

THE PORTLAND EVENING JOURNAL

ALFRED D. BOWEN.

IT IS NOT THE PHILIPPINE QUESTION; IT IS OREGON AND OUR HOME INTERESTS

THE ISSUE. There is politics and politics. There are always in every campaign some genuine questions engaging public attention.

There is a very real question in the campaign of deeper present importance than any party question. It is whether a cabal of politicians by ruling the dominant party shall also rule the state.

The people love to have a voice in their own affairs. They will have it. The Republican voters put the control of the party in the hands of the present managers upon the distinct promise that they would abolish machine methods.

Some of the resentment against this ticket is due doubtless to factional antagonism of long standing. But deeper than that, more widespread than that, is the popular instinct that a government far removed from the popular choice cannot be a good government for the people.

This cabal is not only fooling the public; it is fooling its own adherents. They are pledged to an unknown result. They are going to blind. How will it be when the curtain rises for Multnomah Republicans to greet the smiling face of the Astoria statesman, Hon. Charles W. Fulton?

Mr. Fulton isn't a bad man, but he is from Astoria. Astoria isn't a bad town, but it wants to bottle up Portland and the Willamette valley.

At any rate, if Republicans are to vote for Mr. Fulton, they ought to be permitted to do it with their eyes open. Mr. Scott says he is not a candidate, and Mr. Fulton says he himself is. Now if Jack turns down Fulton, whom will he turn up?

There was a time when the Republican purpose and policy was in actual danger. In 1896 a Republican defeat in Multnomah County meant something. At that time the present candidates and managers of the Republican party were fighting the Republican party. They had a right to do so, because they did not agree with the Republican policy and purpose.

Now the Citizens ticket is a protest against the ruthless machine. The people who organized this protest have been maligned and discredited by the machine organ. No citizen who ventures to lift his voice

WITH THE JOKESMITHS. TOMMY'S QUERRY. Four-year-old Tommy was rolling his hoop on Sunday.

EMBRACING A GOOD DEAL. She—Oh, you treasure. He—No, dear; I'm the treasury; I hold the treasure.—Detroit Free Press.

PLENTY OF SOLE. "They say corporations have no souls?" "How about the Shoe Trust?"—Baltimore World.

HE WAS PREPARED. The professor of chemistry in a certain college asked a student the other day: "Now, suppose you were called to a patient who had swallowed a heavy dose of acetic acid, what would you administer?"

INCONSISTENT. The winsome girl is now abroad Proposals to extort; She does not seem to want us long. And will not have us "short."

SWEET HOPES. Yeast—You know they are improving the automobiles every day. Crismonback—Do you suppose they will ever reach that stage when they will use kerosene instead of gasoline?—Yonkers Statesman.

HAS COME TO THIS. "What was the awful row at the club last night?" "Dreadful, wasn't it? They were discussing as to whether vellum ping-pong rackets were better than wooden ones, and some of them kept right on fighting in the ambulance on their way to the hospital.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THAT'S THE POINT. "Now, if you simply believe your tooth is not aching," explained the Christian Scientist, "your toothache will depart." "That might be," replied the man with the swollen jaw, "but I can't believe it."—Ohio State Journal.

MONOCHROMATIC. Brown her eyes and hair and gown, Brown her dainty little shoe; Also, she's engaged to Brown—That's why I am blue.—Philadelphia Press.

against the machine is exempt from the scorn and abuse of the organ. They are all of the Simon machine.

If this were so—if the people were reduced to the necessity of choosing between machines—is the Matthews machine preferable? The Simon people, at least, fought in the open. They asked no votes on false pretenses.

It is no part of political or party duty of the people to support a ticket they had no hand in nominating. The victory of such a ticket would not be a Republican victory. It would be a Republican defeat.

Apparently a fight between the old and the new, it was in fact but a contest between two old factions, one of which defeated the other, the regular organization, and exercised the power of the stronger to blast the hopes of the minority for future recognition.

This, then, is the reason why sentiment changed in Eastern Oregon, for that sentiment has changed in favor of the Democratic candidate is conceded by the most astute politicians in Oregon.

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THIS DEER LEAPED. Chased by a Railroad Train—But Let the Engineer Tell It.

"I have often heard or read the inquiry as to how far a deer could leap in flight from danger. I had an old-time railroad engineer," said I, "and I have often heard and read many replies to it.

"I remember that some one who said he measured a deer's leap once and found that it covered 35 feet was very generally and in some instances savagely discredited. Not by me, though. If that man had said he measured a deer's leap and said it covered 50 feet I wouldn't have disbelieved him, for I saw a deer make a leap once, and the question with me would be not how far a deer can leap, but how far it needs to.

"The bears peered out from behind trees and bushes as the train sped along, and the wildcat followed along with us by bounding from tree to tree, for more than two miles. Then I gave my whistle a toot, and away he went into the woods as if the old boy was after him.

"Just before we reached what we called Long Gravel Cut, a narrow pass a mile long, with high steep banks on either side, out of the bushes at the right of the track, and perhaps 100 feet ahead of my engine, bounded a big buck, square on the track. He stopped in frightened uncertainty, gazed for a second in big-eyed astonishment at the approaching train, and then turned and bounded into the cut.

"Neither my fireman nor I could see how that could be but fatal to the deer, because he could not escape from the cut until he reached the other end, and at the end of the cut a half-mile trestle started right in, so that unless the deer could run a half-mile of open railroad ties or jump a 40-foot gully, he might just as well have stood still and let the train run over him.

"The road was down grade through the cut, and I thought I would see whether a frightened deer could travel faster than a railroad train or not, so I pulled her open and let the train slide. I don't believe we were much more than a minute going through that cut, but the deer kept a good 10 yards' space between himself and the engine with ease. The road took the long, high trestle at the end of the cut by quite a stiff curve, and at the left was Kane's Gully, a ravine 40 feet wide and eight feet deep.

"If the buck attempted to cross the open trestle he was sure to fall between the ties and tumble into the hollow over which the trestle carried the railroad, and for him to leap the gully seemed impossible. A tragic end threatened him on every hand. That buck knew his capacity, however.

"When he got to the end of the cut he left the track, passed an instant on the

ger now? Is it the ship subsidy bill? Is it the trust differential on sugar? Is it Chinese sailors on American ships? Is it the danger of a Nicaragua canal? Is it the beef trust? Is it the water cure? Is it Cuban reciprocity that reciprocates with the trusts? These gentlemen set us a good example of independence under honest convictions, no doubt. We take pleasure in following it.

WHY SENTIMENT CHANGED. It is probable that at the time of the Republican state convention there was a strong demand in Eastern Oregon for the nomination of a candidate from that part of the state.

The struggle in the convention was for new blood, new methods, a new element in the saddle. Doubtless the Republican candidate won his nomination largely through the strength of his demand, in so far as the rank and file of his party was concerned; also utilizing liberal sums of money in canvassing the counties and in all of the devious ways of the practical politician.

For instance, let it be supposed that in some function it is necessary that the state of Oregon be represented in a public address, and there will be little doubt in the minds of most persons as to the desirability of having Mr. Chamberlain available to come from the state house. Then would "a man of action and not of words" be somewhat at a loss.

Hon. Henry McGinn is the Oregonian's candidate for State Senator. Nothing it says about the Simon machine is not equally said about Judge McGinn—District Attorney McGinn—Senator McGinn. His titles all come from the machine. He was faithful to it in its palmiest days, and it was faithful to him. If there is merit in his leaving it, it must be to the credit of the machine, for that is a bad machine, indeed; that is too rocky for Henry.

The morning organ will go into ancient history to justify itself. The Democratic party was for free silver. So it was. We had to fight it like the devil in 1896 on that issue. But at

POLITICS AND THE CENTENNIAL. It is not only bad taste, but poor politics and miserable policy, for the Lewis and Clark Centennial for the Morning Oregonian to suggest the injection of politics into the affairs of the big fair. In the issue of May 1 the Oregonian refers to the Centennial and the governorship, and thus

edge of the ravine to gather himself, then shot across the 40 feet or chasm as lightly as if he were jumping a six-foot ditch, cleared it with more than a foot to spare, and bounded away into the forest.

"I began to hold my breath when I saw the buck gather himself for that stupendous leap, and I don't believe I began to breathe again until we had crossed that half-mile trestle. The leap of that deer across that apparently impassable chasm was a grand and thrilling sight, and if the people who scoff at the idea of a deer being able to leap 35 feet had seen it, I think they would agree with me that it isn't so much a question of how far a deer can leap as it is how far it needs to."

OBSERVATION CAR. "The people of Canada regularly look to the United States for precedents," remarked Sir Henry Strong, Chief Justice of the Dominion, the great jurist and student of political economy, now in Washington.

"This is a pretty safe rule of action in most instances," continued Sir Henry; "but," he added with a smile, "it works execrably in the matter of salaries to our Judges. You do not in the United States pay your Judges the salaries they should receive, and so when I grumble at getting only \$8000 a year, the reply is made that the Justices of the United States Supreme Court draw but \$10,000. This is no good argument, but I wish that your government would set a better example.

"In England there has always been much more liberality in the compensation of the bench, and I venture that, according to English standards, the members of your Supreme Court would receive not less than \$50,000 a year."

"There is no doubt that the lax morals of the English aristocracy are mainly due to the fact that, as a class, these bearers of inherited titles have nothing to do," said George Atherton of London, now in Washington.

"The lack of all occupation except the pursuit of excitement is the chief factor in their demoralization. People that are not forced to toil in some way for a living seem prone to viciousness. Ordinary pleasures grow stale, and in the quest for new amusements they transcend moderation and embark on a career of habitual vice. If they had to work for a living, we would hear no more of the scandals that are a disgrace to England."

Recent Legal Decisions. Recovery upon a contract of life insurance not procured by the insured with the intention of committing suicide is held in Campbell vs. Supreme Concave, I. O. H. (N. J. Err. & App.), 54 L. R. A. 57, not to be defeated by his suicide, unless the contract so provides in express terms.

connects the two in the minds of the people. This is especially unwise, in view of the fact that the editor of the Oregonian is one of the members of the directorate of the Lewis and Clark Centennial, and it is wrong for him to permit the campaign and the Centennial to become associated. The funds contributed for the Centennial were given by all people, regardless of politics, and it is wrong that those who are not of the political faith of the Oregonian's editor shall be compelled to see their money and the influence of that fair association turned to the assistance of any candidate for any office?

Let the fair be kept free from political contamination. Let it be an enterprise of all the people. Let there be co-operation by those who are striving in earnest in their support of the exposition.

If this be not done, then will most people believe that the fortunes of the Republican candidate for the governorship are in a bad way. However, that is not to the point. It is essential that the issues of the campaign be kept free from those pertaining to the Lewis and Clark Centennial. If it be a question as to whether or not Mr. Chamberlain or Mr. Furnish would make the most graceful appearance as governor during the fair there will be few people who will not believe that the former will acquit himself creditably whenever he must go before the people in a public capacity.

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that very time and before we were fighting Mr. Mitchell and the Mitchell Republicans on the same issue. Why just the other day the Oregonian stated that the Mitchell delegation was kept out of the state convention in 1898 to allow a gold standard platform to be adopted. Of course, the issue is dead, but it is just as dead for Democrats as for Mitchell Republicans. Do you want to go into ancient history?

Everybody knows that the Republican state convention revolved around the United States Senatorship. The Multnomah delegation determined to keep the county off the state ticket. It turned down Carey for Governor and Dunnaway and Glass for State Printer. All this pointed to a Portland man for senator. This was supposed to be Mr. Scott. But he has since declined to allow the use of his name in that connection. The Matthews ticket will not support Geer. This disposes of all the known or probable candidates except Mr. Fulton. Is Mr. Fulton the choice of the Matthews ticket? If not, who is?

If Mr. Furnish were defeated the Philippines might get their independence—at least that is the Oregonian's present fear. That might be bad or good—for the Philippines, but isn't Mr. Furnish the real party in interest in that controversy? If you think he wouldn't swap the Philippine Islands for the governorship, you don't know Bill Furnish.

The Oregonian has got scared of its own issue. The other day it was hot on local issues. Now it wants Republicans to stand in with the Scott ticket on national grounds. It wants us all to help Jack Matthews save the county.

It must be a dire distress, indeed, for the Republican voter, in order to uphold the purposes and policies of the Republican party, to vote, for instance, for the late secretary of the Democratic party, Mr. Sanderson Reed.

The Puget Sound navy yard at Bremerton, sixteen miles from Seattle, gets an appropriation of \$366,000. Washington is faring first-rate for a "close" state, politically.

Every Ballot Received up to Noon Tomorrow Will be Counted.

The Fair directors will discuss the Fair site tomorrow. It is not likely that a definite location will be made at that time, still stranger things have happened.

The Journal voting contest has been watched by more than the directors of the Fair. It has been eagerly scanned by not only the citizens of Portland, but those of the state generally.

When Man. When man takes woman's place and she shall go to do the work of men, Ah—life will have a joy that we are now deprived of—there will be But little spring house-cleaning then. —Chicago Record-Herald.

Another golfer in official life is General Miles. The general and the justice frequently play against each other, seriously and strenuously. It is related that General Miles once went to the links of a club in a Southern city.

"Boy," he said to his caddy on the fourth link, "how long is this one?" "One hundred and ninety-seven yards, general," the caddy replied.

"Ah," said the general, "a drive and a put." He teed up his ball and struck at it viciously. Instead of hitting fairly he "topped" it. The ball rolled a few yards in a sickly sort of way and then stopped.

"That's all right, general," said the caddy, reassuredly; "now for a darn long put."—New York World.

A Good Spellbinder's Story. Ople Read, the Southern novelist, who lives in Chicago, has accepted the nomination for alderman from the Republican convention in a Republican ward. Until the last presidential campaign Mr. Read had always been affiliated with the Democracy. During the campaign of 1900, however, he made speeches in the West. When his bill of expenses went to Mr. Hanna the chairman noticed that Mr. Read's expenses in Denver were much larger than at any other place. Mr. Hanna called Mr. Read's attention to this. "I reckon so much," Mr. Read replied, "but did you ever play poker in that pesky town?" Mr. Hanna made no answer, but put an "O. K." on the account. —Leslie's Weekly.

Little Boy—Isn't fathers queer? Auntie—In what way? Little Boy—When a boy does anything for his pa he doesn't get anything, but if another man's boy does it he gets a penny.

Wheat Shipments. The wheat and flour cargoes cleared for foreign ports during April are as follows:

April 1—Indrapura, British steamer, 25,400 barrels flour, value \$139,210, Hong Kong and way.

April 1—Inchepa Rock, British ship, 80,522 bushels wheat, value \$85,522, Alagoa Bay.

April 4—Marion Lightbody, British bark, 122,879 bushels wheat, value \$79,871, United Kingdom.

April 9—Torrisdale, British bark, 123,472 bushels wheat, value \$79,871, United Kingdom.

April 9—Ernest Legouve, French bark, 114,335 bushels wheat, value \$73,150, United Kingdom.

April 11—Dorvenby Hall, British ship, 115,722 bushels wheat, value \$74,574, United Kingdom.

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OREGON'S CLIMATE Colonel Donnan Makes a Number of Startling Comparisons.

The following extract from a letter by Colonel P. Donnan to Major Edwards of the Fargo Forum is a fair sample of the literature being widely printed in Eastern newspapers. It originates with the railroad and Colonel Donnan, with his wide newspaper acquaintance and extraordinary aptitude in saying interesting things, is the genius who sets it afloat.

PREPARING FOR TROUBLE

(Journal Special Service.) READING, Pa., May 2.—The Reading is storing a large quantity of locomotive fuel in this city.

Thus far nearly 10,000 tons of bituminous coal have been piled up and trainloads are still coming in from the soft-coal districts.

The company is also storing a large quantity of the smaller sizes of anthracite such as buckwheat, which is used as fuel on many of the engines.

It is estimated the storing of so much coal at this time is for emergency purposes.

As a rule the company has not stored coal so early in the season, and some think that it is being done so that in the event of a strike in the anthracite regions the company will not be at the mercy of the miners.

The dump in this city for small sizes of anthracite has a capacity of 50,000 tons. At the present time about 20,000 tons have been unloaded.

A large quantity is also being stored in other sections of the coal regions.

SHOOTING CONTEST BY TELEGRAPH

CHICAGO, May 2.—The best marksmen on the police forces of Chicago and St. Louis are contesting for supremacy today. The match is unique in that it is being conducted by telegraph.

For several weeks past the contestants have been practicing assiduously, and as there is considerable personal rivalry between the police officers of the two cities, the result of the match is awaited with interest.

SHIPMENTS TO FAR EAST.

The Oriental American Company of this city is just receiving 25 carloads of mess beef from Kansas City, which it is shipping to Port Arthur, China.

The same company is shipping several thousand barrels of flour to the same destination from Tacoma. It is understood that the beef and flour are for consumption of the Russian government.

Portland is beginning to divert shipments to the Orient which formerly went through New York. This is but the beginning of a trade with the far East.

Subscriptions received for The Journal at any of B. B. Rich's cigar stores.

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