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solves that power of rule which it is proposed as a result of the Simon convention to turn over to a machine.

San Francisco as a place of residence is discredited, her social and business life is dismembered, and her reputation before the world in fact—all as a result of a political machine and rule by a curly boss.

SIMON AND HIS ASSEMBLY.

"So far as Mr. Simon is concerned, no one pretends that he sought, at any time or in any way, to influence the assembly in his behalf," says the Oregonian. Of course not. The "assembly" did not need influence for Mr. Simon. It was already "pawed." It cleaved to Mr. Simon like a porous plaster to a rheumatic back. It was wholly unnecessary for Mr. Simon to "influence" the "frame up" of the delegates made by the few behind closed doors included all details. When they had retired from their labors, there was not a thing in the world for Mr. Simon to do but to bow gracefully and accept "this great and unexpected honor which has been thrust upon me."

As in the old days, the program was all fixed before the curtain was lifted and Mr. Simon stood revealed. Not a chance was taken on McDonald's candidacy for the same office. It had already been announced. All Portland knew it. Hundreds of friends endorsed it. Petitions were in circulation. But not a delegate arose and suggested the name of McDonald. So, with Bailey. So with Rusling. So with all other possible candidates.

Thousands of life long Republicans were even then protesting against a restoration of the Simon machine, called formerly by the Oregonian "the Simon political Mafia." But not one of these protesting thousands was admitted to the inner sanctuary of the assembly. Not one of them was given a chance to be a delegate. For such to have been delegates would have made a hitch. The one that got off wrong by mentioning the name of Hodson was put right mighty quick. He had the wrong "hunch," but was soon "put next," as it were. All this made it wholly superficial for "Mr. Simon, at any time or in any way, to seek to influence the assembly." The job had already been done. The machinery had all been lubricated. All Mr. Simon had to do was to strike an attitude and accept this "great and unexpected honor."

The assembly was Mr. Simon's personal belonging. There was no more chance for it to get away from him than for an Egyptian mummy to escape from its sarcophagus. The delegates had been processed and annexed to Mr. Simon by the inner circle that selected them. They were Mr. Simon's own pickles, bottled up for his own personal use. Any other mayoralty candidate had about as much chance among them as a snowball in Sahara.

NEXT YEAR'S CENSUS

THE Seattle Post-Intelligencer is already urging the importance of a full census being taken next year in that city and its surrounding districts, for which it predicts a population 14 months hence of 400,000. It has always been supposed that the Seattle people looked out pretty thoroughly for the counting of as many of them as that city contained, and no doubt they will do so again. Portland has been more lax and careless in this matter, and should be vigilant and active next year to see that all its people are counted. More than this is not desired; there should be no padding, but a full enumeration, which can never be obtained without the active cooperation of many people. For 10 years to come Portland's population will officially stand at the figure given it next year, and it is important that this figure should be fully as large as the facts warrant. Care should be taken by organizations and people of authority and influence to make sure that competent, energetic and trustworthy enumerators, and enough of them, are selected throughout the city, men who can be relied upon to do the work thoroughly and conscientiously, not merely for the small compensation received, but as a duty owed to their home city. Such men have not usually, or always, been selected in the past, and it is important that they should be on this occasion.

PROTECTION AND PITTSBURG

NO MAN has written so much and at once so instructively and entertainingly about the protective tariff, its history, objects, operation and results, as Miss Ida M. Tarbell. In a series of articles running in the American Magazine, she makes the dry subject, as it is usually regarded, illuminating and entertaining to the average reader, as no other writer has done. The latest of these articles narrates the results of an investigation into conditions in that especially protected city, Pittsburgh. She shows that while the system has made a lot of multi-millionaires, the great army of workmen are in a terrible condition, due to overwork and poverty. These millionaire manufacturers, Miss Tarbell says, "have no more interest in preserving the lives of the men who do the terrible labor necessary to their wealth than they have in the death rate from typhoid in the city of Pittsburgh."

highest of any city in the civilized world. Everybody knew it. Everybody knew why. There was no supply of pure drinking water." And she continues:

This Pittsburgh survey is the most awful arraignment of an American institution, and its resulting class pronounced since the days of slavery. It puts upon the Pittsburgh millionaire a awful stamp of greed, of stupidity and heartless pride. But what should we expect of him? He is the creature of a special privilege which for years he has not needed. He has fought for it because he fattened on it. He must have it for labor. But look at him and look at his laborer and believe him if you can.

Justice takes a terrible revenge on those who thrive by privilege. She blinds their eyes until they no longer see human misery. She dulls their hearts until they no longer beat with humanity. She denounces their senses until they respond only to a narrow horizon of what they can individually possess. Touch, feel, she makes, as she does in Pittsburgh, a generation of men and women who day by day can pass hundreds of tumbled down and filthy homes, in which the men and women who make their wealth live, and feel no shock; who can know that deadly fevers and diseases which are preventable are wiping out hundreds of those who do their tasks and raise no hand. Little children may die or grow up stunted and evil within their sight and no penny of their wealth, no hour of their leisure is given them. Women may pass hours of incessant toil and die, broken and unhealed within their sight, and they raise no hand. Wealth which comes by privilege kills. The curse of justice on those who will not recognize injustice is the sudden mind, the dulled vision, the unfeeling heart.

This is a terrible arraignment of a system lauded as widely and generally beneficial, and of its principal beneficiaries. A system that shows such results must surely be not a great good, but rather a great evil to the country which maintains it and it must indubitably bring about due punishment. Just when we may be sure that it is as true as ever that an evil tree will bear evil fruit, and that God's judgments are sure, and just and righteous altogether.

A few of the ministers of Portland complain much of the Christian Scientists and their success. One of them in a recent meeting of ministers complained that a considerable proportion of his members had gone over to the reprehensible Christian Scientists, which to some impartial people might prompt the remark that perhaps the departing members were the best judges of where they were religiously better off. Another minister made the ludicrous suggestion that the doctors be asked to join the ministers in fighting Christian Science, on the ground that this growing cult was injuring the business of the doctors also, presumably by preventing and relieving illness through mental suggestion. But a third preacher took the more sensible position that the best thing to do was to let the followers of Mrs. Eddy strictly alone, ignoring them, for they only thrived on opposition and attack. Did the brethren ever reflect that there may be some good, even if much of error, in other beliefs and practices than their own, that they may not be the sole possessors of ultimate religious truth, and that if the sect they are so worried about is wholly evil it cannot long grow and prosper, or even endure?

In a little village in Washington county 20 people have joined in an effort to establish, and to get aid for establishing, a Presbyterian church. Soon like efforts will be made, if they have not been made already, by small groups of Methodists, Baptists and perhaps members of other churches. No criticism of such effort is to be made, except that in a small community like that it would be better, it seems to us, to unite in one general church, broad enough to accommodate all denominations, which after all agree in essentials, one which by liberal-minded Christians could be well supported, rather than to have three or four starveling little churches which it would overburden the community to support at all. And this case is typical of, and the suggestion made applies to, many villages and towns, even those of several thousand people.

The Oregon-Idaho Development league meeting at La Grande this week is another of those monthly occasions that cannot fail to be very beneficial to both states, whose interests are altogether similar and in many phases identical. Though a rich and quite populous region now, the Grand Ronde valley is itself susceptible of almost unlimited development, in production, population and wealth, and there is elsewhere in the Pacific northwest the spirit of development, of the achievement and acquirement of greater and better things, is active and somewhat aggressive, and it is to be hoped that that splendid great valley will receive a development impetus from this meeting.

The clerk of the supreme court of Illinois receives, in fees, an income of from \$30,000 to \$40,000 a year, and is indignant at the introduction of a bill fixing his maximum salary at \$6000 a year. Of course he is a strict party man, believes in and liberally supports the "organization," always votes regularly for the usually dominant party candidates, contributes liberally to campaign funds, and opposes a primary law, election of senators by the people.

A new sawmill near Falls City with a capacity of 25 million feet of lumber a year, is under construction. It is a new mill in character, but not in location. It is to be built on the site of an old mill, which was destroyed by fire in 1912. The new mill is to be built on a site of 100 acres, and will have a capacity of 25 million feet of lumber a year. It is to be built on a site of 100 acres, and will have a capacity of 25 million feet of lumber a year.

initiative and referendum, and all that tomfoolery.

TOO PLAIN FOR DENIAL

THE morning paper says "it is false and foolish" to say that there is any movement for "a return to the old convention system." Yet the voice of all the leaders who attended the Simon-Fulton banquet the other evening, so far as they expressed themselves, was against the primary law, and for an organization of the party along the old lines. This was the tone of Mr. Simon's remarks, and Mr. Fulton's and Mr. George's. And the Oregonian itself scarcely attempts to disguise its hatred of and contempt for that law, and everything provided therein.

It is true, as the Oregonian says, that the "right" of ro voter to cast his ballot in the primary as he pleases has been or can be taken away by a convention, or an "assembly," but such a body seeks to give an impetus to the candidacy of some men as against others, and in this case they sought to give this impetus to a man for mayor who, for many years, was the chief exemplar of machine politics and the ring-leader of state-made nominations and close-corporation politics.

All this shows what the desire, design and purpose of these gentlemen are, with reference to the primary law, the initiative and referendum, the direct election of senators by the people, and all the changes from the old Simon-Fulton system that have been made. What they want is a foothold and a fulcrum. The mayoralty and a few councilmembers will afford these.

An ordinance has been introduced in the Seattle council limiting the height of billboards to three feet, with certain regulations as to their distance from the ground, thus reducing their size much and thus reducing the proportions of the nuisance. Such ordinances are in force in many cities, and in some a considerable tax on the space used is imposed. We shall get around to something of this kind in Portland before very long.

The women's club is doing a useful and admirable thing in making an organized, systematic effort to induce Portland people to buy Portland manufactures exclusively, as far as possible. Their work should bear noticeable and valuable results. The Journal has long and often urged this policy, and it welcomes the efforts of these elvically loyal and progressive women along the same line.

Aldrich on Job for the "Interests."

From the Detroit News (Rep.) Nelson W. Aldrich has again justified the judgment of those interests which maintain him in the senate, ostensibly to represent Rhode Island. He is now standing between them and an increase in their taxes. He is the exponent of one theory of taxation, the theory that owners of great fortunes should never be asked to pay the government for the privileges they have enjoyed in amassing those fortunes. A tax on the people's food, clothing and other necessities is all right, argues Aldrich, and should be laid on the necessities of the government, but as for making owners of immense fortunes pay an income or inheritance tax—that is too oppressive for him to think of.

The gist of Senator Aldrich's argument is not for retrenchment in government expenses, but for any sacrifice that will save his friends from being called on to help bear the burden. We must have no "new and unusual" taxes, because, forsooth, that will mean that some rich men who are now paying will have to pay, and that would be most "unusual." The plea was made in the interest of corporation privileges and not in the interest of economy. It was a plea for the maintenance of a willful indifference to the needs of the government. Coming from Aldrich, it spoke only the determination of the large interests to evade as far as possible the sharing in the tax burden.

All this will go a long way to explain Senator Aldrich's unwillingness to revise the tariff downward. A flat tariff, which would tend to reduce certain schedules for the export of goods, would be a "lowering" of the tariff, and that would be a sacrifice.

This Date in History. 1655—Governor Harvey of Virginia, deposed by the colonial assembly. 1795—The first general census of Rhode Island was ordered by the assembly. 1798—James Monroe, fifth president of the United States, born in Westmoreland county, Virginia. Died in New York City July 4, 1831. 1798—Maryland accepted the federal constitution. 1812—American privateer Yorktown captured the British brig Avery.

1814—General Daniel H. Bunker, oldest retired officer of the United States army, was born in Belleville, N. J., April 28, 1812. In 1827 he entered the army as a second lieutenant of dragoons and 10 years later he reached the grade of captain. He served through the Mexican war, commanding a squadron at the battle of Buena Vista. His active career likewise covered the period of the civil war. He was brevetted major general of volunteers. He continued in active service until 1892, in which year he was promoted to the grade of major general. He was the father-in-law of General Philip H. Sheridan. Since his retirement he has resided in Washington, D. C.

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE OREGON HIGHLIGHTS

And the bread our mothers made didn't cost so much, either.

A convention by any other name has about the same smell.

A wheat corner is always broken, and usually the cornerer with it.

Tom Lawson had sense enough to keep out until the bulls had turned tail.

The small favor of rain was thankfully received; larger thanks for more rain.

Boston can get along without bread; she has beans. Also Tacoma; she has clams.

Patten seems to have told the truth—also in this establishing a new record for a stock gamble.

A Roosevelt bust is to be placed in the senate chamber. No doubt the senate would like to bust it.

If he lives very much longer Uncle Joe Cannon will be served politically about as Uncle A. has been.

Wonder why all those millions of Armenians who have been and are being killed never killed any Turks?

A Missouri boy of 19 married a woman of 64, and the strange part of the incident is that she, like himself, is poor.

It is a mistake to say that Aldrich is senator for Rhode Island. He is also senator for 26 Broadway, New York.

Mr. Simon will not take the people into his confidence. Such a feat would probably be an impossibility if he attempted it.

J. Pierpont Morgan is said to be much interested in aeronautics. Is he also trying to organize a syndicate for control of the air?

Miss Margaret Illington indignantly denies that she and she would like to have 11 children every year. Maybe she meant one every 11 years.

County Clerk Fields, after seven years' service, is 5 cents short. But that is not so bad as more than that many thousand dollars, as was the case with Clerk Cader Fowell.

What's the use of all this long, expensive, wearing work of trying Calhoun, even if he should be convicted? Why, because, there sits the California supreme court.

Aldrich threatens to expel from the Republican party any statesman who did not agree to his tariff policy. But the expellers may soon be in the majority and expel him and his followers. The hotter the war the better.

That tumultuous clamor uprising, overwhelming, resistless, surprising: that vox populi that we read of: that field of blood, that sea of tears, that head of—did you hear it, that Voice of the People, rising higher than the tallest steeple, from a city of emanating, and with every man, woman and child, churchmen and workmen, of mechanics and merchants and clerks, men of all conditions, all classes, the compelling voice of the masses—did you hear it—or didn't you? Saying, demanding, even pleading and praying, for party machine and a mayor who for years would be a sure stayer, for a handwoven grater could climb on—culminating in one name, Simon?

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