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An idle reason lessens the weight of the good ones you gave before.—Swift.

A "POPULAR" MAYOR.

THE OREGONIAN indulges in these sneers at Mayor Tom L. Johnson, who was elected Tuesday for the fourth time mayor of Cleveland, by a majority of nearly 10,000 over a very able and respected opponent: "Tom Johnson is always willing to teach that the earth is round, or flat, or neither, just as the directors desire. Johnson is the great sponsor for the 3-cent fare for Cleveland street railways, for he knows it is popular."

This assumes that a majority of the people are fools, and for the past seven years have been deluded by Johnson. It assumes further that he is an unscrupulous political mountebank, whose only purpose in fighting for 3-cent fares, municipal ownership and other reforms, is to gain popularity with the "rabble." Such representations do not come within speaking distance of the truth.

Johnson fought the consolidated street railway system because it was capitalized at three times its value and maintained 5-cent fares in order to pay dividends on \$150,000,000 of capital stock when the property was worth only \$50,000,000. He claimed, and showed, that a 3-cent fare was enough. No doubt this was "popular."

He has been waging this fight for years, and has built opposition lines and established 3-cent fares throughout part of the city, in spite of 50 injunction suits instituted by the street railroad monopoly. He proposes to keep up the fight until the 3-cent system covers the whole city, and until the city can take over the system if it chooses, and the people say: "Go ahead, Johnson; keep out, Burton." Yes, it is "popular."

In these seven years the city has increased its bonded indebtedness \$13,000,000, of which \$4,000,000 is now in the treasury, and its assessable property has increased \$31,000,000, and the city tax rate now is \$9.30 on \$1,000, as against \$11.90 in 1900. Cleveland is said to be "the best built city in America," and is one of the best governed. All of which, whatever Johnson's teaching of "round or flat," is beyond question "popular" in Cleveland.

FALL OF PRICES.

THE BEEF TRUST has cut prices. Butter and eggs have gone or are going down, so we read. The consumers don't observe the difference yet, but may later. Meanwhile give the retailers a chance, if they have it, to make a trifle more. They haven't been getting rich. The trusts looked out for that. It wouldn't do to have too many millionaires.

Not that the beef trust is remorseful or repentant, and wants to give the people or the retail dealers cheaper meats. The trust sees favor in operation that would eventually smash it, and seeks to dispel or minimize these forces by cutting prices a little. Probably it intends to make up the loss from the cattle raisers. It will tell them that it is being ruined by cheap meats, and fat livestock must come down, too.

But if these things fall, so will others. Prices of almost everything have been abnormally high, and it is to be expected that they will drop some. This does not mean "hard times," but it means more careful, considerate times, and these may not be bad for the country. This will happen because of the operations of an inexorable natural law, one as certain as that of gravity, which teaches children that "What goes up must come down, on your head or on the ground."

People forget or thought they had got rid of the law, and have been defying it, but it is omnipotent. The ordinary natural sequel is severe punishment, but this country is now so prosperous, so overflowing with riches, so plentiful in production, so mighty in industrial and commercial potentiality, that we may not suffer much this time. Indeed, if prices drop only moderately, and

all around in fair proportion, no harm will be done. Ordinarily when prices fall the workingmen, common laborers, suffer most, for wages fall faster and farther than the price of necessities. But we think there will be no great slump in wages now, except in those of inefficient or shirking laborers. There will be too much to do for honest, efficient workmen to suffer much. It will be more the rule that a man will be paid for the work he can do, quantity and quality considered, and not merely because he is a man who looks as if he might work and who it is hoped will work some. That is, labor may be more plentiful, but good, capable men will be able to live as well and save at least as great a surplus as they can now.

No, we shall not have the times of 1893-7, nor those of 20 years before, because the country is in better shape, is apparently safe against an foundation of "hard times"; but there will be a readjustment, in which prices will fall somewhat. This is inevitable. But it need be nothing to be scared about.

THE APPLE.

THERE HAVE been successful apple fairs at McMinnville and Albany, and there will be a large exhibition of Willamette valley apples, largely Mr. Lowndale's, in a Portland store next week. These exhibitions serve a very useful purpose, for reasons scarcely necessary to state, but it may be said in a general way that they arouse interest and emulation in this already great and growing Oregon industry, one that can and should be developed into many times its present proportions.

The apple is the king of fruits. It is the most enduring in its fresh, natural state, is the most stable and reliable, and on the whole, if the best varieties are raised with proper care, the most profitable. It lasts, without canning or otherwise preserving, from late summer to spring, and throughout the fall and winter seasons is a delight to millions.

The apple is given credit on all hands for being a very healthful fruit. It may not contain very much nourishment, but it is not only toothsome but appetizing, tends to quench thirst, aids digestion, is a mild alterative, and seems to be a sort of a mild, agreeable physician-general to the human organs. It is said by good authority to be a preventive or corrective of the liquor habit, if used liberally at stated times.

What picture of an old country home on a winter evening would be complete without a dish of apples for ante-retiring entertainment and recreation? The apple is ever the cheerful epitome of innocent domestic hospitality. If the orange is more highly valued in these latitudes, it is only because of its comparative rarity, because it is not indigenous here. Some people may prefer, occasionally, the flavor of an orange, but for a fruit standby that never palls and always cheers, the well selected and richly flavored apple has no equal in the fruit kingdom.

It is popularly assumed that the tree of forbidden fruit in the Garden of Eden was an apple tree, and that the fruit that Eve handed Adam was a Spitzenberg, Pippin, Newtown or Winter Banana apple. There is no biblical or other proof of this, but it must be admitted that if the central and forbidden tree was an apple tree of one of these varieties, the first couple got some satisfaction out of their fall, and that Eve, after tasting of the fruit, cannot be severely blamed for urging Adam to partake of it. We can almost imagine them exclaiming: "Eden is well lost if we can only raise apples like these outside."

THE FIGHT IS ON.

THE COUNTRY will rightly lay the present financial difficulties and delay and annoyance in transacting business, and discharge of railroad laborers, and industrial and financial disturbance generally to the high-finance speculators and plunders, principally of New York, who are trying to do as much mischief as they can to the people of the country in revenge for the people's inquiry into their thieving, plundering and criminal methods of doing business. Their policy is rule or ruin. The people have lately been telling them, in several ways, that they shall not rule to such an extent as they have been doing, that the people are going to take some hand in their own affairs for their own protection. The president has told these captains of high-finance piracy, in speech and action, that they must confine themselves to legitimate business, must obey the laws, and cannot run the government. This they resent. It is

this they are fighting against. It is this fight that produced what there is of a panic. These rulers-or-wreckers do everything in their power to "destroy confidence," and then say confidence is destroyed by an honest, capable president and an intelligent, reasonable people. They water stocks to the bursting point, wreck a few banks and trust companies, gather in all the country's money possible just at the time when it is most needed in payment for crops, seek to precipitate a panic in every city in the country, and then say, or spread abroad insinuations which they wish people to believe, that the president and the people themselves are responsible. They had to try to pull off their panic now or not at all.

It was a desperate move, and will only make it worse for them. The people are not quite such fools as they used to be. And though they may be made to suffer some, they will not be frightened into turning the government of the country over to these buccaneers of high finance. The more the people suffer now, in consequence of this attempted panic, the more sure they will be to elect a president next year who will be their friend and servant, and not a tool of these assassins of the country's prosperity.

The people are going to win this fight, and others. They are not going to be lured nor scared into a panic, nor frightened nor drubbed into voting for a tool of these criminal interests for president. They will go on, step by step, to circumscribe, regulate and control these dangerous gentry, and unless they change their tactics from those pursued at present by Harriman and Ryan, and others of their ilk, will as surely take their railroads away from them as the day follows the night.

This republic has not lived thus long to be wrecked by such enemies as these.

CHANGED HIS OPINION.

FOLLOWING Postmaster-General Meyer's recent address at Boston, quoted from a few days ago in The Journal, Mr. Elisha Winters, president of the New England Association of Retail Merchants, wrote to Mr. Meyer, saying: "From being your extreme opponent I am now your strongest possible supporter. While prophecy is dangerous, I predict every state association in New England of retail merchants will reconsider their votes of opposition and all vote their approval."

In an interview by the Boston Herald Mr. Winters said that "country merchants all over New England rejoiced over Mr. Meyer's speech, which, they say, gives them their first recognition at the hands of government officials." Mr. Winters further said:

I have been visiting conventions in various parts of New England for a year past, and I am in close touch with the rural sentiment. There has never yet been a parcels post bill which the farmers have endorsed. Heretofore such bills as have been presented have benefited the catalogue houses to a discouraging degree. But a bill along the lines suggested by Mr. Meyer's address will not only meet every objection we have had to previous bills, but will, moreover, give us more than we would have dared to ask for. The idea as set forth by Mr. Meyer meets with praise everywhere among the farmers and merchants.

The Journal reprints this for the purpose of calling rural merchants' and others' attention to "the other side" from that which they seem to have espoused, perhaps hastily and without full information and consideration. Possibly a thorough investigation of Mr. Meyer's plan would change their opinion, as it did Mr. Winters'.

It is creditably reported to the Journal that up in northwest Portland several boys have been seen playing marbles right in the streets even after 8 p. m. The detectives and police department have a chance here to make a great record. If a dozen of them go out some evening fully armed, it is likely they could capture several of these criminals, perhaps without the loss of a single poltman.

vestment, yet only a 4 per cent dividend has been paid, the balance, it is supposed, going to swell the speculators' panic fund. Just the least amount possible was spent in Oregon, where the money came from, even passengers induced to come west not being treated decently. Up to date, Harriman has milked Oregon, by means of the O. R. & N., of nearly \$29,000,000 surplus.

"The freight rates of the railroads are just as sensitive as the nerves of the human body," said R. B. Miller, general freight agent for the O. R. & N., when testifying before the state railway commission. What a frightful shock it must have been to the railroad nerves when the lumber rates were advanced—or do the nerves respond only to reductions of rates?

No doubt Hawaiian Japanese, and other subjects of the mikado, are ready and willing to fight the United States or any other country, but the mikado won't be ready or willing to engage in another big war for a good while, and when he fights again, he expects to fight Russia.

It is announced that work on the Harriman line between Portland and Tacoma will be resumed at once. It seems money can be obtained for building a road through "Hill territory," but none for building greatly needed and long-promised roads in Oregon.

Governor Comer of Alabama and Governor Folk of Missouri are fairly "up in arms" against certain railroads doing business in those states, on different grounds. Governors may have considerable to say about and to railroads henceforth.

If the financiers in congress can learn anything from the present financial stringency, and do anything to obviate its recurrence, it will have been a benefit rather than an injury.

WIT AND WISDOM OF BILLY SANDERS.

Joel Chandler Harris in Uncle Remus' Magazine for November. We've got so now that we'll save a man from the microbes of we have to starve him to death to do it. A man w/ plenty of money in the bank don't like to draw it out for to pay debts he's forgot about.

I reckon you think that you-all up here in Atlanta has 'er better than the civilization that a-comin' to you; but, reely, you aint come to deep water. The fuder you git toid the big north pole, the more you'll get to know it. I aint got a thing in the world agin sentiment, so long as it dont stand in the way of the main chance. I've seen em clatter missionaries who've been crowded and starved out in New England, find ready pulpits where

THE GASTRONOMIC JOYS OF CORN MEAL.

San Francisco having elected good government officers should now capture, convict and severely punish some of those car-wrecking villains, and make streetcar traveling less risky in that city. Tom Johnson, says the Pendleton Tribune, "is pretty much of a demagogue." This is an old, familiar remark: anybody who really does something for the masses instead of for the classes is a "demagogue."

HAS IT EVER OCCURRED TO YOU?

When their rest is on the pumpkin, And the foddler's in the shock, Then it makes a fellow figure How to get his corn from November Bohemian.

WOULD BE TERMED A FRUMP TODAY.

By Perriton Maxwell, in the Bohemian. It is questionable whether the real Greek woman of that immortal epoch when sculpture meant something more than a decorative end to an architectural means, possessed the chaste loveliness imparted to her in the chiseled remnants left to us. It has ever been the whim of artists to work away from the physical fact of their models toward the ideals of their fancy. The sculptor is usually a proudly careless historian who scorns to be a highly glorified record of a Greek ethnology. But, granting such a woman as, say, the Venus de Milo, exists in this her bodily and facial perfection, she would meet and but cold reception at the hands of our critics of femininity today. Her modern women associates would, I am certain, adjudge the classic lady a frump. Ideals change with the centuries; if Nature does not.

FAME'S CIRCUITOUS ROUTE.

From the Washington Star. "I suppose you are going abroad so as to forget the care of business?" "Not at all," answered the ambitious citizen. "I am making the trip so that when I get back I can be interviewed as a prominent citizen and get into politics."

HURT?

From the New York Commercial. As Mr. Roosevelt merely said "The honest man has nothing to fear from this administration," it is a little difficult to understand why so many have taken this as a personal reflection.

A MASSACHUSETTS WOMAN'S MISTAKE

The Irrigon Irrigator sent several copies to a man in Massachusetts, and in consequence came to Oregon, and he wrote:

"I have been receiving copies of your paper each week for several months. Stop it. I do not want it sent here anymore. My husband is in Harney county building a home, and it is agony enough for me to know that I will soon have to go out to that God-forsaken country without being reminded of it every week. If my husband had never received your paper and read your lies he would still be happy here in God's country."

The Harney Valley News, observing this letter, says: "Why, then, does that dear woman's soul Brother, who is nothing but a matter with her, only sheer lack of information. When she finds out that upon a great, big, generous, and not upon the 24th plan of New England; that a resident here can drink in the irrigation water from a (house) sand hills by the cubic yard, instead of being killed by the fetid breath of the sweatshop and crowded alley; when she realizes that instead of the pastures of the day instead of by the mile; that we designate herds of livestock by the thousand instead of by the single head; that we indicate farms by the number of sections they contain, instead of the number of square feet as in New England; she comes to know that in Oregon nobody is poor, and that the rich are associate neighbors with the least in possession, she will realize that the land of the lake and river, that roll in magnificent tide is the most chosen of God, instead of being in any man's pocket."

"When it is given to the good lady to know that schoolhouses are multiplying so rapidly in Oregon as to make it impossible for native teachers to supply the demand, but that every angry Massachusetts schoolmarm can be taken to task for his narrow and her head swim with astonished delight that churches are springing up so numerous in every community that even the often-mentioned missionaries who have been crowded and starved out in New England, find ready pulpits where

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Joel Chandler Harris in Uncle Remus' Magazine for November. We've got so now that we'll save a man from the microbes of we have to starve him to death to do it. A man w/ plenty of money in the bank don't like to draw it out for to pay debts he's forgot about. I reckon you think that you-all up here in Atlanta has 'er better than the civilization that a-comin' to you; but, reely, you aint come to deep water. The fuder you git toid the big north pole, the more you'll get to know it. I aint got a thing in the world agin sentiment, so long as it dont stand in the way of the main chance. I've seen em clatter missionaries who've been crowded and starved out in New England, find ready pulpits where

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THE UP-TO-DATE FOOL KILLER.

Casper Whitney in Outing Magazine. "The thought may or may not be original, but I feel sure no one will deny its truth. If I venture to remark that the automobile appears to be quite putting the traditional fool killer out of business; unfortunately the selected culprit so often has innocent, and otherwise fairly intelligent friends, with him in the hour of his fall. People who drive automobiles at the rate of 40 miles the hour along unfamiliar winding roads, or race heedlessly across unguarded road crossings, are no less to be pitied than the fool who too deeply steeped to be reached so readily and those of them that survive the shock of the disaster are not less to be impounded in an asylum, or much for their own sake, as for the safety of their good-natured friends."

For those other classes of scoundrels, who know better, but like the excitement of whirling past crossroads and through wayside towns, there is just one cure for their ill habits, and it should be administered on first symptoms in doses varying with the malignancy of the disease. I urge upon all automobilists cooperation in stopping outrageous disregard of others and the illegal and dangerous speeding, which may be seen in every direction. I urge also upon the manufacturers of the present day to discontinue the present discourtesy in collision between them and the garage and costs the owner heavily. It is a black grief which is harming the trade and robbing the owner. Jail for reckless scorches, and a special tax on all automobile owners with the engine in the hands—are the urgent needs of the hour.

EIGHT FLIGHTS UP.

From the Bohemian. When the first fire company in response to an alarm, reached the long row of tenements, the fire captain once jumped from his engine and endeavored to locate the fire. When he had actually located it through three or four structures for it, he descended an old woman sticking her head out of a window and crying, "A little farther up, the street." "Any fire up there?" he yelled, when he had reached the pavement beneath this building. "In answer the old woman motioned for him to come up. Accordingly, the captain, with his men lugging their heavy hose behind them, laboriously ascended the eight flights to reach the room where the old woman was. "Where's the fire?" demanded the captain when no fire nor smoke became visible. "Oh, there ain't none here," replied the old woman, flashing an ear-trumpet, "but I'm thinking 'er couldn't hear a word you said 'way down there."

NEXT DOOR.

I see no end of maidens who are always dressed out fit to kill, then, and I'm through with 'em, too. In every way, I grant it, you know that don't appeal to me. A thought blessed with beauty and with Lik that sweet thing whom now I see Over the fence. There's something homey—being near—About the thing, I like her dress. Simple and neat, and then I hear Her talk from pure, unadornedness. Unconscious of my caution I'm listening. My little neighbor's my romance. The sweetest thing. I saw her with her sleeves uprolled, Or Make pie crust, or perhaps it's A bread or cloths and shake and fold Or slice for slaw a cabbage head She's just level; that I know—A veritable koh-noor. I wonder if she has a beau. The girl next door!—Chicago News.

FLOATING TUNNELS.

The latest fashion in tunnel building is to construct the sections on shore, float them to the point where they are to be located, and sink them into excavations previously made. The tunnels for the Metropolitan subway, Paris, were built in this way and now the Michigan Central is sinking its tunnel sections under the Detroit river. An illustrated article in the November Popular Mechanics describes this novel engineering method in most interesting manner, explaining how the steel cylinders are raised or lowered as they are needed, and how a picture of a serious cave-in at one of the shafts also accompanies the story.

SMALL CHANGE

Burton can go back to congress. Tom Johnson is about as big as Taft. The governor was on guard, all right. New York Republicans need another leader. Even little Rhody shows signs of reformation. The bankers' flat money seems to be all right. San Francisco can now look the world in the face. The only news from colleges is about football games. Holidays are becoming monotonous—and aggravating. Who will start a collection for the poor Guggenheims? The railroads are responsible for tens of thousands of idle men. The people are watching the railroad's getting-even performances. But one frost don't make a winter, nor one failure make a panic. Taft may come back the way he went; now is the time to start a rumor of war with Germany. What is a state bank examiner good for after he pounds and slams his authority where it is needed. Why should not their ability to catch some criminals be a condition of men remaining on the detective and police force? Can any preacher tell us what kind of "fruit" he has put on the tree of Adam? Don't all say a lemon, just on suspicion. Though a piscatorialist says it is not necessary to be silent while fishing, it will still be popular to fish with baited bread. Mr. Hearst has been eliminated again, say the politicians. They hope so, but they'll be heard from again, and all the time. Now will people believe that ex-Senator Hearst is right when he says that they could get along without money all right? A Virginia baby, eight months old, weighed 10 pounds and 10 ounces, a darkey baby that was weighed as coal by mistake, either. What an interesting story that was about hundreds of people standing in line, many of them all night, waiting to deposit money in banks. "Popular novels are the cause of most marital misery," says the San Francisco Bulletin. But we think mortal meanness is the principal cause. A New York woman has sued for divorce because her husband bought her only six hats in four years. And probably half of these were bought the first year. The fall in the price of meat came just after it was the losses of those who bought stocks on margin when high or had money in bursted banks. Just think of the hundreds of dollars a meat eater is saving.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

The Weston normal has 170 pupils, and is "overflowing." A Pendleton woman raised 25 large, fine quins on two small trees. A man near Weston dug over 400 sacks of potatoes from two acres. There are some great potato yields around Echo. One man has 85 acres. Only occasionally can Freewater or Milton get a car in which to ship out apples. Good English walnuts were picked from a Jacksonville tree only three years old. Woodburn will become the most important railroad junction in the state, says the Independent. An Enterprise woman lost a purse containing \$90 on a street, and another woman found it and returned it to her. A Wallowa man went out to dig his potatoes and found some unknown person had done the job for him, taking the potatoes for pay. Many improvements are being made in and about Hermiston this fall, and much building will be under way before the first of the year. Cloverdale Courier. This rain is a great help to the fellow who don't want to work. He can go visiting and tell what great things he would do if the rain did not prevent him. The growth, business and prosperity of Medford was strikingly illustrated Monday, when a glance through the railroad freight yards revealed 46 freight cars being loaded and unloaded, says the Tribune. While the water was turned out of a mill company's ditch a short time at Lostine, two small boys picked up 40 pounds of fine trout, 10 of which were about the same amount of value in farm produce, says the Haines Record. Crops were unusually good, prices were high, stores carry large stocks and big warehouses are new ceilings are being or are to be erected. There are now awaiting cars for shipment 450 cars of hay and grain, and 150 loads have already been shipped this season, which represents only part of the crop. It is estimated that it will take nearly 1,000 cars to move this year's crop. Great as was the wheat crop, says the Arlington Record, it is likely to be surpassed by the crop of wild geese, acres of which are now ready for the harvester. Arlington appears to be the stopping place for these birds of passage, and more of them have passed in their flight to inspect the country hereabouts than Rockefeller has dollars. Hunters are aware in the vicinity of the railroad, and the railroads, powder trust and hotels are hoping the goose harvest will be a success. The birds are brought in 1905 season and this is not much above the average of a good shot. The birds are in the sections are being properly cooked are good enough to tempt a dyspeptic.