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HONESTY VS DISHONESTY.

The accusing finger of guilt is going the rounds, and with many of our prominent federal officials laboring under indictments we wouldn't be surprised if poor old St. Peter was sooner or later included in the lot. This fraud howl is in line with the calamity howl of '06, and while there may be more or less substance to both, they will go on record as good illustrations of the short comings of human nature.

That there are boundless opportunities for corruption in nearly all of our governmental departments cannot be denied. Neither can it be denied that they cannot be corrected in a day, in a year, nor even in a presidential term. The pessimist who is wont to howl at every mistake, real or imaginary, should remember that Uncle Sam is a pretty big boy and is having a remarkable growth in every way. His internal affairs, foreign commerce and other departments are reaching forward with strides without a parallel. As a result conditions and needs rapidly change, and in his great scramble for a commercial zenith, he has very naturally taken on a few barnacles. They will always be there in more or less number for unfortunately Adam gave us a mixed standard of honesty when he stole the forbidden fruit in the Garden of Eden.

Now that president Roosevelt has commenced to scrape off a few of these parasites of the last three or four administrations, as well as those of his own, let's help him by keeping quiet, and not sit idly by and yell fraud on all sides.

John Mitchell in his address at Trinidad, Colo., said the union would strike hard in the present labor difficulties. That was to be expected because most of the members dig coal.

WHEN PERSISTENCY COUNTS

A striking example of the persistency of American womanhood was shown at Crookston, Minn., a few weeks ago when the Red Lake Indian reservation was thrown open to settlement. At the land office in the above named town, two women stood next to the door for nearly a day waiting for the moment when they could use their right to file on timber claims. The hall and building were packed with eager claimants who crowded and jostled each other during the many hours of not too patient waiting. But the two women who headed the line were equal to the occasion. One of them fainted twice, the other once, but both regained consciousness in time to swear in their applications, although they were compelled to fight for their positions against a throng of unfeeling men.

The two claims which were secured by these two types of sturdy womanhood were well worth the effort put forth to secure them. It is stated that the timber on either one of them would bring \$10,000 today and inside of a few more years their owners will be a long way from the cry of the proverbial wolf at the door.

Twenty-five years ago, when the Minnesota timber land was in much the same condition as the pine belts in Central Oregon at present, a person would have been thought crazy to stand hour after hour, hungry and thirsty at the land office door, waiting a chance to file on a claim. And even two years ago such a course would have been unnecessary because the pine in this interior region was going begging for an owner. How quick a change has been brought about in the value and quantity of available timber tracts may be gleaned from the action displayed in the first, and probably last rush at The Dalles land office a few weeks when a township near the Deschutes river was thrown upon the market. For months before that time the timber land throughout the entire length of the Deschutes valley had suddenly passed from government to private ownership, and when this last remaining township was offered for sale the fact became clearly evident that timber land had experienced a remarkable advance in value and desirableness. Perhaps it will be a long time before Central Oregon pine will command as large prices as the timber in Minnesota, nevertheless it is here in immense quantities.

and with the eastern resources nearly exhausted probably half the life time of a generation will see as great a transformation in the value and usefulness of western pine as has fallen to the lot of the eastern timber belts.

AN UNKIND FATHER.

If ever an offspring received an unmerited drubbing from an unkind father, 'twas when representative Charles Johnson, of Grant county, framer of the portage railway bill, disclaimed the good of that measure. It is also a poor showing for any legislator to make, when he frames a bill, secures its passage, and hardly before the governor's signature is dry to say, "the bill is of no further use, having served its purpose."

Let's sing that old coon song loud and lustily, "Go Way Mr. Johnson," because down here in Central Oregon the portage railway is still a crying need.

Socialism is having a remarkable growth in all sections of the country which growth is attributed to the conservative wing of the party, the radicals losing in the meantime. The socialist party of the future is a factor which will surely have to be reckoned with.

The army canteen having been done away with for nearly two years past still pops into discussion whenever an amphibious general officer gets thirsty for a "smile." At such times the canteen is said to be a crying need.

Now that Wall street's water stock has been proven nearly worthless for speculative purposes couldn't it be used for western irrigation? It occurs to us that it could if there is anything in a name.

Evidently the senate committee appointed to look into the matter of army promotions thinks it can find better timber for a major general than Leonard Wood.

American beer carried off all honors at the scientific test held recently at the Prague, Germany, Kaiser Wilhelm will surely have another relapse.

The reading public is commencing to wonder what kind of a fust Dreyfus is anyway.

Ed. Hyslop, a 15 year old youth of The Dalles is under arrest for being "sloppy."

EXTRA

PRIMARY'S FORECAST

Chronological Events Preceding Prineville's City Election—By One of the "Stars" in the "Chamber."

(JOURNAL SPECIAL SERVICE.)

The barbed wire on the fence leading to The Journal office was wild with telegraphic excitement. Sixteen pounds of nails had been driven insane in the space of four minutes. At 12:02 a. m. Dec. 21, this office received word that the city ticket had been nominated. Every one but the nominators, who met down in the city meat market's cabbage cellar, and three men, who are chronic dyspeptics, had gone home.

The law compels the candidates to announce themselves one day at least before election. Election day was Dec. 21. At 11:58 p. m. Dec. 20, the primary sat itself among the rutabagas and turnips. The Professor of Equilibrium, who is a prominent ward heeler, rested him self on a potato sack.

"Order," he says. "Now to business," he says, "we ain't got much time to lose," he says.

The convention straddled the business of the evening.

"We need a sidewalk nail driver," says the professor, "someone," he says, "who is middlin' fair at batterin' heads. Now nominate him," he says, and he was nominated.

"Next in order," says the professor, "is a cow chaser. The bovines ain't none too goateed about traveling on the sidewalks. We want a man for this job who knows how to handle the weaker sex. Now nominate him," he says, and he was nominated.

The Professor of Equilibrium spat in the eye of a potato and continued: "Let us now contaminate our minds," he says, "on the most peculiar event of the evening," he says, "that's the patrol system for our boulevards and chief thoroughfares. We want wide awake men," he says, "who is familiar with the streets and unfamiliar with some other places where sleep's the prime asset. Now nominate two men," he says, and they were nominated.

"We will now confine our attentions," he says, "to the health board and the light and water commit-

tee. Present indications is," he says, "that the gent on the former will be kept tolerable busy lookin' after the health of the lights and water, and that the light and water committee will be applyin' to the health board before long for recuperatin' papers," he says. "Now nominate the criteria to fill the bill," he says, and they were nominated.

At 11:59 the Professor of Equilibrium slid off his potato sack, "Convention's journe'd," he says. Whereupon the members announced the names of the candidates in following voices that echoed and re-echoed among the withering turnips, "Hurrah for Prineville and us," they says, "Hurrah!" and they began to file out between the rows of vegetables.

"Hold on!" yells the professor, as he fired a cabbage at the leader to head him off, "I'll be soon swaggled if we ain't done forgot to nominate a mayor and the alderman," he says.

"Save! Mike," says the leader, "Great postholes," says another, "Darn my cousin's aunt's black cat's whiskers," says another boss, if we ain't pretty near left the city without it's stool pigeon and trimmings, and only fifteen seconds left to set her up an supply the decorations."

"Well nominate 'em," says the professor as he spat in the other eye of the potato, and they were nominated just as the clock upstairs struck twelve. Two minutes later the electrical telegraphic barbed wire fence conveyed the news of the convention's proceedings to The Journal.

On that same morning, December 21, the candidates were told of the fact they had been nominated for city offices when they came down town from breakfast. Four ordinary men were stekles dumb with paralysis at the signal honor which had been bestowed upon them. But everything passed off smoothly, and late in the afternoon, when everyone had been told that it was election day, and that the candidates names could be learned from a glance at the ballots, the votes were all in and the new city officials elected. Once more Prineville had added a little more moss and everyone apparently was happy.

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