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HARRY LANE'S DEMOCRACY

THE Democratic party in Portland has one man who is distinctly entitled to its loyal, unswerving support in the coming mayoralty campaign, and that man is Harry Lane. It will be an honor to the party if he seeks a re-nomination at its hands.

A handful of Democratic politicians have undertaken to throw cold water on Lane's candidacy, asserting that his platform is not in accord with the principles of the party. If this assertion is made in good faith—which we doubt—then those who advance it are too narrow, too bigoted and too blindly partisan to deserve a hearing.

Mayor Lane has declared that in the event that he seeks a second term he will go before the people pledging himself to do his full duty by them, "unswayed by motives of private friendship or partisan advantage."

THE SONG OF SUBSIDY

IN HIS letter to a Nebraska congressman, the president says the country has lost something by failure of the late congress to pass the ship subsidy bill. The "country" lost \$850,000 a year in the 50s trying by subsidies to make a paying business out of the Collins steamship line between Boston and Liverpool.

NICE GRAFT IN GLASS

GOVERNOR PENNYPACKER of Pennsylvania, it will be remembered, denied that there had been any graft worth mentioning in the construction of the state capital, and the Republican machine, notwithstanding the showing of stealing made, was able to carry the state last November, but the investigating committee continues to unearth items eloquent of graft, which, however, the people of Pennsylvania appear to like.

no discernible effect in building up either commerce or shipping between the two countries, and the subsidy was withdrawn with the consequence that the line was discontinued. The scheme to get something out of nothing by bounty from government failed utterly as all such schemes always will, and ought to. Four years afterward, when the effort to revive the Brazilian subsidy was brought before congress, Mr. Cannon, now speaker, declared on the floor of the house at Washington: "Beginning with the year 1847, down to the present time we have paid out of the treasury over \$21,000,000 for the purpose of establishing steamship lines. Seven million dollars would buy all the steamship lines engaged in commerce that sail under the American flag on every ocean in the world, and more than that, the subsidizing of these steamship lines from the Collins line in 1850 up to the present time, has bankrupted every prominent man that ever favored it."

When the present mail subsidy bill was passed in 1891, it was the howl of the subsidists that it would revolutionize shipping and build up a great foreign commerce in American ships. After 16 years of it, with more than \$3,000,000 a year paid from the treasury in mail subsidies the same gang howl that our foreign commerce is carried in foreign ships, that our flag is off the ocean, and that more subsidy is needed.

Wherein does the record confirm the president's view that the "country" lost something when the late subsidy bill failed?

BEATEN BY PARTIVISM

THE Republican candidate for mayor at Fort Dodge, Iowa, was beaten two to one by a "citizens" candidate, who happened to be a Democrat, and the Fort Dodge Messenger, a Republican paper, says the Republican candidate "had a hard current to withstand, and it was too strong for him. Republicans voted against him because he was a party candidate. His excellent qualifications and fitness for the place were disregarded."

This is putting the case rather strong, we imagine, and suspect that the "citizens" candidate was the better man, but the Sioux City Journal, an extremely partisan paper, takes the statement seriously, and says: "It is not a joke, nor is there reason to conclude the Messenger knows not whereof it speaks when it makes the assertion. A good man adequately qualified for the office is defeated for mayor of a Republican city in a Republican county in a Republican state in a Republican nation. And the explanation is that 'Republicans voted against him because he was a party candidate.' The corollary is that Republican voters elected a Democrat because he was not a party candidate, but was running on a 'citizens' ticket."

There is undoubtedly a good deal of this sort of sentiment throughout the country when it comes to city elections. Many people think that municipal affairs should be divorced from party, that party should be entirely ignored in electing city officers, the same as in electing school directors or church trustees, and the predominance of Republican or Democratic voters is not sufficient to pull the candidate of the dominant party through, as against a non-partisan or minority party candidate, one who regards solely the interests of the people and but slightly if at all the claims of a party.

This tendency to independence of party ties is bound to extend further—has indeed done so already in many cases—and elect the minority party candidate if a majority of the people believe he is the better man to serve their interests. Hence we see candidates of the minority party elected governors of some states, and occasionally a member of congress of the dominant party defeated. Even in presidential campaigns independent voting is becoming common. Hundreds of thousands of Democrats voted for Roosevelt in 1904, who may not only vote for a Democrat next year, but many Republicans may go over the line with them. The people will more and more strive for the best, and regard party lines less and less.

done at \$3.75 per square foot; the contractor charged \$20 per square foot. A firm furnished certain glass panels for \$260, for which the state paid \$1,315. Some things the state paid for went into private buildings. Altogether, in the one item of glass, the state was swindled out of over \$110,000. And the stuff was not the cheapest sort, and some of it was not fastened in place. But there was no graft, so said Pennypacker. And if there was, the people like it.

STEEL TRUST FIGURES.

THE STATEMENT of the United States steel corporation for 1906 shows that its gross sales for that year amounted to \$696,756,926. The number of employees was 202,457, and they were paid \$147,765,540, an average of a little less than \$735 for the year. The net earnings for the year amounted to \$156,624,273.

These figures show, first, that the net earnings amounted to about 23 per cent of the gross sales. That is, protected by the robber tariff, the steel trust was able to make 23 per cent profit in its business, whereas an unprotected business man would be satisfied and pleased with one-half as much net profit.

It appears, second, that the net earnings were larger than the amount of wages paid to employees. That is, each employe earned not only his wages, barely enough for his support, but also earned a still larger amount of net profit on his work for the trust. The average workman who was paid \$735 earned \$1,508, of which \$773 went to the trust.

Here is wherein a grievous inequity of the protective tariff system appears. The people are taxed an enormous amount on steel products under the guise of protecting American labor, but the tariff doesn't do this; the trust hogs all the money wrong from the people—pays the workman \$735 and pockets \$773 more than he has earned. The people would not object so much to paying the heavy tax if the workmen got the benefit, or a fair share of it, but they don't. Not a dollar.

The steel trust makes over 100 per cent profit on the wages paid. The employes receive about 21 per cent of the gross sales, and yet the tariff—"to protect American labor"—is about 50 per cent. If there were any truth in the labor protection theory 21 per cent would be ample, if foreigners worked for nothing, but the fact is that American steel manufacturers need no protection whatever, as their sales abroad show. Their only need of it is legalized authority to plunder the American people.

TWENTY ACRES ENOUGH.

A NEBRASKA man, who not only practices but preaches intensive farming, and who lets his light shine, recently said: "People of moderate means should not farm too much land. A man can start on a 20-acre farm. Forty acres may do him, 80 is enough, 160 an abundance, 320 acres a misfortune, 640 acres a calamity."

This man was raised on a six-acre farm in Switzerland, hence was prepared to make the most of a small tract of land in this country, and, though there is a vast amount more of room here than in Switzerland, an increasing number of Americans will need to make a living on small tracts of land, and stories of small farmers' success are interesting and instructive.

After renting land for three years, this young Swiss had a capital of \$275 and bought 20 acres of rough, partly cleared land at \$12.50 an acre, paying \$100 down. People laughed at him, but he worked and studied his soil, also the nearest market. This was seven years ago, and now he has the land all producing—fine fruit, potatoes and other vegetables, fancy seed corn, alfalfa, clover and other grasses and berries. He has a neat house, keeps a team and two milch cows, lives in comparative ease and luxury, and makes a neat surplus every year. He sometimes makes most on corn, again on potatoes, again on pears, but always has one or more crops that yield a substantial profit, sometimes as much as \$100 an acre net.

We have epitomized this story of a Nebraska small farmer because we ran across it in the Twentieth Century Farmer, published in Omaha, but have no doubt many an equally good story could be "dug up" nearer home. At least, such should be the case, for if a man can do so well in the severe climate of Nebraska, where a large fraction of his profits must go to feed his animals and buy fuel, how much better one could do on 20 acres of good soil in Oregon that he might buy now for perhaps \$10,000.

turned off, an industrious, intelligent farmer would make a living and a profit and find 20 acres amply sufficient and more satisfactory than a larger farm. This is what Oregon needs—thousands of farmers on an average of 20-acre farms, well tilled.

Mr. Harriman advances the president's own letters to prove that the latter was not entirely candid, did not tell quite the whole truth or present the whole case in his recent published denial. This seems to be a curiously common incident with the president—to give an opponent a little the worst of it in presenting the facts. He seems to act on the principle that he could do or say nothing wrong, and, if he did, it is false to say so.

Mr. Harriman says he contributed \$50,000 of his own money to that boodle fund. But there may well be doubts as to whether it was really Harriman's money any more than the insurance companies' contributions was theirs.

Mr. J. J. Hill has resigned his presidency, but will retain sufficient connection with the Great Northern so that he will not have to pay fare when he travels over it.

Did the president think he was engaged in pure politics when consulting with Harriman, spokesman of the corporations and trusts, about how to carry New York?

A general always wants great and constant preparations made for war, and to an admiral the paramount question is always a great navy.

Kentucky is preparing another homecoming week, but ex-Governor Taylor, who left when Governor Goebel was killed, will not go back.

There are a good many Republicans yet whose friends think they would cash make a good mayor. Nothing like trying, gentlemen.

Really, Wall street ought not to fly off the handle very easily now, with Cortelyou ready to afford relief at any moment.

Bachelors and Old Maids

In Fort Dodge, Iowa, you must marry or pay the piper, in other words the city council. They have no use for old maids and old bachelors in Fort Dodge. Incidentally they evidently consider a woman marriageable until she is 48. All bachelors and spinsters between the ages of 25 and 48 are requested to marry or pay a fine of not less than \$10 or more than \$100, according to the pertinence of the person or persons unmarried.

The bachelors being set in their ways will probably pay the fine. But what will the spinsters do, pay or "explanation" themselves. A woman may not have the money to pay, but will she say, "please, sir, I am a spinster and nobody ever asked me to be anything else" "I fancy not."

There are few women, however, who go through life without a chance to marry. The right man may not ask them, or perhaps they don't know their own minds or the man of their choice has proved false. There are dozens of reasons why women don't marry.

When a spinster meets a man who pretends to probe the reasons for a man preferring a forlorn old bachelorhood to a happy home.

First of all, perhaps, he hates to give up his bachelorhood. He is selfish and hates to give up half of his income and assume the responsibility of a wife and family.

Then, of course, there are some men who are obliged to support their parents or sisters, and for them marriage is almost out of the question.

The authorities at Fort Dodge may help along matrimony in various ways, but I have much doubt if they will actually bring about any marriages.

Anyway, the man who only marries because he does not want to pay a \$10 fine, is not a good husband. He is a man who will go to the bottom of the sea.

Old maids are not nearly as forlorn as old bachelors. A woman can turn a hall bedroom into a really cozy little home and carry on a very successful and knick-knack shop with her to make a home wherever she goes.

Alice Neilsen in "La Boheme"

By C. M. H.

"La Boheme," sung by Alice Neilsen and an Italian company under the direction of Henry Russell, attracted an audience that nearly filled the Heilig theater yesterday afternoon. The pieces may be ranked with the stately operas of the old school. The performance was a mixture of quaint comedy and pathos. Puccini's music evoked extraordinary enthusiasm, and the singers were repeatedly recalled at the end of each act.

"La Vie de Boheme," a novel written by Henri Murger about 1855, was the first ambitious work depicting the student life of the Latin quarter. It deals with four or five male and female vagabonds who sing, paint and write, and starve for the most part of the time. The opera opens with a restless room, an empty cupboard, a painter whose hands are so cold he cannot paint, and a writer whose prose is worthless except for fuel—a use he happily makes of it in order to warm the willows bodies of himself and companion.

The performance held the close attention of the audience, and Miss Neilsen succeeded in making the final despatch seem so fetching that women wept. It was partly funny and partly pathetic, and so well away from the ordinary that it was entertaining.

There should be no question about Puccini's music. The themes of his opera is well sustained throughout the work, and its musical climax, unlike that of the story, is reached at the end of the last act.

Nobody will charge Miss Neilsen with singing sympathetically, but as Mimi her acting is decidedly effective. Signor Constantino, the tenor who sang Rodolfo, possesses a voice of fine feeling and truthfulness.

The unique costumes, the simplicity of it all, even the trivial nature of the lyrics, and the actors in the drama, made up a production that was interesting for its novelty. The music by an Italian orchestra of 50 players, working every moment in harmony with the story, made the performance above the standard by which the most dramatic qualities of the story could be judged.

"Carmen" Closes Engagement. By G. I. W. There is a question which was the more enjoyable of the operatic season, "La Boheme" or "Carmen." Each was perfect in its way.

The company showed the widest appreciation of "Carmen" last night of the performances, and the brilliant Mademoiselle Perle, who has reason to rejoice at the manner of her reception. She was of course the central figure on the stage and her airs and graces, her open coquetry and wild passion, her impulsive and rapidly changing moods, were so perfectly portrayed that one loved her in spite of her utter heartlessness.

Monsieur Martin's Don Jose was satisfactory and his clear, pure tenor was received enthusiastically, even though it may have lacked fire at some moments. Of course the Toreador music sung by Signor Galpieri and the excellent chorus brought down the house because of its familiarity, and had to be repeated. The minor solo parts were well sustained. Both the chorus and orchestra did the work of the evening. The flare of color with which "Carmen" abounds was faithfully produced by the players, and Signor Conti again covered himself with glory for the faultless manner in which he controlled his instruments. The introductory music to all the acts was set by itself.

As for the chorus, every one spoke of the "La Boheme" chorus. They could sing and did. Their spirit was unflinching throughout all the performances—a splendidly trained chorus with excellent voices—and, after all, that is what a chorus opera. The ballet dancers deserve mention, for they were clever indeed.

"Hence, Loathed Melancholy!" Would you write a song for me? Make it full of jollity. Make it thrill with fancy free. You are a girl, frivolity, Let no tears creep into the strain—Life is too short for weeping. Time that was will never again Come with the same glad leaping.

Would you paint a picture grand? For my walls adorning? Paint it full of flowers and Sunshine of the morning. Let clouds of amber hue. Come with darkling shadows To steal away the summer hue. Above my gladsome meadows.

Would you write a book to fill My heart with life and cheer? Write it full of throbs and thrills Of love, of youth, of pleasures. Let no tears creep into the strain Of pages you are doing. Life is a book—once passed, again 'Twill bear no reviewing.—Horace Haymour Keller.

Small Change

We still predict that spring is coming. Now get ready to tell trout fishing yarns.

It is the open season for printing "speckled beauties." After committing murder young James did the next best thing.

We have never shed a tear yet because trout refused to bite when others went fishing. It is to be feared that the Chaw call will get back on the first page for a little while.

A panic in Wall street affects the country about as much as a flea-fight on an elephant. In shooting at chauffeurs who don't observe the speed law, be careful not to hit any innocent bystanders.

Now, if Tatt's bulk and Fairbanks' length could be combined, what a fine candidate the Republicans would have.

An Ohio Democrat predicts that Bryan will carry every state in the Union. Oh, there might be some doubt about Pennsylvania.

A Massachusetts Democrat is 164 years old. But as he is not a millionaire, he has no chance of being nominated for vice-president.

"Let the sleeping ancestors lie," says a Philadelphia paper. But how can they lie when asleep? And can't living Philadelphians do lying enough?

Revolvers are good things occasionally for certain purposes, but they are greatly misused, and the world would be better off if they were outlawed.

The Chinese consul might get rid of his troublesome office, but probably he is like most American office-holders and doesn't like to resign when under fire.

The most remarkable thing about the Chicago election was that Teddy did not send a cabinet officer or two out to tell the Chicagoese how they must vote.

John D. Rockefeller Jr. has broken down in health again and says he will have to rest. We fear this young man is carrying too heavy a load of goodness.

A benefit in Boston for Henry Clay Barnabee of "The Bostonians" netted him \$12,000, and the millions of admirers hope there's no bad luck in the amount.

The sheriff turned over just \$178,000 to the treasurer the other day, but as it wasn't in \$1,000 bills it is not believed to be the same money that was lost from the Chicago sub-treasury.

Not many women would have so frankly acknowledged the truth under similar circumstances as did the woman who said the beating her husband gave her did her good, kept her at home. But she may have to admit some day that she has too much of a good thing.

Oregon Sidelights

Springfield is suffering a fuel famine. A creamery for Baker City is said to be assured.

Ashland expects to be burning "home coal" by next fall. One day last week 133 cases of eggs left Silverton for Portland.

It is expected that a Catholic church building will soon be erected in Free-water. The Lexington creamery, built last year at a cost of \$4,500, will soon start up.

Many walnut trees and loganberry plants are being set out in Yamhill county. A man who bought 340 acres in Sams' valley for \$18,000 will plant most of it in fruit.

Antonia expects a big flouring mill and other good things as a result of Mr. Hammond's visit this spring. Though shearing machines are used extensively, western Oregon marshes have laid in an immense stock of sheep shears.

A Springfield young woman brings her umbrella over the head of a young man who in consequence gave up his job of section boss and left. Falls City will spend this year \$5,000 on a water system. \$4,000 an school-house and grounds, and \$50,000 will be spent on a light system, and perhaps \$40,000 on new buildings.

Prineville Review: The Review office had its windows washed yesterday. This is the first time such an operation has taken place since 1878, and the editor is now able to sit in his office chair and see clear across the street.

Juniper wood used in Prineville comes from points 25 miles distant and two cords is a good load for a heavy wagon. It is retailed hereabout at \$5.50 a cord, and seeing that two days are used up in cutting and hauling, the wood man cannot make more than laborer's wages on the trip. What Prineville needs is a handy coal mine.

Within the past five years livestock of every kind in this county has been up-bred to a degree of high perfection equalled in few sections of the United States, says the Baker City Democrat. Cattle, sheep and hogs have been increased in value more than 50 per cent by the inbreeding of high-grade animals.

Muckle Bros. of St. Helens have sold their Deer Island ranch to the American Timber company for a consideration supposed to be \$16,000. The purchasers appear to be buying all the land they can secure in the Deer Island neighborhood, whether improved or unimproved, and it is believed it is their intention to colonize it in small tracts.

Moro Observer: Whether the finding of an ancient Egyptian coin at Konkh by the son of J. O. Thompson is to lead to connection between the springs at DeMoss and the pyramids is the uppermost question now in many Shasta county minds. It is certainly a very remarkable coin, and its history would be intensely interesting.

Setting the Date. From the Birmingham Post. An author was once called upon to pay a bill he owed. The creditor spoke strongly, and insisted upon some definite date being mentioned for settlement. "Certainly," the author replied, "though there seems to be a rather unnecessary commotion about this trifling matter, I will pay the bill as soon as I think of it after receiving my money which a publisher will pay me in case he accepts the novel which I will write—and send him just as soon as I feel in an energetic mood after a really good idea for a plot has occurred to me."

The Brainstorm Cocktail. From the New York World. The "Brainstorm Cocktail" is the new drink that has come to occupy an important position on upper Broadway. It was invented last night by some thirty wanderers who were seeing New York from the top of a water wagon. This is it: "Take a very tall glass, fill with ginger ale, chop a lot of ice very carefully, fill the glass and let it fizz."

The New Fad. From the Cleveland Plain Dealer. "Heard the latest craze? 'No, what is it?' "Collecting pictures of Evelyn Nesbit. 'That's it. A friend of mine has 45 different ones she clipped from the local papers, and she thinks the New York dailies will net her about 700 more.'