

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

PUBLISHED BY JOURNAL PUBLISHING CO. 2ND F. CARROLL

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

PORTLAND MEN ON THE WAY.

TODAY THE PORTLAND delegation to the Lewiston-Clarkston fair is in Lewiston and we doubt not enjoying their visit fully as much as the people of that region did not long since at the fair at Portland.

At daylight they were at Pendleton, that has steadily grown into a city of some 7,000 people, surrounded by a magnificent country, both in area and productive capacity.

They will have seen a great many square miles of land that produces the largest crops of wheat raised in the country.

Those who are familiar with that region never tire of revisiting and re-inspecting it, and refreshing themselves in its gigantic panorama of beauty and invigorating air.

As to a campaign contribution by the Mutual in 1896 Mr. McCurdy's mind is a blank, he says. What a fortunate faculty of great financiers—to be able to remember or not, just as they choose.

ADVERTISEMENTS ON THE BRIDGES.

IT IS BAD ENOUGH to have all sorts of painted advertisements on private buildings and fences without deforming the bridges across the Willamette river or elsewhere in the city with these usually offensive decorations.

These productions of the sign writer are a legitimate species of advertising, but they could and should have been kept off our bridges as well as all other public structures.

Since they are to appear along the bridges, why not let the sides of the courthouse and armory, and if the city follows suit the city hall, be used for the same purpose?

If possible, this bad contract should be rescinded; if not, it should never be renewed.

THE WORKERS' RESPONSIBILITY.

NO CONDONING CIRCUMSTANCES plead for Edward George Cunliffe's liberty. He is guilty of a crime, and although he stole a large sum, which is popularly supposed to insure light sentence or freedom from prosecution, will serve time.

It is a cold day when some new railroad project is not rumored.

NEW YORK CITY POLITICS.

IT LOOKS AS IF THE Republicans of New York City were standing in with Tammany again, for the sake, of course, of some crumbs of spoils.

So the machine leaders of all the parties are against Jerome, a fact which he rightly considers a compliment. He is the people's candidate, and his own, and if elected will be beholden to no machine, no boss, no party, no politician.

The unfettered, unruly, unbossed, common patriotic people all over the country hope that Jerome may triumph, for similar fights will be on in various cities all over the land within a few years.

The tuberculosis sanitarium is doing a useful and important work, but like the Travelers' Aid society must give it up unless supported by contributions.

WILLAMETTE VALLEY APPLES.

OREGON CAN RAISE the best apples in the world. It not only can but it does. At least that is the opinion of apple epicures in three continents.

The Willamette valley can produce excellent apples, equal to those of Missouri, Michigan, New York and other apple-famed states.

For the first time in Silver Lake's history, says the Central Oregonian, the girls outnumbered the boys at a dance.

From the little town of Freewater were shipped this year 20,000 crates of early fruits and berries and later 10 cars of mixed fruits and 25 cars of apples.

That Portland-Nehalem railroad is "assured" again. But people over Tillamook-way won't believe it till they hear the toot of a locomotive.

THE PRESIDENT ON RAILROAD CONTROL.

THE PRESIDENT spoke out plainly at Raleigh yesterday regarding railroad regulation. He has not changed his mind or position. He insists that the government must not own but must exercise a supervisory and regulatory right over the railroads.

Some good roads work being done in Douglas county. Probably a greater acreage of crops than ever being planted.

A Crook county man was paid \$27,000 for his 1,000-acre ranch and bands of sheep.

The Astoria police are engaged in tacking up signs to prevent spitting or throwing fruit rinds on the sidewalk.

The whole country will almost anxiously await the returns on November 7 from New York and Philadelphia.

Some of them will want to stay up there, we suspect.

SMALL CHANGE

Lewiston will show itself all right

What a beautiful advertisement for Lewiston its bridges will be hereafter, if that absurd contract cannot be abrogated.

Congressman Nick Longworth might be willing to pay that \$50,000 duty—

Prepare to raise better apples.

Was it cold enough for you?

If you have nothing else important to do, build a railroad—say from Portland to Coos Bay or Lakeview.

Senator Platt says he intends to die with his business suit on. Also, perhaps, with Mae Wood's suit on.

Don't burn the bridges, however; only roast the commissioners' court.

Court was suspended in Evanston until the judge borrowed a chew of tobacco. Meanwhile the attorneys chewed the rag.

Ah, there, Control! Speak up.

As soon as the papers quit talking about Governor-Senator La Follette for a day or two he threatens to resign.

Chicago Journal: A European scientist says man's first ancestor was a tree. There's nothing new in that. Darwin proved that man descended from monkeys, and any fool knows that monkeys descend from trees.

But they're having a good time at Lewiston.

Keeping home labor employed as much as possible is a good policy, and the water board did right in letting a big contract to a home concern.

If Teddy would run again he might carry the south, too.

More cars, more cars, is the cry from points in all directions. The railroads must hear and heed it.

Lawyer Beck is astonished and almost indignant at Lawyer Hughes because the latter seems to be honestly and earnestly endeavoring to find out all about the Mutual Life. Really, it is rather professional.

Lucky fall for Oregon—no campaign.

Not a new candidate for governor in three days. Is this one result of harmony?

A very strange thing is happening in Texas. A negro, supposed to have killed a woman and two or three of her children, after having committed dastardly assaults, but that is secured by a long chase, has not been lynched, but is in jail awaiting trial. But state troops are on guard.

Irrigon Irrigator: We are all proud of Portland. For five months her hospitality has been put to severe tests, but she has acquitted herself nobly.

The interior press should consider that the Oregonian does not and cannot speak for Portland.

A German savant says the bite of a pretty girl is as deadly as a rattlesnake's. But this is secured by a young man in the country who isn't willing to take all the risks, with no antidote but application of the maxim, "Similia Similibus curantur."

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Coos Bay now expects three railroads.

More salmon at Bandon than the canneries can take care of.

Rumor says that one of Siuslaw's fair maidens will be led to the altar within the next few weeks—Florence West. Such events must be rare over there.

There are over 25,000,000 feet of logs in the north fork of Coos river.

Tillamook City is having a taste of high finance, says the Headlight. The city has bonded for \$40,000 and the water commission had to borrow something like \$1,250 to pay the first six months' interest so that the city's credit should not be questioned.

For the first time in Silver Lake's history, says the Central Oregonian, the girls outnumbered the boys at a dance.

From the little town of Freewater were shipped this year 20,000 crates of early fruits and berries and later 10 cars of mixed fruits and 25 cars of apples.

That Portland-Nehalem railroad is "assured" again. But people over Tillamook-way won't believe it till they hear the toot of a locomotive.

Wormy apples ought to be driven out of the market. Oregon people living in towns are as well entitled to good apples as the people of New York City or London.

From the little town of Freewater were shipped this year 20,000 crates of early fruits and berries and later 10 cars of mixed fruits and 25 cars of apples.

That Portland-Nehalem railroad is "assured" again. But people over Tillamook-way won't believe it till they hear the toot of a locomotive.

Wormy apples ought to be driven out of the market. Oregon people living in towns are as well entitled to good apples as the people of New York City or London.

From the little town of Freewater were shipped this year 20,000 crates of early fruits and berries and later 10 cars of mixed fruits and 25 cars of apples.

That Portland-Nehalem railroad is "assured" again. But people over Tillamook-way won't believe it till they hear the toot of a locomotive.

Wormy apples ought to be driven out of the market. Oregon people living in towns are as well entitled to good apples as the people of New York City or London.

From the little town of Freewater were shipped this year 20,000 crates of early fruits and berries and later 10 cars of mixed fruits and 25 cars of apples.

That Portland-Nehalem railroad is "assured" again. But people over Tillamook-way won't believe it till they hear the toot of a locomotive.

Wormy apples ought to be driven out of the market. Oregon people living in towns are as well entitled to good apples as the people of New York City or London.

From the little town of Freewater were shipped this year 20,000 crates of early fruits and berries and later 10 cars of mixed fruits and 25 cars of apples.

That Portland-Nehalem railroad is "assured" again. But people over Tillamook-way won't believe it till they hear the toot of a locomotive.

Wormy apples ought to be driven out of the market. Oregon people living in towns are as well entitled to good apples as the people of New York City or London.

WHY TURN THE UNITARIANS DOWN?

By Rev. Thomas E. Gregory.

In barring out the Unitarian delegates from its deliberations the Inter-Church Conference on Federation acted not only in a most illogical but in a most un-Christian way.

First of all let us look at the illogical side of the action. Broadly speaking, Christendom is made up of Catholics and Protestants.

Some believe in an abiding by the teachings of the church, while Protestants profess to believe in what they call the "right of private judgment."

According to the Catholics, those who refuse to listen to the teachings of the church are not Christians, while the Protestants hold that one may refuse to listen to such teachings—may, on the strength of the right of private judgment, separate, out of virtue of the right of teaching, from those that are brought down by the church—and still be Christians.

In fact, it is upon this idea of the right of private judgment that the whole fabric of Protestantism rests. When they seceded from the church the church said to them: "You are heretics. You have ceased to believe my teaching and you can no longer be called Christians."

Protestantism itself is a result of that fact that we have ceased to believe your teaching; but that fact does not make us heterodox. We are still Christians, notwithstanding the fact that we have denied the right of private judgment, we are now doing our own thinking.

And so Protestantism started out on the private judgment platform, with the result that it has produced a result—that it was soon broken up into innumerable sects. Today its name is legion, and from the "high church" crowd in the Church of England down to the Separation Army one can find any type or shade of Christianity he wants.

And now, to come to the point at issue, any one of the almost countless phases of Protestantism has the logical light, according to the foundation principle of Protestantism, to demand that it be called "Christian."

The Church of England may feel inclined to call the Methodists and Baptists heretics, and the Methodists and Baptists may feel like denying the name Christian to Quakers and Shakers; but the whole thing is the very quintessence of the illogical; since Church of England, Methodist, Baptist, Quaker and Shaker all alike stand on the same basis—the right of private judgment, the right of determining each for itself, what Christianity is.

Well, then, let us take the Unitarians and judge them by the same rule. What difference between the Unitarians and the other Protestant bodies? Simply this, that the Unitarians, in the exercise of the right of private judgment, go a little further than the other bodies do. That's all.

But suppose they have gone beyond the others, what right have the others—the other Protestants—to call them names?

Did not the others go beyond the Catholic church far beyond it, and did they not scorn the Catholic charge that, in so doing, they had forfeited their right to be called Christians?

And is not sauce for the goose also sauce for the gander? If it is not right, mean rule that won't work both ways?

But the action of the Inter-Church Conference on Federation is un-Christian because the Unitarians out of their deliberations.

Edward Everett Hale—to say nothing of other Unitarians—is as fine a character as is to be found in any church on earth. In no religious body or denomination is it possible to find a more Christlike spirit than that which belongs to this venerable and beloved man.

If Christ were in our midst I am absolutely sure that he would be a Unitarian, and it seems to me that what is good enough for Christ ought to be quite good enough for the rest of us.

Mrs. Woodcock a Hoodoo.

From the Salem Journal.

A lot of Portland people seem to think it a good idea to draw Mrs. Woodcock into prominence at all political gatherings.

The poor old lady has been given almost national prominence as a kind of ghostly political joke, but it has cost her dearly.

The Portland machine has been losing tricks ever since she appeared, waving the "Rosenfeld" flag over their assemblies.

They have not been able to elect a United States senator since Mrs. Woodcock with her flag has come into prominence.

Portland programs have fallen by the wayside and the candidates for the first time in Manhattan. Neoplatonism being the vogue, it does not argue any special rottenness that the drama is thus McCurdyed. The present venture has Joseph Jefferson's approval, and appeared to the approval of an audience of considerable size.

That the acting should be in any way comparable to its great prototype is not, of course, to be expected. The best that can be said is that the play is a present and faithful copy. The Jeffersonian simplicity is everywhere preserved. The effect was most fortunate as regards externals. In several scenes, such as the dance that concluded the first act, the old illusion was not disagreeably revived. But even these were most successful when the actor's back was turned.

The face of the son quite lacks the well-remembered quaintness and arch distinction. His voice lacks the crispness, his eye the sparkle that never deserted the elder Rip to his dying day. The mellow sunlight of the old humor, the melting tenderness of the old pathos are clouded and subdued. There were times when very melancholy memories intruded. We are not, then, so soon forgotten. But why enlarge on the fact that a copy is a copy?

The present Jefferson is reported to have said that some part of what he does is his own. The fact was not ap-

parent last night, and that was one of the things to be grateful for. As far as the performance is concerned, it is that of an externally faithful replica. So, here's to Jefferson's health, and to his family's. May they all live long and prosper.

Thomas Jefferson's Rip.

From the New York Sun.

Thomas Jefferson played his father's long-familiar version of "Rip Van Winkle" last night at Wallack's for the first time in Manhattan. Neoplatonism being the vogue, it does not argue any special rottenness that the drama is thus McCurdyed. The present venture has Joseph Jefferson's approval, and appeared to the approval of an audience of considerable size.

That the acting should be in any way comparable to its great prototype is not, of course, to be expected. The best that can be said is that the play is a present and faithful copy. The Jeffersonian simplicity is everywhere preserved. The effect was most fortunate as regards externals. In several scenes, such as the dance that concluded the first act, the old illusion was not disagreeably revived. But even these were most successful when the actor's back was turned.

The face of the son quite lacks the well-remembered quaintness and arch distinction. His voice lacks the crispness, his eye the sparkle that never deserted the elder Rip to his dying day. The mellow sunlight of the old humor, the melting tenderness of the old pathos are clouded and subdued. There were times when very melancholy memories intruded. We are not, then, so soon forgotten. But why enlarge on the fact that a copy is a copy?

The present Jefferson is reported to have said that some part of what he does is his own. The fact was not ap-

parent last night, and that was one of the things to be grateful for. As far as the performance is concerned, it is that of an externally faithful replica. So, here's to Jefferson's health, and to his family's. May they all live long and prosper.

Thomas Jefferson's Rip.

From the New York Sun.

Thomas Jefferson played his father's long-familiar version of "Rip Van Winkle" last night at Wallack's for the first time in Manhattan. Neoplatonism being the vogue, it does not argue any special rottenness that the drama is thus McCurdyed. The present venture has Joseph Jefferson's approval, and appeared to the approval of an audience of considerable size.

That the acting should be in any way comparable to its great prototype is not, of course, to be expected. The best that can be said is that the play is a present and faithful copy. The Jeffersonian simplicity is everywhere preserved. The effect was most fortunate as regards externals. In several scenes, such as the dance that concluded the first act, the old illusion was not disagreeably revived. But even these were most successful when the actor's back was turned.

The face of the son quite lacks the well-remembered quaintness and arch distinction. His voice lacks the crispness, his eye the sparkle that never deserted the elder Rip to his dying day. The mellow sunlight of the old humor, the melting tenderness of the old pathos are clouded and subdued. There were times when very melancholy memories intruded. We are not, then, so soon forgotten. But why enlarge on the fact that a copy is a copy?

The present Jefferson is reported to have said that some part of what he does is his own. The fact was not ap-

parent last night, and that was one of the things to be grateful for. As far as the performance is concerned, it is that of an externally faithful replica. So, here's to Jefferson's health, and to his family's. May they all live long and prosper.

Thomas Jefferson's Rip.

From the New York Sun.

Thomas Jefferson played his father's long-familiar version of "Rip Van Winkle" last night at Wallack's for the first time in Manhattan. Neoplatonism being the vogue, it does not argue any special rottenness that the drama is thus McCurdyed. The present venture has Joseph Jefferson's approval, and appeared to the approval of an audience of considerable size.

THE PLAY

"Ben Hur," the money-making giant of modern theatricals, began its epoch-making performance last night at the Marquand Grand. The house was filled to its capacity and for an hour after the curtain was lifted the lobby was occupied by an excited throng, struggling for tickets for future performances. Ben Hur won the race and nobody was injured. The combination of these conditions made it a typical "Ben Hur" night, being a performance in which was worth a few dollars of any body's money. Generally speaking, it will interest some to know the show is about the same as two years ago—no better, but certainly no worse.

In the ancient day when the walls of Babylon were overhung by gardens that scattered incense even to the alleys—ways—in that day when every citizen of Jerusalem was the proprietor of a garden, the scenery seems to have been as common as paving stones are today. Each house—as did the house of Hur—had its thrilling romance, we imagine, and the wonder is that so much of the scenery seems to have been preserved; nor does the play lack fineness of construction. But perhaps the scenery seems to play a shadow the sweet and genuine simplicity of the tale.

When the dramatization was made by William Young doubtless he proceeded to the minutest details, and the result was a book—not an unjustifiable belief—and his efforts were concentrated on the preservation of those features which lent themselves most readily to the demands of present day play-shoppers. It is not to say that the drama is a reasonable amount of melodramatic intensity, an atmosphere of spectacular continuity and finally a drawing of character which only an experienced dramatist could hope to attain. Mr. Young's work was faithfully performed. And yet I know of no other in which the spectator who had not studied the story of the Bible in its original source, the thread of the plot. Who misses one of the six acts may as well abandon hope of understanding the play. But sit through it once, closing your eyes to the scenic embellishments and the great chariot race which you anticipate from the moment you purchase your seat, and you will hear a realistic recital of Hur's love for his mother and sister, of the persecution of the Christians, of his suffering as a galley slave, of his physical salvation in the wreck of the galley, of his recognition by Roman adoption, of his instinct of revenge and of his triumph over his bitterest enemy. These are the elements of Genesis Wallace's story and scarcely less great in the play. But in the latter, the introduction of the tempting Egyptian, the hero's temptation, and the great battle fought by the hero, tend to interrupt and confuse, if, indeed, they were not included chiefly for the sake of commercialism, to which end the scenic embellishments play an important part. The Christ incident, on the other hand, is indispensable, so prominent a factor it is in the consummation of Hur's long search for his cherished one.

The race is supremely thrilling. Hur's meeting with the girl, the dramatic strength. The quality of the English has never been questioned. The scenic effects are wondrous—although the sky and horizon in the first act show distinct signs of age and the costuming and the acting are the least satisfactory to me the most wholesome moment of the entire night was Hur's meeting with Simonides, to whom he tells the story of his separation from the family and subsequent persecution. It is a long, but a beautiful, performance with more pure art than any other scene of the drama. For which we are to thank Alfons Quadri (Ben Hur) and Robert McQuade, Jr. the Simonides.

But in his splendid Hur, Stewart, handsome in face and figure, the intelligent reader and full of the fire of youth, he was convincing enough to leave a slight suggestion of the late Joseph Jefferson, than whom America has never had a better actor. Stewart is a young man who has been in the profession most of the agonies that flesh is heir to. The make-up box is handy and has lost none of its wonderful powers. Mr. Eithne is out of the town that produced Maude Adams, and she is a young woman who has been in the profession most of the agonies that flesh is heir to. The make-up box is handy and has lost none of its wonderful powers. Mr. Eithne is out of the town that produced Maude Adams, and she is a young woman who has been in the profession most of the agonies that flesh is heir to.

Even the little peace conference could not be pulled off without getting Mrs. Woodcock to the front, seating her in a box, etc.

Whatever the program may have been at that conference it went to pieces the moment the hoodoo appeared.

Senator Haines can blame no one else but the Portland newspapers that have carried the hoodoo reputation into national proportions.

There are some who think she furnishes a large supply of the political sagacity that has emanated from that city of late years.

It is certain that as long as she is a feature of Republican gatherings there are liable to be things happening.

Thomas Jefferson's Rip.

From the New York Sun.

Thomas Jefferson played his father's long-familiar version of "Rip Van Winkle" last night at Wallack's for the first time in Manhattan. Neoplatonism being the vogue, it does not argue any special rottenness that the drama is thus McCurdyed. The present venture has Joseph Jefferson's approval, and appeared to the approval of an audience of considerable size.

That the acting should be in any way comparable to its great prototype is not, of course, to be expected. The best that can be said is that the play is a present and faithful copy. The Jeffersonian simplicity is everywhere preserved. The effect was most fortunate as regards externals. In several scenes, such as the dance that concluded the first act, the old illusion was not disagreeably revived. But even these were most successful when the actor's back was turned.

The face of the son quite lacks the well-remembered quaintness and arch distinction. His voice lacks the crispness, his eye the sparkle that never deserted the elder Rip to his dying day. The mellow sunlight of the old humor, the melting tenderness of the old pathos are clouded and subdued. There were times when very melancholy memories intruded. We are not, then, so soon forgotten. But why enlarge on the fact that a copy is a copy?

The present Jefferson is reported to have said that some part of what he does is his own. The fact was not ap-

parent last night, and that was one of the things to be grateful for. As far as the performance is concerned, it is that of an externally faithful replica. So, here's to Jefferson's health, and to his family's. May they all live long and prosper.

Thomas Jefferson's Rip.

From the New York Sun.

Thomas Jefferson played his father's long-familiar version of "Rip Van Winkle" last night at Wallack's for the first time in Manhattan. Neoplatonism being the vogue, it does not argue any special rottenness that the drama is thus McCurdyed. The present venture has Joseph Jefferson's approval, and appeared to the approval of an audience of considerable size.

That the acting should be in any way comparable to its great prototype is not, of course, to be expected. The best that can be said is that the play is a present and faithful copy. The Jeffersonian simplicity is everywhere preserved. The effect was most fortunate as regards externals. In several scenes, such as the dance that concluded the first act, the old illusion was not disagreeably revived. But even these were most successful when the actor's back was turned.

The face of the son quite lacks the well-remembered quaintness and arch distinction. His voice lacks the crispness, his eye the sparkle that never deserted the elder Rip to his dying day. The mellow sunlight of the old humor, the melting tenderness of the old pathos are clouded and subdued. There were times when very melancholy memories intruded. We are not, then, so soon forgotten. But why enlarge on the fact that a copy is a copy?

The present Jefferson is reported to have said that some part of what he does is his own. The fact was not ap-

parent last night, and that was one of the things to be grateful for. As far as the performance is concerned, it is that of an externally faithful replica. So, here's to Jefferson's health, and to his family's. May they all live long and prosper.

Thomas Jefferson's Rip.

From the New York Sun.

Thomas Jefferson played his father's long-familiar version of "Rip Van Winkle" last night at Wallack's for the first time in Manhattan. Neoplatonism being the vogue, it does not argue any special rottenness that the drama is thus McCurdyed. The present venture has Joseph Jefferson's approval, and appeared to the approval of an audience of considerable size.

That the acting should be in any way comparable to its great prototype is not, of course, to be expected. The best that can be said is that the play is a present and faithful copy. The Jeffersonian simplicity is everywhere preserved. The effect was most fortunate as regards externals. In several scenes, such as the dance that concluded the first act, the old illusion was not disagreeably revived. But even these were most successful when the actor's back was turned.

The face of the son quite lacks the well-remembered quaintness and arch distinction. His voice lacks the crispness, his eye the sparkle that never deserted the elder Rip to his dying day. The mellow sunlight of the old humor, the melting tenderness of the old pathos are clouded and subdued. There were times when very melancholy memories intruded. We are not, then, so soon forgotten. But why enlarge on the fact that a copy is a copy?

The present Jefferson is reported to have said that some part of what he does is his own. The fact was not ap-

parent last night, and that was one of the things to be grateful for. As far as the performance is concerned, it is that of an externally faithful replica. So, here's to Jefferson's health, and to his family's. May they all live long and prosper.

Thomas Jefferson's Rip.

From the New York Sun.

Thomas Jefferson played his father's long-familiar version of "Rip Van Winkle" last night at Wallack's for the first time in Manhattan. Neoplatonism being the vogue, it does not argue any special rottenness that the drama is thus McCurdyed. The present venture has Joseph Jefferson's approval, and appeared to the approval of an audience of considerable size.

That the acting should be in any way comparable to its great prototype is not, of course, to be expected. The best that can be said is that the play is a present and faithful copy. The Jeffersonian simplicity is everywhere preserved. The effect was most fortunate as regards externals. In several scenes, such as the dance that concluded the first act, the old illusion was not disagreeably revived. But even these were most successful when the actor's back was turned.

The face of the son quite lacks the well-remembered quaintness and arch distinction. His voice lacks the crispness, his eye the sparkle that never deserted the elder Rip to his dying day. The mellow sunlight of the old humor, the melting tenderness of the old pathos are clouded and subdued. There were times when very melancholy memories intruded. We are not, then, so soon forgotten. But why enlarge on the fact that a copy is a copy?

The present Jefferson is reported to have said that some part of what he does is his own. The fact was not ap-

parent last night, and that was one of the things to be grateful for. As far as the performance is concerned, it is that of an externally faithful replica. So, here's to Jefferson's health, and to his family's. May