

THESE ARE STRONG POLITICAL FRIENDS OF ROOSEVELT



Senator Moses E. Clapp and Alexander H. Revell of Chicago.

ENDURANCE RACE
TESTING TEMPER
OF DELEGATIONS

Contest of Smiles on Between Managers; Delegates in a More Deadly Fight; Sending Home for More Coin.

By George Fitch.
(Copyright, 1912, by the Associated Newspapers.)

Chicago, June 22.—With four days of the Republican national convention gone and the credentials committee still rolling away over the remains of the unfortunate Roosevelt delegates, the vastness of the whole affair as an endurance contest just becomes apparent.

It is not one contest either, but a dozen. In the first place it is an endurance match between the smiles of Managers McKinley and Dixon. Neither one shows signs of wear as yet. Both men use built-in smiles which will not wear off anyway under any circumstances, and it is very likely that if the convention were to nominate Debs and declare for the parboiling of all men who automobile and own white vests, these two warriors would go home smiling and prepare to meet their doom with unabated cheerfulness.

The endurance contest between the delegates' camps is a more deadly affair. Most of them have been here a week now, and the ordinary Chicago hotel can go through an ordinary delegate in three days, leaving very little gold in the tallies, so to speak.

Seeking a Square Meal.
A lot of delegates are now writing home for money, and a lot more have left the Pompano room, which is a pretty faithful example of Roman manners just before the eruption, and are getting sustenance at the various places where 50 cents will fill a man up to the ears.

On form the Taft delegates look best in this particular contest. On the other hand the Roosevelt delegates, being younger and tougher, are standing the long sessions in the merciless camp chairs much better. If this convention hangs on long enough a lot of fine old Taft wheel horses will go home in an ambulance, and a lot of sturdy young Roosevelt shouters will go home unscathed, in box cars.

Even more serious is the case of the wives of the national committeemen and other luminaries. In many instances candidates are getting desperate, the last layer in a large number of trunks was reached last night, and unless the convention adjourns in a hurry some of our very best people from elsewhere will have to wear the same gown twice.

But the real endurance contest is between the spectators on the inside of the Coliseum and those on the outside. It is a struggle to the death, and thus far neither side has yielded an inch, while both armies are withstanding hideous hardships.

Sticking Like Plaster.
Those on the inside arrive at 11 a. m. and sit through until evening without anything to eat unless they succeed in fixing it with the doorknobs and slipping out to the pleasant little robbars' room in the alley, where they charge 15 cents apiece for rubberoid sandwiches and 35 cents for a pie.

In addition, these victims have to listen to the testimony in each delegate contest, which is as interesting as a square mile of asphalt pavement, and when they have recovered from this they are refreshed with a roll call in which most of the large states are polled, name by name.

If the weather hadn't been extra superfine, hand-picked convention weather of the most superb variety, several thousand ticket holders would have given up and gone home long ago to mow the lawn, or do something else exciting for a change. But as it is they are all sticking like plaster.

And outside the hall several thousand would-be spectators are sticking with equal determination. The police chase them around and around, up this alley and down the next, and seek in every way to remind them of their utter inconsequentiality of the mere plug voter, but they don't care. They have stuck four days, and they are going to stick until that crowd inside surrenders and leaves a few vacant seats.

Gray Hairs in Evidence.
It is a grand contest, and pathetic in spots, too. For in the crowd are gray-haired old Republicans who have come hundreds and thousands of miles to see another convention, but who have thus far had to be content with a policeman's baton in the pit of the stomach while they are watching the wives and daughters and cousins and lady friends and casual acquaintances of local leaders troop merrily in to fill up the seats and to cheer in the wrong place.

It is now quite generally predicted that the convention will last over Sunday, and that nothing exciting will occur. While the contestants in the various endurance races are still game, it is not any too full of pepper. There was very little hissing or cheering yesterday, and the irrepressible Henry only got up a few times and dared the convention to combat. Henry seems to be tremendously disliked by a large number of delegates because of his cruel treatment of Abe Ruef, a poor old San Francisco man, who never did anyone any harm to speak of, and whenever he gets up to discuss dispassionately the refining and uplifting influence of horse stealing compared with steam rolling the Taft side bristles with hate and fury, and yells "Ruef, Ruef," as if expecting a bolt from above to lay Henry dead for his crime.

For a minute yesterday it looked as if Jim Watson was going to get a real

cheer of the sort which boosted Hadley in the possibility class.

Cheers for Watson.
When Jim came forward with his brist, upstarting hair, his firm, rugged countenance filled to bursting with words and a new spring suit on, 5000 Taftites succeeded in boosting a cheer up four stories and holding it for almost a minute before they let go. As cheerers, however, the Taft followers are amateurs. Johnson of California, unaided and alone, can fill the Coliseum full of more deeply concentrated fury than the whole Taft gallery.

As a show, the convention is no longer a tremendous, inspiring and colorful thing. It is as tame as the fourth day at a circus, or a benefit performance of an inaugural parade repeated by request. It is like the middle of a six day race with the contestants doggedly tagging on and the audience snoring in the galleries and waiting for sprints and spills.

But along on Monday, when Mr. Taft will probably be nominated, things will wake up, and there will be considerable cheering and festivities. The Roosevelt men will still be in the convention, and by that time they will have had a vote and a beating on every possible point of the contested delegation affair. Then they will go home and show their wounds, and they confidently expect that the sympathy which they will get from the folks who have been reading the newspapers will amply repay them for their mangled frames. In case they decide to abandon the elephant and harness up the rhinoceros for a short journey over the enemy.

SONS AND DAUGHTERS
OF PIONEERS MEET

The annual meeting of the Sons and Daughters of Pioneers was held in the courthouse Wednesday evening. M. C. George was elected president and Mrs. Anna Dowell Bannan, secretary, for the ensuing year. The Sons and Daughters are banded together to perpetuate the memory of the pioneers and eventually take over the burdens of the Pioneer society, when age and disability render it necessary. The Sons and Daughters have been organized since 1899, and have a well filled treasury, and many new applicants for membership. The directors are: Miss Felling, Miss Mable Taylor, Mrs. A. B. Crossman, and Judge M. C. George.

SMILING FACE OF COLONEL ROOSEVELT'S MANAGER



This picture of Joseph M. Dixon of Montana was taken recently in Chicago, and does not seem to indicate that the Montana senator is at all worried over the colonel's reverses in the preliminary skirmishes between the Roosevelt and Taft forces.

IT IS TALK, TALK,
AND NOT A THING
ELSE AT CHICAGO

Folks Who Came to See Excitement Go Home Sad and Disappointed; Chief Business Oratory and Recessing.

By Edna Ferber.
(Copyright, 1912, by the Associated Newspapers.)

Chicago, June 22.—There always will be men who insist that women folks are vacillating, unreliable, incoherent and generally untidy in their mental house-keeping arrangements. And maybe they're right. But there's something about the way they're running things over at the Republican national convention that makes the woman behold-er just sit back and gloat.

Why, if they ran things that way at the semi-monthly meetings of the West End Ladies' Reading Club and Improvement society, there never would have been blithering posts on Main street, nor a rest room for farmers' wives. After one half hour of listening to the learned and gifted gentlemen who are musing up the Republican party, there comes to one the firm and serene conviction that compared to these Mrs. Hickieley was a direct, astute, terse and reticent speaker, not to say close-mouthed.

It started out to be a grand show. The advance forces were masterpieces, the press work brilliant, the audience friendly to the point of eagerness. And then, what happened? The manager came out and announced that the prima donna had developed tonsillitis, the chorus had sprained its ankle, and the scenery had been lost in a washout at Little Rock, Arkansas, and that no money would be refunded at the box office.

That is why there is a white-hot and demoniac rage boiling in the

breast of the six-boots who paid one hundred dollars for a seat at this week's convention and who didn't go the first day because somebody told him that nothing ever really happened the first day. Third day was when the real fireworks were turned loose. And when the third day dawned the fireworks would not go off. They'd been left out in the damp too long.

The chief business transacted at the convention Thursday and Friday was that of taking plain and fancy recesses. They took recesses ranging from five hours to five minutes, and the tragic part of it is that nobody cared. The convention audience as viewed at the hour of 4:45 yesterday afternoon, just minutes after the opening of the session, was bored limp. At 4:30 it was remembering that it had a sort of an engagement for 4:35 and it hastened away to keep it.

Henry, the California demagogue, spoke. The man up in the gallery yawned Jim Watson, the only politician whose pompadour rivals La Follette's, spoke. He has a trick of frenzied oratory accompanied by a series of calisthenics in which he slaps his brow, chest and left hip pocket regularly every five seconds. The crowd ate it up Tuesday, but Friday, "old stuff" said the man in the gallery, and nodded a little sleepily.

History Making Tame.

Governor Johnson, who is in the lists for the prize offered for the most popular gumpun on the floor, got up in his new gray suit of the latest snappy cut for business men, and spoke vehemently, man, passionately. And when he had finished, the wife of the man in the gallery poked her husband in the ribs and said, "Clap, Henry, clap; that was Johnson."

Henry awoke with a start. "Who's nominated?" he asked. "Nobody," replied his wife, "but 'Let's go home,' said Henry. 'There ain't going to be any president.' And they went. For excitement they stopped down at the Blue Front drug store and had a chocolate ice-cream soda.

It's all very well to say that this is the last convention of the kind that will be held in these United States, and that those who have witnessed it have seen history in the raw. But the conventionalists came to see a bull fight and they have gazed upon a man talking content instead, and for the future they are willing to take their history in condensed form between the covers of a book.

One thing's sure. The delegates' wives can't stay much longer. It is folding their hands and they're already washing out their white silk gloves and silk stockings and stringing them up in the hotel rooms every night, not to speak of the handkerchiefs pasted on the mirrors and the side of the bath tub. Chicago's all right for four or five days, but at the end of a week or more it's asking too much of any one's clothes.

Oratory Gets Tiresome.

Besides, strawberries are only 75 cents a crate now, and cherries are coming in from the home and they're hardly put up a thing and here it is the end of June. Oh, they'll be a memory before Sunday, those ladies who were photographed and interviewed within an inch of their lives' innermost secrets when they came last week.

The convention orator has no more charms for the tired conventionite. They are on his to his curves. Be he choleric, suave, impassioned, calm, spread-eagle or straight from the shoulder, he has little chance of stealing the hearts of his hearers. They say that specifying has become a habit with these gentlemen, and a man who knows said that the other night up in Colonel Roosevelt's private room they were making speeches—regular set speeches with the gestures and sobs, and all, and standing on chairs to do it. Well, when it gets that far, then it becomes wooden, doesn't it?

One by one the special writers are folding their equipment of wigs and stealing away toward Baltimore and Maryland chicken with biscuit on the side. Something probably will happen at the Coliseum in a day or a week. But it will be too late. The convention crowd has waited too long for its meal, and now it has lost its appetite.

Governor Stubbs' Tragedy.

There is one heartbreaking little tragedy of convention week which is known to few; and yet it will leave its mark long, long after Michigan Avenue has resumed its everyday clothes, and the Coliseum has been swept and dusted. It's one of those intimate, pathetic little things that our best talent calls a "bit," and the chambermaid who gave it out did so with tears in her voice.

Know Governor Stubbs? He came to Chicago with a silk hat for low cut evening wear, all done up in a regular box. And up to the present moment, Governor Stubbs hasn't had a single invitation out to dinner, and the dust of Chicago has seeped gently down into the box, and lain there, undisturbed, while the shiny hat of almost every other politician has graced the hat racks in the homes of our very best people. Chicago society will probably hear from Ma Stubbs when Governor Stubbs gets home with her pleated shirt as virgin as when it left the hand laundry back in Kansas.

To prevent an accident to a railroad train should the engineer be injured and unable to stop it, an inventor has mounted an electric button on the throttle lever which automatically shuts off steam and applies brakes should the engineer's thumb be removed from it.

Fun and exercises skating, Oka Rink.

MEN NOT FRIENDLY
TO M'CUSKER SAY
HE IS AFTER PLUM

Vote for Williams as National Committeeman Seen as a Clever Move; U'Ren Takes Him to Task.

Thomas McCusker, who managed the La Follette primary campaign in Oregon, has become the center of a controversy because as a delegate at Chicago, he has failed to take the "straight Roosevelt program" as it was handed out by the Roosevelt leaders, and also because he is reported to have voted for Ralph E. Williams, standpatter, for another term as national committeeman.

McCusker's course has brought the sharp criticism of some of the progressive leaders, including W. A. U'Ren, McCusker and U'Ren, while they disagree as to many things, both favor La Follette and U'Ren gave McCusker his vote for delegate. Incidentally, U'Ren is one of the authors of the presidential primary law and he holds that this law binds McCusker and all others to follow the Roosevelt program without deviation.

He is particularly wrath over a vote for Williams for national committeeman, and in a telegram to McCusker last night declared this to be a betrayal of the progressive Republicans of the state, inquiring suggestively as to "what had been offered" to induce this line of conduct.

Would Be Marshal.

Some of those seeking to locate the reason for McCusker's attitude declare that McCusker has put up his lightning rod for appointment as United States marshal. This is on the theory that Williams will repay the favor by electing committeeman and do what he can for McCusker under the next administration.

Friends of McCusker, on the other hand, resent the insinuation that he is looking for political favor and assert he is merely following his own judgment. While instructed for Roosevelt, McCusker does not want either Taft or Roosevelt, and has declared he would not support Taft if nominated. He is friendly with Williams, and dislikes Dr. Cox, who is rabidly for Roosevelt and would like to be committeeman. Apparently Cox has abandoned his ambition in that direction, for he voted with Ackerson, Boyd, Hyman and Swift for Boyd, making half of the delegation in favor of the delegate from Walla Walla county. With McCusker's vote Boyd would have a best elected, but McCusker joined Carey Campbell and Smith in voting for Williams. Hall, the second La Follette member of the delegation, did not attend the meeting, and this forecasts the selection of Boyd, provided Taft fails to be nominated. Hall has stated that he favors a progressive, but wants a man in sympathy with the presidential nominee. Thus far Hall has taken the straight Roosevelt program.

Divided as to Course.

Progressive Republicans, particularly those who voted for La Follette, are divided as to the course the delegates should take. Some agree with U'Ren that the delegates should vote with the Roosevelt forces all down the line.

Others hold that a delegate should not abdicate all discretionary powers because he is instructed to vote for Roosevelt. They do not believe that McCusker or any other delegate is bound to vote for any "fool notion" just because a Roosevelt man makes it. Reasoning further, they say that Oregon delegates were under no obligation to support McGovern for chairman, or to vote for the Roosevelt motto to a purge the roll before the credentials committee had heard the evidence.

Some of the criticism rebounds in the direction of U'Ren, for it is pointed out that he is one of the men chiefly responsible for the peculiar provisions of the Oregon law whereby each voter was permitted to vote for only one candidate for delegate. This made it certain that all the delegates would not personally favor Roosevelt. If it is contended that the delegates are merely machines to vote the Roosevelt program, it is asked, why did U'Ren make it cer-

tain that the delegation would be divided among the different candidates?

U'Ren's Message.

In his telegram to McCusker, the Oregon City progressive said: "I voted for you and have talked with other Republicans who did because you were a professed progressive, supporter of the primary law and of La Follette. Roosevelt was chosen by the Republicans of Oregon when you were elected. Every schoolboy knows it was your duty in every phase of the struggle at all times and in every honorable way to aid Roosevelt's nomination. We are agreed that your failure to vote for McGovern was a betrayal of our trust in you as well as a violation of the letter and spirit of the law and of your oath of office. Every schoolboy knows it was your duty to prevent any steam-roller organization of the convention from acquiring power and refusal to inquire into clear cases of fraud on which the whole United States has made up its mind. It is reported here that you have voted for Williams as Oregon's

national committeeman. He is a Taft reactionary and standstill. We who voted for you would like to know what had been offered to induce you to betray the progressive Republicans of Oregon to the little brother of the trusts and the enemies of the initiative, referendum and recall."

WOULD OPERATE 3 CAR
TRAINS IN CITY LIMITS

The Oregon Electric company made application yesterday before the street committee of the city council for permission to operate three car trains inside the city limits. Councilman Baker opposes trains of greater length than two cars, he said yesterday. Councilman John H. Burgard said he could not see what harm there would be in permitting three cars on an interurban train. The application will be considered at a special meeting of the committee. Other lines operate trains of three and four cars.

6573 Miles of
Copper Wire Used

The above figures represent the copper wire mileage we use daily in distributing electricity throughout our system. Stretched in a straight line, it would reach Liverpool, England. Placed in this country, there is enough to make a double wire circuit between Portland and New York.

There is required to support this 6573.5 miles of wire, 30,281 poles.

This wire and the poles serve all the demands of the consumers in Portland and vicinity.

To duplicate this wire and poles (and thus make the streets more unsightly) is a sheer waste of money.

If we are to have reasonable public regulation in electric rates, the basis of these rates will be a fair return on the investment made. Then two investments (that means two companies) for one service makes a higher cost of production. Hence a higher rate for electricity must be fixed than would prevail with a single company and no duplicate investment.

Is it not better for the community to have REASONABLE PUBLIC REGULATION with one company—one investment and no duplication—than to have two or more companies, each one duplicating bond and stock issues, requiring a double interest charge for the public to pay?

It certainly is.

Portland Railway, Light and Power Company

Saving Is Simply Good Sense

He is wise who provides for tomorrow. He is wiser still who provides for day after tomorrow.

Keep a picture of your old age before you. That is your day after tomorrow. Save now while you still have earning power.

HIBERNIA SAVINGS BANK

"A CONSERVATIVE CUSTODIAN"

Open Saturday evenings six to eight.

SECOND AND WASHINGTON STREETS

FOR YOUR CHINA CLOSET

Wouldn't a 46-piece set of this handsome Gold Band China be a splendid acquisition—dishes you'll be proud to have on your table? Save coupons packed with CORVALLIS FRESHLY CHURNED BUTTER — "THE BEST ON EARTH"



CORVALLIS CREAMERY CO.

224-226 SALMON STREET, PORTLAND, OREGON

No acetanilid or injurious drug in

Col-oo

Removes headache and stomach troubles by removing the cause.

At drug stores, soda fountains and cafes. 10c, 25c, 50c bottles