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CITY SUBSCRIBERS.

If city subscribers fall to secure their paper they will confer a favor if they will call up plain 900 and enter their complaints.

VOTES OF HOME COUNTRIES.

One of the interesting phases of elections is the strength shown by candidates in their home counties.

The present election is not an exception to the others. It offers some studies that are worthy of thought.

It is fair to presume that there are always two elements in the support received by a candidate at home—his personal popularity and his political status.

An instance may be cited. Colonel James H. Halsey of Pendleton, Democratic nominee for Attorney-General, received about 700 majority in Umatilla County, where he lives and has lived for many years.

The county was 400 Republican. The total vote of the county was only 500. This is a testimonial to his high standing among the people with whom he has lived since boyhood.

It is a compliment to him notwithstanding he failed to carry the entire state. The latter was not expected of him nor by his closest friends who were informed upon the political situation. It was a victory for him on the score of personal popularity in the face of his political views that were against those of the majority of the people there.

The most conspicuous example of the strength in candidates in their home counties as well as their obtaining great followings elsewhere was that of George E. Chamberlain. He carries Multnomah County, which was 5000 Republican, and overcame 10,000 to 12,000 majority in the state. It is little short of marvelous.

There are other instances of personal popularity as demonstrated by the present election contest, but these here cited are the most remarkable that have come to light. It cannot be due to cause for satisfaction for him who thus receives such splendid endorsement from his neighbors and friends regardless of political views.

THE INDEPENDENT VOTER.

The salvation of the country depends upon the independent voter. A vast body of partisans vote the ticket, come weak or woe. This habit is the opportunity of the machineists, and where the majority is as heavy as in this state and county it requires a political earthquake to shake the dominance of rings.

Fortunately the number of men who use their political franchise with free discretion is increasing and it will not be a public calamity if the number shall so continue to increase as to put parties on their feet. Party spirit is commendable enough if it is qualified by the spirit of independence that brooks no misconduct. To incite that spirit rather than one of subservience is the duty of independent journalism. Some years ago a goodly number of Democrats set this example and now thousands of Republicans have courageously broken their party records. This is not a bad sign, viewed from any standpoint. It shows that individuality that at least is the safety of the Republic. It is good for the country, and, in the highest sense, it is good for the parties, too.

OREGON HOSPITALITY.

Commercial travelers who have been here during the T. P. A. convention testify to the fine hospitality of the people here. They think that they have been well treated and most of them are waiting for the Lewis and Clark Centennial to arrive, when they will come again. Portland and Oregon herewith extends to them a warm invitation to come at that time and be our guests. The gates of the city will swing wide open and at the borders of the state the people of the commonwealth will extend the hand of welcome.

Oregon goes further. She extends to her present visitors an invitation to come here and live among us. Here are rich agricultural lands, pastures growing succulent grazing grasses, thousands of acres of tall timber ready for the lumberman's axe, vast stores of mineral wealth in her hills, myriads of fish in her streams, the finest fruit on earth and a climate that has not its equal on the face of the globe.

There is room for all, opportunity for every industrious person to carve out a glorious future. There are fortunes to be made. There is comfort of living to be secured. There is all that any

reasonable man could ask and so marvelous are the resources of this Western paradise that even your Eastern cranks and misanthropes, if you have any, may be guaranteed contentment and peace of mind if only they will come here and remain until they are acclimated.

Let the travelers come again. Let them come to stay. Let them cast their lot with the people of this commonwealth. If this they do, we will insure them happiness in the change, and know that they will bleed the day when they turned from the rising to the setting sun and became residents of the "Webfoot" state.

OUR SCHOOL SITUATION.

It is a settled proposition that the people mean to educate the generations. No tax is paid so cheerfully as the school tax. The only question is that the money shall be expended to produce the best results. The kindergarten naturally belongs to the school system because it is preparatory to it.

It is not a theory. It was not developed theoretically. It has grown out of actual experiment, and with such happy results that 33 states and 200 cities in the United States have incorporated it into the common school systems.

The question to be decided at the school election on the 10th, is not whether the kindergarten is a good system. That has long been decided. It has been decided here in Portland where for years some of our philanthropic people have been developing it. Those parents who have witnessed in their own children its happy influence will need no argument in its behalf. Others who will take the trouble to inquire will ascertain that the kindergarten method has come to stay. The real question is whether the state shall avail itself of an improved method of beginning the education of its youth.

The Portland Free Kindergarten Association of this city has demonstrated the usefulness of the system. But the subscriptions by which the work has been carried on have been withdrawn, because the people believe that the time has come when it shall be made a part of the common school system. It is a benefit common to all and should be a common burden. It should be under the direction of the school authorities.

Nor will it in fact add anything to the burden of maintaining the system. It simply begins the work earlier in the life of the child and by a natural, healthful and pleasant process equips him for swifter progress in the higher grades. Let the taxpayers study the question intelligently and there can be no question of the result of the election.

Some people think that a city's growth and prosperity depend solely upon its natural situation, and advantages. But in modern times the spirit of its people largely determines those. Individual energy or private enterprise, though influential, are not enough. There must be public spirit also, which implies co-operation, and reciprocal cordiality in every public movement. Emulation for the public welfare is the condition of progress. And an intelligent appreciation of the things to be done is the first step toward doing them. The railroad situation, the deep sea channel and the Fair are the present subjects of importance. This paper means to see these things through and to be there when Portland passes under the wire.

Judge McGinn, who, as everybody knows, edits the editor of the Oregonian, procures himself at last to be recognized from his oppressive silence long enough to congratulate himself on his election. He is fairly entitled to do so. He has gained a signal triumph over the "thugs and thieves." Rev. Larry Sullivan swung his pious parashona into line, and Northendian purity has answered the Ed. Lams of Nob Hill. Purity in politics must always win when Bishop Sullivan gets rampant in the Fourth precinct.

To the Journal, the election is only an incident in the career it has marked out for itself. It has been read with interest by its growing circle of readers, and with increasing patronage which it may now say is flattering. It means to achieve success by deserving it. It will give the news with intelligence and independent comment. It seems hardly necessary to say that it has come to stay.

Mr. Furnish is doubtless estimable in his private relations, but he is not cut out for big politics. He had the advantage of wealth, a tremendous party majority, the support of the most influential and widely circulated newspaper in the state, and all this availed not against the mere force of ideas, courageously expressed.

The Citizens' movement, though defeated, is not wholly a failure. It had great odds to fight, and it has demonstrated that the bosses will always have an opposition to be reckoned with that sooner or later will rectify the abuses of party management.

We are told since the election that if Mr. Matthews' people had lost the primaries they would have organized a Citizens' movement and beaten the Republican party down the line.

Now that we are to have Governor Chamberlain and Mayor Williams to do the honors of the Fair, we are willing to call it square. These honors being even, shall we join in a common effort to damn

outrage the enterprise of the Pacific Northwest? Portland has accepted the responsibility for its success. To falter now is to fail, and to fail is shame and disaster. To the wisdom of the managers let the enthusiastic support of the people be added.

Now that the election is over, will the gentlemen elected to the Legislature venture to inform their constituents who is to be United States Senator?

The trophies of the delegation will now commence. Whom the gods wish to destroy they first elect to the Legislature.

Lois Wagner went down to the gloom of defeat, but the Philippines are safe.

WITH THE JOKESMITHS.

"Grace spends a good deal of money."

"Not a saving grace, then."—Detroit Free Press.

"Talking through your hat" is slang.

"Laughing in your sleeve" is idiomatic. Chicago Tribune.

"Is this milk sterilized?" asked the cranky husband.

"No," replied his wife, "but it's water-cured."—Boston Post.

"A Connecticut man is said to have been drunk twice a day for three years."

"Say, he must have a remarkably quick recovery."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Johnny, what is central time?"

"Central time, ma'am, is the time the telephone girl keeps you waitin' while she gets ready to say 'hello'."—Chicago Tribune.

It is no sign that a girl doesn't love her dog just because she looks down at him and says enthusiastically: "Oh, Nero, you would make a lovely mat!"—Somerville Journal.

Hawitt-Wall, a dumb man has one advantage; he doesn't have to bite his lip to keep from speaking.

Jewett—No; all he has to do is to put his hands in his pocket.—Judge.

"I am afraid that Bliggins plays golf on Sunday."

"May be," said the contemptuous rival.

"But if so, it's the only day in the seven on which he does play it."—Washington Star.

"It says in the paper," remarked Mrs. Fadoogus, "that the man who invented the steam calliope has just died."

"Is that so?" asked Mr. Fadoogus. "I thought he had been lynched long ago."—Baltimore American.

"It would be a funny trick on J. P. Morgan."

"What would?"

"Why, if by the time he bought every ship on the Atlantic we should start to travel by airship."—Chicago News.

"Merchant has a most remarkable type-writer girl."

"What's so remarkable about her?"

"Why, she doesn't carry one of the Duchesse's novels to the office with her to read between whiles."—Philadelphia Press.

OREGON RELICS.

Two Kentucky rifles have been recently donated to the Oregon Historical Society that are different from any others in the collection. The peculiarity of the guns is that the wooden stock extends the entire length of the barrel. One is from John W. Dennis and the other belonged to R. W. Morrison, who was the first white man in General Cornelius Gilliam's party to kill a buffalo. It was brought across the plains in 1844.

Another rifle, which formerly was a flint-lock, the property of Thomas Walker, was also recently turned over to the society. It was purchased in Ohio in 1835 in exchange for a cow. It was brought to this state around Cape Horn in 1832. It was destroyed by fire in 1883 and then repaired. It belongs to John P. Walker, son of the original owner.

Floating Prize Ring.

There seems no limit to the variety of ideas to which a man-of-war can be put when past her work. Here is the latest. A syndicate of sporting men is said to be considering a scheme for purchasing the old American ship Vermont, would the bill for her preservation fail to pass. The idea is to fit her up as a floating boxing ring which can be moved out to sea, so that the merry mills of the fancy may be brought off without police interference.—United Service Gazette.

Made of Scrap Iron.

There was a loud rumble and an armored trolley car rounded the curve. The conductor wore a suit of mail and was armed to the teeth.

"Who rides in that car?" gasped the stranger in Washington.

"Senator Money," responded the polite policeman.—Chicago Daily News.

The Professor.

They were watching a burning building.

"The fire fiend," remarked the doctor, "roars like a demon in torture."

"No wonder," said the professor. "They are trying the water cure on him."

Don't Worry.

What's the use of fretting?

If you've troubles try forgetting.

Take things easy—Prize or blame.

The world will be on just the same.

What's the difference, anyhow.

A hundred years from now?

Don't anticipate your sorrow.

When it comes, no need to borrow.

Get your sleep out, troubled one.

You cannot rush the slow old sun.

So let the seasons come and go.

Bring with them what you want.

Use the moments as they fly.

Nor try to help them hasten by.

In life's long race you needn't hurry.

And if you win it, Don't—don't worry.

On the Last Day's Skating.

Parson Jones—Once there was a little boy who went skating on Sunday. Now, do you know what terrible thing happened to that little boy?

Boy—Y-yes, sir. I s'pose his folks made him go to church three times the next week to pay for it.—Judge.

Hadn't Heard of It.

Politician (touring the provinces)—How do you boys out this way like benevolent assimilation?

Native—We ain't got nothin' agin it as far as I know, but we generally take straight whisky.

IT ALL DEPENDS

When the young man from Florida came to live in New York, he woke up one morning last winter, and going to the window, he looked out on what was to him a novel scene. It was a snowstorm, the first he had ever seen.

Jumping into his clothes he ran into the street. He stopped, and gathered handfuls of snow and threw them in the air; he jumped into a drift and sent it flying with his feet; he finally lay down and rolled in it. All this time shouting and laughing at the top of his voice.

One of the crowd which had gathered to watch his antics went up to him and told him how his mother used to cure fits, and volunteered to try it on him.

"I haven't any fit," the young man said. "What's the matter with you then?"

"Why, don't you see the snow?"

"Yes, I see it. What of it? I have seen it before."

"Well, I haven't," said the Florida young man.

"What! You never saw snow before?" asked the astonished questioner.

"Never! Seems strange to you, don't it?"

"It seems any sample of veranday I ever ran across."

"O, I don't know," mused the Florida cracker. "Did you ever see an alligator eating a nigger? No? Well, you are not so many after all. I have seen it many times, and throwing a handful of snow down his shirt collar, he pursued his joyous gambols.—Mail and Express.

SHORT PERSONAL STORIES.

CLARK'S CHECK.

Clark of Montana, the richest man in the senate, is also one of the hardest working. He attends his committee meetings faithfully and spends hours pouring over wearisome bills about wearisome subjects.

A day or two ago the question of opening a certain Indian reservation came up. It was stated that the government held the land at \$3,000,000.

"Is that all," said Senator Clark. "Why, I know the land is worth more than that. Indeed, I will draw my check now for \$3,000,000 and buy the land if I can."

The other members of the committee looked at Clark in astonishment.

"I had no idea," said Senator Pettus, "that there was so much money in cash in the world."—New York World.

KIPLING'S FAITH.

Not long ago Bishop Brewster of Connecticut told something of Rudyard Kipling which shows his simple yet robust religious faith. Although specially addressed to the young men of Yale university, the story is one which may well be remembered by young men in general.

A trained nurse, watching at the bedside of Mr. Kipling during those moments when the author was in the most critical stage of illness, noticed that his lips began to move. She bent over him, thinking he wished to say something to her, and heard him murmur that old, familiar prayer of childhood days:

"Now I lay me down to sleep."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Kipling," the nurse said, in an apologetic whisper, when she realized that Kipling did not require her services. "I thought you wanted something."

"I do," faintly observed Kipling. "I want my Heavenly Father. He only can care for me now."—Youth's Companion.

PLATT AND THE CARTOONS.

That Senator Thomas C. Platt finds amusement in many of the caricatures of himself appearing in the papers is known to his friends. Not long ago, in coming to New York from Washington, the Senator stopped for a day in a little town in Delaware. A young reporter for a local paper, while walking on the street, met him accidentally, and, with the longing for an "interview" peculiar to his kind, asked him with:

"Beg your pardon; but is not this Senator Platt?"

"It is. Is how did you know me?"

The reporter answered, promptly: "Why, easily, from the cartoons I have seen of you in the papers." Then, as if to excuse himself, he began: "Of course, I do not mean—"

But the elder set the youngster at his ease by remarking: "My dear man! Do not apologize. Truth is, for a long time I have been proud of the distinction of being about the only man in any sense prominently before the public to whose personal appearance a cartoon can do no possible injustice."—New York Times.

The Latest in Paris.

Coarse lines are to hold a very prominent position this year.

Lace is used in every possible way.

Moss is a fashionable trimming on hats; sometimes the entire crown is made of it.

Among the newest features in fash this year are the dyed pearl sticks.

All the coats, no matter of what length, have openings at the sides—a very necessary arrangement when skirts are limp and trailing, and petticoats and foundations long and lussy in style.

Some lovely Paris gowns are made of a kind of silk linen in scarlet or green with huge chenille spots or woven linen spots in white.

Hoop bracelets of dull gold are revived for the summer with the elbow sleeves of the summer.

Every hat has a tail, but usually it is hardly more than a tab, and at its longest never hangs beyond the nape of the neck.

TABLE MATS.

The best table mats are squares or oblong cut from asbestos paper and laid in the proper places under a tablecloth, says the Delineator. Over them may be put crocheted mats, but these are not necessary, for the asbestos will protect the finest polish and soorily show under a smoothly spread tablecloth.

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OVER THE TEACUPS

The occasion—an informal tea, where women tell each other what they think of the mutual plain is doing or would like to do.

The time—afternoon. This makes it clear why men were not numbered with "among those present." You know, it has not yet come to pass that the American man takes tea as an afternoon social beverage.

"An informal tea" is an essentially personal affair. The guests fit from place to place, speaking greeting and gossiping and smiling—there is really no chance to do any staid oratory on art and literature and purposes and higher education.

Just fancy a burst of real seriousness of any sort at an informal tea! It would be a breach of confidence, for every last guest expects and wants very light conversation—sprinkled with gossip—and the tea, of course, the tea.

"I never see you any more, dear," said one guest to another at this special informal tea. "No, dear; I never see you any more."

Still, they were looking into each other's eyes then and there.

"No—nobody sees me any more," replied the woman topped off with an Irish pin hat. "That is, scarcely anybody. My three daughters are in school, and they need so much care—clothes and things. My son has been sick. Well—I don't get much time away from my family—there's such a lot to do and look after in a home, you know," and she smiled while she sighed, a pretty sure sign that she enjoyed the ease and work incident to "keeping house."

"I know how it is," said the other guest. "My family is small, while yours—why, you must have quite a flock of folks depending upon you more or less for comfort and rest and pleasure."

"Yes—there are eight of us, counting the baby—the precious baby," responded she of the Irish pin hat.

Just then a most prepossessing woman suffered up to the pair contributing their own domestic news. The acquisition was a veritable buff of summer fabric, all laces and flounces and ribbons and posies, with a vital personality in movement and tone.

"So glad to see you," chirped she of the fluffs. Then to the happy possessor of the fluffs. "This is the first time this season I have met you and—"

"You've been everywhere," interrupted the other guest, banteringly.

"Yes—I must see people. I like people," replied the effervescent person enveloped in fluffs.

"Keeps you pretty busy," suggested the woman of the point-lace hat.

"Yes, I'm busy," answered she of the fluffs, and then, warming up to the reply, she continued: "I have to attend the Woman's and Culture and Kilo clubs every month, besides the French and Spanish and domestic science classes every week. Then, there is my painting lesson at the institute each week and the literary society Tuesday evenings. Besides, I have to keep up my church work, and being chairman of the mission committee of the Philanthropic Society takes in a bunch of duties. I am keeping up my music practice—and of course I keep in touch with the best plays and operas and books. Upon my word, I have to manage some to take in the social affairs, receive on my at-home day and pay the visits that I owe. Now and again I entertain in a series of dinners, and teas, and receptions, and so square off my larger social obligations," and she paused to recuperate her supply of breath.

The woman with the Irish pin hat chipped in faintly:

"You must keep busy—very busy."

"Oh, yes," replied she of the fluffs, braced up to usual breathlessness. "But—dear-me! You haven't told me what you are doing—tell me!" and she patted her laces and frills affectionately.

The woman with the point lace hat raised her eyebrows the merest, smiled languidly, and replied:

"Hardly anything—hardly anything I'm just putting round holes, keeping things going for my family's sake."

The woman with the point-lace hat spoke out of the depths of her heart—seriously—with an air and inflection of individual insignificance and personal failure.

This isn't an isolated case—almost any day you can hear a parallel, with variations, to fit the parties to the little colloquy.

If you are just an every-day worker, busy as can be, as you reckon, if you haven't experienced it—ah! heaven save you from the ignominy possible to feel in the knockout blow a genuine, up-to-date club-society-church-class-committee-high-art-literary-artistic woman deals when she tells what she accomplishes.

ODDS OF INFORMATION.

An agitation to make Sunday a compulsory day of rest is on foot in Italy.

Since he began yachting about 50 years ago Lord Brassey has sailed nearly 22,000 miles in a dozen yachts of varying tonnage.

Wagner's "Gottterdammerung" will shortly be performed for the first time in France at the Chateau d'Eau Theater, Paris.

M. Maxim Gorki, the Russian novelist, has just completed a new comedy, "Gasetta," a picture of Russian literary and journalistic life.

On health grounds, an order forbidding the wrapping up of foodstuffs in old newspapers has just been issued by the prefect of Finistère.

The visit of King Alexander and Queen Draga to the Casar and Omarina at Livadia has, it is said, been definitely fixed for the month of July.

Abstinent drinkers in this country are increasing in number rapidly. Very little is now imported, but quantities of it are made in France.

Lawn tennis is exceedingly popular in Berlin, where the chief city, which has over 500 members, has just secured the services of