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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF PORTLAND

DESTROY THE "ENTERING WEDGES."

FOUR MONTHS AGO the city council unanimously favored the closing of the pool rooms. At the end of that time eight members of the council voted to reopen them. That ordinance the mayor has vetoed. The question then will come up at the council meeting at 2 o'clock tomorrow afternoon...

"Influence" then is at the bottom of the passage of the ordinance and it is "influence" of such a character that calls for explanation from an official who wants to stand well with his constituents. The "influence" is evident, the nature of it not so apparent, but naturally it must be an object of suspicion.

Indeed there is no disguising the fact that an entering wedge is being industriously sought to make of this a "wide-open town" during the world's fair. Rich pickings is expected in those days. Suppose that all the sports had a chance to exercise their talents, practically under the wing of the authorities as they had until recently under Mayor Williams' administration...

The general public has well defined views on the question of public gambling. It insists that the big gambling houses be kept permanently closed; that the saloon and restaurant boxes be abolished, the restaurant boxes being by far the worse of the two evils; that the money machines be tabooed for all time as a skin game of the very worst description...

Portland's fair name is not to be imperiled during the fair; during that season Portland is determined to make a good name for itself and its section in the hope and expectation that it may be of benefit to the whole Pacific coast. It now hopes to get the recognition it demands from the council, both in the matter of the poolroom and the saloon boxes...

But if the worst should come to the worst, the state law is still ample to accomplish those things which the decent elements of this community are determined upon and it will be appealed to if it is found the only way to accomplish the purpose.

THE HOOD RIVER VALLEY.

THE HOOD RIVER VALLEY—all that slope lying in the shadow of the big mountain of Oregon, where time has formed soil of any appreciable depth, is a volcanic ash, as rich in productive essentials as can be found anywhere on earth; and as all our readers know, it is especially adapted to the production of fine apples and strawberries...

Much could be raised without irrigation, but irrigation is easy and comparatively cheap. The whole valley can be and most of it is already irrigated. The water is plentiful; the fall is sufficient; the soil is there; the people appreciate their advantages, and "there they are."

While there are some peculiar advantages in the famed Hood River valley, there are many other localities in Oregon—in Southern Oregon, over on the coast, in eastern Oregon, in the Willamette valley—where people can do nearly if not quite as well, and where nature's rich gifts are yet lying almost unheeded and unused.

PROFESSIONS GETTING TOGETHER.

From the Architects and Builders Magazine. There is more than one steel skyscraper devoted chiefly to bankers and financiers and their office arrangements have been suited to their particular line of business. If one makes investigation of the occupancy of the various huge steel office buildings he will find that this specialization has been going on almost unconsciously for years...

practically taken possession of a single 16-story skyscraper. In the near future the different lines of business will come to a focus in various parts of the city, and a visitor may have pointed out to him the cliff dwellers by the appropriate terms of "here are the business offices of the leatherellers; in that skyscraper you'll find nothing but truck magnates; and over there the actor folks live, and beyond the musical crowd, and then the dress goods fellows and the bankers and brokers..."

ing to make an honest living. A good many of them have old parents to support or support themselves and therefore I think the citizens of Portland ought to interest themselves in this strike, as I think the operators have been treated unfairly and should receive support from our citizens. A CITIZEN OF PORTLAND.

Limited Council. From the Philadelphia North American. D. Cady Herick, Democratic candidate for governor of New York, says "There are many women who should vote and many men who should not." He is a brave man, but not so brave as he would be if he had told us which were which. The Only Way to Do It. From the New York Herald. If the peace congress wants to stop the Russo-Japanese war, its members should enlist at once.

Small Change

Why on earth don't you light that fire in the furnace, Mrs. Martyr? Why do you want the entire family to catch their deaths of cold? I should think that when the temperature goes down to 50, and the bathroom floor feels like a skating rink, it might occur to you that a little heat is useful...

Think of a political party making you rich! Waking up a little now in New York and Indiana. The dove of peace will have his lunatic later—I do hope soon. A few land notices will change the politics of most country papers.

Obviously the Japs mean to conquer or die. And they die—to conquer. But if Indiana should go Democratic, what a big man Taggart would be. Aren't you going to vote as somebody else, with an interest in the game, thinks?

Better boll and filter most of what you read in a thick-and-thin party organ these days. Those Hood River apples will make the eastern consumers desire to come out to Oregon. It is said the army mule is doomed. But the protection campaign orator will keep on braying.

Perhaps the car and his advisers will not soon again force Kuropatkin to assume the offensive. The terrible slaughter in Manchuria should make for future peace more than all the talk of peace congresses. When Rockefeller and his gang get all the railroads, the people may take a hand. Their time is coming, but not just yet.

Mr. Bakas has covered himself with glory—Rainer Gassetts, Chairman Frank Baker is meant. Golden glory? Wings next, perhaps. Can it be that the silence of Arithmetic Grosvenor is because Roosevelt's majorities are to be so large that Uncle Bill can't add them up?

The people of Washington ought to elect Turner governor. There is not a particle of doubt about that. The corporation boodles has a strong pull. A Massachusetts fisherman found a flask of wine in the stomach of a fish, which incident may considerably stimulate the fishing industry along the Massachusetts coast.

If the cost of living keeps on increasing faster than the increase of wages, how long will it take for the country to reach the acme of prosperity? Or may it not reach a jumping-off place? "Imperialism of Steel" is the title of an editorial in the Baker City Herald. Well, the steel trust and imperialism seem to work together pretty well. Add the shipping trust, which is coming next year if the Republican party wins, and the producers might as well hold up their hands.

A GEM AGAINST THE COUNTRY. From the Spokane Spokesman-Review. The party man who offers his allegiance to his party as an excuse for blindly following that party, right or wrong, and who fails to make that party in any way better, commits a crime against the country. If we had no independence, we should always be run down by the despots of the party of despotism—the despots of the party boss.—Theodore Roosevelt in "American Ideals."

That is the plain, honest truth, straight from the shoulder. It never has been stated so clearly by any man. If the Roosevelt voter in this state is ever to apply that patriotic principle, now is the time. The Republican organization in this state has fallen under the despotism of the King county steering committee to break away from the railroad crowd and form an alliance with the commission forces for the adoption of a railroad commission plank and the nomination of Governor McBride.

Farrell did put an end to the "backing and filling," and before that conference was ended Mead and the rest of the railroad nominees were on the slate and as one of the men at the conference expressed it, "the ticket was as good as nominated." Republican voters who support the Farrell slate ticket will become parties to that degradation. They will "offer their allegiance to the party as an excuse for blindly following that party, right or wrong," and they will do that at a time when even the weak plea of party need cannot be offered, for the party has abandoned its platform going to vote for Roosevelt; the election, by big majorities, of the Republican nominee for congress is assured, and there is not the slightest doubt that the next United States senate will be overwhelmingly Republican.

SUBVERSIVE REPARATION. From the New York Herald. But apart from these general truths, universally accepted by observant business men, it seems incredible that our "captains of industry" and their army of wage-earners can venture to cast their ballots for the special policies which they plunge the country into seas of strife consequent upon unwise international complications and the great greed of empire. In his famous speech in the United States senate on the treaty by which we obtained Alaska, Charles Sumner sounded these ever timely warnings: "This treaty must not be a precedent for a system of indiscriminate and costly annexation. I cannot disguise my anxiety that the success of our predestined future shall be by natural process, without war, and I would add, even without purchase. There is no territorial 'aggrandizement' which is worth the price of blood. Our triumph should be by growth and organic expansion in obedience to pre-established harmony, recognizing always the will of those who are to become our fellow-citizens."

If we are indeed ever to have another golden era of good feeling, in which every American city, village and hamlet will most richly participate, it can only come when the federal constitution is re-established, the supremacy of law reasserted and the government is administered on the peaceful lines laid down by Judge Parker.

THE MARTYR AND THE FURNACE

Why on earth don't you light that fire in the furnace, Mrs. Martyr? Why do you want the entire family to catch their deaths of cold? I should think that when the temperature goes down to 50, and the bathroom floor feels like a skating rink, it might occur to you that a little heat is useful...

I told you to light the furnace fire when I started for town this morning. Every time I got out of bed to shut the windows I might my feet shivering up like sensitive plants when they hit the floor, and the draughts that went shooting around the house gave me convulsive chills. I shivered all night long.

I suppose I am wasting my time in talking to you, however. I might as well go down stairs and start the fire myself. I know how I dislike starting fires, and how little time I have to enjoy at home, and that is the reason, I suppose, that you always leave work like that for me to do. I have made up my mind to light that fire, and I intend to do it. I should think you'd learn after a while that when I resolve to do anything it is done, no matter what people say.

Oh, surely, it's dark in the cellar, and there's no kindling-wood. Well, here's an old chair that is no good. I'll split that up. Hens! I guess that won't be kicking around for a while. Into the furnace with it. And it came to pass that a certain man had of a sudden a notion, and he was absent from wealth to the extent of seventeen thousand miles as the great crowd flies. And his raiment was even as a barber's, and his construction, and the waggish winds didn't do a thing to his shreds and patches.

And all the friends he had he could count upon his little finger, which had been reeking by a sawmill epidemic and he was like unto a doorman on the threshold of society. And those whom the gods favored passed him in the street. And they jeered at him, saying: "Go, beggar, wash one! And he went to—yes, sometimes going even three or four. And it came to pass that in these days a great cry came out of the wilderness, and this cry arose upon the four winds and it spread to the uttermost parts of the city. And this cry took form and shape, and it sounded like unto this: "There are hot times in the old town, and the fellow who will win the battle of the ballot."

And all the city listened, but the answer came not, except in statistics, which were manufactured from hearsay. And the people knew that hearsay is not a good material from which to manufacture statistics, for the rain comes and washes the whole outfit away. And it came to pass that the human conscience in the gambling joints and hearth this great cry, and he smiled a smile of exceeding circumference. And even as he smiled he spake, saying: "I'm a non-partisan; therefore will I set in both sides to a large limit and extol well, I should grasp a hose!" And the human doorman wandered forth and came upon a group of men who stood by the highway gesticulating and talking to the men who stand by the highway, saying: "Full your freight for the elsewhere; we will have naught of thee!"

And the human doorman made answer and said: "I have vote and I go for Parker," for he was keen of hearing and knew whereof they gesticulated. And straightway those whom the gods favored pressed closely about the human doorman, and they spake in pleasant words and choice liquors, and he was filled with a great cargo of extreme happiness. And presently it came to pass that the human doorman, with many greetings went forward through the city until he came upon another group of men. And they also gesticulated freely, and were confident in their assertions. And when the human doorman drew nigh they spake in frozen accents, saying: "Moosey into the dim distance, for we will have naught of thee!"

And the human doorman made swift answer and said: "I have a vote, and it will go for Roosevelt!" And straightway those whom the gods favored looked upon him with fervor, and made his reception a thing of liquid gravity. And the human doorman applied his elbow with painstaking regularity, and he surrounded the bowing bowl with loving care. And when the evening was come the human doorman, to the quiet seclusion of the lumber yard, and had given himself over to delightful dreams. And in his dreams he murmured: "These days of bitterness and strife are a heavy load, but I will work it properly, and I am an humble worker all right, all right!"

THESE PLAIN DUTY. From the Tillamook Headlight. It is not with a disposition to quarrel with Sheriff Wolfe, that the constable or a negro haling from Taylor, Tex., who gave his exhibition while 20,000 people watched with wonder and admiration a mere man, unarmed and without a device or appliance of any kind, attack a fiery, wild animal, powerfully armed, throw it by his teeth. With the aid of a helper, Pickett chased the steer until he was in front of the grandstand. Then he jumped from the saddle and landed on the back of the animal, grasped its horns, and brought it to a stop within a dozen feet. By a remarkable display of strength he twisted the steer's head until its nose pointed straight into the air, and the animal, grasping its tongue protruding in its effort to secure air. Again and again the negro was jerked from his feet and tossed into the air, but his grip on the horns never relaxed. The crowd was so close that its efforts to gore him. Cowboys with their lariats rushed to Pickett's assistance, but the action of the combat was too rapid for them. Before help could be given, the steer was shut off its wind, slipped, and was tossed aside like a piece of paper. There was a scattering of cowboys as he jumped to the feet and ran along the side of the grandstand without touching the air, and ran the steer to a point opposite the judges' stand, again jumped on its back, and threw it. Twice was the negro lifted from his feet but held on with the strength of a bullock. Pickett dropped the steer's head and grasped the upper lip of the animal with his teeth, threw his arms wide apart, to show that he was not using his hands, and the steer, upon his back, rolled over completely covering the negro's body with its own. The crowd was speechless with horror, many believing that the negro had been crushed; but a second later the steer rolled to its other side, and Pickett arose uninjured, howling and smiling.

Oregon Sidelights

Flow punning. We'll beat St. Louis, in interest. More crops than ever next year. Oregon soil is the big gold mine. Forest Grove wants that electric line. Morrow county taxes almost all paid. Dayton is proud of a fine, new brick block. Say, there's great fruit in southern Oregon, too. Ten thousand people visited Newport last summer. Fall Logan berries are quite common in Lane county. The rainy season is to hand—Gervais Star. Also to foot, and to head.

A party of government irrigation surveyors have been camped at Spray, now assured, will help Hayport trade. The Fletcher Blue mountain mill above Weston will double its capacity. Klamath county lacked five legal petitioners to secure a county vote on prohibition. Astoria newspapers are trying to wake up Astoria men to a realization of their opportunities. Clackamas county is \$115,000 in debt. But the G. O. P. must be sustained at whatever cost. Two young Smith boys have 2,200 acres of land in cultivation in Sherman county. No cigarette duds of tin horns, they.

Alfred Levi Joy was married in Oregon to Miss Lucy Lovelace. If this isn't a happy marriage, there's nothing in names. Much new wheat land is being seeded in Morrow county, which in two or three years may be producing 2,000,000 bushels of wheat a year. Tillamook county has not a mile of railroad, nor a threshing machine, yet it designs to have the style of farmers manage to get into Tillamook bay, and no threshing machine is needed around the cove. Some miscreant shot a fine and very valuable bull of B. F. Swaggart's in Morrow county, that had temporarily got out on the range. A reward of \$100 is offered for the arrest of the perpetrator of the outrage. More Observer: A yearling mule colt belonging to Robert Urquhart became ill during the storm of rain and snow, and a porcupine. It presented a sorrowful appearance on the road home, where it knew Bob would relieve its nose of the quills.

Up on Smith river, in southern Oregon, two boys, aged 7 and 8, went out in the yard to play, and discovered a big black bear sitting around close to their feet, and desiring their close acquaintance. They knew what the animal was and escaped his embraces and called their father and his dog, who, after a chase, freed the boys and the kids had had meat for dinner, instead of the bear having kid meat.

NEW YORK'S NEW THEATRE. From the New York World. New York's newest theatre, the Liberty, will be opened tomorrow night with "The Rogers Brothers in Paris," which moves thither from the New Amsterdam. The house is owned by the Klaw & Erlanger Amusement company, and was built to provide a metropolitan home for the Rogers Bros., who have a financial interest in it. The theatre will have about the seating capacity of the Knickerbocker, and is designed in the style of France. There are two cantilever balconies, thus every seat will command a view of the stage. The building is constructed of fireproof material, has skeleton iron work, concrete and steel, and is supplied with a powerful sprinkler and standpipe system connected with enormous water-tanks on the roof. The theatre proper is situated on West Forty-first street, and occupies a plot 109x90 feet. The main entrance, however, extends through to 234 West Forty-second street. This portion of the building comprises the vestibule, lobby, foyer and three styles of boxes, and a grand staircase. The Forty-second-street front rises to a height of 55 feet from the sidewalk line. The auditorium is 72 feet wide by 60 feet from the back wall to the footlights. Back of the orchestra, there are 72 feet in length by 12 feet in width. At either end of this promenade spacious marble staircases lead to the first balcony. The stage, which possesses every advanced mechanical contrivance, is 72 feet wide by 35 feet deep from the footlights to the Forty-first street wall. The proscenium opening is 35 feet wide by 35 feet high. These dimensions show that the theatre possesses a stage which will permit the presentation of unusually large productions. The height of the theatre structure is 70 feet, and the stagehouse 55 feet. The height of the stage is 35 feet in 70 feet, and the height of the auditorium from floor to dome is 40 feet. There are 54 chairs on the orchestra floor alone, besides eight boxes, built on the suspension system, with a seating capacity for 650 persons. There are no boxes on the lower floor, and the full stage can be seen from any seat in the entire house, whether in the orchestra or the balconies. The principal motif in the architectural decoration is suggested in the ornamentation of the Forty-second-street facade—the liberty bell surmounted by an eagle—and is carried through the entire design to the arches to the proscenium arch and boxes. The mural decorations are in keeping with the general character of the theatre. The treatment of the domed vestibule, which leads to the foyer is old world and ivory. The foyer leading into the promenade is toned in ivory and white. The treatment of the grand promenade is a part of the color scheme of the auditorium—comes in old gold, amber and ivory. The color scheme includes the seats, carpets, fraperies and drop-curtain, the purpose being to create a soft but brilliant effect.

Bill's Age and Veins. From the New York Press. David B. Hill has aged fast in the last few years. He is today a wrinkled old man, yet his age is only 61. The most remarkable thing about Hill is his voice, so deep and dramatic, as uttered by Hill's habit of political tunneling. It is an underground voice—a subway voice.

Bill Pretty High. From the St. Louis Republic. An Arizonian man offers to refuel himself, as a husband, at \$1 a chance. The idea may be all right, but it is possible that the price of a chance is too high. Make it 50 cents.

Principles of Woodmen. From the New York World. The kind of men the world needs most today is, first, men of integrity and high moral principle, and secondly, men capable of bearing responsibility. The majority of the life failures can be traced directly to the lack of capacity for bearing responsibility," said John D. Rockefeller, Jr., yesterday before the members of the Young Men's Bible class of the Fifth Avenue Baptist church, of which he is the leader, discussing "The Ideal of Responsibility." "If I had to choose between a man of brilliance, but lacking responsibility, and a man without exceptional talent but upon whom I could rely, I would unhesitatingly select the latter," he continued. "If you ask why so many men, young and old, are losing their positions and have no other outlet for employment, I would give you the reason as a lack of responsibility. I want a man whom I don't have to tell to do a thing and then go and ask him, 'Have you done it?'"

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