

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

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PUBLISHED BY JOURNAL PUBLISHING CO.

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Published every evening (except Sunday) and every Sunday morning at The Journal Building, Fifth and Yamhill streets, Portland, Oregon.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF PORTLAND

As we understand the Oregonian it sells space but not opinions. Are we then to understand that the opinions are thrown in for good measure?

THE ISSUES NEXT MONDAY.

THERE ARE practically but two propositions before the people of Portland and Multnomah county in the election next Monday. These are: First, shall the charter be changed so that the city election will be thrown over to the same years and times as the general elections, and otherwise changed to suit the Republican party machine, and the gamblers; and second, shall Republican voters vote for the better men, for their own local interests generally, or lose sight of them entirely because of the fact that President Roosevelt is to be voted for five months later?

If a good Republican really believes that there is no other name on the June ballot than Roosevelt's, that it is necessary, in order to support the president, to vote for every man, down to constable, on the Republican ticket, then he should vote the ticket straight. But we suppose there are very few voters who take this extreme view, who attach any weight to this claptrap plea. Roosevelt will be taken care of, in due time, no doubt. Whether every Republican on the ticket is elected in this county next Monday, or only a part of them, will have not a feather's weight, either in Oregon or elsewhere, on Roosevelt's chances in November. Consider what a silly pretense it is—that unless Jim Stott, for example, is elected sheriff, Roosevelt is likely to lose New York, whereas if Jim Stott is elected, New York is safe for the president. This, put in a concrete form, is the plea put forth from day to day by the organ of the machine and the gamblers' trust.

But a matter of more importance is the manifest and acknowledged design to amend the charter in the manner indicated. We take it for granted that a great majority of the people of Portland want the charter to remain practically intact, until it is tried. It will need amending somewhat, no doubt, from time to time, but its main features should stand, and be given a fair and somewhat extended trial. In particular, the provision for a separate city election should stand. Some, probably most, of the Republican candidates for the legislature are opposed to the changes desired by the gamblers' trust and the Oregonian. But others are undoubtedly in favor of these changes, or are doubtful. Those men ought to be beaten. There is not the slightest danger that the Republicans will not have a large majority in the legislature anyway, and there is no United States senator to elect next winter. Therefore voters should vote for the interests of themselves, their neighbors, the city, in the face of such circumstances, regardless of politics.

This is the common sense view of the situation, and we believe a great majority of voters will agree that it is so. Party fealty is all right, but it has or should have its limits. Voters are not obliged to injure themselves in order to "save" a party, or help along the schemes of a lot of politicians, even if some of them are good fellows.

HOW TO BE SURE OF A GOOD SHERIFF.

THE CONTEST over the election of the next sheriff of Multnomah county is peculiar in that there are six candidates for the office whose names will appear upon the ballot. For no other county office are there more than four candidates in the field and for district attorney there are but two. There is danger that with so many candidates for sheriff to choose from, the independent voters will scatter their strength and so make it ineffective.

Two of the candidates, the nominees of the prohibitionists and of the Socialists, are conceded, even by their supporters, to have no chance of election. Those who vote for them will do so as a matter of principle but without any expectation of seeing the men of their choice in office. The fight, therefore, lies between the four remaining candidates.

James Stott, the regular Republican nominee, has the support of the machine, but by a large element in the community he is regarded as the exponent of methods which for years have involved our county government in scandal. Only three years ago a grand jury found that Stott, then a deputy in the sheriff's office, had been guilty of systematic grafting. According to their report he had carried it on for three years, at first without much attempt at concealment and afterwards, when it had been declared by the attorney general to be a breach of the law and an imposition upon the county, the graft was continued in secret, artfully hidden in a way that was expected to shield Stott from discovery. The facts are undisputed, they are of official record. The grand jury recommended that the county bring suit to recover the money which Stott had illegally appropriated. In view of this blot upon his record, voters who are sincerely desirous of putting an end to the abuses which have disgraced the sheriff's office cannot cast their ballots for Stott.

Sheriff Storey is seeking reelection as an independent Republican. On the ground that his election would be a rebuke to the party machine, he is receiving many promises of support. But Storey's administration of the office for the past two years has not been such as to commend him to any man who believes that the office should be run on business principles and with due regard for the interests of the county and the taxpayers.

Nathan H. Bird, who is also in the fight as an independent Republican, has a clean record and neither in this nor in previous campaigns when he has been a candidate for the same office have his opponents brought any charge against him which reflected upon his personal integrity. Two years ago he demonstrated his independence by rejecting the regular Republican nomination because it was coupled with the condition that the machine should control the patronage of the office. Bird has enthusiastic supporters and he will receive a bulky labor vote. But appearances indicate that he cannot be elected. The workmen are not unanimous in their support of him and it is doubtful whether his vote will exceed that which he received two years ago.

Under these circumstances Tom Word is the logical candidate of every voter who wants to see the sheriff's office administered in the interest of the people and not of the spoilsman. Word is pledged to reform the abuses which have disgraced the office in the past. If he is elected the fees which have hitherto gone into the pocket of the sheriff will be paid into the county treasury, and the grafting in connection with legal advertising will cease. The office will no longer be a mere adjunct of a political machine. Word's personal character is above reproach and he is known as a man of unquestioned integrity. He will have the united support of his own party, and he should have also the support of all good citizens, whatever their politics, who believe in putting

honest men in public office. Independent voters should concentrate their votes for Tom Word, and thus not merely insure his election, but by a majority that will prove a striking object lesson.

THE PEOPLE'S CHANCE TO RULE.

PRACTICALLY all of the opposition to the direct primary law, which is to be voted upon next Monday, is ultimately traceable to the advocates of machine politics. The people of Oregon have had long acquaintance with the machine and the political boss. It cannot be said the acquaintance has redounded to the advantage of the people, and it is high time that these undesired factors should be eliminated from both state and local government.

Good government can be expected only with good men in office. The best men are rarely put forward by the machine, and the constant tendency of machine rule is to lower the standards among officeholders and to place in office men whose first allegiance will be to the machine and not to the people. The natural consequence is the prostitution of office to the interests of the incumbent and the power that created him. The list of unfit and unworthy men who have been placed in office in Oregon through machine influence is a long one, and to them is chiefly chargeable the scandals and corruption which have so often disgraced the administration of state and local affairs.

The root of the evil lies in the nominating convention, where the machine is usually all-powerful. Nominations are determined, not by the personal fitness of the candidates, but by the degree of their subservience to the boss and the machine. The "slate" determines the personnel of the ticket.

If the direct primary law is adopted all this will be changed. The nominating convention will be abolished and the people will make their own nominations. It will then be impossible to foist upon a party nominees who are notoriously unfit for office. The people will take back into their own hands the power that has been usurped by the machine and the boss.

The direct primary is no untried experiment. Similar laws are in effect in the state of Minnesota and in the cities of Lincoln, Neb., Baltimore, Md., and Grand Rapids and Detroit, Mich. In every case the operation of the law has been highly satisfactory and its results have been most beneficial.

The adoption of the law which is to be submitted to the voters of Oregon next Monday will bring emancipation from an evil which has been a constant drag upon the progress of the state.

WHY BOTHER?

THE CAT at last is out of the bag. The world may now know what it has long been anxious to discover, which is why all reforms fail, even when they succeed. As usual our "Smite-em" contemporary, the Oregonian, rises to the occasion like a hungry trout to the bait, tears aside the veil that has hidden the mystery and to the great delight and illumination of the wondering world makes everything clear. And here is how it does it: "And this is the secret of the failure of moral reform movements everywhere; they undertake to enact the ethical philosophy of human life, while the average man does not believe in, for the every day public opinion of local self interest."

We trust under the circumstances that every one will try to be good, as he can, that every one will cease reforming or attempting to reform, recognizing the ethical impossibilities of opposing this enlightened self interest of which the Oregonian so eloquently speaks, doubtless out of the abundance of its own experience. Things are as they are, therefore leave them so. They are bad, let them grow worse. For what would you have? You have ethical philosophy to start with in it, it is true, but what is ethical philosophy when social self interest is opposed to it? You have heard of social self interest—that delightful human characteristic which has no higher motive than to look out for itself and let the devil take the hindmost. It is that self interest which would grind the weak and which, unrestrained and untempered by the leaven of humanity and human charity, would make of the race a race of ravening wolves. Therefore don't attempt to reform anything. So long as some of us are doing very well, so long as most of the rest are hewers of wood and drawers of water, so long as it "pays" to protect and encourage things ethically called evils which are daily prostituting and debauching the community let us keep it up and let no man say nay.

Theoretically great is ethical philosophy but practically great is social self interest which pays 600 per cent on the dollar in cold American money and if it incidentally debauches who cares, for haven't we our ethical philosophy to fall back on in a pinch?

WHICH?

IT IS WITH becoming diffidence, flying as we needs must in the face of "social self interest," a doctrine so delightfully expounded and exemplified by our illuminating contemporary, the Oregonian, that we rise modestly to inquire whether in the upbuilding of a substantial American community an institution like the Reed Institute, for which the late Mrs. Reed bequeathed about three quarters of a million dollars, is of as much consequence as the Portland Club, great factor as it undoubtedly is in the public and private life of the city? Which is calculated to do the most good, which will benefit the most people and which will raise the highest and best standard? When these questions are answered we should like to ask which class of producers it is best for Portland's real interests to encourage and which to order to "shut up" and which, finally, to drive out of town, as the Oregonian has rather unkindly set about to do with some men of the community who appear to have all or many of the requisites of good citizenship except a disposition to gamble or indulge in those other lurid recreations which it is not quite so polite to name by name but for which the administration of Portland and the political machine behind it stand so solicitously and even aggressively?

The fact that the Oregonian is so insistent on "the ticket" being swallowed whole is an excellent reason for the people to view the proposition with suspicion. There can be no mistake made if the mysterious and silent Messrs. Courtney, Capron, Crang, Hudson, Welch and Holcomb are scratched and others substituted in their places. President Roosevelt won't care, for Senator Fulton says his majority will be 30,000 in the state in November and that even the Democrats are going to vote for him.

Small Change

Study how to scratch.

Politics should out no figure when it comes to voting for judges.

The Oregonian has a lot of excuses or explanations to make every day now.

The men who won't say they will stand by the charter ought to be beaten.

Dr. Hill is probably inclined to remain in Portland. And, really, Portland will be glad to have Dr. Hill remain.

Most torpedoes are harmless, fail to hit anything; but when one does go off against something it makes up for its inactivity before.

A Lebanon young man has purchased two young bears for \$30. If he keeps them long enough he will give \$60 to some one to take them off his hands. He might communicate with F. C. B., care G. O. F., Portland.

Mr. Cleveland has written another letter, this time to the Philadelphia North American, in which he advocates the nomination of Judge Parker. Now Uncle Grover can go fishing. The convention, or the Democracy, knows what to do.

When Binger Hermann feeds back that 4,000 acres of land to the people, and only asks the price he paid and legal interest, for honest men's votes, but even then he couldn't; it would only be done under compulsion—and he won't do it anyway. A professional grafter never gives up anything.

SOME EPICURANS.

(By Ambrose Bierce.)

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A slight is less easily forgiven than an injury, because it implies something of contempt, indifference, an overlooking of our importance, whereas an injury presupposes some degree of consideration. "The black-guard" said a traveler whom Sicilian brigands had released without ransom, "did they think me a person of no consequence?"

"I am the seat of the affections," said the heart.

"Thank you," said the judgment, "you spare my pride."

A popular author is he who writes what the people think. But genius invites them to think something else.

A cheap and easy cynicism rails at everything; a master of the art accomplishes with equal ease the formidable task of discrimination.

When publicly censured, our first instinct is to make everybody a co-defendant.

"Who art thou?" said Mercy.

"Revenge, the father of Justice."

"Thou wearest thy son's clothing."

"The climate is rigorous."

"Farewell, I go to attend thy son."

"Do—he is hiding in yonder jungle."

It is the vice of democracies that they make a virtue of conformity. To differ is to be infamous, the only distinction that they reward is a high degree of resemblance.

God said: "Let there be glimmer," and a humorist seized a pen, sat down and was funny.

Slang is the speech of him who robs the literary garbage carts on their way to the dumps.

To women a general truth has neither value nor interest unless she can make a particular application of it. And we say that women are not practical.

TOM WORD, TEN WINNER.

From Harrisburg (Linn County) Bulletin.

Tom Word, the irrepressible traveling salesman who is the regular Democratic nominee for sheriff in Multnomah county, holds rather a unique position in the six-cornered fight being waged for that office. He has by an experience of many long years all over the state established a character for inflexible honesty and reliability, which are being taken into account by the voters; also the fact that he is the only man in the race who utterly refuses to pledge himself outside the straight duties of a sheriff, should he be elected, promises reform and relief to the taxpayers and especially the heavy ones, that are turning them to him by the score, without reference to political affiliation. Tom Word is having the strongest support of the whole community in the local option law; but no one else does. One kind of business there, and in all the local option counties throughout the state, is greatly depressed—that is the liquor business; but that business is in an unsatisfactory condition, except in a few drought-stricken counties, is utterly false. Your correspondent was a resident for 10 years of one of the very first counties in that state which in the exercise of the local option law, voted the saloons out of every precinct within its borders by a two-thirds majority. There always has been an element there which has been dissatisfied with the workings of that law, but that element is the saloon element and once and for all it has been twice, this element succeeded in securing a reversion of that law to a vote of the people; but by a much larger majority than at first did the whole community. The saloon is in our county. Times are not so "lively" now as they were when the saloons were in full blast, when a few drunken cowboys, fired by whiskey, were accustomed to "paint the town red," and the signs of the saloon were everywhere. A few Sunday nights ago, the saloon men, like the Arabs, have "folded their tents and silently stolen away," but the money which formerly went into the coffers of the saloon men, which was spent in debauchery and court proceedings, is now being turned into another channel, is going into sheep, and cattle, and homes, and improvements of every kind. Roads are being improved, fine buildings are going up, the signs of prosperity are everywhere. Your correspondent knows whereof he speaks. He is in constant touch with the people of Texas. He regularly reads two of the newspapers published in that state, which speak of the prosperity there prevailing in glowing terms.

ABSOLUTELY NEW.

(By H. R. R. Hertzberg.)

The music wasn't clever.

The action wasn't bright.

But still the piece was hailed with Approval and delight.

What made the public cheer it in glee, and sit all through it, Was that it held a joke which Rang absolutely new.

Last night I found a volume Entitled: "Jests of Khirist, Court Jester of the Pharaoh, Lord Rameses the First."

And in this book, five thousand And odd years old for true, I read that joke the public Deemed absolutely new!

Japanese Humor.

Washington Correspondence N. Y. Sun. A story is being told in military and diplomatic circles here that, in view of the recent Japanese successes, appears to have a much truth as humor in it. An officer of the United States army selected to accompany the Russian forces in the field, was well acquainted with the members of the Japanese legation in Washington, and told one of them of his new duty.

"Before you go," said the Japanese, "I wish you would send a package of four visiting cards to the legation."

"That's a curious request," remarked the American officer. "What in the world do you want with a package of my visiting cards?"

"Oh! merely to send them to the officers in the Japanese army, so you'll be well taken care of when you are captured," was the response.

Practical Pointer.

From the Chicago News.

"It looks," said the manufacturer, "it would be a good idea to advertise this new brand of soap as being absolutely pure."

"Don't do it, dad," protested his son, who had recently graduated from the school where advertising is taught, while you wait. "Make it 98 per cent and the women will snap it up for a bargain."

Journal of the Lewis and Clark Expedition



June 1.—We set sail early this morning and at six miles distant passed Bear creek, a stream about 25 yards wide; but the wind being ahead and the current rapid, we were unable to make more than 12 miles, to the mouth of the Osage river. Here we camped and remained the following day, for the purpose of making celestial observations.

The Osage empties itself into the Missouri at 22 miles distant from the mouth of the river. A general course is west and southwest through a rich level country. At the junction the Missouri is about 575 yards wide and the Osage 307. The low point of junction is in latitude 38 degrees, 18 minutes, 18 seconds north, and at a short distance from it is a high commanding position, whence we enjoyed a delightful prospect of the country.

The Osage river gives or owes its name to a nation inhabiting its banks at a considerable distance from this place. Their present name, however, seems to have originated from the French traders, for about 1760 a branch of the Osage, called the Wabashas. They number between 1,300 and 1,350 warriors, and consist of three tribes, the great Osages, of about 500 warriors, living in a village on the south bank of the river; the Little Osage, of nearly half that number, residing at a distance of six miles from them; and the Arkansas band, a colony of Osages of about 500 warriors, who left them some years ago under the command of a chief called Big Foot, and settled on the Vermilion river, a branch of the Arkansas. In person the Osages are among the largest and best formed Indians, and are said to possess fine military capacities, but residing as they do in villages, and having made considerable advances in agriculture, they seem to be addicted to war than their northern

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

Portland, Or., May 30.—To the Editor of The Journal.—The statements made first by Mr. H. B. Bowers of the Portland Oregonian, and then by the Liquor Dealers' association of this city, in regard to the dissatisfaction of the people in Texas with the local option law which prevails in that state, are personally known by your correspondent, who was recently a resident of that state for 10 years, to be untrue; and were the contents of a communication to the editor of the Oregonian, which, however, was never permitted to see the light of day.

While the man in charge of the business office downstairs solemnly affirms that the article was sent directly to the editorial rooms, those who are in charge there declare that it never arrived at its destination. Of course, it is not possible for us with the light we have to see how a document of that kind could escape from the narrow confines of the chute which communicates between the two rooms, and go skyrailing into space; but, as the editor says, "it is a matter of course, it is all to be expected." It is this, viz: "No considerable portion of the people of Texas believe that any depression in business which may exist in a limited section is attributable to anything but the drought which has been prevalent there. The liquor men, of course, lay it all to the local option law; but no one else does. One kind of business there, and in all the local option counties throughout the state, is greatly depressed—that is the liquor business; but that business is in an unsatisfactory condition, except in a few drought-stricken counties, is utterly false. Your correspondent was a resident for 10 years of one of the very first counties in that state which in the exercise of the local option law, voted the saloons out of every precinct within its borders by a two-thirds majority. There always has been an element there which has been dissatisfied with the workings of that law, but that element is the saloon element and once and for all it has been twice, this element succeeded in securing a reversion of that law to a vote of the people; but by a much larger majority than at first did the whole community. The saloon is in our county. Times are not so "lively" now as they were when the saloons were in full blast, when a few drunken cowboys, fired by whiskey, were accustomed to "paint the town red," and the signs of the saloon were everywhere. A few Sunday nights ago, the saloon men, like the Arabs, have "folded their tents and silently stolen away," but the money which formerly went into the coffers of the saloon men, which was spent in debauchery and court proceedings, is now being turned into another channel, is going into sheep, and cattle, and homes, and improvements of every kind. Roads are being improved, fine buildings are going up, the signs of prosperity are everywhere. Your correspondent knows whereof he speaks. He is in constant touch with the people of Texas. He regularly reads two of the newspapers published in that state, which speak of the prosperity there prevailing in glowing terms.

A Protest and a Prophecy. Portland, May 31.—To the Editor of The Journal.—Would you kindly allow me to place in your valuable paper to reply to an article of which I read in your morning's Oregonian? The editorial of this morning's Oregonian is a strange contradiction from beginning to finish, denying that a vicious attack was ever made upon Dr. E. P. Hill, yet at the same time branding him as a vile defamer, also that Portland is a clean city, but admits that gambling, licentiousness and drunkenness are practically necessary evils and that it is impossible to do otherwise. He says he is no sense loyal to our city to harbor crime within its borders, but vice versa.

Now, it is a well known fact that the Oregonian has always fought moral reforms of every description, that it is the avowed enemy of the saloon, and that an ably edited journal is a powerful factor for either good or evil.

The Oregonian, I am sorry to say, caters to popular sentiment. In other words, pulls the strings that has the support of the majority. When the Salvation Army started its crusade against sin in this city the Oregonian was loud and long in its frequent vicious attacks against them, but today they are seen searching through our streets with flying banners, drums and singing their hallelujah songs and men and women are being rescued from the ranks of sin and added to the kingdom of our Lord.

As the Oregonian has changed its tune, because the Salvation Army is becoming popular. There should be no difference between city government and justice government. Are we, as parents, justifiable in allowing our children to practice the vice of a well known fact? Joshua said: "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." So let us not be discouraged, for as Gideon, with his 300 men, conquered that great army of Midonites, so may we go forth in the name of our right God, against the enemy, sin, putting to flight the destroyer from our fair city, that our sons and daughters may dwell safely, "not by might nor by power, but by my spirit saith the Lord of hosts."

Favors the Appointment.

Oregon City, May 30.—To the Editor of The Journal.—Since the department has appointed Adolph Aschoff forest supervisor over the heads of the entire Oregon delegation, please allow me, and others of his Clackamas county friends, to publicly congratulate him. The merited honors, which have long been due, but yet unsought by him, are now being bestowed. He is qualified in every respect for the position. He is a schemer but a man who would say "Judge me by my works; give me what I am worth." The department has so judged him, and has certainly made no mistake in the matter. I do not admire Roosevelt as some do, but if he favors the merit system, as reported in this case, he is so far commendable. If this system prevailed in county and state, instead of illiterates being pulled through county conventions by political bosses, as is the case in Clackamas county today, there would be fewer incompetents in our state legislature.

Not a Safe Bet.

From the Chicago News.

"Yes, my boy," said the parson during a call, as he laid his hand on the family Bible, "every word in this book is true."

"Well, I know the words are true," rejoined the wise youngster, "but I wouldn't advise you to bet on the fig-uree sister has been monkeying with on the family record page."

Uncle Sam in Action.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

A New York man who stole a letter on Saturday, was arrested, tried and sent to prison within two and a half hours after he committed the offense. If he had stolen a railroad the process would have taken at least as many years, and most probably he would never have been tried at all.

Oregon Sidelights

June!

Songtime and haytime.

This is especially the month of music and of fragrance.

The famous and luscious cherries of Oregon will soon be ripe.

Love and kisses, tenderness and trust, are natural to the season.

The peeling of chittim bark is employing hundreds of people.

Oregon undoubtedly produces the finest strawberries on earth.

The hop acreage of Oregon is gradually increasing, it is already the greatest hop producing state in the union.

Gold Hill News: The big reservoir that supplies the city water was cleaned out on Tuesday last. Thanks.

A lot of immigrants have arrived by the old-fashioned prairie schooner route in the Rogue river valley from Oklahoma.

Frosts have done some apparent damage in some localities, but it really did little harm for it incited people to harder and better work.

In the eastern Oregon wheat belt a farmer can raise from 40 to 50 bushels of wheat per acre every year. He can do it nowhere else on earth.

The increase of the sheep crop is nearly 100 per cent, rather more than the average, and there is nothing happier under the shining sun than an Oregon lamb.

The greatest area of commercially available timber in the United States is in Oregon—even if Hermann's pets have gobbled most of it, the timber is there to benefit thousands of people besides them.

Dayton Herald: G. B. Abdlil and son William, are doing something of a wholesale business in making tin cans for the Dayton Evaporating company. Last week they made 700 five gallon cans to be used for the canning of evaporated vegetables. They also made the same number of smaller cans, to be used for canning evaporated eggs. Abdlil works up a great quantity of tin in the course of a year.

Hillsboro Independent: Paint is flowing freely in Hillsboro these days and it seems as if the "improvement fever" has taken firm hold of our citizens. This is as it should be. There is no prettier town anywhere than our little city of Hillsboro, and as many visitors will be here during the next two years we can't make things look too nice. Beautify the home, and at the same time give the sidewalks attention. They need it.

The writer saw Monday a woman jerk her little child, less than two years old, off the ground and swing and shake it viciously, and throw the poor little terrified thing on its feet, over and over again. This happened on First street, near Washington. How would that woman like to be seized by a giant 20 times her size, and thus flung around and shaken, and then be asked, as this babe was? There are mothers—only a few, let us hope—who should never have been mothers, or wives, or anything but she-devils.

Jacksonville Sentinel: Jacksonville's glory and its prosperity departed with the working out of the great placer deposits in this vicinity and now it is quite certain that the poor little town is to bring a new era of prosperity to the old town. With the development of the big gold bearing quartz ledges in the vicinity of Jacksonville giving employment to several hundred men, the town is being reborn and permanent prosperity that will make of it one of the leading towns of southern Oregon. The development of the Applegate copper mines will be another large factor in Jacksonville's prosperity.

POLITICAL POINTERS

Portland Advance: Any "baby" who

votes the straight Republican ticket in the June election is a longer-headed and a dunce. We have all of our lives been ardent Republicans, straight ones, too, but there is a Republican condition existing here in Multnomah county, and in Portland especially, unparalleled in the annals of Republican rule anywhere in the country. It seems all right for white men to change their minds and switch from one party to another (anywhere, just so they have an office); it's all right for our United States senators to change their minds in regard to the silver shoe gold standard, when it comes to the "darkies," if the Republican party nominated a wet dog they would be expected to howl and vote the straight Republican ticket, as many are inclined to want to do today.

Springfield News: Because you vote for the best men for county offices, regardless of their political affiliations, will not hurt Roosevelt one iota. This hot air preached by the leading papers that "a straight ticket is an endorsement of Roosevelt" is nothing less than the politician's crook about the voter's neck, and they will not stand for it. The issue now is clean, honest men for our county offices. There is plenty of time next fall to elect Roosevelt.

Coquille City Bulletin: Judge Potter was pottering around town Wednesday presumably trying to mould the voters as clay in the potter's hands; but Cops county voters have been hardened by the excellent record of Judge Hamilton and on June 6 will give Mr. Potter a place in the potter's field, there to rest undisturbed through the endless ages of political oblivion.

JUST FLAIN MUD.

From the New York Mail.

Among the kin of Dr. Parkhurst is a peevish small boy, who looks upon the Madison Square pastor as the wisest of men. Recently he received his first instruction in holy writ—the theme being the account of the creation given in the Book of Genesis. Filled with awe and speculation he pressed Dr. Parkhurst for explanations.

"Is it true," he asked, "that a creature like you or me was made by God out of dust?"

"So the Bible says," was the grave reply.

"Just such stuff as that?" persisted the urchin, pointing to a heap of wet clay thrown from a trench in the street.

"That stuff, my child, is sent up by a Tammany street contractor. If God made a human being out of it the nature of the creature would not be man."

"What would it be?"

"Mud."

The Dogs of War.

From the New York Tribune.

The "dogs of war" in these days as yet in field hospital work. In Germany and Italy the Bernard dogs have been

trained for years so as to aid, after an engagement, bearer parties in their search for the wounded, especially at night. Russia, apparently, has no canine corps, and Major Richardson of

Carnoustie, England, who has made a specialty of training ambulance dogs, has received a communication from St. Petersburg asking him how many he can supply for service in the far east.