EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE JOURNAL

THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

C. S. JACKSON.....Publisher

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

Entered at the postoffice at Portland, Oregon, for transmission through the mails as second-class matter.

TELEPHONES.

Editorial Rooms.....Main 250
Business Office.....Main 500

FOREIGN ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE

Vreeland-Benjamin Special Advertising Agency, 150 Nassau street, New York; Tribune building, Chicago.

Subscription Terms by mail to any address in the United States, Canada or Mexico:

DAILY.

One year.....$6.00 | One month.....$ .48

SUNDAY.

One year.....$2.00 | One month.....$ .25

DAILY AND SUNDAY.

One year.....$7.00 | One month.....$ .65

A man's own conscience is his sole tribunal; and he should care no more for that phantom "opinion" than he should fear meeting a ghost if he cross the churchyard at dark.—Lytton.

"THE REPUBLICAN RECORD."

DOUBTLESS the Republican party in Oregon has done some things of which it may be proud. Doubtless, too, it has done many things which it would gladly forget. Certainly the "record" set forth in the editorial columns of the Oregonian is a curiously distorted relation of the facts and cannot fail to bring a smile to the face of everyone who has even a superficial knowledge of Oregon's political history.

For 20 years the Republican party in Oregon has been pledged to the enactment of a flat salary law. At one session after another flat salary bills were introduced, only to meet the expected fate of defeat at the hands of the Republican majority. Not until popular clamor became too insistent to be ignored longer was the promised legislation reluctantly granted, and even then the Republican incumbents of state offices were permitted to enjoy their graft for two years more and the state printer, whose huge emoluments have been the most notorious of all the impositions from which the taxpayers have suffered, was left absolutely untouched. The "record" of the Republican party on the flat salary law is not a matter of which it can boast.

It is true that the law imposing a license fee on corporations was enacted by a Republican legislature. But what of the Harris bill compelling railroads and telegraph companies to bear their just share of the burdens of taxation, a bill which was defeated by the votes of the Republican members alone and that, too, in the face of the people's insistent demand for its passage?

These are but illustrations which might easily be multiplied. It is as idle to attempt to deceive the public as to the facts as it is for the Oregonian to assume, with its customary effrontery, the credit for the reforms in the state land office which have been wrought by Governor Chamberlain and his appointee, Oswald West. Senile forgetfulness alone can explain such a claim.

In view of the misinformation which is being peddled out to the public, a few lessons in Oregon's recent political history and the Oregonian's part therein will probably prove as timely as interesting.

THE LAW NEEDS REPAIRS.

THE EXPERIENCE of Sellwood at the recent election furnishes convincing evidence that the law covering voting by affidavit is still in need of repairs. Amendments made at the last session of the legislature have failed of their object. It was thought that the necessity of producing six freeholders at the polls to vouch for the citizen who had neglected to register would make affidavit voting more difficult, but it did no such thing. At least 10,000 affidavit votes were cast in the state, and in some precincts—Sellwood was one of them—certain not over-particular freeholders affixed their names to scores of affidavits.

Only by constitutional amendment can affidavit voting be done away with altogether, and there are no indications that the people of Oregon desire to go to that extreme. What is wanted is a more specific oath, a sworn declaration of absolute knowledge that no man will take lightly, even though he be interested in the liquor traffic and afraid of a prohibition triumph. An oath at the polls is no more of a joke than an oath in court, yet men who tremble at the thought of giving false testimony in the temple of justice have perjured themselves at the ballot box and felt no qualms of conscience.

The affidavit at present in use is so loosely drawn that men are prone to interpret it in a way that will permit them to vouch for persons they hardly know. Here is what freeholders swear to: "We, the undersigned witnesses, do swear that our names and signatures are genuine; that we are each personally acquainted with the elector and his residence, as stated; that we believe all his other statements are true, and that we are each freeholders in the county."

Of course, the law presumes that personal acquaintance and residence are of more than a few hours' duration, but it does not say so, and weak and designing freeholders have little trouble in convincing themselves of the contrary. Frauds might be greatly lessened in number by merely fixing the period of personal acquaintance at not less than three months and compelling the freeholder to swear to just how long he has known the unregistered citizen to reside at the place mentioned in his affidavit.

Even better methods of remedying the defects may be found. The legislature should take up the matter. They owe it to the people of Oregon to do what they can to protect the ballot, and as no one can deny that the present affidavit law is the last refuge of corrupt politicians bent on carrying elections by fair means or foul the duty of the legislators is plain. The law cannot be repealed; therefore it must be amended.

MR. CRAIG'S DEPARTURE.

JUST as Oregon is beginning to reap the rich harvest that followed the far-seeing policy of advertising and development begun by A. L. Craig, that gentleman has been called to a wider field of effort. Not always does proper appreciation follow so closely on well-directed endeavor, but Mr. Craig's abilities were so marked, his peculiar fitness for his place was so clearly defined by the successes achieved, that recognition was almost instantaneous, and his services were sought for the upbuilding of railroad business in another quarter.

The leading spirits in the financial and commercial worlds of Portland will meet with Mr. Craig tonight, and after drinking to his health and continued prosperity, will speak the regret that is felt at his departure, and we doubt that even under the influences that will necessarily mark this last meeting with Mr. Craig the expressions of grief will outtell the feelings of the orators. It will be a pleasure to hear Mr. Craig reiterate the splendid confidence he has in Portland, for which he has done so much; and for Oregon, which is well in his debt; and for that wider territory, the Oregon country, whose waste places have become gardens because of such work as his. In changing his place of residence Mr. Craig will not change his feelings toward Oregon, and in his new position with a great road that seeks our trade and from which we expect much, he will be in a position to carry into greater execution larger plans for Portland's welfare.

And that—and the knowledge that Mr. Craig is going higher up the ladder—reconcile the commercial and financial friendships and the personal, as well, to his leaving Portland.

BEHIND THE TIMES.

"THE American Economist says: 'Apparently there is no tariff revision sentiment in Oregon.' Right! Why should there be?"—Salem Statesman.

The Statesman knows better. We judge that about two thirds of the Republicans of Oregon are in favor of tariff revision, and we understand that Representative Hawley is one of them. He is a thoughtful, studious man, and we believe that he will not be found in the ranks of the trusts' standpatters.

And we will predict—though seldom given to prophecy—that President Roosevelt will recommend tariff revision in his next message. The Salem Statesman, otherwise a very admirable paper, is on the question moribund, about 30 years behind the times.

THE IOWA SITUATION.

THE Detroit News (Ind.) thus presents the facts as to the very interesting campaign in Iowa:

"The issue which gave rise to the Republican factional fight in Iowa, which brought Secretary Shaw into such unfavorable notoriety and won him a well-deserved rebuke from the White House, seems likely to be lost sight of in indignation at the methods that the machine has introduced into the contest. Before the battle between Governor Cummins and the organization is finished Iowa republicanism seems likely to be wholly absorbed with an effort to solve the problem of providing means by which party opinions and desires may be surely and accurately recorded.

At the outset the contest was a simple and direct one between the governor's tariff revision ideas on the one side, and the Shaw-Allison stand-pat doctrines on the other. Finding themselves being properly whipped in the regular county contests, the machine managers operating the stand-pat campaign despaired of winning by getting the majority of the popular vote, and began to plan to control the convention through the favor of the permanent organization by having the latter seat contesting delegations and representatives of rump conventions.

"The utter failure of Secretary Shaw's remarkable Scott county speech, which he went to Iowa to deliver 'after conference with the president'—which intimation was promptly and emphatically repudiated by the White House—utterly failed of its purpose. After listening to his appeal the Scott county delegates by more than four to one indorsed the governor. Then the Shawites simply declined to abide by their overwhelming defeat, and 29 of them, out of a convention of more than 150 members, proceeded to name a full delegation to the state convention, depending upon their pull with the state committee to obtain recognition for it. This is a fair sample of the tactics that have been followed throughout the later days of the campaign. The machine could hardly have made a more convincing confession than the suppression, rather than the expression, of the will of the voters is what they seek, and the Cummins forces could hardly have asked for a more forcible demonstration of the immediate and urgent need of the direct nominations which they advocate, and which advocacy is one of the grievances of the machine against the governor and his followers."

There you are! The Republican party is in a hot kettle in the grand and glorious old 150,000 Republican state of Iowa. And "for why?"

Simply because the governor has dared to think right and do right. Wonderful! Tremendous! Awful! Shouldn't Cummins, for daring to be honest and true to his convictions, be lynched?

A Little Out of the Common

THINGS PRINTED TO READ WHILE YOU WAIT.

Facts That Interest.

The new railroad station being built in Leipsic, which is to be completed in 1974, at an expense of $31,000,000, will be the largest railroad station in the world, covering an area of 920,518 square feet.

A New England newspaper of 1727 announced that "a considerable town in this province has been so awakened by the awful providence in the earthquake that the women have generally laid aside their hoop petticoats."

The first year of the experimental evening industrial school to which pupils of any age may go to learn trades without having had any elementary training has just ended in New York, in a way to vindicate its usefulness. It closes with a total of 1,500 pupils on its rolls, ranging from 16 to 67 years in age, and nearly all colored. According to Superintendent Maxwell, other schools like it will be started next year.

The number of immigrants from Ireland in 1905 was 31,172, the smallest number on record for any year since the collection of these statistics was begun in 1851.

Bread and butter is the food for muscular work, according to an English physician. The perfect diet for those who are neither faddists nor teetotalers is announced as 8 ounces of cooked meat, 24 ounces of bread, 8 ounces of potatoes, 2 ounces of cheese, 2 ounces of bacon, 1 ounce of butter, half a pint of milk and one pint of beer a day. Green fruits are desirable additions to any diet.

The Real Good.

"What is the real good?"
I asked in musing mood.

"Order," said the law court;
"Knowledge," said the school;
"Truth," said the wise man;
"Pleasure," said the fool;
"Love," said the maiden;
"Beauty," said the page;
"Freedom," said the dreamer;
"Home," said the sage;
"Fame," said the soldier;
"Equity," said the seer—
Spake my heart full sadly:

"The answer is not here."
Then, within my bosom,
Softly, this I heard:
"Each heart holds the secret,
Kindness is the word."

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

A Kansas Editor's Wedding.

From the Leona Hustler.

The bride wore a beautiful dress of French lawn, at least that is what they said it was. The groom, that means "we," wore the customary black hand-me-down and was about scared to death. There was no bridesmaid or best man, because the groom did not think he could find a better man than himself. Miss Randolph is a peach; most of her beauty is natural, and she looks good to us; she is one of our schoolmates and we know she can throw a brick with remarkable accuracy. A sample of her rare nerve is shown by her vowing to "love, honor, etc." The other interested party is a joke; he came to Leona in the fall of '89, without clothes or money, and is now free from all financial debt. There are others just as bad and they are not in the penitentiary, either.

Novel Feat.

The novel feat of tuning a piano by the use of the telephone, according to the American Telephone Journal, was accomplished by M. J. Archer, a piano tuner of Wabash, Indiana. Some time ago Mr. Archer sold a piano to Thomas Pilkington at South Bend. Miss Pilkington called Mr. Archer up and advised him the piano needed a tuning. She was asked to sound the instrument, which was near the telephone. The tone was transmitted clearly to Wabash, and directions were given which enabled her to change the tension. The directions were carried out, and the instrument repeatedly sounded until it was perfectly tuned and the tones all normal.

Reflections.

The only practical use for poetry is to quote it to girls.—New York Press.

Misery loves company and generally makes up its mind to have it.—New York Times.

A hit in time may save the nine, and a kick unkicked may save a fine.—Chicago News.

A woman always means what she meant to say and didn't.—New York Press.

A man never realizes how many friends he has until he doesn't need them.—New York Times.

He who fights and runs away may live to fight another day or draw a pension, so they say.—Chicago News.

No more magnificent example of heroism has ever been recorded than that of the brave canary that whistled to its little master to get up and save himself from the devouring flames that had enveloped the house. The courageous little warbler perished, or we should have suggested a Carnegie medal for it. On the marble shaft that probably will be erected by public subscription to mark the resting place of the fearless canary should be carved the simple line: "He certainly was a bird."

Although we are unalterably opposed to the brick-batting proclivities of some of our contemporaries, we cannot ignore the thought that every time a stone is thrown there is a wail of woe from Senator Bailey's corner.

Mr. Thaw says he was justified in killing Stanford White, and adds if that does not gain him freedom he will plead insanity.

The important thing is that jetty. Pull, push, fight, if necessary.

Even the clouds are loaded with blessings.

Bourne should be elected, of course.

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." The Journal wants to know just the sort of humor that appeals most strongly to its readers, and will give two cash prizes a week for the best short stories sent to the Humor Editor. The stories need not be original, but they must not be over 200 words and must contain 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.]

Well Rebuked.

On a recent stormy night a man was hastening home with his overcoat buttoned up to his neck. He was anxious to know what time it was, but was too lazy to unbutton his coat to get at his watch.

He saw a well-dressed man in the distance, and remarked to himself:

"I'll ask this gentleman the hour of the night, and so save myself the trouble of unbuttoning my coat. Sir, do you know what time it is?"

The stranger paused, removed his right glove, unbuttoned his coat from top to bottom, unbuttoned his undercoat and finally pulled out his watch, while the cold wind beat against his unprotected chest.

Holding up the watch so that the light would shine on it, he scrutinized it an instant, and said:

"Yes!"

Then he passed on.

A Beecher Story.

It was only natural that in the Beecher family the name of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe should often be quoted to the younger generation as one having authority.

On one occasion a grandniece of Mrs. Stowe's became very angry at one of her little playmates, and, stamping her foot, said: "I hate you and I don't want anything more to do with you, nor your manservant, nor your maidservant, nor your ox, nor your ass."

Her mother, hearing the outburst, sternly reproved her offspring, asking her if she knew what she was saying.

Little Miss Beecher promptly replied: "Yes, the Ten Commandments."

"Well, do you know who wrote them?"

The child looking much disgusted, answered: "Goodness, yes! Aunt Harriet did, I s'pose."

Delights of England.

The king of Portugal is a man of many accomplishments—splendid shot, excellent swimmer, expert fencer and enthusiastic angler. On the occasion of his recent visit to England he was chatting with a royal host who asked what had impressed him most during his visit. His majesty replied thoughtfully: "Well, I think the English roast beef is very delightful."

"Oh," laughed his royal highness, "but surely something else has impressed your majesty as well?"

"Ah," enthusiastically replied the king, "of course, the English boiled beef is also delightful."

Would Not Contradict.

A young and presumptuous barrister was disputing with Sir James Vaughan, a London magistrate, regarding a certain matter.

The magistrate maintained that his point of view was the correct one, whereupon the barrister exclaimed: "In that case, then, I am a liar!"

"Well," remarked Sir James Vaughan, as he smiled sweetly over the court, "it is scarcely for me to contradict a personal statement of that kind."

Bird in the Hand.

From the Boston Post.

On a cabbage patch owned by a negro in a southern community oil was found. Speculators offered the negro $20,000, which was accepted without waiting to consider another proposition, said to be worth $40,000.

"What is this about your cabbage patch?" inquired a neighbor of the negro. "I understand you have sold it for $20,000?"

"Yas, that's true, boss," replied the negro. "You see, men come picking 'round my place, an' dey say dar's oil heah. Dey say, 'We gib yo' $20,000.' I say 'All right.'"

"I am told if you had waited a day or two you might have sold it for $40,000."

"Yas, dat mebbe so; but a bird in the han's th' nobles' work of God!"

BIRDSEYE VIEWS of TIMELY TOPICS

SMALL CHANGE.

Are you going to celebrate?

• •

Don't try to be somebody else.

• •

There'll be picnic weather yet.

• •

Perhaps it will clear up in July.

• •

What is so damp as a day in June?

• •

Finest summer resort on earth—Portland.

• •

Good evening; how'd you vote for sheriff today?

• •

No use of anybody trying to head off the Bryan boom.

• •

The law of life is payment. You have to pay, somehow.

• •

Where is a prettier sight than a fine young dairy cow?

• •

The particularly important thing is a north side jetty.

• •

How about those normal schools? Don't all speak at once.

• •

Some of us have to see America first, and only a little spot of it at that.

• •

A little wind, and a little rain,
And then it blew, and rained again.

• •

Chesterfield said: You had better return a fan gracefully than give a thousand pounds awkwardly.

• •

Now is when you can get a job o' haying, if you want to—but probably you are afraid of catching hay fever.

• •

Teddy will soon get rid of congress, but he still has the little 30-cent republic of Panama on his hands and will have to spank it occasionally.

• •

More mighty than the fire is she,
More dread than the earthquake tilt;
When Bridget burns a porterhouse,
It cannot be rebuilt.—Puck.

• •

Mary had a little lamb
That gamboled on the street;
An automobile came along!—
Now Mary's lamb is meat.
—Brooklyn Life.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS.

Lake County Development league active.

• •

Water-carrying ditches are revolutionizing the face of the country around Baker City.

• •

A man can make a living for a good-sized family on 20, 10 or even 5 acres, in many parts of Oregon.

• •

Oregon has brilliant prospects for large crops in every section of the state, and universal prosperity is promised to all productive industries. The spirits of Lake county farmers and stockmen were never more buoyant, says the Lakeview Herald.

• •

Weston Leader: Fertile farms near Weston valued now at $100 an acre and which are hardly worth this amount for wheat production, should sell readily at $150 to $200 an acre if divided into small tracts. The owner might very easily "eat his cake and have it, too," by selling half his land at the present valuation of the whole. He would also do a good turn for the community and the value of his remaining land would be enhanced.

• •

Prineville Review: Report has it that the governor administered a well-merited snub and rebuke to the chief knocker of Bend upon the occasion of the reception over there Tuesday evening. The Review is sorry to see any citizen receive a snub from the governor of the state, even though it be deserved; but the aforesaid snubbed knocker should bury his hammer and disinter the spade, becoming thereby a useful member of society instead of a drag.

• •

Astoria Budget: A party headed by a number of former San Francisco men is engaged in an investigation with a view of interesting capital in the construction of a huge breakwater a short distance below the mouth of the Columbia river and then digging a ship canal leading from the lower harbor to a connection with the ocean at this breakwater. The object of the scheme would be to avoid crossing the bar and that a channel could be easily provided that would accommodate the deepest draft vessels. Of course the plan would be to charge tonnage tolls on all vessels using the canal.

Letters From the People on Topics of Current Interest

Oregon Humane Society.

Portland, June 23.—To the Editor of The Journal—As a comparative stranger here and a subscriber to your paper, I take the liberty of writing you for some information. Have you a humane society in this city? If so, where situated and what are the rules, regulations, dues, time of meeting, mode of obtaining membership, etc. M. M. L.

[Judge Alfred F. Sears Jr. is president of the Oregon Humane society, W. T. Shanahan is corresponding secretary of the society, and its office is at 350 Alder street. The board of directors meets for the transaction of business on the first Friday of each month, and the annual meeting is held in March. Further information can be obtained at the office of the society.—Ed.]

Complains of Discrimination.

The Dalles, Or., June 22.—To the Editor of The Journal—Would you please let me know through your paper whether there is a law in the state against railroads discriminating between two business houses, as I have a hotel in The Dalles and the Umatilla hotel is on the other side of the street. When the O. R. & N. trains stop between the hotels the car doors are shut on my side of the street and open on the Umatilla house side, so that the passengers can be driven into the Umatilla house, where they have to pay 50 cents a meal, when they can get a better meal for 25 cents on the other side of the street. I have communicated with J. P. O'Brien. He promised me he would investigate the business and see what could be done about it. I sent in a petition with over 100 names of the business men and citizens of The Dalles to have the car doors open on the south side of the street when they stop at the Umatilla house, but they paid no attention to it. Now, all I want is a fair deal with the other house. All the trainmen work and solicit trade for the other house, from the conductors down, so you can see what a lot of grafters the railroad people are. The doors were open on the south side for two years. When the hotel was burned down the people could get off or on the train from either side, but as soon as I built it up again the railroad employes shut the door. They say that is the orders of the officials of the road. You can print this letter if you wish. Yours very truly, R. B. GILBRETH.

Hansbrough's Congressional Career.

Woodville, Or., June 25.—To the Editor of The Journal—I would like the following question answered through your valuable paper: Has H. C. Hansbrough of North Dakota ever been elected to congress from North Dakota? If so, please give the year, and oblige,

READER.

[The first Republican state convention held in North Dakota after its admission to statehood in 1889 nominated H. C. Hansbrough as representative in congress and he was elected. In 1891 he was elected United States senator, an office to which he was reelected in 1897 and again in 1903.—Ed.]

THE SEARCH FOR AN HONEST MAN, WITH EXPLANATORY DIAGRAM