Machen was suspended indefinitely, and within a month was arrested on a charge of bribery, the case having been worked up by Inspector Mayer, under Fosnes' orders.

One thing that strikes a person who attempts to interview Mr. Fosnes is his extreme modesty. At no time has he claimed any credit for his work in Cuba, nor in the present investigation. He prefers to let that speak for itself. Neither does he give out any more information than he intends to. He is courteous and willing to answer questions, but when the answers are dissected they are found to contain little information that might make a sensation. As a matter of fact, he would rather keep in the background, and let others make public the results of the work he does so diligently and quickly. Since Mr. Machen's arrest there has been considerable talk about Fosnes being made chief of the free delivery service, but that appointment has been deferred by common consent until the conclusion of the work he is now doing, and doing well.

It is impossible for any man to be true to himself by deceiving others.—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE SOCIALISTIC WAVE

The Commercial West, the well-known Minneapolis publication, contained in a recent issue the following interesting comment on "Socialism":

"The irritations in connection with the coal strike naturally caused a great many people to be quickly converted to the Socialistic plan of government operation of the coal mines. But there was an element of compulsion in their conversion; which now being removed, will leave the converts very loosely bound to their Socialistic faith. The United States is a poor soil for Socialistic principles. Individual enterprise is the key to our industrial advancement, and this fact a great majority of the people of the country will doubtless always bear in mind, refusing therefore to ever go far with Socialistic schemes which restrict originality, enterprise and initiative, and lead to inefficiency and waste."

"England during the last few years, has been experimenting with various Socialistic schemes, but the experiments, though interesting, will hardly inspire in the American people a desire to do likewise."

"Here are some of the articles which advocates of municipal ownership have led certain British municipalities to acquire or establish:

"Turkish baths, owned by the cities of Leamington and Harrogate. "Municipal lectures, established in Glasgow, in addition to that city's ownership of water works and car lines. "Fireworks displays, given at municipal cost by Harrogate.

"Laundries, Liverpool. "Shares in ship canal, Manchester. "Municipal Palace, Glasgow. "Business premises for renting, soon to be erected by Sheffield.

"Rabbit warren, Torquay. "Oyster fishery, Colchester. "Sterilized milk, supplied by St. Helen's. "Crematorium, Hull. "Race tracks, Doncaster and Chester. Doncaster conducts its own races.

"Golf links, Bournemouth. "Hotels, Bradford and Liverpool. "Docks and harbor, Bristol. "One castle, Nottingham.

"Local universities, Birmingham and Nottingham, with Liverpool to establish one in the near future."

"Municipal organ, with salaried organist, Liverpool.

"The London Times has lately been pub-

lishing a series of articles showing the extravagances and waste of the various municipal-owned propositions of England. It shows how the little City of Cardiff, for instance, has conducted various enterprises capitalized at £235,631 (lighting, baths, markets and cemetery) at a net loss for the year ending March 31, 1901, of £3,576. In the county borough of West Ham, a manufacturing suburb of London, which includes Victoria docks, and has a population of more than 275,000, the Socialists came into control of the town council following the great dock strike of 1890. The Socialists council first established a 'works department' to do all borough work by 'direct employment.' Employment was supplied regardless of the cost, a new £100,000 hospital being at once started as a means of increasing the opportunities for employment. Only union labor was employed, the eight-hour day was adopted, and the union scale with 20 per cent increase became the borough scale.

"Housing schemes were next in order. Twenty-seven dwellings were built and occupied by employees of the Borough Corporation who paid only nominal rent. They got electric lighting at 6d. per week, half what it cost the borough. A law was passed granting liberal pensions to city laborers after short service. The evening sessions of the council were attended by great audiences of borough employees who were admitted even to the floor of the council chamber to express their demands. The annual increase in expenditure grew from £13,000 to £33,000, and the rates of taxation became more than doubled. The manufacturing enterprises of the borough were required to pay an unusual part of the increased taxes.

"But this plan of taking from the rich to give to the poor had its drawbacks. Rents were raised from 12 1/2 to 20 per cent; manufacturers considered going elsewhere, and finally the labor people who were not city employees became envious of those in the employ of the city, who were notoriously lazy and getting 20 per cent more than the union scale of wages. The disgust of taxpayers reached a climax when a bill was proposed for various public works to cost not less than £2,500,000, including £1,875,000 for workmen's dwellings. The taxpayers banded into a defensive organization and ended the Socialist regime, which left, however, a legacy of £1,900,000 prospective obligations."—Jackson.

TODAY.

I love this age of energy and force; Expectantly I greet each pregnant hour, Emerging from the All-Creative source, Supreme with promise, imminent with power. The strident whistle and the clanging bell, The noise of gongs, the rush of motored things Are but the prophet voices which foretell A time when Thought may use unfettered wings.

Too long the drudgery of earth has been A barrier 'twixt man and his own mind. Remove the stone, and, lo! the Christ within! For He is there, and whose sucks shall find.

The great Inventor is the modern Priest; He paves the pathway to a higher goal. Once from the grind of endless toil released, Man will explore the kingdom of his Soul.

And all the restless rush, this strain and strife, This noise and glare is but the fanfare'd That ushers in the more majestic life, When Faith will walk with Science unafraid.

I feel the strong vibrations of the earth, I sense the coming of an hour sublime, And bless the star that watched above my birth And let me live in this important time.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE "FUNNY" NEWSPAPER MEN.

A crystal stream, All swiftly flowing, A big shade tree Above it growing, A bank of green, A jug of rye, A bed of mint, A place to lie, An old tin cup, A chunk of ice, An hour of ease And paradise.

—Detroit Journal.

First Kid—Is he in love wid her? Second Kid—Sure. I seen him gib her all most de whole core of a apple.—St. Louis Star.

"So you belong to the Don't Worry Club?" "I do, and I'm glad of it, although my membership compels me to take a few chances."

"In what way?" "I had to quit looking at the gas meter and weighing my ice."—Washington Star.

Ethel—I offered Ferdie a penny for his thoughts. Edith—Well, I'll never let you do any shopping for me!—Puck.

WON'T HELP SOCIALIST ARGUMENT.

Recent developments in the postoffice department serve to remind the advocates of government control of transportation and production industries that they never have been able to bolster their argument by any reference to the one business which the government does control, the postal business.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Old Rose—Young man, I have graduated from the school of experience. Young one—From the result, I would be willing to bet that it was a night school.—Princeton Tiger.

TALLEST GERMAN SOLDIER.

The German army is celebrated for the remarkable average height of its soldiers, but very few, if any, can come within six inches of the altitude of the tallest one in all the many branches of the German army. The man who enjoys this distinction is Corporal Tappiloff, and in his stocking feet he registers six feet and nine inches. The tall corporal finds that his extreme height draws to him far more attention than his innate modesty thinks necessary, and he is made the butt of many a joke perpetrated by his shorter companions.

Life has its recompense for him, however, for he is greatly admired by the Kaiser, who frequently calls upon him for special duties which bring with them a measure of pleasure, and relief from the routine of army life.

Tappiloff recently had the pleasure of accompanying the Kaiser on his trip to Rome, where the tall soldier attracted much attention among the comparatively small soldiers of Italy.

SILKS MADE BY A FISH.

Silk is obtained from the shellfish known as the pinna, which is found in the Mediterranean. This shellfish has the power of spinning a viscid silk which in Sicily is made into a regular and very handsome fabric. The silk is spun by the shellfish in the first instance for the purpose of attaching itself to the rocks. It is able to guide the delicate filaments to the proper place and there glue them fast, and if they are cut away it can reproduce them. The material when gathered (which is done at low tide), is washed in soap and water, dried, straightened, and carded, one pound of the coarse filament yielding about three ounces of fine thread, which, when spun, is a lovely burnished golden brown color.

HIS REMEDY.

Recently a hotelkeeper of Nyitra in Hungary, was informed by his guests that it was impossible for them to sleep on account of the concerts which were kept up in the lower part of the building until a very late hour, and that they would be much obliged to him if he would provide them with some remedy. A few days later every guest found in his bedroom a small package containing a nightcap, some cotton wadding and a printed notice, which read as follows: "If the musicians make too much noise all you have to do is stuff your ears with the cotton and draw the nightcap down over your face, for then you will fall asleep very quickly."

THE CYNICAL REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

There is no reward for lost love, because nobody wants its return. The birds that fly the strongest don't have the finest plumage.

To a woman, the next handsomest people after herself are her children. When a woman is going to church it is a sign she is dressed in her best. You could never make a woman believe that all the angels don't have nice crinkly hair.—New York Press.

THE HARDER LOT.

White Horse—I hate to eat dry hay. Brown Horse—Cheer up. Think of the poor people who have to eat health food.—Chicago Daily News.