

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

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COUNCILMAN RUMELIN'S LIBEL SUIT AGAINST THE JOURNAL.

IT IS WITH FEELINGS of mingled amusement and amazement that the people of Portland have learned that a libel suit has been instituted by Councilman Charles E. Rumelin against The Journal Publishing Company in which he asks for heavy damages because of alleged defamation of character through the printing of certain proceedings of the grand jury in which he was more or less intimately concerned. During the past two years or more The Journal has been engaged in the serious undertaking of attempting to improve the municipal conditions of Portland. It is a job that has been long overdue and rendered the more difficult because of that very fact. But that job has been undertaken with heartiness and sincerity. This paper has been after no man as such, it has been after no institution or combination as such, but wherever it believed it found crooked work afoot it has not hesitated to take its readers into its confidence and it has mined no words in making clear either its meaning or the state of facts. Readers of this newspaper need not be told that it is unalterably opposed to grafting in the public service and that it has certain well-defined principles from which it has not and will not deviate. We do not believe the sincerity or honesty of its purpose has ever been questioned except by those who, having failed in their public trust, have met at its hands with exposure and public rebuke. On this score we think no further evidence will be required than its great and substantial growth during the time it has been under its present management and the many public and private testimonials it has received from men and institutions who stand for all that is best and highest in our public life. In the following out of a public policy, the value of which to citizens, taxpayers and good government is amply demonstrated by the grand jury records of this county and state and the many indictments and criminal prosecutions which have legally and logically followed, it has been inevitable that those under suspicion should have publicly and privately denounced this newspaper, thus unwittingly paying to it the highest tribute which a reputable paper could hope to secure. The theory thus followed, to be of public benefit, could not have been conducted upon general or purely academic grounds. It was necessary that sledge-hammer blows should have been dealt, that individuals as well as institutions should have been exposed and that crookedness and crime should have been laid open in their naked rawness. In that campaign for the public good The Journal has never faltered. Its course, we believe, everybody will concede has been courageous; that it has never tried to fit a crime to any particular man but that the crime itself found the man and fit him, we feel assured every reader of this newspaper knows and appreciates. Back of all this we know that no man has been pursued for private, revengeful or sinister motives and the court records will amply show all the proof which any disinterested man should require to justify the general course we have followed. We have said that the public has viewed the institu-

tion of these proceedings with feelings of mingled amusement and amazement. Mr. Rumelin is a tolerably well known character in this community. He is known in and about the city hall, and he is particularly well known to those employees of the city and county, the clerks, the firemen and policemen, who happening to be in financial straits, seek him and in consideration of a trifling advance to bridge them over, have a strangle hold taken on their future earnings which practically poisons them. The pursuit of the nimble dollar is not a fad with Mr. Rumelin; it is a mania. He is acquisitive and he is thrifty. He is omnivorous and anything from ax-handles up goes with Rumelin when the lust stings him. Against Mr. Rumelin as an individual we have had and have no quarrel. We confess we do not warm up to his type nor admire the quality of his methods and we cannot pretend to any enthusiasm when we contemplate the means he has adopted to rapidly get along in the world. But except as it involves the public or comes within the purview of the law all of this is doubtless Rumelin's own concern. But with Rumelin as a public official and carrying out a public trust it is an entirely different affair and the introduction of his private methods into the public business is not only a matter of deep concern but of genuine menace and alarm. Mr. Rumelin is popularly credited with certain gifts of adroitness; he is believed to be a man who knows how, a handy individual to negotiate to success delicate undertakings which do not precisely crave publicity. There have been rumors and rumors about Rumelin in his private capacity as councilman and it is reported have attracted there the serious attention and painstaking investigation that they seemed to deserve. The district attorney saw fit to indict him on the charge that he had attempted to bribe a former city engineer. The case has been tried in the courts. Rumelin may have been guiltless of the offense, over enthusiasm in a good cause may have shifted the poise of his usually well-balanced judgment, he may have intended to do no wrong but simply slipped over, yet out of twelve men who tried the case under oath there were five who could not be made to believe that his childlike innocence had been demonstrated to a hairsbreadth even by gifted counsel and adroit handling of the evidence. That Rumelin should have been annoyed because of this being the president's representative will not add to his lustre—Salem Statesman. Some of the Statesman's particular friends have been removed from office or indicted. Perfectly conscious of the rectitude of its own motives The Journal cheerfully and confidently takes up the challenge which Rumelin so defiantly and, as we believe, imprudently has thrown down to us and it will generously allow him to be the judge of who should first holler when he is hurt.

MAYOR WILLIAMS' STRONGEST DENUNCIATION OF HIS OWN ADMINISTRATION.

DR. HARRY LANE is something more than a mere partisan candidate for mayor. He is the representative of an idea, of a new era in our municipal life, of a period when the old days of political graft, chicanery and irresponsibility are passing, we hope for good. It is a mistake to say that the outcome of the campaign is in any but a restricted sense purely personal to him. He simply stands forward as the champion of ideas for which the people have fought and his election would be a triumph for the cause of good government. The naked issue is not Harry Lane, Democrat, vs. George H. Williams, Republican, but the issue between good and bad or indifferent government, between the rule of right and decency and the ascendancy and domination of elements in this community which seek not the protection of the law but special privileges under the administration to which no man or class is legitimately entitled. We have been much edified in the perusal of a speech which Mayor Williams made in May, 1896. At that time the regular Republican nominee for mayor was D. Solis Cohen; the Democratic nominee was Governor Penney, while the bolting candidate was General Beebe. Mayor Williams supported the bolting nominee, General Beebe, and the address to which we refer is peculiarly notable because of its application to present conditions and Mayor Williams' own present case. He happily introduces his subject by saying: "Thomas Jefferson in his first inaugural address, to introduce the era of good feeling after his election said, as you will remember, that 'We are all Republicans and we are all Federalists.' And so I say to you tonight as to the coming city election: We are all Democrats and we are all Republicans. All of us stand or profess to stand upon the same platform, and there is but one plank in that platform, namely, good government in the city of Portland and freedom from ring rule. \* \* \* I oppose the election of Mr. Cohen upon the ground that his nomination is the direct and legitimate fruit of the dishonest and corrupt practices of the Republican party. I expect you all know that I am a Republican; I respect the principles and policies of my party, but my obligations to honesty, decency and truth are higher than my obligation to party. \* \* \* I am not finding any fault with those gentlemen that have bolted that nomination (the nomination of Mr. Cohen). 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 those rules and regulations which the party bosses impose upon us and do that which is good for the whole country. All of this is expressed with neatness and precision and the sentiments find a ready echo at this time when the application of them fits so neatly. But there is much

more in the same line. Here is a more extended excerpt: "I know from my own experience, and it is not limited, that it is a very easy thing for candidates to make promises before 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 which they have made. You must judge of these people by the records they have made. You must judge them when you find them in public life from what you know of them in private life; and if your acquaintance with them, and if their records as officials, of those who have been in official life, is such as to satisfy you that they are what they claim to be, then they ought to be supported, but if you are of a different conclusion then you ought to oppose their nomination. \* \* \* While 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 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, not 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. \* \* \* Why don't we throw off these party ties and obligations; they amount to nothing this year; nobody is paying any attention to them. Who cares for the candidate because he is the regular nominee, who cares for the candidate because he is said to be a Republican or a Democrat, so far as the city officers are concerned? There is nothing involved in the city government but an honest administration, an honest disbursement of public money, the administration of a man who is free from the condemnation of any party, clique or faction. \* \* \* I leave it to 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." Judge Williams has stated the whole question with clearness and force. He has left nothing to be said on the patriotic duty of citizens in a municipal election and he has admirably defined the character and quality of the man who should be elected to fill the office of mayor. His general conclusions are sound and must be admitted. Once admitted they make plain the duty from the standpoint of public obligation and self interest to elect Dr. Harry Lane who admirably meets every requirement so judiciously laid down in the speech made by Mayor Williams in 1896 when he was the chief bolter against the regular Republican nominee for mayor of Portland.

ROMAN CATHOLICS IN THE U. S. From Success Magazine. The Roman Catholic population of the United States and its dependencies is far larger than that of any other denomination. This fact is brought out by a comparison between the statistics in the Roman Catholic Directory for 1905, and those relating to other church bodies, which have been compiled by

the Rev. H. K. Carroll. The whole number of Roman Catholics under the protection of the United States flag is 22,127,354. Of these, 7,058,499 are in the Philippines, 1,573,862 in Cuba, 1,000,000 in Porto Rico and 32,000 in the Sandwich Islands. It would obviously be misleading to include the Roman Catholics of the Dependencies in a consideration of the comparative strength of the religious denominations in the United States. Eliminating them altogether, the Roman Catholics of the country still number 14,462,793, while the next largest church body, the Methodists, have 6,256,728 members. The Baptists follow with 4,150,815, then come the Lutherans with 1,749,756, the Presbyterians with 1,697,744, the Episcopalians with 807,922, the Congregationalists with 667,951, the Unitarians with 71,000, the Christian Scientists with 66,022,

SMALL CHANGE

Harmony, gentlemen of the exposition commissions. Still no explanations will banish the odor of Tanner creek sewer. Chicago employers are becoming more unreasonable than the strikers. Under present conditions no railroad attorney should be appointed federal judge. Young Rockefeller says he fears he will have to quit work. Most of us fear we never can. That reported boom forlinger Hermann for renomination has not yet assumed very large proportions. A New Jersey murderer claims a dual personality. The law will be satisfied with electrocuting one of him. Farmers ought to name their homes, suggests the Moro Observer. Some of them should fix them up first. A successor to ex-General Manager Worthington is expected to arrive in a few days, and stay a few days. Yes, New York and Philadelphia are ruled by party machines through the partisanship of voters—but how ruled! Senator Fairbanks is also scheduled to deliver a Fourth of July speech somewhere in Indiana. He may get to be quite an orator yet. The parliament of that new, wild and woolly country—England—should come over and learn of the congress of wild old America how to behave. Wool up, hops up, wheat up, livestock up, lumber up, rents up, clothing up, food up—and yet many people will leave the country and come to town. The decision of the supreme court in the Xarifa Palling case was eminently just. A woman with her spirit should be thankful for life and liberty. The mayor of Philadelphia, if he intends to reform the politico-theftivity of that town, has a harder job on his hands than Judge Dunne of Chicago. Portland is now so well supplied with hotels, rooming-houses, restaurants and private rooms that there will not be much chance for "extortion" if any one attempts it. There is nothing that makes you feel richer than a good hearty laugh—it doesn't make any difference whether you have anything in your pocket or not—Minnopolis Tribune. Please give the recipe for getting up the laugh under those circumstances. Senator Dewey says that if Bryan had been president and done exactly as Roosevelt has done, there would have been the greatest panic the country has ever seen. And Mr. Dewey knows, though he did not say, who would have been the principal panic producers. The people of Oregon will give a proper welcome to Vice-President Fairbanks for what he is himself. His being the president's representative will not add to his lustre—Salem Statesman. Some of the Statesman's particular friends have been removed from office or indicted.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Salmon in the Santiam. Amity board of trade urging a cleaner town. Peaches all right around Brownsville. Lively times among stockmen in eastern Oregon. "Giving away" liquor in Corvallis is unprofitable. Klamath county is getting a wide and favorable reputation. Many homeseekers arriving in the Grand Ronde valley. Condon's \$30,000 of 6 per cent bonds sold for \$31,181 premium. New sheep-dipping vats doing a big business in Heppner. May 24 will be devoted by the people of Amity to cleaning up the town. To inculcate a love of flowers, Corvallis Presbyterian ladies gave a flower fair. The Amity Advance man is happy because of being feasted by farmers on cherries and berries. Deer are being unlawfully killed in southern Oregon, and the killers should be severely punished. A Columbia county man thoroughly improved the road in front of his farm. Now, if all farmers would do that! Irrigation in the Willamette valley is something happening that would be regarded as lunacy a few years ago. A Umatilla county deputy assessor has been taken—by women, of course—for a book agent, a steel range man, and even a yegg man looking for a handout. Coos Bay News: There has been a large run of shad in North Coos river for several days past, but few are being caught, the demand on the bay for this variety of fish being very limited. One man, three boys and two dogs hauling a camping outfit weighing 200 pounds arrived in Pilot Rock Tuesday night from Yaquina Bay, Oregon, having walked all the way. The man was still looking for a job. A Lincoln county man requested the teacher in his district not to teach his children physical geography from the text books. He told her that the Bible gave all the information about this world that it was necessary to know. The people of Polk county, says the Observer, should be careful about admitting certain classes of peddlers to their houses. Some of these men belong to the hobo element, and are the advance agents of an organized gang of housebreakers. The Houston Register alludes to a Columbia county contemporary as a hebdomadal misfit, a ticky paper greatly resembling the neglected and unimproved saddle-blanket of an Apache Indian, devoted to pseudology and the dissemination of its editor's plentiful lack of sense.

MR. BOK IN NEW YORK AND BOSTON

By Edward Bok in the Ladies Home Journal, April, 1904. I took a Pennsylvania railroad "hamburger" to a hotel adjacent to Madison Square. "How much?" I asked, as I alighted. "Eighty-five cents," said the driver. I took out the schedule of fares which I had borrowed from the inside of the "hamburger." "Twenty-five cents for the fare," I read off; "10 cents for a valise carried on top." I gave the driver 35 cents. I went into a Broadway florist's shop and asked him how much for a bunch of 100 violets. "Eight dollars," he said. I told him to fix it up, and then asked to see the proprietor. The proprietor came and verified his salesman's price. I explained to him that I knew from whom he got his violets and how much he paid for them—\$2 for the hundred. I argued I would allow him \$1 as his profit and \$1 for his rent; the box in which he put them, which cost him 10 cents, and the ribbon with which he tied the flowers, which cost him about 5 cents. Four dollars would represent a profit to him of 150 per cent. "Take them," he said. "You're in the business, my guest." I paid him \$4. "Not a seat left," said the man in the box office of the theatre, "except what can get from the speculators outside." I called the manager. Within three minutes I had two seats directly on the center aisle, eight rows from the stage—the choicest seats in the auditorium. The next day a friend asked me to walk with him to what is known as a "swelly" restaurant. I ordered a bowl of milk and crackers. I wanted to see what would happen. It happened: It took the combined efforts of two waiters and the head waiter to get my simple order straight, and then all three stood in a row full of interest to see what I was going to do with a strange order. So far back is the childhood of the average New Yorker. When the check came my simple order cost 60 cents. I called the manager and asked him to point out on the bill of fare how the bill was arrived at. He studied and then figured out that I had had the equivalent of a pint of milk and my crackers numbered exactly eight. "Change that check to 29 cents," he said. I begged my friend to allow me to pay the check. I had a special reason. I did so, and gave the waiter 10 cents as a tip. He looked at the dime, flipped the coin in the air and put it into his pocket without a word of thanks. I asked him to let me see the coin for a moment. He said, "I put it in my pocket and stood out." I can still see the look on that waiter's face. It was a study in expression. I went into an "antique" (!) shop, and saw an old Dutch plate. "Seventy-five dollars," said the smiling salesgirl. "Is this Delft shoe?" I asked. "Ten dollars." "Real Delft, I suppose?" I asked. "Oh, yes, sir," she replied. "From Delft in Holland." "Yes, sir; we import it direct from there." I asked to see the proprietor. He verified all his salesgirl had said. Then I spoke a Dutch word to the salesgirl. "Is this shoe from Delft?" I asked. "If it had, of course, never seen Delft or Holland. It was like so much of our so-called Delft—made in Germany." And the \$75 plate was offered me for \$1. I treated myself to a hair-cut and shampoo. When the "artist" had finished his work I handed him \$1. "Thank you, sir," he said, and ventured no change. "My change?" I asked. "Change?" he queried in superb astonishment. "Here, my \$1, sir. Fifty cents for a hair-cut; the same for a shampoo." I happened to know this "tonorial parlour." For answer I stepped across the opposite side and pulled up a steamship "hanger," revealing a sign: "Hair-cut, 35 cents; shampoo, 25 cents." I received 40 cents change. I wanted two trunks to go across the city from the Grand Central depot to the Pennsylvania Railroad ferry, at the foot of West Twenty-third street. "Don't you think, sir, I'll attend to it," said an obliging Grand Central "porter." He did. "How much?" I asked. "Here are your checks," he said. "I had great trouble in getting the trunks out and finding a wagon to take them." (He had consumed just five minutes.) "One dollar and ten cents for all these things went into the express booth and explained what had been done for me. "Fifty cents," said the attendant. A Few Days in Boston. By Edward Bok in the Ladies Home Journal, May, 1905. When the bellboy at the Hotel Touraine showed me to my room he turned to me and said, "I'll bring you a book, sir." "A what, did you say?" I asked. "A book, sir," he repeated. "Here is a catalogue of our library." A book? I mechanically repeated. "Yes; suppose you bring me Kipling's last book. I've forgotten the title." And I had for the moment, everything had left my mind but that boy. "You mean 'Traffic and Discoveries,' sir?" I asked. "Yes, sir." I feebly muttered as I stood miserably gazing after the boy. "Eh? I was in Boston!" "That's a very pretty idea," I said to one of the head waiters in the dining-room as I left, "placing a vase of carnations on each table—Decorates the room." "Thank you, sir," politely returned the man. "Glad you like it." And an hour afterward, when I returned to my room, there stood a huge vase filled with some 50 carnation blooms. The next morning I was busy writing in my room while the chambermaid bustled about dusting. Suddenly I was conscious of the fact of the soft scratching of a pencil. I furtively looked around to find the pencil in the hand of the maid. Almost simultaneously she looked up, covered and exclaimed: "Beg your pardon, sir. I was merely copying the title of one of your books." I walked over to the book. It was W. J. Henderson's "Modern Musical Drift." "Are you interested in music?" I asked. "A little, sir," came the simple reply. "In what way, please?" I persisted. "Why, sir, I go to our symphony con-

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

A Republican's View of the Mayor. Portland, May 23.—To the Editor of The Journal—I have lived in Portland 16 years and have voted the straight Republican ticket—and supported our party. I am sure that any man who considered him a good, conscientious man who would do his duty and work for the interest of our town. I have lost all faith in him. If the Republicans wish to elect a mayor let them select a man who has the interest of our city at heart. Portland has money enough to run the municipal business without depending upon gamblers. Other towns care not for the money which is lost with beggars and people who cannot support themselves. I am surprised at the remarks that the mayor made about our preachers. I am sure in men who had any self-respect or respect for our churches and the members would make use of such remarks. I am sure that there is not a gambler or a saloon-keeper who would call our preachers liars and scoundrels, but when the mayor of the town, who is supposed to work for the moral interest, makes such remarks I think it advisable for his friends to have him examined before an and they are not troubled. I can't think that we are compelled to elect a man whom we have no confidence in. I hope that every good Republican, and all men who wish good government, will do us the honor that is vote for Dr. H. Lane for mayor. A WORKING MAN. Republicans Absolved. To the Editor of the Journal—When William Williams was a candidate for the office of mayor of the city of Portland, he publicly promised the people that if he was elected he would execute all laws that he, as an executive officer, was by law bound to enforce. Upon this promise, I, an old-time Republican, freely voted for him. Having received a majority of votes cast he was declared duly elected. Thereupon, he, before high heaven, voluntarily took upon himself the obligation of an oath to execute the laws relating to our city. Had he failed to do so, he would have broken his oath and would have been justly held responsible for the same. I am sure that he is old enough to know the difference between an executive duty and a judicial opinion, as well as the nature of an official oath. Having failed after being admonished to keep his word good and his official oath inviolate, he, in honor's realm, is judging by his record as mayor, not only to have broken his oath, but is sufficiently learned in matters of law to know the difference between an executive duty and a judicial opinion, as well as the nature of an official oath. Having failed after being admonished to keep his word good and his official oath inviolate, he, in honor's realm, is judging by his record as mayor, not only to have broken his oath, but is sufficiently learned in matters of law to know the difference between an executive duty and a judicial opinion, as well as the nature of an official oath. H. Z. SIMPSON. Military Drill for Police. Portland, May 22.—To the Editor of The Journal—When Chief Hunt, according to a statement in your paper last Saturday, told the new policemen the soldiers of the block system officers, he certainly spoke the truth. This being the fact, why so much military nonsense in the police department? Gloves, red stripes, military caps, military drill, etc., may be necessary, but the use of which the banks permitted. The wind was, however, ahead, the current strong, particularly round the points against which it happened to set, there would be far more sympathy for brought down quantities of stone, these projected into the river, forming barriers for 40 and 50 feet around, which it was very difficult to pass. At the distance of two and three-quarter miles we passed a small island in a deep bend on the south, and on the same side a creek 20 yards wide, but with no running water. About a mile farther is an island between two and three miles in length, separated from the northern shore by a narrow channel, in which is a sand island at the distance of half a mile from its lower extremity. To this large island we gave the name of Teapot Island, from the fact that the middle of the river two miles above this is an island with no timber, and of the same extent as this last. The country on each side is high, broken and rocky, each being either a soft brown sandstone, covered with thin stratum of limestone or else a hard, black rugged granite, both usually overlaid the other. Balts and quartz, as well as iron coal and pumice stones, still appear; the bars of the river are composed principally of gravel; the river low grounds are narrow and afford scarcely any timber, nor is there much pine on the hills. The true anomaly here became scarce; we saw a polecat this evening, which was the first for several days; in the course of the day we also saw several herds of the big-horned animals among the steep cliffs on the north, and killed several of them. At the distance of 18 miles we encamped on the south. THE APPALLING WASTE OF TIME. From the New York World. One thousand million dollars, said President Washburn of the board of fire underwriters at its meeting in this city, is the country's loss by fire in six years. The loss for 1904 surpassed all previous records, reaching \$229,000,000, of which \$50,000,000 disappeared in the Baltimore blaze. The true anomaly here became scarce; we saw a polecat this evening, which was the first for several days; in the course of the day we also saw several herds of the big-horned animals among the steep cliffs on the north, and killed several of them. At the distance of 18 miles we encamped on the south. THE APPALLING WASTE OF TIME. From the New York World. One thousand million dollars, said President Washburn of the board of fire underwriters at its meeting in this city, is the country's loss by fire in six years. The loss for 1904 surpassed all previous records, reaching \$229,000,000, of which \$50,000,000 disappeared in the Baltimore blaze. 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