

The Weekly Chronicle.

STATE OFFICIALS.
 Governor..... W. F. Lord
 Secretary of State..... H. R. Kincaid
 Treasurer..... Phillip Metcahan
 Supt. of Public Instruction..... G. M. Irwin
 Attorney-General..... C. M. Adams
 Senators..... J. H. Mitchell
 J. B. Hermann
 W. R. Ellis
 W. H. Leeds
COUNTY OFFICIALS.
 County Judge..... Robt. Mays
 Sheriff..... T. J. Driver
 Clerk..... M. M. Olney
 Treasurer..... C. L. Phillips
 Commissioners..... A. S. Blowers
 D. S. Kinsey
 W. H. Whipple
 Assessor..... J. B. Holt
 Superintendent of Public Schools..... C. L. Gilbert
 Coroner..... W. R. Butts

THE TREASURER'S BUSINESS.

We would like to ask Judges Northup and Gray by what authority they assume to take charge of the matter of the state's taxes and the county treasurers' business. The latter gentleman is the one to decide what shall be done with the money coming into his hands and belonging to the state, and Judge Northup is assuming considerable responsibility in advising the county treasurer to commit a crime. The law provides that the county treasurer shall pay over the money to the state at given times. It provides a penalty for his not doing so, consisting of a forfeiture of 20 per cent of the amount for withholding it ten days, and if withheld thirty days, it says the county treasurer so doing shall be considered a defaulter.

In the light of these facts it strikes us Judge Northup is posing for effect, playing to the galleries, and "talking for buncombe." Between the advice of Judge Northup to violate the law, and the convenient doors of the penitentiary, the county treasurers will not have much difficulty in making choice.

We heartily agree with the Oregonian's position on the new tariff bill, and that is that it should avoid extremes, and be framed on lines that will not compel another change. A heavy tariff on wool will arouse intense opposition, while a duty of five, six or seven cents a pound would perhaps be allowed to stand indefinitely. While this would not be entirely satisfactory to most of the sheepmen, who are asking twelve cents, we believe it would be best for them in the long run, because it would not be tampered with soon, and they would be able to do business on a known basis. If a tariff bill can be framed that will provide for the expenses of the government without creating a surplus, it will probably be let alone, and business having an unfluctuating basis on which to work, will steadily improve. Most of the ultra-protectionists see this, and concede the propriety of making a moderate, and as far as possible, equitable tariff bill.

The stockmen are making a vigorous contest against the closing of immense areas of government land by the establishing of forest reservations. There is another phase of the propositions that seems to us at least as serious as the denial of the rights of pasturage, and that is the shutting of these vast areas to the prospector and miner. Every opportunity should be given to the hardy and self-denying prospector in his search for the precious metals, and congress should at once provide for them by permitting the use of timber, rights of way for ditches and roads, and a simple and speedy means of acquiring title to mineral lands. In the reserves just established in Washington many claims have been located and much money expended in prospecting them. To deprive these men of their rights is worse than highway robbery.

There are many reasons why the Hawaiian islands should be annexed to the United States, or at least that this government should assume some kind of a protectorate over them. To our mind the most urgent reason for this course, and one all-sufficient, is that unless this is done the next twenty years will see them in control of the Japanese. That enterprising nation is rapidly colonizing the islands, and it is only a question of time until it controls them. This government cannot afford to allow this. We have as many Chinese and Japs in this country now as we can stand, and we want their settlements

no nearer our shores. The "Pearl of the Pacific" would prove the brightest gem in the diadem of the republic, and the sooner it is firmly affixed therein, the better.

AN UNSELFISH CITIZEN.

D. M. Roirdan is out with a circular defending the forest reservation system. Mr. Roirdan frankly states that he is president of the Arizona Lumber Company, and that he is now cutting from fifteen to twenty million feet of lumber yearly. He is also vice president of the Arizona American Forestry Association. It will be seen from his own statements that Mr. Riordan is serving two masters, one the interests of posterity in our forests; the other the interests of Mr. Riordan in them. For which he will work the harder there can be no doubt. In fact, Mr. Riordan's circular puts the matter in an entirely new light, and gives cause for the suspicion that the big lumber trusts are at the bottom of the whole affair. Mr. Riordan, among other things, says:

Being a Western man myself, imbued with a full appreciation of the true and lasting interests of our section, I expect that every Western senator and representative, if he conscientiously study the matter, will agree with me, who, a hard-headed and hard-working business man, and without any private or selfish interests to stimulate his zeal in the matter, has come to the conviction that the government alone should control and administer these forest lands.

He who advocates the re opening of these reserves, I declare, is, whether he realize it or not, an opponent of the healthful development of his state, be it from ignorance or ill will! I believe that he who has proper conceptions of the best interests of the West will advocate extension of the policy of the reservation and proper regulation of their use.

The ingenuous expression "Without any private or selfish interests to stimulate his zeal in the matter," is either the most delicate humor or the most bare-faced presumption. Cutting twenty millions of feet of lumber a year, Mr. Riordan claims no "selfish interests." If we have ever had any sympathy with the forestry reservation idea, the reading of Riordan's circular would have destroyed it.

Little Greece has given the big powers a nut to crack. We will keep the troops in Crete because we need them there. We will withdraw the fleet because your fleets are doing all we could do—keeping the Turkish fleet away. You can boss our troops in Crete if you so desire. No extra charge! The powers can settle this with their respective people, who are laughing at them, as Greece is. The powers are stumped. The more so that whenever it becomes necessary to Greece to shoo them away, she has only to declare war against Turkey. When she does that the position of the powers becomes untenable. She will not do that however, until the snow melts in the Balkan passes and the second act in the great European drama is to be rung on. Greece got a little ahead of the procession and is "marking time" until the season catches up. In the meantime she has got the powers in a hole. They must do her work. There is nothing slow about the Greek, and nothing small about Greece but the territory—and that will grow.—Commercial Review.

Wasco county presents, we believe, more varied and better opportunities for those desiring to make themselves homes than any other section of the state, and simply because her resources are more varied. She has vast stock ranges, great wheat fields, thousands of acres of the very best fruit lands, magnificent fishing industries, unlimited water power, a wealth of timber, and, we believe firmly, immense bodies of coal. What more could any one ask?

The serate yesterday confirmed the nomination of Binger Hermann as commissioner of the general land office. Mr. Hermann is well posted in land matter, and ought to make a first-class officer, one of whom Oregon will be proud.

It is pure waste of time to further discuss the matter of withholding the state taxes. With the possibility of forfeiting twenty per cent of the

amount withheld and of being declared defaulters on top of this, it is quite probable the county treasurers will pay but little attention to the desires of the people or the suggestions of the newspapers, and that they will pay over the money as fast as the same becomes due.

A MODERATE TARIFF.

The tariff question is now all important, and but little else will be done by congress until the Dingley bill is disposed of and a new tariff law takes the place of the Wilson bill. We believe there has been a great change in public opinion concerning the tariff question, and especially the protective features thereof. We believe the change of opinion is not confined alone to those who were opposed to the tariff system, but that those who favor it have greatly modified their views. The contest has been bitter, and now, after more than three years of the Wilson bill, its strongest supporters must concede that it is not calculated to meet the running expenses of the government. As has been said of it, it was a tariff for deficit. Yet, after all, it has accomplished a good purpose, if in nothing else, in modifying the views of the ultra-protectionists, and it has shown that there is a middle ground on which all may meet, on which protection can be given to many industries without laying too heavy a burden on consumers.

The Democrats have had their bill tested and found wanting. It has forced them to concede that more revenue must be provided than can be raised under it. On the other hand, it has shown that excessive tariffs have also their bad side, and broadened the minds of the ultra-protectionists. To put it briefly, the Democrats concede that the government must exist as well as the people; the Republicans concede that the people must prosper as well as the government.

With these mutual concessions there should be no trouble in arranging a moderate tariff that will raise revenue for all the ordinary expenses of the government, and at the same time extend the benefit of protection to the greatest number of industries. This the Dingley bill undertakes to do. Wool is a proper subject for tariff, because it raises revenue and at the same time extends protection to the industry. The only question is how much. The sheepmen generally ask for from 11 to 12 cents. This may or may not be exorbitant. It is probable, however, that the duty agreed upon will not be less than 5 nor more than 8 cents, and this should prove satisfactory. With that rate established it will probably stand for many years, both sides perceiving its justice. A 12 cent rate will soon awaken opposition among both manufacturers and consumers. Less than a 5-cent rate will be perennially disturbed by the clamorous wool growers. Sugar and wool are much in the same boat, we raising a large portion of what we use of each, and also importing both freely. They should be treated alike.

There will be long debates, of course, for congressmen still talk for buncombe and make speeches to tickle the ears of their constituents, but the argument is not going to be so acrimonious as heretofore, and there will be mutual concessions.

It is to be hoped that when the bill is finally signed by the president, it will be moderate and just, so that the country may, for a few years at least, rest from the tiresome arguments and dreary platitudes of both sides. When this time arrives, the business of the country having a stable basis on which it may rest, will prosper. Speculators will no longer fatten on the changes of government policy, and all will go well.

LET'S BEGIN AT HOME.

The new journalism fad is raging all over the country, having become epidemic, and all the evils, real or imaginary, are being held up for public execration. The latest is an attack on theatrical posters. Now, let it be understood we are not defending any of these alleged immoralities. We are glad the symptoms have developed, the rash broken out,

What we deprecate is the sudden dose of goodness that everybody seems to be catching. We deprecate it simply because it is epidemic and will soon run its course and die out. The show poster generally is not immoral, it is simply inartistic. It offends the sense of the beautiful, not that of the moral. And yet the evil of all such things is not in the pictures, but in the minds of those who view them.

However, it can do no harm if we indulge in an overhauling of our short-comings as a people, and hold up for our inspection all our little peccadillos. While about it let's go through the list and have a general clean up. Let's start a society for the improvement of morals, which all qualified may join free of charge, and so correct all those things that need correction. We must have only a standard of morals as a qualification; sex, age, color and social or financial condition not to count. All men can join who never told a lie, never spoke disrespectfully about women, never told an off-color story, never read the new journals, never indulged in profanity, never gambled, smoke or drank, never—well never. As for the women, all can join who are free from forty per cent of the 150,000 feminine vices, too petty singly to deserve mentioning, but which collectively make a goodly wad. But hold! Who is going to institute the first lodge? There can never be but one member, because the first one could never find another qualified. This alas! is too true.

The office of collector of internal revenue at Portland may possibly go to a Washington man. Senator Wilson has notified Senator McBride that a Washington man must have the place because Oregon being rewarded with the appointment of Binger Hermann should be satisfied, and Washington must insist on her share of the plums. Senator McBride says he will give the Washington senator a hot fight for it.

Bob and Fitz have met, "shook" hands, imbibed ginger ale and mineral water together, and everything is lovely. Fitz has also pledged his word of honor as a gentleman that if he ever fights again Bob shall have the privilege of being the first man to have the distinguished honor of meeting him.

The big prize fight at Carson was a failure financially. Only about 500 people from the East attended it, and California furnished less than 1,000. So after all it was almost a local affair.

Corbett says he may not be as good a man as Fitzsimmons, but he is a better actor. That is something to be proud of to be certainly.

A Steam Laundry.

A long-felt want is being supplied by the establishment of a first-class laundry in this city. Mrs. L. L. Glazier has opened a steam laundry at the corner of Third and Federal streets, and it will be no longer necessary to support a lot of Chinese dives and opium joints under the name of wash houses, or to send our clothes, and therefore our money, to Portland; but we can instead maintain a home industry and employment of our own people.

We need to foster all such industries and encourage others to invest in any enterprises that will employ labor and make a pay roll, however small. We trust the "Red Star" laundry will receive the liberal patronage it deserves.

A Happy Lodge.

Fern Lodge, Degree of Honor, had a very pleasant meeting last night, a number of invited guests not members of the order being present, after the close of the regular business meeting. An interesting programme was rendered, consisting of song by quartette, Drs. Doane and Lannerberg, C. J. Crandall and George Gibbons; a recitation by Mrs. Briggs, and the same was a gem; song by Sydney Young, banjo and guitar by Mr. Parkins and Mr. Simms, concluding with a very laughable farce, presented by Miss Bee Sterling Miss Elton, Arthur Stubling and Vic Schmidt. At its conclusion the floor was cleared and dancing was in order until nearly midnight.

DIED.

At Kingsley, Tuesday, March 23d, Mrs. Elizabeth Colloch, aged 75 years. Funeral at Kingsley tomorrow.
 Mrs. Colloch was born in County Down, Ireland, and came to Oregon about twelve years ago. She leaves two daughters in this country, Mrs. Hugh Baxter and Mr. George Baxter.

NEW WAREHOUSE

S. WILKINSON,
 (Late Grader at Wasco Warehouse)

Has leased the WINGATE BUILDING
 ON SECOND STREET.

And will handle Wool on storage or commission, or will grade or bale it if desired. Thirty years' experience as a Wool Grader.

Editorials.

It is quite natural that mankind should divide and disagree on every proposition that comes up. It is perhaps for the best that this is so. In all countries there are sects in religion and politics; creeds religious, creeds moral, faiths, customs, habits, manners, rules, laws and superstitions; each differing from the same characteristics in every other country, and, indeed, from a large portion of their own people. What is religion in our country would be sacrilege in another; what is good morals in one would not be tolerated in another. In no one thing is there so great a variance as in the belief as to what constitutes morality. The worship of Baal would, even when robbed of its religious character, be claimed by all of us as the most gross immorality. Yet to those raised under that religion there is nothing immoral about it. It was right, customary and proper. The idols were broken long ago, but alas! the worshippers are still many. Then again, who even in these days has the same standard of morality? Each of us looks upon our pet vice (and most of us have at least one) as being trivial, while the pet of the same brood of our neighbor is abominable.

We cannot see ourselves as others see us, nor can we judge ourselves as others judge us. We can, though, see others and judge them, and that's where we all have a chance to even up. Outside of your regular criminal we average about alike. Some pass a good examination on veracity and honesty, but fall low in some other mentality; some stand high in their honor of woman and barely scratch through on some other proposition. But in the grand total average for the term there is not a great deal of difference. It all depends upon the point of view, and the viewer.

Let us illustrate: An old fellow named "Jimmy" had used to haul charcoal from Pine Nut to Carson City, Nevada, having a contract to furnish that commodity to the United States mint located there. He was without doubt the dirtiest man in the state (always barring one of the greasers). His grizzled whiskers were matted with tobacco juice and charcoal dust from one year, and ear, to the other. He got into a way station one night, kept by a most estimable lady who had just arrived from "the states." It was quite late, the cook and servants were in bed; but to "Jimmy's" request for something to eat she could not turn a deaf ear, so she placed a lunch in the dining room and waited upon him herself. "Jimmy" was polite as a French dancing master, and at once struck up a conversation. "I suppose," said he, "you find society quite different here from that you have been accustomed to in the East." The lady gave assent. "That's what I miss more than anything else," he continued; "I could stand the work, the dirt, the inconveniences and all these, but I do miss those social relations by which as a young man I was surrounded. Why, these coal burners out in Pine Nut don't know enough to lift their hats to a woman; and as for manners, one would think that they had never had mothers." The recollection seemed to affect Jimmy's eyes and consequently his nose, as his thoughts went winging backwards to his boyhood's days, and his feelings overcame him. Slowly his right hand sought mechanically his waistband and he plucked forth the lower end of his blue woolen shirt and wiped his eyes. Then he blew his nose, and returned his impromptu handkerchief again to its case.

A Small Fire.

The alarm of fire turned in about 3:30 this morning was caused by a small blaze starting in the Pacific Corset Factory, corner of Washington and Second. Night Watchman Wiley discovered the fire and at once turned in an alarm. The fire started from a lot of ashes taken up in a wooden box and left in the room. The floor burned through for a distance of seven or eight feet. The worst damage was done to Van Norden's jewelry stock, situated directly beneath the fire, which was filled with cinders and dirt, and got a thorough drenching on top of it.

There is a legend that the first brush wick-e-up built by Adam after he left the garden of Eden was destroyed by fire, Eve having carelessly taken the ashes up in a soap box on wash day. Since that time the same thing has occurred many millions of times, but there are some people that seem to be incapable of learning that live coals will set fire to a wooden box. Fortunately the

damage is light, but this is entirely a matter of good luck.

Advertised Letters.

Following is the list of letters remaining in the postoffice at The Dalles un-called for March 27, 1897. Persons calling for the same will give date on which they were advertised:

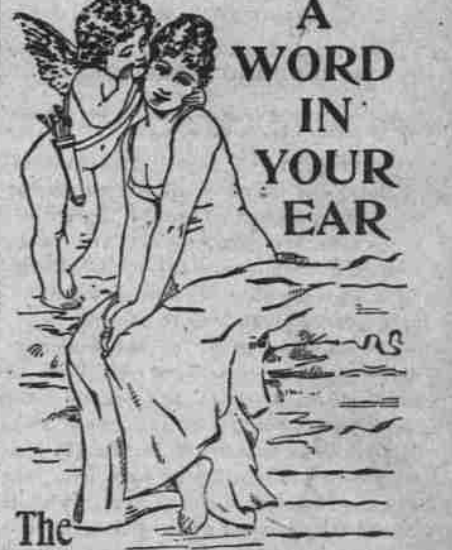
- | | |
|------------------|----------------------|
| Allen Hattie | Bailey Chas M |
| Conaway J C | Clover Jas |
| Dempsey Cora | Engman Martin |
| Elliott Jas F | Fish Rhodes |
| Flock Miss Katie | Fowler Lnetia |
| Graham Frank | Gomez J F |
| Golden Mrs Emma | Havay Zed |
| Hasrings Daisy | Hughes S G |
| Kershaw S G | Keavaney Mrs A |
| La Motte Frank | Lane John |
| Levy Vivian | Maybawer H J |
| Morgan E | Nygrist Mott |
| Oldfield Abner | Pnelps Eugene A |
| Quinn F M | Robinson Mrs Ida |
| Roberts W S | Robertson Agnes |
| Rhodes A B | Ryan Tim |
| Hanford Mrs Edna | Smith Miss Maud |
| | Wren Edna |
| | J. A. Crossen, P. M. |

Story of a Demure Schoolmias.

A bachelor teacher who was in the habit of punishing refractory pupils by using a ruler on the hand, recently had occasion to chastise a pretty miss of 16 summers. The mischievous girl advanced to the desk, and the teacher said: "Give me your hand, Nellie." Her black eyes twinkled, as she demurely said: "Mr. B., this is so sudden; you will have to ask papa."

German in the United States.

In 1801 there were only 280,000 persons in the limits of the United States who spoke the German tongue; now over 7,000,000 of our people, Germans or descendants of Germans, read and speak that language.



A WORD IN YOUR EAR
The Secret of Beauty
 of the complexion, hands, arms, and hair is found in the perfect action of the Pores, produced by the most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap in the world, as well as purest and sweetest for toilet, bath, and nursery. For distressing facial eruptions, dry, thin, and falling hair, and baby blemishes, it is absolutely incomparable.

Sold throughout the world. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

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 18 Pages a Week. 156 Papers a Year
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 It is splendidly illustrated, and among its special features are a fine humor page, exhaustive market reports, all the latest fashions for women and a long series of stories by the greatest living American and English authors, Conan Doyle, Jerome K. Jerome, Stanley Weyman, Mary E. Wilkins, Anthony Hope, Bret Harte, Brander Mathews, etc.
 We offer this unequalled newspaper and The Dalles Twice-a-Week Chronicle together one year for \$2.00. The regular price of the two papers is \$3.00.
 Advertise in THE CHRONICLE.