

ALFRED D. BOWEN. Telephone Main 500. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE Per Week 10 Cents. Delivered anywhere in the City. By mail to any address, \$3.00 per year. \$3.00 for four months. JOURNAL PRINTING CO., PUBLISHERS. PORTLAND, OR., MAY 8, 1902.

THE BUSINESS OF POLITICS.

It is a curious problem that government—that matter of supreme earthly importance to man—should be surrendered to methods tolerated in no other matter. What enterprise, what association, what corporate or federated interest would be given over to subterfuge, insinuation, secrecy and intrigue? It is politics always to be alone on a plane by itself and alone of all enterprises to reward the deft hand, the lying tongue, the devious way, the sinister mind? In every other business honesty, directness, integrity constitute valuable assets. Politics is the only business that can be frankly dishonest and yet sometimes succeed by its dishonesty.

Perhaps this is not altogether nor always true. It is true at times, doubtless, because men's private affairs ordinarily receive more immediate attention than do public affairs. It is only when public affairs go radically wrong that the individual perceives his interest, and then we have a "land slide."

Party managers get to rely upon the indifference of the people. By degrees they usurp the functions of the people, and arrogate to themselves the right to administer the government. The voter is thus reduced to the necessity of rattling a machine or repudiating his party.

The perfection of the machine is never attained in open ways. It works underground. It flatters, it cajoles, it promises, it lies. It succeeds often, not because it is trusted or believed, but because, perhaps, it is too much trouble to fight it, or because to beat it runs counter to some political sentiment, or because the machine has so insinuated itself into social or business life as to make a rupture painful, or its corrupting influences permeate and taint the public conscience itself, or because of all these things together.

For instance, it would hardly be believed, if it were not painfully apparent, that a little handful of men could seriously threaten to dominate a party of more than 10,000 voters in this county, not with their consent, but by promises and pretenses whose falsity the conspirators do not now even pretend to deny.

These men now laugh their promises to scorn. They do not pretend that these were made to be kept. It was a smart trick to capture the convention, and they give us the ha! ha!

Now that is dishonesty that couldn't succeed anywhere but in politics. It cannot succeed in politics if the people be not indifferent to their own welfare. If there were nothing else at stake it would be motive enough to condemn the fraud by which the Matthews party put itself in the saddle.

But there is abundant other motive. An officer who owes his seat to Jack Matthews will be responsible to Jack Matthews. He will not have that abiding sense of responsibility to the people—that trusting reliance upon the favor and approbation of the people—that arises from a consciousness of the people's power. He will only trust Jack Matthews. He will court the favor only of Jack Matthews. Here, as heretofore, we use that name to symbolize the inside secret conclave—that deep-sea beast of which he is the visible arm, the groping tentacle. It follows, therefore, that the public interest will not be guarded when it is mixed up with the interest of Jack Matthews.

Another motive is the reform of party methods. This need never be expected from the Matthews party. It is entrenched only by preserving the present machinery.

It is not necessary to indulge in offensive personalities in discussing this question. In other relations of life the men composing the machine may be trustworthy; but in politics they are banditti. The citizens have moved to their present point of organization through a storm of the invective tempest of their foes. No other enterprise could live by such methods. It is time the people teach the lesson that politics relates to the public welfare and that some decency and honesty are required to receive their approbation. The citizens' movement is to antagonize the methods described. For it to fail is to enthrone a wrong, a usurpation, a fraud, to put a whip into the hands of a reckless ring to scourge the people with. It is, in short, to live under the government of Jack Matthews.

ENDORSEMENT OF HANNA.

Mr. Hanna presumes to advise Oregon Republicans that "any great falling off in the Republican vote in Oregon will be used by the Democrats all over the country as an indication that Republican policies are unpopular." And further he says: "I expect the party in that state to do its duty."

Now the particular Republican policy to which Mr. Hanna refers is the ship subsidy bill, which is his pet measure. Oregon Republicans will, therefore, hesitate

ADAPTED AFTER HARRY MURPHY'S RECENT CARTOON IN THE OREGONIAN, WITH AN ADDITIONAL FIGURE OR TWO.



Those slippers seem just out of reach. Even with the wobbly tower under them they cannot even touch them.

about voting the Republican ticket when Mr. Hanna means to construe that vote as an endorsement of the ship subsidy bill.

The Oregonian recently said that Mr. Hanna is opposed to President Roosevelt. This opposition is based solely on the President's effort to curb the trusts. Whatever other things Oregon Republicans know their duty, they have no disagreement about Mark Hanna. They do not want to be construed as approving him, his methods, measures or policies.

"I expect the party in that state to do its duty," says Mr. Hanna. He expects! Oregon Republicans know their duty, at least as well as Mr. Hanna knows his. When he has connected his name with any great measure the people of Oregon approve he may be entitled to ask our endorsement. Mr. Hanna also expresses concern that a part of the Republicans here "are to enter into a fusion with the Democrats." He was not wont to be of that opinion. When such a fusion was used to defeat Mr. Corbett, Mr. Hanna thought it was entirely proper.

In truth, however, the immediate "duty" of Republicans here is to down Jack Matthews. If in doing that we may be construed also as hitting Hanna a lick it will not in anywise diminish our satisfaction. For to tell the truth there is a grave suspicion here that Hanna is the Jack Matthews of national politics. They are certainly mutually pleasing to each other.

Mr. Hanna can find plenty to do fighting President Roosevelt and serving the trusts and ship companies. He had better keep out of Oregon.

ENGENDER CIVIC PRIDE.

Portland needs more of civic pride. Fortunately every passing day sees its growth and the promise is given by current events that the city is going through an educative process that will elevate it to a level far above that upon which it now rests.

This is not to say that Portland is a particularly bad city. People who travel and who are practical know that this city has less of the worse elements that constitute a blot upon society than have other places of its size. Indeed, it is foolish and misrepresentative of the true status to intimate anything else. Estimable gentlemen living here, engaged in work that cultivates the idealistic side of man's nature, are inclined at times to break out in denunciation of existing conditions. In doing this they do what all decent persons do, and what they must do if they permit their better natures to have the mastery.

Yet there are practical considerations that demand occasionally the smashing of ideals, and the substitution thereof of something that is the best possible under the circumstances. This substitution is not from choice. It is perforce. It is compelled. To attempt to do otherwise would be as if you would for a mar with tuberculosis germs in his system to decide that he would not allow the disease to progress towards death for the subject, and expect by mere determination to eradicate those germs from his system.

Portland cannot receive to completely

cleanse itself from all that is bad. Would it were possible. Would that all might accomplish the reforms that all good people desire for the improvement of the moral character of the town. Things may be and are upon the upgrade. Portland is better than it was formerly. It is improving in many ways. The improvement should not be retarded. It must not be retarded.

In accelerating the progress, however, there must be rational action. There must be that which takes into account the undeniable facts in the case, and then proceed to do what can be done. Civic pride will forward this movement. Civic pride is for a city what self-respect is for a man. And civic pride is growing in Portland. The results will show as the months pass. They are already manifest in various respects.

THE DEAD COMMANDER.

"Speak not of the dead unless good be spoken" is the translation of a Latin motto that governs most persons in this world. It is frequently quoted as of a poor philosophy, and applied with too great vigor is not wise. However, it is perhaps well that the motto obtains with most people, and that it always will obtain.

Rear-Admiral Sampson, who died on Tuesday, by his death eliminates one of the two chief figures from a controversy that has been the most conspicuous in the annals of military warfare. It has divided the citizenship of this country as sharply as has any other question of late years. For a time, it absorbed the attention of this nation, and was carefully watched by military and political characters the world over. Harsh things were said and written by the partisans of Rear-Admiral Schley, who, probably, numbered a large majority of the people of the United States. Bitterness marked the contest, and bitterness remains in all quarters as a result of the dispute.

Rear-Admiral Sampson shared that bitterness, and was the subject of some of the harsh things that were said. It is likely that the sympathy of the American people was rightly given to the son of Maryland, who was in command at Santiago, and directed the movements of the fleet during the absence of Sampson. At least, it has been amply demonstrated that a very large majority of the people took sides with Schley, and remain loyal to him at this time.

Yet this does not prevent justice from being done to Sampson. He was a commander of marked ability. He was a man of that high honor that is characteristic of the men of the American navy. He was skilled in the art of naval warfare. He was loved by his associates, and they who love an associate love him for known good qualities.

That he became involved with Schley in a controversy, undoubtedly was due to the fact that he was even at the beginning of the dispute approaching the end that has since that time laid him in his grave; and to the fact that he was thus the more easily influenced to assume a position that did himself injustice.

The life record of a gallant sailor and fighter is meek enough to write at his

funeral. The devotion to duty, the desire to uphold the flag and the giving of a life to that upholding, the unblemished personality of the man, his attainments as a professional fighter of naval battles, these are enough to cover his name with glory and to warrant the inscription of praise for the career of a good man.

Mistakes that he made are but sufficient to bring into his sympathy all men each of whom has made mistakes and so many that, if he is sincere, he will administer to himself a censure more severe than that received from any other.

"Nothing unless good" may well apply to the death of Sampson, and yet in accepting it, one need not necessarily yield any of the views previously held on the subject of the naval controversy. There is so much of good in the record of Admiral Sampson that it may well consume the time and talent of the writer, while there was so little of bad in his personality that it may well be forgotten.

The Oregonian, speaking editorially of Mr. Moody's position in the coming election, says: "We assume, however, that when he says he hopes the Republican ticket will poll the full party strength he wishes us to read between the lines a purpose to follow the course of action he describes as his uniform habit heretofore. And with this assumption it only remains to say that our columns are open for a similar assurance from Senator Simon."

How magnanimous! Now that Scott and Jack Matthews have named their ticket, the columns of the Oregonian are open to Senator Simon, provided he will come forward and urge upon his followers their duty and obligation to support it. It is but a short time ago that nothing connected with Mr. Simon or "his machine" was worthy the consideration of a reputable citizen. Now all is changed. Even Simon, misrepresented, abused, vilified as he was, shall have fair treatment if he will support the ticket. Verily, when Scott grows magnanimous, people wonder. But there is "method in his madness."

When Furnish, as Democratic Sheriff, can make Unatilla County pay him at the rate of \$25.00 per year, that's business.

When Furnish and Jack Matthews combine and turn down all old-time Republicans, that's politics.

When the Republican platform advocates saving taxpayers excessive fees and emoluments over and above the constitutional amounts and candidates wink and say "but we won't do it," that's reform.

When the Oregonian predicts danger to the Republic and dire distress and disaster and the overthrow of our liberty if fusion succeeds, that's humbug.

Let the Republican voter vote the Republican ticket—State and Matthews—it is his duty. Let him not vote the ticket from a sentimental notion that he owes more to the party than to his state, his country, himself. It is the independent voter who is the salvation of his country and his party.

FACTS IN THE CASE

Mr. McGinn's Loyalty.

Mr. Henry McGinn in his classical letter to the Sixth Ward Club most beautifully refers to the party "which we love so well." His plea for loyalty (support of the Scott-Matthews ticket) is touching in the extreme. It is possible that it might be a trifle more effective if the writer would attach to it his answers (if he has any) to a few pertinent questions put to him by Mr. Wallace McGinn as to his academic party performance since 1890. Perhaps he may add an explanatory verse to the following:

My Record.
Ho, voters of Multnomah, behold me as I stand,
On pedestal before you, my record in my hand.

Just stop up, please, and scan it—it's writ in letters bold;
Inspect the patchwork and be my glories told.

For I have been a Senator,
And I have been a Judge,
A County Prosecutor, and
I've been Joe Simon's drudge.
I've fought on corners of the streets,
Been wolfish and been foxy,
Been everything to every man,
And e'en a dead 'un's proxy.

As County Prosecutor, me and Joe Simon's brother,
We alined up our indictments, piling one atop on the other.

So merrily we swelled our fees from one to twenty times,
Thought never tolerating vice, and ne'er condoning crimes.
We labored for the County, with philanthropic bent,
'Twas only when we lost the job that I began to squel.

For "Nate" had saved his money and I had squandered mine—
I was hooped on the RIALTO, and I raised a howling whine.

So I was made a Senator,
Joe came to my relief,
And that is why I hate him,
'Tis the code of my belief.
Crings to the man who feeds you,
'Be silent and be glib,
Unto you get the chance you want—
Then stick him in the rib.

Four years I served my country as a legislator true,
And, like a loyal "stand-in," did what I was told to do.

But since then I have quite reformed,
I've cut away from Joe,
And sought of fixed-up programs of legislation 'know.

My childlike innocence returned, a toga pure and white
I long to wear, and to that end your suffrage I invite.
I don't approve of salaries or fees or such vile things,
From my shoulders I feel sprouting yest-earned angelic wings.

And since I was a Senator
The woodsack I have grazed;
Through Simon's intercession I
Upon the bench was placed.
Then I was dropped, I knew not why
(Perchance some others do),
And then I bared my good right arm
And my stiletto drew.

So now, good folks, I once again before the voters stand,
And my election, it alone, will save our bleeding land
From the evil and the discord of those pernicious men
Who don't endorse the massacre of "children over ten";
Who see in the "water cure" an object lesson of
The precious boon of freedom, of peace and Christian love;
Who think that we, by showing that we ourselves can rule,
May bat for future liberty a weakling nation school.

So in the East and Middle West
The people all around
Await in tense anxiety
Their ears close to the ground
(As Mr. Scott informs you)
To hear the first report
That the country once again is saved,
And Henry holds the fort.
So, if, like me, you're "loyal,"
Your vote for me must tell
To save the Republican party
"Which we've loved so long and well."
—Roland.

In all that is said and written of Mr. Scott's inconstancies and the facility with which he alternately labors and embraces men as his feelings, interests or liver dictate, it should be remembered and chronicled to his credit that he has at least had one permanent and consistent friendship. When Mr. Simon was the bright star of his hope, when he was using Simon and leading him to the skies, one particular friend was with him. Now that he can no longer use Simon and is putting him as a fiend incarnate, this friend is still beside him. When he wanted the Hon. Henry E. McGinn as a dunkard and systemer, when he loathed the Hon. Walter B. Matthews as a "Jack" of most maledoracious fame, when he pictures the Hon. Charles E. Carey as a pirate leader of a pirate gang, this one consistent friendship was "on." Now that McGinn is the one possible savior of Republicanism in the United States, now that "Jack" is the wisest, best and purest of party leaders, now that Carey's spotless character rivals the immaculate whiteness of the glistening wings of the choir invisible, this friend, firm as the unmovable and unchanging rock, is still with him. That one unchanged and unchanging friend is the Hon. Lawrence M. Sullivan, commonly known as "Larry." For many years the sailor boarding, house landlord of this port has been his chief stoutness. They have disagreed—Portland and Oregon, not alone in the eyes of our own shipping world, but in England, France and Germany, in all of which countries they have been subjects of comment and condemnation. Yet take the files of Mr. Scott's paper and we search in vain for one word disapproving anything which his friend "Larry" has done or is doing. Crimping, theft, outrage, awe, murder, has resulted from the methods of Mr. Scott's friend; but not a word is given to the public detrimental to that friend through the columns of the one newspaper. When an effort was made by the legislature of Oregon to pass a bill which would eliminate this sailor boarding house disagree-

3 SPECIALS IN Juvenile Fashions. Our special sale offers to fastidious and economical parents an exceptional opportunity for securing complete new outfits for their boys at very low cost. BOYS' TWO-PIECE SUITS—Ages 8 to 15 yrs, tweeds and cassimeres, worth \$5, \$5.50, \$6. Special at \$4.35. VESTEE SUITS—Ages 3 to 8, handsome styles, worth \$5, \$5.50 and \$6, special at \$3.85. LONG PANTS SUITS—Ages 14 to 19 yrs, well worth \$7.50 and \$8. Special at \$6.35. 50c KNEE PANTS in Tweeds and Cassimeres 35c. We still have a fairly large variety of our Boys' Odd and End Suits at \$2.15. A.B. Stembach & Co. POPULAR ONE PRICE HATTERS & CLOTHIERS. Largest Clothiers in the Northwest. Fourth and Morrison Streets.

A Beautiful Face. Is what all women want. Proper care of the skin makes you beautiful. We remove all blemishes, superfluous hair, moles, etc. No scars. It is well worth your while to call. No charge to talk it over. Gray hair restored. Manicuring. New York Electro-Therapeutic Co. 702 MARQUO BUILDING.

FLY TIME IS COMING. House Cleaning is upon you. We can help you in this with our well-selected Wall Paper in all grades. PAINTING, PAPER HANGING AND TINTING. E. H. MOORHOUSE & CO. Art Store, 307 Washington St.

Exclusive Carpet House. CARPETS. J. G. MACK & CO. 86-88 THIRD ST. Op. Chamber of Com.

BY THE WAYSIDE. No wonder head is high. The dispatches say "Money is confined by illness." The evil of drinking champagne in a beer joint are more apparent than ever. The organs so change the "real issue" each day that the thinking voter begins to feel it is a "real" issue. Teddy sent a White House policeman after his small boys when he heard they were chasing a band wagon. The automobile and the trolley may be extinguishing the horse, but the ass seems to retain his hold in politics at least. An Iowa man who had burned part of \$20,000 found that he could not spend the rest. There's another practical lesson in thrift for you. Since it was discovered that divorced laws in Syria are easier than in Sioux Falls, the Dakota burg has begun to study the Oriental languages. A Washington waiter accuses a Missouri Congressman of striking him with a water bottle. Now, why on earth would a Missouri Congressman have a water bottle for?

Plants! Plants! Plants! Choice lot of bedding plants, all kinds. A dozen or more will beautify your yard and gladden your "ere Bowen's Seed Store, Front and Taylor streets.

DR. B. E. WRIGHT DENTIST. And His Associates are Now Located at 342 1/2 Washington Street, cor. Seventh. Hours: 8 a. m. to 5 p. m. and 7 p. m. to 8 p. m. TELEPHONE NORTH 2191.