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THE UMATILLA REVOLT.

As a part of the history of the current campaign, it will be written down that the leading Republicans of Umatilla County are openly fighting the Republican candidate for Governor. They do this for the sake of the party to which they belong. They do this for the sake of the state of which they are a part. They do this for the sake of the young men of the commonwealth, whom they desire to teach higher conceptions of politics and statesmanship than have hitherto been taught in the election of W. J. Furnish to the head of the Republican ticket.

In special correspondence coming to the Journal from Pendleton is made the assertion that those leading Umatilla County Republicans are engaged in a movement that makes for the defeat of Mr. Furnish in his home county. They assert that they will defeat him, and give to Mr. Chamberlain a majority variously estimated.

As a proposition in civic morals, it is important that those Umatilla County Republicans shall succeed in their movement. The Journal desires to call attention to the issue in a dispassionate manner, eliminating the radical features of the contention, and viewing it from the most conservative standpoint. There is involved in it a principle that is worthy the deep thought of the young statesman. And it is the young voter who will decide the issue. The young man holds to ideals. He is moved by high principles. He cares less for party regularity than does the older man. The young man will decide the issue.

And the issue is this: Shall the use of money in elections and conventions rule in our electoral system?

Let it be presumed that money was used only for what people of lax civic morals regard as legitimate. Let it be presumed that he only paid men to go from place to place, to visit this and that man, to hurry here and there, manipulating affairs prior to the conventions, and keeping well oiled the working parts of the machine that was in process of construction. Is not this very use of money, if it be acknowledged as the determining element in any man's candidacy, such as to preclude the success of any man who has not money in large quantities? Is not any man beaten before the contest begins who is not possessed of wealth?

Such a statement cannot be criticized as radical. It plainly places the issue before the voter. And it especially appeals to the young man who is first of all loyal to his ideals and high principles. If, then, he wish to apply those ideals and principles to the present election contest, he will support George E. Chamberlain for the office of Governor of Oregon. The Journal believes that he will do this, and has no fear of the outcome.

THE CITIZENS' TICKET.

The Citizens' ticket is completed. It is personally strong and it represents a cause of more importance to the people of this county than any political question whatever. To Republicans who have been disfranchised in their party councils—and all of them have been—it affords an instrument to rescue their party from the disaster of a success that means the ruinous rule of the Matthews machine. To Democrats it means an escape from the charge of having their local government administered not by a majority of the citizens of the county or city, but by a ring responsible to nobody.

Every business is interested in defeating the ring ticket, because every business enterprise will be subjected to the exploitation of the ring. The future reform of political methods hangs upon the defeat of the ring ticket, because the ring itself is a defiance of reform, and its very existence is predicated upon a continuance of methods that outrage public decency. The influence of every voter, of every political party, in public affairs, to which his suffrage entitles him, depends on beating the ring, for voting counts for nothing when Jack Matthews makes the nominations.

The laudable ambition for political preferment which is the right of every citizen will be a barren privilege if the ring is successful, for then he must crave the favor, not of his fellow-citizens, but of the Matthews band, by his subservience. Read the record of the machine convention and say by your vote whether you will ratify and approve its methods.

STAND WITH THE PRESIDENT.

The Oregonian thinks "the issue in the Oregon election in June will be the support of President Roosevelt's administration." But the trouble is the President does not make the laws. The Republican majority in Congress is against him, as the Oregonian has frequently pointed out. As that paper said yesterday, "there are powerful Senators bent on weakening the President's prestige," and these are Republican Senators. "Hanna's election is but thinly disguised," says Mr. Scott, and Mr. Allison reflects more

views than his own in his veiled allusion to "the certain death of the Army organization bill." A good many Republicans here quite agree with the Oregonian in his statement yesterday that the legislation in Congress is to be used "to weaken its influence as compared with the narrow circle of Republican politicians by which the course of legislation has hitherto been guided." These men, and not the President, run the Republican party. They are trying to beat him for the nomination, because he does not stand in with them. The usual Republican victory in Oregon would help them and not him. It will be time enough to endorse the President in his contest with the Republican leaders when it comes to nominating him against the opposition of the trusts and their Republican friends in Congress, and in the election if he shall be nominated. But just now the best way to uphold the President's hands is to give his Republican enemies in Congress the black eye they deserve. A Republican victory in Oregon would not do that, because they are all at this moment through the press despatches from Washington, pleading with the Oregon Republicans to endorse them. Not one of them but would construe a Republican victory here as an endorsement of the ship subsidy bill, of shelving the Nicaragua bill, of the death of the anti-exclusion measure demanded by this Coast, of the trust differential on sugar, and of the various measures to which the President is opposed, and for which opposition the leaders mean to turn him down if they can. Now the first thing for acerbulous voters here to do is to turn them down, so far as an Oregon election will do it, and then perhaps they will be willing to give heed to the President.

THE RIGHTS OF THE RING.

Judge Williams in his speech thinks his faction did not act wisely in the action they took, but wisely asserts that being in the majority they had a right to do as they did, exclude all members not of the Jack Matthews ring from the convention. But that is not what the rule of a majority means. A majority to have a right to rule must be one ascertained and resulting from an equal, fair, open deliberation, consultation and debate of all the members of the convention. In a fair convention the line of cleavage will change upon succeeding questions or nominations as they arise, and the resulting action may be well said to be the combined wisdom of the whole convention. But when a majority of the members go off by themselves, agree upon their own measures and candidates, adopt a unit rule and then come back to go through the perfunctory form of putting their measure and their ticket through the convention—that is not the voice or the wisdom of a convention. It is only the dictate of a ring.

The fundamental idea of the Matthews convention was the maintenance of a party within a party. Two opposing political parties in the Legislature may legitimately, perhaps, adopt a caucus system. Being opponents, they have, on political matters, no common concern, nor owe any duty to each other. They are there to fight each other, and for that purpose may strengthen their forces by integral unity of action. But that is out of place within a party convention, because the very central idea of party organization is concert of action, and not an internecine strife. When the Matthews machine usurped the right exclusively to control the convention, and added to the injury the insult of treating other members as aliens and enemies, instead of equals and friends, it erected itself into an organization inimical to the Republican party. For to use words accurately, the Republican party does not consist of its conventions or leaders or rings or machinery. It consists also of that body of voters who believe in its principles. The machinery of organization is necessary indeed to make these principles effective, but the machinery is not the whole thing. And when a party gets to be machinery, and nothing else, the individual free and independent voters who are its members have a right, and it is their duty, to repudiate the machine and to exercise their recovered franchise in such manner as may seem best. Therefore, we say that Judge Williams is quite wrong in asserting a right in Matthews' machine to usurp political functions belonging equally to all Republicans. He is quite right, however, in saying that it was unwise to do so. The unwisdom of it will become more and more apparent as time progresses, for the people are quite able to distinguish between the Matthews machine and the Republican party.

BRET HARTE, HUMORIST.

Notwithstanding the wires told on Monday of the death of the distinguished Archbishop Corrigan, and the eminent Rear-Admiral Sampson, the prominence of these two men does not suffice to obscure the loss felt by the passing away of Bret Harte. Bret Harte has but one rival for supremacy among the great American humorists, and that rival is Mark Twain. Some, perhaps, will contend that Artemus Ward should be placed in the leading place, with the others accounted secondary. But it is likely that the verdict of the future will be to accord the pre-eminence to Bret Harte. No American humorist has equaled the keen wit and the wholesome humor of the man who wrote the Western tales, so correctly portraying life in the Pacific Coast states, and adding to the literature works that will live far into

coming literary eras. Admired with the true poetical conception, Bret Harte's humor refreshes while it fetters. It reveals the generous nature of the Western man, and succeeds in doing what all great humorists must do if they would reach the highest form of literary humor—art-painting pictures in which there is seriousness instead of the grotesque, strength instead of foolishness, and all of the elements that make the ideal elemental character instead of the weaknesses that are the stock in trade of the purveyor of cheap fun.

Dickens is his "Pickwick Papers" is the great exemplar of this principle of humorous literature. And Bret Harte is easily princeps factis among American writers when judged by this standard.

PRINTING THE SPEECHES.

The Oregonian says that the reason Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Baker City, opening the campaign, was not printed in its columns was because he did not offer it to that paper for publication. Mr. Chamberlain doubtless would have handed it advance manuscript of his address had he been asked for it. Other daily papers in Oregon, notably the Portland Evening Telegram, the Salem Evening Journal, the Portland Evening Journal, the Pendleton Evening Star Oregonian, and the Baker City Morning Democrat, asked for manuscript and received it. The same courtesy would doubtless have been extended to this newspaper that now gives us an excuse for its non-appearance that Mr. Chamberlain did not go to the office with manuscript and request that it be printed.

Newspapers are presumed to go after the news, and not wait for it to come into their offices. Editors, reporters and correspondents are employed to "dig up" news. They are censured if they fail to secure it. To permit it to escape them is to receive the sentence of severe censure for that than which nothing is worse for newspaper people—"scops."

Mr. Chamberlain probably would have been glad to have his opening address appear in all papers. But he could not be expected to go to a publication that is hostile to him with a request that it accept manuscript from him. He could not, in consideration of his self-respect, assume such an attitude.

However, let this suggestion be kept in mind in the future, and let the esteemed contemporary of any other remember that great newspapers are presumed to go after what news they want, and go after it with avidity. When they do this they usually get it.

THROUGHOUT THE STATE.

Harry Swan, aged 6 years, was run over by a heavy steam roller at Baker City the other day and sustained a fracture of the arm.

John Whiteaker, Oregon's first Governor, was 82 years of age Sunday.

A farmer near Gold Hill, while plowing, a few days ago, upturned some rich nuggets. One of the specimens is worth about \$100 in gold.

Frank Caldwell, of Gold Hill, while driving a frightened horse last Saturday, was thrown out of a butcher wagon and received painful injuries.

While hauling logs near Joseph one day last week Frank Reel struck a boulder with one of the logs and revealed a rich vein of ore.

At Ashland last Wednesday afternoon Jesse Pitchford had two of his fingers severed by coming in contact with a circular saw.

Construction work will soon be resumed on the Calapooya wagon-road leading from Linn County to the Blue River mining district.

Eugene wants the board of health to build a pesthouse in that city.

By being caught in a bolt at Coquille City last Monday, Dale Strang was knocked against the wall and narrowly escaped death.

Small catches of salmon are still being made on the Lower Columbia. Fishermen are daily expecting big schools, and are prepared for them. Quite a number of shad have been caught lately.

Have you tried Fletcher's? What flour?

FACTS IN THE CASE.

Mr. Scott Answers. At yesterday's meeting of the State Federation of Labor, a resolution was passed roasting Mr. Scott and his paper for vilifying cartooning the officers of the federation and misquoting their words. The labor leaders seem to think that the Oregonian's prize artist is not quite so runny as he thinks himself. They have an idea, also, seemingly, that the present city editor of the Oregonian changes and alters reports brought to him with a freedom trenching upon the very confines of what Scott calls "ethics of journalism."

Scott to the Workingmen. Ye workingmen of Portland, pray hearken to my plea: I long have stood up for you—now you must stand by me.

'Tis I who raised your wages, 'tis I who fought your cause, 'Tis I who always advocate upbuilding union laws, 'Tis I who opposed monopoly and tyranny of wealth.

'Tis I who labored openly, 'tis I who worked by stealth; In the early hours of morning and far into the night, I've been your gallant general, the leader of your fight.

And now 's the time to make return for services like these, Pray vote for me by voting for My legislative nominees.

If you should fall me at this pinch and things should go awry, And wages fall and factories close, you'll find the reason why: If Curtis downs Malarkey, or if Austin beats Jack Reed, The price of meat will still advance—on my oatmeal you will feed.

If Beutler knocks out Willie Rank, or McGinn is left by Lamb, Dread, dire disaster will ensue from Florida to Maine; From New York to California all who labor'll meet distress.

If our county's next election should not my will express, So stir yourselves while time remains, your one salvation seize: You'll still be happy if you 'lect My legislative nominees.

They'll send me to the Senate; I chose them one and all, Just for that purpose, and you know that you can always call on me, when at the Capitol, to champion your cause.

For all I'm seeking in this life I labor's kind applause, I'll be as I have always been—the workingman's firm friend, Against Chinese and Subsidies your interests I'll defend; I'll fight the trusts and railroads as I have always done; I'll be genial—I'll be social, for so are favors won.

Portland shall be the autocrat of the Pacific, if you will only just elect My legislative nominees.

I'll wear my deer every day upon the avenue; I'll even take a social glass when I am serving you; I'll mix with people, and I'll learn to dance a minuet, And sashes to my partner with a grace you won't regret; I'll make myself the cynosure of Washingtonian eyes; I'll go to euchre parties and I'll win the booby prize.

There'll never be a hot time in the town, but I'll be there, And all good words of Oregon shall in my triumph share; So, put your shoulders to the wheel, make Harvey Scott the chieftain, By electing for me, just this once, My legislative nominees.

A STALWART'S VIEW.

To the Editor: The Oregonian from day to day is loud in its denunciations of all men who will not vote the regular Republican ticket at the approaching election. I have lived in Oregon about 12 years, have read the Oregonian all of that time, and must confess to considerable amusement at the attitude of its editor in this campaign. The first political campaign after I came to the state was the campaign of 1881. In that year the Oregonian supported a Citizens' ticket and was as bitter in its denunciations of all who voted the Republican ticket as it now is abusive of those who are inclined to vote a Citizens' ticket. In 1890 George E. Chamberlain was the Democratic candidate for Attorney-General. Recent editorials in the Oregonian tend to show that he is an incompetent man, unfit to hold any public office. The Oregonian, nevertheless, during the last few days of the campaign of 1890, for a money consideration, inserted in its editorial columns endorsements of Mr. Chamberlain's candidacy and advice to the voters to support him. In my judgment the action of the Oregonian in this regard led to Mr. Chamberlain's election. It will be remembered that he carried the state by a majority of about 500.

HIS IDEA.

Ostend—They ought to use sypaper out at the beach and grounds, mamma.

Mamma—Why, my dear?

Ostend—Because I heard papa say so many times come toward the beachers.—New York Times.

IN GAY NEW YORK.

Mrs. Madison Square—Mrs. Vanderbilt did me the honor to call yesterday.

Mrs. Waldorf—Astonia—Which Mrs. Vanderbilt?

Mrs. Madison Square—Why, the copyright edition, of course.—Smart Set.

TABLE SUPPLIED.

"You seem pleased when these racing automobiles come this way," interrogated the new boarder at the farmhouse.

"Certainly," responded the old boarder.

"If it wasn't for them running over a hen once in a while, we'd never have chicken on the table."—Chicago News.

SIGN OF THE THUMB.

"There is no more sure test of a person's character than the thumb," said one of the keenest members of the Scotland Yard Detectives the other day, in the course of conversation.

"To those who understand thumb language the thumb is the most telltale trademark on the body, for if a member thereof is always entirely extended, I never place any reliance on the word of a woman whose thumb closes inside her gait when she speaks, and a person who shuts the fist and closes the fingers over

trade to the Philippines, but which would inevitably exclude us from the far richer markets of China, Japan and other Oriental countries. The Republican party believes in reciprocity. Mr. Scott does not. The money question is now settled and the only important question, therefore, on which Mr. Scott is in accord with the National Republican party is the question of the retention of the Philippines. It was settled by the people two years ago and there is as much chance of the reopening of the slavery question as there is of a revival of the judgment rendered at the polls in 1900. WALLACE MECAMANT.

WHIRL OF THE WORLD.

Despite official Serbian denial it is true that a concession has been granted to a Franco-Belgian syndicate for a gambling establishment in the Topchidere Park, a quarter of an hour from Belgrade. The concession has only to be confirmed by the King and the King is in favor of it, and so are the members of the government, with one exception. The state will receive \$200,000 a year and 10 per cent of the profits for 20 years. The Topchidere Park is very prettily situated, with forests and mountains surrounding it. This is the spot where Prince Michel Obrenovitch was assassinated in 1903. The park at one time was used by the Turks as an artillery practice ground. Topchidere means "the artillery headquarters."

ODD INSURANCE.

It is now possible to insure in London against the risk of smallpox breaking out in the contiguous houses, the idea being, of course, to protect the assured against expense incurred by temporary removal. The rate is a minimum of 10 shillings per cent for the year, the risk, of course, extending over an indefinite number of people. One broker, who was in this business from the start, has been doing hardly anything since for several days, and many who at first laughed at the whole thing are now coming into the market.

HATS OFF.

In Russia no man may enter a government establishment without removing his hat, a rule which has caused some trouble, it appears, since the establishment of the government; spirit shops. There have been disputes between the officials behind the bars and the customers as to the removal of the headgear, with the result that the question was submitted to the Minister of Finance. That official has caused notice to be issued warning the public against any disrespectful demeanor while in the state public houses, frequenters of which must in the future remove their hats.

VERY DISAPPOINTING.

The results of experiments upon the Berlin-Zooen electric railroad, from which a speed of 135 miles an hour was anticipated, have been very disappointing. When the velocity of 100 miles an hour was reached its effect upon the track, which was practically straight, was so destructive that it had to be discontinued. This being the case, a line having the ordinary curves could not be operated without appliances very much superior to the best now in use at a speed greater than 60 miles an hour.

TRAINED FLEAS.

A custom-house decision on fleas has been rendered in Switzerland. A package marked "trained fleas" reached Geneva. The nearest analogy the collector could find was that of June bugs, which had been ruled as "edibles." The case went from one official to another till it reached headquarters at Bern, whence, after much investigation and deliberation, the conclusion was reached that the fleas came under the head of "wild animals in a menagerie."

JUST TO PASS TIME AWAY.

If a body meet a body Bumping on a wheel, If a body bump a body Need a body squeal?—Judge.

HE OBJECTED.

Sandy Pikes—Why did yer refuse de hose dat lady offered yer? Billy Calagate—Or, dey was open-work. Yer know we are opposed to all kinds of work—even open-work.—Toledo Blade.

PRELIMINARY.

Diggs—I hear young Gabbleton is going in for pugilistic honors.

Diggs—Is he in training?

Diggs—Yes. He went to work in a box factory last week.—Indianapolis Press.

VERY SUITABLE.

"Say," exclaimed the may who was being shaved, "you should reserve that razor for your political customers."

"Why?" asked the barber.

"Because it has such a pull."—Deseret News.

ENGLISH SIGNS IN JAPAN.

Here are some curious English signs in the windows of shops in Japan: "The an countries 5000 and shoe small or five yares." "Old curios." "Horsehoe maker instruct by French horse fecel." "Cut hair shop." "If you want to sell a watch, I will sell." "Yes, sir, we will all come at my shop. Watchmaker." "Native country." "Automatic of naves marina." "The house built for the manufacture of all and best kinds of hats and caps."

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MUSICAL METHOD. "Do you play by note?" inquired one of the passers-by of the violinist of the street orchestra, which had been discouraging ear-piercing strains to a small audience. "Never a note of it, my boy," replied the Irish musician, mopping his heated brow with a handkerchief of many colors and gazing curiously at his questioner. "Ah! By ear, then?" said the inquirer, one, with a smile of gracious interest. "Indeed, my boy, I ask how you—what you do play by, then?" "By main strength, by jabber!" said the violinist, with a warty air, as he flung his ancient instrument into its green bag. "An' it's mighty dry work, an' that's the real blessed truth, sorr."

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