

THE OREGON JOURNAL IS DELICATELY HUMOROUS OVER TAFTS RECEPTION

POINTS OUT HOW MAYOR SIMON DID NOT
DO THINGS AND HOW BOURNE WHO
WAS SUPPOSED TO BE IN THE
REFRIGERATOR GOT OUT
AND CUT ICE.

Judging from the outside and from the recent past, if his honor, Mayor Simon were to challenge Senator Bourne to mortal combat—politically speaking, of course—and which seems very likely, his weapon would be the steam roller. Senator Bourne, in turn, would undoubtedly prefer—politically speaking again—the delicate but effective rapier of the polite and polished Frenchman.

Judging again by the first faint and hissing wavelets of the popular expression now lapping along the beach ahead of the coming political winds, the visit of President Taft has shown to the people of Oregon that all of the little arts political are not stored up for safe keeping and occasional use in the Pandora box of the Simon faction. Senator Bourne himself, as has been shown, keeps a few on hand.

In the good old days is used to be the common saying, and the echo has come down to the bald light of the present, that "Little Joe" could give all the other fellows cards and spades, big and little casino, high, low, jack and the game and four perforated aces and still beat them out in the elusive game of getting votes. But the events of the past few days have shown to the gaping populace

that Senator Bourne knows how to deal the cards himself.

Many Were Absent.

For instance, it might be asked, from the outside: How about the manner in which Mayor Simon invited the governor of the state of Oregon, Frank W. Benson, when he made up his list of distinguished citizens to greet the president. Where, also, was the state treasurer, the attorney-general and the superintendent of public instruction, and Pat McArthur, private secretary to the governor.

Incidentally it is remembered that President Taft was formerly one of the honored members of the federal bench, and is renowned as a jurist, and a man of vast legal attainments. With the mind running in this channel the question comes up where were the members of the Oregon supreme court? Incidentally it might be asked where were all those who have followed the flag in the past, but who were passed up in the present?

Candidly it must be admitted that the answer is that all of them, practically speaking, were at those functions prepared and carried out by Senator Bourne. That is all with the exception of the veteran editor, Harvey W. Scott, who was "suddenly called East on business," and did not, being absent, attend Senator Bourne's dinner given Saturday evening to which the representatives of the press were invited.

In this case it will be remembered that some days ago, during the heated discussion at the city hall over Senator Bourne's "butting in" Mr. Scott said that, rather than eat dinner with the president through Senator Bourne's hospitality he would "rather eat in a 15-cent chop house," or words to that effect.

Bourne Invites Labor Men.

Then again, it is remembered that one time long ago there was a judge of the United States court who handed down a decision having to do with the right of injunction as regards labor troubles and strikes. It is also remembered that since that time the labor union men of the country have thought most unkindly of this decision. The president, now, was the judge, then. Did the prominent labor men of the state have an invitation to meet the president and see whether he was an agree or a kindly man with a pleasant smile? Sure. Who gave them the chance? Why, Senator Bourne, of course, he of the political

rapier touch, master of the delicate finesse of fencing for votes.

Out over the state there are rumblings. In the widely scattered corner stores the political leaders and the prominent citizens are sitting, sad and sore. "Simon hogged our boss," they say.

Up at Salem, and roundabout, where the duly elected representatives of the people of Oregon are sitting at desk and on bench, there are many puzzled and vacant eyes.

"Wasn't the big smile effulgent enough to take in anybody besides Little Joe and his committee," the insistent question comes and goes, and remains unanswered.

Simon's Exclusive Guests.

And the reason for it all can be gleaned from a look at the personnel of the guests of honor at the various Taft functions engineered by Mayor Simon and his committee. In the first place there was that little breakfast where the president was permitted to put his feet under the table with the mayor and his committee of entertainment. Then there followed that exclusive little luncheon where each plate cost the invitee 12 1/2 big iron bones. Then, too, was the list of big men who rode in the parade in which list the governor of the state was an eleventh hour guest in the third automobile, and all other representatives of the state were noticeable by their presence on the curbstones along the line of march. At the last chance, when the big rostrum at the armory was crying for the presence of the "up state" dignitaries, where were they? Why they were in the audience creasing the backs of their necks over their new collars in an effort to get a peephole view of the "guest of the people of the state of Oregon."

J. Bourne, the Password.

And all this time Jonathan Bourne Jr. was having the hinges oiled at the Portland hotel, and was patting the proletariat on the padded shoulder of his store clothes, and putting his finger on the expansive bosom of the dress shirt of officialdom and squeezing their digits and smiling in a brotherly fashion and telling him something like this:

"Old man, I am glad to see you. Haven't seen much of you since 1906. Have been too busy working with Taft back in Washington to stay around home much. Am awfully glad to see you. Now you just run up to the hotel and tell the secret service men that J. Bourne wants you to come in."

"Just say J. Bourne, like that, and they won't search you for bombs. And you come in and I will be very glad to introduce you to the president. Mr. Taft is a fine man; a sincere man; a broad man, and a friend of the people. I want you to meet him and see what a fine fellow he is. And I want him to see what fine men we have in Oregon. What big, brainy, broad gauge men we have out here in the west. Just come up, old man, and if the password don't pass you, holler and I will come out and personally conduct you."

And that was the way it was done. And so, out over the state today the prominent citizens are sitting around the first fall fires in the village clubs and looking at the pictures in the Portland papers of Saturday and Sunday.

"Why," says the one, gazing intently, "does Joe Simon always hold onto President Taft's sleeve?" "Oh," says the other, "guess he's

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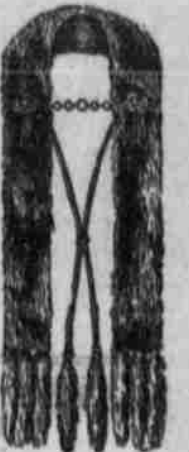
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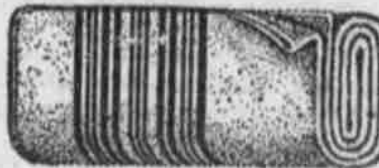
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afraid Jonathan will steal him." And there you are.

Friend—What on earth are you doing to that picture of yours? Douber—Can't you see? I'm rubbing a piece of raw meat over the rabbit in the foreground. Mrs. Alshodde will be here today, and when she sees her pet dog smell of that rabbit she'll buy it.—Judge.

ONE WEAK SPOT.

Most Salem People Have a Weak Part and Too Often It Is the Back.

Everyone has a weak spot. Too often it is a bad back. Twinges follow every sudden twist. Dull aching keeps up day and night. Tells you the kidneys need help.—For backache is really kidney-ache. A kidney cure is what you need. Doan's Kidney Pills cure sick kidneys.

Cure backache and urinary ills. Salem people recommend the remedy.

E. E. Gilliam, proprietor of livery and feed stable, 33 Water street, Salem, Ore., says: "Years of almost constant driving and a fall I had several years ago affected my kidneys and I suffered from backache and lameness, so badly at times that I could hardly straighten up. Sharp pains caught me when I arose after sitting and none of the remedies I tried did me any good. A short time

ago I was induced to get Doan's Kidney Pills at Dr. Stone's drug store, and I soon obtained great relief. I know of neighbors who have taken Doan's Kidney Pills, and they all speak of them as the best kidney medicine they ever used." For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, Sole agents for the United States.

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