

THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER. C. S. JACKSON, Publisher. Published every evening (except Sunday) and every Sunday morning...

Let us have faith that right makes might and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty.—Abraham Lincoln.

A JOURNALISTIC SKULKER.

WHATEVER the result of the election today, it will have been achieved without any apparent interest having been taken in it during the campaign by the Oregonian, a paper that has been published in this city for more than half a century...

The Oregonian has professed volubly on many occasions to be opposed to "the interests," and though it has broadly intimated that Mr. Devlin was the candidate of "the interests" it has had no word to say against his election...

It is true that the Oregonian, aside from a few surly growls about Republicans voting for Democrats, evinced no opposition to Lane, but what sort of a way is this for an old, notable newspaper to treat its readers when a local campaign is on that aroused the interest of all the people?

If the Oregonian thought that on account of party or for any other reason Mr. Devlin should be elected, it would have been the manly, candid thing to have said so, and given its reasons. If on the other hand it knew that the best interests of the people at large demanded the election of Lane, it was due to its interested and watchful readers to say so, outspokenly, courageously, and give the reasons.

There is no neutrality worthy of aught but contempt in such a case. The people have far more respect, as they ought to have, for an open foe than for a cowardly straddler. Mr. Facing-Both-Ways has been a proper object of contempt ever since moral issues arose between men.

When any battle involving the moral as well as the material welfare of this city is on—and there is indeed a constant warfare, though only once a year or two a pitched battle—the people know where to find The Journal. Its banner is always forth-flung for all to see, and the legend thereon is plain to read; but when any one asks where the Oregonian was in this interesting and important conflict, the answer will be, "In the woods, skulking."

It was enacting Mr. Facing-Both-Ways.

From it readers received no inspiration and but little information. It played throughout the paltry skulker's part.

STATUS OF SALOONS.

THE decisions of two Indiana judges are to become precedents in other cases throughout the country, it will behoove retail liquor dealers to be very careful to observe strictly all laws for the regulation of their business. Indeed, carrying out to its full extent the doctrine of these decisions would involve a suppression of the saloon business altogether.

These are not quotations from the declamations of prohibitionists or temperance advocates, but from the decisions of judges on the bench, men occupying similar positions to our circuit court judges. Judges of higher courts may not agree with this doctrine, and again they may. At any rate, it is evident that not only the great majority of people, but the courts, that see so much of the evil and costly consequences of drunkenness, are becoming weary and intolerant of saloons that do not strictly observe the law, at least.

We believe that lawless saloons, and such as are habitually harbingerers of the vicious and criminal elements of society, especially men who consort with fallen women, should be banished from this city, and in the light of these decisions it is not unreasonable to suppose that the courts would sustain such action, even on testimony that would not convict a man of a specific crime. There has been a great improvement in this city in the matter of dives of the vicious and criminal class during the past two years, but there is work for the dive-killer yet. They deserve no tolerance or mercy, and revenue from them is about the worst kind of tainted money.

Moreover, as we have suggested before, knowledge that saloon-keepers of this class, whether associated with better ones or their purpose or not, are anxious to elect any man of whatever party to a city office, should impel all the rest of the voters of the city to go against that man. Let candidates for municipal office be taught that an alliance with this element of our citizens will insure their defeat. If the saloon-keepers will read these decisions, as above stated, and realize that public sentiment is rapidly tending in the same direction, they will be satisfied to be allowed to pursue their business without attempting to dictate who shall be elected to office.

THE EXAMPLE OF BALTIMORE

NO CITY of the country furnishes a more inspiring example to strugglers for good municipal government than Baltimore, which has fought out its complete deliverance from the philistines and parasites of partisan machine rule and the spoils system. Though a Republican may be elected, it is not because he is backed by a party machine. A Democrat may be elected, though the Democratic machine of the late Senator Gorman is dead. Maryland is Democratic just now, but there is no Democratic machine in the state. The preponderating elements in Baltimore are Republican, but those in office know that an attempt to organize a spoils machine would destroy them officially.

The Baltimore News has been foremost in bringing about these conditions, and its editor, Mr. Charles E. Grasty, recently said to W. E. Curtis of the Chicago Record-Herald: "Fifteen years ago Baltimore was hopelessly ring-ridden. Today she is a city without graft and practically free from bossism." He says that the great difficulty in bringing about this change was the apathy of the public. Both well-to-do citizens and wage-earners were with difficulty aroused to act for their best interests. In Baltimore the fight began on the lottery policy organization, which was allied with the dominant party organization, just as it began here on the gambling trust, which was allied with the city administration. After three years' effort the Democratic machine spoliemen were voted out, just as a

like Republican machine would have been. Mr. Grasty continued:

The Democrats have been successful most of the time, and while there have been occasional manifestations of the old spirit and the old methods, the Baltimore city government has improved constantly from year to year in its standards and in the results obtained. Maryland has a Democratic state administration with which no reasonable Republican can find grave fault, and Baltimore has a Republican administration that has won the commendation of fair-minded Democrats. All of which is the result, not of good fortune, or of a fight made four years ago, or two years ago, in a given election, but of a system. It is the good tree yielding good fruit. Under the system that we have established bad men do good things, just as under the old Gorman-Rasin system personally good men did bad things when they got into office.

That is what is needed in Portland—a people's system; cooperation on the part of the masses of voters, regardless of party, to smash any party or spoils-sucking machine, and making the people's interests as a whole the sole object of municipal administration.

THE NATION'S DRINK BILL.

IT IS rather a curious fact that, according to government statistics, the amount of liquors and beer consumed in the United States is increasing quite rapidly, although the area of prohibition has also increased greatly. The total drink bill of the United States for the current fiscal year, May and June being estimated, will be \$1,667,083,610. Of this vast sum only \$216,228,162 was spent for tea, coffee and cocoa, leaving \$1,450,855,448 for alcoholic drinks and beer. The increase in four years has been \$160,000,000. The total drink bill for five years has been \$7,535,146,287. The American people will consume nearly enough drinks this year to pay the present national debt twice over. In gallons the amounts are as follows: Beer, 1,700,000,000; coffee, 1,610,000,000; tea, 561,740,500; spirits and wines, 140,328,339. Congress appropriates now nearly a billion dollars a year for all governmental expenses. The people drink up over a billion and a half. They drink up one fifth of the value of all the farm products of the United States; the liquor bill is more than the value of the corn crop, double that of the wheat crop, more than twice that of the cotton crop, two and a half times that of the hay crop. For the first time in the country's history more beer, in quantity, will have been drunk this year than coffee—20.20 gallons per capita of beer. There has been a large increase in the consumption of domestic wines. The cheering feature of the subject is that less strong liquors and milder beverages are being consumed. This is a trend toward temperance.

The Waters-Pierce company, a part of the Standard Oil octopus, has "got it," in the shape of fines amounting to \$1,600,000, imposed by a Texas court. This is something like; if the higher courts will promptly affirm this judgment and the branch office is forced to pay the money, we can begin to believe that there is something more than hot air in the trust-busting crusade. But such a result is not to be expected.

There is not much in Collier's exposure of the character and methods of Fairbanks that was not generally known among keenly observant men before. He is a type of politician that finds favor among a large number of people, who will think none the less of him on account of Collier's portrait of him. They like that kind of a statesman, because he is the kind of a statesman that they like.

To a Robin.

By T. A. Daly. From the Catholic Standard and Times. I heard thee, joyous votary, Purr forth thy heart in one Sweet simple strain of melody To greet the rising sun, When he across the morning's verge his first faint beams had flung And found the crimson of thy breast the whisp'ring leaves among.

I marked thee, sorrow's votary, When in the noon of day Young vandals stormed thy sacred tree And bore thine all away. The notes of grief that rent thy breast touched kindred chords in mine. For memories of other days, though slumbering still confine In mine own heart The bitter smart Of sorrow such as thine.

I hear thee now, sweet votary, Beside thy ruined nest, Lift up thy flood of melody Against the crimsoned west, Forgetful of all else in this, thy one sweet joyous strain, I thank thee for this ecstasy of my remembered pain; Thou liftest up My sorrow's cup To sweeten it again.

Found Out at Last.

From the Chicago Journal. E. H. Harriman calls himself "E. Henry Harriman" on the cards he uses in his society rambles. And to think a man who does that could "bank" a whole nation!

Make the Best of Your Life

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

I believe you have anything to do, set your mind on it and turn all the forces of your intellectuality in that direction, just as you would turn the radiances of an electric light upon the room when you wish to seek for something. But this does not signify that you are never to think of any other subject. People who are dominated by one thought or one desire, or one passion, or variation, usually become nervous wrecks or lunatics before they reach middle age.

You will have three times the force of the main object of your life if you turn your mind to other interests in other directions occasionally. If you remain true to your innermost heart to the one purpose everything else that you hear, see, feel or enjoy will contribute to the perfecting of the one ideal and you will at the same time be better equipped to cope with the unforeseen exigencies of mortal existence.

I know a young woman who accepted a business position and who resolved to concentrate her abilities upon the industry of her new occupation, she worked and thought of her occupation; sleeping, she dreamed of it. Many social courtesies were offered her, as she was a brilliant and attractive young woman. Opportunities for self-improvement in various directions opened up for her. She refused all save those which contributed immediately to the advancement of her business. Unless the people who offered her social pleasures were those who could further the progress of her employer she would not accept.

She even abandoned lines of study in which she had made considerable progress, because she felt that they did not contribute anything to the success of her occupation.

At the end of five years the business in which she was employed became a syndicate, and the position offered her therein was so menial and unworthy of her talents that she was obliged to sever her connection with it. Meantime she found herself stranded like a shipwrecked mariner on a strange shore. She had so entirely shut away from herself all the progress of the world in every avenue save the one that she was unprepared for any other occupation.

Had she given the best of her time, thought and strength to the one business enterprise and at the same time accepted whatever benefits the world had to bestow she would have had a larger margin of time for the subject nearest to her heart, while she would have been prepared to fit herself speedily for other occupations.

This sort of concentration never pays. As we go through life we should catch every opportunity of no matter from what source it falls. We should keep ourselves in touch with the world and with humanity. We should welcome knowledge, culture and growth in all directions. Only so doing and by so doing can the human development that we hope to give the best devotion to any one object or person. The moment we begin to narrow our lives and deprive ourselves of any opportunities of wholesome pleasure or mental growth, at once the subject nearest to our hearts, the pathway of the complete success at which we aim. Keep one purpose in view, concentrate your ambitions upon that, but make the best of yourself and your life in every other direction as you advance toward it.

The Play

In such a riot of mirth and laughter as to be almost a disturbance of the peace in the vicinity of Third and Yamhill streets the Baker stock company is closing the first week of its engagement this season. The offerings "Never Again," a farce that has a laugh in every line. "Never Again" is a translation from the French and was produced in America some 10 years ago. It deals with the domestic affairs of a family in Paris and the complications that arise are amazingly amusing.

The cast has been considerably enlarged in order to produce the play and the principals of the company are so assigned that each has a part to which he is especially adapted. As Herr Heinrich Katzenjammer, the great musician, Mr. Edgar Baume has a part in which he revels. It is in such German dialect parts that Mr. Baume shines even to unusual advantage and he gives a faultless interpretation. Second honors undoubtedly belong to Donald G. Howles as Fedor Vignon, a young sculptor, upon whom it falls to delineate the various others in their complicated situations. Mr. Howles does an admirable piece of acting, one of the very best in his Portland career.

The Gleasons share generously in the fun, providing unlimited merriment every time they are on the stage. Miss Maribel Seymour makes the most out of a rather unimportant part and William Dills, as the janitor, gives an excellent interpretation.

Home Dress

By Beatrice Fairfax.

These words are for the women and girls who stay at home.

They are not obliged to dress for the street as are the working girls, and some of them are sadly slovenly in their morning dress.

I often think that if the young man who sees a girl daintily and prettily dressed at 9 p. m. could see the same girl at 9 a. m. the next morning he would be rather disenchanted.

It is not necessary to be stylish and dainty when going about your household work, but it is necessary that you should look neat.

The wife who appears at breakfast clad in a baggy wrapper and with her hair screwed up any old way insults her husband.

If she had invited him to breakfast when he was courting her she would have appeared in immaculately neat attire.

Just because she has won him the foolish creature imagines that she need make no attempt to hold him.

If you want to send your husband off with a pleasant picture lingering in his mind, make yourself look dainty and attractive at the breakfast table.

Don't wear a wrapper; men hate wrappers; they are only intended for bedroom and invalid wear.

Many of you have to cook the breakfast, but that is no reason why you should not wear a neat collar and tie to the table.

Your own people are the people you love best in the world, and yet you are willing to appear before them in your worst guise.

A girl will lounge about the house all day untidily dressed with her hair hanging loose, making absolutely no attempt at neatness.

When she goes out in the afternoon she spares no pains in the effort to appear stylish and attractive.

It is not fair to the young men, girls, a man meets a girl and always sees her at her best. He grows interested in her and naturally jumps to the conclusion that she will make him an excellent wife. He does not realize, however, that she only knows his ideal of her.

Before he asks her to marry him he should call on her some morning when she is not expecting him. He may find her the angel of his dreams, or he may find her a very slovenly, unattractive young person. In either case it is well to know beforehand.

I know that the mother of a large family finds it very hard to appear always as though she had just slipped out of a bandbox. Little hands are sticky and mother's dress is always their resting place. The washing is large and perhaps it is not possible to add to it of three shirtwaists or dresses to it every week.

But if she can manage to have her hair neatly done and her neck neatly arranged she will be a much more attractive looking mother than if she appears slovenly and sloppy.

Husbands are only men, you know, and they do like to see a woman looking her best whether she be young or old.

Remember this, matrons and maids, a man does not know whether you wear silk or cotton, whether you are dressed in the latest style or not, but he always knows whether or not you are neat or slovenly.

Weather Prophecy in Cactus Center.

From the Denver Republican. We are peaceful here in Cactus, and we are not of the kind or camp. But we've had a heap of trouble with a scented weather sharp: He was sent here by the Government, with his charts and wind machine. And a diagram fer tellin' when the rain is wet or mean.

We'd depended on Unk Peters to these long and many years. Fer a prophesayin' weather—so when this sharp appears And some competition enters, we rules thus in the case: The prophet who comes nearest is the one who holds the place.

Well, the first day Unk Sam's man says 'twas sure to rain a bit, And old Uncle Pete says sunshine—and Pete's guessin' made the hit; But the second day Pete lost out, which made the score a tie, And 'twas science 'gainst the goosibles when the third guess time drew nigh.

The weather sharp was anxious, and he figured mighty close, And he didn't sneer at Uncle, nor he didn't laugh or sneer; He guesses fair and warmer, and old Uncle says 'twill blow—And sure enough a norther put us two feet under snow.

So we chased the man of science, 'orst the prairie forty mile; His wind machine we're usin' for a gamblin' wheel awhile; And our old time weather prophet is the best that seems to win 'Cause the weather's been delightful, now that science don't butt in.

Today in History.

1804—Richard Cobden, English statesman, born. Died April 2, 1865. 1808—Jefferson Davis, president of the Confederate States of America, born. Died December 6, 1889. 1833—Joseph Howard Jr., American journalist, born. 1843—King Frederick VIII of Denmark, born. 1853—Paul M. Potter, English dramatist, born. 1865—Prince of Wales, heir-apparent to British throne, born. 1890—President Carnot pardoned the Duke of Orleans, who was escorted out of France. 1894—Six hundred men slain in the defeat of the government troops in Salvador. 1895—General Primo-Rivers, captain-general of Madrid, assassinated. 1896—The Prince of Wales, horse Perismmon won the Epsom derby.

Truth About the Exposition.

Some of the newspapers are doing their best to make it appear that there is a great show at the Jamestown exposition and are criticizing other newspapers for telling the truth about it. Helping the exposition is all very well; everybody wants to do that, but it cannot help the exposition to misrepresent it. Every fair and square newspaper owes the truth to its readers, and in such a case as this the obligation is particularly strong. It costs money to go to the exposition, and three or four times the ordinary prices to stay there a few days. No one wants to go to this expense for nothing, and no one is going to have any confidence in the newspaper that misleads him into the expenditure at this time. Two months from now the exposition will be worth seeing, and those who go later will get something for their money.

A Shining Mark.

From the New York Commercial. Excursion trains just seem to invite wrecks.

Oregon Sidelights

There is not a knocker in Woodburn, asserts the Independent.

A pendleton lawyer has been attorney for the plaintiff in 327 divorce cases.

Klamath people are as yet paying little attention to S. P. lines in that county.

A Harriburg merchant has shipped about 25,000 dozen eggs so far this year.

Curry county is reported to be without a licensed doctor. People are generally enjoying fine health.

Stray dogs caused the death, mostly by piling up, of 180 sheep of a Umatilla county band.

A man bought a large farm in the Walla Walla valley some years ago for \$5,000, and lately sold 20 acres of it for \$10,000.

Gaston correspondence of Forest Grove Times: New buildings, new fences, fresh painted buildings and general improvement is noticed on every side, every man you meet has change in his pockets and good clothes on his back.

Solo News: Senator Miller has his office in quite a good-sized hall in which are located 500 to 600 school books for the various grades and by all of the school-book makers, for the senator's inspection. He is devoting much time and study to the duty that is before him, as a member of the school textbook commission.

Hermiston has a first-class baseball ground.

The government will establish an experimental farm on the Umatilla reclamation land.

The tent caterpillar is numerous in Marion county.

It seems that more things, mostly good, happen in Hood River than anywhere else in the state.

All Walla walla county will celebrate at Enterprise.

The Dalles has the finest mercantile establishments of any city of her size on the coast, alleges the Optimist.

Gradually owners of Mill creek farms, near The Dalles, are putting out more strawberries and their size and flavor can't be beat anywhere. One woman will have over 100 crates.

There is no reason why Eugene should not become a city twice its present size in the next two or three years, if the people now here will work to that end, says the Guard.

The people of Klamath county propose to spend \$3,000 during the next 12 months for the purpose of inducing emigration to that section. Forty thousand pamphlets will be printed for distribution.

A company has started preliminary operations for boring for oil and gas on a tract adjoining Ontario with a portable rig. A 72-foot standard derrick is now in course of erection. It is the purpose of the company to push the development of this field with all haste possible.

Here and Hereafter.

From some other rotating sphere. Suspended in ether or mist, Came I on my journeyings here To keep a millennial trust With nature or with man? And did I, in innocent mirth, Prepare at the place I began For such an existence on earth

While living my life in the sea— Say still in the monera shape, Was I always trying to be My hairy successor, the ape? Or was I, I ask, as a snake Endeavoring solely to find The requisite adjuncts to make The type known today as mankind?

I ask information, my friend, Because of my pastor's dismay; He yawns that my spirit's sole trend Should be toward Heaven today. Oh, must I existence devote To strumming the harp's golden strings? Or eagerly learning to float About on a featherly wing?

Alas, how remorseful my fate If Nature some scheme has in view, And Heaven for my soul does not wait. When this evolution is through, Ah, me, what a sad, woful waste Of energy, patience and bliss! Past and future are not to my taste; I'm built for a world just like this! L. S. Waterhouse.

In Lilac Time.

No sorrow need today approach my door, For he shall find it closed and barred to him; The grief which I have known shall be no more, And e'en their memory shall be faint and dim.

Today will I revisit Fairyland, Say all the coming years seemed fair and bright; With eyelids closed, a blossom in my hand, The past Mays shall surround me till the night.

For when I rose, a fragrance filled the air, Leaving no other place or room; It came like ghosts of dead Mays dear and fair— I looked—and lo, the lilacs were in bloom!

What magic of Arabia vies with this, Which bridges time with but an odor sweet, And leaves you happy with a mother's kiss, Standing behind the years you still must greet? —Ninette M. Lowater.

To Radiate Joy.

From Masterlinck. Before we can bring happiness to others we must first be happy ourselves, nor will happiness abide within us unless we confer it on others. If there be a smile upon our lips, those around us will soon smile, too, and our happiness will become the truer and deeper, as we see others are happy.

Roosevelt Esteemed in Japan.

General Kuroki in an interview: President Roosevelt is known and esteemed in Japan to a degree which you would hardly deem credible. Every schoolboy knows not only his name, but his writings and his deeds. His books are as well known to the school children as are the writings of our own authors.

Small Change

We'll tell you about it tomorrow.

The shouting isn't due 'till tomorrow.

Everybody get ready to make the best of it.

Yet no season is quite all love and poetry.

The strawberry's red, but the price is blue.

This is a June that should go somewhat wet.

Vote as early as possible, and make sure of it.

Think of Uncle Joe dandling a tariff reform baby.

When it's over, let's quick kicking and pull together.

Give politics a rest tomorrow, but keep your eyes open.

A nice rain is often a necessary feature of nice weather.

In the east the snow is mostly off the strawberry vine.

These are glorious mornings to be up early—or to lie in bed.

Roses, fragrance, summer glory, summer girls and mosquitoes.

That fiesta will be lots more beautiful than the Fourth of July.

The more they cost the better they taste—if you can forget.

Go and hear the governor this evening. He's always entertaining.

As usual June bridegrooms will be scarcely worth mentioning, in comparison.

Voting is not only a privilege, but is a duty incumbent on every good citizen.

We hope people the next fall will set out 10,000 acres of strawberries around Portland.

While playing with a loaded revolver a Chicago 4-year-old shot itself. Loaded revolvers are rather dangerous playthings for infants, but some parents seem to think the babies must have them.

Alton B. Parker wants "some good southern man" for the Democratic nominee for president—Thomas F. Ryan presumably preferred. Judge Parker seems to need to be informed that what he wants in this respect is of as little consequence to the Democratic party as what John L. Sullivan wants.

The Commoner: The actress who recovered \$35,000 from a railroad company for the loss of a lower limb in an accident did not break the record. Mr. Cortelyou got more than that by extending the pedal extremities of several of the big insurance and trust magnates.

The Nursery Naturalist.

By Wex Jones. He's a most ferocious youngster, with his hair all rough and frizzly. As he rides the bucking broncho and shoots down the growling grizzly. He has hunted every beastie that's known to plain or jungle, And his rifle, nor his bowie has ever made a bungie. But the bear, he says, is foolish; no better than a dummy. With its silly beads for eyeballs and the sawdust in its tummy; He scoffs at tales of terror that make other children stare, For he hopes the genus Ursus from the nursery Teddy Bear.

Oh, the kid's a great shikari; he has hunted in his bedroom. In the kitchen, in the parlor, and he always has the headroom. For a story of the habits of the brutes his shot has ended. Should you say a dog has savvy, he'd be mortally offended. Since he says the dog's an idiot and a failure as a barker, And beside a mouse at running the doggie's not a marker; Its feet, he says, are rollers, and it's stupid as a log. For he bases his conclusions on the nursery Woolly Dog.

Thus we see the various doctrines that different men declare. Arise entirely from their glimpse of one especial bear. The grizzly bear is mighty fierce; the Teddy Bear won't bite—So hesitate before you laugh; perhaps you both are right.

Postponement Necessary.

A constitutional amendment indefinitely postponing the Fourth of July would seem to be in order if this weather continues much longer.

4 per Cent on Savings Accounts

Interest Compounded Semi-Annually.

The Commercial Savings Bank

EAST SIDE BANK FOR EAST SIDE PEOPLE.

Knott and Williams Ave.

Start a savings account by depositing one dollar and thereafter as much as your earnings will permit.

It will surprise you how fast the account will grow.

George W. Bates, President. J. S. Birrel, Cashier.