

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF PORTLAND

BIASED AND PREJUDICED STATEMENTS.

AFTER WHAT must have been a straining scrutiny of the situation, the Salem Journal has discovered precisely the cause of the present and prospective proceedings by the government against certain prominent citizens of Oregon, perhaps including one or more members of congress.

This is surely claiming more for Mr. Moody, or laying more upon his shoulders, than the circumstances warrant. It may very likely be true that Mr. Moody's counsel is favorably considered in Washington, and it may be that he is not extremely grieved at the discomfiture of his enemies; but that the government should undertake this extensive, notable and costly crusade merely to gratify the spite of Mr. Moody is too absurd to be more than momentarily considered.

But that is not the main point, nor a point at all; the only question is: Are the government's accusations and suspicions true? This is something to be determined, and if that should be proven true it is not the slightest defense or excuse, as the Salem Journal seems to think it would be, if Mr. Moody had a hand in bringing about the exposures—though the assumption that he had is so far entirely gratuitous.

The Roseburg Plaindealer, not having yet thought of Moody, continues to lay the whole blame of the persecution of some of Oregon's most eminent citizens upon Secretary Hitchcock, who it claims has a bitter grudge against them, and upon Mr. Heney, who it argues holds a malevolent spite against Senator Mitchell for criticizing his appointment as special assistant attorney-general.

The Plaindealer laments these groundless spite-work attacks upon distinguished and honored citizens and high office-holders, all of whom it says are persons of the most unblemished reputation, and of whose official record there has never been any complaint or criticism. As to one of the persons alluded to and frequently mentioned, the Roseburg paper of course knows and so must its readers, that it is not telling the truth, but farther than this the Journal at this time will not go, because it is due to both sides to await the processes and conclusions of the federal court. While the papers named and some others are seeking to intimidate the prosecution, the Journal would not if it could say anything either to embarrass the government or to prejudice the defendants.

But the same remark applies in this as in the other instance, that whether the government is mistaken or not, whether it is using good judgment and building on a sufficient basis of facts or not, it is not only improbable but incredible that, with President Roosevelt behind these movements, it is acting on the prompting of a petty personal spite against the persons rumored to be implicated. The government must have had far other and entirely different reasons, whether well founded or not, for its actions, past or prospective.

The papers mentioned and a few others exhibit so strong a bias that they overleap themselves. They have already tried certain parties and acquitted them before they have heard a word of evidence. But while withholding judgment, the people want to know the truth, and the whole truth. If it leaves these men unscathed, the Journal will rejoice as sincerely as anybody.

CHRISTMAS AND THE CHILDREN.

CHRISTMAS is especially the children's day. The smaller ones yet believe in Santa Claus, or if they have their doubts, they are not worried by them. A large part of the pleasure Christmas confers upon adults springs from seeing the happiness of the children. They are little men and women, much like grown-up folk after all. They expect presents on Christmas, and within reasonable bounds their childish desires should be gratified. All of them cannot have all they would like, which might not be good for them, but to make them happy on this occasion is not only the privilege of parents but almost a duty.

Christmas also furnishes an opportunity for teaching the little ones an important lesson—that of unselfish-

ness. There are little girls and boys, even in this city where very poor people are scarce, who will receive no Christmas gifts, who will not hang up their stockings tonight, or if they do will find them empty in the morning. Older people are too prone to forget two things: how they felt when they were children, and that the children of the poor long for Christmas gifts as much as those of parents who are able to make their little ones happy. It is a beautiful thing for children who get all their hearts' desire on Christmas to divide with those whose little hearts are poignantly grieved because they have no gifts at all. There are but very few such in Portland, we hope; if there are any, they should be hunted out and made happy.

But most of the little ones will have a happy, merry Christmas, we doubt not, and there is no more gladness sight or sound on earth than their innocent joy makes.

SUPPRESS THE CRIMINAL DIVES.

EVERY two or three days or so, reports are made of robberies and vicious assaults in the dive kept by "Bob" Patterson and J. B. Moore and by "Jed" Hart, and yet they are allowed to keep their disorderly and criminal dens open, and to pursue their trade of huggery and thievery with but occasional and comparatively slight molestation.

It is long past the proper time when these vile resorts and their proprietors should have been suppressed. There may be others equally bad, but none seem to be quite so openly lawless and detestably wicked in their nefarious occupation.

If only a small proportion of frequent reports are true, these men are far more deserving of penal servitude than many who are suffering this penalty. That they are vicious thugs is not to be doubted, and that they harbor people whose main business is robbery is equally certain; and yet they are authorized to continue in the pursuit of their "business," to the disgust of all decent people and the injury and shame of the city.

There ought to be a weeding out of such vile creatures from the saloon business, which under the law is a legitimate occupation. There ought to be closer scrutiny of applicants for license, and discrimination in granting them. The men mentioned and the resorts they conduct, and all like them, ought to be put under the ban. Such men and places have no right to a business existence here. The law does not contemplate their existence.

Vices will be practiced, and all saloons cannot be made equally obedient to law and conformable to decency; but such hotbeds of the grossest iniquities and audacious crimes as these, and their known proprietors, can and must be suppressed. The police department and the council must have evidence enough to justify their suppression, if not to send these and other such vile and vicious wretches into penal retirement, where they properly belong.

CURIOUS ADVICE TO DEMOCRATS.

THE Brooklyn Eagle and the New York Times, Democratic newspapers of the Cleveland-Belmont stripe, advise the Democratic members of the New York legislature to join forces with the supporters of Senator Depew and help elect him, if such a result be possible, and so beat Governor Odell and his machine, who it is supposed will dictate the election of ex-Governor Black, unless Odell concludes to take the office himself.

This is bad advice, from a Democratic point of view. New York state is so gerrymandered in the interest of the Republican party that a Democratic legislature cannot be elected again until there is a great popular upheaval in protest against Republican rule, and that is likely to happen before many years, when the Democrats should be able to present a clean, united front, without being the victims of such disorganization and suspicion as always follows moves of this kind.

If Depew were an exceptionally able, broad, fit man, if he were in a large degree an independent man, if he were greatly the superior as a public servant in the senate to Odell's candidate, there might be some excuse for the advised advice; but he is none of these. Depew is an urbane, polished, ready-tongued, high-salaried employe of the Vanderbilts, who desires to be senator chiefly for the social distinction which the position confers, and to protect the interests of the people he serves; and there is nothing in his career, attitude or attainments that invites the votes of true Democrats.

But he might suit the recent reorganizers, who if in power in New York would be likely to send Belmont, Sheehan, McCarran or Hill to the senate. The advice to Democrats to vote for Depew is evidently based on the theory that there is no difference between the two parties, and that the only thing for the Democratic party to do is to out-herd the Republican herd.

Small Change

Last call for Christmas bargains.

Here's hoping no stockings will be found empty.

The Sevastopol hasn't been destroyed for over 24 hours.

The Sunday-Christmas Journal will repay examination.

When fleet meets fleet, there will be another tug of war.

Now is the time when the little ones have dreams of nights.

The fowls on show are rejoicing that they are not fat turkeys.

The merchants and their clerks will be glad to rest tomorrow.

The Russian squadron is not making anything like record speed.

The Republican machine is being subjected to a very severe strain.

Whenever she isn't in a faint, Mrs. Chadwick is very lively and busy.

What is needed is somebody to Lawson the beef trust and the steel trust.

With cackle, cackle and caw, crow. The hens and cocks say, "We're on show."

Smoot is occasionally and incidentally alluded to in the investigation, after all.

Lovers of music can be pleased as well as instructed by going to church tomorrow.

If anybody was missed, a gift next week will not be amiss. Better late than never.

"Will you take an office?" asked the mayor. "I don't care if I take Wanser," he replied.

The thick hide of the Standard Oil octopus appears to have been punctured at last. It quits.

The east beats us on snow, but it can't show out-of-door Christmas roses in bloom by thousands.

We are worried about Mr. Grover Cleveland—haven't heard of his going duck shooting once this winter.

Considerable interest will center in the arrival tomorrow of two distinguished Oregon statesmen from Washington.

Only a week more of '94; then begins the fair year during which Portland will loom up largely in the American public eye.

The trade of the Philippine islands with this country has fallen off \$5,000,000 during the past year. Shouldn't the tariff be raised?

The proper committee of the council will perform a plain duty by refusing a number of dive keepers, or their partners or associates, saloon licenses.

Another high school building is a manifest necessity, and the east side is the place for it. Half Portland's population will live on the east side in the near future.

This is the time of year when a great many people agree with some of our statesmen that an elastic currency is needed so that a \$6 bill will buy \$20 worth of stuff.

Oregon Sidelights

Weston has a good prospect of a flourishing mill.

Most Oregon counties, perhaps all, will show up at the fair.

Shale, good for making bricks, has been found on Trask river.

Many visitors are showing up at Irrigon, looking over the prospects.

Tramps having been driven out of Albany now infest Corvallis and vicinity.

A new telephone line is being established between Halsey and Brownsville.

La Grande is growing perhaps more rapidly than any Oregon city except Portland.

A male resident of Sand Lake, Tillamook county, is a professional button-hole maker.

Turkey raisers of Lane county formed a pool and secured a larger price than they otherwise could.

Ashland elected a dry mayor and two wet to one dry councilman, and so it is still on the rugged edge.

Gardiner, Douglas county, is a very prosperous town of 400, which has a weekly paper published by the only woman newspaper proprietor, publisher and editor in the state, Miss Dolly Hefty.

Three Medford men have received a shipment of 3,600 pear trees from Ball Lake. So much pear planting has been going on that the varieties shipped—Beurre Boe and Howell—have been exhausted in the local nurseries, hence must be brought in from outside.

Mayor Taylor has notified the city marshal of Athens to arrest and prosecute all business houses which sell cigarettes or tobacco to boys under 18 years of age. Likewise he has stopped gambling, selling liquor to minors and prohibited staking dice in drug stores and saloons.

Lincoln county citizens agreed to raise \$400 if the county court would appropriate \$400 more for an exhibit at the Lewis and Clark fair, but the court made no appropriation, and it looks now as if Lincoln county would be unrepresented, which will make its good people ashamed when they visit the fair.

Medford Southern Oregonian: A printing office is regarded as a bureau of information, but the climax was reached at this office one day last week by a woman calling us up and asking to know when the sign would be right to wean her baby. An almanac was at once consulted and the desired information phoned back.

Springfield News: Springfield will be a smoking, chewing, drinking, gambling and dancing will be out out. Some of the boys have pledged themselves to quit making "goo-goo" eyes at the fairer sex and have even circulated a pledge that prohibits the signers the right to speak in the company of his neighbors. In 1895 he got an idea from his mining knowledge that there might be copper deposits on the Canaan ranch. He prospected quietly and in the end located eight claims. He put in his claim for the property and the Perkins syndicate, not knowing anything about the extent of the mineral deposits, sold out rather than fight condemnation proceedings which would have been in the end.

Boon after Colonel Greene got the property by paying a nominal sum Senator Perkins, who had caused an investigation of the mineral deposits to be made, said he believed that the greatest copper mines in the world have been located there, and that there is enough copper now in sight to reduce prices the world over.

Colonel Greene has rough kind of business astuteness. His own seat in

Col. Greene Wall Street Angel

From the New York World.

William Cornell Greene, who made a flying leap to fame by spending \$40,000 on newspaper advertisements last Tuesday, admitted that he had a net worth of \$1,000,000. Today his real friends hate to think of how much he has got left.

Wall street has been a terribly costly venture with him. His money has been taken away from him in ways that would stagger half a dozen national banks. He boasted on Tuesday that he had \$10,000,000 left to fight Lawson. On Thursday he admitted that the two days of the Lawson slump in Greene Consolidated Copper had cost him exactly \$4,143,328.17. At that time he declared he had \$5,000,000 left to fight Lawson.

When all his millions have gone is no secret to the man who have followed his Wall street career closely. Many of them regard him as the most colossal loser since the days of the Mississippi bubble. The estimate that these men place upon the remnant of his wealth do not tally with the most recent of his own figures. They are lower by a wide margin.

His title of colonel is purely a courtesy. It was given him when with his sudden and stupendous bound to enormous riches he abandoned the less conventional sobriquet of "Bronco." Before he was known in Southern Arizona for over a quarter of a century. Colonel Greene is 48 years old. He was born in Westchester county, a few miles above the present New York City line, where he was known as Blaine, but not distinguished in any way. He got the western fever before he reached the age of manhood and finally drifted to Southern Arizona, not far from the Mexican border. He was a free lance, but not distinguished in any way. He got the western fever before he reached the age of manhood and finally drifted to Southern Arizona, not far from the Mexican border. He was a free lance, but not distinguished in any way.

People who thought the colonel suffered with cold feet when he came to the Lawson's Boston office on schedule time, and characterized him as a "four-flushing bad man," made a mistake.

He has a number of absurd hangings on his wall, they tell absurd stories about his ability as a gun-fighter, his courage, nerve, etc. Conservative men who knew him in the old days in Arizona declare that while these stories are ridiculous they are not untrue. He was a free lance, but not distinguished in any way. He got the western fever before he reached the age of manhood and finally drifted to Southern Arizona, not far from the Mexican border. He was a free lance, but not distinguished in any way.

He headed a syndicate in a dangerous Indian country, and 30 years ago shot at Indiana, and was shot at by Indians time innumerable.

Unlike Mr. Lawson, his friends, do not say he is not only a gambler, but a gambler. He is entitled to wear on his gun. Lawson says of four men that he killed two were shot in the back. If he shot anybody in the back, and his friends don't admit it, he did. They say the colonel was justified, that he was up against men who would have shot him in the back if they could have got him first.

One of the absurd stories told about the colonel is this. The end of the second finger of his left hand is missing. A bullet took it off. In one of his Indian fights 30 odd years ago he was surrounded by a small band. The firing brought his cowboy friends up on the gallop. They found him lying dazed in the grass behind his dead horse. He was wounded in two or three places, one of the wounds being on the finger. A cowboy friend picked up a practical knowledge of the of the of the which the attacking party made. Thirteen corpses was the total.

Colonel Greene is anything but the plain man in appearance today. High living, the food and the luxuries of a multi-millionaire in this city during the past four years has piled mountains of fat on him. He is about 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 300 pounds for 200. He is not only fat, he is dabby. Any exertion makes him puff. Rheumatism assails him at times. He has a rich, rosy color, not the kind due to outdoor life, but to a liberal patronage of a generously supplied table.

The colonel is good-natured but explosive. In the company of millionaires he affects the manners of the plain man. He affects the manner of ordinary mortals. He affects the manner of ordinary mortals. He affects the manner of ordinary mortals. He affects the manner of ordinary mortals.

Here is the way the colonel came to the ownership of property that has a value of \$38,000,000 and more: Just across the Mexican line from Southern Arizona was a great tract of pasture land which was purchased in 1883 by a syndicate of California men headed by United States Senator George C. Perkins.

There were a number of ranches on the property. One of them was called the Canaan. There was a fine herd of sheep on the place. Year after year the land afforded fair grazing for the cattle kept upon it.

In the latter part of the 90s "Broncho Bill" Greene had amassed enough money to give up cattle herding and to purchase a small ranch of his own in Southern Arizona close to the Mexican line. His ranch prospered and he began to pile up money. In his variegated life he had picked up a practical knowledge of mining and the value of ore.

There is a peculiar law in Mexico. Grants to pasture lands, such as the Perkins syndicate had obtained, do not carry with them title to certain minerals which may be found on the land, such as copper, gold or silver. Any person can go on to private lands and locate for gold, silver and copper. If he finds it he has put in a claim for the land. All that he has to do is to pay a fair price based upon its value as a pasture. Should the owner refuse to sell he can get possession by condemnation proceedings after paying a nominal sum.

Greene's little ranch was on the Arizona side of the line, the pasture land of the Perkins syndicate was on the Mexican side. Greene frequently rode over the property of his neighbors. In 1895 he got an idea from his mining knowledge that there might be copper deposits on the Canaan ranch. He prospected quietly and in the end located eight claims. He put in his claim for the property and the Perkins syndicate, not knowing anything about the extent of the mineral deposits, sold out rather than fight condemnation proceedings which would have been in the end.

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Have You Reached Middle Age

It's only during the last year or so that I've been finding out what all this is.

"I'm a bit older than I thought I was," remarked the rotund man of 45, who accomplished a deal of roaming before he dropped anchor and berthed in this port. "I hate to believe it, but it's a fact."

"The other afternoon I went into a store to buy a hat."

"Show me the dearsy," I said to the salesman.

"The thought out a lot of old-codger shavers—what the hat people call mature patterns."

"Not that kind," I said rather impatiently. "I didn't relish being shown mature patterns. Let me see the new blooded up-to-the-mountain styles."

"The salesman looked at me rather doubtfully."

"Very well, sir," he replied civilly enough, "but the kind I've shown you are the kind that are mostly worn by settled men."

"Settled men! Set a settled man! That came as a sort of a shock to me I am bound to admit."

"How old do you think I am—a hundred and fourteen?" I asked the salesman.

"Oh, no," he replied smiling, "but you know these dandy, ultra blocks are generally worn by—they're more suitable for the young fellows, you know."

"I hadn't entirely got into the habit of classing myself as anything else but one of the young fellows, but of course, I had to accept the polite salesman's verdict that I was in the foggy class. I can't say that I'm not a bit disappointed."

"But that hat salesman's opinion wasn't the first to nudge me along to the unpleasant realization that I'm really not one of the young fellows any more."

"I was foolish enough to depart from the store in a sort of huff, but when I thought of the shoe salesman I perceived that the shoe salesman wasn't really to blame. It was myself that was to blame for getting into the middle-aged class and taking on the congress-gary look."

"So I went back to that shoe store and bought my shoes there. Congress gaiters? Not much! I bought a pair of buttoned patent leathers! Dye think I'm going to permit them to just naturally grow on me. I was reluctantly forced to the conclusion, beyond doubt the correct conclusion, that the only reason why these young fellows were addressing me as 'sir' was that they wanted to strike proper respect toward me as a middle aged man."

"After 'striking' me these same fellows, right in my presence, would relinquish me to the hands of the fellow who was falling into the habit of calling me 'sir.' I hate to own up how much that distressed me when I noticed it. I knew that I held no exalted station that would entitle me to the 'sir' address from any one, and I was reluctantly forced to the conclusion, beyond doubt the correct conclusion, that the only reason why these young fellows were addressing me as 'sir' was that they wanted to strike proper respect toward me as a middle aged man."

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