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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 cause anyone a moment's sorrow.

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."

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?

So likewise they resent the contemptuous treatment of a grave question by candidates for office like Messrs. Courtney, Crang, Capron, Welch and Holcomb.

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 "gamesters."

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 moral and financially, those who are behind its great philanthropic, financial, transportation, and business efforts will govern this city and this "better be understood now

than later." We have great problems to meet. The river must be opened from Lewiston to the sea, new lines of transportation built, business enlarged, the city beautified.

AREN'T YOU PROUD OF HIM?

BINGER was ever a thrifty fellow. The nimble stic-pence can't escape his eagle eye or his warm and loving grasp. Being now persona non grata with the administration, being practically barred out of the White House and the departments, and therefore having nothing to do except to work through an occasional pension bill, he does not need any private secretary.

WHY A "DOWNRIGHT SHAME"

It will be a downright shame if Oregon fails to elect Judge Moore, our nominee for supreme judge, by a considerably larger vote than Judge Bean's two years ago.—Roseburg Plaindealer.

FORSOOTH, expound. Why a "downright shame"? Judge Moore is a capable man, moreover a popular man. Judge Bean is a good man, too, for the position he holds, is considered an able lawyer and judge.

A FEW QUESTIONS.

WILL some of the gentlemen on the inside advise why a separate city election is not right in theory and practice?

Why it is proposed to change the charter adopted by the people without submitting the proposed amendment to the people? Why it is proposed to postpone the election of next year to 1907?

The labor unions of this city should stand to a man against the proposed change in the charter. It is the only charter Portland ever had where the representatives of labor had a part in its framing, the only one where their votes counted in its adoption, the only one where the principle of the referendum was invoked.

If the Oregonian reserves to itself the right to "bolt" or "scratch" the regular ticket for reasons sufficient unto itself, it is barely possible there are others who reserve the same privileges for themselves under similar conditions.

One demand in connection with the charter should be made and enforced—"No amendments without a vote of the people." The present charter was adopted by the people; let the changes be made the same way. That will end legislative tinkering.

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.

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 three heavy 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 seems to be "in the air" that it would be best for the taxpayers of Multnomah county to elect Tom Word and John Sieret, and break up the Powell combination.

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

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 Hatton 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. And noted the grisly evidences of my mad and madcap.

Many of you have had my card. Branded on the back, mayhap. Or elsewhere scorching upon your reluctant hide. For, lo, some twenty years I've had you all in my clutches.

And when I howled whole communities were in a state of commotion. And begged to be spared. For they all knew ME.

I am the original Holy Terror. Likewise the only. When I trot out my trusty smicker and my trusty cane, you all know ME.

And let go a piercing, blood-curdling yell. The scariest of 'em fly panic-stricken down the lonely pike. For the rest, they're all in my hands.

But 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 oldest 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. When I snort it's like an earthquake shock. And when I really turn loose to show 'em how it's done.

You can see 'em shriveled. You can see the raw flesh peeling from their bones. Their physiological works immodestly bared to the shrieking spectator—ME.

That's when I smite 'em, Harvey W. 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 a pile driver. For I am Harvey W. The Watch Dog of the Tall Tower, Who throes human flesh to the carrion. Who knocks down or sets up as suit my fancy.

And whatever I say goes In this little old community, Which I have discovered, Patented, And fenced in. To do with it as I list, With it and everything it contains. Hoar me crunch and Let this suffice.

M'CLURE'S WORK FOR REFORM

From the New York World. Some years ago Mr. S. A. 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.

Then Mr. McClure was struck with an idea. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the idea gradually took possession of him. The conception of continuous public service by the unbiased investigation and description of dangerous tendencies in American life.

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

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.

Mr. McClure has discovered that the first step toward curing an evil is to make it known. He has found that a magazine need not be confined to plink and splat, but can be as powerful an agent of reforming publicity as a newspaper.

RESEMBLANCE-HUNTERS' WORK

You cannot fully realize the rapturousness of which human nature is capable until you've met the man or woman whose specialty it is to find resemblance. Good breeding has laid down the quasi-rule that the finding of resemblances must not be indulged in.

Resemblance-hunters don't confine their rapturousness to matters of manner and appearance. It is true that the friend who tells you that you look like the one person in your circle of relationship who particularly abhors represents probably the most common variety of the resemblance-hunter species.

Then a resemblance-hunter met my friend and mentioned my friend's story. "It's awfully bright, don't you know," said the resemblance-hunter, "and all that sort of thing. I enjoyed it immensely. Rather a pity, though, isn't it, that Guy de Maupassant in his 'Tale of a Necktie'—"

OUR POLITICAL ADAM-SAD.

From the St. Paul Dispatch. (Rep.) The "side" that has "some object at stake" is always the side that wishes to get the assistance of the powerful arm of government to "aid it in its business. Whether it be a land grant to railways, a bounty to ship builders, or best sugar refiners, or a hindrance or stop to exterior competition, there is the intense personal interest, intent upon gain, behind it, active, pushing, insistent, alert, making itself heard while the great mass, who will pay, are silent and unrepresented.

Governor Cummins speaks out of his own experience. He has met and been worried by this Adam-sad of our politics. He cannot be of a southerly opinion if you have nothing else but daughters. A woman may admit that her husband gets tight, but never like her shoes are.

BURON GRASS PHELOSOPHY.

From the Arlington Appeal. A cheery girl is bad enough, but a painted cheery girl is infinitely worse. You cannot be of a southerly opinion if you have nothing else but daughters.

MARGEST KOFFERD IN THE WORLD.

From the Polk County Observer. Polk county is to have the largest hayrack in the world. The Krebs Hop company have set out 400 acres of vines on the old Henderson Murphy farm, near Buena Vista, and are putting the yard in a fine state of cultivation.

Oregon Sidelights

Robins are showing their young ones the cherry trees. Good building clay has been discovered near The Dalles.

Marshfield people are talking of providing that city with a park. Streets being improved and several new buildings going up in Springfield.

The sheep range of Umatilla county is overcrowded, with 250,000 head. A new telephone will be put through Forest Dale valley, Washington county.

Marshfield people have raised a picnic fund of over \$700, and intend to make it \$1,000. A Gaston war veteran of 70 is paid by his neighbors 10 cents each for killing gophers, and sometimes shoots 15 or 20 in a day, rarely missing one.

A rattlesnake made a jump for a Lane county mail-carrier, he says, but fell short. The snake may have heard about the post-office scandals and thought the carrier was the boss.

Plans are now under way by which to save the large amount of fruit which has annually gone to waste in the orchards in the Echo county, and this year all the fruit will be saved and sold.

The citizens of Lake county are circulating a petition which is being signed by the best people of the county, praying the county court to offer a reward for the arrest of the parties who have been slaughtering sheep in that locality.

An extra large crop of hobbos is reported along the railroad lines, and trainmen are experiencing much trouble with them. Not since the Coxy movement ten years ago have so many of the genus hobo been in evidence, says The Dalles Chronicle.

A Woodburn woman has two pens of tame pheasants, and young ones are now hatching from her pens. She has set more, as she will receive many large orders from all over the Union to fill this year. She has become widely known in this industry.

There is an oversupply of shad in the northwest just now. The Columbia river is simply alive with them. As yet the people of this section are not taking to them as they do in the east; probably on account of their inability to prepare them properly. "To cook a shad," says a dealer, "never allow the fish but split it in the center. This will make a large difference in the cooking and eating of the fish."

While a Helix farmer was sharpening a barrow tooth, it flew from the tongue and past his face, the point of the red-hot piece of iron scraping over the eyeball and destroying the sight. He did not have time to bat his eye, and neither he nor his neighbors were allowed to see the iron was red hot and the tip seared a line across the corner. The sight of the eye is totally destroyed and it may be that the ball will have to be removed.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Will you kindly give me your advice on this matter? A young lady friend of mine who works in New York and is going with a man who lives in one of the hotels very often goes to meet him at his hotel and has dinner with him. Now, I say that any man who thinks anything of a girl or respects her would not have her meet him at a hotel. My friend says it is not wrong to do so, as she says many young girls do it.

I do not think young girls unless chaperoned by an older person, should meet men and dine with them in public. In this country girls are allowed many more privileges than they are in any other country in the world. They are treated by the people as if they were to do the right thing. In nine cases out of ten the plan succeeds, but there is always the unhappy tenth, who comes to grief. The greatest chaperon about a young girl is her intention of going about hotels and public restaurants. It is apt to have the bloom rubbed off and her eyes opened to knowledge she has no need of. Were I the mother of a young daughter I would never dream of allowing her to meet men alone and dine with them.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young lady 17 years of age and go with a young man who is very wealthy. He thinks a great deal of me and has proposed several times. As I am so young I have declined. My parents approve of his proposal, as he is a perfect gentleman. Kindly let me have your advice on this subject. ANXIOUS JENNIE.

If you do not love the man, by no means marry him. This seems to be a question only you can decide. You must know whether you love him or not, and that is the solution. VETERANS STILL AT FRONT.

From the Chicago Journal. Gen. Fred. D. Grant has settled a question which never should have been permitted to arise. He has decided that civil war veterans are entitled to precedence in the line of march on Memorial day.

This is a subject which for several years has caused more or less trouble and bad feelings whenever Memorial-day programs were being considered. Whoever inaugurated the practice of setting the regulars and national guardsmen in advance of the old soldiers of the civil war was guilty of bad taste, to say the least.

If Memorial day means anything, it is the expression of a people's reverence for the memory of those who died in defense of their country, and of honor to their surviving comrades in arms. As Gen. Grant truly says, "It is a day which belongs to the veterans, and these should be given the place of honor in all ceremonies incident to a proper observance of the occasion."

It will not be many years until the last of those gray-haired survivors of the civil war will have gone to join the great commander. While they are yet with us their place is at the front—where they were found when the country needed their services.

Zibolous Language. From the St. Louis Republic. A physician writing in the Medical Review says that many women whom he observes at the theatre are "hebetudinous." Unless the author of the allegation is a psychologist possessing penetration for spontaneous action in the subconscious mind, arriving at conclusions by a process of ratiocination characteristic of phrenologists, his own case may be diagnosed as dictionomania.