

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

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OREGON LEADS THE WAY.

VOTERS OF OREGON have an opportunity to take the lead in a great reform which is of vital importance to the welfare of the nation. The United States senate has become a dangerous menace to the interests of the people...

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HUNDREDS of people, in all grades of life, can testify against the Oregonian in this respect and they attribute its abuse of editorial power to personal spite and malicious intent to do injury to character.

MR. J. F. CARROLL, who has been connected with the Journal in an editorial capacity for the past three years, has retired from his position with this paper and has accepted a similar position with the Telegram, the evening edition of the Oregonian.

HOW DO OREGON CANDIDATES STAND? REPRESENTATIVE CUSHMAN of the state of Washington is a standpatter, and frankly, says so. He doesn't admit that the tariff should be revised, and claims that its revision must be postponed and done by its friends; but with Cushmanian boldness he declares that the tariff is all right just as it is and will remain all right, now, henceforth and forever.

It makes no difference to Cushman that under this tariff law manufacturers can and actually do sell their products of many kinds cheaper in foreign countries, after paying the freight, than they sell them in their own country and to their own neighbors; it counts nothing with him that this tariff law fosters and fattens some of the great trusts, among them the sugar trust, the tobacco trust and the steel trust; he is for letting it alone, and against any reformation or revision of it at all, and says so plainly. We believe that his colleague, Jones, takes the same view, and perhaps his other colleague also, Humphreys.

We doubt whether in taking this standpat position these congressmen truly represent the sentiment of a majority of the people of their own party, even, in the state of Washington, and are quite sure that they would not represent the majority if they were from Oregon. Not that there is any great clamor or pressure for tariff revision, for most of the people are too prosperous and too busy to think much about the matter; but they know nevertheless that the Dingley law is one calculated to plunder the many for the benefit of the few, that the duties in many of its schedules are unreasonably high, and that it ought to be revised, and some if not all the protection given to the trusts cut off. Yet when people generally are doing well, not because of but rather in spite of this tariff law, they don't care very much about it or how their members of congress vote upon it.

Yet it would be interesting if Mr. Ellis and Mr. Hawley, Republican candidates for congress, would express themselves on this question, which is a live one, and will

find the warm dusk teeming with insect life, and the hedgehog comes, it may be from the cavity under the gnarled roots below, to find beetles worms and slugs once more among the spring grass. Jibbering, has saved him from starvation; but if his nook had not been snug and wisely chosen, it could not have preserved him from death from frost.

The Sleep of Hibernation. From the London Spectator. The sleep of hibernation is a very different matter from the sleep of repose. If it be complete, respiration can no longer be detected. A torpid bat when disturbed will heave a sigh or two, and being left alone, again to all appearances ceases to breathe.

Woman Movement in Egypt. From the New York Times. Woman's emancipation goes meretriciously in the valley of the Nile. A number of native women have just proffered a petition to the government imploring protection from the unjust marriage laws of the country.

The Difference. From the Atlanta Constitution. Steel products used in shipbuilding made in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, cost the home shipbuilders 23 1/2 cents a ton. The same material is shipped to England and sold at a profit to British shipbuilders for 35 cents. This is why we need a ship subsidy to buy our languishing shipbuilding industry.

be more so ere many years pass. Not merely to say that they may favor some modification of the tariff law in the future by its friends, for that is simply a form of standpatism; it would be more manly to come out flat-footed as Cushman does against any tariff revision, now or henceforth. But if Messrs. Ellis and Hawley favor tariff revision, how much, to what extent, in what particulars, with what precise objects in view? Their opinions, thus expressed, frankly and fully on this subject, in the campaign, might win them approbation if not votes. The people like a man to take a definite, decided stand on any public question, and a considerable proportion of the people of Oregon would like to hear from these candidates on this subject.

MORAL PERVERTS IN ACTION.

HUMANITY is made up of all imaginable varieties of people, morally and mentally as well as physically. The normal man is about so high and so large around and weighs about so much—that is, within no very remarkable or noteworthy divergence from the average, but exceptions can be found, men and women abnormally tall or short, fat or lean, large or small, and some, like Richard III, came crooked into the world physically.

So it is in the moral realm, and we read of people who plunder the relief stores sent to San Francisco, who to enrich themselves a little would see others, even women and children, starve. These, let us be assured, are moral abnormalities; they are not of the average, representative citizenry of the country; they are monstrosities, and such acts should not tend to destroy our faith in the honesty and virtue of humanity at large.

Yet such creatures exist, and in a large city in no inconsiderable number, and must be noticed and dealt with, and in such a time as this in San Francisco they must necessarily, when caught, be dealt with sternly, severely and promptly. Warning examples should be made of some of them, for the times in such an emergency as exists there "are out of joint." The stealing of food and clothing sent to the destitute, and sold at extortionate prices to such as have means wherewith to pay, is about as base and cowardly a crime as can be imagined, and those who commit it are entitled to no leniency.

NEWSPAPER ASSASSINS.

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JOURNAL MEN AND METHODS. MR. J. F. CARROLL, who has been connected with the Journal in an editorial capacity for the past three years, has retired from his position with this paper and has accepted a similar position with the Telegram, the evening edition of the Oregonian.

THE SALE OF THE O. W. P. THE TRANSFER of the Oregon Water Power & Railway company, which occurred Monday, is an incident of more or less interest to this community. It brings to mind the good work performed in the conception and carrying to success of this enterprise.

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Neighbors. From the San Francisco Argonaut. After looking over the upper branch of congress from the reserved gallery, Mark Twain was asked what he thought of the United States senate. "Oh, I always make it a point not to criticize my neighbors," said Mr. Clemens. "How does that apply to the senate?" was asked. "Why, I live in Connecticut and Mr. Aldrich lives in Rhode Island."

SMALL CHANGE

Help some to make Portland clean and beautiful. Conscience is to many a troublesome thing. The kids are all ready for baseball. Throw away the muck rake and start the lawnmower.

The right men are at the front in San Francisco. Get ready for the Made in Oregon flag. Now, Miss May, you'll have to be very nice indeed to beat April.

If Dowls and Voliva would go out and fight a duel with rifles, at 10 steps distance, both firing at the same instant, the country would be much obliged to them. Oregon looks good to the newcomers and is just as good as the looks.

Smith cannot equal Tracy's record. Treat the "refugees" well. There seems to be much doubt throughout the state as to the probable result of the senatorial election in June—and next winter.

Will Messrs. Ellis and Hawley please speak up plainly and clearly on tariff revision? Mr. Frank Baker perhaps had a vision of what was likely to occur.

When you give to worthy and needy people, it does you as much good as it does them. Don't stray or "stolen"—United States senator from New York; formerly answered to the name of Peach.

Those made in Oregon are the best. You can never tell how much a man can do or how he can do it until a great emergency arises to test him. The street railway companies have nearly put the end-seat hog out of business by constructing differently-seated cars.

And is it real harmony after all? Not much kicking about this weather. What's a party to most of you, anyway? Fourth of July celebration talk in many towns now.

Who will write the first earthquake novel? Hot stuff—that money in San Francisco vaults. Only five weeks till election.

Republicans as well as Democrats seem to be satisfied with Governor Chamberlain and Senator Gearin. Undertake only what you can reasonably expect to accomplish. No, Mount Hood hasn't erupted.

A Gold Hill man captured two infant wildcats and put them in charge of an old housecat that had some kittens, and she accepted them and feeds them along with her own. Many bums on trains—and lots of work to be done at good pay.

Big crop of prunes around Brownsville; dryer needed there. Fish-billing well in Coward and Windy creeks. The Wallawa News prints four pages of timber land notices.

Albany women are all right—Albany Democrat. Of course, so are the good women of all other places. Marshfield has a crab cannery.

Morrow county produces more wealth per capita than any other county in Oregon, claims the Heppner Gazette. Sheep shearing on in Wheeler county.

Junction City is improving rapidly. By the way, it's dry. Horse market active in Corvallis. Riddle correspondence of Canyonville Echo: A number of new houses have been built in the last few years, W. Q. Brown having just completed a \$300 house.

An Athens farmer drives around with a pair of Shetland ponies weighing 600 pounds each. Fruit prospect around Medford never better.

A government trail will be built this season from McAllister springs to Fish Lake. The forest rangers in conjunction with the citizens of that locality will do the work.

Now is the time to spray. Everything looking fine, say all the country correspondents. Haines' new bank opened for business last week.

Alfalfa's the thing to raise. Rails will soon be laid on the Vale-Melheur railroad. Three sawmills running on full time at Astoria.

Butteville being one of the oldest towns on the Pacific coast, it should have a pound law, as the neighboring towns are becoming so familiar that they occupy the sidewalks and would enter the places of business if they were not chased away, says a correspondent of the Aurora Borealis.

An orchard of 100 acres has been set out near Brownsville. According to the Albany Democrat the new owners of the Lebanon paper will pay \$50,000 for it. Isn't there a "naught" to much?

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

A Forward Step. Portland, April 18.—To the Editor of The Journal—The letters now appearing in The Journal for and against woman suffrage are highly interesting. Sincere consideration of this question marks the high station to which modern civilization has reached. To have advanced such a proposition 100 years ago would have set one down as a rank visionary and a fool. Every step forward by Anglo-Saxon civilization has been accompanied by a step forward toward the enlightenment and freedom of woman. Let anti-woman suffragists remember these historic facts.

Now, Mr. Editor, I want to submit a few propositions for the anti-suffragists to pick to pieces if they think the power to do so lies in their craniums. First—Woman has as much natural right to equal say in the government of all as has man, and the denial of such right to her by man is simply the exercise of brute force in legal form.

Second—The granting of the franchise to the millions of ignorant men, as soon as they have landed upon our shores from serfdom and irresponsibility in the monarchies of Europe, and have declared their intention to become American citizens, and the exclusion of the franchise by millions of ignorant blacks, but lately emancipated, while we deny that privilege to our wives, mothers and sisters and all other intelligent women, is not only intellectually American women who own one half of the property in the country and who have contributed their full and equal share in the labor of making a great and glorious nation, is nothing short of monumental folly unworthy of a sensible nation.

Third—To give women the ballot is to give more power to the moral element of the nation, and the moral element is higher in morality than do men. Fourth—It does not follow that because woman may vote that she shall demand of the state that she shall pay taxes, pay poll tax, fight in bloody wars and work the public road. Thousands of good citizens now vote and are exempt from these duties, and there is enough civility yet left among men to exempt her from them.

Fifth—The participation of women in political affairs will in no way work to her injury, but on the contrary will enlighten and advance her and make of her a better helpmate for man and make her a better power for good. It will tend to fit her to take care of her own affairs, and will make her stronger, better and purer for knowledge and power and equality lead to a higher and better life, while ignorance and servility stunt and destroy the soul.

GEORGE L. BROOKS. The Voter's Duty. Portland, April 17.—To the Editor of The Journal—The nominations for the various city, county and state offices have been made and under the new primary law the candidates thus nominated are supposed to represent the expression of the will of the people. Does the class of men selected indicate an improvement over that of the former method of nominating candidates? The direct primary, by not going to the means of placing in office any first set of men that was usually the case under the old law, unless the people vote intelligently—and the way to do this is for each voter to study the qualifications involved and then vote accordingly. Do your own thinking instead of depending upon some one else to do it for you and to instruct you how to vote. Don't you remember bringing out the sleigh—a small cutter every time for preference? You filled it with clean, sweet straw, set to keep the cold out, and over the straw you spread some horse manure, and you got a good deal of good old, buffalo robe, that father bought when he was courting mother.

And then you jumped in and Billy the young sorrel, covered with bells, was off with a rush, and you stopped and looked before you, and the sleigh opened instantly, and some one came out—a mere slipping, sliding bundle, with little laughs escaping from it. And some one's mouth was called, "Don't do so careful, John, don't you keep her out too late! In my young days," etc.

And your bundle being safely tucked in, you discovered that the fleecy-white head wrappings left exposing the red mouth; and your heart pounded so you were afraid she'd hear it. And then, too, though her left hand was mittened, the right one was bare—a girl needs one bare hand to arrange her hair properly.

Then after a bit of silent driving you grew anxious about that hand, and had to touch it to find if it was warm; and then had to hold it to keep it warm.

Long after the sleigh had stopped, and calling attention to little wisps of steam rising from Billy's flanks, and how you drew down a bit? And certainly you remember how you used to watch the driver, and how you were so sure of the condition of the horse's hoofs along the driver had got in his "sparkin'." A steaming, sud-up animal meant either a quarrel or just the beginning of the game, while the boy was yet in the "showin'-off" stage.

But a horse that was dry and comfortable, without a turned hair, was the equivalent of an announced engagement. And that's how it was with the sleigh and spruce around the walls; and the lamps with reflectors behind, or perhaps, just candles; and the musicians at one end on a platform.

Then the sleigh had started from their bundling wraps like butterflies, fluttered on the benches or chairs against the walls, gently touching their hair and feeling for certain bows and buckles, and the man came in, and the sleigh breaking into animated discussion with one another.

Then the music began and slipped feet tapped and fingers beat time on knees, and the wait was so ghastly that at last, with burning ears and hurried breath, you went over to Some One and asked for "the pleasure," and after that— "Oh, well, such a night!

Squares, walises, Virginia reels and down the middle and up outside, cross-overs, forward fours do-a-dos, cheat your partner, swing to sides, ladies change and all hands 'round, oh, it was so busy, and the sleigh had broken through, which you followed with your eyes, that, like will-o'-the-wisps, led you wherever Some One willed.

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Oh, yes, if there's any one in this town who ever went to a country dance, he remembers all right.

Official Intelligence. From the Louisville Courier-Journal. The postoffice, announces a Kansas postmaster, "has been moved from where it was to where it is now."

THE EARTHQUAKE OF '68 IN SAN JOSE

From the San Jose Mercury. At this time the old settlers have grown reminiscences of the great earthquake of October 31, 1868, and telling of the damage done by it. The old Mercury files have been consulted, and the then weekly paper, published by the pioneer newspaperman of San Jose, J. J. Owen, prints the following apropos to the "quake of '68:

"Terrible Earthquake.—The most terrible shock ever experienced in this section, since the settlement of the country, occurred here on the morning of the 31st of October, 1868. A dense fog hung over the city at the time, when without scarcely any preliminary tremor, the shock was upon us in all its force. Buildings and trees seemed to pitch about like ships in a storm at sea. Fire walls and chimneys were thrown down in all parts of the city. The heavy brick cornice of Murray's building, at the corner of Market and E. Donato street, fell to the ground. The Presbyterian church has sustained an immense damage. The brick turrets are all down, and large portions of the roof of the floor, crushing the organ, causing great damage to the gallery and fixtures below. The walls of the steeple are almost a total wreck. The steeple has to be taken down. Five thousand dollars would not make good the damage done to the church. The large water tank over the roof of Moody's flouring mill fell through the roof, carrying down the roof of the building. Their wooden storehouse, 100 feet in length, filled with grain, is a total wreck and the grain badly mixed. Two large chimneys of the San Jose Institute were blown down, one of the early hour in the morning. A portion of the rear wall of Welch's livery stable fell. Otter's unfinished block, at the corner of First and St. John streets, sustained a serious condition, and is not a brick building in the city that is not more or less injured. Brick walls are everywhere wrenched and cracked and many of them are ready to fall. Any other building that would precipitate many of our brick buildings to the ground. The brick cornice of the Masons hall building will have to be taken down, and the entire building will have to be repaired. A large quantity of crockery and glassware was broken. The destruction to plate-glass windows is very great and much havoc was done to the city generally. The new courthouse stood the shock admirably. Some slight cracking of walls and crumbling of plaster decorations is all the damage done to the building. The lesson of the precipitous is: Erect no more high church steeples; build no more brick buildings above two stories in height, and those only in the most substantial manner. A severe, but much lighter shock was experienced at about 10:30 of the same day, and shortly thereafter a third of like character."

LEWIS AND CLARK. At Precourt's Washington. May 1.—At an early hour in the morning we collected our horses and after breakfast set out about 7 o'clock and followed the road up the creek (Touchet river). The low grounds and plains present a most beautiful appearance. We rode yesterday, except that the latter were less sandy. At the distance of nine miles the Chopunnish Indian, who was in front, pointed out an old Indian road to the left of the creek. We were our shortest route. Before venturing, however, to quit our present road, which was level, and not only led us in the proper direction, but was well supplied with such a good horse trail, we let our horses graze until the arrival of our other guide, who happened to be at some distance behind. On coming up he seemed much displeased with the road to the left, and declared that we were pursuing was the proper one; that if we decided on taking the left road it would be necessary to remain till tomorrow morning and then make an early start, as we could not get such either water or wood. To this the Chopunnish assented, but declared that he himself meant to pursue that route. We therefore gave him some powder and some of our best blankets, and requested four hunters whom we had sent on in the morning joined us while we halted and brought us a beaver for dinner. We then started at 10 o'clock and pursued our route up the creek through a country similar to that we had passed in the morning. But at the distance of three miles the hills on the north side of the creek were in a pleasant country two or three miles in extent. The timber is now more abundant and our guide tells us that we shall not find any more of the same quality from this place as far as the Kootenocks. We have already seen a number of deer, of which we killed one, and observed great quantities of curlew, as well as some of the cranes, and several species of sparrows common to the prairies. There is in fact very little difference in the general face of the country here from that of the latter are enlivened by vast herds of buffalo, elk and other animals, which give them an additional interest. Over these wide bottoms we continued on a course N. by E. for some miles, the distance of 17 miles from where we had dined and 28 from our last camp. We halted for the night. We had scarcely camped when three young men came up from the Wallawalla village with a steel trap, which had been left behind inadvertently, and which they had come a whole day's journey in order to restore. This act of integrity was the more pleasing, as the traps were very rare among Indians. It corresponds perfectly with the general behavior of the Wallawalla, among whom we had lost carelessly several knives, which were returned as soon as found. We are, indeed, justly affirm that of all the Indians whom we have met since leaving the United States the Wallawalla are the most hospitable, honest and sincere.

Some One. By Clara Morris. I was waiting for "change" in a big department store and to pass the time I studied my neighbors. That's how I came to notice her—such a pretty, worried, fresh young face; and she was from the country.

Why no, of course, she did not tell me her name, but she was about the good-looking, well-tailored, and evidently a well-to-do, and made from self-measurements, hence a poor fit.

She was looking at some silk waists, and a gray skirt, and then she looked at me. Her eyes met mine, and then came a sudden, impulsive request for advice. It was for a party, a dancing party in the public hall in the village (what did she mean by that?) and she had invited, "graciously," what a color that girl could get into her cheeks, and she had no one to consult, and her skirt would be black silk—very nice and fluffy, about the best she could get. The girl had no money, and she was a help-

less hand at the counter, of held up the bill; the pink close-to-her clear, young face, and said positively, unflinchingly, "The pink for you, child, and the gray for me. I'll give you the gray, and I thought, you will not be able to think consecutively of any one by the last dance."

A country dance—did you ever go to one? Flutter back the leaves of time; busy business man, to that place when you were still "back home." Don't you remember how you used to do all the chores a bit earlier on that afternoon; feeding the chickens, and washing the dishes, and the creatures in the barn, bringing in water and arms full of wood, and mother smiling at you very knowingly?

And then you tramped off to your own back room, undressed, and changed into freshly blackened boots with you and shaved and combed and put just a mite of pomade on your hair to keep it in order, and put on a collar that nearly put your head off and suit of clothes that seemed somehow kind of short-waisted.

Then more than likely you stole into mother's room and just shook her bottle of cologne up once or twice against the wall, and then you came out, and possibly secret act you walked through the kitchen, leaving a trail of perfume about three feet wide, and mother's smile became a comfortable laugh.

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