

DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL EDITORIAL PAGE

FEDERAL, STATE AND CITY OF PORTLAND POLITICS WRITTEN ON THE SPOT

Searchlight Information Given the Public in This Newspaper About Oregon Public Men and Circumstances

Portland, May 31:

The Bellinger successorship still hangs in the air. It will not be determined until Assistant Attorney-General Robb arrives in Washington and lays before the President the result of his dive into the troubled waters of Oregon politics. It is pretty well known here that **HE AND SENATOR FULTON AGREED ON FOUR NAMES TO BE SUBMITTED**, and it is a further fact that Mr. Robb did not confer with Mr. Heney at all about the matter, as the Oregonian said he would. He did confer a great deal with Mr. Fulton, and that gentleman looks as though he had done the square thing, and could look the rest of the world in the face with a clear conscience. The conspirators who undertook to put the ermine of the federal judgeship for life on the shoulders of another man **CANNOT LOOK THE WORLD SQUARE IN THE FACE, AND SAY THEY WOULD BE PROUD TO HAVE SUCCEEDED.** The names sent to the President do not include the name of Henry E. McGinn, but do include the names of Judge Tom McBride, Judge Bean and two Portland lawyers. The disposition of the patronage of the federal judge has to give out is already being considered. The clerk of the court will be named by the new judge, as will the bailiffs and jury commissioners. If Bean gets the place, as seems to be generally supposed will be the case, Governor Chamberlain will name his successor until there is a general election. It goes without saying that he would be a Democrat, and **IF THE GOVERNOR NAMED THE RIGHT KIND OF A MAN HE WOULD RUN WELL** at the next election, on the plea that there ought to be a Democrat on the supreme bench.

The organ of justice in the tall tower has sought to prejudice the chances of Judge R. S. Bean, of Eugene, for the federal judgeship by making it appear that he is Senator Fulton's choice, and has been named to head off and defeat the appointment of Henry E. McGinn. In several ways the Oregonian has indicated its displeasure at the prospect of the appointment of Judge Bean, and seems to work on the principle that if McGinn can't be named Bean shall not be named, and then claim that the man who does get the place is under obligations to its influence. This is unfair to Judge Bean, who has never been a factional candidate, and **WHOSE ONLY OFFENSE MAY BE THAT HE IS NOT A WILLING HELPER TO SEND EDITOR SCOTT TO THE UNITED STATES SENATE.** Judge Bean's ability as an expounder of justice is unquestioned. His freedom from partisanship is notorious. His fairness and clean personal character are proverbial. That anyone should seek to prejudice such an appointment is remarkable. The Oregonian could fill its columns with complimentary endorsements of the proposition to appoint Judge Bean to the Bellinger vacancy. **HOW MANY COLUMNS OF HONEST, HEARTFELT**

ADMIRATION COULD IT SECURE, even from those who always are ready to dance attendance to the autocrat of the once only newspaper, **FOR ITS CANDIDATE?** How many votes could it get for him right in Portland, if the will of the people could be had on the question? And what element of respectable citizenship would not vote Judge Bean into the office?

The method of the Oregonian in dealing with Judge Bean is significant and characteristic of tall-tower journalism. One article Sunday **DAMNED HIM WITH FAINT PRAISE**, for the only reason they dared not discuss him or attack him, and for the same reason that no other candidate has been praised or criticized, because it would indicate a choice between them. **NOW THE TALL TOWER HAS NO CHOICE BUT HENRY E. MCGINN**, and refusal to give information about the candidates means either a deliberate purpose to keep the people in the dark, or the refusal of the publishers to take chances on marring any of their private ambitions. So, to make Bean impossible, and kill him off easily without openly attacking him, he is constantly held up as Fulton's candidate. He is paraded as Fulton's man, and then in connection several reasons are given **WHY FULTON WON'T HAVE ANY SAYSO IN NAMING THE JUDGE.** Ordinarily they will not give a man credit for being a friend of Fulton, and only do so in the case of Bean, in this instance, for the purpose of getting him out of the way. If Bean is not appointed he can blame the Oregonian, and if he is he owes it to Senator Fulton alone. Fulton has wisely refused to name any one candidate to succeed Bellinger, as whoever he named would have immediately met with Scott's opposition. As it is Scott cannot object to all and may object to the one who wins.

The free discussion of the gentlemen who want places on the next state ticket has stirred some of the place-seekers very deeply. The idea of taking the public into their confidence as to what they intend to do for the public, besides feathering their nests and the nests of a whole lot of other people is repulsive to them in the extreme. They call me names, say **I AM A BLACK-MAILER, AND ALL SORTS OF THINGS**, but they don't say that my advice to put men in the office of secretary of state and state treasurer who will handle those offices for the people, and **BREAK THE ANCIENT GRIFT OFF SHORT** is not right. In other words, they won't discuss the principle involved, but throw dirt, which is about all the parasite politician statesman has to throw, anyway. I shall pay no attention to the dirt, but shall hammer away and interview the fellows who want state office, and tell the readers of The Journal **ALL I CAN FIND OUT ABOUT THEM.** The mere fact that the future state officials shall have been put on flat salaries **MEANS VERY LITTLE, IF THE GRAPTS ARE TO REMAIN.** There is no reason why the secretary of state and the state treasurer should not take the princely salaries allowed them, and turn their time and attention to making those offices pay and become vigilant watchdogs of the public lands and other public interests, **EVEN IF THEY ARE REPUBLICANS.** A Democratic governor should not have a monopoly of well-doing in the reform line. I notice Republican reformers are more popular than formerly.

Of course, Williams will be re-elected mayor, **UNLESS ALL SIGNS FAIL.** As usual the Oregonian newspaper management has complicated matters by dragging in some issues that don't belong to the situation. For instance, it threw out the editorial thought that if Lane were elected it would be a slap in the face of the Roosevelt administration for prosecuting the land frauds. What the selection of a mayor at Portland has to do with the policies of the national administration, not many can see, or seeing can not fully understand. Well, this was

mixing the babies up some, as the friends of Mitchell, Hermann and Williamson are as a rule the staunchest supporters of Williams, and yet when it is pointed out to them that his reelection is holding up the hands of the president in prosecuting themselves—well, **WHO WILL BLAME THEM IF THEY DO NOT HELP DO IT?** Another boomerang is the warfare Scott has been waging on the plutocratic families of Portland who, for good reasons best known to themselves, put up their good hard coin to establish the Portland Journal, and it has cost them a pretty nice sack. They have been contributing to make plutocrats of Scott and Pittock for forty years and **GOT TIRED OF BEING ALTERNATELY HELD UP AND THROWN DOWN.** So they have founded a monopolistic organ of their own and it has been getting the best of the tall tower publications in several respects, and threatens to give them paresis, locomotor ataxia, and complications of several other fatal diseases and put them on the bum generally, and a long-suffering public rather enjoys the destruction of the one obnoxious and dangerous press monopoly that has kept Oregon under a wet blanket for so these many years. To get even Scott attacks the Ladds, the Millars, the Bateses, the Lewises and divers and several other proud and haughty representatives of the capitalistic class **WHO NO LONGER CAN BE HELD UP FOR THE SOLE BENEFIT OF THE TALL TOWER STRONGBOXES,** and they are bad people and want to ruin the city by their control of street car franchises, by their large banking influences, and their political cussedness generally. On top of all this they are roasted as secret adherents of Lane and for being Republicans for convenience and revenue only while Scott and Pittock are the pure goods, and who, while no longer the reigning families, they are the ancient families and the hereditary fons of privilege and monopoly.

Incidentally the tall tower spits fire at the mention of Jack Matthews' name. He is a bad man, and the wicked first families who control that awfully wicked publication, the Portland Journal, have had him in their employ. Of course, **IT IS ONLY RECENTLY THAT HE WAS IN THE EMPLOY OF SCOTT AND PITTOCK** to make Scott senator in 1903, and Pittock governor in 1906. At least Matthews and his lieutenants were in charge of the campaign that rounded up the primaries for a Scott delegation in the legislature, and made a state delegation that put the lamented Wm. J. Furnish on the ticket. But having invested its money in a nomination, the tall tower newspaper so adroitly cartooned T. T. Geer as to drive him out of the harness, and the Furnish campaign went into history as a defeat from which the party has not yet fully recovered. **BLAMING MATTHEWS FOR THIS**, it was not deemed safe to entrust the Scott senatorial boom in his hands and he was advised to stay away from Salem during the legislative contest and Senator McGinn and Leslie Scott did business with country members in such an effective manner that **FULTON WENT IN HANDS DOWN** and it has been all off with Matthews ever since. This is political history that the general public have never fully understood. In casting up the accounts of things past and present it will be seen that the Scott warfare on the big plutocratic families and street car monopolies of Portland does not augur well for Williams' election.

The talented young editor of the Baker City Maverick, L. Bush Livermore, has coined a new word. In the course of a three-column review of one of my articles (and the same paper has eulogistic sketches of Francis J. Heney, and tells how he won a divorce suit by shooting a man right through the middle of the heart.) He refers to this writer as **"SLINGING AN OSPINARIOUS PEN, DIPPED IN VITRIOL HEATED BOILING HOT, AND WRITES ON ASBESTOS ON A CAST-**

STEEL WRITING TABLE, BRANDING A FLAMING SWORD IN ONE HAND, AND HOLDING BETWEEN HIS TEETH A BAR OF RED HOT IRON," and then complains of the weather being cold. The Journal man will hardly be recognized by his best friends in this picture. But who is L. Bush Livermore? What is the Maverick, established three weeks ago? We would be glad to become acquainted with such a writer and if he would call on the editor we will try to convince him that we are not sleeping on dynamite or eating giant powder cartridges, but simply trying to write an interesting newspaper and say the things a great many people feel ought to be said but haven't the courage to say them. Furthermore, this paper is read by people because it has the nerve to print and express itself positively on the very matters that other newspapers are silent about, tackling the live wire the other fellows are entirely too willing to remain far away from—the opposite of a trucking, fawning, muzzled press.

The Portland Telegram announces that an effort will be made to elect a successor to President Gatch, of the State Agricultural College. He has filled that position acceptably for many years, and the only reason for making a change at all is his age—there being no question as to his high character and ability as an educator. The Portland papers are always engaged in unselfishly stirring up something for the benefit of the state and the chances are there is nothing to the matter but newspaper talk. Prof. Gatch has never struck us as old and feeble. He bears himself as a well-preserved man, walks erect, takes pleasure in outdoor life, and many will feel that while a younger and smarter man might be more popular in some circles, **THE STATE LOSES BY NOT RETAINING THE SERVICE OF AGED MEN LIKE PROF. GATCH AND PROF. CONDON.** The Portland paper says Prof. Gatch is an octogenarian, which is surely a mistake. He must be in the sixties, and a man of perfect habits and an unusually even temperament will be in his mature prime long after that. It is a poor expression of gratitude that takes the best years a man can give the public in the career of educator and then dismiss him when he is no longer able to make a new place for himself in the world. Like nearly all men who have devoted their lives to teaching, the elder Gatch is not a man of wealth. He should not be removed for age only.

What a pretty place Forest Grove is! I took a run up the other day from Portland, and the hill country one passes through is only surpassed in beauty by the famous Waldo Hills. On the train I met C. B. Greer, of Lebanon, on his way to Chesholm, Alberta, where he has a daughter living. He has resided five years in Oregon and has a son coming out from the old Minnesota home to live in Oregon. He was taking a crate of strawberries to Alberta to surprise the people there. He is an old Grand Army man, and I promised to send him a paper, and he said he might subscribe. On the train was Wm. Hilleary and wife, going to the State Grange. They are substantial pillars of that organization and deeply interested in the independent telephone that has now connected so many of the smaller towns of Marion county. **THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IN FOREST GROVE IS PACIFIC UNIVERSITY,** a school of great influence in the development of Oregon. The school has five buildings and a thirty-acre campus. Prof. J. B. Robertson, of the chair of history, married a Salem girl, Miss Minnie Lansing, a daughter of the distinguished Quaker nurseryman, C. F. Lansing. Robertson is a plain and unassuming man **WHO WORKS LIKE A HORSE**, has held his job ten years and has horse sense enough to treat a newspaper man right. I met President Perren, a plain hard-working man, who teaches mathematics, puts on no airs and is well liked. He

was dean two years, and has presided three years, and is a practical college man. Miss Farnam is the lady dean, instructress in art and literature. She is a very competent teacher, and exerts the refining influence flowing from the possessor of high ideals. I met a number of other members of the faculty, and they strike one as a superior teaching force. The standards of the school are high, and the young men and women are as a fine lot as one wants to see in this world, **OR COULD HOPE TO MEET WITH IN ANY OTHER.** I met the two bankers of the town, Hon. E. M. Haines, the senator, and R. M. Dooley, of the Farmers' and Merchants' bank. This is the newer institution. He was formerly with the Wells Fargo bank at Portland. I asked for Haines and some one said he was up at the State Grange. I might have known that, as he is **ONE OF THE NUMEROUS CANDIDATES FOR GOVERNOR.** Col. Harry Haynes, one of Forest Grove's nearby farmers, stole a march on one of the candidates for governor who was present by introducing him simply as **"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, YOUR FRIEND."** And Col. Withycombe blushed as red as Col. Jim Eddy used to when he was on the Oregon Railroad Commission, and had **REDUCED A NATURAL GIFT TO A FINE ART.** But to leave the governors and return to Col. Harry Haynes, who came to Oregon on a stretcher, was nursed back to life, health and strength by a Woodburn girl, who was a nurse in Dr. Coe's sanitarium at Portland, and is today one of the real farmers of Oregon. Haynes has a discerning eye about the beauties and natural products of this country. He says nowhere in the world can they produce **AS FINE LOOKING WOMEN AS IN OREGON AND THAT IS PRETTY NEAR THE TRUTH.** Col. Haynes served in the Union armies, has three wounds, a happy disposition and has outlived political aspirations **TO A LARGER EXTENT THAN PREVAILS AMONG COLONELS IN GENERAL.** I met the newspaper men of the town. One of them, J. F. Wood, having recently come here from Springfield, Lane county, and established the News. I met M. H. Hollis, who has practiced law for twenty years and has clients galore. **HE CANNOT CHARGE SO VERY MUCH OR HE WOULD BE STARTLING SEVERAL BANKS.** Like the man in the Scripture, he took me up on an exceeding high place and showed me the kingdoms of Washington county. The city owns its light and water plant, taking the latter fluid from Gales Creek, a famous trout stream. If any fish come through the water pipes of Forest Grove I presume they are **BROOK TROUT, INSTEAD OF BULLHEADS AND SUCKERS THAT WE HEAR OF IN SOME OTHER PLACES.** But off from the high water tower one gets grand views of grand old Washington county. Twenty-four miles east lies Portland, across the Tualita Plains. Strung along the base line road are Cornelius and Hillsboro. Dilly and Gaston are to the south. West are the vine-clad hills leading to the Coast Range, where fine grapes are grown and wines are made. To the north are twelve miles of plains, of marvellously beautiful farming lands, set with oak trees like a mammoth park. In fact **FOREST GROVE IS A NATURAL BEAUTY SPOT,** in a setting of emerald hills, shining meadows, and the horizon on a clear day spangled with snow peaks. I was fed like a prince at the Laughlin House, kept by B. H. Laughlin, one of a famous old Yamhill family of Indian fighters. I called on Hon. Chas. Hines, one of the faithful thirty-three who stood up for Senator Fulton in the fight of 1903. I met so many Buxtons I cannot remember them all, **BUT THEY WILL KEEP.** They are all active men in business, show up in Republican conventions, as State Grange officers, and all-around good citizens of interior Oregon. I met my old friend, J. M. Garrison, Chieken Garrison, one of the first men I became acquainted with in Oregon. He raises fancy chickens and teaches penmanship, and certainly **HOLDS THE RECORD FOR LONG TIME SERVICE AS KNIGHT OF THE QUILL IN OREGON.** I had to go out and see his \$33.75 Plymouth Rock, St. Louis Pair first premium rooster, besides express charges. That bird cost more than many Oregon cows and is worth more than many horses. Garrison shipped over 500 settings of eggs this year and he has hundreds of fine birds. **FOREST GROVE IS A NO-SALOON, NO-COW TOWN.** No bikes are allowed on the walks. You can neither take a drink nor search, unless you go to a drug store and there you must present a doctor's certificate, and prove that you are a member of a church of a Good Templar's lodge in good standing and want it for medicine only. It is said that **SENATOR ED. HAINES IS THE ONLY MAN IN TOWN WHO HAS NEVER VIOLATED THE ORDINANCE.** The Cornelius family are as numerous over here as the Applegates in Douglas county. I met J. W. Cornelius, who has a lively

Often The Kidneys Are Weakened by Over-Work

Unhealthy Kidneys Make Impure Blood. It used to be considered that only urinary and bladder troubles were to be traced to the kidneys, but now modern science proves that nearly all diseases have their beginning in the disorder of these most important organs. The kidneys filter and purify the blood—that is their work. Therefore, when your kidneys are worn or out of order, you can understand how quickly your entire body is affected and how every organ seems to fail to do its duty. If you are sick or "feel badly," begin taking the great kidney remedy, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, because as soon as your kidneys are well they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince anyone. If you are sick you can make no mistake by first doctoring your kidneys. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases, and is sold on its merits by all druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles. You may have a sample bottle of Swamp-Root by mail free, also a pamphlet telling you how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. Mention this paper when writing to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. Don't make any mistake; remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

business here and is a brother of Marshall Cornelius, of Salem. One of the industries of Forest Grove is the Cent mills, run by Wm. Haines and J. A. Thoraburg. They sell flour locally and ship to Portland and San Jose, Cal. The principal industry of Forest Grove is the Carnation Cream factory which employs sixty people and sends out several car loads of canned, evaporated cream weekly. They are building a new warehouse to accommodate their growing business. At present they are paying the lowest rate for milk they ever paid, \$1 per hundred pounds. They have averaged \$1.25 per hundred pounds the past year. The factory has been in operation 23 years and is a branch of the one at Kent, Washington. Twenty-four wagon gather the milk from a territory having a radius of twenty miles. The manager, E. L. Callendar, placed me under obligations for courteous information, although no visitors are allowed to go through the plant.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC TIME TABLE

To Take Effect Sunday, May 28, 1935
12:01 A. M.

Following are the changes effected in the Southern Pacific's train schedule:

From San Francisco, No. 16, Oregon express, 5:23 A. M.; No. 14, Eugene passenger, 8:22 A. M.; No. 12, Oregon express, 3:32 P. M.

Toward San Francisco, No. 11, California express, 11:13 A. M.; No. 13, Eugene passenger, 8:15 P. M.; No. 15, California express, 10:47 P. M.

Freight Trains

No. 226 north bound way arriving Salem 11:05 A. M., departs 1:20 P. M.

No. 225 south bound way arriving Salem 10:50 A. M., departs 12:25 P. M.

No. 222 north bound through arriving at Salem 10:00 P. M.

No. 221 south bound through arriving 8:20 A. M.

Go to F. E. Shafer, Salem, for grease, harness oil, etc.

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2 boxes freight matches
Fancy dairy butter 2 lbs
Atlas Oats, per pkg
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Arm and Hammer Soda, 5c per gal
2 cans fancy Maine Corn
2 cans Fancy Solid Packed Tomatoes
2 cans Table Peaches

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