

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF PORTLAND

CALMNESS UNDER EXTREME PROVOCATION.

HERE is precisely the way the Oregonian looks at it, according to the heavy leader in this morning's issue: We are not mad. We are not boiling over with fierce indignation. We are not tearing a passion to tatters. We are meek and long suffering and it pains us to cause anyone a moment's sorrow. (What, he, without there! Varlet fetch me a deep draught of hot blood straight from the cauldron!) They are all mistaken. We have made no wicked attacks upon Dr. Hill; we never make wicked attacks upon any one. You know us; you know the Oregonian. You know the high principles that actuate both. You know how we love Dr. Hill and all the clerical folk, of all denominations and creeds. They are flesh of our flesh and blood of our blood. (But, h-h-a, "when a sensational and unscrupulous clerical mountebank," to wit, the aforesaid Dr. Hill, above all when "an upstart peripatetic pupitree," to wit, the aforementioned Dr. Hill, presumes to give utterance to his blithering so called thoughts it causes our gorse to rise, the coarse and ribald words to come trippingly to our tongue and in the white fury of our indignation we begin to smite, and oh, how we Smite 'em.) We care nothing for what this class of cattle say or think about us. We care even less than nothing when they give vent to their mouthings, to their "bitter, virulent attacks charged with rancor, malignity and untruth." We care even less, oh, so much less (and to show you how very little we care we will grit our teeth, frown at the mouth and charge frantically up and down our office as evidence of good faith) when these rancorous and malignant untruths are published "in an insignificant and obscure newspaper"—we had rather die than to mention its name outright. Now if they only had been published in a newspaper that was not "obscure" and if to its lack of "obscenity" it had added the further merit of not having been "insignificant" what should we care? But alas and alackaday, there is the rub, there is the deep and deadly insult, there is the scorn and contumely, there is the puritanical, pharisaical, Dick Deadeye contemptuous of the whole base proceeding. To have printed the matter in an "insignificant" newspaper, the good Lord He knows was bad enough, but to have printed it in one "obscure" as well, that, that added insult to deepest injury and every one who pants for Portland and the gambling trust will bear witness to our godlike patience! (And yet under all the provocation, under the heaping insult, the double dyed ingenuity and drollery of it all, the gentle public, the fathers and mothers of Portland who have reigned in our morality for 56 years, will note our caustic, the undisturbed and irreproachable calmness and tranquillity of our demeanor, the indurated and irrefragable patience with which we accept indignities at the hands of these hellhounds, these spaws of the devil who should be run out of town and wiped from the face of the earth which they litter and contaminate with their loathsome presence.)

THE REAL BUILDERS OF PORTLAND.

THE JOURNAL is of the opinion that the "organization" is not in touch with the spirit of the people of this city on some very important questions, and are making the mistake usually made in following "machine methods," by relying too much on its workings, rather on the support of the people generally. It is but a few short years ago, that the gentlemen now in control were fighting the "machine" and its methods, and in those days they took the people into their confidence, joined in "citizens' movements" and by so doing succeeded. Every one at all informed on the subject knows that in every part of the country the tendency is toward greater, not less, civic freedom. Nor is this confined to the United States. In Great Britain and on the continent it is the same. As cities grow in wealth and power, as citizenship advances, the individual citizen resists more and more any unwarranted interference in its affairs. They are proud of their citizenship, of its independence, of its strength and growth. They all desire to work along common lines for its continued advancement. The sons of Portland are determined that it shall lead not only in material wealth and power, but in every respect that makes for true greatness. They intend it shall stand peerless, the undisputed queen of this northwest. Individual interests and personal gain must be subsidiary to the general good.

What boots it whether this or that man is elected to some local office if his independence is to be taken from him and he and his associates shorn of their strength? It is this feeling of resentment that has been awakened by the suggested attempt to change the time of the city elections, as now provided in the charter, in order to further some selfish interests. They know there is no good purpose behind it. They know that when the city election is joined with the general election, municipal affairs will receive but little if any consideration. They know that their business and property interests in Portland are a part of it and are dependent on the city's growth, and while they are willing that the politician should apportion out the offices so long as honest men are recipients, they want no laws passed or none changed that will make the work of building up the city more difficult. Rivals from the outside we have to meet, but internal foes will not be tolerated.

So likewise they resent the contemptuous treatment of a grave question by candidates for office like Messrs. Courtenay, Crang, Capron, Welch and Holcomb. Do these gentlemen presume the average citizen of Portland is going to vote for them, and place in the hands of men who either do not know where they stand or fear to tell, the opportunity to place a brake on the city's progress? Do they imagine the men who have done so much to build up this city are going to place in their hands a power which, while seeking their suffrages, will not state how they will use it?

The Journal thinks not. There never was a city in America for any length of time that allowed its government and policy to be dictated by the "gamblers." People may differ as to how to meet certain evils. They may endure much but even the most "liberal" will not tolerate the dictation, political or otherwise, of those who do not live by honest toil, who tear down and do not build.

Portland has stood much, may stand more. It has seen the privileges of the senate of the state of Oregon granted a notorious law breaker, but there is an end to all things and those who make for Portland's greatness, both morally and financially, those who are behind its great philanthropic, financial, transportation, and business efforts will govern this city and this "better" be understood now

Talented Patrol Wagon Horses.

From the New York Sun.

The East Twenty-second street police station boasts of the two most talented patrol wagon horses in town. They are down in the department lists as numbers 80-and-80, but are known to the precinct police as "Shorty" (in honor of Capt. Martin Short of Brooklyn) and

"Romeo" (in honor of nobody in particular). They make morning and afternoon trips to the Yorkville court, haul women prisoners to the East Thirty-fifth street station, and make emergency runs to any part of the precinct. If the horses heads are turned toward the station house on leaving the barn, a block west, they jog along at a

walk, knowing that the call is to take prisoners either to court or East Thirty-fifth street. When turned in any other direction they run at the top of speed required, and out on steam. At the regular hour for court duty they turn back to Thirty-fifth street without turning their heads. At all other times they turn in instinctively. Both horses were in the mounted squad for years.

Small Change

June tomorrow.

What sweet weddings.

And how awfully pretty.

Love and June ought to rhyme.

Be patriots before you are partisans.

Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.

Cleveland has had another try. Now, Mr. Bryan.

Good boy, May; we'll be glad to see you next year.

There have been many welcomed homes more than Dowds will be.

At present this is largely a gamblers' trust town, but better times are coming.

Don't be scared; the people who are trying to make a better Portland are not going to run.

A book entitled "How to Get Rich" is advertised; price \$1. It need contain but two words: "Buy me."

General Funston never will swim the Columbia river, just to prove to his detractors that he can swim.

The people of Oregon showed their independence two years ago; let them show it again next Monday.

It looks as if Illinois had Democratic symptoms again. The big state is sick of the little old fellow Cullom.

It has been a fight between bosses hitherto; now it is a fight between the people and the dominant bosses.

It cost John Hay, secretary of state, \$777 at St. Louis for one week. But everybody isn't secretary of state.

Those 4,000 acres of improperly and unlawfully gained land ought to weigh very heavily against the unctuous Binger.

The courts ought not to be all Republican; this is admitted by everybody in theory; why not carry that theory out now?

It would be best for the taxpayers of Multnomah county to elect Tom Ward and John Sieret, and break up the Powell combination.

The county commissionership should of right go to eastern Multnomah county. The only candidate from that portion of the county is John Blaret.

There is no good reason why every man who voted for George Chamberlain for district attorney four years ago should not vote for John Manning now.

Reports indicate the overthrowing of the Republican machine in Columbia county by the election of ex-Sheriff Hutton for county judge, and possibly others.

The revolt against land-grabber and thief-protector Hermann in the First district can no longer be disguised; it is scarcely denied. Hermann is an awful bitter pill for honest Republican voters to swallow.

THE TERROR OF THE TALL TOWER.

To most of you I need no introduction. You have all seen me in action.

I am the grisly evidence of my handiwork.

Many of you have had my card.

Branded on the back, maybe.

Or elsewhere searched upon your reluctant hide.

For lo, these many years I've had you all in chancery.

When I took snuff you sneezed.

When I danced you fainted, however little inclined.

And when I howled whole communities took to the cyclone cellars

And begged to be spared.

For they all know ME,

Knew Harvey.

Whose home is in the Tall Tower,

The man who says "Shut up."

I am the original Holy Terror,

Likewise the only.

When I trot out my trusty snickerse.

And get it in motion

And let go a piercing, blood-curdling yell

The sasieest of 'em fly panic-stricken down the lonely pike

Headed for the tall timber.

For there may be others

When it comes to the Real Thing

with the name blown in the bottle,

There's only one

And that's ME—

Harvey W.

The man in the Tall Tower,

The man that skins 'em.

You bet, I'm the Real Article.

There may be others, but I am the onliest only.

I've got some venom in my sack

That beats the concentrated essence of the whole pharmacopia.

Every time I breathe I raise a blister,

And it won't stop—it's like an earthquake shock.

And when I really turn loose to show 'em how it's done

You can see 'em shrivel,

You can see the raw flesh peeling from their bones.

Their physiological works immodestly bared to the shrinking spectator—

That's when I smite 'em,

ME,

Harvey.

The man in the Tall Tower,

The man with the meat ax.

If gambling doesn't suit you

Move out, move on, "shut up."

If you want a cleaner town,

If you want other or better things,

If you want to be an American man

Among American men

And register your kick when you have a kick coming,

Go, go, elsewhere to do it

For there isn't room enough here for you and ME.

I say so, I.

And what I say goes with the force of

The pile driver.

For I am

Harvey.

The Watch Dog of the Tall Tower.

Who throws human flesh to the carrion.

Who knocks down or sets up as suity my fancy

And whatever I say goes

In this little old community,

Which I have discovered,

And fenced in,

To do it as I list,

With it and everything it contains.

Hear me crunch and

Let this suffice.

Small Change

MCCLURE'S WORK FOR REFORM

From the New York World. Some years ago Mr. S. S. McClure was selling light literature to newspapers on the syndicate plan. Finding himself in the way of securing regular supplies of interesting matter, he started a magazine. For some time he conducted it on the usual magazine basis of entertainment and sugar-coated information and won success.

Then Mr. McClure was struck with an idea. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the idea gradually took possession of him. It was the conception of continuous public service by the unbiased investigation and description of dangerous tendencies in American life. Of course every magazine from time to time had published various articles dealing with some phase of wrong and suggesting some needed reform. What Mr. McClure did was to make this work systematic and persistent, to describe it with absolute frankness, to avoid preaching and to let the facts produce their own impression upon the public conscience.

The labor troubles of 1903 gave the first opportunity. The facts about the anarchist strike were laid bare in a series of articles, and these were followed by others describing such things as the career of Sam Parks of New York, the conspiracy of Capital and Labor in Chicago, the labor strike in San Francisco, and the anarchist in Colorado.

In the autumn of the same year, Mr. Lincoln Stevens struck the lead, that has produced his blistering book, "The Shame of the Cities," and Miss Tarbell began that extraordinary history of the Standard Oil company which gives us the same insight into the nature of trusts in general that the medical student gains of cancers from a scientific description of a typical case. Thus enlightenment has been proceeding along three distinct lines.

It is an interesting fact that while Mr. McClure and his writers have been educating the public they have been educating themselves. They did not start with preconceived notions of what they were going to find. When Mr. Steffens began to investigate corruption in St. Louis he thought he was on the trail of the "ward politicians" who are so widely supposed to have succeeded in enslaving American communities. He discovered to his surprise that these politicians were only the humble servants of the "substantial citizens" whose representatives the "fifth column" of politics critics of our institutions are accustomed to deplore. When he realized the truth he told it unsparingly. "The business man," he said, "has failed in politics and he has failed in citizenship. Why?"

"Because politics is business. That's what's the matter with it. That's what's the matter with everything—art, literature, religion, journalism, law, medicine—they're all business and all—as you see them, like politics a sport, like money do they spend, or profession, as they do in Germany, and they'll have—well, something else, which we have now—if we want it, which is another question." The commercial spirit is the spirit of profit, not patriotism; of credit, not honor; of individual gain, not national prosperity; of trade and dickering, not principle. "My business is sacred," says the businessman in his heart. "Whatever pro-

tection is given to me is given to me. That's what's the matter with it. That's what's the matter with everything—art, literature, religion, journalism, law, medicine—they're all business and all—as you see them, like politics a sport, like money do they spend, or profession, as they do in Germany, and they'll have—well, something else, which we have now—if we want it, which is another question." The commercial spirit is the spirit of profit, not patriotism; of credit, not honor; of individual gain, not national prosperity; of trade and dickering, not principle. "My business is sacred," says the busi-

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