

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

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THE QUESTION AT ISSUE.

THE STRONG FEATURE of the mayor's candidacy is its weakness—or should be. All, or almost all of certain "classes," or interests, are for him. Without their practically solid support he could not be elected.

THE QUESTION OF CHARGES.

A GREAT MANY eastern people have made their plans or are making them to come to the Lewis and Clark exposition. Many others are thinking of coming, but have not yet finally decided.

THE WALL BROKEN THROUGH.

THE OPENING of the Lewis and Clark exposition, the beginning of the land fraud trials (perhaps) and the Portland city election, are all interesting and important events to occur the first week in June.

HE HAD A REAL KICK COMING.

WE FEEL SURE that every one with bowels of compassion will heartily agree with Councilman Rumelin in the deft and ladylike criticism which he makes of an editorial article in the Oregonian.

HE HAS SEEN IT FOR HIMSELF.

B. A. WORTHINGTON, general manager of the O. R. & N. Co. and S. P. Co. lines in Oregon has received such a flattering offer from other lines that in justice to himself he could not refuse it.

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THE VITAL NEED OF GOOD COUNCILMEN.

IF THE VOTERS of Portland would not see the next city council the mere puppet of the liquor interests, they must see to it that honest and independent councilmen are elected.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

The vote for mayor of Corvallis was 201 to 200. Many caterpillars on trees and bushes around Hillsboro. Union is the shipping point for a vast amount of produce. A farmer near Dallas in planting 25 acres of potatoes. Some new large hopyards around Perrydale and Amity. Wellawa county is another region that badly needs a railroad. Outlook for grain in Yamhill county better than for years. The cleaning up of Dayton is on in earnest, says the Herald. Ten-acre farms being laid out near McMinnville. That's right. Two firms will cure and freeze salmon in Marshfield this season. Corvallis broilers eight weeks old netted \$5.25 per dozen in Portland. Jacksonville has no newspaper, but of course one will soon be started. Many people in and around Newberg have put out new strawberry beds this spring. A paint manufacturing company, with capital stock of \$200,000 has been formed in Lane county. Strange thing in Jackson county; more people attended the Farmers' institute, than the circus. Lafayette is awakening from a deep slumber, as the citizens are looking into the bright future instead of the gloomy past. Umstilla Indians held a great feast in honor of the late White Bull, and divided up his property according to their custom. When an Astoria man is missing, every one's first impulse is to count the women in town, to see if one is short, says the Astorian. A new club in The Dalles is called the Swastika club. Don't judge it by its name, however; it is composed of young Sunday school people. Several independence gamblers have been fined \$100 each and the Dallas itemizer says some in that town deserve the same medicine. Wasco is making good progress in its purification and sanitation. Sewerage will soon be supplied, then pure water comes, after that electric lights and power. A former gambler of Pendleton says that three men there—stockmen and farmers—"blew" him \$12,000 against the tinhorn games during the past few months.

SMALL CHANGE

A week from today! Only 10 days more of campaigning. The Russians always win—before the battle. Parties to a strike seldom accept good advice. No need for anybody to be unemployed now. Work for 25 hours a day if necessary to make all ready. Oregonians will turn out anyway, if it does rain. Secretary Taft is a man not to be lightly considered. The standstiller couldn't get a Taft to sit on the lid. Is there no legal way to get Nan back in jail again? Go down and see the trains come in if you have nothing else to do. Perhaps the president was charged transportation on his bear hides. Lawson has been writing a year, and announces that he is hearing the point. T-n-n-r c-r-k a-w-r, F-r-n-t s-t-r-t f-i-l-l, M-r-r-a-n s-t-r-t b-r-g-g, c-m-b-l-r-s t-r-a-t-t. Tom Lawson is a continual puzzle, perhaps because he is a combination of bull and bear. The professional gambler is passing, says an exchange. Why doesn't he bluff? We're sorry for you, Miss May, because you have to leave before the fair opens. The school children of Chicago seem to be about as big fools as the grown people. If a certain "vote" elect a mayor, will he not necessarily be obligated to that element? An astronomer says Mars has a mild and delightful climate. Hello, Mars; same here in Oregon. Governor Folk says Missourians are obeying the law. But can he see all of them all the time? Let us hope that the streets will not permanently continue to be more torn-up than improved. Men are only boys grown tall. And boys are men in miniature. Witness schoolboys of Chicago on a strike. Now, Professor Wollaber, you have on June 1 a chance to become a popular hero or an object of malediction. The eagle's scream won't be heard in the vicinity of the place where Tom Lawson makes his Fourth of July speech. It is rumored that Rojastrensky's fleet is pushing at full speed to reach the mouth of the Columbia and Portland before the Lewis and Clark fair closes. First fatal auto accident in Portland that there will be more. The autos are now a necessity, but their drivers should invariably be careful. Not all of them will be. "But why always libraries? Why not money for better houses, better sanitation, better social conditions? Look how much there is to be done." "I have given more for other things than for libraries. When you give people a library, they have to do the rest of the work for themselves. Work is the great secret of all progress." "Nothing for nothing" is the watchword of the library. A library requires the recipient to read and study. He becomes more sensible and rises in the social scale. "Then had Mr. Carnegie heard that Mr. Carnegie had charge of the free library at Cambridge, had declared that no man read books after he had passed forty." "I don't think that is correct," Mr. Carnegie answered. "It is just about as true as the statement that all men's best work is done before forty." "You know, Mr. Carnegie, there are people who assert that all these books are secretly intended by you as a movement by which your money may be perpetuated." "I am not moved a particle by what people think. The city of Pittsburgh refused to purchase a library by taxation. That didn't disturb me. I waited till they accepted it. I have never required any building to be called by my name. When people see it to use it is not worth anything. People who make such allegations are the sort of people who like that sort of thing. They are not worth heading. I never offer money for libraries. I only give the money when I am asked for it." "But, apart from all that, I don't worry about whether or no I am forgotten after death. You know my views on wealth. As long as I am spared I shall try to put it to the best possible use. Time will tell whether or no I have exercised a wise discretion." "And what about the statement you are reported to have made to the effect that you intended to die worth no more than a dollar?" "I never said anything so foolish."

AID ONLY THOSE WHO CLIMB

From the New York World. You Andrew Carnegie, in an interview with a London newspaper man, makes this bold hit at his antithesis, Henry Phillips and his model tenement schemes. "They lived not far from the factory, because they had found it convenient to steal cotton" wastes from the Baltimore and Ohio plant, which was of a peculiar kind, and could not be found anywhere else in the neighborhood. The oil with which this waste was soaked was of a grade—see only by the color—found in the purchase anywhere in the town. In a beer bottle found in an adjoining field remained some of that oil. There were three men in the band. He meant to inquire at the saloon, and found that three discharged employees of the company had been there before the fire. One of them carried a bundle to the part of the town in which was the factory, but without the bundle, which was supposed to contain the waste and the beer bottle. The prints of the feet showed that two of the men had worn shoes very much run down at the heels, while the sharper marks indicated that the third had new shoes. The sheriff then learned from a local dealer that one of the pair picked men had recently bought a pair of shoes. He obtained an exact duplicate of the pair purchased, and they fitted the sharply defined tracks. He thought it was about time to act, and so he placed the man in the room under guard, and they implicated the third. After that, just to cinch the case, he took them out to the factory gate and asked them if they would compare their thumbs with the marks which appeared on the factory floor. The imprint corresponded exactly with the configuration of the lines of a thumb of one of the men. They admitted that they had all gone through the gate. "And by the way," said the sheriff, "I might as well tell you that you ran away from that factory like Sam Hill after you set the fire."

SHOULD WOMEN PROPOSE?

By Beatrice Fairfax. One bachelor—he's 44, and so may be said to have arrived at years of discretion—claims that he never married, because he could not get the girl he wanted, and no other would do. He is that most rare of all curiosities—a man who never loved but one woman. I am quite aware that numerous married men will raise their eyes virtuously at this statement and swear that they have never loved but one woman. "That however, is a matter which concerns us not at all. The married man can look after his own affairs, and if he can persuade his wife that she is the one woman, so much the better for him. Men is by nature a gregarious, companion-loving creature, and when he can't get the first girl he wants he philosophically waits for the wound to heal, and then once more goes forth a wooing. No, Sir Bachelor, the broken-hearted plea won't do at all. "Men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love," and not the man in whom some woman cannot find a quality of admirability. That fact is fully demonstrated by some of the married men we see. I know one miserable little nothing of a man, who looks as though he had been the caterpillar, and yet his wife, a fine-looking, clever woman, gazes at him as though he were a mixture of Apollo, Lothario, Napoleon and Pierpont Morgan all blended in one. Why the very fact of the individual admiration they would confer should be enough to drive most men to matrimony. Isn't it better to be kicking over a cozy little domestic kingdom than a free lance, roving aimlessly about, with no greater interest in life than self? Many a man has undoubtedly been made cynical through the failure of some woman to live up to his ideal of a wife. But that is partly his own fault, as he has probably invested her with numerous virtues she does not possess. Women are not goddesses, but just women, with human weaknesses, and they want to be treated as such. The difference between a man and a woman is that when a man's ideal fails off her pedestal he looks on her as irretrievably damaged, and he is forever to be a bachelor, while the woman picks up her fallen idol, looks him over carefully and metaphorically speaking, finds that while his nose is damaged his ears are still quite beautiful, and the shiping goes on from a different point of view. There is no use in being disheartened or discouraged because the woman on whom you have set your heart does not reciprocate your affection. There are millions of other women just as charming and lovable. "Thank goodness, the 'nice girl' crap is one that never fails. If you are a disgruntled, peevish old bachelor, you're only half living. It is every man's duty to marry and help rear a family of sons and daughters who will do him and their country credit. No doubt at present the bachelor feels that he is getting much out of life through being unfettered and able to live as his means and fancy dictate. But the day is sure to come when he will regret that he has no children, and would give much for a comfortable home and a loving, ministering hand. It's fine to be young and gay and irresponsible, but it's forlorn to be old and sad and lonely, and that's what you'll be if you travel life's journey alone. ENORMOUS NEW BOND ISSUES. From New York Journal of Commerce. New bond issues since January 1 have been enormously heavy. A careful compilation made by this journal shows that the gross amount issued since that date, a period of 4 1/2 months, is \$228,878,000. Of this sum about \$22,500,000 was for refunding, or merger purposes, leaving the net amount of bonds representing new capital issued during that period at the usual sum of \$206,378,000. Details are as follows: For a refunding of bonds of previous issues, the total was \$27,000,000 larger than for the entire 12 months ended December 31, 1904, when the issues aggregated \$49,000,000. As was said in these columns last December, the revival of business prospects has been taken advantage of for floating new issues, many of them for refunding purposes and the taking up of notes. A much larger proportion, however, than might be supposed has been for betterments and improvements. While it is impossible to absolutely differentiate in each issue the amount for refunding purposes and that for new work, a very close approximation has been reached. Although the bond market has shown remarkable absorbing powers within the past month, there have been indications that the market for bonds has become temporarily glutted, particularly at the very lowest first class. Bonds which because of the collateral behind them are little more than stock, and issues made by less well-known roads ready bidders. In some cases bonds have been offered at too high a rate, preventing what might otherwise have been quick absorption. TO SELL MADISON SQUARE GARDEN. From the New York World. If Madison Square garden can be sold at a reasonable figure, the stockholders will build a new place of amusement further uptown, and probably in the vicinity of Columbus circle. The majority of the stockholders favor the sale. They want a location more convenient to the amusement loving public. Hamilton has got tired of September 1 to May 1 next, but has no attraction for the coming summer months. The garden, which for years has been a white elephant on the hands of the stockholders, made \$10,000 last year over all expenses. The gross earnings for the year were about \$250,000. The only attraction which failed to pay were the Dusa concerts of last summer, which caused a loss of \$1,460. The management of the garden, it was announced, has filled all its dates from September 1 to May 1 next, but has no attraction for the coming summer months. Good News for Coyotes. From the Kansas City Journal. Hamilton county doesn't propose to be hunted any longer. For years it has had a bounty on coyote scalps. Adjoining counties never paid a bounty, and hunters for 100 miles around would take their coyote scalps to Hamilton and get bounty. Hamilton has got tired of "bounty hunting" for the destruction of coyotes and has rescinded the scalp bounty order.