

THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

D. S. JACKSON, Publisher

Published every evening (except Sunday) and every Sunday morning at the Journal Building, 11th and Washington streets, Portland, Ore.

Entered as second-class matter, October 3, 1881, under postoffice number 107, at Portland, Ore., under special authority of postoffice department.

TELEPHONE—MAIN 1173. HOME, A-9061. All departments reached by these numbers. For the operator the department foot block.

FOREIGN ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: Wrensch-Buchanan Special Advertising Agency, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York; 1007-05 Boyce Building, Chicago.

Subscription Terms by mail or by address to the United States, Canada or Mexico:

One Year, \$5.00; One Month, \$1.50; One Year, \$2.50; One Month, \$1.25; One Year, \$7.50; One Month, \$2.25

Circulation Guarantee

This certifies that the circulation of the OREGON JOURNAL has been audited and is guaranteed by the Auditor's Certified Circulation Blue Book

This paper has proved by investigation that the circulation records are kept with care and the circulation stated with such accuracy that advertisers may rely on any statement of same made by the publishers under the ownership and management in control September 2, 1909.

"Do you remember once you asked me for what reason I dropped men from my list? And I told you, because of any falsehood of treachery, and betrayal of trust—and for no other reason."—The Fighting Chance—Chambers.

DOWNFALL OF FORAKER.

THE CURTAIN falls over Joseph Benson Foraker of Ohio. He has no other alternative but political doom. He has played his game, and lost. His letter of notification to Taft that he will not appear at the Music Hall meeting is a signing of his own political death warrant.

There is pathos in the passing of this man. Brilliant and masterful, commanding as a forensic combatant, courageous to tilt with any opponent, he embodied powers that on other occasions were of infinite service to the country, and that should still open to him a field of usefulness and example.

CULTIVATION AND ROADS.

TWO THINGS are of more importance to the country people—and to all of us—than any passing phase of politics, the success of one party rather than another. These are: Better Cultivation of Soil; and Better Roads.

RAILROAD DEVELOPMENT.

THE RAPIDLY increasing traffic development of the country makes absolutely necessary an enormous expenditure for improved facilities," says American Industries. This is undoubtedly true, although several hundreds of thousands of cars have been idle during the past few months.

THE SENATE.

Senator Crane was very busy making peace between Taft and Foraker. Crane is another "interest" senator, elected to serve the "interests," and does so faithfully. He may not have taken Standard Oil fees directly, as Foraker did, but he is in politics for no other purpose but to serve Standard Oil and the other "groups" that are trying to use the government to rob the people.

THE SENATE.

"I did not keep a dollar, no; I meant to do no harm; I gave it back to Standard Oil," said good old "Fire Alarm."

THE SENATE.

Now Bryan is for free silver again—it is said. We shall hear about the resolutions of 1788 next.

A HYPOCRITICAL PLEA FOR PURE POLITICS

Small Change Party won't save your soul.

The Country club show is worth seeing, sure.

Let's develop, every way, regardless of politics.

Portland is lucky in many ways. It got the right location.

Foraker smelt. He would do well to take a trip to foreign baths.

O, the Democrats are not doing it; all sorts of people are doing it.

If you want to see some of the finest livestock on earth, now is your chance.

Greatest, finest, fruit state in the country, of course. A few people are just finding it out.

"Great paper, The Journal," says the Penitentiary Tribune. Sure. But it will grow right along. Watch it.

Say, a man has a right to change his party any day. Else the claim that this is a free country would be a mockery.

They're all friends of labor, and the negro, and the Methodists, and the Mormons, and the Swedenborgs. Also, of course, of the American.

Taft had a great opportunity, and missed it. That he did so may cost him the presidency. The people are going to weed out the Forakers.

O yes, Foraker had legal business to do in Portland, and he is understanding. How will it do for the people not to employ the same men whom Standard Oil employs?

If local option is a failure let's know it. What about those reported "blind" lists? Why don't they deserve to have their names oiled to the public not to make mere hints, but to print all the facts.

The Dalles Chronicle continues daily to run campaign machine gists for original editorials. There are no better people on earth than those of the Dalles.

"Hurry up that electric line" to Brownville—says the Albany Democrat. That's right, get a move on, it is a time of development, and never before.

No fuel famine this winter, says the Pendleton East Oregonian.

Mrs. Gilmore of The Dalles, mother of 16 children, healthy and active, has celebrated her 90th birthday.

Albany's blind pigs should be made to close at midnight. Second thought: all the time, says The Democrat.

A man near Milton received \$225 from less than a quarter of an acre of prunes. And yet there are men who kick.

Good time to build a house—before the sawmills get too busy filling eastern orders, says the Eugene Journal. Sure. Build now.

Eugene Guard: Our paved streets, when the present plans are completed, will have cost \$200,000 and they have in view that amount in city property five times that amount.

The Dalles is growing and in every direction. It is the center of the country, and quietly and persistently, says The Chronicle, which mentions a lot of particulars.

A dairyman near Eugene has drilled a well that is 315 feet deep, and 215 feet in diameter. The water was struck in 20 feet of the top of the well and there is an abundance of it. It took a week to drill it.

Albany Budget: Eight timber cruisers arrived in this city last evening and the morning left for the Nelsons valley and the East Oregonian. Think of fat hogs being shipped 2,000 miles to market through the best of the country.

Coo's Bay News: Town property must be cheaply sold. In none of the items in the Nonpareil, where a man offers his home in the north end of the island, fenced, a two-room house, good well of water and plenty of fruit, all for \$1,000. You couldn't buy a 26-foot lot that amount in most of the Coo's Bay townships.

Eugene will have a milk condenser. It is said the plant will be operating within six months, says The Herald. It would indeed be a sad commentary on the business acumen and energy of this city should the southern town secure a condenser before Eugene when this town has had the opportunity to secure one for the past year and more, yet has done nothing toward its establishment.

This morning's Xmas carolers of Nebraska hogs passed through Umatilla county on the way to the packing house at Portland, says the East Oregonian. Think of fat hogs being shipped 2,000 miles to market through the best of the country.

It is not a question of the victory or defeat of the Republican party or the Democratic party; it is rather a question of whether Standard Oil and its paid attorneys in office are to control the government.

Senator Crane was very busy making peace between Taft and Foraker. Crane is another "interest" senator, elected to serve the "interests," and does so faithfully.

"I did not keep a dollar, no; I meant to do no harm; I gave it back to Standard Oil," said good old "Fire Alarm."

This senate is a holy place. Where statesmen at their toll Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

And vote for Standard Oil.

Some say Oregon is now a doubtful state. If so, why? That is a question that will be thought of.

Now Bryan is for free silver again—it is said. We shall hear about the resolutions of 1788 next.

Do people live for a "party"? Is "party" a God?

In no part of earth is there a more delightful fall than in Oregon.

It seems that most of them voted for Foraker rather than Caka.

Other fellow would do it.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

Small Change Party won't save your soul.

The Country club show is worth seeing, sure.

Let's develop, every way, regardless of politics.

Portland is lucky in many ways. It got the right location.

Foraker smelt. He would do well to take a trip to foreign baths.

O, the Democrats are not doing it; all sorts of people are doing it.

If you want to see some of the finest livestock on earth, now is your chance.

Greatest, finest, fruit state in the country, of course. A few people are just finding it out.

"Great paper, The Journal," says the Penitentiary Tribune. Sure. But it will grow right along. Watch it.

Say, a man has a right to change his party any day. Else the claim that this is a free country would be a mockery.

They're all friends of labor, and the negro, and the Methodists, and the Mormons, and the Swedenborgs. Also, of course, of the American.

Taft had a great opportunity, and missed it. That he did so may cost him the presidency. The people are going to weed out the Forakers.

O yes, Foraker had legal business to do in Portland, and he is understanding. How will it do for the people not to employ the same men whom Standard Oil employs?

If local option is a failure let's know it. What about those reported "blind" lists? Why don't they deserve to have their names oiled to the public not to make mere hints, but to print all the facts.

The Dalles Chronicle continues daily to run campaign machine gists for original editorials. There are no better people on earth than those of the Dalles.

"Hurry up that electric line" to Brownville—says the Albany Democrat. That's right, get a move on, it is a time of development, and never before.

No fuel famine this winter, says the Pendleton East Oregonian.

Mrs. Gilmore of The Dalles, mother of 16 children, healthy and active, has celebrated her 90th birthday.

Albany's blind pigs should be made to close at midnight. Second thought: all the time, says The Democrat.

A man near Milton received \$225 from less than a quarter of an acre of prunes. And yet there are men who kick.

Good time to build a house—before the sawmills get too busy filling eastern orders, says the Eugene Journal. Sure. Build now.

Eugene Guard: Our paved streets, when the present plans are completed, will have cost \$200,000 and they have in view that amount in city property five times that amount.

The Dalles is growing and in every direction. It is the center of the country, and quietly and persistently, says The Chronicle, which mentions a lot of particulars.

A dairyman near Eugene has drilled a well that is 315 feet deep, and 215 feet in diameter. The water was struck in 20 feet of the top of the well and there is an abundance of it. It took a week to drill it.

Albany Budget: Eight timber cruisers arrived in this city last evening and the morning left for the Nelsons valley and the East Oregonian. Think of fat hogs being shipped 2,000 miles to market through the best of the country.

Coo's Bay News: Town property must be cheaply sold. In none of the items in the Nonpareil, where a man offers his home in the north end of the island, fenced, a two-room house, good well of water and plenty of fruit, all for \$1,000. You couldn't buy a 26-foot lot that amount in most of the Coo's Bay townships.

Eugene will have a milk condenser. It is said the plant will be operating within six months, says The Herald. It would indeed be a sad commentary on the business acumen and energy of this city should the southern town secure a condenser before Eugene when this town has had the opportunity to secure one for the past year and more, yet has done nothing toward its establishment.

This morning's Xmas carolers of Nebraska hogs passed through Umatilla county on the way to the packing house at Portland, says the East Oregonian. Think of fat hogs being shipped 2,000 miles to market through the best of the country.

It is not a question of the victory or defeat of the Republican party or the Democratic party; it is rather a question of whether Standard Oil and its paid attorneys in office are to control the government.

Senator Crane was very busy making peace between Taft and Foraker. Crane is another "interest" senator, elected to serve the "interests," and does so faithfully.

"I did not keep a dollar, no; I meant to do no harm; I gave it back to Standard Oil," said good old "Fire Alarm."

This senate is a holy place. Where statesmen at their toll Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

And vote for Standard Oil.

Some say Oregon is now a doubtful state. If so, why? That is a question that will be thought of.

Now Bryan is for free silver again—it is said. We shall hear about the resolutions of 1788 next.

Do people live for a "party"? Is "party" a God?

In no part of earth is there a more delightful fall than in Oregon.

It seems that most of them voted for Foraker rather than Caka.

Other fellow would do it.

THE REALM OF FEMININE

Small Change Party won't save your soul.

The Country club show is worth seeing, sure.

Let's develop, every way, regardless of politics.

Portland is lucky in many ways. It got the right location.

Foraker smelt. He would do well to take a trip to foreign baths.

O, the Democrats are not doing it; all sorts of people are doing it.

If you want to see some of the finest livestock on earth, now is your chance.

Greatest, finest, fruit state in the country, of course. A few people are just finding it out.

"Great paper, The Journal," says the Penitentiary Tribune. Sure. But it will grow right along. Watch it.

Say, a man has a right to change his party any day. Else the claim that this is a free country would be a mockery.

They're all friends of labor, and the negro, and the Methodists, and the Mormons, and the Swedenborgs. Also, of course, of the American.

Taft had a great opportunity, and missed it. That he did so may cost him the presidency. The people are going to weed out the Forakers.

O yes, Foraker had legal business to do in Portland, and he is understanding. How will it do for the people not to employ the same men whom Standard Oil employs?

If local option is a failure let's know it. What about those reported "blind" lists? Why don't they deserve to have their names oiled to the public not to make mere hints, but to print all the facts.

The Dalles Chronicle continues daily to run campaign machine gists for original editorials. There are no better people on earth than those of the Dalles.

"Hurry up that electric line" to Brownville—says the Albany Democrat. That's right, get a move on, it is a time of development, and never before.

No fuel famine this winter, says the Pendleton East Oregonian.

Mrs. Gilmore of The Dalles, mother of 16 children, healthy and active, has celebrated her 90th birthday.

Albany's blind pigs should be made to close at midnight. Second thought: all the time, says The Democrat.

A man near Milton received \$225 from less than a quarter of an acre of prunes. And yet there are men who kick.

Good time to build a house—before the sawmills get too busy filling eastern orders, says the Eugene Journal. Sure. Build now.

Eugene Guard: Our paved streets, when the present plans are completed, will have cost \$200,000 and they have in view that amount in city property five times that amount.

The Dalles is growing and in every direction. It is the center of the country, and quietly and persistently, says The Chronicle, which mentions a lot of particulars.

A dairyman near Eugene has drilled a well that is 315 feet deep, and 215 feet in diameter. The water was struck in 20 feet of the top of the well and there is an abundance of it. It took a week to drill it.

Albany Budget: Eight timber cruisers arrived in this city last evening and the morning left for the Nelsons valley and the East Oregonian. Think of fat hogs being shipped 2,000 miles to market through the best of the country.

Coo's Bay News: Town property must be cheaply sold. In none of the items in the Nonpareil, where a man offers his home in the north end of the island, fenced, a two-room house, good well of water and plenty of fruit, all for \$1,000. You couldn't buy a 26-foot lot that amount in most of the Coo's Bay townships.

Eugene will have a milk condenser. It is said the plant will be operating within six months, says The Herald. It would indeed be a sad commentary on the business acumen and energy of this city should the southern town secure a condenser before Eugene when this town has had the opportunity to secure one for the past year and more, yet has done nothing toward its establishment.

This morning's Xmas carolers of Nebraska hogs passed through Umatilla county on the way to the packing house at Portland, says the East Oregonian. Think of fat hogs being shipped 2,000 miles to market through the best of the country.

It is not a question of the victory or defeat of the Republican party or the Democratic party; it is rather a question of whether Standard Oil and its paid attorneys in office are to control the government.

Senator Crane was very busy making peace between Taft and Foraker. Crane is another "interest" senator, elected to serve the "interests," and does so faithfully.

"I did not keep a dollar, no; I meant to do no harm; I gave it back to Standard Oil," said good old "Fire Alarm."

This senate is a holy place. Where statesmen at their toll Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

And vote for Standard Oil.

Some say Oregon is now a doubtful state. If so, why? That is a question that will be thought of.

Now Bryan is for free silver again—it is said. We shall hear about the resolutions of 1788 next.

Do people live for a "party"? Is "party" a God?

In no part of earth is there a more delightful fall than in Oregon.

It seems that most of them voted for Foraker rather than Caka.

Other fellow would do it.

THE REALM OF FEMININE

Small Change Party won't save your soul.

The Country club show is worth seeing, sure.

Let's develop, every way, regardless of politics.

Portland is lucky in many ways. It got the right location.

Foraker smelt. He would do well to take a trip to foreign baths.

O, the Democrats are not doing it; all sorts of people are doing it.

If you want to see some of the finest livestock on earth, now is your chance.

Greatest, finest, fruit state in the country, of course. A few people are just finding it out.

"Great paper, The Journal," says the Penitentiary Tribune. Sure. But it will grow right along. Watch it.

Say, a man has a right to change his party any day. Else the claim that this is a free country would be a mockery.

They're all friends of labor, and the negro, and the Methodists, and the Mormons, and the Swedenborgs. Also, of course, of the American.

Taft had a great opportunity, and missed it. That he did so may cost him the presidency. The people are going to weed out the Forakers.

O yes, Foraker had legal business to do in Portland, and he is understanding. How will it do for the people not to employ the same men whom Standard Oil employs?

If local option is a failure let's know it. What about those reported "blind" lists? Why don't they deserve to have their names oiled to the public not to make mere hints, but to print all the facts.

The Dalles Chronicle continues daily to run campaign machine gists for original editorials. There are no better people on earth than those of the Dalles.

"Hurry up that electric line" to Brownville—says the Albany Democrat. That's right, get a move on, it is a time of development, and never before.

No fuel famine this winter, says the Pendleton East Oregonian.

Mrs. Gilmore of The Dalles, mother of 16 children, healthy and active, has celebrated her 90th birthday.

Albany's blind pigs should be made to close at midnight. Second thought: all the time, says The Democrat.

A man near Milton received \$225 from less than a quarter of an acre of prunes. And yet there are men who kick.

Good time to build a house—before the sawmills get too busy filling eastern orders, says the Eugene Journal. Sure. Build now.

Eugene Guard: Our paved streets, when the present plans are completed, will have cost \$200,000 and they have in view that amount in city property five times that amount.

The Dalles is growing and in every direction. It is the center of the country, and quietly and persistently, says The Chronicle, which mentions a lot of particulars.

A dairyman near Eugene has drilled a well that is 315 feet deep, and 215 feet in diameter. The water was struck in 20 feet of the top of the well and there is an abundance of it. It took a week to drill it.

Albany Budget: Eight timber cruisers arrived in this city last evening and the morning left for the Nelsons valley and the East Oregonian. Think of fat hogs being shipped 2,000 miles to market through the best of the country.

Coo's Bay News: Town property must be cheaply sold. In none of the items in the Nonpareil, where a man offers his home in the north end of the island, fenced, a two-room house, good well of water and plenty of fruit, all for \$1,000. You couldn't buy a 26-foot lot that amount in most of the Coo's Bay townships.

Eugene will have a milk condenser. It is said the plant will be operating within six months, says The Herald. It would indeed be a sad commentary on the business acumen and energy of this city should the southern town secure a condenser before Eugene when this town has had the opportunity to secure one for the past year and more, yet has done nothing toward its establishment.

This morning's Xmas carolers of Nebraska hogs passed through Umatilla county on the way to the packing house at Portland, says the East Oregonian. Think of fat hogs being shipped 2,000 miles to market through the best of the country.

It is not a question of the victory or defeat of the Republican party or the Democratic party; it is rather a question of whether Standard Oil and its paid attorneys in office are to control the government.

Senator Crane was very busy making peace between Taft and Foraker. Crane is another "interest" senator, elected to serve the "interests," and does so faithfully.

"I did not keep a dollar, no; I meant to do no harm; I gave it back to Standard Oil," said good old "Fire Alarm."

This senate is a holy place. Where statesmen at their toll Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

And vote for Standard Oil.

Some say Oregon is now a doubtful state. If so, why? That is a question that will be thought of.

Now Bryan is for free silver again—it is said. We shall hear about the resolutions of 1788 next.

Do people live for a "party"? Is "party" a God?

In no part of earth is there a more delightful fall than in Oregon.

It seems that most of them voted for Foraker rather than Caka.

Other fellow would do it.

Running Shots

The returns from Maine will make "the service" easier for the grand old party of the trusts.

The initiative is being planned for the salmon trade in Columbia. Retailers should the trading politicians with rubber spines who have directed the policy of the present legislature in the past be blamed. They did nothing while the salmon were being rapidly exterminated. Now out of the initiative laws on the subject of the definite and practical matter of arrived at, and neither the upper nor lower house will be able to block or divert wholesome legislation.

The good old man in the tower still continues to be the center of the Republican party of Oregon. In spite of the recognition by the most of the leaders of the party, the people have come to stay, and notwithstanding that there are a few little family scraps occasionally being the doors and blinds of the Republican party, the state is not as dead as the experienced purchaser of senatorial rights of way would have it believe. In some states it would be considered lively and healthy enough to go to a dance rather than to be classed as chief ornament at a wake.

In military campaigns cannon have sometimes been used in the mud, and possibly so in political campaigns. They are sometimes a great drag on the enterprise, but they have been used with effect and left to rust by troops that had often rallied to their support. Illinois has a cannon that has been used in this way.

A party of traveling men at a dinner in Portland on Monday day took a straw vote on the presidential choice, and five out of six said Bryan. One said "Bill," but his vote was thrown out.

The primary in Washington demonstrated the new law in a dramatic, illiterate and indigent classes who are being left out of the picture. Why should we worry about them?

If the worst comes to the worst we can put on the old stark street ferry.

It looks as if old president Diaz of Mexico, with his government railroad across the lower end of the Isthmus, was going to make the transcontinental railroads of the United States sit up and take notice.

With two bridges in Portland in a delicate condition, it is certainly getting busy, and it looks as if the stretcher people could remember Eugene Burnside streets—when they had to do so.

Oregon needs transportation facilities for the coal and lumber. It is a line down the coast would be a good investment. It would open up a magnificent business for the coal and lumber trade from Nehalem to Gold Beach. Next to railroads, good, modern wagon roads would be the best solution of the problem of transportation and commerce.