

THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER. C. E. JACKSON, Publisher. Published every evening (except Sunday) and every Sunday morning at The Journal Building, Fifth and Yamhill streets, Portland, Oregon.

Every man takes care that his neighbor shall not cheat him. But a day comes when he begins to care that he does not cheat his neighbor. Then all goes well. He has changed his market cart into a chariot of the sun.—Emerson.

ELECTION FRAUDS.

THE ELECTION IN Denver not long ago afforded an extreme example of a common occurrence, the apparent or official defeat of the great majority of the people by an organized and criminal gang of corporation looters, in combination with the city's most vicious elements.

The Denver Honest Election league set about nullifying the declared result of the election through the courts, but was hampered by the fact that the prosecuting officer was not to be depended upon, and was supposed to have been bought by the thieves.

It is not supposed that the supreme court of Colorado, which has evinced a strong judicial desire to give the thieves the benefit of every legal doubt and technicality, will sustain Judge Mullins in these acts, but under the circumstances, and with the criminal acts by the wholesale known to everybody and denied by nobody, a court of whatever degree that will not strain the strict letter of the law a little if necessary to afford relief to the robbed people, rather than to aid the thieves, is not only entitled to no respect, but is beneath contempt.

Elections in Portland have gained greatly in freedom from fraud during the past few years, and it is now exceptional and remarkable, instead of improbable or impossible as formerly, if the people do not get a square deal at the polls. As a rule, we believe, only honest ballots are cast, and that they are honestly counted; but it seems that evidence will be forthcoming to show that such was not the case in some instances, notably in Sellwood precinct, in the last election.

Opponents of the local option law were overwhelmingly defeated in the state, on their amendment, and they must not be permitted to win by fraud what the people have denied them, not even in a single instance such as the Sellwood precinct, though "The Oaks" should go dry all summer and thereafter.

THE CRY OF STOP THIEF.

THE liquor-dealers' organ complains most bitterly that the citizens of Portland are no longer in possession of "all the franchises," which in "former times they have given away." It is a regret worth entertaining, but not on the part of the organ, for the reason that it has existed and "done business" here during all the time the franchises were given away, and although it had opportunity to protest against this "robbery of the people," it kept silence with always a hope uppermost that it would secure a "piece of the pork," and it has never failed to share in any division of profit.

Further, in the same connection its proprietors have gathered "unearned increments" in other forms without any stricture of conscience until they have become rich, almost beyond the

dreams of avarice, and yet are in a howling mood for a further division. The principal proprietor of the organ owns a block of land, bounded by Washington, West Park, Stark and Tenth streets, which he obtained for little or nothing, something like \$500, and of late he has refused an offer of more than \$400,000 for it. Here is an absorption of value, the same kind of value as that possessed by the franchisees referred to, a value which as much belongs to the community, without even a thought of the "robbery" he is a party to, and this value he holds onto without rendering a tittle of service to the community. And further, he will neither improve it nor allow others to do so, while all the time permitting his newspaper to cry "stop thief" at others who have legally possessed themselves of similar value or property.

It all depends upon whose ox is gored whether or not the liquor dealers' organ is in for "reform."

AN UNSEASONABLE BOOM.

THE SINCERE FRIENDS of Mr. Bryan, those who really and heartily desire his nomination and election as president, should go slow in booming him thus early, and should advise him to remain comparatively quiet for another year or two. Not necessarily that he would be indiscreet, but people would become weary of a two-years' boom, with nothing but "Bryan" all the time, inviting fierce antagonisms that would not otherwise develop.

A real and sensible friend of Mr. Bryan would advise him not to accept that proposed great demonstration on his arrival in New York. There is a hint of the danger in this performance in the statement that it is proposed to "equal in numbers and enthusiasm the reception of Admiral Dewey when he returned from Manila." Well, Dewey had done what in the excitement of the hour was considered a great feat, and he is in consequence the highest naval officer, after the president; yet from a Dewey reception Mr. Bryan may well pray to be delivered. Besides, he is not a public officer of any degree, only a private citizen, and, though a noted one, there is no occasion for his reciprocity of great public demonstrations as yet.

It is two years yet before a nomination is to be made, and it is perilous to launch a political rocket too soon. His flaming head, even though a splendid Bryan, has too much time for sputtering out, and its stick, though of the best of material, to come tumbling back ignominiously to earth. Bryan's friends should bid him beware the noxious activity of hysterical boomers, no less than the pugnacious pretended friendship of deadly enemies. Races are won, not in the first quarter, but in the home stretch, and the track is not even graded nor the grandstand erected yet.

While letting politics pretty much alone for two years past, Mr. Bryan has grown immensely in popular favor. Why not maintain that attitude for another year or more? People know him, need no introduction to him. If he must talk, let him lecture on any subject except politics, or on that in only the most general terms.

A "masterly inactivity," a dignified receptivity, a statesmanlike reserve, for the most part a private life on his farm and in his newspaper office, will do more to make Mr. Bryan president than all the "demonstrations" that could be made in the next 18 months.

Bryan should pray to be delivered from both real and false friends.

The government, under a recent decision of the supreme court, must refund to the Philippine islands about \$5,000,000 of illegally collected duties. We are glad of it, for this is a small fraction of the restitution due the islands for robbing them for years under the provisions of the Dingley tariff law.

Captain Garst will be reduced and retired for running the battleship Rhode Island aground, as Uncle Sam is determined to have no one in his navy who does not know the difference between a warship and an automobile.

It was a foregone conclusion that any bill for inspecting the Chicago packing-houses that Representative Lorimer of that city would construct or favor would smell as loudly as the stockyards themselves.

"What," asked the law-breaking corporations a year ago, "are you going to do about it?" "What," ask the same corporations today, "are you going to do to us?" The world moves, all right, all right.

Congress might as well toss up a coin and decide the type of canal by the heads-or-tails process. The en-

Communications From the People

A VETERAN'S REMINISCENCES.

Albany, Or., June 12.—To the Editor of The Journal.—Not very long since mention was made in the columns of The Journal of the death of Colonel George B. Curry at La Grande, Oregon, and of Captain Abner M. Waters at Weiser, Idaho, and that both saw service in the First Oregon Infantry volunteers.

As there is a desire on the part of many, and especially the "old soldiers," to know more of early military matters on the Pacific coast and of the men who took leadership in them, I will tell what I know of, or can recollect concerning these men. Complete data can no doubt be found in the secretary of state's office at Salem, but not now convenient for me to secure.

Colonel Curry was a captain in the First Oregon cavalry, but when the First Oregon Infantry was being organized in the latter part of 1864 and early in 1865, he was assigned to duty at Fort Hoskins, King's Valley, Benton county, as commanding officer. B company, First Oregon, was mustered in at Camp Russell (the fair grounds near Astoria, Oregon) December 25, 1864, and the next day started on the march for Fort Hoskins. This company was recruited in Yamhill and Washington counties. The commissioned officers were: Captain, Ephraim Palmer of Dayton, Oregon; second lieutenant, John W. Cullen of Lafayette, Oregon, and myself as first lieutenant from Forest Grove, Washington county. During the winter of 1864-65, there was stationed with us at Fort Hoskins company F, recruited in Linn county. Commissioned officers were: Captain, Abner M. Waters; first lieutenant, Darius B. Randall; second lieutenant, James A. Balch. As far as I am informed, all the commissioned officers of B company are alive while those of F company are all dead.

Engineers are equally divided, so are the statesmen, so are all other people; and it is probable that in any event the choice made will be the worse one, but there is as good a chance in a coin-flip as in any further debate.

James Sage, who was rescued from the Toledo, Ohio, poorhouse and paid \$50 a year by his cousin Russell, will be buried at the expense of the county, after which we expect to see signed stories by our multi-millionaires on "The Simple Death."

Any revision of the criminal laws of Oregon that does not provide for the proper punishment of the rear platform pig will be regarded as a useless and deliberate waste of time and money.

If the California policy-holders would unite and make a noise like a political campaign they might get a part of their money from the insurance companies.

Chauncey Depew is in the hands of a trainer, who is trying to improve his physical conditions. We thought it was his morals.

The trouble with the proposed canal seems to be that it is of the time-lock variety.

Reynolds' Signature

From the Boston Herald. "Jimmy" Reynolds of Boston, assistant secretary of the treasury, is the champion long-distance signature writer of the Roosevelt administration. He writes his name oftener than any other man in any of the government departments, and as his signature is of the fancifully strenuous brand, he probably "sings more ink" affixing it to public documents than any other "chief" in Washington.

Secretary Reynolds has beaten the signature signing record of Uncle Joe Cannon, who as speaker of the house, has to sign every bill that passes. He has distanced Secretary Root, who has a short name of nine letters. Secretary Taft, another of the short-name fellows, isn't in the same class with Mr. Reynolds. Even President Roosevelt doesn't sign his name so often as Secretary Reynolds.

The fountain pen that Secretary Reynolds has put out for business would fill a large waste basket. He uses up three a day signing his mail, and while they are mended and used again eventually, their life is short and strenuous and their period of usefulness brief. He scores the "slow-going" signers.

"Jimmy" Reynolds has been assistant secretary of the treasury for nearly 15 years. In that time he has signed his name a trifle more than 100,000 times. He puts his name at the bottom of 200,000 Indian warlike documents or letters a day. Two messengers keep busy handling the papers.

"What they need in the treasury department," said Mr. Reynolds recently, "is a Chinese official whose sole duty it shall be to sign all the mail. I am thinking of broaching this subject. What a cinch a man would have signing letters whose name was 'Ah-Sin.' He could get through 4,000 letters and would make an hour, or about \$4,000 a day. That would be worth while. Then, too, there would be a great saving in ink."

Mr. Reynolds uses a bottle of fountain pen ink a day the year round. Last summer, when the temperature was 100 under one of the treasury department electric fans, and Mr. Reynolds was simply delighted with the ball game article the Washingtons were putting up and work was getting slack, 12,000 Indian warlike came in. They had to be signed. The other assistant secretaries were on their vacations, and "Jimmy" signed them, the whole 12,000. He lost 21 pounds and soured his disposition.

Those Fool Questions.

From Puck. "Hello," says the man, seeing his friend saluting forth with pole and net and bait bucket. "Going fishing?" "No," replies the friend, turning on him solemnly. "No; I'm going to stand on my head and keep my hair from falling out. What made you think I was going fishing?"

A Little Nonsense

[What is your favorite story—joke, anecdote, or pun? Everybody has one that he or she thinks is the best. You ever heard of a journal wanting to know just the sort of humor that appeals most strongly to its readers, and will give two cents for every word for the best short stories sent to the Humor Editor. The stories need not be original, but they must choose Niagara falls for most contents an element of clean wit. For the best, \$2 will be paid; \$1 will be given for the next best. You can send in as many stories as you like. Every Journal reader has a chance to win the prizes.]

Killed, but Did Not Dress 'Em.

Representative Lorimer of Chicago, who is fighting so valiantly for the packers in the present beef inquiry, told a story about the late P. D. Armour during a lull in the hearing before the agricultural committee recently. "One time," said Lorimer, "Mr. Armour was well pleased with the work done by a branch of his office force and he told every man to get a suit of clothes and send the bill to him. One flip young clerk bought a suit of evening clothes for \$50. After the bill came in Mr. Armour said to him: 'Is this bill correct? Did you order an \$80 suit of clothes?'" "Yes, sir," the clerk replied, "I did. You told me to get a suit and I got that kind of a suit."

She Was Worried.

Congressman Kahn of California was telling stories the other day. "When I was at school," he said, "we had a lecture every Friday afternoon, and one day the lecturer was a geological sharp and chose Niagara falls for his topic. 'He told us all about the geological formation of the falls, described the different periods that could be traced in the gorge, and then went on to say that the falls were slowly wearing back toward Buffalo, and that in the course of some 200,000 years they would have worn back to Erie, Pennsylvania, and that town would be left high and dry.' Just then one of the girls in the class began to sob wildly. 'What's the matter?' asked the teacher in alarm. 'Oh,' she wailed, 'I've got a sister living in Erie!'"

Ballots and Bullets.

It was the custom of the late Miss Susan B. Anthony to turn away wrath rather than answer a malicious questioner in kind. But one retort which she gave Horace Greeley has become famous among her followers. She had addressed the New York constitutional convention in Albany in 1867, and offered to answer questions. "You know the bullet and the ballot go together," drawled Mr. Greeley. "If you vote, are you ready to fight?" "Yes, Mr. Greeley," she replied. "Just as you fought in the late war—at the end of a goose quill."

When the Days Were Long.

Senator Spooner has stopped smoking. He was mourning his sad fate in the Republican cloakroom when Senator Dolliver, thinking to be sympathetic, said: "Well, I guess it is pretty well admitted that the use of tobacco tends to shorten a man's days." "That's right," Senator Spooner replied. "I find that my days without it are about 50 hours long."

Tillman's Good Suggestion.

Senators Tillman, Elkins and Cullom, the senate conferees on the rate bill, had a meeting to discuss procedure and all that. "I suggest," said Tillman, "that a disinterested bystander be appointed to search us for guns."

Terrier Lived Through Fire.

From the San Francisco Chronicle. During the early hours of Thursday morning, April 19, while the flames were licking up everything in their path within the walls of the Hotel St. Francis a little fox terrier remained locked up in the wine cellar of the hotel, deserted and forgotten by the attaches of the hotel when they were forced at midnight to abandon the doomed structure. When the beautiful and costly building on Union square became a blackened ruin and the configuration was fighting its way toward the Western addition, the little fox terrier still lived, unharmed, though terror stricken from the tortures to which it must have been subjected.

But with the dying out of the flames that consumed everything within the four walls of the building, save the little fox terrier, the dog's troubles were by no means at an end. James Hall, who had charge of the wine cellar of the hotel, was the owner of the little animal, and he remembered, while the hotel was still a seething furnace, that the dog was locked in the cellar.

Though powerless to rescue it, he lost no time in getting back to the hotel after the fire to discover the dog's fate. But he could not get near the wine cellar. For days afterward the ruins were so hot that all thought of probing about the ruins was out of the question. Five days later Hall succeeded in getting into the wine cellar, and one of the first things to greet his startled gaze was the little fox terrier crouched beneath some machinery. The heat in the wine cellar must have been intense, but the little animal had managed to escape the flames and came out of the ordeal unscathed, although nearly dead from thirst and hunger.

With tender care Hall nursed the dog back to good health and spirits, and many days after his rescue he was as cheerful and lively as before the fire.

Plant Knew Its Friend.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. "Uncanny," said a globe trotter, "is the splendid and flourishing sensitive plant of Ceylon. This plant causes you to wonder if plants, like us, can't feel pain, and think and grieve."

"We were seated in white linen clothes, under the palms of our host's estate beyond Colombo. We had just breakfasted, and the native servants were handing about coffee and liqueurs. 'What plant is that?' said I. 'A mimosa, or sensitive plant,' my host answered, and added, turning to his little daughter: 'Go, dear, and kiss the mimosa.' 'The child obeyed. Then she came back to us gleefully. The plant had not shrunk from her weak young touch. Now, dear, had quivered a leaf. 'Now you go and kiss it,' said our host to me. 'I advanced. I put out my hand, and my hand no sooner touched the mimosa than it shivered, and the leaves wilted as though frost bitten. 'The plant knows my daughter,' our host explained, 'but you are a stranger to it.'"

Horse Killing in Germany.

The number of horses slaughtered for food in public abattoirs in Germany during 1905 was 16,142 more than in 1904, the numbers being 26,554 in 1905, against 21,312 in 1904.

BIRDSEYE VIEWS of TIMELY TOPICS

SMALL CHANGE.

As to development, vote it straight.

But the Bryan boom may be swelling over-early.

The June bridegroom is as inconsequential as ever.

Boost your own town instead of kicking at Portland.

The car won't be afraid of Bryan carrying a bomb.

At any rate it didn't snow on the pioneers yesterday.

Why doesn't Mr. Hearst try going abroad for a year or two?

Maybe Bryan will write an amended edition of "Winning of the West."

Who can set up a greater boom for president than a man named Cannon?

The boy who hates to take a bath otherwise will soon be "in swimming."

To get prominently into the papers again Alice and Nick had to go abroad.

Oswald West will retain his position awhile. If it happens.

The packers are cleaning up. But they must be watched to see that they keep clean.

Why don't the packers retort that a lot of congressmen are affected with lumpy jaw?

Doctors say meat that has been frozen and thawed is dangerous. Boil your meat while still frozen.

The Prohibition party as such is about as weak as ever, yet prohibition is gaining much ground.

The packers are reported as being "indignant." For once they and the people feel alike about something.

Nebraska Populists and Wall street plutocrats pulling in team will be a curious sight, if it happens.

A St. Louis girl broke her arm buttoning her shirtwaist. But this incident won't change the shirtwaist fashion.

Maxim Gorke is making "bushels" of money. Maybe he shrewdly sized up the American people before coming over and brought that woman along for purely business reasons.

Baker City, as the hub of eastern Oregon and southern Idaho mining territory, offers every advantage and inducement for the establishment of a smelter, says the Democrat.

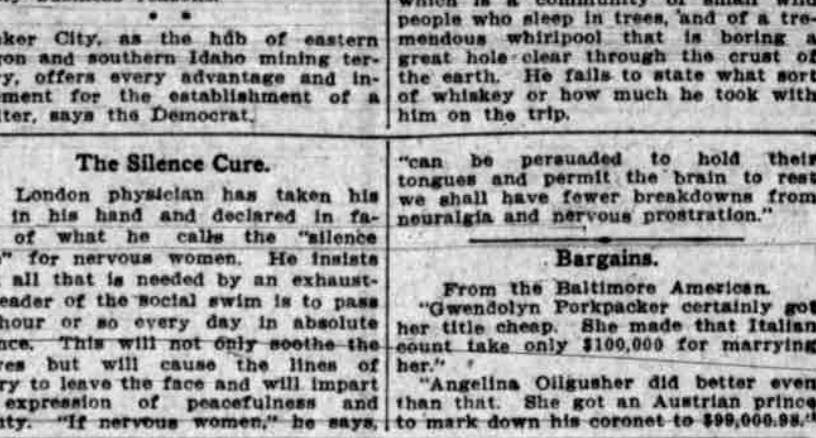
The Silence Cure.

A London physician has taken his life in his hand and declared in favor of what he calls the "silence cure" for nervous women. He insists that all that is needed by an exhausted leader of the social swim is to pass an hour or so every day in absolute silence. This will not only soothe the nerves but will cause the lines of worry to leave the face and will impart an expression of peacefulness and beauty. "If nervous women," he says,

Bargains.

From the Baltimore American. "Gwendolyn Porkpacker certainly got her title cheap. She made that Italian count make only \$100,000 for marrying her." "Angelina Oilgusher did better even than that. She got an Austrian prince to mark down his coronet to \$99,000.98."

Immune?



The House Committee Recommends That the Government Pay Two Million Dollars a Year for Packing House Inspection.