

EDITORIAL COMMENT AND TIMELY TOPICS

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL BY C. S. JACKSON

Oregon Journal

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This is the age of display. Every one turns advertiser. Posters are needed today. Even by King and by Kaiser.

—Harper's Weekly.

TAXPAYERS COMMAND RESULTS.

It is in no spirit of captious fault-finding that The Journal once more reminds the officials who are charged with the investigation of the county's affairs that as yet practically nothing has been accomplished toward compelling an accounting and settlement by former County Clerks charged with being short in their accounts.

thereafter will be left to bring the Exposition to the national attention, to popularize its purposes and aims and to advertise its commercial and historical significance.

The state press of Oregon has also shown a gratifying interest in the work of promoting the Fair. The state's representatives in Congress will be greatly assisted if the news of what Oregon is doing at it her proposed Fair is given wide publicity through the newspapers of the country.

A new religiously self-named "Holy Ghosters" has undertaken to drive the devil out of New England. Judging from recent Eastern dispatches, he would find the climate of Maine about to his liking.

Courthouse deputies who have been spending their afternoons on the bleachers



Instead of at their desks are having a painful reminder that the county expects a little work in return for their salaries.

Guarding hoboes while they break rock may not be so pleasant for the deputy sheriffs as going to the baseball park, but it will be much more satisfactory to the taxpayers.

In his meditations at Oyster Bay, it has doubtless occurred to President Roosevelt that a war with Russia would divert attention from the postoffice scandal.

In the vote to retire Jack Matthews from the office of Republican boss in this county, the only dissenting voice appears to be that of Mr. Matthews himself.

The sudden cessation of hold-ups leads to the belief that Portland's highwaymen have



made enough to retire from active business and live upon the fruits of their industry.

The Minnesota judge who decided that poker debts are not collectable evidently imagined that he was telling us something new.

If everyone has to pay a license for working, the inducements for being a retired millionaire will be greater than ever.

Until the ax began to fall, the life of the deputy sheriffs was one uninterrupted round of pleasure.

This is the season when the smile of the hotelkeeper at the summer resort begins to expand.

Congressman Littauer should be handled without gloves.

A Buddhist dignitary was recently buried in Japan, and the police attended the funeral and made an official report of the ceremonies, which must have been rather picturesque.

COMMENCE THE WORK.

Senator John H. Mitchell agrees with The Journal that now is the time to advertise the Lewis and Clark Fair. Senator Mitchell says that it is necessary to let the Eastern people know what we are doing out here and that the members of Congress will be more likely to vote for a government appropriation for the Exposition if they find that the country at large is interested in the historical celebration.

In an interview published in the Oregonian Saturday morning, Senator Mitchell said:

"Allow me to respond that in order to see what Congress is going to do, Oregon must show what the Fair is going to do. Right away is the time to advertise the Fair. This can't be done too soon, but it can be done too late. Why, we can't possibly get an appropriation from Congress until next May. Wait until then to begin advertising? It wouldn't do at all."

"How soon will you introduce the appropriation bill?" was asked.

"As early as possible. Right away when Congress convenes."

"Wouldn't that be in December?"

"Yes; but the bill could not become a law until May."

"Now," resumed the Senator, knowingly, "if advertising is to be put off until next May, that's almost a year. Only one year

SOME DISCREDITABLE THINGS

Some things have been printed about the initiative and referendum that are not creditable. One of these is the statement that the Circuit Court judges probably had an intimation from the members of the supreme bench that the lower court would be affirmed. Otherwise it is presumed that the lower court would not risk the humiliation of a reversal. That simply cannot be true.

There is another discreditable thing. The supposed demerits of the amendment are urged in some quarters as a reason for commending the decision. That is irrelevant. The only place and time for such a consideration was when and where the amendment was waiting the action of the Legislatures and the people.

It is a vicious thing to teach people that the courts have any rightful power to set aside laws because they are bad. The courts are not vested with any power to make or unmake laws or constitutions. Their power is to construe them when made, fairly and honestly, and then enforce them as they are made, good or bad.

CALIFORNIA'S JEALOUSY OF OREGON

EUGENE, Or., July 10.—It is a noticeable fact that California is becoming jealous of her northern neighbor and views with considerable apprehension the army of settlers and immigrants which has been pouring into this state from the Eastern states as a result of the advertising efforts of the various communities.

It can be laid at the door of our southern sister's jealousy. Oregon is awakening from her lethargy as she should have done dozens of years ago. We are discovered to be possessors of immense wealth by men who recognize these things when they see them in the crude state.

A Eugene newspaper man was a visitor to California recently and was impressed with the everlasting bragadocio which confronted him on every hand. "We have the largest trees, the finest fruits, the best climate, the finest scenery, the most summer resorts, etc., etc." is what one sees at all points.

The writer has lived in both places and has come to the conclusion that the difference between the states is this: Oregonians have not been wise enough to do the advertising that California has done until the present year; the facts about our glorious West land have not been placed before the Eastern public and Eastern capital has not been attracted here in such great quantities as to develop all the mines, build magnificent pleasure palaces, create fair lands on mountain sides, or make palaces by the sea.

In talking with newspaper men in the City of San Francisco, the Oregonian meets with appreciative remarks which show that this state is no longer considered a home of moss backs and bristle whiskered lounging farmers, but a state that is coming to the front in all lines, a worthy competitor of California.

Within the next few years Oregon will compel the rightful recognition at the hands of our Southern brethren. No publication can then be issued in California as a "Pacific Coast edition," and be considered complete without a reference to the Northwest.

CONGRESSIONAL REPORTEE.

Alfred Henry Lewis tells of one occasion when Jerry Simpson scored against an opponent. The house was proceeding along under the five-minute rule, and Snodgrass of Tennessee rose to reply to Simpson, who, it seems, had charged Snodgrass with the triangular offense of being a lawyer, a fop and a fool.

"Mr. Speaker," drawled Snodgrass, while the house writhed to be rid of him, "Mr. Speaker, the gentleman from Kansas charges me with being a lawyer—"

"We'll nolle that count," interjected Reed from his seat on the Republican side. "Let the gentleman go on to the next."

"Acting," continued the wearisome Snodgrass, with the same exasperating drawl, "acting on the suggestion of my eminent friend from Maine, Mr. Speaker, I will now go on to the second count of the indictment preferred against me by the gentleman from Kansas. In the second count, Mr. Speaker, the gentleman from Kansas charges me with being a fop and accuses me, Mr. Speaker, of wearing clothes. I must say, Mr. Speaker—"

"Just a moment!" broke in Caruth, of Kentucky. "Will the gentleman please state how long?"

There came another burst of laughter which would seem to fall as pleasantly on the Snodgrass ear as did the first. He beamed through the uproar like a tarnished sun, and when it finished he again took up his oration where Caruth had broken in.

"Mr. Speaker," resumed the pernicious Snodgrass, "the third and last count of the indictment preferred against me by the gentleman from Kansas is that I am a fool."

"Bang!" came Crisp's gavel. "The gentleman's time has expired!"

Snodgrass looked helplessly about him; his five minutes were up; he must leave his defense to that third count floating in the air. It was the amiable Simpson himself who would push to the Snodgrass rescue.

"Mr. Speaker," said Simpson, "I ask unanimous consent that the gentleman's time be spoken on that third count be extended five minutes. If the house will grant my request he will prove it."—Detroit Journal.

WHERE IMMIGRANTS GO.

Pennsylvania, thanks to the mine owners, absorbs a clear majority of all the Croats, Slovians and Slovaks that come to America, more than a third of the Magyars and nearly a third of the Poles. More Finns go to Michigan than any other state; the Scandinavians continue, as always, to drift largely to the Northwest, although many of them stay in New York; and the Irish and the English go everywhere.

WILL TAKE NO CHANCES.

"I regard the trust as a weapon that may be very dangerous in the hands of unscrupulous people." "Maybe so," answered Senator Sorghum, "but I'm going to try to be on friendly terms with the gunner and take no chances."—Washington Star.

A number of western railways have found that the growing of trees along the right of way is profitable, both for ties and snowbanks, and are setting out millions of cuttings.

AROUND THE CORRIDORS

The interest that is being taken in the coming Lewis and Clark Exposition throughout the state has been the means of refreshing the minds of many who had the pleasure of attending the great World's Fair held in Chicago 10 years ago. When reading of the coming glories to be seen at Portland's Fair, the Chicago Exposition visitors seem to again hear the wild tom-tom music of the African villages on the Midway, and to see the bewitching eyes of the streets of Cairo maidens. The memories of the old Midway also recall a few strange incidents and several queer remarks.

Lack of choppers and not a scarcity of timber, according to Eugene Tausick, a Walla Walla fuel dealer, is responsible for a shortage of wood in the Meacham country more than anything else. Mr. Tausick says there is plenty of timber in the Meacham neighborhood, only it is a little harder to get at than before so much was chopped away nearer the railroad.

"Beet culture in the La Grande country is no longer an experiment," said J. W. Scriber, an Eastern Oregon banker, who has been attending to business matters in Portland. "There is one thing, however, and that is no one can expect to successfully raise beets unless he gives them care and attention. Too many farmers have tried to conduct a big farm and cultivate beets and have failed. Those who are raising the sugar producers and doing nothing else are being successful."

"Crops in the Middle West are looking very good with the exception of corn," said E. H. Smith, of Menomonee, Wis., land immigration agent for the Union Pacific. "The floods damaged the corn, especially in Western Iowa and Eastern Nebraska, and I am afraid the yield will not be as good as usual." Mr. Smith is interested in the location of settlers and has been the means of bringing over 20 families to the State of Oregon.

Although a clerk in the office of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, with free transportation readily obtainable, John Gilmore of this city would rather take his week's vacation this summer in tramping over the Coast. Lightly laden with blankets and a few cooking utensils and provisions, Mr. Gilmore and A. R. Strachan, a mining engineer, left Portland Saturday for a short tour of the towns between this city and the Coast. They expect to travel about 200 miles during next week, every step of the way on foot.

County Judge Webster is as prolific in

DOUBTFUL CONTINGENCY.

Some years ago, Lew Dockstader was interested in a colored minstrel company and had, early one summer, engaged a colored comedian, Ebenezer Elisha Jones, for the next season. One day Ebenezer Elisha came around to inquire as to advanced salary. He was mighty hungry, he explained, and didn't have a dollar he could call his own.

Dockstader told him that he would see the treasurer of the company, and just as the colored man was leaving suggested that he had better sign his contract, which he had previously failed to do. Ebenezer hesitated a minute and then warily observed:

"Well, I'll sign, Massa Dockstader; I'll sign it, all right, but fo' God, I see so hungry I don't reckon I'll ever live to fill it."

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

A woman has ideals till she gets married; a man after he gets married. The average man saves money one place so as to be able to put it where he is squandering it somewhere else.

It takes a woman to convince herself that what is a scandal for some other woman to do is only an indiscretion when she does it. The man who couldn't guess to save his life what kind of stockings his wife wears can always tell what kind any woman has on that he sees get on a street car.

A girl has such will power about some things that she will let a man go on making love to her when a mosquito is biting her knee without ever letting him know it.—New York Press.

As candy eaters and water drinkers, Americans rank first.

A \$100 bill will sustain a weight of 47 pounds, lengthwise.

reminiscences as he is in interpreting laws for the benefit of the county and state. He was a Circuit Judge in the First District, and in a time when four or five counties constituted only half of a judicial division. He left the bench several years ago and returned to the bar. It was there that he contracted the habit of telling good stories of his experience. Since his election as County Judge last year he has not (lucky stars!) dropped the habit, and it is nothing unusual to hear a good tale from him after the business of the day is ended.

"Well," said the judge, "it is a long story. I began my political career with a term as recorder of the good and beautiful old town of Jacksonville, in the First District. I found that town to suffer financially from a monthly influx of drunken strangers who would be arrested and jailed. They would be well fed and would therefore serve their time, instead of paying their fines, as they were well able to do. When I took office, I put a new rule in force. A drunk had to work his time out or be fed on bread and water. The rule was in effect just two days when some people began to object; it was monstrous to starve the prisoners; it was against the state law, the city would be sued, etc., were dinned in my ears. I said 'let the men work and let the city be sued.' A bread and water diet, I noticed, decreased the number of drunkards from the country, and at a meeting of the board of trustees I secured the passage of an ordinance permitting the marshal to work prisoners on the streets. The first person to defy that law was a bad man who had been terrorizing us for several years. Well, the marshal took that bully in charge and the next day he was at work on the street with pick and shovel. I had given him 12 days and he served the limit. When we released him he hurriedly left the town and went to Medford, where, not being very well known, his chatter was taken seriously and he was shot dead soon after he arrived."

"Did you ever lose \$375 in a single minute?" asked C. A. Schneider, a traveling man of San Francisco, in a crowd last night. Several had to confess that they had never had \$375 to lose in a single year, let alone a single minute, and asked Mr. Schneider if he ever had such an experience.

"Yes, I did," replied the visitor, and it made me feel like committing murder at the time. It happened in Boise City in 1885; he went on. "I had come out West with a bad case of gold fever, and I followed a rush to a place some distance north of the Idaho capital. Six months cured me of the fever, and I returned to Boise City dispirited and with little money in my pocket. I had to get work, and as nearly every saloonkeeper and storekeeper acted as a sort of employment agent, I called on several with no result, until I met one dispenser of drinks who offered to sell me one of those old-fashioned nickel-in-the-slot lifting machines.

"The thing has been here for years," and I am tired of looking at it," he told me. "No one has called to examine it, and I don't know how much is in the box. You can have it for \$5, and if you find a fortune in it, I won't kick."

"I declined to risk the \$5, and just then a dapper little fellow came in and bought it at the figure the saloonkeeper named. As soon as he was in possession, he pulled out a bunch of keys, opened the drawer and found a heap of nickels. He counted them up and they totaled just \$375, and a few coins to spare. Then I cursed myself and I cursed the stranger also.

"I learned soon after that the visit of the little fellow to the saloon was not altogether accidental. He was the agent for the company owning the machine, and had been sent out to investigate its till. As the machine had not been touched for 11 years, the company doubted if it had any legal claim and thought maybe the saloonkeeper might charge storage on it. So the agent was authorized to buy it if he could for a reasonable figure, and by his purchase the company cleared just \$270 on the investment."

ONE OF NATURE'S SAD ERRORS.

Nature equipped the rooster with an absurd desire to crow at an abominably early hour in the morning. Just when you are enjoying the best part of your sleep, some old sway-back rooster lets loose a yell that wakes you; and then he keeps up his disturbance until after sunrise, and doesn't know any better. Why is a rooster's voice so badly out of proportion to his weight? The everlasting fool is composed almost exclusively of lungs, and although he doesn't weigh more than three pounds, he can make himself heard five miles away. If a man had as large a voice, proportionately, as a rooster, there would be no use for telephones. Nature has been entirely too generous to the rooster. We file a protest.—Walt Mason in Nebraska State Journal.

REAPING WHAT HE SOWED.

When President Roosevelt took Henry C. Payne into his cabinet, he had a right to expect a crop of delegates, to expect convention endorsements, to expect a smoother pathway toward the nomination he so frankly seeks. All this he had a right to expect, and his expectations have not been disappointed. But did he foresee no other results? Did he not know that the appointment of a notorious spoilsman would spread and increase any existing laxity or corruption in the Postoffice Department, and would cause political favoritism, jobbery and get-rich-quick schemes, at the government's expense, to flourish like rank weeds?—Albany Argus.

Denmark exports \$35,000,000 worth of butter a year. The total population of the country is 2,500,000.