

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF PORTLAND

JOBBER AND ROBBERS OF THE PUBLIC.

JOBS, JOBS, JOBS! Jobs and rumors of jobs! A "job" in the sense herein meant, is defined in Webster's dictionary as "a public transaction done for private profit; something performed ostensibly as a part of official duty, but really for private gain; a corrupt official business."

So the Riners could not "job" the city. They are not officials. They may have intended and sought to swindle the property owners by slighting their job—the word "job" can be used in several ways—and if so they did a very dishonest, reprehensible thing, for which they should suffer due penalties in loss of pay for their dishonest work.

But the job was worked otherwise. The contractors did the work under official supervision and surveillance. The city engineer had no business to trust the contractors to do a good job. He knew this, because he appointed an inspector. That inspector was his representative, and as such was charged with an official duty, and a very important one, namely, to protect the property owners, who were to pay \$35,000 for the repair of a sewer.

What this section of the country needs above all else is to be known; once it is known, it will stand upon its own merits. No agency that could be conceived will go so far toward accomplishing this purpose as the Lewis and Clark fair. Whatever money is spent in this direction will be well spent for the good will flow from it for many years to come.

Every resident of Portland now realizes as never before that each can within his or her own sphere do something to make a success of the fair. If there is nothing else it can at least be advertised and spoken about within the circle of one's own correspondents. The wider the publicity given it the more likely there will be a large number of visitors. Every visitor drawn from within the confines of the state is a positive investment in good will if nothing else. This is Oregon's opportunity if it wants to make itself known. If the fair accomplishes this much it will be a success, for it will mean that in five years there will be a greater accession to our population than has marked the previous 30 years. Indeed Oregon is on the verge of a great growth, but that growth will be vastly stimulated by the work done this year and by what we have to show to the visitors who will come here next year.

Now a dishonest, job-slighting contractor is not one tenth as blamable as the official who stands in with the job, who presumably—no other conclusion is reasonable—profits by it. Thousands of people trust to this official—have to. They elect him, put him under oath, pay him a large salary, honor him as a prominent man, one fit to select from thousands for important public service, and he permits them to be shamefully swindled. There is the man to be punished, to suffer, and the limit of the law's penalty is not punishment enough for such a base betrayer of the people's confidence, such a perjurer violator of his oath of office.

We are not now declaring just how far or in what direction the pending investigation will react; the foregoing remarks are general rather than special; but whomsoever may be in their way, let him be smitten by them. The people's wrath, while tossing out the offending contractor and refusing to pay him for his job, should move right onward to the job's official source, and there strike, and strike hard.

It has become a burning public question: Can no public work be done except there be a job in it—unless the people are swindled in its performance? It sometimes seems that an honest, thorough, first-class conscientious piece of public work is an impossibility. But it must be made not only a possibility, but a certainty. This is about the most important business for the people to attend to. Let them attend more closely to these affairs, and refuse to be "jobbed" and swindled.

And one means of preventing such jobbery is surely to discover and as surely to punish the offending, the dishonest or incapable, the shamefully incompetent or dastardly perjurer official. This, so that officials all along the line, now and hereafter, may remember and know.

The people should insist on following this one job, first, to its basis, to its source, through all its dark and dirty ramifications and sinuosities. Turn on the searchlights, and force out the whole truth—not so much on account of the malodorous Tanner creek sewers, as to prevent similar jobs in future.

BENEFITS FROM THE FAIR.

THE CROAKERS have ceased to croak in Portland and they have been brought to confusion by the rich, shrewd and hardheaded men from other sections who are coming here and making investments. There used to be some pessimistic talk about what would happen after the fair was over, talk so unwarranted that it has died out of its own accord. When

PORT ARTHUR THE KEY OF ASIA.

From Collier's for November 15. The story of Port Arthur, distressing as it is, has at least the merit of showing what a cargo of heroic virtues the old world still carries. Slaughter has never been more shocking, but bravery has never been more abundant. Never in all history have men shown greater defiance of death than has been shown in the terrible months of struggle for the citadel which has been for years the key to the eastern situation. We can not wonder at the price Japan would pay for the fortress, since as long as Russia owns that fort the purpose for which this war is fought will not have been accomplished by Japan. The war should be settled without depriving Russia permanently of the fortress, a dagger would still be pointed at Japan's heart. The control of Korea by Japan would be an insecure defense as long as the strongest position in Manchuria was held by her enemy, Russia needed to hold the fortress for the same reason that Japan needed to take it. Additional motives for the fortress were furnished by considerations of prestige and by the bearing of the Port Arthur situation on the immense struggle further north. The talk about whether all this desperate defense was for nothing about Port Arthur has been well invested, therefore, seems to us beside the mark. If the war was to be at all, Port Arthur was a necessity to each of the combatants, and time was a rental consideration to both, especially to Japan. It being something vital, therefore, to their countries' welfare, Russians and Japanese alike have fought for the stronghold in a manner to prove that man still retains the virtues of the bulldog. Eternity, for the great modern nations, is an imaginary bogey. Let a danger, as vital as has confronted Japan, threaten Germany, France, England, or the United States, and we imagine that they also would be found capable of fighting desperately in the last ditch.

GOOD EXAMPLE OF SOCIALISTS.

From the Chicago News. Party managers who may be embarrassed in future elections by charges relating to campaign funds may derive a helpful suggestion from the effective use of receipts with which the New York state branch of the Socialist party has met a similar accusation. Judge Parker having hinted in a recent speech that Republican funds were being used in support of the Socialist campaign, the secretary of the state Socialist committee called for explanations. "We point to the fact," said the secretary, "that each donation to the national and state campaign funds of the Socialist party, whether it be 5 cents or \$100, is published in the Socialist papers and an itemized statement of our receipts and expenditures is usually published after election." Judge Parker was then in-

the world's fair was first undertaken it was generally believed even by our own people that a heavy contract was being undertaken. But as time went on and the matter began to be considered in all its bearings, it was realized that the fair had in it infinite possibilities of good not alone for Portland and Oregon, but for the whole Pacific coast. Realizing this, every one has put his shoulder to the wheel with a result that there is already promised a fair far beyond original expectation or calculation in its scope and magnitude.

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THE PRESIDENT AND SENATOR COCKRELL.

THE PRESIDENT honors himself in honoring Senator Francis Marion Cockrell of Missouri. For eighteen years Cockrell, now over 70 years of age, has served his state in the senate. Ever and always he has been a Democrat, a man absolutely above suspicion for party loyalty, but at the same time he has been something more than that—he has been an honest man. To him has gone the tribute which goes to honest men, that of the respect and confidence of his associates regardless of party.

Senator Cockrell is a man of the old school, a plain, simple, straightforward American. He lacks some of the brilliancy that used to characterize his former associate Vest, but he loses nothing when measured with any of his associates on the basis of his manhood. It is therefore a pleasing thing in politics to have the recognition of that manhood come from the head of a party which Cockrell has always antagonized.

Whether or not the senator will accept the proffered place still remains to be seen; the chances are that he will, for Cockrell is a man with few strings to his bow and once his salary as senator is lost, his last source of income is gone. But whether he accepts or refuses the proffer does credit to the heart and head of the president and is a notable step in the direction of making him the chief executive of all the people.

THE NEW MEN'S RESORT.

THE OPENING of the fine new Men's Resort on Fourth and Burnside streets Saturday evening was an event of no small importance or slight significance in our rapidly growing city. It will be an increasingly beneficial agency in our municipal life. It will be a means of doing good constantly, how much good, directly and indirectly, no one can accurately or even approximately estimate. The men and women—chiefly members of the First Presbyterian church—who gave the land, who raised the fund for the building and furniture, who pay the superintendent and his assistants, who are carrying on this good work, are entitled to the sincere gratitude of the public which should encourage and aid them.

FARMING IN MORROW COUNTY.

From the Lone Proclaimer. A few years ago the farmers all hauled their wheat to market with a single horse, but now they have a horse and a wagon, and a larger scale they hauled with four horses instead of two. Now, a four-horse team on the Gooseberry road is an exception, nearly all driving six horses with two wagons, while some drive eight, pulling three wagons. It is the same way with farming implements and everything else. When the writer first came to this country, 18 years ago, he stumbled along, kicking himself in the shins, behind a walking plow for several years. Now, a man does not think of farming without a three-bottom gang requiring six or eight horses, and pull it while the driver sits comfortably on the seat with the lines tied up snapping his whip at the birds that follow along on foot behind their harrow; since then they have become wise to the fact that they can ride a horse more behind the harrow and do better work and easier. In our country a 10-year-old boy does the work of a man the year round; for with improved facilities wheat raising has become merely a matter of sitting on the seat or in the saddle and guiding the horses around the field.

BUSINESS FAILURES.

There is a very persistent, hoary old superstition to the effect that 95 per cent of all the persons who embark in business eventually fail. This may have been true before the age of advertising, but it is no longer founded in fact. The Mercantile Review says: "Other mis-statements are corrected, other myths die out, but this one persists. Recently the old humbug received a bad whack, a solar plexus blow, that should send it down to the count. The stroke was dealt by Dun's weekly circular in response to the query of a correspondent whether it is true that 95 per cent of business men fail. The Dun agency people looked into the matter. They studied the statistics of failures since 1867, and they found that the records show that the ratio of failures in business between 1868 and 1903, inclusive, averaged only a little over 1 per cent each year, that is one out of every hundred firms in business failed. The ratio exceeded 1 per cent, and 15 years in which it was slightly less than 1 per cent."

JAPANESE HUMOR.

From the Chicago News. Here is a typical Japanese humorous story: A quack doctor had prescribed the wrong medicine for the only son of a certain family, with the result that the boy had died. The parents determined to have revenge. So they sued the doctor in a court of law. The affair was eventually patched up, the quack giving the bereaved parents his own son in return for the one he had killed. Not long after this doctor heard a loud knocking at his door one night. On going to the door he was informed that the wife of one of his neighbors was dangerously ill and that his presence was required at once. Turning to his wife, he said: "This requires consideration, my dear. There is no knowing but that it may end in my taking you from me."

Small Change

The war on Turkey will begin this week in earnest.

Most people have much to be thankful for all the time.

Fortunately the vice-presidency doesn't amount to much.

No rest for the wicked, even if they cannot be convicted.

Most of the news from Manchuria is indelibly unconfirmed.

The trusts are raising prices to try to match that big majority.

Oregon's governor is thankful—if he likes his job—that he didn't have to run this year.

What more appropriate place for a dark and dirty job than the Tanner creek sewer?

Now that Thanksgiving is near, don't overlook the Boys' and Girls' Aid society or baby home.

The days of star chamber proceedings in matters in which the people are interested are passed.

Perhaps we can point with pride to the smallest police force in the country in proportion to population.

A military office and title is considered something tremendous down in the little six-bit republic of Panama.

What a great loss to New York and the country it would be if the Vanderbilts should lose their senator.

It might be well for Socialists to remember that a good many men who are not Socialists voted their ticket this year.

Mrs. Maybrick declares in a letter addressed to the public that she positively will not go on the stage. Thanks, actually.

Hicks predicts a great Thanksgiving storm. But Hicks is a Missourian, and probably didn't know that his state was going Republican.

Shaw may leave the cabinet, but his neighbor Iowa is not likely to be kept awake by his hurrahing for Fairbanks for president in 1908.

The government may have to borrow money soon. It isn't like a government that can't. But perhaps the tariff should be raised, so as to produce more revenue (?)

Publicly, about everything that interests the public, is modern and growing demand, that even such great men as members of a city council committee cannot resist.

If President Roosevelt forces or induces congress to enact real tariff reform, the Democrats might make him their candidate in 1908, if he had not declared that he would not accept another term.

If ex-Governor Frank S. Black can be coaxed into the cabinet as attorney general Governor Odell will be relieved from his promise to make Black senator, and can make himself senator as he probably will anyway.

Oregon Sidelights

Condon has an athletic club.

The Clatskanie school has 191 pupils.

Mosier three-tier apples are attaining celebrity.

Good progress being made on the Bandon woolen mills.

All sorts of opportunities for good workers in Oregon.

Very few voters registering for the Astoria city election.

Real estate sales are quite frequent in Newberg and vicinity.

Gradually Oregon is working itself up into a great dairy state.

Madras Pioneer prospering beyond expectation; will enlarge.

Silver Lake people are talking of building a \$5,000 schoolhouse.

At a social in Mayer \$106 was raised to pay the balance of a church debt.

The Newburg Graphic is 18 years old and is growing up with that good town.

Some farmer telephone lines will be established in the vicinity of Harrisburg soon.

There were 370 votes cast in North Bend November 8, a gain of 81 since June.

The Cottage Grove Nugget suggests more mud scraping and less mud-slinging there.

The Pendleton East Oregonian asserts that the climate up there is a positive cure for asthma.

A milling and mercantile company with a capital stock of \$80,000 has been organized at Madras.

The Condon Globe gives the special eastern Oregon issue of the Pacific Homestead a brown coat.

The Salem Journal is daily booming Tom Kay for speaker. Marion county always wants this office.

Three business establishments in Freewater have closed since the election, when that town went dry.

Big money in raising turkeys in southern Oregon and the upper Willamette valley, if one knows how.

The Grants Pass Herald is still peddling Josephine county people with a Lewis and Clark exhibit sharp stick.

The constable of Arlington precinct is named Dora Sweeten. He ought to trade off his name to a girl or his occupation to an Irishman.

Albany Democrat: November is a splendid time to see the raging billows of the Pacific, and one can do it at sum-mer cost, and have ducks and salmon thrown in.

Self-Government

Not a Fiction

By Rev. T. B. Gregory.

Dr. Parkhurst is a Christian, a scholar and a gentleman, but in spite of all these fine qualities, the doctor is humane and then, like the rest of us, he makes a mistake.

In my humble opinion the doctor made a very great mistake when, in the course of a sermon, he pitched into the declaration of independence on account of its teachings about self-government.

Says the good doctor: "It is a blameworthy fault of the nation, counting, so dear to the heart of every true American, that it asserts that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed."

And the doctor and myself are no longer "spring chickens." We have lived long enough to have gone pretty well over the field of history, and we both know that the principle contended for in the declaration of independence, and objected to by himself, constituted the sole ground of our contention with the mother country.

England wanted us to live under a government that derived its powers from the people, not from the crown. To that proposition we objected, and proclaimed to the world the idea that "Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed."

And the doctor, not a despotic government, but a free one; a government that should represent the will, not of a people across the seas, but the will of the American people themselves.

The man who governs another is a slave; the man who governs himself is free.

Our forefathers desired to be not slaves, but freemen. Hence the proclamation of the great declaration which Dr. Parkhurst makes bold to call "a blameworthy fault of the nation."

It is a "blameworthy" fault, it is not, rather, a "glorious" glory—something to be proud of forever.

If the government does not derive its just powers from the consent of the governed, from whom, in the name of reason, does it derive them?

If the laws of a land should not represent the will of the people living in the land, whose will, pray, should they represent?

The Declaration of Independence is all right, for it is the right, and those who signed it and published it to the "world and to the inhabitants thereof," knew what they were about; and steadily since the old Liberty bell pealed forth the glad tidings the nations have been coming around to the principle for which our forefathers contended.

It is a mistake again to call self-government a "fiction." The United States is not a fiction, and neither is the working companion in Miss Brand, who is always daintily in ignominious roles. Scott Seaton scored emphatically as the Baron Gosseline—the of "Happy thought"—"I'll look it. What's that?"

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