

THE OREGON SUNDAY JOURNAL

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WHAT ARE THE EXCEPTIONS?

SOMEWHERE in the nebulous domain between typewriter and type four words found their way into the copy of the speech that James Withycombe delivered at Corvallis. They were not part of the opening address to which the Oregonian points with pride, but when morning came they showed up in the account printed in that paper with no distinguishing marks to arouse even a suspicion that they were either afterthoughts or interlopers. Strange to relate, these very same words were inserted in the copy of the speech sent to The Journal. They alone of all the manuscript were penned in good black ink; everything else was neatly typewritten. Newspapers in other parts of the state got the speech in all its natural beauty, but the Oregonian and The Journal were particularly favored. They were given both speech and trimmings.

Listen and catch the words! "With but few exceptions" Note how innocent they look when standing alone. Ah, but they didn't stand alone. They were inserted after the words, "public utilities," making Dr. James Withycombe utter (in the Oregonian and Journal exclusively) the following back-action, reserve clause bit of political patter:

"Public utilities, with but few exceptions, I believe are best administered by private interest rather than public servants, for in the latter case self-interest, the greatest of incentives, is lacking, and thriftless and unbusiness-like methods will surely sooner or later prevail."

Now read the sentence as it appeared in the Salem Statesman and numerous other papers:

"Public utilities I believe are best administered by private interest rather than public servants, for in the latter case self-interest, the greatest of incentives, is lacking, and thriftless and unbusiness-like methods will surely sooner or later prevail."

It will be noted that they are the same, only different. Now you see it and now you don't. Presto! You have the exceptions. Change! You have them not. Perhaps Dr. Withycombe is a magician. If he is he should demand that a plug hat be passed over the footlights in order that he may delve within and drag those shrinking, mysterious "exceptions" out where the voters can get a look at them.

THE GREATEST COUNTRY ON EARTH.

AT ONE TIME Great Britain might have truthfully claimed to be the school of industry for all nations. But it is not so now. The London Standard says, somewhat lugubriously:

"Great Britain had a large start in the process of commercial and industrial development, which has revolutionized the world, gave her manufacturers, till far into the second half of the Nineteenth century, an unchallenged and unquestioned supremacy. In face of her long-established staple trades—cotton, coal, wool, iron and steel, engineering and shipbuilding—the activities of other nations were for long years but 'infant industries,' which, on the admission of the most orthodox of economists, might legitimately be fostered by protective tariffs, which might hardly have grown without such tariffs at all. Other nations which desired to become Great Britain's rivals in the industrial world had to seek in Great Britain herself the weapons of future rivalry, had first to learn in her school the rudiments of the industrial arts. Time was when these things happened; that time has now long passed by. The efforts of other nations have been crowned with success. The long gap between Great Britain and all her competitors has shrunk to insignificance; so far at least as the leading nations are concerned international competition enters on a new stage. Great Britain, Germany, and the United States of America are now in the same lap of the race; the first still with some advantage from her early start, but with an advantage insignificant in comparison with the yearly progress of each competitor."

This is an honest confession but it does not disclose the principle basic truth; which is that we are beating the Britons in manufactures, as in agriculture, because of superior and abounding and apparently exhaustless resources.

Germany is beating Great Britain for the same reason; but we Americans outclass Germany as much as that country outclasses Finland.

We no more need a protective tariff, except for the purpose of revenue, than we need a third wheel to a bicycle or a fifth one to an automobile.

This is the greatest country on earth. This is the land of Opportunity.

Little children of today will see it a country of 300,000,000 people.

This is all the more reason why we should behave ourselves and show that we are thankful for and appreciative of our blessings.

KILL THE FRUIT PESTS.

THE OREGON AGRICULTURAL station has issued many important and valuable bulletins, perhaps none more so than Professor Cordley's last week's well illustrated brochure on the San Jose scale, which he correctly says is "the most destructive of all pests in neglected Oregon orchards." Professor Cordley says:

"Nevertheless, by intelligent effort it can be more easily controlled than any other first class orchard pest; and when we come to realize that the one annual winter application of the lime, sulphur, salt spray, which is all that is necessary to reduce its ravages to the minimum, is also one of the best general 'cleaning up' sprays that has yet been devised, we shall, perhaps, be ready to exclaim with J. H. Hale, the veteran peach grower of Connecticut and Georgia, 'Blessed be the San Jose scale.' It has compelled us to spray with the lime, sulphur and salt. One application of lime, sulphur, salt each winter will do more for the neglected orchard than can be done in any other way by the same expenditure of cash and energy. It not only destroys San Jose scale, but it also destroys the branch form of woolly-aphis, the eggs of the green-aphis, the pear-leaf miner, the hibernating larvae of the prune twig-miner, probably the hibernating larvae of the bud-moth, together with most other insects which may chance to be wintering upon the trees."

Well, the winter is past, and if orchards have been neglected, they must be attended to in the spring, now.

The fruit inspector did a good and righteous piece of work in Clackamas county last week in destroying some pest-ridden orchards. It was a good job, well and courageously done.

Nobody has any legal or moral right to have or allow to exist a pest-infected orchard. It is a menace, a danger, to the whole community.

Everybody with a fruit tree of any kind should obtain and read Professor Cordley's bulletin. It will help him to raise good fruit.

GIVE THEM A HALF HOLIDAY.

THE SUGGESTION of the Initiative One Hundred that the schoolchildren of Portland be given a half holiday in order that they may take part in the cleaning of the city should meet with a unanimous response. No valid objection can be raised to such a plan. This abiding place of man for which nature has done so much is sadly in need of a brushing up, and all that is asked is that its boys and girls be given an opportunity to aid in the work. The children are willing; the experience will make them better fitted for citizenship; the city will be greatly benefited. All that is necessary to carry the thought into action is the consent of the school board, and that should be forthcoming at once.

In the appeal just issued by the Initiative One Hundred that organization expresses the hope that the school board will give the pupils a half holiday on the afternoon of May 18 and direct all the teachers to devote an hour of that from 11 to 12 o'clock, to instructing the children how to go about the task of making their home surroundings clean and beautiful. In dealing with this part of the plan to improve the appearance of Portland, the appeal continues:

"We would advise that the boys in each room be requested to elect a captain to lead the hosts against everything in the nature of rubbish in their school district and that the girls elect a goddess of beauty who will lead the girls in making the lawns beautiful by planting flowers and vines."

This plan needs no amendment. It is ready for adoption. Whatever the grown-ups do the children are sure to make the most of their chance to help their home city. The word of the school board will be their talisman. A half holiday for work will be a new experience, but there is no doubt of the success of the innovation. The members of the Initiative One Hundred are to be congratulated on their wisdom in proposing the right plan at the right time.

NOBODY WAS HITTING HIM.

NOBODY has "assailed" Mr. Withycombe "because he is of foreign birth," as the Oregonian pretends. He has lived in Oregon about 35 years, has been a clean, useful, somewhat enterprising citizen here; and no intelligent, conscientious voter cares where he was "born and raised." But this pretense of the Oregonian that supporters of Governor Chamberlain are "assailing" Professor Withycombe on account of his nationality or extraction, is utterly false and ridiculously contemptible.

It happens that Professor Withycombe was not originally a native of the United States, but that some years ago he took the proper steps to become a legal citizen of the United States and of Oregon. Very well; nobody is attacking or "assailing" him on that ground at all.

But the fact that Professor Withycombe lived in Oregon for 17 years before he became a citizen is a legitimate subject for comment; and when he says in excuse that during all of that time he supposed he was a citizen, it naturally excites surprise that one so ignorant of our laws should aspire to the office of chief executive of the state.

The question as to the governorship of Oregon is not where Professor Withycombe was born, or what church his grandmother adhered to, or whether he voted for Blaine in 1884, but whether he would make a better governor of Oregon for the next four years than Chamberlain.

This is the only proposition, as to the governorship, before the people of Oregon.

PORTLAND A BEAUTIFUL CITY.

IT IS A MATTER OF FREQUENT COMMENT that Portland is a wonderfully beautiful city. So it is; and it is doubtful if its match for real, satisfactory beauty can be found the world around.

Portland is largely a natural park. As soon as you quit the business district, in whatever direction you go, you walk or ride through trees, groves, fertile lawns, bowers of flowers and storehouses of fragrance.

The very birds seem to be happier in Portland than anywhere else on earth. The roses never bloomed so luxuriantly, even on the Riveria, as here. The soil teems with fertility; the air is blessed with balm from both ocean and mountain; the wind whispers constantly sweet songs of peace and grace.

After all, there is no better summer resort than Portland, sitting serenely between the evergreen mountains and the ever-resounding sea.

But Portland is marred somewhat in spots. Make it more beautiful, more perfect. Kill the weeds and other ugly things. Let us all help to make life lovely in such a beautiful city.

FERTILE, BOUNTIFUL OREGON.

NEWCOMERS who are arriving in Oregon like it. No wonder. They have a right to do so. It is the best state in the Union for homeseekers to come to, on account of—

Its land;
Its timber;
Its soil and climate and general, all-around resources.

Here opportunity, fructuous and fervent, opens and spreads her arms. Here her gracious lips smile the year around.

Wheat;
Hops;
Salmon;
Lumber;
Fruit;
Barley;
Livestock;
Mineral wealth;

Brave men and beautiful women; good mothers and sweet children—no wonder people fall in love with and stay with Oregon.

GOOD CITIZENS MUST SUPPORT WORD.

VOTERS who do not support Tom Word for reelection as sheriff are playing directly into the hands of the liquor interests and the advocates of an open town. Whatever the personal views of Robert L. Stevens, the Republican nominee, may be, it is undeniable that the gamblers and the liquor dealers' organization are working tooth and toenail to accomplish his election and to defeat Word.

The reason for this is obvious. Word stands unwaveringly for the enforcement of the law. And because this is true, the gamblers, the divekeepers and the lawbreakers are a unit in the effort tooust him from office.

One of the greatest victories for decency this city has ever witnessed was won by Word when he drove the gamblers out of business. It would be a sorry commentary on the people of Portland if they should now

IS THE LAWYER TO BLAME?

WHEN government becomes a badge of loss-innocence the lawyer becomes a necessary evil. This does not imply that the legal profession has failed in any of its obligations to humanity. On the contrary, it has been to the legal profession that mankind is indebted for much that is worthy of permanent endurance among the civil institutions of society. But it does imply that when society reaches a point in its career of acquisition requiring call to legalize corruption and perpetuate extortion the lawyer succumbs to the temptations of avarice and performs a service for organized venality that betrays his calling to the indicated criticism. And when this event happens we find the legal profession forcing its high position in public estimation and surrendering in honor to medicine and even industrial mechanical art.

This is not the fault of the lawyer. It is rather the result of industrial conditions rendering applicable the declaration of Moller that "honor without money is a sickly plant." In other words, when money, ceasing to be a simple mechanism of exchange, becomes not only a standard of value but the measure of influence, of power, of refinement, and of honor, the lawyer yields to the circumstances and is criticized for being like other men.

Perhaps this criticism is just. Had lawyers always yielded to popular power and pressure there would have been no Council of Trent, no Magna Charta; no Grotius or Mansfield or Curran; no Declaration of Independence and no Jefferson or Emmett. Constantine, when he resisted popular pressure and lifted the Christian religion into imperial dignity and rank, performed a service for humanity that could not have been purchased by all the wealth of the Indus.

Jefferson, when he modernized the teachings of the "Summa Theologica," did more in a minute for all the children of men than was ever accomplished by all the banks in Christendom. The choice in each instance lay on the side of justice and against wealth and power and

popularity. It was the lawyers' choice. Could wealth have compensated for the immortality that followed in the path of justice?

When Thomas Addis Emmett, who was both doctor and lawyer, landed in New York, he chose the law. He could have chosen the medical profession and gained wealth and the repose of oblivion. But in that case John Marshall might never have judicially consolidated this country into an indestructible union of indestructible states, and the powers of the federal government might still be considered ineffectual in its momentous battle for railroad regulation.

It is apparent that the legal profession would today much prefer this simple honor of an Emmett to the big fees of a Cromwell or a Dill. It is usually the client whose obliquity requires hatching that drives the Emmetts into destitution and makes judges of such lawyers as Aaron Burf. Nevertheless the lawyer feels miserable under these conditions. Daily he is insulted by clients seeking methods of robbery without criminal responsibility. Daily he finds himself yielding to such temptations for lack of other employment, and daily he seeks the recovery of self-respect by a sort of moral plagiarism which makes "judges" of the most verdant tyro. This is simply the language of misery arising from moral misance and vaporizing itself in slang. Yet it is one of the symptoms which reveals the fact that the sentiment of honor is struggling against adverse circumstances for a reconquest of the whole profession.

It is not the little lawyer guilty of shady sleazebags whose manners need correction. It is the respectable lawyer, who, after accepting a retainer from the public, becomes the advocate of public enemies in our legislative halls, who should be disgraced and reprobated by the profession. Why should the lawyer differ from the soldier? Both are sworn defenders of their country and its laws. The treason which could tempt the commander to lead his army into ignominious capitulation is no different than that of the lawyer who manufactures legislation destructive of the common weal. It may be true that the United States senate and every legislative hall in America, are growing asylums of professional abasement and legislative depravity. But it will be only when the lawyers themselves resolve to dishar their perfidious gentry and resume their historic attachment to those moral and intellectual graces which have liberalized the profession in all ages that honest merit will triumph over greedy mediocrity and check the progress of industrial debauchery by the majestic vigor and rebounding vitality of the law.

IN OREGON

BY J. P. WAGER

The sea-wash laps us lovingly;
The breeze is slow and soft;
The mountains tower hoверingly,
The birds sing sweet and oft—
In Oregon.

View here the temples built to God,
Open the whole year through;
Tread here, where'er a teeming sod;
Pick flowers, red, yellow and blue—
In Oregon.

The ocean murmurs lovingly;
Woods have balsamic breath;
Volcanoes tower hoверingly,
There is, there is, "no death"—
In Oregon.

No painter ever painted,
No poet ever sung,
A picture so untainted,
A thing so bright and young—
As Oregon.

LEWIS AND CLARK

On the banks of the Kookooskees river.

May 13.—Our medical visits occupied us till a late hour, after which we collected our horses and proceeded for two miles in a southeasterly direction, crossing a branch from the right at the early stage of a mile. We then turned nearly north, and crossing an extensive open bottom a mile and a half wide, reached the bank of the Kookooskees. Here we expected the canoe that they had promised; but though a man had been dispatched with it, at the appointed time it did not arrive before sunset. We therefore camped with a number of Indians who had followed us from the village.

Rubber Doors Halt Police.

From the New York World.

There are two carpenter mechanics on the east side of Manhattan who make a specialty of constructing heavy doors and secret exits for poolrooms and gambling-houses. "Old Jack" Woods of the Bowery has been in that line of business for 20 years and his only recognized rival, Sing Gow, does most of his building for the Chinatown gambling dens.

The police find themselves up against a tough proposition when they start to smash down doors built by "Old Jack" for a poolroom. These doors are usually from 10 to 15 inches thick, of sheet iron and solid wood. This year the cunning Jack has added a 4-inch thickness of rubber, and when the police axes and sledge hammers strike the door they will rebound.

"I was knocked clean off my feet the first time I struck one of the rubber doors," said Detective McGee of the Tenderloin. "The force of my blow striking the sheet-iron, wood and rubber drove me back five feet at least."

On the occasion of a recent raid on his doors and the poolroom owners say that they save money even if they hold back the police raiders for five minutes. It gives time to destroy remaining sheets and other dangerous evidence.

The sheet-iron and wood doors are so stout enough to keep the police sledge hammers at work for five or eight minutes, and the rubber doors are counted upon to make a delay of 12 to 15 minutes.

Valuable Zones of Silence.

From Good Health.

There has come into modern life a greater variety of sound and a greater volume than assailed the ears of our ancestors. To keep one's hearing sharp there ought to be a zone of silence around every human being during some part of every day.

The finest creative work is done, as a rule, in seclusion; not necessarily apart from men, nor in solitary places, but away from the tumult and away from distracting sounds.

There was organized in Paris, years ago, a society for the cure of silence. On the occasion of the initiation of a distinguished man of letters, a bowl of water was brought out to him in a room where he was waiting in solitude. He

AIDS TO APPEARANCE

Every woman should remember when choosing a dress that she must study her own appearance, and dress in the style that is most becoming to her height, figure and complexion.

What will suit a tall woman will look quite out of place on a woman of smaller dimensions.

In choosing her dresses the tall girl should bear in mind that a short one detracts from the height, and in this matter fashion favors her; for the long trailing dresses for everyday wear are a thing of the past, and it is seldom a woman is seen in the streets with her skirts trailing along in the mud or dust, or tucked away under her arm.

Some tall women in order to make themselves appear shorter make the mistake of stooping, thinking that in so doing they will lessen their height; while, instead of making themselves appear shorter, they only succeed in looking awkward and ungraceful.

The extra tall girl seems to have an advantage over the very short girl, in the fact that she can usually walk gracefully, when once she has got out of the stooping habit; but with a very short person this is seldom the case, and her walk has a tendency to envelop into a waddle. She can, however, add to her height more easily than a tall person can detract from hers. By wearing high-heeled shoes quite an inch is added to the height. The broad waist belt gives length in the waist. Squatty hips should be avoided, and every large one overlooked by her.

The slender girl of ordinary height should find no difficulty in choosing her dress, as she is well catered for in the fashions, and can usually manage to present a satisfactory appearance; but a stout woman has to be more careful, if she would avoid the common mistake of appearing stout when choosing her style of costume, that the gown should be made for the person by whom it is meant to be worn, and not because the style is smart and a little out of the ordinary.

The girl with a long neck should not expose too much of it to view, but should cover it up with a pretty fancy collar.

If possessed with a small, flat nose, remember when buying hats to avoid those that project very much in the front, as they will make the nose appear even more insignificant. A moderately sized hat will modify the defect, if it can be so termed. Hats with a prominent nose has much to contend with, and her hats should not be severe in outline, and should be set well forward.

Hands that are suggested into gloves one of two sizes too small for them will only add to the size of the hand; and a tight shoe will not add grace to the walk, besides causing great pain to the feet.

What will suit one will not suit another, and it rests with each individual person to exercise her own good taste when choosing her costume and hair.

The morn is full of melody,
The eve of sweet delight;
The day brings opportunity;
You are lulled to rest at night—
In Oregon.

The lowly waves are whispering;
The granite hills are gold;
The mighty waves are thundering;
Stories, new and old—
In Oregon.

Not in any land or clime,
Where grows a new day's dawning,
Nor in all recorded time,
Is the equal of a morning—
In Oregon.

The angels' wings are flitting free,
The saints have wept in joy;
The new day comes, for you and me;
The old man is a boy—
In Oregon.

HYMNS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

Love Divine.

By Charles Wesley.

[This hymn represents Charles Wesley at his best, and it is everywhere one of the best loved of his many writings. It is given below as he wrote it, and not as singers have insisted on amending it. Like the writer's beautiful "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," it belongs to congregations almost all grades and in all lands. It was published in 1747.]

Love divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fill in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pursue, thou art love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

Breathe, O, breathe thy loving spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest;
Take away our bent to sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

Come, almighty, to deliver,
Let us all thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave:
Thee we would thy always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

Finish then thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be,
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee;
Changed from glory into glory,
Thill in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

A Confession.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

I love to cuss
The octopus,
The plutocrat condemn;
But if I had
A chance, egad,
I would be one of them!

Fishing pretty good in most up-country streams.