

THE JOURNAL

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LET THE PEOPLE KNOW. SO FAR Chairman Calkins of the Republican central committee, has not declined to reply to Democratic Chairman Montague's proposal for a joint discussion between Mayor Lane and Mr. Devlin upon municipal affairs.

Yesterday Chairman Montague submitted another very reasonable proposal to Chairman Calkins, namely, to make public all campaign expenses. As Mr. Montague suggests, everything pertaining to an election is public business, that the people have a right to know all about.

THE WHEAT SHORTAGE. THE LATEST government report helps to furnish occasion for the rise in "future" wheat. Since last fall, according to this report, 11.2 per cent of the crop then seeded, or 3,533,000 acres, have been abandoned, leaving to be harvested 28,132,000 acres of winter wheat, 1,468,000 acres less than was harvested last year.

PORTLAND AND EASTERN OREGON.

WE CAN but suspect that most of the Harney county men whose names are appended to a communication published Wednesday signed it without knowing or carefully considering its contents. The people up there are generally intelligent and broad-minded, and we cannot believe that so many of them deliberately and with full apprehension of the contents of this composition, made all their sentiments and expressions their own.

THE JOURNAL is informed that it was mistaken in representing Judge Sears as having made a partisan speech at a recent Republican rally. Being present at a Republican meeting, and repeatedly called on, he responded briefly, but did not thereby commit himself to partisanship in municipal government, and believes, with The Journal, that a judge should refrain from active participation in partisan campaigns.

THE WASHINGTON Post, a paper owned by John R. McLean, a man who calls himself a Democrat, says that the direct primary law is "a craze of government by the mob." Well, let us have "government by the mob" then, as an agreeable

region larger than the state of Ohio; a region without a mile of railroad within its borders; a region greater in resources of wholly undeveloped wealth than all the rest of this state put together.

Truly Portland ought to do everything in its power to "open up" and help develop and in every way advance and benefit that immense region, of which the Harney valley is a large and important section, and we believe that Portland is realizing more and more its duty and its privilege in this respect—for whatever develops and benefits that region helps Portland.

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THEORY VS. PRACTICE.

WHEN Mr. Devlin was writing his opinions on municipal government some years ago, evidently not having "the worst elements of society" in mind as an asset in a future campaign of his own, he expressed an opinion concerning the baleful effect on city officers of such support, which is quoted in a communication from Mr. J. Hennessy Murphy published on this page. It surely is very important that "integrity, honor and ability," should "prevail," not only in the city council but in the mayor's office, but Mr. Devlin has himself said that this cannot be so unless "the demands of the worst elements" are "disregarded."

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Letters From the People

Mr. Devlin Was Not Then a Candidate.

Portland, May 18.—To the Editor of The Journal—Since in the abundance of caution or something else, it has been found that I had taken the name of the girl hung around with a number of his braves to smoke the pipe of peace and strengthen the good will between his people and the English. The commander fell in with Pontiac's suggestion, and a date was set for the meeting.

It is also true that the ignorant, vagrant and purchasable element comes almost wholly from the non-taxpaying class, and their only interest in election is the price they may receive for their votes.

THE PASSING OF THE MACHINE. From the Ohio State Journal. The day of the gang and the machine is ended, because the people are reaching the heights of political duty and propose to attend to it. There is not soon some time when a man who ignores his obligations as a voter will be held in contempt by the people, as any other man who refuses to assist in a righteous cause. This ignoring political duty because political duty is being what makes "dirty politics"; and every man who holds himself above it lowers himself to the level of the gangster.

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How Detroit Was Dinkelspiel Writes Small Change

By Rev. Thomas B. Gregory.

On the afternoon of May day, 1763, Pontiac, the famous Ottawa chief, called on the commander of the English garrison at Detroit and proposed to him that a council be called to the fort, to which he should come with a number of his braves to smoke the pipe of peace and strengthen the good will between his people and the English.

Before the day for the meeting arrived a beautiful Ojibway maiden stood at the gate of the fort with a present for the commander—a pair of moccasins and a necklace of wampum. The maiden was in love with Major Gladwin, and the gift came straight and warm from her heart.

Having delivered the moccasins and received the major's thanks for the same the girl hung around as though something of great weight was pressing upon her mind, and finally she informed Gladwin that Pontiac had evil designs upon the garrison, that he had caused his warriors to file off the barrels of their rifles so that they might be hidden under their blankets, and that thus armed they would come to the council when, at Pontiac's signal, they were to slay the commander and the entire garrison.

It was on the 8th day of May that the dusky maiden gave the warning, and on the following day Pontiac and 60 of his braves, with blankets about them, entered the gate of the fort.

Within the blockade he saw 125 white men armed to the teeth, calm, but prepared for anything that might happen. "Why," asked the wily chief, "do I see so many of my father's people standing about with guns in their hands?" "It is a custom with us," replied Gladwin, "whenever we receive distinguished guests."

In silence the chief and his warriors stalked on to the council house, where they seated themselves in the customary circle. Pontiac made a speech full of friendship for the English in general and the Detroit garrison in particular, and presently sat down without giving the signal that had been agreed upon between his men and himself.

While they were wondering at the strange turn that things had taken, Gladwin, with resolute tread, approached Pontiac and, lifting a corner of his blanket, lifted his rifle and the company's attention to the concealed rifle.

"Your treachery has been uncovered," Pontiac, and you and your warriors are deserving of death, but this once you will be forgiven. Let it not happen again, however, lest the white man's vengeance overtake you."

In sudden silence the Indians passed out from the fort into the wilderness, amazed at the supernatural intelligence of the palefaces.

A Unique Intoxicant

By Rev. Thomas B. Gregory.

Ordinarily when a man gets drunk he is sure to do something that he would not do if sober—something ludicrous, or indiscreet, or even criminal, that makes him feel mightily ashamed when he regains the "living perpendicular," and is once more himself.

But in the ordinary consequence of overindulgence in strong drink, as we know strong drink in this part of the world.

But, lo! the word comes to us from Darkest Africa that the explorers have discovered a beverage that acts just the reverse of our civilized whiskey, rum, gin, etc.

The tribesmen in the district referred to are at their worst when sober—thieves, robbers, murderers and everything else that they should not be, but when they get drunk they are transformed into saints and angels.

The great Pascal declared that the Pyrenees divided the decalogue into two hostile camps, right on one side of the mountain, wrong on the other. The dixit of the famous Frenchman finds its modern illustration in the case in point.

Sober, the Congo negroes are as immoral a set as ever disgraced the planet, but when once thoroughly "under the influence" they are, morally speaking, the "pinks of perfection" and the worthy examples of the elect of the earth.

It seems that they are no sooner within the spell of their favorite drink than they are moved to confess all the wrong they did when sober. If they have stolen anything, they confess their thefts, if they have robbed or murdered, they make a clean breast of the horrible business, and long before they have passed from under the influence of their potations they have cleaned their consciences as far as confession is concerned, fully atoned for all their wrong-doing.

President Lincoln, as all the world knows, once advised all of his generals to drink the brand of whiskey that Grant drank, and it strikes me that it would not be a bad thing, as a sort of temporary arrangement, to import a few thousand gallons of this Congo liquor to be religiously dealt out to certain parties in our own country.

The revelations that would be sure to follow would be to us a great moral gain.

Small Change

By George V. Hobart.

Main Leiber Looney—Ve had received your letter from Inchnaples, Inchnunna, and ve was glad to hear dot your heart was enoyahble und not mit-oud its compensations, alreity.

Ve vas all veil at home mit der egression dot your mother has started to build a vegetable garden oold back of der house.

After your mother hat come py der conclusion dot a vegetable garden would be a nice idea around der house she composed herself into a Board of Directors on der subject.

Der Board of Directors got together und I vas elected cheneral manager of der chob, unimously.

I vas also elected chief of construction und insulting engineer.

Ve vas elected owner of a spade und a pick und a rake und a bin in der back.

I hafe to wood mit my ankies in der mut up to my elbows und dig der contents oold of der earth vile der Board of Directors leas efer der fence und critickeas my vortmanship.

Der Board of Directors aggreas to raise parsnips, carrots, beets, cabbages, lima beans, baked beans, tomatoes, lettuce, cucumbers, sweet peas, asparagus und canned salmon oold of der garden.

Speaking as der insulting engineer I doord expect to raise anyding except malaria.

Small Change

By George V. Hobart.

A riot of foliage and flowers does no harm. Even the walking can't be good in fiven.

The Heavens seem to like the place at the foot. May still seems inclined to put on those Boston airs.

We shall soon have to read Oyster Bay dispatches again. Some people go to peace conferences a-purpose to stir up a row.

Some people e'en wish for more and larger peeks in the waists. There will be no free water, but there must be cheaper water.

As soon as the eastern snowstorms are over, the sunstrokes will begin. Still, before many weeks pass we may think this was delightful weather.

It would seem that Paris Green would be a harmonious dose for the green bug. People cannot expect to hire good school teachers at \$50 per month or less.

"Digging is all that is needed," says Uncle Joe Cannon, speaking of the canal. Exactly. If Seattle would take in Tacoma, its population would be increased quite a good deal more.

A good many people are screaming for Roosevelt because they know that he will not be a candidate. It would scarcely do to pardon or be unduly lenient with criminals out of sympathy for their relatives.

This long silence of Mrs. Mac Wood leads to the suspicion that she has received some advance alimony. A southern editor wants to know if anything is so exasperating to a hungry man as cold soup. No soup, perhaps.

You will hear a good speech, whether you agree with everything said or not, if you go to hear Senator Gearin at the Armory this evening. The girl a fellow is in love with might not stand much of a show in a beauty contest, but she is the most beautiful one to him.

Still Mr. Ruef must pardon the public for doubting that he has told the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth about himself. The court will do San Francisco a good service by restraining Mr. Ruef for a few years from carrying out his patriotic design to sid that town to be good.

Smashing furniture is quite a common occurrence, but what the federal authorities are at is trying to smash an alleged furniture trust. Let 'em smash. There are people who believe that T. Roosevelt is imitating J. Caesar in his Lupercal declinations of Antony's offer of a crown, but the circumstances are different.

Henry James says he heard an American woman say "thank you." But American women are discriminating. Hank Jim never did anything deserving of a "thank you."

Oregon Sidelights

A trout 23 inches long was caught in the Neustuca. Rattlesnakes are becoming numerous around Antelope. The Seaside Signal has enlarged, indicating prosperity. Much wool is now being received at and shipped from Vale. Gold Hill will have a street cleaning crusade, children helping. Lexington butter sells 3 cents above the market price in Spokane. New farmers' telephones are becoming numerous around Canyonville. The Toledo Leader thinkslinger Hermann will be elected governor to succeed Chamberlain. At a Morrow county shearing party 2,000 head of sheep a day are sheared. One man averages 200 a day. The Drain Nonpareil represents the stage ride from the coast to Coos bay as "a perfect pleasure dream." Seventy dollars a head is the price paid for a carload of cattle shipped from Corvallis to Portland the other day. They averaged 1,475 pounds. Many visitors from the east are arriving here daily and taking in the copper belt, says the Huntington Herald. But will the copper belt take them in? Male help is so scarce around Hubbard that a number of young women are at work in the hopyards training hops and receive from \$1.50 to \$1.75 a day. Bandon Record: An old speckled "dominick" hen has taken position in the city hall and for the past two weeks held against all comers. As she has still a week to set, she will not be routed until her time is out. A Sodalville farmer reports that a 11-month-old heifer of his gave birth to a well-developed calf, and both will live, but the infant had to be fed on a bottle for two weeks. This is believed to be a record-breaking occurrence. A Sumpter man having spoken in the presence of his middle horse of a trip of several hundred miles he was going to take on horseback, the animal skipped out that night and was found only after several days a long distance away. A Jackson county fruit grower tells the Medford Mail that during the recent storm the halibutones were a half-inch in size and covered the ground four inches deep. It plays havoc with blue fine Comice pears, causing him loss of fully \$5,000; but the apples and other fruit were not damaged very much.