

THE JOURNAL

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He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten its cause.—Beecher.

FAIRBANKS' RECEPTION.

THE PORTLAND Press club, not a political, partisan or commercial organization, stepped into the breach yesterday and gave our distinguished visitor, Vice-President Fairbanks, a reception, enough to let him know that it was known in Portland that he was here, and that he was recognized as the vice-president of the United States and a much talked-of candidate for the Republican nomination for president.

And think of the distinguished visitor's entrance into the state, at Goble. At that unromantic station on the bank of the Columbia the vice-president was dumped off, to wait some hours for a down-river train. He was met by nobody, and except for the hospitality of the section boss, who invited him to breakfast, would have suffered from hunger. Then he sat down on a station truck and waited for the train for Astoria.

FAIRBANKS AND FULTON.

TWO THINGS about the Fairbanks reception at Seaside are significant—that the vice-president had no word of praise for the present administration and that Senator Fulton lauded Fairbanks as a high type of statesman, a man than whom no one is better fitted for a leader.

It is true that not all trusts and monopolies are directly founded on or fostered by the high protective tariff, but all are united in its defense, for the extortionate and unconscionable profits which they exact are divided up, so that all are indirectly if not directly protected.

The government is now tilting with its legal bowmen against the tobacco trust, but the beneficiaries of the high duty on tobacco care little if they are scratched a little as to form of organization or detail of operation.

Mr. Fairbanks gained most of his wealth through dealings with and for Morgan and other Wall street high financiers. While senator he sought to get a bill consolidating certain Indiana railroads through the legislature, which was done by the expenditure of many thousands of dollars, Fairbanks pledging himself to

Wall street to secure Governor Durbin's signature. But the governor, though he had been nominated by the Fairbanks machine, balked at this nefarious measure and vetoed it. The Fairbanks machine, for this, drove him out of public life. It put Hemenway, a notorious corporation man, into the senate in Fairbanks' place, and similarly disposed of other offices, except that held by Beveridge, who was too strong with the people. In a word, Fairbanks has always been a corporation, monopoly, trust man, instead of a people's man, and Senator Fulton must know it. What childishness it is to say that Fairbanks is a great leader and statesman because he was pleasant to Fulton when a new senator. If acts of personal courtesy make a man a great statesman, the woods are full of them.

Fairbanks is merely a machine politician. He lauds the McKinley administration because men of the Fairbanks type were then unopposed in whatever schemes they concocted. As senator, Mr. Fairbanks was neither author nor principal sponsor nor advocate of a single measure beneficial to the people or of national consequence. Not a person in the whole country can recall any conspicuous thing he ever did or said for its benefit.

Fairbanks' speeches are what any fledgling lawyer or graduate might deliver on a Fourth of July. Glorious country, splendid government, great people, fine prospects, abundant prosperity, and all that; but for any virtue, striking, progressive thought, flaming with a purpose to benefit the people, pregnant with real progress, the Fairbanks mind is as barren as a desert rock.

On no important question of even local interest or importance has he an opinion worth mentioning. He is all things to all men, being particularly careful, while patting the underlying masses on the back and telling them what good fellows they are, not to offend the big thieves and robbers who are pocketing the lion's share of prosperity.

Mr. Fairbanks is not a bad man, as millionaires and politicians go. He is no worse than thousands of others, is superior in some aspects to many, but he is through and through a type of man whom the country is getting vigorously ready to retire to private life, not advance to higher positions and greater power.

A VAIN FIGHT.

THE Indianapolis News has a peculiarly suggestive cartoon entitled "Government's Uphill Fight Against the Trusts." There the various trusts and beneficiaries of high prices, of boasted prosperity, are congregated, and with darts or arrows easily pick off any foe that Uncle Sam may send up the bare unprotected hill against them. It is true to the life. As long as the high protective tariff stands solid and unmolested, attacks on trusts and monopolies must largely fail, for the high tariff enables and authorizes them to do the very things of whose results the government complains and which by vain tilting it seeks to repress.

It is true that not all trusts and monopolies are directly founded on or fostered by the high protective tariff, but all are united in its defense, for the extortionate and unconscionable profits which they exact are divided up, so that all are indirectly if not directly protected. It is the greatest commune of plunder known in the history of the world, and the one big, safe, reliable breast-work shielding all its members and beneficiaries is the protective tariff.

The government is now tilting with its legal bowmen against the tobacco trust, but the beneficiaries of the high duty on tobacco care little if they are scratched a little as to form of organization or detail of operation. So long as the tariff is maintained the profits will pour in about the same, and will be divided among a few. So with the sugar trust, the harvester trust, the glass trust, the nail trust, the various lumber trusts, and a hundred others. To fight them and let the tariff alone is indeed like shooting arrows against a host behind a high, solid stone wall. As the cartoon suggests, "It's funny for the fellows behind the wall."

The tariff wall must be attacked, not with arrows, but with cannon balls and monster shells, before

trust bursting will amount to much. The president either knows this, or he doesn't.

ACQUATE, IF YOU WISH TO GROW.

ON MANY occasions, The Journal has pointed out lack of adjustment in the industrial policy of Oregon. It has explained how and where arrangements are awry. This is not done in the spirit of captious criticism, or to scold. If there is never suggestion and comparison, there will never be perfect progress. Failure of Oregon's metropolitan press through long years to actually comprehend Oregon and her possibilities has been unfortunate. It is one of the secrets why the state has been slow in passing to that stage of development and importance to which she is entitled.

It is no mere accident that Oregon has been outstripped in growth by her neighbor state of less resources on the north, and has been actually approximated by some of the sagebrush states. Oregon is not a new state. It is nearly sixty years ago that she became a territory, prodigally endowed as she was by nature; it is criminally wrong that she should have entered as she has into her eighth decade of settlement with a population of less than three quarters of a million. Would it have been so if, during all these years, there had been agitation by the metropolitan press along the line of state development? Discussion helps find the way to truth. In the absence of agitation, our people have been too prone to follow beaten paths. Their chariot wheel of progress has run too much in a single rut. Methods have been followed too long because they were fathers. It is time to begin pioneering for a modernized Oregon, because under the old methods we are wasting our substance and letting brilliant opportunities slip.

If we fall to build here within the next few years a commonwealth that is more ample than state, it will be because we insist on remaining blind to the greatness that stands waiting at our own doors. If the newspaper shall not comprehend and agitate for this greatness, who will?

The Chicago federal judge who has the Standard Oil case under advisement received his curious patronage because his father, while a soldier in the civil war, was wounded at Kennesaw mountain, and he gave this name to his infant son. For awhile young Landis was private secretary to Secretary of State Gresham, who commanded the regiment in which the elder Landis served. He was active in the "Alliance" affair, incurring President Cleveland's displeasure, but was afterward forgiven and offered a diplomatic position, but preferred law, in which his present high position indicates that he succeeded. He appears to be a man who dares to do right.

Instruction in the sense of humor seems to be an important adjunct of education at Smith college. Smith has a slang of its own and a distinctive trick of exaggeration which is the subject of a paper by Princeton and Cornell. When a Smith girl gossips she is accused with the remark that she "is fatigued or bored she says simply: 'I like, and when a classmate suffers from aches and pains she says: 'Hush, my dear, Molly is stricken!'"

The agent looked amazed, incredulous and puzzled when he read the "Why," he said, "you don't mean to tell me that you didn't run up lanterns on the rods on dark nights?"

Ex-Mayor Schmitz, in his angry protest to Judge Dunne, asked that he "be not subjected to humiliating remarks which the papers are copying and will print," and said that he "was not there to be humiliated by a lecture which the newspapers can repeat in print." Publicity of the court's "lecture" was what he feared. He cared little for the court's opinion of him, but withdrew at the prospect of that opinion being spread before the public by the press. Publicity is in many cases a large part of the punishment. It is what some criminals fear more than imprisonment. The press is a mighty agency for keeping people straight.

A Polk county teacher, who left when his year's work was done, for Missouri, his former home, not expecting to return, has written to a friend to look out for a position for him, as he says he is already homeward bound for Oregon, realizing as he could not have done without making the trip back east that this state is the best place of all, "the only state for me to live in henceforth," he writes. This is an oft-told tale, and this man is only one among "a cloud of witnesses."

Another son of President Garfield besides the secretary of the Interior has "made good," having been recently appointed president of Williams college. In fact, contrary to what seems a popular impression, sons of presidents have usually turned out well.

In Hongkong, a recently returned traveler says, one can have a suit of clothes made to order for \$10 that, sold ready-made here, would cost from \$30 to \$40. But then we are prosperous.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat having propounded this conundrum, If two cents more of cotton and two cents more wages are put into a

shirt, why is the price of the garment marked up twenty-five cents? The Louisville Courier Journal responds: "Dead easy; the thieving tariff."

Eugene people subscribed the \$60,000 demanded by the promoter of the proposed railroad toward the coast, and the road seems assured, though such projects are always doubtful until in actual existence. It is to be hoped that this one will be pushed to completion, and be the forerunner of others. Oregon people must do more and more to help themselves.

What Washington said about a third term is of no interest or importance to a good many people now, it seems.

Letters From the People

Doesn't Like the Honk-Horns. Portland, July 15.—To the Editor of The Journal: I noticed your editorial in today's Journal which reads: "Just for a small piece of reform, suppose the council prohibits those nerve-racking little peanut stand whistles." That is well enough as far as it goes, but the writer would suggest that just for a big piece of reform the council prohibit this most of all nerve-racking noise, the harsh honk! honk! honk! of the automobile.

This recalls the Roman dinner described by Petronius, when at a certain moment the diners were sitting at a table laden with a variety of dishes, and a servant in a gold-trimmed coat, as though shaken from a hog-head, was let down, having golden chains with rings of perfume hanging about its entire circumference. They were invited to accept as keep-sakes.

A friend of mine who visited Palm Beach in the fashionable winter season gives me an instance of particular significance, since it shows that an inclination to gambling is no more thought of at these gatherings than an offer of cigarettes to the ladies. The table was set with a variety of dishes worth \$15 each at the gambling tables of the nearby casino, where presently the guests were risking these things in the hope of their own no doubt at the alluring chances of faro and roulette.

What simply shows that we are following in the steps of past ages, for in a letter to his daughter did not Caesar Augustus write: "I have sent you 250 aurei, but I should have sent you 500, if every one of my guests in case they were inclined to amuse themselves at the game of even and odd."

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HOW THE RICH LIVE

Desperate Attempts of Millionaires to Increase Cost of Banquets

By Cleveland Moffett. Among the accessories of costly and ostentatious banquets such as we have been considering, I may add hand-painted menu cards, sometimes ordered weeks in advance from artists of repute; also, diamonds of considerable money value, saumon pins, gold bracelets, gold cigarette cases, fobs, lockets, watch chains, etc., distributed among the guests like so many bon-bons.

A western speculator, who vagaries keep him much in the public eye, gave a dinner some time ago at the Waldorf-Astoria hotel, where four shares of United States Steel stock, neatly folded in the napkins, were laid at each plate.

And another Wall street magnate, being taken, I am told, with the charms of a young married woman, hit upon this way of making her accept a valuable present that he would not otherwise have dared to offer. He invited a pleasant company to dine with him at a conspicuous hotel, and in the course of the meal, each lady received a "souvenir" of jewelry worth \$200 or \$300, but the "souvenir" given to the lady of preference was worth a cool \$1,000.

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Small Change

Make the healthy hoboes work.

Admiral Yamamoto talks so nicely that perhaps he is a spy, too. If five years is right for Schmitz, how much ought Burt to get? Lower wages for loggers, higher prices for lumber; how's that?

The Rockefeller coons were scarcely worth compelling to come down. If Japan takes Astoria, there will be war; the country will stand by Astoria.

Yes, it was cool down at Seaside and Astoria, but the Columbia river did not freeze over. It took newspaper men to know that the vice-president of the United States was in town.

But what is the use of ordering coal or wood if one can't get it, or any sure promise of it? The Pacific ocean is not the proper place for a naval war, its name counts for anything.

Governor Vardaman is reported to have denied that he was "converted." Nobody believed it. "What is love?" asks an eastern philosopher. This is a horse if possible than "What is a Democracy?"

A Cambridge professor says dogs are immortal. And do some of them bark all night through out eternity? A pulpit orator is discussing the question, "Who will be damned?" We presume the answer is "the public."

Schmitz asks the public to withhold judgment. It would be too painful; the public agrees with the jury and judge. Now there is Grandpap John D.; he also a real genial, pleasant man, when one gets acquainted with him, and "a great Christian."

It should also be remembered that if you don't buy your next winter's fuel this summer, you probably won't have any money for Christmas presents.

The president has been haying again, and every farmer knows that in haying time he doesn't want to be bothered with politics. Mosquitoes are said to be numerous at Oyster Bay, and they are not afraid of the big stick either. But the big slup fixes some of them.

O well, anybody will do for delegates to the national convention and presidential electors; they are only ornamental figureheads, with no power to do good or harm.

Wearers of fancy waistcoats cannot understand why the makers should not receive the higher wages for which they struck. There must be about 700 per cent profit in the thing.

Oregon Sidelights

Brownsville has organized an athletic club. The Bank of Astoria has doubled its capital. There is a fine building rock near Myrtle Point.

The Springfield flour mill, built in 1854, is very busy. Many women are working in the hay fields in Linn county. Amity is also after a milk condenser; a company has been formed.

The new stone Presbyterian church at Eugene will cost \$15,000 and will seat 1,100. A Forest Grove man offers a bonus of \$100 to any one who will start a good laundry in that town.

The loss of the shipyard and three vessels at Bull Run, Hood county, amounted to about \$150,000. The Echo Register advocates the building of a railroad to the Butter Creek coal field by local capital.

Awhile ago the Salem Statesman positively assured us that Salem was going to pave right away; now it says it may show some pavement next year. G. W. Coppinger, near Echo, who came here from New York, is going to harvest 2,500 acres of 30-bushel-an-acre wheat.

Brownsville has long been noted for its fine woolen goods and now is becoming famous also as the place where Oregon huckster products of the best are manufactured. Williams Correspondence of McMinnville News-Recorder: If agents come to our town and behave gentlemanly they will be treated all right; if they will not be very healthy for the next one that comes.

Scarcity of wood for fuel purposes and lumber for building material, combined with the prevailing high prices in this class of material, has caused a number of thefts of lumber and wood in Albany, according to The Herald.

Western, in sight of mountain forests, while every breeze wafts the odor of pine, fir and tamarack, is crying, "It's dismay at the prospects of the fuel famine. Four-foot mountain wood remains for \$4.75 per cord, while wood \$6 per cord and coal not to be had at any price.

Forest Grove Times: Every day that passes by shows us something that would be gained by having a cannery located here. Investigation shows this to be one of the finest places in the world for the production of the loanberry and it is fast becoming one of the most sought after fruits.

A movement is under way to open the Hepper coal mines in order to secure a supply of fuel for that city the coming winter. The outlook is anything but favorable to obtain a supply from any other source, hence the move to open the Hepper mines. An experienced coal mine operator of Seattle has been sent here.

"An East Side Bank for East Side People." Young Men Should Profit

By the experience of the successful business men of today. Every self-made man, without exception, will tell you that the secret of his success was saving money early in life and investing it where it would bring him profitable returns.

Every ambitious young man and woman should have a savings account and add to it as fast as their circumstances will permit. We invite savings accounts from men, women and children of \$1.00 and up on which we pay interest twice a year.

Commercial Savings Bank. GEORGE W. BATES, President. J. B. BIRREL, Cashier.

Reincarnation. In lonely ways of dim forgotten lands, Ah, do you not recall how once we were? Did we gaze, and hold each other's hands. In utter ecstasy of sheer content? As for what we said—we said but nothing. The naked truth was ours, that needs no clothing.

A Wren's Appeal. L. E. K. in Indianapolis Journal. Early in May a lady friend of mine took a small wooden box and made two holes in it the size of a silver quarter, and placed it, one morning, in the garb of a toolhouse just back of a lattice fence.