

The New Age

A. D. GRIFFIN, Manager.
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WHAT DOES HE WANT?

What does Jack Matthews want? He is already United States marshal, assumes to be chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, and is the practical postmaster; now, what else does he want? Probably a United States senatorship. If he would please let us poor creatures know, we would give him whatever he wants. He should probably be president of the United States, but Mr. Roosevelt got in ahead of him. Let Edward of England bow, and William of Germany duck his diminished head in deference. Jack Matthews is one of the bosses you read about—the real thing—owns the postoffice, the telephone business, the United States senate—all he has to do to be master of this little world is to form a partnership with J. P. Morgan and J. D. Rockefeller, and in a few years, or possibly months, he may have the price. He should have.

If "Jack" would just frankly let us know what more he wants we would all give it to him freely, and graciously. But what more he may claim is what worries us. But there is one consolation; we can spend our surplus cash for Christmas presents, or bury it. Jack won't get quite all of it.

JUDGE HOGUE.

The rumors about Judge Hogue so far as any discredit action on his part are concerned, are not to be credited. Judge Hogue is a young man of high character, who will deservedly make his mark in the world. The daily papers that have lent their space to slanders about him could be in much better business. Judge Hogue took occasion to investigate, personally, certain conditions, for his information, and it would be better for this city and county if others would do the same. The Judge had a right to go and see what was going on, in fact, it was a part of his moral duty; and the slander that he was intoxicated was not only wholly unfounded, but in every respect uncalculated.

Mr. Hogue has been a very competent and conscientious police judge, and the public ought to recognize and realize the fact, instead of trying to throw him down.

WEEKLY NEWSPAPERS.

Frank Munsey, who undertook to set a new pace in journalism a few months ago, has dropped back into magazine work where he does not have to think but once a month, and not at all if he cares to sort over other men's thoughts and choose what he likes. The regular, steady weekly paper is becoming more and more a force in the world's life. The dailies have their use, of course, and cannot be displaced; but Mr. Bryan is more than half right when he says that the weekly is the coming newspaper.

In the weekly, as there is not the proper chance in the daily, is room and opportunity for deliberation, for "sizing things up." The daily must be read, of course, but the weekly—the right sort of a weekly—will hold its own, and be a power in the land.

THE NEXT UNITED STATES SENATOR.

Who will be the next United States senator? Mr. Scott will not have it, if he tells the truth, and nobody who knows him supposes that he is a liar. Among the various men mentioned, Malcom A. Moody, looms up prominently. Mr. Moody is the logical man for the position. This is said without his knowledge or consent, and he probably cannot be elected this time; but if he chooses to be a candidate he will be elected later.

There is liable to be a deadlock next winter in the Oregon legislature. There is one consolation, however, Jack Matthews can't get the office, though he expects it.

General Woyler's name is not included in the newest Spanish cabinet. Enemies of his in this country are making much of this fact, but their rejoicing is uncalled for. Probably "The Butcher" has only gone on a short vacation and will be home in time to help form the new cabinet which will be due about the last of next week. The colored people have no use for such people as Woyler, anyway. They ought to be hustled off the face of the earth.

REFORM IN PORTLAND.

There is a whole lot of "monkey business" going on with reference to the gambling proposition. One fact is, people will gamble; another fact is, officials will use this weak idiosyncrasy of humanity to get gold or silver. These facts might as well be acknowledged. Our officials, from governor down to constable, are going to get something out of these prosperous times. Give it up, gentlemen; let us play that there are no honest men in office, and that you would not be honest yourself if you were there. Let's tell the truth, since it is so seldom told.

It is shameful that there is no apparent respectability in places where cleanliness and perfection should be looked for. If we cannot have any reform without a prominent official being properly subjected to arrest, let us know and recognize that fact. Does it take a judicial officer's exertions, after 1 a. m. to determine whether this town is in any respect vicious or vile? This query presents a very interesting question, which will be carefully studied and considered later.

At a recent dinner in New York, the Rev. Dr. Minot J. Savage told a story of a lady who was asked: "Do you ever think of getting married?" "Think," she answered with asperity, "I worry."

An applicant for naturalization at Newport, R. I., the other day was asked the usual question: "Do you belong to any society to overthrow the United States government?" "Yes," replied the would-be citizen, promptly, "I belong to the Carpenter's Union."

Not long ago a well-known Washington statesman received the following letter from a constituent: "Please send me some of the volumes containing memorial addresses for dead members of Congress. There is nothing I read with so much pleasure as obituaries of Congressmen."

So freely has the ribbon of the Legion of Honor been distributed in France, that it is no longer considered such an overwhelming honor to be presented with it. A pertinent story is told of a Parisian who suddenly disappeared. The police, on being appealed to for aid, asked how he might be identified. "Oh," was the answer, "that's easy. He doesn't wear the ribbon of the Legion of Honor."

A young heiress with a penchant for farming was explaining at length the many difficulties she encountered in pursuing her fad. "I really am a farmer," she protested, and then added, regretfully, "although it must be confessed that almost all I plant I lose."

"Therein differing from me," courteously rejoined her table companion, a rising young physician, "for I find in my case that almost all I lose I plant."

Thomas A. Edison is deaf, but, like many whose hearing is defective, he sometimes understands what is said when it is least expected. There were visitors one day at his laboratory, to whom, as usual, he was polite, although busy, and he patiently answered many questions unnecessarily shouted at him. Finally one of the visitors, the humorist of the party, said to another: "I bet he'd hear if we ask him to take a drink." "Yes," said Edison, looking directly at the man, and smiling. "I would; but no, thank you, not to-day."

Julian Ralph says that on one occasion when the late King Kalakaua held a reception at the Windsor Hotel, in New York, he stood in a parlor with the aldermanic committee doing the honors as the people passed by to shake the swarthy monarch's hand. All at once a man reached the king's side in his regular turn, shot out of the line, gripped the monarch's hand with a hearty grasp, and fairly shouted: "Why, Dave, old man, how are you?" "Why, Billy," said the king, "I'm very glad to see you." "Put it there again," said the man; "it's a good many years, Dave, since you and I ran to fires together in Honolulu, isn't it?" And the king shook his hand again, smiling with delight at meeting a familiar face among such a multitude of strangers.

Overworked.

"The old man was overworked and had to take a vacation."
 "Has he been engaged in some big deals?"
 "No; he took a notion that he wanted to understand the provisions of his fire insurance policies. A few weeks' rest will put him all right again, we hope."
 —Indianapolis News.

GOOD Short Stories

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The Farm Hand Is Disappearing.

The farm hand's finish is in plain sight and the farm horse is headed down the same pike, says a man who has just returned from the West. In their stead is coming the traction engine.

Out in the prairie region the tendency is all toward big farms. The agricultural unit out there has been the quarter section, or 160 acres.

Few of the farmers are satisfied now with such a small bunch of land, and they are reaching out all the time for more. Wheat and corn have been topping the market at such prices that nearly every fellow is crazy to go into raising them on a big scale. And they have the money and the intelligence to do it, and do it profitably.

Right here is where invention comes in. On the ordinary farm, where two or three men with the same number of teams of horses can do all the work, it isn't really necessary to call on the machine man for artificial aid, but when the farming is done on a big scale it pays better to buy a traction engine. These are not the ordinary big, clumsy attachments to thrashing outfits, but compactly built little fellows, with gasoline as the motive power.

With them there is no need of getting out at ungodly hours in the morning to feed and water a lot of animals. Five minutes' work fills the tank and makes the machine ready to do your plowing, harrowing, or cultivating.

The first cost of these engines is pretty steep, from \$1,000 up, but it costs less to run them than it does to feed horses, and they never get balky. They last longer than the average work horse and they do ten times as much work in a day.

Out in Nebraska I ran across a fellow with a gang plow, five in a row, hitched to one of these little engines, and it was steadily moving across the 100-acre field and tearing up the sod at a lively rate. This same man told me that when it came to harrowing he tacked on two or three big ones and did the job in a fourth of the former time.

Potatoes are planted and dug up with these engines. In planting a large draper is used, and in digging them a special kind of plow is employed.

When it comes time in the fall to thresh, the engine is coupled to a separator and the job is done in short order. If it is necessary during the winter to grind feed for the cattle it is the work of but a few minutes to fire it up and start the mill. When grain is to be hauled to market several farm wagons are attached and the procession moves off.

There is scarcely a thing about farm work that these machines will not do, and they are growing more popular every year. The average farmer thought the acme of comfort and perfection had been reached in the sulky plow and the riding cultivator, which saved him many weary steps, and it has not been without considerable trouble that he has been induced to take up the traction engine. Hundreds of these are now being manufactured and sold every year.

Sixty-cent wheat and 50-cent corn are making western farmers, where 30 bushels of wheat and 60 of corn is an average yield, independently rich. A hundred acres of wheat is an ordinary yield, and this alone is enough to net a good income on the investment.

A bunch of cattle will pay the expenses, and his other crops are velvet. The result has been to run up the price of land. Tracts that sold for \$25 two years ago bring \$40 and \$45, and \$30 land of past years is easily marketable at \$50 and \$60. The life is much easier, the work is not nearly so hard, nor the hours so long.

This has the good effect of making the farmers' sons more content with life on the farm, and many of them go down to the State Agricultural Schools and take a course in scientific agriculture, returning better farmers and better citizens.

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"Scare Heads."

In the hands of the modern newspaperman, an ordinary incident receives a melodramatic flavor, while a tragic episode is made trebly thrilling by sensational headlines. Were Hamlet described in a press telegram, the message would be headed something like this, large letters: "Appalling Tragedy in Denmark; King Murdered by His Brother; Young Court Lady Goes Mad and Drowns Herself; Four Royal Personages Slaughtered!"

"The Merchant of Venice," instead of appearing under that modest and commonplace title, would have been headed by the liner as "Extraordinary Venetian Trial: A Jew Moneylender Claims a Pound of Human Flesh!"

In like manner Romeo and Juliet would have become—"Deplorable and Pathetic Tragedy in High Life. Two Lovers Commit Suicide!" or something of that sort. These examples indicate how Shakspeare's terse titles would have shot out if handled by the modern journalist.



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