

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 750.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Terms by Carrier.	Terms by Mail.
The Daily Journal, one year \$5.00	The Daily Journal, by mail, one year, \$4.50
The Daily Journal, six months 2.50	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 week10	The Daily Journal, by mail, one month, .50

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

I wish to be simple, honest, frank, natural, clean in mind and body, unaffected—ready to say, "I do not know," if so it be, to meet all men on an absolute equality—to face any obstacle and meet every difficulty unshaken and unafraid. I wish others to live their lives, too—up to their highest, fullest and best. To that end I pray that I may never meddle, interfere, dictate, give advice that is not wanted, or assist when my services are not needed. If I can help people, I'll do it by giving them a chance to help themselves; and if I can uplift or inspire, let it be by example, inference and suggestion rather than by injunction and dictation.—Elbert Hubbard.

COLLAPSE OF THE SHIPPING TRUST.

One of the most significant events of the year is the collapse of the shipping trust. The big, water-logged corporation has finally sunk of its own weight. The brief, preliminary investigation of its affairs, which has resulted in forcing the trust into receivers' hands, has disclosed the grossest mismanagement and an utter disregard by the directors of the interests of the security holders. The following comment by the judge before whom application for receivers was made, tells the story:

"It would appear that the directors of the company have abdicated their powers, and the company is drifting along without any guidance. Not only are the directors not striving to relieve the company from embarrassments, but they are advising the stockholders to submit to numerous extortions to procure present funds and threatening foreclosure to those stockholders who refuse to relinquish the security of their mortgages. These people are entitled to the protection of the court and that protection can only be had by the interference of the court and the appointment of a receiver."

It was notorious, when the shipping trust was formed, that its capitalization was far in excess of the actual value of the assets. Charles M. Schwab, the steel trust magnate, was one of the promoters and he seized the opportunity to unload upon the new corporation a steel plant valued at \$7,500,000, for the enormous price of \$30,000,000. This was but a sample of the methods employed in financing the new monopoly. An enormous volume of so-called securities was then placed upon the market and the public was persuasively invited to buy.

But the market was already glutted with "undusted securities" as Mr. Morgan has termed the watered stocks and bonds of the industrial trusts, and the public declined to invest. The millionaire promoters of the new trust found to their dismay that the crop of "suckers" had suddenly played out. Morgan, Schwab, et al. were in the unpleasant predicament of being forced to assume themselves the burden which they had intended to fling upon the long-suffering public. The final result is not surprising. The one gratifying feature of the inevitable crash is that the number of small investors involved is comparatively small. The great bulk of the securities is still in the hands of the men who originated the trust and who are directly responsible for its collapse. They will receive little sympathy from the public.

It will be strange indeed if the bankruptcy of the shipping trust is not followed by other financial crashes even more sensational and disastrous. The squeezing out of the water may be deferred, but it will inevitably come at last.

WHERE WILL THE SCANDAL STOP?

Eastern papers are now calling attention to the persistent rumors that the wholesale corruption recently discovered in the Postoffice Department is not confined to that branch of the government service. As yet these rumors have not taken the form of definite and specific charges of wrongdoing, but they are fully as well defined as the insinuations which were current against the Postoffice Department for two years before the present investigation was begun.

The Treasury Department, it is alleged, is honeycombed with irregularities, and it is freely charged that the enormous influence of this branch of the government has been freely used to aid certain favored banks in the Eastern money centers. The Interior Department, which has charge of the Pension Bureau, the Indian Bureau, the Patent Office, the General Land Office and other minor bureaus, has not been thoroughly investigated for several years, though serious charges have been made against a number of officials especially in the Land Office and the Indian Bureau.

If President Roosevelt has an eye single to the purification of the government service, and if he has the courage with which he is accredited, he should not stop with the investigation of the Postoffice Department. The people of Oregon have strong reason to

believe that an inquiry into the methods pursued in the Land Office would be fruitful of results. The smothered scandals of that bureau should be mercilessly exposed if there is any real desire on the President's part to root out the rascals who have been using public office merely for the purpose of despoiling the people.

THE TARIFF ISSUE IN IOWA.

The efforts of the Iowa Republicans to agree upon an emasculated tariff plank, sufficiently meaningless to be unobjectionable to both the friends and opponents of tariff revision, is in marked contrast to the bold, decided stand taken by the Democrats of the same state a week ago. In their platform the Democrats unequivocally denounced the present tariff as "the creator of countless unearned fortunes, and the shelter of huge combinations of capital organized as trusts," and they declared that "to the end that the evils connected with the growth of trusts may be eliminated we call for the removal of the tariff from all trust-made goods, and demand that all tariff schedules be adjusted with a view to tariff for revenue only."

This is a plain straightforward declaration of principle upon the great issue of the coming campaign. It remains to be seen whether the Republicans of Iowa will display equal courage and equal candor. To dodge the issue is virtually to declare in favor of a perpetuation of the present tariff, which is a tariff for monopoly only.

One of Portland's great needs is an Emergency Hospital. It is doubtful whether another city of equal size in the country is without such provision for "first aid to the injured." The police station should be equipped with a receiving hospital where instant medical attention can be given to persons whose condition or circumstances render it difficult to remove them at once to private institutions.

Liz, a big elephant at Coney Island, was visited by the stork last week and became the mother of twins. The baby elephants, which weighed respectively 150 and 155 pounds, were named Shamrock III and Reliance, but three quarters of an hour after their arrival Reliance died. Believers in omens may find in this a portent as to the outcome of the races for the America cup.

Sir Thomas Lipton has shown himself a good loser, and if Shamrock III should succeed in lifting the cup we can learn how to demean ourselves by recalling the manner in which the gallant Irishman has borne his past reverses.

Even if the Iowa Republicans succeed in eliminating from their convention all controversy over the tariff question, they may not be equally successful in keeping the issue out of the national campaign next year.

An Eastern exchange observes that to be a candidate for the vice-presidency is getting to be almost as much of a distinction as to have one's name in the city directory.

It would be rather awkward if Russia should retaliate by protesting against the negro lynchings which have lately become so frequent in the United States.

There is one advantage about the collapse of a big trust. It gives this country the pleasure of a visit from J. Pierpont Morgan.

The President will spend the summer at the seashore in the hope of recovering from his recent vacation trip to the West.

The popular impression that July is one of the summer months seems to be a fallacy.

King Peter should have his new crown harveized.

Church—What an awful odd-looking hat Flatbush wears now! Don't you remember how natty he used to look?
Gotham—Oh, didn't you hear about it? He's come into a lot of money.—Yonkers Statesman

THE PRESS AND THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL

New York Times: Postmaster-General Payne stands before the public in a bad light today. It depends upon himself whether he shall be put in a better light. He is not personally implicated in the irregularities and misdoings. The country will be thankful for that. But he has been guilty of serious errors of judgment, and he has spoken of the disclosures in his department in a tone, at first of jesting lightness, and lately of complacent satisfaction at the ending of the business, which must lead thinking persons to conclude that he by no means appreciates the gravity of the scandal. It was in the worst possible taste for him to say that "the charge of Mr. Tulloch is in its essence against President McKinley and Postmaster-General Smith," and that "President McKinley is no longer living, and Postmaster-General Smith, who carried out President McKinley's policy, has answered for himself."

The Springfield Union: By allowing the President to appoint a man who has the confidence of the people, Mr. Payne can aid the President. By holding on he can hinder him in the estimation of the people. It is a duty that he owes Mr. Roosevelt, who has stood loyally by him.

New York Tribune: The solicitude which some of the Washington dispatches attribute to Postmaster-General Payne for the fame of President McKinley seems unnecessary. If any one wished to attack the memory of the late President he might be expected to make just that suggestion that "the charge of Mr. Tulloch is in its essence against President McKinley and Postmaster-General Smith."

Of course the Postmaster-General has no such thought, but the suggestion attributed to him may be interpreted as a hint that the lines of inquiry indicated by Mr. Tulloch should not be further followed, lest they reflect upon President McKinley. Even if that were to be the result of an investigation, it should still be Mr. Payne's sole concern to unearth whatever was improper in the department, punish all wrongdoers who had not secured immunity under the statute of limitations, and expose them to public reprobation as a warning for the future, even if there were no possibility any longer of criminal prosecutions. It is not a question of delving into the records of a former administration, but of following to the end, no matter where they lead, the present clues to wrongdoing, and of not permitting the chase after rascals whom study of the Tulloch charges might possibly bring in view to be stopped by the invocation of a great name.

New York World: Responsibility for frauds and abuses in the Postoffice Department rests primarily upon the head of that department.

For a month and a half Postmaster-General Payne suppressed the report of Gen. Bristow, showing beyond question the existence of gross irregularities and frauds in the department. To suppression he added detraction—characterizing the sustained charges as "hot air," "glittering generalities," "nothing but words." When ordered by the President to make public this report he sought to throw the blame for the offenses upon the dead McKinley and his Postmaster-General.

In the meantime the affairs of the department under his own management have been so scandalously bad that eight of his chief subordinates have been either removed, permitted to resign under fire or indicted for defrauding the government, leaving four of the divisions headless.

If Mr. Payne knew of these scandals and sought to "hush them up" he is morally as bad as the detected rascals. If he did not know how his department was being worked for "graft" and spoils he is incapable for the responsible post which he holds.

In either case Mr. Payne is the "man at the top," and he should be made to go—unless the President wishes himself to assume the responsibility for the greatest scandal ever developed in the Postoffice Department.

St. Louis Post Dispatch: Postmaster-General Payne has shown his utter unfitness for his high trust and lost the confidence even of his own partisan friends. The department is full of rottenness and a clean sweep is demanded. Nothing short of the complete exposure and punishment of the rascals, a radical change and a re-organization will satisfy the country.

Chicago Daily News: Everybody knows that the Postoffice Department at Washington has been used for political purposes by national administrations past and present. The one expert politician who is a member of President Roosevelt's cabinet is Henry C. Payne, Postmaster-General. Why?

Because the Postoffice Department has been regarded even by President Roosevelt as a mighty machine with which to gratify and reward the political workers of the Republican party. Because that department was expected, to do something more than render good service to the people in collecting, transporting and delivering the mails. Because it was run in a way pleasing to the great forces which control the votes cast for Republican candidates at elections, which carry primaries and manage conventions.

It is time to be honest about this whole business. The Postoffice Department has been run too largely for political effect. Not one administration alone, but many, have offended in this regard. The nauseating rascalities which have been disclosed of late could not have gone on except for the lax methods and the demoralizing influences which have sprung up from the political seed sown in that department deliberately and with the full knowledge of the responsible officials of the government.

Chance did not make Henry C. Payne, vice-chairman of the Republican national committee, the Postmaster-General. Chance did not make Perry S. Heath, secretary of the Republican national committee, whose influence in the department has been vicious to an extraordinary degree, an important factor in postal affairs. It is dishonest, ridiculous, to pretend that the dishonesty and demoralization in the Postoffice Department "just happened." That department has been used deliberately for unworthy purposes. The administration is being punished as it richly deserves for permitting partisan politics to run riot in a great and important branch of the government.

Washington Times: H. H. Rand, the Postmaster-General's private secretary, must be taken care of in some way or other. He is represented, upon the authority of Mr. Payne, as being engaged in conducting an "investigation." Of whom, or what, does not appear. This is decidedly novel—a man himself under investigation, investigating some one else. But nothing that Mr. Payne does surprises us. Anything to beat the government and to take care of "friends," if Mr. Rand cannot be paid as "assistant superintendent of the division of salaries and allowances," because he doesn't perform the work, and because of certain inhibitions of the law—why, we can "detail" him upon the order of the Postmaster-General to conduct a "special investigation." Truly, Mr. Payne's mind is wonderfully fertile!

New York World: A morning paper has a long editorial on "The Duty of Mr. Payne." Two words will define it: "Get out!"

Wall Street Journal: Notwithstanding the general exoneration of Postmaster-General Payne from personal complicity in the scandals that have been disclosed, there is a loud call for his retirement from the cabinet. This call comes from quarters that are, in large measure, free from partisan motive, and that appear to be an expression of enlightened public sentiment. The Wall Street Journal joins in this call. It believes that Mr. Payne should retire voluntarily, thus relieving the President from a position which must be becoming embarrassing to him. . . . But if he does not retire of his own accord, the Wall Street Journal is firmly of the opinion that President Roosevelt should request him to resign. In saying this the Wall Street Journal speaks as a friend of the administration.

A "TEMPLE OF DIVORCE."

So long ago as 1250 the wife of a Japanese regent obtained from the government permission to rescue women from the hands of cruel husbands.

The means she took were very simple. A new sect of Buddhism known as the Zen was just then being formed. In the temple of the Zen a sanctuary was established for fleeing wives.

When they wished separation or divorce from their husbands they could claim protection under the wing of the temple. Once across the threshold, government officials would not be allowed to interfere, still less the furious husbands.

This "Temple of Divorce" was supreme umpire on matters of matrimonial disagreement. The practice of the "privilege of the temple" was maintained for over 600 years—in fact, up to the beginning of the present reign.

KILLED THE GOOSE.

When the old doctor went off on his vacation he left his practice in charge of his son, who had but a few patients of his own. On his return the old man found the young doctor quite unhappy. Inquiries revealed the fact that business was very bad; there was nothing doing.

"But, surely!" exclaimed the astonished old doctor, "you must still have that cranky rich fossil around the corner to look after!"

"No; I cured him three days after you left home."

"What? You darned fool! Why, I sent you through college on that case!"—New York Press.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

"What have you ever done to deserve the confidence of your fellow citizens?" asked the man of severe ideals.

"Not much, I'm afraid," said Senator Sorghum, remorsefully.

"Aren't you afraid of being displaced?"

"No. They sent a man to this position some time ago who failed to give satisfaction. Then they sent another who was worse. Then they sent me, and they say I'm still worse, but they are afraid to take any more chances."

Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, the author, is to present to Bowdoin College, Me., a window in memory of her father, Dr. Theodore Herman Jewett, who was graduated from the college in the class of 1834. The window is to be placed in the west end of Memorial Hall. Dr. Jewett died in September, 1873.

ONE OF PORTLAND'S PROMINENT WOMEN

The announcement by the president of the Lewis and Clark Fair that no woman who was not a holder of Exposition stock would be eligible to appointment as a lady commissioner was a surprise, and to some aspirants, a disappointment as well. However, as the president very kindly pointed out, a modest amount of time and money would remove this obstacle.

Among those earliest mentioned as able to fill the position with grace and dignity was Mrs. J. B. Montgomery, of this city, who is one of the two women residing west of the Rockies on the Board of Lady Managers for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

Mrs. Montgomery received her appointment in March, 1903, and since then has attended four meetings of the board, sometimes crossing the continent to do so, for it is regarded as an imperative duty on the part of every member of the board to be present at each meeting.

The first time this body of representative women met an objection was raised to the name "Board of Lady Managers."

"We prefer to be called women managers," they declared.

Mrs. Montgomery rose. She is the only woman on the board who can claim Missouri as her native state. She was born in Springfield, and her father, John S. Phelps, represented his commonwealth in Congress for 18 years, and was Governor of Missouri four years.

"Ladies," she said, "do you not remember that this board was created by an act of Congress, and we, as members of this board were appointed under an act of Congress? This being the case, further discussion regarding a change of name is needless and vain. We are lady managers, and must so remain. Even the President himself cannot modify an act of Congress."

Perhaps no woman better qualified to serve the public in the capacity of manager for the St. Louis Exposition could have been found in this part of the world, at least. Birth, education, social prominence, ability and experience alike fit her for the able discharge of the duties of a position which is by no means a sinecure.

In answer to the question, "Do you represent Oregon on the Board of Lady Managers?" she said, "We, as members of that board, are national representatives, yet, if I may be said to stand for any locality, it is the West, Oregon and Washington."

But in reality, Mrs. Montgomery represents the whole Northwest from Mt. Shasta to Bering Sea. From the wave-washed shores of Clatsop to the summit of the Rocky Mountains.

"It is like going home," she remarked with a smile, "to return to St. Louis." Four years of her early girlhood were spent in that city in school, in the convent of the Visitation. Afterward she was a year in Miss. Rosthan's school on Twenty-fifth street, New York. In less than a twelvemonth from the time she left school she was married to James B.



Mrs. J. B. Montgomery.

Montgomery of Philadelphia, who at the age of 22, had edited the Pittsburgh Post. In 1870 Mr. Montgomery brought his young wife to Portland and at once fell in love with the country. The following winter was spent in Olympia, but in April of the next year they returned to Portland and purchased a home on the corner of Seventh and Madison street which Mrs. Montgomery, now widowed, still owns.

As her husband was always a prominent figure in the commercial life of the city, so she has been a leader in society and closely identified with philanthropic interests, though she disdains this. "I have always been too busy," she declares.

Mrs. Montgomery is a woman after President Roosevelt's own heart. Mother of seven children and still young and attractive, a handsome woman with dark eyes, a fine figure and graciously kind manner, she is certainly a charming and able representative of the women of the West. With other members of the Board of Lady Managers, she was present at the dedication ceremonies at St. Louis on the first of April this spring.

Of her five daughters, the youngest is now in New York, the eldest is visiting in Germany, and one, Mrs. Walter Burrell, is a resident of Portland. The older children were educated in Europe, in France and Berlin. Mrs. Montgomery having spent five years abroad for this purpose. Her wide acquaintance in diplomatic circles and her prominence as a Daughter of the Revolution make her appointment particularly appropriate. It is to be hoped that the Lewis and Clark Commission will not fail to profit by the experience which she will have gained in her present capacity.

TWO KINDS OF PEOPLE.

(By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.)

There are two kinds of people on earth today.
Not two kinds of people, no more, I say,
Not the sinner and saint, for 'tis well understood,
The good are half bad and the bad are half good.
Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's wealth,
You must first know the state of his conscience and self.
Not the humble and proud, for in life's little span,
Who puts on vain airs is not counted a man.
Not the happy and sad, for the swift flying years,
Bring each man his laughter, and each man his tears.
No! the two kinds of people on earth I mean,
Are the people who lift, and the people who lean.
Wherever you go you will find the world's masses
Are always divided in just these two classes,
And oddly enough you will find, too, I wean,
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.
And which class are you, are you easing the load,
Of over-taxed lifters who toll down the road,
Or are you a leaner, who let others bear
Your portion of worry, and labor, and care?

HAS FIVE CAPITALS.

Here is a common geography mistake corrected:
"The educators of the Indian territory should endeavor to educate the various school-book publishing companies in regard to the capitals of the Indian country," recently said Tams Bixby, chairman of the Dawes commission. "Every geography published has Tahlequah as the capital of the Indian territory. The maps of the territory in these geographies show scarcely any other towns. But Tahlequah is always played up in heavy black letters, with the star representing the capital. It is about time that authors of geographies knew something of the geography of the Indian country, and the educators here ought to draw their attention to the inaccuracies of the text books on geography."

As a matter of fact, the Indian territory proper has no capital, as it is not a regularly organized territory. It is simply the Indian territory.
The seat of government is Muskogee. Each of the five civilized tribes, however, has a capital. Tahlequah is the capital of the Cherokee nation, Okmulgee of the Creek nation, Tishomingo of the Chickasaw nation, Wewoka of the Seminole nation, and Tusahoma of the Choctaw nation.

It sometimes happens that a man's bluntness is due to his sharpness.

"STEAMBOAT BILL."

(By Henry S. Westbrook.)

Main 4-0 and 9-4-0 are closely related when Central is busy and things are going wrong. Another similarity, both numbers have a Bill. But the two Bills are no more alike than black and white. 9-4-0 Bill is young, handsome, impulsive and the husband of a pretty young wife. Plain 4-0 Bill is an easy-going, ugly, premature, premature-bald-headed bashful bachelor, who never thought of marriage, much less of having some angelic voice call him sweet names over the telephone.
Mrs. 9-4-0 Bill takes down her receiver. "Number?" asks Central.
"9-4-0, please."
Central frowns and switches her to Main 4-0.
4-0 Bill, the steamboat bachelor billing clerk, drops a bunch of shipping receipts and takes hold of his desk phone.
"Hello."
"Hello, Bill, this you?"
"Yes," said Bill, looking excited.
"Now darling, you are not angry with me, are you? I am so sorry, Bill, but it was not all my fault, was it dear?"
"But—say—don't," stammered Bill, losing consciousness.
"Never mind him, Bill, he shall not come between us. We won't quarrel over him, will we dear? You know darling, I love you with all my heart!"
"Well—hold on—you have—" pleaded Bill.
"I know it, Bill. I ought not spent \$40 so recklessly. But I will work over my old hat and wear my old gown to make up for it. You are not angry with your Patsy, are you dear?"
"4-0," answered Bill, losing his breath.
"What?"
"4-0," repeated Bill.
"Are you not Cashier Bill?"
"No, I'm just Steamboat Bill."

"You disgraceful bugbear, prying into other people's business, are you? Just like the mischievous simpleton that you are! You ought to be put in jail or the asylum with that fussy central girl for a companion. Never you mind, my husband shall be informed of your ungentlemanly conduct."
"For the love of Brutus!" exclaimed Bill, as he glanced round, blushing, and saw that a mouse had heard the conversation. "For the love of Brutus! I'd hate to be penned up in the asylum with a woman—especially one like her; and, I guess they are all alike."

THE PRESS AND PUBLIC ORDER.

The newspaper press derives its liberty and its prosperity from a social organization based upon law. Commanding as it does the readiest means of securing publicity and owing its very existence to popular confidence in its rectitude, it errs grievously and it errs dangerously when for any reason it fails to inculcate obedience to law and respect for the rights of others.—Chicago Chronicle.

The man whose reputation for veracity is unimpeachable can lie with impunity.