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WHO OWNS THE CITY COUNCIL?

IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE for anyone, no matter how cheerfully disposed, to do the majority of the council the injury which they are willfully doing themselves. It has been charged that those who were upon the Red Ticket in the last campaign were given places there under the distinct pledge that they would follow out a line of policy dictated by the Wholesale Liquor Dealers' association. This was met with most vehement denials and yet the absolute proof of that pledge is forthcoming with phenomenal regularity from every meeting of the council.

New liquor licenses have been granted with recklessness, oftentimes in opposition to the most vigorous protests of the people in the several neighborhoods affected, and dives have been maintained in the face of the strongest evidence of their utterly disreputable and debasing character. There are here in Portland 450 saloons; in Los Angeles, from which a number of Portland excursionists have recently returned, a city with a greater population than we can boast, there are 200 saloons rigidly kept within the provisions of the law. There was a box ordinance on the municipal statute books when the present council came into power. The ordinance had met with the warm approval of the law-abiding people of this community. It had received the approval of the circuit court and the supreme court of the state. The only opposition to it came from the liquor dealers' association. It was immediately revoked. Several other ordinances were then introduced, some of them, it is only reasonable under the circumstances to believe, containing "jokers." Since last July there has been much false pretense of what the council was going to do; the fact remains that it has done nothing. Its latest plan is to amend the box ordinance before it has been tried. That suggestion can come only from those who bitterly opposed the ordinance from the first; therefore from the very people who backed the Red Ticket but carefully refrained from making the box ordinance an issue of the campaign.

The council's committee handed in a majority report recommending that the license be taken away from Richards' "hotel." At its meeting last night the council adopted a minority report recommending that it be not taken away. The orders had gone forth and it was up to the council to obey the will of its political sponsors. It is safe to say that not one of the men who thus voted had the shadow of doubt in his own mind that the half had not been told about the Richards place. But they come forward with the false pretense that they want another investigation. Alderman Vaughn punctured this pretense when he asked what evidence there was that the council majority would pay any more heed to another investigation than they had to the last. Indeed by their expressed determination to have all witnesses come before them in a public investigation there to give evidence they utterly block the way to a fair investigation.

The young girls who were ruined there could not be expected by decent men to come forward and publish to the whole world the evidence of their own shame. They have told the story to an investigation committee, under pledge of protection, and their names and stories are known to Judge Frazer, Hackmen, bartenders, waiters and others who have told some of the things that fell under their observation could not be expected to appear before a public meeting of the council committee for reasons so obvious that none need be told an intelligent public. The suggestion made by the Oregonian that this will give a chance to investigate other and equally bad places is disingenuous, for the reason that it asks the public to give up the bird in the hand and go hunting for the birds in the bush. The obvious answer is why not attend to the bird in hand and go after the birds in the bush, if there are any, just the same?

The council is doing this good—it is so sharply defining the line of demarcation that in the coming election there is very likely to be a landslide against everything the present council stands for, with the accompanying probability that public sentiment will demand more extreme measures than have heretofore been demanded or perhaps even seriously discussed. This might prove exceedingly unfortunate for the interests which the majority of the council seem so eager to protect and foster.

NO REFORM IN RUSSIA.

WHILE RUSSIA has been comparatively quiet since the "reds" were suppressed at Moscow and other cities a few weeks ago, there is a slight prospect of the country settling down soon to a condition of peace, security and progress. Fragmentary telegraphic advices that leak through the censorship indicate that the government, having gained the upper hand again, has been carrying on a campaign of indiscriminate revenge and slaughter, killing and imprisoning great numbers of people who were or are suspected of having been active in conspiring to overthrow it. Having regained sufficient power, the government is using its bear's teeth and claws energetically and mercilessly. The saintliness of "the devil" lasted only while he was threatened with fatal illness and violent death. The dourus is to be elected and soon convened, but it is not likely to afford the people any appreciable degree of relief, for it will probably be dominated by the bureaucracy, the church oligarchy and the great land holders. The peasantry and workingmen will get but a small sop of reform or justice. They, too, it is reported, are resorting to destructive violence in many cases, showing that they understand that nothing is to be done to ameliorate their condition. It seems improbable that there will be any widespread, genuine reform until, at some future time, the revolutionists at heart become stronger, better prepared and more united. The question of the Russian government will not be settled, except temporarily, and the government will maintain itself only by cruel force, until the land ownership system is radically changed, the church restricted to its

It appears from Engineer Wallace's testimony before the senate canal committee that Lawyer Cromwell, who made a few millions by helping the legally defunct French Panama Canal company to work Uncle Sam to the extent of \$40,000,000, a veritable gold brick transaction, is still really the master mind and hand in the work of constructing the canal, and that whatever he says goes with Secretary Taft and the president. It would be interesting to learn how many more millions this New York lawyer for possessors of gold bricks is going to make out of the canal business.

The more money Mr. Harriman and Mr. Hill spend in their war in the Pacific northwest the better. This is a case in which the people are not crying for peace.

The Dead Before the King.

From "Reminiscences of a Long Life," by Carl Schurz, in McClure's.

At last on the afternoon of Sunday, March 19, 1848, the withdrawal of the soldiery was resolved upon. When the soldiers had marched off, something happened that in dramatic force and significance has never been surpassed in the history of revolutions.

From all parts of the city solemn processions moved toward the royal palace. They escorted the bodies of those of the people who had been killed in the battle. The corpses of the slain were carried along on litters, their gaping wounds uncovered, their heads wreathed with laurel branches and immortelles.

So the procession marched into the inner palace court where the litters were placed in rows in ghastly parade. Around them stood the multitude of men with pallid faces, begrimed with blood and powder smoke, many of them still carrying the weapons with which they had fought during the night, and between them women and children bearing their dead.

It is not the person who fares delicately who gourmandizes at a feast. It is the poor, half-famished wretch who has been looking on with hungry eyes and who is suddenly seized.

The women who are insatiable in

shouted, and the king took off his hat to the dead below. Then a deep voice among the crowd intoned the old hymn, "Jesus, meine Zuversicht"—"Jesus, My Refuge"—in which all present joined.

The chorus finished, the king silently withdrew, the corpses were lifted up again and the procession moved away.

Rich Wives for Poor Men.

By Dorothy Dix.

The absurd idea of the society girl has stood in the way of a deal of happiness. Many a poor, rich girl has broken her heart about the man who loved her but was afraid to ask her to share his modest salary.

Yet nine times out of ten the girl who has been accustomed to wealth makes the best poor man's wife.

Nor is this hard to understand. For one thing, she wouldn't exchange a sail-singed jewel box for a six-room flat unless she was a woman of character. For another, she brings with her a certain satiety of the gay world that gives charm to a quiet life.

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If it took many months to find a man fit for federal district attorney, how long will it take now if Bristol should be removed?

The women who are insatiable in

SMALL CHANGE

The only Swift thing about that beef packers' trial is the name of one of the defendants (or is it plaintiffs) against the government.

Russia is breaking out again, but St. John is remarkably peaceful.

The Alaska trade and a smelter boy should come together.

Somehow the contrary mayor won't stay in the hole.

No wonder Mark Twain enjoyed the senate—it is such a joke on the American people.

The foot groundhog is missing some mighty fine weather.

The house of representatives may have to appoint a committee to keep watch of Nick, who seems to be in a dangerous condition.

May the best man get the necessary plurials.

A scientist has discovered that an Alaskan glacier moves at the rate of two inches a year. When Alaska is admitted to statehood it should send the glacier to the senate.

Who'll be the first to report the fruit crop destroyed? It's time.

Republican harmony is impossible in Baker and Marion counties; too many candidates.

If you didn't receive an invitation you won't have to send Alice a present.

Now Smoot is lugged forward again.

The late Captain Johnson of the Valencia has been exonerated by a Victoria coroner's jury, which concluded that he could not be punished by any earthly authorities anyway.

Alice thinks that all the world loves in some cases to rubberneck.

A girl in an automobile is worth a good many on a streetcar—judging by the cost of the ride.

The next time Representative Babcock feels impelled to lead a band of insurgents, perhaps he will hike down to Central or South America.

If Professor Hawley should be elected and the house chaplain should be imposed upon him from Oregon could take his place.

An eastern young man was so enamored of a certain young woman that he married her although both the parents she required him to sign an agreement to wash the supper dishes every day except Sunday, darn his own socks, smoke tobacco and coffee, visit his mother-in-law three times a year and wear whiskers—the latter provision because unless he shaved twice a day his beard would injure her complexion, so it seems she expects him to be affectionate too. When he isn't visiting the mother-in-law, he is supposed she will be home in his house, though this is not specified. It is easy to see that this worm's days will be few and full of trouble, unless it turns toward a divorce court before long, which is altogether probable.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Myrtle Point is a good place for factories, says the Enterprise.

L. M. Beebe is proprietor and editor of the Springfield (Oregon) News, and he is about as happy in his happiness as the trout in the water and the salmon in the sea.

It is the tropic of Cancer, and she rejoices for joy; let all the people know that Beebe has a boy. The year of jubilee has come, since the doctor brought our little son. But why flunks?

Consolidation of independent mutual telephone lines throughout the Willamette valley seems to be the rule now. "In union there is strength" is the cry.

A Weston man subscribes for six copies of the Leader to send to as many persons back east. That is a good way to help develop Oregon.

Philomath Review: The frogs have begun to sing. What more welcome sound to the heart and soul of an Oregonian than the tuneful melody of the little nocturnal, aquatic, webfoot troubadour? The meadowlark for the fields and the robin for the back yard, but for energetic, whole-souled crescendo, for care-dispelling, debt-forgetting enjoyment, give us the frog.

A wildcat broke through a window of a Crooked river man's chicken-house after vanquishing a dog, and killed 75 chickens, but the man, awakened by the dog's outcry, killed the wildcat.

Many people contemplate taking up homesteads in Lake county.

Ophie Correspondence of Gold Beach: Our account of the damage our mail carrier has been indulged in for a few days and his absence was noticed. We don't know if that was his only night up.

A cattle-tender in Grant county while endeavoring with a horse to open a trail became stalled in the deep snow and lay out two nights, with no fire, his matches being wet, and only two small sticks to burn. The nights were cold, the temperature falling to 40° below zero. He camped three quarters of a mile from his destination, and it took him four hours next morning to travel that distance, arriving exhausted and delirious.

Grants Pass is growing right along, and the Courier has doubled its size and otherwise improved itself.

People have to be turned away every day from the Echo hotel, and new rooms will be built at once.

An Echo man raised sorghum that last year yielded 200 gallons of syrup per acre, a net profit of \$80 an acre.

Pendleton may have its streets with blue stone, found all about there; it can be laid for \$2 per square yard.

Deer are being illegally killed around Meacham.

Lovely sleighing at Lovelock, Washoe county.

Big ranches are being cut up into small farms in Klamath county.

Nearly \$25,000 worth of new buildings, mostly brick, were erected in Yoncalla last year.

GEORGE W. PERKINS TALKS OF HIS LIFE

James E. Morrow in New York World. Outwardly the dominating quality of George W. Perkins is his simplicity—he is a plain man in dress and conduct, a homespun individuality, neither turned to vulgarity nor arrogance by remarkable fortune and uncommon achievement. He is tall and slender, and his short mustache, his hair and his eyes are brown, and brilliant, as though polished like diamonds. In his great parlor at Sherry's, which he maintains in season and out, he is tranquil, leisurely and cordial.

What was George W. Perkins' philosophy of life, with its combats, disasters and triumphs? So I asked him.

"I have a motto—'Honesty always wins.' I have a grocery store in Cleveland."

"Yes, and I owned that store, a little place at a railroad crossing, where I kept a modest stock of things to eat; for both man and beast, and also a supply of coal. I was born in Chicago, when he was made manager of the Ohio business of the New York Life Insurance company. I had gone to work in his office when I was 17 years old and was with him for a time in the same office. Life indoors, however, was not good for me—and my father thought the physical exercise and experience of a grocery store would be to my advantage.

"At first I thought I had lost the farm in the direction of the city's expansion and by and by I sold it. The sum and total, therefore, of the whole undertaking gave me a substantial profit."

"And then what happened to you?"

"I returned to my father's insurance office and presently was promoted from a clerkship and made cashier. My salary was now \$1,200 a year. I went into the field whenever I could and sold insurance like any other agent. Suddenly a terrible blow fell on my house—the very floods of his power and usefulness followed his father's death. Some of our agents in Ohio, without my knowledge, telegraphed our officers in New York and asked that I be given my father's place. The request made some impression and I was permitted to run the business in Ohio for the rest of the year. Moreover, my salary was increased to \$2,500. But, in fact, I was simply cashier of the Cleveland office, even if I did assume the responsibilities and do the work of an agent. I went to the store nine months and then exchanged it for a farm and some cash."

"Did you lose or make money?"

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