

THE PORTLAND JOURNAL

ALFRED D. BOWEN

JOURNAL PRINTING CO., Proprietors.

CHAS. E. HASSBROOK, 91 Times Bld., N.Y.

THE INDEPENDENT AFTERNOON PAPER OF OREGON.

Seaboard Building, Fifth and Yamhill Sts. 259 Yamhill Street.

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter at Postoffice, Portland, Or.

TELEPHONES: Call up Main 600 Oregon 1102; or 723 on the Columbia line.

Terms by Carrier or Mail:

THE JOURNAL, one year \$5.00

THE JOURNAL, six months \$3.00

THE JOURNAL, three months \$1.50

THE JOURNAL, by mail, per year \$5.00

THE JOURNAL, by mail, 4 months \$1.00

PORTLAND, ORE., MAY 21, 1902

IT IS UP TO JUDGE WILLIAMS.

We have reliable information that Mr. Walter F. Matthews has put himself in communication with a number of saloon-keepers, with a promise of favors in return for their support of Judge Williams for Mayor, and a threat of harrasing them, if they do not. This is important in two grounds. It shows that Mr. Matthews speaks for Mr. Williams. It also shows that he is engaged in his usual course of double dealing. Through his paper he promises one thing to one class of people, and through private communications he promises another thing to another class of people. That is characteristic of Mr. Matthews. Does Judge Williams approve this? When he speaks next will he say whether Mr. Matthews is authorized to speak for him?

INDIGNATION IS JUSTIFIED.

If there be aught of manhood, if the spirit of independence live in Oregon voters, they will resent any attempt to dictate their internal affairs from Washington or other Eastern centers. An authorized mouthpiece of the Republican campaign managers strives to give the people of this state an impression that Chairman Hanna, Senator Frye, Senator Lodge and a few controlling Republicans in the East would hold up this state and refuse just aid warranted appropriations unless the state go Republican. In the first place the argument is from a false premise, for the facts are that Senator Hanna, Senator Lodge and Senator Frye and their associates, who control the destinies of the Republican party now dominant, will pay much more attention to Oregon if it be doubtful than they will to Oregon if it be not doubtful.

In the next place, if it were true that the Republican managers in the East would hold up Oregon and refuse to deal justly by it unless it remained in a sure Republican column, such an attitude should rouse the indignation of every citizen of this commonwealth. In the light of such a manifestation, where is our vaunted local civil government; where the sovereignty of the State of Oregon; where the right of the people of this state to manage its own internal affairs?

Shall Mark Hanna or the other Eastern men be permitted to dictate where we shall elect as our Governor, or will the people of this state claim it as their right inherent and guaranteed by the national Constitution to settle their own local questions as they see fit, regardless of interference on the part of political bosses in distant states?

The manhood of the Oregon voter has been insulted by the base appeal made by a powerful Republican paper, which should be above such sordid considerations, but which has by that appeal attempted to drag our Oregon politics down to the level upon which the most corrupt political boss stands.

THE GOOSE AND THE GANDER.

George E. Chamberlain, leaving competent deputies in charge of the business of the District Attorney, devotes two or three weeks to a campaign for the office of Governor. A paper opposing his election makes an insulting reference to his short absence from the city. The same paper knows that nearly every federal officer of importance in the State of Oregon, excepting those in the smaller towns, is just now violating the specific prohibition which the civil service laws place upon them, those office-holders being now engaged in offensively partisan work in behalf of Mr. Furnish. In the opinion of that esteemed contemporary what is sauce for the Democratic goose is not sauce for the Republican gander.

WHAT DOUBTFUL STATES GET.

New York, a doubtful state, received a liberal appropriation for its Buffalo Exposition; Missouri, a Democratic state, received a liberal appropriation for its proposed St. Louis Exposition, and for the Charleston Exposition. In the Carolinas, the federal government also gave large sums of money. These three states are none of them sure Republican states, and two of them are sure Democratic states. It is an absurd argument that has been advanced that Oregon must remain a sure Republican state if it be recognized by an appropriation from the federal trans-

ury. The merest tyro in politics knows that politicians are solicitous for doubtful states, and that in their solicitude they utilize the means at their disposal in attempts to make doubtful states sure states. Apply the argument locally. Suppose a county chairman learn of a precinct that is doubtful. Does he not immediately determine that in that precinct he will make a special effort, and does he not cater to the wishes of the people of that precinct in order to strengthen his party there? County Chairmen and National Chairmen are actuated by the same motives, moved by the same impulses, and are controlled by the same political laws. Hence, it is absurd to argue that Oregon must remain in the sure Republican column in order to get recognition from the Federal government.

ODOROUS COMPARISONS.

The Oregonian of yesterday makes a comparison of the Citizens' movement with the Jack Matthews machine, and pretends to believe that the latter represents some high and holy purpose, and that the former is merely "narrow, selfish, petty and factional." Just the contrary is true. The Oregonian is very bitter against those whom it describes as Simon Republicans. It was just as bitter against its present colleagues when it was itself an influential member of the "Simon ring." So we take leave to say, if the matter were really important, and upon the Oregonian's own authority, that the Simon Republicans are just as good as the Matthews Republicans, and the "Simon ring" was no worse than the Matthews ring is. In fact, it is easy to prove by the Oregonian itself that each faction is infinitely better than the other! But the comparison of factions is not pertinent. That issue is fictitious. The "Simon ring" is no longer a subject of controversy in this county. The Matthews ring is.

The Oregonian would like to drop that subject. It would turn the conversation into an ancient channel. But we would rather have the discussion up-to-date. The Matthews ring is a fresher subject. The ring is there. It stands confessed. It is undefended. The best effort made in its behalf is to hide its deformity under the Republican mantle, but underneath you can still see that pagod thing of caucus away. With front of brass and feet of clay. It is quite true that "candidates who stand before the people in a general election ought to represent something; they ought to stand for a party and a cause."

The Citizens' ticket does represent something—a revolt against the Matthews machine. Its cause is the cause of the people's right to conduct their own local government without the interposition of a boss. It is not a mere alliance of party organizations, nor a fusion of parties. It is a fusion of the people. The movement is instinctive and pervasive. When Matthews usurped all the powers and functions of the Republican party the revolt was inevitable. It was in the air. At first unorganized and at sea, it seized the instrumentalities it found ready to its hand, and without impatience, and without fear, slowly but wisely it prepared itself to stand forth against this usurper.

Such movements as this cannot be artificially created. It could not exist if it were narrow, selfish, petty or revengeful. Neither "three men" nor a "clique of men" could put it in motion. It is born of the pure spirit of freedom.

Now you may deride and berate. Call them petty schemers, Simon Republicans, ring Democrats, "mongrels" and what not. But that does not make them afraid. The rub to the whole thing is that they don't intend to be run by that petty ward-heeler, Jack Matthews. And they do, indeed, "dare to call" themselves a name. The Citizens' movement is a citizens' movement. The name is appropriate. It means that the rights of citizenship are superior to party bests. It means that party interests, feelings and prejudices are less important than the fundamental prerogative of freedom. It means that a man should be a citizen first and a partisan afterward. It means that there are people in this county—the woods are full of them—who, unlike the Oregonian, do not think it is necessary to "belong" to a ring; if not one, then another. It means, finally, to give the Oregonian itself an impressive lesson in party morality as well as in party management.

UGHT TO HOLD GOOD.

Of course, no one acquainted with its policy expects consistency from the Oregonian. Yet one would imagine that during the same campaign a fixed and standard rule that it has itself formulated and advocated ought to hold good and be applied to all alike—at any rate during the period of the campaign. Now, day after day the Oregonian urges the election of Mr. Furnish for Governor because he is a business man, and his opponent only a lawyer. But, on the other hand, it urges Mr. Williams' election for Mayor because he is a lawyer and demands the defeat of Mr. Inman because he is a business man. Will anyone dare to say that Mr. Inman, who rose from the ranks of labor by his own efforts and who does not owe the foundation of his fortune to fees manipulated by skill in that direction and then placed out at interest, and who now is at the head of the largest lumber mills in this section of the country, employing 400 to

500 laborers, is not a capable business man? It's a poor rule that won't work both ways, and the Mayor of this city has more occasion to apply business methods in its various departments than has the Governor of this state.

MOVEMENT IS WIDESPREAD.

There can be no mistaking the undercurrent throughout the United States in favor of all citizens' movements as an advance toward good government. Local municipal affairs must be absolutely divorced from politics. This is the first essential towards "home rule" for our American cities. Yesterday came the welcome news that San Jose, California, had joined the ranks by the defeat of the "MacKenzie ring," and the election of a Citizen Mayor. This tendency works alike against "Republican rings in Republican cities and Democratic rings in Democratic cities." It has come to stay because it is backed by common sense. Portland is next in order, and the best advertisement from a business standpoint that we can give to the world is the announcement that in harmony with the progressive spirit of the times the people have wiped out the "Matthews-Scott ring" and elected R. D. Inman as Mayor, together with the other candidates of the Citizens' ticket.

THE FAIR SITE.

The Oregonian, having declared the coming Fair to be a Matthews-Scott Exposition, doomed to failure if polluted by the affiliation with its interests of any "Democrat" or "citizen" is now preparing its readers for the disappointment which will follow the "selection" of a site. In a labored editorial it tells the people they must not "sulk" when they discover that the site was "selected" long ago. No, they must stand in and endorse the farce, say nothing, for the benefit of the State. Just as they must crown Jack Matthews Emperor and Harvey Scott his Pooch Bah by endorsing the ship subsidy steal, the trusts and the building up of Seattle to the detriment of Portland by the Administration—for the benefit of the State.

The Oregonian, after formally laying aside the bloody shirt, has brought it out again. That shows a desperate strait. But just now the people in Multnomah County are not so much concerned with the elections in the South as they are in their own. They don't think, besides, that the effective way to rebuke fraud in the South is to reward it here. The Matthews ring is the proper subject of discussion.

The meetings of the citizens are not only well attended, but what is more they are very earnest. The meeting in the Second ward Monday night is an example. Such meetings as that represent something more than a petty, revengeful factional contest. Mr. Matthews, the feuntings of the great deep are broken up. When that happens, you know, peanut politics are lost in the vortex.

The Oregonian argues for the support of its ring ticket "that Oregon is faring well at the hands of the Republican party and the National administration." It isn't doing anything of the sort. Our authority is the Oregonian. In fact, we have been treated shabbily, and everybody knows it. We can't get any worse treatment if we turn down the Matthews ring. Perhaps we shall get better.

The Oregonian, speaking of the Democratic party, says authoritatively that "God never uses such agents to accomplish his ends." It was never suspected before that Mr. Scott was in the confidence of the Almighty, but if he really comes as an ambassador from the Deity, will he exhibit the credentials of Mr. Jack Matthews?

There was for a while a hypocritical pretense that the Matthews ticket represented the only love and affection for the soldiers. But we don't hear any more of that recently. It drew too painful attention to the fact that there are three soldiers on the Citizens' ticket and none at all on the Matthews ticket.

The Matthews candidates are secretly pledged to vote for somebody for United States Senator. But they do not wish to disclose the candidate. Therefore they keep off the stump to avoid embarrassing questions. But we ask again who is the candidate? The people have a right to know.

The 3-year-old, Mr. Colvig, is advertised for a "rally" in this city to advise Republicans to vote for the Matthews candidates. But the candidates themselves are nowhere in evidence. Judge McClinn has no word to say for himself.

If the argument is to be put upon loyalty to the Republican organization it is not a good way to encourage loyalty to reward disloyalty. The Matthews candidates have not voted the Republican ticket for half a dozen years.

There is no Republican party in this county. One-half of it is in the Citizens' movement and the other half is up Jack Matthews' sleeve.

The thing that is vaunted as the Republican party in this county is an old shell of a thing with nothing inside but a worm. It is thought the nomination of "Tobe" Myers has strengthened the Republican ticket from \$2000 to \$5000.

FACTS IN THE CASE

The Ethical Newspaper.

IT ALWAYS PRINTS BOTH SIDES. The manner in which it reports the progress of the two gubernatorial candidates throughout the State.

FURNISH.

Oh, never, no never, since Mount Hood looked down, 'Neath the jewels of purity circling its crown, Never since the Columbia flowed on to the sea, Never, never has been—ne'er again can there be

Such fervor and zeal, such profound inspiration, Such cordial emotion, such self-abnegation, Such vehemence, warmth, such touching affection, Such hearty endorsement in every direction, Such enthusiasm, glow—such fullness of heart, Such transport, such rapture, on every one's part, Such swelling and thrilling, such ardent regard, Such throbbing, such flowing, such eager award

Of flaming and boiling, electric emotion, Of thumping and melting, absorbing devotion, As this, which now greets him as day after day Our foremost great statesman goes wending his way.

'Neath his Democrat crown with Republican burnish— YES, the country has actually gone crazy. The people neither eat, drink nor sleep. From one end of Oregon to the other they just sit up waiting for and then thinking and thinking of FURNISH.

The babies cry for him—the maidens sigh for him, Young men fight for him—old 'uns get tight for him, Coyotes shout for him—pigeons pout for him, Roosters crow for him—turkeys go for him, The sheep bleat for him—Birds te-weet for him, The horses neigh for him—Jackasses bray for him.

Throughout our great State From early to late There rises on high—the rapturous cry, "FURNISH!"

'TIS A MOST REMARKABLE THING," says Scott. On the other hand, this is the dismal picture the Oregonian paints of CHAMBERLAIN.

Oh never, no never, since first the snow-flakes fell Upon the lofty head of Hood, through ages there to dwell, Oh never, since the salmon run up clear Columbia's stream, Oh never has there been—nor again will be, we deem,

Such apathy, such coldness, such callous lethargy, Such inertness, such indifference, such insensibility, Such lukewarmness and such torpor on each and every side, Such coma and paralysis, such numbness, far and wide, Such sluggish, languid movement, such yawning inattention, Such sleepy, tame, INSOUCIANCE, if you'll excuse the mention, Such hebetude, such deadness have never yet been known, Such inertness as though people were turned to stock and stone, Such disregard of suppleness, as that throughout the State, As the "good fellow" through its ways does mildly vegetate, The sentiment of Oregon is demon-strated, plain, YES, they really freeze up, become rigid and don't thaw out for weeks afterwards when they hear the name or when their eyes rest on CHAMBERLAIN.

There comes a cold breeze—it frosts the fruit trees, The cows all go dry—the cats lay down and die, The dogs howl all night—women shiver in fright, Horses catch epilepsy—they can't do their duty The hens will not lay, and the d's to pay, The wheat crop stops growing, and hoeing and sewing Stops over the State, And early and late The people dummies, with contemptuous hiss, CHAMBERLAIN.

'TIS A MOST REMARKABLE THING," says Scott. Does the common sense of the people not find this sort of thing ridiculous? The reports of the Furnish and Chamberlain meetings sent to the Oregonian by its reliable correspondents are as correct as its reliable telegram from Fendleton that Senator Simon had passed through there and telegraphed Judge Lowell to meet him. The fact of the business is that Chamberlain is going to be elected Governor, and the Oregonian knows it and fears it. Can any one who knows the facts and its methods imagine that if Furnish had 15,000 majority in his vest pocket, its dispatches would be so RELIABLE and its political editorials so accurate? "The lady does protest too much."

RECENT LEGAL DECISIONS.

A man's heirs at law are held, in Tyler vs. Aspinwall (Conn.), 54 L. R. 78, to have no right to maintain a suit to set aside a fraudulent divorce from a third person of a woman whom he afterward attempted to marry, for the purpose of defeating her claims upon his estate, where they were not parties to the divorce proceedings and had no interest therein.

Delivery of a deed in escrow, sufficient to pass title, is held, in Munro vs. Bowles (Ill.), 54 L. R. A., 86, to be made where the grantor turns the deed over to his housekeeper, with instructions to deliver it to the grantee on his death, with no subsequent attempt to control or take possession of it, although for safe-keeping he places it in the grantor's trunk, which is locked, and the key to which he retains until his death.

REID'S CLOSE CALL.

No one knowing the genial nature of Whitelaw Reid, the editor of the New York Tribune and special ambassador of the United States at the coronation of King Edward of England, would suspect that he once came perilously near ornamenting a gallows. General Rosecrans used to tell the story, that Reid, at the time a young man, was serving as war correspondent for the Cincinnati Gazette with Rosecrans' army in West Virginia. He did some good work, too, but one day day "Old Rosey" was astonished to see in the paper over the initials "W. R." a dispatch describing the hopeless barbarism and ignorance of the natives of that part of the country, in which, by way of illustration, the writer said: "So absolutely stupid are these people that actually it has never occurred to them, although they are such bitter foes to the Northern cause, to cut our telegraph wires."

Said Rosecrans: "I sent an orderly to fetch Mr. Reid—'Whitely,' the boys used to call him—and I said to him, 'Do you know that I ought to have you shot?' Mr. Reid looked unpleasantly surprised, and so I added: 'Apparently you don't realize what you have done. Here is a letter of yours which I have been reading. You might just as well have stood on top of a tall tower in Cincinnati and shouted through a trumpet big enough and loud enough to be heard in Richmond, "Why don't you cut Rosecrans' telegraph?" Upon my word, I don't know how to deal with your case. Come over with me to the quarters of the judge advocate general."

"I took him over to the judge advocate general of the department, to whom I showed the letter clipped out of the paper, with the headlines and signature cut off. Said I: 'What ought to be done with the newspaper correspondent who published that? Shoot him?'"

"The judge read it through gravely, handed it back to me and said: 'No, I wouldn't do that. You ought to hang him.'"

"I think you are right," I replied. Then I rode back to my own quarters with Reid and had a very brief conversation with him, saying: 'I haven't decided, young man, which shall be done with you. I'll see in the morning. Good night.'"

"I inquired for Mr. Reid the next morning, but to my great astonishment, he had left camp for the North some hours earlier on the fastest horse he could obtain. I have never seen him since."

WITH THE JOKESMITHS.

"A substitute for silver's Been discovered," we are told. The very best that ever We heard about was gold.

ON THE BOULEVARD. Tom (admiringly)—Ah, there goes the young widow. Now, she's a woman worth talking about. Ida (jealously)—I guess she must be. Everyone is talking about her.—Seattle Star.

AT THE CIRCUS. Ostend—Paw, what makes the rhinoceros have such wrinkled pants? Paw—I don't know, my son. Ostend—Oh, I guess it's because he has a lazy wife and she won't press them for him.—Dallas News.

HIS PROMISE. "Suppose I should consent to marry you," said Prudence; "how about cards." "I will shake them," responded Tom, whose only fault was gambling. "And dice?" "Oh, I'll shake them, too."—Chicago American.

SOFT LANDING. "They have chosen a figure 8 course to the St. Louis airship contest and intend to mark it off with captive balloons. What better could they do?" "They might cover the ground beneath the course with feather beds."—Buffalo Express.

UNPROFESSIONAL DECLARATION. "What I say," said the speaker of the evening in earnest accents, "is live and let live." Whereupon the Amalgamated Order of International Undertakers arose in a body and chucked him hence for unprofessional conduct.—Bath News.

NEW THRILL OF ALARM. Armonson—J. Pierpont Morgan says this country is good enough for him. De Manising—Heavens! Is he going to buy the entire country?—Chicago Tribune.

A SPRING JOKE. "A woman's tears would move anybody," dramatically exclaimed Mrs. Flatte. "Think so?" chuckled Mr. Flatte. "Then just start weeping and we won't have the trouble and expense of hiring a van."—Baltimore Sun.

SHORT PERSONAL STORIES

In a recent speech Senator Carmack said that General Funston was the greatest captain who ever wielded the jawbone of an ass. This reminds Representative Curtis, of Kansas, of a story. "What did Samson slay his enemies with?" asked a school teacher of his class. No one could answer. "What is this?" inquired the teacher, touching the side of his cheek. "The jawbone of an ass," was the prompt reply.

There are very few men who work harder than M. Paderewski, especially when he is in the mood for composition. Sometimes this will not come for months at a time, but when it comes he writes music as quickly as one would write a letter. Then he will go over what he has composed and try it on the piano. Then he will lay it away, and after awhile take it up and go over it again. He polishes and retouches everything he composes three or four times, and never lets anything go until it suits him.

Hint for Happiness. Get into a business you like. Devote yourself to it. Be honest in everything. Save some money every week. Employ caution, think out a thing well before you enter upon it. Sleep eight hours every night. Do everything that means keeping good health. School yourself not to worry. Worry kills—work does not.

Willamette Iron & Steel Works. PORTLAND OREGON. MANUFACTURERS OF Logging, Saw Mill, Power Transmission and Steamboat Machinery.

PROTECT ROSES. From Green Aphis, and your SMALL PLANTS from Slugs. We have the Best Remedies for Insect Pests. LAMBERSON FRONT and YAMHILL STS. PORTLAND, OREGON.

HENRY WEINHARD. Proprietor of the CITY BREWERY. Bottled Beer a Specialty. Largest and most complete brewery in the Northwest. Established 1862. Office, Thirteenth and Burnside Sts. PORTLAND, OREGON. Telephone No. 72.

Exclusive Carpet House. CARPETS. J. G. MACK & CO. 66-68 THIRD ST. Op. Chamber of Com.

HINTS TO WOMEN. THE GRASS LAWN. THE LOTION FOR FRECKLES. DEFIES SUPERSTITION. FOR THE LOW SHOE. FOR THE STOUT WOMAN.

MISS. A. S. JORGENSEN. Importer and Dealer in Fine French Millinery. 291 Morrison St., between 4th and 5th, PORTLAND, ORE.

BEWARE OF NEGLECT OF THE TEETH. NO TROUBLE AFFLECTING THE TEETH IS SO INSIGNIFICANT THAT IT MAY SAFELY BE NEGLECTED. CAREFUL EXAMINATION BY A SKILLED DENTIST OFTEN REVEALS SMALL CAVITIES IN WHAT ARE APPARENTLY SOUND TEETH. THESE LITTLE BEGINNINGS IN TIME ARE THE CAUSE OF MUCH NEEDLESS SUFFERING AND EXPENSE. THE AGONIES OF TOOTHACHE MAY BE FORESTALLED AND THE COST OF EXPENSIVE OPERATIONS SAVED BY HAVING THE TEETH CAREFULLY INSPECTED AT REGULAR INTERVALS BY A COMPETENT DENTIST.

Beware. DR. B. E. WRIGHT, Dentist—And Associates. 342 1/2 Washington Street, cor. Seventh. Hours, 8 a. m. to 5 p. m. and 7 to 8 p. m. Telephone North 131.