

EDITORIAL COMMENT AND TIMELY TOPICS

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL BY C. S. JACKSON

Oregon Journal

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Each man has his own vocation. The talent is the call. There is one direction in which all space is open to him.

THREE PHANTASIES.

Mr. Hoyt, the acting Attorney-General of the United States, is not a humorist himself, is the cause of humor in others.

Writes have issued to unsubstantial defendants in this law suit. Armed with these writs, it is incumbent on the Marshal to find them.

Since personal service cannot be had without destruction of the defendants named, resort must be had to service by publication in a paper likely to meet their eyes.

The court's process must be obeyed, but how are these defendants to be punished for contempt? The court summons them without avail.

The District Attorney will be in a quandary at the trial. He must prove the truth of his complaint and show that defendants are fictitious.

Messrs. Watkins, Warwick and Carson are not born yet, but when they conclude to be they will find the entries made by them while in the fictitious state cancelled by decree of court.

dered against them while they were mere helpless fictions and before they became immune to court process!

How this new legal principle ought to be developed, and by provident suits begun at once, prevent the public domain from being gobbled up before their time by millions yet unborn!

But it is a pity Cervantes couldn't have met Mr. Hoyt. What are Mambriño's helmet and windmills besides the transcendental legal conception of a fictitious defendant in a law suit?

A HARMONIOUS DEMOCRACY.

The last two national campaigns have been marked by serious dissensions in the Democratic party, which for a time seemed to threaten the disruption of what has been the most potent force for good government in the nation.

Courageously addressing itself to the temperate discussion of past differences, the party has been slowly but surely approaching a condition of harmony.

In marked contrast to the growing harmony in the Democratic ranks is the discord in the Republican party. No close observer of the political situation can be blind to the fact that there are many points of serious difference among the Republican leaders.

Personal enmities and jealousies, and envy of the overshadowing influence of President Roosevelt, have sown dissension among those prominent in Republican councils, and their differences grow more accentuated as the campaign draws nearer.

To be victorious in the election of 1904, the Democratic party must unite upon some candidate for President who can rally the scattered cohorts and organize them into a powerful and united army.

If the police would occasionally look be-



hind them they might find the criminals of whom they are in search.

WHEN COUSIN JABEZ CAME TO TOWN

Last Wednesday certainly was a dull day up to 2 o'clock. Me and Sapper stood holding up the corner of Forty-first street.

"Dipper," says he, "how strong are you?" "Two bits," I says.

"Use it, use it," he says. "I got a mouth full of feathers."

Well, I told him that it was useful coin, and I explained that my cousin Jabez from Yopoke up State was due to get off here.

"Any minute," says I. "My tongue's so dry," says Sapper, "I'm afraid to take a deep breath for fear it'll blow out of my mouth."

I told him to hold on for a little while and I'd have him as busy as a bee. Sure enough, in about 20 minutes along rolls a New York Central cab and out steps Cousin Jabez of Yopoke.

"Now, add up your conversation," says I in a whisper. "I'll steer."

I couldn't help Sapper bursting into tears when he saw the roll Cousin Jabez produced to pay the cabman with. I introduced my cousin to him, and he dried his eyes.

Cousin Jabez says he couldn't taste much peach, but that it was a good kind of drink anyway. And would we have something else. I thought I'd have the same, and Sapper said his stomach felt so much better he thought he'd join us.

Cousin Jabez wanted to see a show or do something. So I suggested the races, and Sapper looms up with the information that he's got a galvanized hermetical in the fourth race.

Cousin Jabez says he liked traveling and told us how lonely he got sometimes in his little country store. He said it did him good occasionally to get out with a couple of thoroughbreds like us.

"Ye see," says Cousin Jabez, "I don't want 'em to think I'm a yap. Now you tip me off to the right thing, and I'll do it."

So when we get to the track the second race is just about ready to go. My cousin sees a horse at 100 to 1. He says:

"I wouldn't throw my money away on that horse." I told him he was sensible, and explained that the horse didn't have a ghost of a chance to win.

Sapper turned away to smile, and I had all I could do to pull my cousin over to the bar.

Cousin Jabez got excited and gives Sapper the double sawbuck. "Get it down, Sapper," says I, "nixy film. It looks good to me."

Sapper looked disappointed, but he sees I'm in earnest, and soon he comes back. He got it down at 3 to 1 all right. They were off in a minute, and Leadpipe walked home.

The next race was the kind in which you pick the winner with an ax. Cousin Jabez got two dollars down at 50 to 1 on a horse named Skates.

We couldn't get Cousin Jabez to bet on Sapper's good thing. He said he felt stiff in his joints and thought he'd walk round a bit. Meanwhile Sapper and me cashes in \$90 on the tip.

"Dipper," says Sapper to me, after we had fed ourselves one of the best meals in the town, "you're an artist. Shake my hand. I've got friends who blunder through affairs of this kind with a piece of lead pipe or chisel drops."

CLEVELAND ON LABOR TROUBLES.

Grover Cleveland, in an article in the current Collier's Weekly, "A Few Plain Words on Labor Troubles," holds that the force of public sentiment will lead to general arbitration of labor disputes.

"We know that patriotism is not dead," says he, "and is still able to foster and bless the best American citizenship, but is there not reason to fear it is so weakened among those enlisted in contentions between employers and employes that they either are unconscious of its restraints or seek to avoid its exactions by giving judgment to the deluding notion that their quarrels do not concern the general good?"

"Any intermediary that attempts to bring the parties at difference together in amicable deliberation should be absolutely disinterested and impartial to possess the unqualified respect and confidence of all concerned. The National Civic Federation and like organizations established in various localities illustrated the beneficent uses of such an intermediary.

"These forces of patriotism and public sentiment may sometimes sleep, but when thoroughly awakened they are irresistible for the rectification of any wrongs that menace the nation's integrity or the people's welfare. If those who contend in labor quarrels fail to find for themselves the path of peace and quiet we need not despair of a remedy."

"We can hopefully await the hour when the patriotism of the people will be aroused to the consciousness that danger threatens the republic, when public sentiment shall search out the right and wrong of labor disputes and adjudge that they shall no longer breed terror and hatred among those who should be willing co-workers in achieving the great national destiny."

MR. UNREGENERATE ARISES TO REMARK.

"The flowing bowl" and "half seas over" go together as a natural sequence.

"Hard luck" stories are unlike other kinds in that they are never finished.

A plethoric feeling of the purse at night is apt to be transferred to the head "the morning after."

"Playing the races" is a misnomer. It is hard work for the most of us.

Life in the metropolis is like a marble and a big fly wheel. If the marble be on the "inside" it can go on indefinitely. The other way—well, you know what happens.

Convenience and conventionality are akin only in the first two syllables.

In this part of the country they say "What will you have?" In Kentucky it is "How will you have it?"

Some men go through life looking as though they owed themselves money.

Many a fellow who is anxious to get into the social swim finds himself in hot water.

The college graduate now goes forth with his sheepskin to pull the wool over the world's eyes.—New York Telegraph.

Lord Curzon works fourteen hours a day. He starts in the early morning, works till 1:30—or lunch time—he gives an hour and a half to the numerous guests he has, then he works again till dinner time; at 10:30 he leaves his dinner guests, goes to his study and remains there until 11 o'clock in the morning. He seldom spends more than an hour and a half in the open air each day.

Dr. Elva Castner of Marienfelde, near Berlin, who was one of the first German women to come to this country to study a profession closed to her in Germany, has given up her profession of dentistry after many years of successful work and is devoting herself to a school of horticulture for women founded by herself.

Nearly \$500 has been subscribed by officers of the United States marine corps for the erection of a monument over the grave of Capt. Austin R. Davis in Arlington Cemetery. Capt. Davis was killed in the battle of Tien-Tsin in 1900.

AROUND THE CORRIDORS

"The Oregon Information Bureau is an educational institution," remarked George G. Birrel, office secretary. "Every day more people are visiting the bureau and it is surprising where they come from."

"Mr. Brenner asked the price of land, the quality and the resources. I forwarded him a lot of folders and other matter relating to Oregon which I hope may be the means of bringing in some desirable settlers."

"There is one trouble," however, "he said, "and that is the fact that people in the old world have no conception of the size of this country."

"Talking about the difficulty foreigners have in mastering English, did you ever hear of a blunder that set a whole streetcar in an uproar?" asked George Usherwood this morning.

"I believe that our early geographical education was along wrong lines. No matter if Oregon is larger than New York, I always had the impression in my youthful mind that the populous Eastern state was more extensive."

"Rather late, isn't it?" inquired one of the reporters of His Honor. "Those councilmen are behind time, but I notice, Mayor, that they never have to wait for you."

"That's very true," replied Portland's executive. "I have always made punctuality one of the inflexible rules of my life."

Looking at the man of many years, whose life had been crowned with success, the youthful scribes concluded that the Mayor's rule was in no small measure responsible for his rise to fame.

not forgotten my better half, he politely asked me, "How do you and your wife get along?" I thought he wanted information about the married state, but a titter from my wife and a roar from the crowd warned me that he had made a blunder.

L. V. Druce, agent for the Grand Trunk system with headquarters in Seattle, is in Portland on business. "The Grand Trunk needs a branch office in Portland," he said, "but I don't know when a resident agent will be installed."

Prior to the council meeting yesterday Mayor Williams was pacing impatiently up and down the aldermanic chamber, evidently greatly annoyed about something.

It was a half hour after the meeting of the body had been called and the executive was becoming anxious.

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ports are as accurate as it is possible to make them with an ever-changing market. The trouble in your case is, we believe, that you ship to houses which are not perfectly reliable, as the quotations in this paper will also be found to be just what the goods sell for to the retailer.

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THE LETTER BOX.

Editor Journal: I fully agree with the Journal in respect to the manner of securing good city government.

The primary fault in city affairs is with the people themselves. Our ideals are not high enough, and our practice is too often corrupt. We are to blame for all that has happened and for all that is likely to happen.

The people of this city do not properly appreciate the responsibilities that rest on them as citizens. They have the power in the ballot but they do not use it. They do not realize that they have the right to rule in city matters and that they not only have the right to rule, but that it is their duty to rule.

The great body of the people of Portland ought to know that if they do not take hold and run things, incompetents and tricksters will shove themselves into all the places of patronage and power and that corruption and loss and crime will result as surely as that night follows day.

The whole population of Portland ought to know that we live in a world of law—of cause and effect—and that under natural law we reap what we sow. If the people don't care, some thrifty fellow who is looking for plunder will care, and he will take out of their pockets what he is looking for.

If the people have low ideals of fitness for office, and cannot or will not distinguish between honest men and dishonest men, then they must not grumble when rogues put their heads together for mutual profit. It all depends on what the people want, and how hard they will work to get what they want.

If they want good government and will work for it, they will get it. If they are careless or indifferent about it, they will not get good government. Plunderers are always ready to run public affairs. They stand around looking for a chance to get in, and they are too often successful, either because the people are indifferent, or because so many are hoping to share in the results.

If it is want of intelligence, or want of principle, that breeds corruption, as a stagnant pond breeds poly-wogs. The indifference of the people breeds the boss, and then the boss, in turn, browbeats and bullies and robs the people, and it is in this way that the people are punished for their sins of omission.

If the great body of the people were good enough, and wise enough, and vigilant enough, and independent enough, they would not be contented with the rule of the boss, or of any clique or faction, or of any political party in city affairs.

And they would not put a conservative, cringing, politician in a place where courage and conscience and manhood are required for the best public service. If the people were up to snuff they would set down hard on the man who should attempt to play boss. They would take him by the nape of the neck and invite him to the rear, and he would go, because they have the votes to put him there.

Shame on a community of Americans who will confess that they are boss-ridden, when every one of them holds a ballot in his hand. Are they men, or only things?

Finally, if the people of Portland want a good, strong, honest, efficient government, and will put forth the necessary effort, intelligently directed, they can have it, but they can get it no other way. There is but one way to the highest and best results in anything, and especially so in municipal government.

ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

Editor Journal: What kind of market reports do you keep in The Daily Journal, or what kind of commission men is there in Portland? If I send large and fat fowls I am paid by the dozen and if I send small and lean fowls I am paid by the pound.

I wish you would advise me through The Daily Journal which is the proper way fowls are sold, or do the commission men pocket the difference on large fowls.

C. S.

The Oregon Daily Journal's market re-

HEARST AS A PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE.

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