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## GOVERNOR JUDSON HARMON OF OHIO

By A. V. ABERNETHY

(Continued from last week)

Governor Harmon took a new tack and had a similar measure offered in the house, the Wyman bill. That body passed it and sent it to the senate, where the governor finally got sufficient Republican votes to save it. Ohioans had demonstrations recently that their judiciary, one of the most sacred institutions of a free government, had been invaded by party bosses in their inordinate thirst for power instead of being places where the people could turn to invoke the penalties of the criminal statutes on those who had offended certain courts were being used, in cases where men of vast political power were concerned, to shield violators from the vengeance of the law.

But the general assembly took a long step forward from boss domination of the courts by enacting a bill providing in the future that all Ohio judges, from the dignified gowned justices of the supreme court down to the humble laymen who sit as Justices of the peace, shall be elected on tickets absolutely free from party emblem or device. Nominations may be made by convention, but the power of bosses to control nominations was broken by a clause in the bill which says that nominations may be made by petition. There is not another such law in the United States.

Ohio has been hampered by the crude, unwieldy machinery of a constitution which was adopted in 1851, and the subject of making a new or amending law is the biggest and most important proposition that has come before a Buckeye general assembly in many years. Selfish hands were being outstretched to get control of the constitutional convention to be held in 1912 when Governor Harmon took charge of the arrangements for it and succeeded in getting through the general assembly a bill which will remove the delegates from political influence and make them responsible to the people only. So well did he manage the campaign that Ohio will set a precedent for all other states to follow when they come to rewrite their organic laws.

Nominations of delegates will be made by petition only, and nominees will be elected on ballots absolutely free from party device or emblem or any form of party designation. The liquor question, which has been a sore spot in Ohio for sixty years, will be finally settled when the new constitution is adopted.

The state when Governor Harmon grasped the reins of government had nineteen penal, reformatory and benevolent institutions, with the responsibility of governing them divided among nineteen separate boards of trustees—three members to a board. They were so conducted as to secure neither economy nor best results.

These trusteeships, all honorable positions and eagerly sought after, had been used as a sort of currency to purchase nominations and to repay the boys who had delivered votes in conventions. The trustees appointed superintendents and all subordinates and these combined to furnish the dynamic power for the steam roller which the late Mark Hanna and Hoss George B. Cox used to crush the life out of rebellions against the rule of the G. O. P. machine.

Governor Harmon's idea was that "the establishments which a Christian state maintains for charity are sacred and that every selfish purpose should perish at their doors."

Acting on this principle, the governor framed and forced through the general assembly a bill placing all employees of the institutions ranking below superintendent under civil service rules. The nineteen separate boards of trustees and nineteen stewards under this law were legislated out of office, and the duties of the fifty-seven trustees were placed in a single board of four, while a single fiscal agent replaced the nineteen stewards.

The advantage of purchasing supplies for all institutions in bulk and the reduction in employees will save the state \$500,000 a year. This law makes it possible to utilize the work of prisoners and also creates a market for their manufactured products by competing all Ohio political divisions to purchase such supplies as they need from the penal institutions.

Employers and employees locked in a struggle over a workmen's compensation act, and when it seemed there would be no bill passed Governor Harmon stepped in and acted as arbitrator. A bill was framed and drafted that has been approved by both employees and employers.

The compulsory provisions which

made the New York act unconstitutional were not incorporated into the Ohio act. Instead the employer could elect either to pay into the compensation fund or not to pay. If he should not avail himself of the law, however, the employee may sue for damages for injuries, or his legal representative in case of death may maintain the action. And in such suits the employer is deprived of the common law defenses of fellow servant rule, assumed risk and contributory negligence.

The employee cannot resort to the courts for damages when injured in the factory of a corporation which pays into the state compensation fund except when the injury is caused by the disregard of a law, ordinance or order issued by an authorized public officer providing for the protection of employees or by the willful wrong of an employer, his officer or agent.

The employer contributes 10 per cent of the compensation fund and the employees 10 per cent. Awards range from \$3,400 to \$1,500 and are graded on the scale of wages paid employees.

The taxing laws of the state were a joke when Mr. Harmon was inducted into office and the taxpayers had no means to check extravagance of their public officers. These men decided on the amount of money they were going to spend in a year and then made a levy to produce that amount. Taxpayers could do nothing but pay.

"The authority which demands must be curbed," said the executive in a message to the general assembly. That body obeyed and passed the Smith bill which limited the maximum tax rate that could be levied by public officers in each district to 1 per cent of tax duplicates. That was sufficient, the governor held, for an economical administration. If more money were needed there was incorporated in the Smith bill a provision for a referendum vote on a higher rate.

There were a large number of taxing boards composed of various state officers with jurisdiction over excise and other corporate taxation, but different boards were made up of different officials so that there could be no uniform and consistent action. Auditors in eighty-eight Ohio counties had nearly eighty-eight different rules of appraising property, with the result that no one got a square deal.

Governor Harmon had a bill drafted to abolish all these boards and to place the entire taxing machinery of the commonwealth in the hands of a single state commission of three members. Other new tax laws make it possible to chase out of hiding millions of dollars of property and also strengthen and broaden the inquisitorial powers of the state tax commission.

Ohioans expected big things from Judson Harmon when they elected him their governor. The achievements of the Democratic general assembly show the expectations of the people have been realized. He had been a leading attorney for years, but a search of his record disclosed Harmon, while he had corporations among his clients, had never given his talents to appear in a court suit against the people. As an attorney general of the United States he had proved to be a friend of the people, fighting through court cases which established the foundation of all jurisprudence on the anti-trust subject. In private life he was recognized as one of the ablest lawyers in Ohio.

In February, 1910, ten months before the state election in Ohio, when Judson Harmon would go before the people for re-election, Ohio Republicans by order of the President Taft held a harmony meeting in Dayton. The Republicans at Dayton did not talk of helping President Taft or of restoring the Republican party; they talked about the chance of defeating Governor Harmon, and they did not talk hopefully. Unconsciously they paid a patent tribute to the real strength of the man. It suddenly revealed the tremendous success of Governor Harmon and his complete mastery of the political situation in Ohio. The plan of opposition outlived in Dayton has never ceased. No governor has ever been opposed by so strong a force as Governor Harmon.

During his first term of two years a Republican general assembly to discredit him reduced the treasury balance \$2,652,858.68 by making appropriations exceed revenues and also created obligations amounting to \$2,000,000 more by deciding to build new structures for state institutions. When the revenues were reduced \$500,000 a year by voting out saloons and several hundred thousands of dollars were added to the wrong column by the abolishment of prison labor contracts. Harmon's arms were apparently tired, and his enemies laughed at his discomfort.

(Continued next week)

## The Mascot of Sweet Briar Gulch

By HENRY WALLACE  
PHILLIPS

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"Shave, sir?" asked the latter when the hair had been properly trimmed.

"No," replied the youth. "I think I'll let me whiskers grow. Dere's snuff wind in dis country ter keep der moths outen 'em."

Then they raided the clothing store and abused the Hebrew owner until he reduced the price. "Oof der lodt—



"SHAVE, SIR?"

everything, shennelmun! Sigdy berzent. Dere's no brofit left. It doaned lay for the freight."

"Look here, Sol. Will you swear that on a piece of pork?" demanded the agent. The Hebrew moaned.

"Doaned dalk to me," he cried. "My hardt iss prooken."

Clean, trimmed and clothed, Chescheba James Felton was a different looking boy. Months only could take those animal lines out of his face and fresh air and wholesome food fill out the hollows of the cheeks; but, all in all, he was not a bad looking youngster.

Jim Felton bought some supplies for his camp and prepared to start for home that afternoon, as they could yet make fifteen miles before dark.

The new friends of the morning saw them off with hearty goodbys. The boy quite unexpectedly thanked them for their treatment and the money. The poor little soul had heard few words of gratitude and had less chance to employ them.

His speech was curious, but the generous big men saw behind the words and felt really touched by the old child's attempt to express himself.

The two Jims soon pushed on through the rolling foothills near the town into the broken country. The boy kept watching, watching, but said little, until at last they came to the stupendous cliffs of Paha-Salpedon, overhanging the trail with dark majesty. Jim happened to glance at the boy and saw him looking up, mouth and eyes wide open.

"Say, mister," gasped Ches, "who built them?"

"Built?" repeated Jim, puzzled. Then he understood. "The hand of God, my boy," he replied.

The urchin shivered. "I feel 'a if dey was comin' er top o' me," he gasped. "Let's hook it outer here."

Jim spanked the burro, and they flew out of the Paha-Salpedon at a canter.

They camped that night in the spruces of Silver creek in one of the prettiest little places that ever lay out of doors. As they prepared the supper and ate it, sharing plate, cup and spoon, the boy was fairly ecstatic.

"Dis is der bulleest of time dat ever I had," said he. "I didn't know dere was places like dis 'tall, 'cept Cintral park. Yer can run aroun' here all yer like, can't yer, mister? Nobbydy'll stop yer?"

"Not if you ran a thousand miles, Ches. This is the free land, boy. You can do what you like." Jim spoke with warmth, for, although he felt that the child could not understand, yet the love of the country swelled in him so hot that he could never speak of it carelessly.

"Dat's pritty d— good," responded Ches.

"It is," replied Jim. "Now, Ches, will you do something to oblige me?"

"Sure!"

"Well, then, don't swear. I don't like to hear boys swear."

"I won't cuss another cuss if I kin help it. Dey'll come out too quick for me sometimes, but I'll try to do dat now."

"Thank you. Now, let's get the stuff cleared up and roll in."

### CHAPTER III.

IN the middle of the night Jim heard a strange noise, a pulsing sound he could not trace. Becoming wider awake, it resolved itself into a stifled weeping. "Hello there, Ches! What's the matter?" he cried.

The boy hung himself into Jim's arms, with a cry. "Ar, I'm scart to death," said he. "Take holt of me, mister! Take holt of me! Dere ain't anyt'ing but you and me here 'tall."

Jim gathered up the trembling figure. "Nothing will hurt you, Ches," he said. "You're safe here."

"I wasn't 'tinkin' of gettin' hurted," retorted the boy, with shaky indignation. "Did youse 'tink I'd weaken fur dat? Yer don't know me, den. Dat ain't bodderin' me. I've been hurted plenty. I'm just scart. Dat's wats der matter."

"Well, now, you cuddle right up in my arms, like a little puppy dog and you'll feel a' right."

"Say, you're pritty good stuff, Mr.



THE WHIRLING DEFIANCE OF A RATTLE-SNAKE.

Felton," whimpered the little voice. "Dis is der bulleest time I ever had, even if I am scart."

"I think you're a brave boy, Ches. Now go to sleep."

A small hand reached timidly around until it found the man's and gave it an affectionate squeeze. "Good night, sir," said Ches.

Jim lay awake, thinking dreamily, long after the boy's regular breathing showed that he was at peace again. The man felt a tenderness for the waif so abruptly put in his care that only a lonely man can feel. He speculated about the boy's future; he wondered what kind of a man he would make. Surely, with a foundation of such courage, the better part could be brought out.

Then he wondered what Anne would say to the adoption, or, rather, what advice she would give, for he felt entirely sure of her broad humanity outside of their one difference. He felt the need of her practical sense. Soon he had drifted into thinking of Anne entirely—not bitterly now, but with a steady longing. The gray light of the wanting moon sifting through the boughs was the true lumina for reverie. Why had he not answered her letter? Perhaps by this time—

What was that moving in the grass? He had noticed a sort of something before. He threw up his right hand in a threatening gesture to frighten the intruder away.

Instantly he got his answer, and an icy wind seemed to ruff his hair—that insistent, dry, shrilling sound that will make a man's blood turn cold if anything will, the whirling defiance of a rattlesnake.

Jim thought quick and hard, with chills and fever coursing over him at libitum. He did not want to waken and frighten the boy. He managed to slip his arm out without disturbing the sleeper. But now! There wasn't a club around except the short sticks of the fire. A two foot stick is not the proper equipment for rattler hunting except to those born with nerves so strong that they do not hesitate to catch Mr. Crotalus by the tail and snap his head off.

Jim thought of the rope he had used for a cinch and made for it with his eye on the snake lest the latter should approach closer to the boy.

With a deep thankfulness for the heft of the rope he returned and struck with all the strength of his big body and pounded away in a sort of crazy rage, although the first stroke had done the business.

He snapped the sweat from his brow as he looked down at the still writhing reptile.

"My God! What might have happened if the boy hadn't waked me?" he thought. The superstition of the miner rose in him rampant. "I believe that kid's going to bring me good luck," he said. "Darned if I don't. Well, I could stand some."

He took up the body of the rattler on a stick and heaved it far away, then lit his pipe.

"I don't think I care for any more sleep tonight," he laughed. "Like Ches, it ain't that anything will hurt me out here, but I'm everlastingly scared."

He watched the night out, reveling in his enjoyment of the mystery of the coming morning, that phase of the day which never ceases to be unreal and which calls out of the watcher sentiments and emotions he is a stranger to for the rest of the day.

"The sun hung on the sharp point of Old Dog Tooth like a portent before he woke the boy."

Ches was all amazement for a second; then he gave a glad cry.

"Gee! Yer still here, ain't yer? No pipe in dis." He looked all around him. "Say, dis is a reg'lar teasyter ef er place, ain't it?" he remarked. "Dis is der scene where der vilfan at most gits der gent wild er sword if der stage mancher didn't send sum-un ter help 'im out."

(To be Continued)

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