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AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF PORTLAND

CONFRONTED WITH HERMANN.

THE ATTENDANCE at the various Hermann meetings throughout the first congressional district has been noticeably slim. None of them has evoked any enthusiasm for his candidacy. Whenever real enthusiasm was aroused it came from references to President Roosevelt. These always evoked hearty applause.

Political exigencies have forced a number of respectable candidates on the platform with Hermann. Some of them have spoken at the same meetings. It has been noticeable that they have confined themselves to the general subject of politics. Whenever they have been forced to allude to Hermann they have spoken of him in very, very general terms as did Senator Fulton. In his heart not one of them approved Hermann's candidacy, not one but feels that the party was outraged in his nomination. Not one of them but will admit it in private conversation.

Hermann's hope, his only hope, is in the big normal Republican majority in his district. He expects there are enough Republicans in the district who, for the sake of "regularity," will swallow him even with a wry face. Hermann wants all the votes he can get, but a slim dose of majority will satisfy him. He is not proud; all he wants to be sure of is his election. That is entirely in the hands of the thoughtful and conscientious Republicans of his district. They and they alone can decide whether they want to represent them in congress a man who was kicked out of office by their own president, who even now dares not enter the interior department, who has neither the respect nor confidence of the president or the speaker of the house and who is a handicap to the other members of the congressional delegation. There is involved besides the dignity, the honor and the good name of the people of the whole state regardless of party.

It is well known they have no enthusiasm for Hermann, that they know his record as well as the president knows it. This being true their responsibility is all the greater for they vote with their eyes wide open. There is not a conscientious man in the state who is unblinded by the narrowest partisanship but believes that Hermann should be defeated. Many of them unfortunately have no opportunity to officially record their sentiment. The people of the first district have that opportunity and privilege and for their own sakes we hope they will feel the responsibility and, carrying it with them into the booth next Monday, do only that which their own consciences dictate.

NO POLITICS IN IT.

THE "MACHINE" in its efforts to offset the work of the committee representing those who are opposed to postponing the city election of next year and the amending of the charter in this respect are passing the word around that it is "politics," and by this means hopes to induce Republicans to blindly vote "the ticket straight." The personnel of the committee is a sufficient refutation of this charge. Its membership is as follows: C. F. Adams, Henry Hahn, F. W. Mulkey, Isaac White, L. N. Fieschner, A. H. Devers, J. N. Teal, Thomas N. Strong, A. J. Glynn, R. Livingston, L. J. Goldsmith.

Four of these gentlemen were delegates to the last Republican state convention. Four others are pronounced Republicans and but three are Democrats. It is hard, very hard, for some people to grasp the fact that there are a large number of the citizens of this city who are for the city first, particularly where the political question as in this instance is of absolutely no moment. These gentlemen do not claim, nor indeed was any member of the charter board ever heard to claim that the charter is a perfect instrument. On the contrary, as time goes on, defects were expected to and will certainly develop. These can be remedied as they arise. What the people of this city do demand is that the charter be let alone until the defects are apparent, and that the necessity for a change in some minor detail of administration be not seized upon as a pretext to undermine its foundation.

The people knew, as every member of the charter board knew, that the politician is the deadly implacable enemy of separate elections; that if it is possible it will change this feature of the charter and postpone the election of next year to 1906. This being the truth, and none can dispute it, how can there be any hesitation as to how to vote on men who have either no opinion on the subject or dare not express it, and will not even acknowledge the receipt of a letter of inquiry addressed to them by a body of citizens on such a question as this. How can it be said that "politics" is the underlying motive of the gentlemen asking the question? Has any good reason ever been advanced for not keeping the city elections separate from general elections? Has the charter in this respect ever been tried and found wanting? Is it not time enough when experience demonstrates the necessity for, to make the change? Is it even decent to suggest it, when the subject was not even hinted at before the primaries, and the charter approved by a vote of ten to one? It is but the basest subterfuge, the only resort of those who dare not come out into the open, to attempt under a plea of the possible necessity for changes in minor details to deprive the people of this city of their right to change, if they desire, existing conditions next June, and to so amend the charter as to make it practically impossible to consider our municipal necessities free from the distractions of a general campaign. There is one safe course on all amendments. Send them to the people for their consideration. Let the people pass on every change. It is almost unthinkable that in a community that adopted the initiative and referendum, that will adopt the direct primary law, that a majority will vote for candidates who will not or cannot express their opinion on a public question. Do not forget that no one knows, because they will not or cannot tell, how candidates Courteney, Capron, Crang, Hudson, Welch and Holcomb stand on the charter. By not voting for them you take so chances, and the people can afford to take none. If they care so little for the voter as to treat with contempt a reasonable inquiry, respectfully asked, they cannot complain if the voters on their part pass them by.

VINDICATING SCOTT, NOT ROOSEVELT.

SOME TIME AGO a member of the congressional delegation writing to a friend in this city said that H. W. Scott had decided that this state should give a tremendous Republican majority in June, the purpose being to demonstrate the strength of the Oregonian newspaper and thus reestablish the political prestige of its editor. The idea was to make this majority so large that there would be no possible doubt of what could be done when the Oregonian was heartily in the work. It would scarcely do for the Oregonian to come out and say that a big Republican majority in June would add to

the prestige of its editor at Washington and leave the impression that he was the overwhelming political factor here. That would arouse too many antagonisms in too many different directions and fall athwart the ambitious paths of too many other Republicans of more or less eminence. Therefore, quite shrewdly, too, it must be admitted, the campaign has been made and forced on the president's popularity. The record of no one running for office on the local ticket is receiving any consideration but everywhere is raised the cry of vindicating Roosevelt who needs no vindication.

As a matter of fact it is Scott, not Roosevelt, that will receive the benefit from a big Republican majority next Monday and this fact should be clearly understood.

WHICH VDVCE IS SOUNDEST?

AT LAST NIGHT'S Republican rally the principal speaker was Mayor Williams. According to the Oregonian, "the mayor at once plunged into his subject by meeting Democrats with their own arguments, namely, that voters should ignore 'party obligations' and regard only 'public considerations.' For that very reason he insisted that Republicans should vote for all Republican nominees. . . . Mayor Williams concluded by exhorting his hearers to rise above the slime and filth of political rancor, to vote for the Republican candidates for public 'considerations' and to run up a Republican majority that will ring throughout the whole country and give assurance that the next president will be Theodore Roosevelt."

There was also a presidential year in 1896. The contest was then very much fiercer than it is this year and there was very much more reason why an appeal to mere partisanship should have had some weight. Judge Williams also delivered a speech during that campaign which involved the election of a mayor. It was a very good speech, too, as will be seen from the following extracts which, applied to the situation today, precisely meets the views of The Journal as they then undoubtedly did those of Judge Williams, himself. The extracts from the speech of 1896 are peculiarly applicable to the conditions which now confront us.

Thomas Jefferson, said Judge Williams, in beginning his speech, in his first inaugural address, to introduce the era of good feeling after his election, said, as you will remember, that "We all are Republicans and we all are Federalists." And so I say to you tonight as to the coming city election: We all are Democrats and we all are Republicans. All of us stand or profess to stand upon the same platform, namely, good government in the city of Portland and freedom from ring rule. I am sure you will agree with me when I say that in our coming city election there is no issue involved between the friends of the gold standard or the free coinage of silver; there is no issue between the friends of free trade and the friends of protection. Those are questions referable to the election of representatives and senators in common.

I am not finding any fault with those gentlemen who have bolted the nomination; this is a good year for bolting, and we are all bolters together, and we are all, or most of us who are not blinded and bound by our party obligations, are trying to do the very best thing we can for our country, and we are trying to rise above these rules and regulations which the party bosses impose upon us, and do that which is good for the entire country.

I know from my experience, and it is not limited, that it is a very easy thing for candidates to make promises before the election; and the most unscrupulous politicians who run for office are the men who make the most promises, and who, when they are elected, most readily forget the promises they have made.

I am not advocating the election of one ticket or another. I intend to vote part of both tickets, perhaps all the tickets, and whether my advice is good or not, I submit that the best thing we can all do this year when we are all bolters is to select out of these candidates the very best men we can find, no matter to what party they belong or by whom they may have been nominated, and elect them to office, and see if we cannot get into office men upon whom we can rely and who will legislate and act not for any selfish interest or purpose, but to promote the interests of any party or clique, but who will undertake to discharge their duties in the interest of all the people of this city.

There is nothing involved in the city government but an honest administration, and honest disbursement of public money, the administration of a man who is free from the condemnation of any party, ring, clique or faction. That is the sort of man we want for mayor.

I ask you to take these matters into consideration; look at them as free and independent citizens. I have no interest in this matter except as a citizen, and I am trying to do what I can for the best interests of the city and I know that I am right in this business. I leave it with you to say when you go to the polls whether or not you will stand by the reputation and best interests, the prosperity and good name of the city, or whether you will stand by some man that you despise and dislike because he is your party nominee.

THE LOCAL OPTION LAW.

THE JOURNAL is in receipt of many inquiries as to whether if the proposed local option law carries at the election next Monday, it will immediately go into operation.

If a majority of the people vote in its favor local option as a principle is approved, but before it can be put in operation in any part of the state it must be petitioned for as the law itself provides and an election for that specific purpose must be held in the various precincts or combination of precincts in which the petitions have been circulated.

The law, therefore, does not of itself bring about local option; it merely provides the legal way by which it can be done through subsequent elections.

Politics must be mightily mixed in this neck of the woods, when Republicans are admonished to vote for some of the gentlemen on their ticket, because they are Republicans. They were a little late in arriving, but they seem to get there just the same.

A candidate who cannot, will not or dare not, state his position on a public question, ought not to expect to ride with Roosevelt for he is one who dares.

Holcomb and Roosevelt, Capron and victory, is the cry.

Small Change

Hermann is yet dodging Veach.

Well, it is about over, except the voting.

Hermann is also dodging his record, or trying to.

In voting for judges, politics should not figure.

Doubtless Binger is glad the campaign is about over.

No more grafting in the sheriff's office, is Tom Word's platform.

Partisan politics ought to be laid aside when voting for judges.

Teddy won't be elected in Oregon Monday. This is not his fight.

Good crops bring more prosperity than a political party ever did, or can.

A considerable degree of independence is a good quality in a voter these days.

A fractional machine is a good thing to smash, at least in spots, occasionally.

Among a machine's job lot of candidates it is a safe bet that some are unworthy.

It is a good time for people who are working for better things to refuse to shut up.

Spuds have fallen with dull thuds; well, we all want new potatoes now, anyway.

The sea waves are beginning to call, though not sadly nor madly—only cooingly, coaxingly.

The closed boxes will have to go, but perhaps everybody that differs with the Oregonian won't.

And still Illinois Republicans cannot nominate a candidate for governor—not even the favorite of the president.

Portland must keep clear of a legislative machine clique. It has suffered quite enough in this way already.

If voters can be induced to keep their attention steadily fixed on Roosevelt and the November election, the charter fixers and possible grafters will have a chance to slip in, and accomplish their purpose.

The Newberg Graphic suggests that parents of that town give their boys and girls as much attention as they do their cows. The Graphic says that giddy-pated girls who imagine themselves young ladies, and cigarette fiends look around the streets too much. The Graphic's head is level.

The Republican ticket from top to bottom is composed of the best qualified list of candidates ever presented in any election in this state. Hurrah! Hurrah! What a wonder! All the virtues existent on earth in the Republican "ticket." Surely nobody can vote against any of 'em, especially in Binger county.

Rev. Jesse B. Young, in Zion's Herald.

A young theolog at Garrett Biblical institute was asked a written examination at the end of his first year two simple questions, which he answered as follows:

1. Where was Jesus Christ born? Answer: "In Rome."

2. What was he born? Answer: "I do not exactly recall, but I think it was some time about the opening of the Christian era."

These answers brought the career of the aspiring youth to a close at Garrett. It was said that he had been expelled from the school, and must seek the advantages of a preparatory school. Instead of doing so, however, he went to one of the Illinois conferences and applied for admission on trial. The president of the conference, a well-known minister, asked him where he had attended school. "At Garrett," was the reply. "How far did you go in the course?" "I was there part of a year." "Why did you not stay and complete the work?" "Why," said the aspiring youth, "the school doctor, the higher criticism taught in that institution had begun to undermine my faith, and I had to leave lest I might backslide."

MUD PIE AND A FIRE.

From the Prineville Journal.

Four little urchins started a fire on the north bank of the Ochoco just east of the brewery Tuesday afternoon and were preparing to manufacture some well-seasoned mud pies when the wind rose suddenly and gave their fire an impetus which threatened a conflagration considerably bigger than themselves. Four badly scared youngsters immediately related immense quantities of voluntary fire department to extinguish the flames, which were beginning to lick up the dry grass. The delicately-molded mud pies were the first to strike the flames, then a bucket brigade, from which the local department had taken some valuable pointers, was organized, and four pairs of short legs worked with lightning rapidity carrying tomato cans full of water from the Ochoco to the flames. Half a dozen times two or three of the amateur fire fighters stood on their head while scrambling down the bank of the stream, but visions of the city jail kept them working like beavers until the fire was put out. Then the crowd watching them from the bridge gave a cheer and the youngsters doffed their caps as if they had just performed a deed of heroism.

Japs Extending Korean Railroads.

From the New York Tribune.

The Japanese are said to have captured the Japanese railroad material just after crossing the Yalu river. The Russians long ago began the construction of a line across the base of the Regent's Sword peninsula, from the Liao to the Yalu, and the material captured by the Japanese had doubtless been landed by the Russians at Antung for the building of the road from that end, as well as from the other. It is not improbable that the Japanese will now push their road to completion, as they are doing with the railroad in Korea from Seoul up to the Yalu. Another year may see the Japanese in possession of a completed railroad from Fusan to Port Arthur, by way of Seoul, Wiju, Antung and Kail-Chow. With such a road, and with their fleet still in command of the sea, their hold upon the Manchurian littoral would be well nigh impregnable.

A PIT MAN.

From the Albany Democrat. Authentic reports from Portland indicate that Tom Word stands a splendid chance of being elected sheriff. He ought to be, for he is a first-class man, with the right kind of a makeup for sheriff. He is doing with the railroad in Korea from Seoul up to the Yalu. Another year may see the Japanese in possession of a completed railroad from Fusan to Port Arthur, by way of Seoul, Wiju, Antung and Kail-Chow. With such a road, and with their fleet still in command of the sea, their hold upon the Manchurian littoral would be well nigh impregnable.

Journal of the Tows and Clark Expedition



June 2.—On the afternoon we proceeded, and at three miles distant reached a creek, called Cupboard creek, from a rock of that appearance near its entrance. Two miles further, we camped at Moreau creek, a stream 30 yards wide, on the southern side.

IN CUPID'S COURT

(By Dorothy Dix.)

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Judge—Proceed with the docket.

Policeman—The next case, your honor, is this young woman.

Judge—What is the charge?

Policeman—Making goo-goo eyes, your honor.

Judge—Who appears for the prosecution?

Lawyer for Prosecution—May it please the court, we charge that this young woman inaudibly, nefariously and fraudulently conspired to rob my client of his heart and obtain his affections under false pretences, by means of sundry sweet and melting glances commonly known as goo-goo eyes.

Furthermore, led on by the appearance of pleasure in his society artfully assumed by the defendant in order to deceive, my noble and unsuspecting client was induced to expend his hard-earned salary in providing said defendant with automobile rides, theatre tickets and broiled lobsters. This he did under the belief that he was thereby making himself solid with said defendant; but when he tried to realize on his expectations he found that another party held a first mortgage on said defendant's heart, thereby invalidating the claim of said plaintiff. All of this has caused my client great anguish of mind and depletion of pocket, wherefore we pray that the defendant be required to answer to Cupid's court for wilfully, scientifically and successfully flirting.

Judge—Let us hear the testimony of the plaintiff.

Lawyer for the Prosecution—How long have you known the defendant?

Plaintiff—Ever since her debut party last winter.

Lawyer for the Prosecution—What was your opinion of her, formed at your first meeting?

Plaintiff—I thought that she was just about the rosiest peach in the basket.

Lawyer for the Prosecution—What is your opinion of her now?

Plaintiff—I object.

Judge—Objection sustained.

Lawyer for the Prosecution—Did she make goo-goo eyes at you on that occasion?

Plaintiff—She did.

Lawyer for Prosecution—Will you describe to the court the process employed by a young and pretty female in making goo-goo eyes?

Plaintiff—It is the innocent, artless, soothing, admiring, adoring glance which a pretty woman turns on you, and which makes you feel as if you had just licked Jellies with one hand and could put Rockefeller out of business if you wanted to.

Lawyer for Plaintiff—Is it not true that when you made love to the defendant she encouraged you?

Plaintiff—It is.

Lawyer for the Prosecution—What did she say?

Plaintiff—She said, "Oh, Mr. Smith—"

Lawyer for Prosecution—What did you understand from this reply?

Plaintiff—I understood that she was so surprised and delighted that she had

attracted the attention of such a handsome, intelligent man as I am that she was overcome with emotion and rendered speechless.

Lawyer for Prosecution—This led you to believe that she would jump at you when you proposed?

Plaintiff—It did.

Lawyer for Prosecution—On the contrary, what did she do when you offered her the privilege of becoming your wife?

Plaintiff—She handed me the key.

Lawyer for Prosecution—Your honor and gentlemen of the jury, you have heard how this deceiver, how this serpent with a peroxide pompadour and straight front, has played with my noble and unsuspecting client; how she has ridden in his automobile and eaten his lobster in Newburg. But has that automobilist suggested to her a spin through life with the plaintiff, or that lobster fed love's young dream? No, gentlemen of the jury, even while she was so rapturously enjoying these luxuries at my client's expense, her heart—that marble heart at whose icy coldness I shudder to think—was given to another. Gentlemen, I leave the case in your hands.

Judge—Call the defendant to the stand.

Lawyer for the Defence—Your honor, I will show that my client, instead of being guilty of the heinous offenses charged by the prosecution, is a noble, self-sacrificing philanthropist who sacrificed herself to give pleasure to the plaintiff. We admit she made goo-goo eyes, and that she even jollied the plaintiff along, but gentlemen of the jury, what would life be without the soft glance of woman and the music of her melodious voice?

Judge—Proceed with the examination.

Lawyer for the Defence—Will you tell the court why you made goo-goo eyes at the plaintiff?

Plaintiff—He was so dead easy.

Lawyer for the Defence—Why did you assume an air of enjoyment when the defendant entered your presence?

Defendant—It is the only way in which a woman can repay courtesies a man shows her.

Lawyer for defence—When you, therefore, waited hot air at the defendant, you were simply settling your accounts with him for flowers, candy, automobile rides, etc.?

Defendant—Yes, and I was paying about a hundred cents on the dollar, too.

Lawyer for Defence—Your honor, you will thus see that my client was actuated by noble motives in bestowing her enrapturing glances upon the plaintiff, and that in entertaining him she has paid far more than the price of the miserable candy and flowers he may have bestowed upon her. We rest the case.

Judge—The suit against the defendant is dismissed. The court holds, first, that a woman has a right to mean whatever she pleases by her glances; secondly, that any man who has been lucky enough to have a woman make goo-goo eyes at him has had a sufficient run for his money.

ART OF CONCEALING OLD AGE

(By Jane Meredith.)

One of the precious lost arts of our time is the art of growing old gracefully.

This is particularly true of women with whom the cult of youth has become more than a fad. It is an obsession that fills their waking thoughts and nightly dreams.

Every woman you know past 30 has but one purpose in life, and that is to keep young. Every paper you pick up has columns and pages devoted to telling its feminine readers how to massage away wrinkles, and obliterate triple crown, and bold gray hair.

Every woman you meet spends hours in the privacy of her apartment hovering around on one foot, or tying herself up in figures of eight, in a vain attempt to preserve the waist measure of the fountain of perpetual youth.

Beyond 30 the entire feminine population consists of a vast army of Ponce de Leons engaged in a frantic, nerve-racking, heart-breaking search for the fountain of perpetual youth.

They do not find it, of course. They find the peroxide bottle, and the complexion specialist, and the stay-maker, that for a time seem a substitute for the thing they seek, and they cry out in despair, "Why can't I find it? There are no more old women."

In a way this is true. There are no more women who are frankly and serenely old, who have accepted age gracefully, and without regret, and who are enjoying the calm weight of existence that is, perhaps, the most beautiful part of life, as it is the most beautiful part of the day.

There are not even any old women's fashions in our stores, or any old ladies' corners in our household.

Grandmamma wears picture hats covered with many flowers, and feathers, and furbelows as her debutante granddaughter.

Nor does the make-believe young woman flourish so plentifully as in New York. Ride on any car, sit in any theatre, dine at any restaurant and you may see her on every side of you with her wrinkles filled in with powder, her faded old cheeks painted vermilion, her scanty old eyebrows penciled into the proper line, her dim old eyes looking all the dimmer under the elaborate gold or bronze of her false hair, her avoirdupois laden into the tightness of a youthful gown, and the bold gray hair neck showing under strings of jewels.

Nor is her attempt to be youthful confined to her appearance. Watch her wriggle and twist in her efforts to be vivacious! See how she smirks and smiles, and giggles, trying to be coquettish!

Listen to her conversation, more frivolous than the silliest school girl's, and pity the woman who cannot conjure back her youth, and to whom life has not brought the sweetness, dignity and the wisdom of age.

Women regard growing old as the greatest curse that can befall them, but this is only because they make it so. All of us have known brilliant and beautiful young women, but when we think of the most attractive woman we have ever known, the tenderest and the most lovable, and the one whose charms abided with us longest, it is of some old woman with snowy hair, and peaceful eyes, and a smile of content and manly, and into whose presence it was a rest and a benediction to come.

It is a great art for a woman to learn to keep young, but it is the greatest art of all to learn to grow old gracefully.

WATCHING THE SHIP.

These winged sea-birds outward slip

At twilight tide;

I view them—with trembling lip, And wistful-eyed.

Ah, happy bird! For you attain what I cannot reach!

The harbors of my hope remain A dim Some day!

A face I loved is lost in mist Of falling tears;

And where are lips, with laughter kissed,

O robber years?

The ships depart—Joy confident Of ports to be;

Shall I await in like content The Ebbing Sea?

—Ernest Neal Lyon, May Everybody's.

Putting It Strong.

From the Eugene Register.

If the professor in the Normal school at Weston is guilty of the assertion that no one but a hobo will work in a brickyard, and for which assertion he was

rotten-aged—if he is guilty as charged he ought to be fired bodily from the schoolroom and allowed to tramp the country begging for his bread, or forced to crawl on his belly and eat grass, in order to teach him the important lesson that all manual labor is honorable, and that lily fingered, brainless asses are not needed in places of educational responsibility.

WAX DIDN'T THEY?

From the Dallas Chronicle.

The Chronicle, at the time the special session was held, was not favorably impressed with the idea of the state of Oregon purchasing the right of way for the government of the United States and appropriating \$100,000 therefor. At the time it stated that congress would not allow this great improvement, which will cost from \$5,000,000 to \$4,000,000, to entirely fail for a paltry sum of \$100,000. We are satisfied our delegation easily have had this amount required for beginning the work inserted in the river and harbor bill.

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