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 THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1903.  
 ANOTHER SAD JOKE FOR  
 CENTRAL OREGON.

Here's the Columbia Southern already out with its semi-annual report again about the proposed extension of its line. The second report for the year is out a little early. It wasn't due until sometime in January, but Central Oregon has long since become accustomed to eccentricities of ways and means.

Dear, dear, what are we coming to! Or rather, where is this Columbia Southern extension business, which crops up as regularly as warts on a turnip, going to jam us? Surely not up against a railroad! Because that would be putting the joke with Central Oregon, while all along, these many years past, Central Oregon has been the butt of the Columbia Southern's jokes.

Of course the semi-annual report this month bears an earmark of authenticity—Mr. E. H. Harriman. Well and good. That fact furnished grounds for the use of some red ink and a few columns of space that might not otherwise have been easy to fill. But Mr. Ear-Mark made his statements at the Arlington club. Bad to worse. Only the few who were present know the contents of the glasses, and many a phantastic air castle has been builded with the aid of Angelica. And then, besides, after it was all over with, Mr. Harriman said that what passed at the banquet was "rather private and as he had a good time too much importance" should not be attached to any statements made either by myself or others, as they were probably made in jest. There it is, all in a nut shell and deductions must be made accordingly.

Down here in Central Oregon there is a large Missourian population. Every time the Columbia Southern issues its semi-annual extension statement that portion of the population increases. After a while we'll all claim Missouri as a birth place, and an imperative demand for the "showing process" will be in vogue. At present the latest Columbia Southern extension joke rides lightly on the sea of public incredulity, and Central Oregon residents will wait patiently for the forthcoming semi-annual which be published in detail again about June 1st next.

A caustic paragraph in one of the exchanges remarks that nine out of every ten women who belong to the so-called "Mother's Societies" have dirty faced hoodlums running wild in the streets for the want of a little training and attention.

**ONE MORE SPOKE IN THE WHEEL.**  
 Newspapers, like many other human brutes, have birthdays. It's unnatural, to be sure, but they can't help it. Even an abundant application of the elixir of youth will not keep the chroniclers of events from taking on age year after year. It's a bad habit, but a set fashion that has to be followed. Time cures almost everything but the age proposition.

The Journal today begins the issue of volume eight. During the past year the county official paper has tried to keep abreast of the times and keep up outward appearances whether its "inards" were in good condition or not, and if it has failed in the undertaking, don't blame the paper but the persons back of it.

There are no promises for the future. "On the jump" is the motto followed in the past. It will be closely adhered to during the coming year. Politics, religious meetings, municipal affairs, local news, corn reports, butter, eggs and cheese will each receive an equal amount of attention and every avenue containing news for the reader will be covered by a sleuth. All aboard for Volume VIII.

**A NEW PHASE OF HERO WORSHIP.**

The contention in Congress regarding the proposed promotion of Brigadier General Leonard Wood U. S. A., to the rank of Major General, has brought to light the apparent fact that the candidate for promotion was a liberal patron of the American press, both magazine and newspaper, and that his patronage was directed solely in his own behalf. This was testified to by several prominent journalists who declared Wood dictated articles for their different publications bemoaning his predecessor, General Brooke, and landing himself to the skies.

The Journal does not care to be guilty of giving away trade secrets, but we have no hesitation in saying that besides Wood we have many other creations of the American press who figure for hero worship and promotion. Dewey, Hobson, Schley, Funston and Wood are only a few of the many, and while the legitimacy of their method of obtaining notoriety may be questioned by the reading public, we pause to add that the man who so fully realizes the true value of printer's ink as to cater to the public for his own fame is no fool, but on the contrary a smart man—a man who realizes that current literature is current history and that his reputation in the future will be just as it is printed by the current historian—the journalist, and that the latter's work is far more durable than the work of a portrait artist.

We know of the great men of the past just as the historians

know them, and the latter have given as many characters for hero worship. If the memories of McKinley, Roosevelt and other eminent men of today are to live through the coming centuries, which of course they will, they will owe their character and life to the indefatigable work of the historian and the lasting qualities of printer's ink. Truly, the pen is mightier than the sword, for without the former the latter would deal only with the moment. Thus it is that the pen makes history past, present and future.

**THE DISAPPOINTED ONES ARE STILL KNOCKING.**

The Review, or rather the Review's "editorial writer," who travels inequity, supposedly, has failed to recover as yet from the Moody trial. He is still hammering away. More than likely Mr. Moody will be tried again on the "legal" status which the Review's editorial writer is digging up.

It seems to be impossible for the papers, antagonistic to the congressman, to get on to the fact that Mr. Moody has been acquitted; that it is the height of ridiculousness to imagine for a moment that a man as prominent in public life, who could command thousands for the mere asking, would jeopardize his public career by an insignificant pecuniary loss of \$90. If Mr. Moody had been inclined to commit an embezzlement, it is wholly within the bounds of reason to suppose that he would have made it worth while and stolen a sum that would have established his reputation in that line of work. And that course of action be probably had ample opportunity to follow when settling the accounts of his bank. But straight forwardness and honesty in that instance and a life long character of unquestionable principles have shaded his future, according to the version of the "anti" and the disappointed ones. The fact that the latter are sadly in the minority is a matter suggestive and not unmixed with a little humor.

**WHEN STRENUOUS TEDDY OBJECTED.**

Now that all of the committees to act during the congressional session have been appointed, stories are springing up concerning the efforts made by some of representatives to gain appointments.

The Spokesman-Review is responsible for the following side light on politics which is alleged to be tunny, and, as a matter of fact, does contain an undercurrent of humor.

"Senators Mitchell and Fulton to act during the appointment of the house committee by Speaker Cannon, joined in a written request to President Roosevelt asking him to intercede with the speaker in order to secure a place for Representative Binger Hermann on the river and harbor committee. The senators painted a gloomy picture of republican prospects in Oregon if Hermann's ambition was not gratified. They

pointed out that they had fared poorly in the distribution of committee places in the senate and predicted that their constituents would get disgruntled over the fact that the republican leaders weren't treating Oregon fairly.

Naturally, President Roosevelt refused to accede to such an unheard of proposition; but Speaker Cannon learned of the extraordinary effort to influence his appointments, and according to Washington dispatches, he was angry beyond description. Up to that time, it is said, he had intended to give Mr. Hermann a place on the insular affairs committee; but he was so angry at the senators' request that he changed his mind, and Mr. Hermann received the most meager recognition possible."

Emperor Wilhelm still has a frog in his throat.

An eminent Chicago physician has started a crusade against bathing. In the meantime the summer girl holds her breath.

The editor of the Roseburg Plaindealer made a trip to Portland recently on a free pass, and upon his return filled his editorial page with things he learned "while in Portland." Judging from the character of his "stuff" he must have boarded at a hop joint in China town.

**Additional Locals**

B. F. Zell was a business visitor this week from his ranch at Crook.

C. G. Cornett was in the city from Paulina Tuesday, attending to business matters.

John Gibson and M. W. Smeal were business visitors from Port the fore part of the week.

James Dyer and wife, of Howard, have been visiting with friends in the city during the past week.

Frank Atwood was in the city from Shaniko the first of the week attending to business matters.

Com Carroll and wife were in the city from Mitchell the first of the week visiting with friends.

John Y. Todd was over from Sisters the first of the week to attend the stockholders meeting of the Squaw Creek Irrigation association.

O. C. Hale was in the city Tuesday and Wednesday from his ranch at Culver. Mr. Hale states that hay in his vicinity is better than currency. He has sold about 60 tons this fall, the last of which brought \$14.50 in the stack.

Oscar Hyde, who has handled the Shaniko-Prineville stage company's business in this city for the past year, resigned his position Tuesday and will leave in a short time for Portland where he expects to engage in business for himself.

Thron Thronson, the well known mine owner, has been spending the week in the city after several week's work in his mines near Howard. Mr. Thronson entertains very sanguine ideas regarding the mineral future of the county and looks for an early development in all branches.

Rev. Z. W. Connerford and wife and Rev. McGillevray were victims of a runaway accident last Thursday evening. They had been visiting at Templeton's below the city and a loosened lug frightened the horses when returning. The animals broke from the carriage and the occupants were compelled to walk home a distance of several miles.

Robert Henke, of Culver, is probably the youngest farmer in Crook county. He accompanied O. C. Hale to town this week to attend to business matters. The young lad during the past few months has plowed 10 acres of sod and 35 acres of old ground, and is now engaged in sowing grain. He is ten years old and scarcely tall enough to reach up to the mouth of the horse he drives.

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