

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

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

HOW TO DEFEAT WILLIAMS.

GEORGE H. WILLIAMS got 3,041 votes out of the 8,487 cast for Republican candidates for the majority at the primary election held last Saturday. In other words there were cast against him 5,446 votes. At least 2,000 who were registered did not vote. It is reasonable to suppose that most of these votes would have been cast against him, for the combination of saloon and Matthews machine workers went over the city with a fine tooth-comb and routed-out every one that was reachable by them.

from the Second fail to square with the practice, if not the avowed professions, of the present administration? Did he not cheerfully favor open gambling and did he not contribute his quota of funds, gained in that way, to help build and repair the fire houses to which Mayor Williams so recently pointed with pardonable pride? Did he not approve of the police regulations which favored himself and others in permitting the saloons to remain open after hours? Has he expressed any disapproval of the graft which has been going on or the many other things that have subjected the administration to bitter criticism? Did he not work valiantly to elect it, did he not have cords of floaters safely cached away in various resorts for that very purpose and did he not know more accurately than the other more glibly voters what the mayor really proposed to do when he pledged himself to a reform administration? In what respect, therefore, considered from the purely public point of view, does he fall short of the rigid code of morals which the present administration has set and studiously adhered to?

PRESIDENT SETS A GOOD EXAMPLE.

THE INDIANAPOLIS NEWS make this statement: "An official of one of the western railroads on which the president is traveling makes the following announcement: 'The president's train on this road will be paid for at the regular rates, and all bills for transportation will be settled through the auditing department of the Pennsylvania road and will be paid by the president.' The only special courtesy which will be accepted by the president will be permission to ride on the engine through Red Rock canyon."

AND STILL IT GROWS.

THE SUNDAY JOURNAL is rapidly attaining the popularity enjoyed by the evening edition. Yesterday its circulation was 18,034. The Sunday Journal is a little over one year old; the evening edition a little over three. The latter has now safely gone over the 21,000 mark. The growth of the Sunday paper is peculiarly gratifying because it has been achieved in the very teeth of its esteemed morning contemporary. It is winning its way where the Oregonian is strongest, where it puts forth its greatest efforts and where it uses to its utmost every available resource. This growth has demonstrated that there is still a big weekday field in morning newspaperdom which is not covered and cannot be covered by the single morning newspaper printed here. The Sunday edition of The Journal has already shown that, just as the evening edition is practically without competition in the evening field.

POLITICAL BEDFELLOWS.

WE ARE SURPRISED to observe a tendency among some of the Republican voters of the city to resent the nomination of their party nominee for councilman in the Second ward. The man upon whom the honor was thrust was the Hon. Lawrence M. Sullivan, long known to the people of this community and perhaps the most noted and enthusiastic exponent of "the wide open" policy to which the present city administration is so heartily committed. Fears are expressed that he may possibly be elected and it is even whispered in awe-stricken tones that in that event the liquor dealers' organization may again scatter about some of those pretty little souvenirs to voters which say: "Look for the white tickets in red ink for instructions." Then if the Republicans elect a majority of the council, as the saloon men have succeeded in nominating them, the word may go out that it is the Hon. Larry for the presidency of the council. Then in the event that anything should happen to the mayor the Hon. Lawrence M. Sullivan would have the prodigious felicity of writing mayor after his name and Portland would surely be face to face with the real thing.

HOW MARKHAM WROTE THE POEM.

From the Washington Post. "When I wrote 'The Man With the Hoe' I had no idea of the stir it would make, and of the flood of comment, friendly and hostile, it would call forth." said Mr. Edwin Markham, the famous poet and litterateur, at the Shoreham. Mr. Markham is the sort of a man who by his looks would excite the admiration of the authorship of noble verse. He has a splendid face, a fine suite of men's white hair, and the friendliness that men of the far west ever exhibit in their bearing. He has been the editor of a newspaper, a school teacher, and, notwithstanding that he is a poet, is also a man of affairs, who knows farming, stock-raising and other practical pursuits.

the human being became nothing more than a beast of burden—brother to the ox—was a curse in that it dwarfed the soul of a man, his spirit and mentality. The kind of slavish toil that is often attached to agriculture is debasing, and this is what I had in mind. The labor that kills in man all that is divine, that prevents his mind from expanding and makes him a machine, can never be looked on in the light of a blessing."

ONE-ARMED KNIFE.

From the Chicago Tribune. "What is that thing over there?" asked a man on a high stool at a lunch counter. "The 'thing' he was pointing to was shaped like a primitive grass sickle, had a handle, and at the tip of the blade and as a part of it was a pronged fork, half circular in form. "That?" said the waiter. "Why, that's a one-armed knife. Ever see one before?" and he passed it over the counter for inspection. "Nearly all restaurants keep them in their stock of cutlery nowadays. You see, the one-armed man can't cut his meat with the same motion that you and I use. He must bend down on his steak or chop, and to make the work easier for him some one invented this sickle-shaped knife with a fork at the end. It's a good thing, and it is made on the principle of the rocking cutter hair-ness makers use. To be sure, we have to keep them sharp, or their usefulness would be gone."

FACTS ABOUT PORTLAND.

Frank L. Merriell in Sunset Magazine for May. Portland, the exposition city, is the principal city of the northwest coast, and has a population of 120,000. It holds extensive commercial intercourse with the whole world, the chief export commodities being lumber, flous and grain. The city does a wholesale business of \$175,000,000 annually and the product of its factories was \$40,000,000 last year. The name of the "Rose City" has been given this western metropolis on account of the large number of beautiful roses that are constantly in bloom here all the year round. The climate is exceptionally mild on account of the warm currents of the Pacific ocean. Mild winters and cool summers are the rule. It is the first rank of American cities for health, the death rate being only 15 per 1,000 of population. Portland is equipped with complete systems of electric railways, 143 miles in length, extending to every part of the city, and all of them running to the exposition grounds. Thus the visitor to the exposition in 1905 may choose his quarters in any section of the city, however remote from the centennial grounds, and be assured of means of travel within reasonable time between the centennial and his lodgings. From the central portion of the city the grounds may be reached by the street railways in 15 minutes.

SMALL CHANGE

Oregon is waking up. Grand old man forever, eh? Three weeks from next Thursday. How do you like the nomination? Is it a wide-open or a straight and narrow lane? Get into the country—as much as you can; it will do you and yours no end of good. Kentucky doesn't care very much whether or not Newfoundland sells the United States fish bait. Another Arctic-reller expedition is about to start. The one to relieve this one need not be organized for a year or two. It is reported that young high-profile Hyde has 20 lawyers regularly on his payroll. Impossible—if the Equitable makes money! Cheap literature is worse than poison, says the Albany Democrat. We thought at first that "poison" was meant instead of "poison."

AN OLD-TIME SOUTH-ERN CITY.

Wm. E. Curtis Mobile, Alabama City, in Chicago Record-Herald. Mobile is the delightful old city, serene, sleepy and full of romance. Its people have always been proud of their conservatism, and until recently it would have been an offense to their refinement to talk about the growth of trade and the introduction of modern improvements. To the aristocracy of Mobile the past has been more precious and more interesting than the future, and they have been satisfied with the present. There were no pavements, or sewers under the soil, and no waterworks; the waste ran into the streets, and the water supply was caught from the roofs of the houses. Those conditions had satisfied the ancestors of the Mobile aristocracy and hence were good enough for the recent generation. The city has always been wealthy, but has never been ostentatious in its displays. It has always been hospitable, but society required certificates of respectability from strangers and doubtful people were not admitted to the homes of the aristocracy. Her famous patriot, who came here in 1854 by steamer, but nobody paid any attention to him because he had no introductions, until Madame Celeste, a rich, cultivated and intellectual woman, who was a leader of society here from 1835 to 1885, heard of his presence, and, having met him abroad, drove to the boat, took him to her home and introduced him to society, which gave him a tremendous welcome as soon as his identity was sufficiently vouched for. The exclusive set of olden times would not have recognized the angel Gabriel without credentials.

LEWIS AND CLARK

En route up the Missouri river from Fort Mandan (near the site of Bismarck, North Dakota), to the Rocky mountains. May 8—A light breeze from the east carried us 18 miles, till we halted for dinner at the entrance of a river on the north. Captain Clark, who had walked on the south, on ascending a high point opposite to its entrance discovered a level and beautiful country covered a level; that its course for 10 or 15 miles was northwest, when it divided into two nearly equal branches, one pursuing a direction nearly north; the other to the west of northwest; its width at the entrance is 160 yards, and on going three miles up Captain Lewis found it to be of the same breadth, and sometimes more. The ground was level and the quantity of water; its bed is principally of mud, the bank abrupt, about 12 feet in height, and formed of a dark fine loam and blue clay. The low ground near it are wide and fertile. It is a considerable proportion of cottonwood and willow. It seems to be navigable for boats and canoes, and this circumstance, joined to its course and the quantity of water, which indicates that it passes through a large extent of country, were led to presume that it may approach the Saskatchewan and afford a communication with that river. The water here is produced by a table-spoonful of milk in a dish of tea and this circumstance induced us to call it Milk river. In the evening we had made 27 miles, and were now in the country on that side consists in general of high broken hills, with much gray, black and brown granite scattered over the surface of the ground. At a little distance the river there is no timber of either side; the wood being confined as below to the margin of the river, so that unless the contrary is particularly mentioned, it is always understood that the upland is perfectly naked, and that the timber on the low grounds well timbered if even a fifth be covered with wood. The wild figs are found in great abundance on these hills, as is also the white apple. As we are surrounded by buffalo, elk, caribou and moose, we observed a place where an Indian had recently taken the hair of an antelope skin, and some of the party thought they distinguished a perfectly good smoke and Indian lodges up Milk river, marks which we are by no means desirous of realizing, as the Indians are probably Assiniboin, and might be very troublesome.

TED SONG OF THE SANDMAN.

By George V. Hobart. Sun an' dews a rushin' home, Rushin' home to bed; Stars an' dews a twinklin', In a twinklin' overhead. Frogs in a meadow-pool Churnin' up a song; 'Twilight an' a sigh'n' kase Dabbin' in a long. Be the boy an' rubbin' at 'em, Sometin' in his eyes, L'il star it wink an' say, Yander in a skies; (Refrain) 'Wa' fer yo' doin' dat, doin' dat, doin' dat, Mistah, l'il' baby, say! 'Wa' fer yo' doin' dat, doin' dat, doin' dat, Rubbin' dem eyes of gray! Yo' kin rub dem, rub dem, Rub dem, mah honey, But yo' kin't rub er Sandman erway! Birds done put dah il' heads Unpossess er wing; Shoppers creepin' down er hill, Hop-head settin' on er vine, One er two er three er sing, Shadders creepin' down er hill, Blottin' er er light; Darkness makin' up its mind Gwiner stay all night. Baby don't be er head, Rub be er eyes; L'il star it whisper low Way up in a skies; (Refrain) 'Wa' fer yo' doin' dat, doin' dat, doin' dat, Mistah, l'il' baby, say! 'Wa' fer yo' doin' dat, doin' dat, doin' dat, Yo' kin rub dem eyes of gray! Yo' kin rub dem, rub dem, Rub dem, mah honey, But yo' kin't rub er Sandman erway!

GAPT. STRONG MADE REAL HIT ON STAGE.

From the New York World. Imagine Capt. Ma' Yohre, as Strong as an actor. Imagine further, the said Captain Strong "making good" as the professional phrase has it. Remarkable! Yet this is the simple truth. It happened at Brooklyn. The late mayor of New York, known as a phenomenal contralto and a clever actress, appeared on the stage of Keeney's theater. Captain Strong and his wife were made like this. The celebrities MISSES YOHRE, the star of two continents, and CAPTAIN BRADLEE STRONG, who makes his first appearance on the stage. The actress and the doctor. A black and white musical team had just finished. The curtain was down a few moments, then rose upon the office of a detective. Captain Strong was the detective. He came hustling in full of business, switching a little silver-gilt cane and looking very fresh and youthful in a stylish new brown suit, derby hat and tan shoes. There was not a nervous twitch in his manner. He had to sit at his desk, soliloquize and read two letters. He did it well. His poised, his manner, his stage presence showed nothing of the amateur. He was as calm and well balanced as a veteran of a dozen seasons. His voice, a trifle low and dim at first, soon gained strength and clearness and carried well throughout the house. He caused the good will of the audience at once, and they made it known to him with hearty applause. Miss Yohre came in wearing a fluffy white fur gown, her hair done in the sort of thing that a man would say looks all right, while a woman would call it a delightful creation. She soliloquized a bit and sang a new and pretty love song, the refrain of which was "If I Were Only You." She still has those thrilling love notes that made her famous years ago. They have all the old thrill.

From the San Francisco Bulletin. It would seem that as far back as the fifth century men were amused, even as they are in our days, by jokes and funny sayings. On this page will be found some of those ancient stories translated from a work attributed to the Alexandrian philosopher Hierocles, who appears to have found time between his more serious writings to write a collection of jokes (faciæ), the authenticity of which ancient stories translated by eminent authorities. Without entering into an appreciation of his critical opinion we give the jokes as recorded. Doubtless some old friends in their primitive form will be recognized among them. A young man meeting an acquaintance said: "I heard that you were dead." "But," said the other, "you see me alive." "I don't know how that may be," replied the first, "but you are a notorious liar, while my informant is a person of credit." A man wrote to a friend in Greece asking him to buy him some books. He neglected to execute the commission, but when the ancient story translated and offered, he exclaimed, when they met: "My dear friend, I never got the letter wrote me about the books." A man, given to theories, endeavoring to teach his horse to live without food, started the horse to find a great loss," said he, "for just as he learned to live without eating, he died." A robust countryman, meeting a doctor, concealed himself behind a wall; being asked why he did so, he replied: "It is no longer since I have been sick that I am ashamed to look a doctor in the face." A man having been told that a raven would live 200 years, bought one to try. A man who had narrowly escaped drowning while bathing declared that he would never enter the water again until he learned how to swim. A horseman who had to cross the river entered the ferryboat mounted. When invited to dismount, he replied: "No, I must ride, because I am in a hurry." A student in want of money, sold his books, and wrote home: "Father, rejoice; for now I derive my support from literature." One of twin brothers having died, a fellow, meeting the survivor, asked: "Which is it that's dead, you or your brother?" A gentleman had a cask of wine, from which his servant stole a large quantity. When his master perceived the deficiency, he carefully examined the top of the cask, but could find no traces of an opening. "I think if there be not a hole in the bottom," said a bystander. "Blockhead," he replied, "do you not see that the wine is missing from the top and not from the bottom?" A curious inquirer, desirous of knowing how a looked when asleep, sat with closed eyes before a mirror. A foolish fellow having a horse to sell is said to have taken a brick from the wall to exhibit as a sample.

FAMOUS JOKES OF CENTURIES AGO.

An Essential Qualification. From the New York Tribune. Governor Mickey of Nebraska dothed his overalls the other day and proceeded to nail up the board fence on his farm. There is nothing like a governor keeping his hands on the bottom, especially in a state which boasts of Farmer Bryan as a resident.