

EVENING CAPITAL JOURNAL

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THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1898.

"Johnny Gearin is a good fellow," said Judge Williams, in his political address in this city, "he is popular with the boys and I have no word to say against him. But his habits are not such as to fit him for congress. Mr. Hermann, having the entire state for a constituency, has a laborious time; commissions are sent to him every day to execute, he gives heed to them all, and has as much work to do in the departments as he has in congress. My friend Johnny is not known among his acquaintances as a ruster. He takes the world easy, enjoys his cigar and his social glass, and can lounge on the cushioned chairs of his office without a word of complaint."

Now the San Francisco Bulletin has its say about the Oregon election. Lessons have been read to us by well meaning editors at a distance, giving valuable pointers as to the proper conduct of the campaign, and oratorical big guns of all political parties have resorted hither to instruct voters in their true interest. Some nervous souls object to this outside interference, but the Bulletin reminds us that so long as our election falls on the month when the national conventions are held, and Oregon remains an index state, general solicitude will be felt in the result of our vote, and there will be more or less interference. If free advertising does the state any good, we get an immense amount of it.

The Oregonian takes a new departure and holds up Mr. Jay Gould as a frightful example. A drunkard, it says, is a repulsive and disreputable object lesson, and is really a warning to young men against the indulgence of appetite. But Mr. Gould dazzles the aspiring and acquisitive with his successful second-handism, and tempts to fraud and corruption by his shrewd manipulation of accounts. Other operators, less deft, tumble into the penitentiary, but this Wall street king avoids of fended justice, and tempts imitators by his immunity from punishment.

Why the lovely Belva Lockwood should have a spite against Mr. Blaine, is puzzling to the uninitiated. She avows her intention to run again for the presidency, not that she has the most remote idea of being elected, but because her candidacy will help to defeat the great statesman. St. John says Cleveland and Blaine conspired to defeat him, perhaps this ambitious citizeness feels spiteful to the same distinguished pair for keeping her out of the white house.

The Astoria Pioneer complains of too sudden changes in the weather. The editor says: "We don't like the idea of wearing a linen duster one day and an overcoat the next. The tariff on the weather must be reduced. There is too much cold surplus on hand."

THE LARGEST REGIMENTAL LOSS. The official casualty lists of the confederate forces are not so trustworthy as those of the Union side, because they have not had the same careful revision since the war closed, but the tables now show that the Northern aim was equally steady. The Twenty-sixth North Carolina—Petigrew's Brigade, Heth's Division—lost at Gettysburg, 80 killed and 802 wounded; total, 882, not including the missing, of whom there were about 100. In one company, 84 strong, every man and officer was hit, and the orderly sergeant who made out the list did it with a bullet through each leg. This is by far the largest regimental loss on either side during the war.—The Century for May.

A DEMOCRATIC POW WOW.

John P. Irish Holds Forth two Hours to a Crowded Audience—A Free Trade Talk.

Mr. John P. Irish, the gifted orator from the golden state, the eloquent free trade apostle, and trusted friend of the administration, arrived in town last evening to speak his piece about the president's last message to congress. Bonfires were lighted to hail his presence, and the fine band of the second state regiment discussed excellent music. When he appeared on the platform of the opera house the hall was densely filled and a numerous array of vice presidents made a good showing behind the foot lights. Mr. A. Bush presided, and when he presented the orator to the meeting, the latter took his station on the floor. There was nothing of the dude in his make up. A colored shirt; no suspenders, cravat or vest, he stood up before his audience in easy fitting costume, ready for ground or lofty tumbling if his avoirdupois had not forbidden.

Of course he chose the tariff for his discourse, and discussed the respective merits of free trade and protection for two hours. Nor did this severe trial of patience seem at all afflictive to his audience. Mr. Irish is a graceful speaker; his elocution flows easily, he imparts financial science with an unflinching flow of words, and his illustrations and anecdotes are suited to a popular auditory. He was frequently applauded, and his hundreds of hearers, among whom were many ladies, kept their seats to the end.

He said the democrats were in a novel position before the country. Being embarrassed with a surplus revenue and an excess of treasure in the national vaults, they were required to show cause why they should reduce taxation, and defend themselves from assault for relieving the people of a fiscal burden.

Among the large crowd that listened to Mr. Irish's discourse, it is probable that a good many of our city readers were included. So there is no need to give any compendium of his argument. He gave the philosophy of commercial relations in an apt illustration. A neighbor being confined to his bed with a long and dangerous illness, he volunteered to minister to the sick man during one night, to allow his distressed and overwrought wife a chance to get a few hours' sleep.

His entreaties prevailed on the poor woman to seek repose in her chamber, but before retiring she had a long string of instructions to give about administering the medicines arrayed on the table. The lady retired, and the sick man slumbered on. He was satisfied that nature's restorative of sleep was more healing than any drugs that could be poured into his stomach, so he left the patient undisturbed through the night, and when he awoke in the morning, he called for something to eat.

In this way our sick and prostrate foreign commerce requires to be treated; let our political quacks leave it alone. They are prescribing nostrums for this industry and that raw commodity, retaining the swaddling cloths of protection on a former infant industry that has now become adult, and, if left unhampered, would be robust. The true teachings of economic science were to leave commerce alone. We have the natural advantages of soil and climate, and the skill and energy of our people to compete with all foreign rivals. Let other countries send what commodities to our ports they can raise or manufacture to the greatest advantage, and we will send in return what goods we can produce at the least cost. This will be beneficial to our workmen as well as to those we have dealings with, and illustrates the broad, humanitarian policy of free commercial intercourse as it promotes the good of all.

He could not see why the sheep man wanted special protection. The cattle man did not ask it; the horse raiser got along unaided; the hog grower not only raised enough hard to grease our own griddles, but last year he exported \$60,000,000 worth of hog products to foreign nations. He dwelt with force and earnestness on the increasing indebtedness of the farming community, and showed how all taxation and adventitious expense, laid on the necessities of life, have a tendency, like water, to find the lowest level. The importer pays the custom house dues, to be sure, but he charges them to the commission man; this latter charges them to the retail dealer again, and this latter taxes them on the consumer. The farmer is the last man in the row, and thus cannot shift the burden from his own shoulders to another.

With this genial talk, the speaker entertained his audience till 10:30 o'clock, and he closed with a very handsome tribute to the ladies.

"Kissing Mother."

A father, talking to his careless daughter said: "I want to speak to you of your mother. It may be that you have noticed a careworn look upon her face lately. Of course it has not been brought there by any act of yours, still it is your duty to chase it away. I want you to get up tomorrow morning and get breakfast; and when your mother comes, and begins to express her surprise, go right up to her and kiss her on the mouth. You can't imagine how it will brighten her dear face."

"Besides you owe her a kiss or two. Away back, when you were a little girl, she kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever-tainted breath and swollen face. You were not as attractive then as you are now. And through those years of childish sunshine and shadows, she was always ready to cure, by the magic of a mother's kiss, the little, dirty, chubby hands whenever they were injured in those first skirmishes with the rough old world."

"And then the midnight kiss with which she routed so many bad dreams, as she leaned above your restless pillow, have all been on interest these long, long years.

"Of course, she is not so pretty and kissable as you are; but if you had done your share of the work during the last ten years, the contrast would not be so marked.

"Her face has more wrinkles than yours, and yet if you were sick, that face would appear far more beautiful than an angel's as it hovered over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and every one of those wrinkles would seem to be bright wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over the dear face."

"She will leave you one of these days. These burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. Those rough, hard hands that have done so many necessary things for you, will be crossed upon her lifeless breast.

"Those neglected lips, that gave you your first baby kiss, will be forever closed, and those sad tired eyes will have opened in eternity, and then you will appreciate your mother; but it will be too late."—From Eli Perkins' Book.

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