

OREGON'S NEXT GOVERNOR

(By a Staff Writer.)
PENDLETON, Or., April 11.—The east-of-the-mountains country is still in the state of exultation born of the outcome of the Republican state convention. Here in Pendleton, for example, the streets are still gay with the bunting flung out in the first enthusiasm over neighbor Furnish's nomination. Men sit in groups on street corners and shake hands all round with a grasp firmer than usual, even in this land of steady nerves. Talk is louder; laughter is heartier; green baize coats are kept constantly awing. There is frank delight in an event which is universally felt to mark the end of the long period in which the bunchgrass country has held a isolated and secondary part in the political life of the state.

The circumstances of the fight at Portland—taken in connection with its outcome—were of a kind to stimulate Eastern Oregon pride. Neither Furnish nor Williamson went into the convention as a tall piece to any Western Oregon kites; they stood fairly on their own legs; they stood squarely together; they won by their own strength and address. It was an achievement, take it all in all, of very considerable merit, as politics go, and it is not surprising that Eastern Oregon should take on complacent airs in consequence of it. Eastern Oregon has, to be sure, had "recognition" of a political kind many times before. She has given the state two Governors; she has three times at least seen her sons in Congress; once she gave us a United States Senator; for four or five terms Eastern Oregon men held the keys of the State Treasury, and there have been unnumbered candidates on all kinds of party tickets from the east-of-the-mountains country.

But hitherto the recognition of Eastern Oregon has been of a voluntary kind, in the way of good nature and policy. The graciousness of concession has been in it, and—strange thing that human nature is—has, in the view of the Eastern Oregon people, somewhat marred it. This time it was a fight, and Eastern Oregon won it; and in winning it she has, at least in her own opinion, asserted her strength and given to the dominant party of Oregon two men who are to hold high command in it. It is in every mouth that the result at Portland has made a new shift of party power and authority; that Eastern Oregon from now forward will be on the political map; that no longer will her representatives go to state conventions cap in hand, but, on the contrary, in such high spirit as becomes men who must be reckoned with.

Naturally, there is heartier feeling among Republicans than Democrats, but the latter have not escaped the infection altogether. The satisfaction is too general for an event of a merely partisan kind. It rises above the interests of mere partisanship; there is in it the tone of local patriotism. The event is universally felt to be a victory for Eastern Oregon; and because it is this, there are scores upon scores of bright red Furnish buttons in the laps of Democratic coats.

I have not often witnessed an event of such universal spontaneity and good feeling as the reception given to Mr. Furnish upon his return home after the convention, and it was the more significant in view of the fact that partisan and factional politics commonly run high in Pendleton. I will not describe the braying of brass bands, the letting loose of fireworks, the extravaganzas of personal friends and supporters, for these are the same everywhere, and they may signify nothing more than adroit and lavish campaign management. But there was more than this in the greeting given by Pendleton to Mr. Furnish. So far as I was able to see, every business house in the town—certainly every one in the main street—was draped with the National colors, and nearly all closed their doors to join in the hurrah which met the candidate as he stepped off the train. Three thousand people—out of a total of 6000—were said to be present at the station, and I can well believe it. They were not all Republicans—not by any means—but, better than this, they were neighbors and friends, for the moment forgetful of whatever political differences may divide them, eager to join in a unique compliment to one who as boy and man has lived among them for upward of 30 years, whose life is part of the local history, whose manly success is a point of local pride and whose political honors are felt to give consideration not only to the town in which he lives, but to the whole country of Eastern Oregon. The general hand-shaking on the lawn of the Furnish home was a pretty ceremony, none the worse for the manifest fact that it was an unexpected and wholly spontaneous proceeding. There was no formal speaking, but there was talk enough and jollity enough almost to drown the brazen harmonies of the rival bands. The callers were of every rank and walk, of every political affiliation—for by universal consent the point of politics was waived—and in number certainly half of the whole population of Pendleton. It was such a greeting as could only be bestowed by a community in which the neighborhood spirit prevails, such a compliment as could only be paid to one commanding universal respect. It was a triumphant homecoming; and it contrasted strangely with Mr. Furnish's first arrival in Pendleton thirty-and-odd years ago—a poor, fatherless lad—as a cattle-driver, with a "bunch" over the Barlow road "from the Willamette." It was, indeed, a contrast, and there were none, I fancy, who thought less of the hero of the hour, because some memory of it rose to moisten his eyes as his old mother, beaming with pride and radiating joy, came to fling herself into his arms. "It is easy to meet enemies," he remarked when the last of his neighbors had gone, "for there is that in enmity which rouses the spirit and gives arms to resentment, but kindness—kindness which outruns one's merit and overpowers his deserts—disarms a man and melts him almost to humiliation."

Mr. Furnish was born in the State of Missouri—Randolph County—in August, 1862, and is therefore a few months short of 40 years old. His parents, like himself, were born in Missouri, and the family has lost all record or definite knowledge of its connections with any other state or country. Mother Furnish, a woman at once kindly and energetic, of the plains-across type, knows only that her forbears came into Missouri with the very early settlers of that state from Kentucky, and that one grandfather was a Scotch-Irishman, and that there was a tradition of English origin on the other side. Her husband—Mr. Furnish's father—died on the journey across the plains, and was buried on Lost River, in what is now the State of Idaho. Mrs. Furnish knows only of him that he was of the same native Missouri stock as herself, and that he was "one of the best of men." The family belonged unquestionably to that body of pioneer folk which, beginning its westward migration in the Southern Atlantic States in the late years of the 18th century, moved on west and still went until in Oregon it reached the Pacific shore.

The movement which brought the present candidate for Governor to Oregon was in 1893, and he was therefore, just past 30 years old when, after leaving his mother and an infant's grave, his mother arrived in the Willamette Valley—at Dallas, in Polk County. Here the family lived for five years, and during that time Mrs. Furnish remarried. In 1898, Mr. Fraker, the stepfather, moved from Dallas to Umatilla County, the wife and younger children coming by steamboat up the Columbia River and by stage from Umatilla Landing to Pendleton. William, being then 8 years old, and accounted almost a man, rode across the state by way of the Barlow road in care of the family property, which consisted of a not too numerous bunch of cattle.

Life in Pendleton 22 years ago was on a very primitive basis. There was not much of veneer or flimsy work about it, but there was a pioneer school, such as it was, and there was opportunity and necessity for dealing at first hands with the real things of life. Between these two agencies William got all he now has in the way of formal education, for practical purposes, it has turned out not a bad sort. He went to school when school kept, and his nights and mornings and vacations were given to that sort of all-round jobbing which every energetic lad in a country town knows about. "I did about everything," he said, when I asked of this part of life, "that a little chap can do to decently make a dime. I sawed wood, cleaned up back yards, worked around stables, did errands, swept the schoolhouse, did housework—everything, in fact that I could turn my hand to to make money, for we were poor, and the only way I had to get a living was to earn it." This sort of thing lasted some nine years, until William was 17 years old—a grown-up man. At that time he quit school altogether, and graduated from the status of town choroby to that of an all-around able-bodied workman. He did any and every kind of work in a mill, drove team, acted as helper in the boring of wells, took jobs of wood-cutting, herded stock and did anything and everything that came to hand. During all this time the bulk of his earnings went into the family pot—literally so, for they were needed to keep the pot boiling. But, with all his sense of family responsibility—a sense which never left him—he was personally thrifty and each year he saved a little something and turned it into stock, which, after the easy practice of the pioneer time, was permitted—of course, quite by accident—to stray into the rich pastures of the adjacent Indian reservation. And thus it was that a year or two before he was 30 he had the means of going to Portland for a term in a business college. It took all his accumulated capital and something more to pay his way through, but his industry and prudence had given him a credit which served him well. While in attendance upon the business college course he did some work for the firm of Sperry & Co., wool dealers, in Portland, and at the end of his term took a place with them as bookkeeper and general office man, and a few months later was taken in as a partner. The business prospered for a time; the firm had large credits in the Portland banks, and used it in the purchase of wool, and when their warehouses were full, there came the great slump which followed inauguration of the Cleveland tariff policies. The loss was heavy, and when Furnish got out of it he was something worse than even with the world. Injured in fortune, hurt in pride and heavily in debt, he found his way back to Pendleton and began life over again where his first minor successes had been made.

The experience of enterprise and failure had been hard medicine to take, but it did Furnish good. It made a man of him, and Umatilla County soon recognized it. He became Deputy United States Marshal under Marshal John Myers, and at the end of his service was elected Sheriff of Umatilla County, and was re-elected at the end of his term of two years.

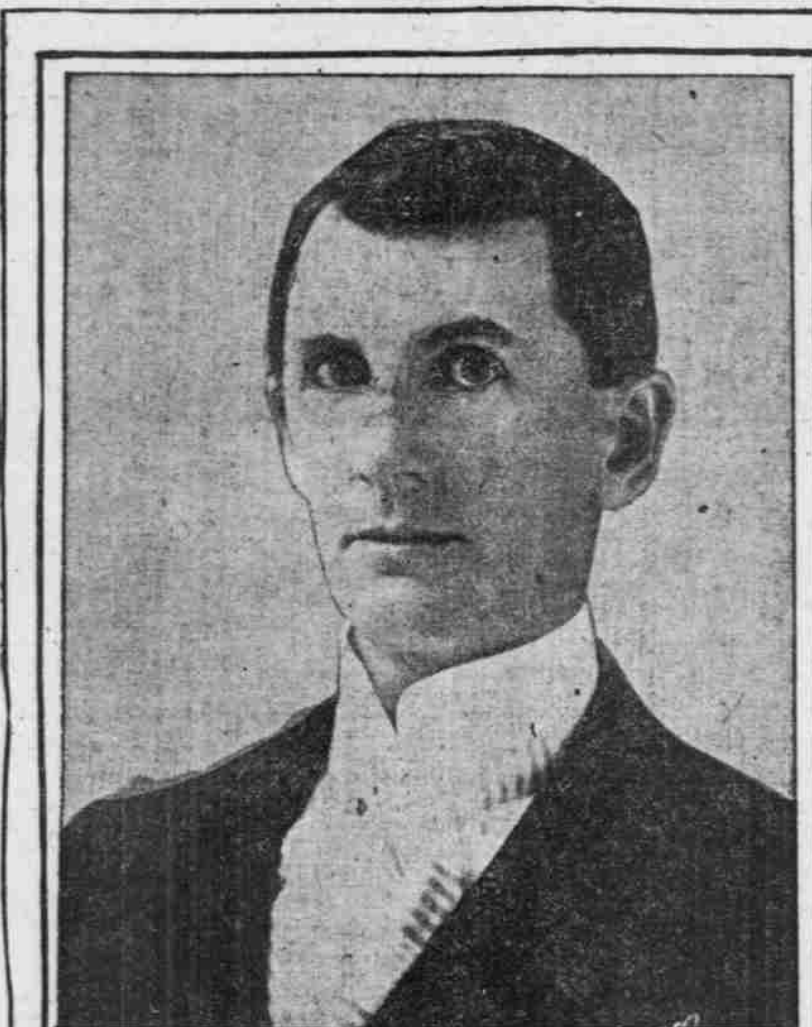
In the meantime he had gone into the wool warehouse business at Pendleton as a sort of side line, and had planned to make this his business on a large scale; but before the time rolled around when he was relieved of his official duties there came the necessity for reorganizing the Pendleton Savings Bank, which had fallen into bankruptcy in the season of depression. A man was needed whose name would inspire confidence—and the post was offered to Furnish. He accepted it; as soon as his official work was done he gave his whole energy to it. That was eight years ago. Today the bank, which then had to be helped to its feet, has grown to a commanding place in Eastern Oregon. Its deposits are about \$750,000, and are somewhat larger than those of any other bank in Umatilla County.

By the chance of birth and early environment, Mr. Furnish was a Democrat, and his entry into political life was as a member of the Democratic party. His people in Missouri sympathized with secession, and several members of his family bore arms in the rebel cause. His stepfather was a Democrat, the political atmosphere of Umatilla County in the earlier days was Democratic—as the name of Pendleton bears witness. Mr. Furnish was appointed Deputy Marshal as a Democrat, and later as a Democrat was twice elected Sheriff. But in Umatilla County politics, as everywhere else, the personal factor is a large one, and to his own standing Mr. Furnish was to a very considerable extent indebted for the heavy vote which carried him into office. Something of his character as a votegetter is shown by the returns of his county campaigns. His vote for Sheriff in his first candidacy was 5765 as against 1300 for his rival. In the same election Binger Hermann (Republican) for Congress, got 1000 and R. A. Miller (Democrat) got 1611. He ran, it will be seen, 600 votes ahead of his ticket. In the campaign for Sheriff in 1902 there was a split-up, with three candidates in the field, but the count gave Furnish 114 votes above the aggregate given for both his opponents. In 1893, after he had been out of politics for a year or two, and was giving his energies to the bank, he ran for Mayor of Pendleton, and received 404 votes, as against 146 for one rival and 123 for another. A year later he was re-elected to the same office, receiving 407 votes, against 311 for his rival. This second election to the Mayoralty was an event of special significance, due to the fact that a month before the election Mr. Furnish had publicly announced his abandonment of the Democratic party, and had, of course, aroused some criticism and created some antagonism in that party. The nominations were nominally nonpartisan, but the spirit of partisanship nevertheless entered hotly into the fight. The contest is memorable in Pendleton as the warmest bit of politics in the history of the city, and it was his success in it that gave to Furnish his wide reputation in Eastern Oregon as a man of extraordinary resource and effectiveness in politics. It is not going too far to say that it was this second Mayoralty contest which paved the way to the Governorship, for it was the revelations of this contest that gave poise to Eastern Oregon that they had in one of their own citizens the makings of a political chieftain.

The story of Mr. Furnish's defection from the Democratic party in 1896 is a familiar one. He had gotten an early and an impressive lesson in politics in the slump in wool which followed the Cleveland tariff policy and wrecked his earlier business fortunes; but this, while it set him to thinking and studying, did not change his politics. He credited his loss to the account of hard luck, regarding it as an incident in which he chanced to be a victim. But by 1896 he began to see clearly that the silver policy was a mistake, and that if it were persisted in it would wreck the business prosperity of the country. He did his part as a party man by protesting within the party against a course which he foresaw would be disastrous not only to the party, but to the country. As a citizen he spoke and wrote freely in opposition to the silver folly. His mind was made up, and he would probably have abandoned the party for a time at least with reference to its financial policy alone, but when the Democratic platform of 1896 was put forth he found not one but many reasons moving him irresistibly to give up his old party association. He could not consent to the populist follies of the party platform; he could not but feel that the whole party position was a menace to the welfare of the country; and as a man feeling his responsibilities he saw no honest course but to take his stand with those who were fighting for the integrity of American ideas, as he understood them. It was as many another man knows from experience, no easy step to take. There was embarrassment from the fact that he had held office as a Democrat; that his connections were largely Democratic, that he had come locally to a position of some rank and standing in the party. All his political interests present and prospective seemed to be thrown away in leaving the Democratic party; but it was a matter of conviction and conscience and putting aside all consideration of consequences he gave to the public a letter in which he announced formally his abandonment of the Democratic party.

In the past three days I have seen much of Mr. Furnish, and have studied him with a critical eye. He is a good looking man without in any sense being impressive in appearance. He is about 5 feet 9 inches in height, weighs perhaps 150 pounds, and has the look of an overworked man. His dress is that of the average well-to-do man of business. His general appearance is "Western," but not rustic. In New York he would be marked as a man from Chicago or somewhere "beyond the Alleghenies." His speech is grammatically correct and his general address civil and cheerful, though a little reserved. His education, in so far as it was of a formal kind, was limited to practical lines, and while a man of wide and ready intelligence he has nothing of what the school world calls scholarship. His time has been occupied wholly with business affairs. He makes no pretensions, assumes no airs, exhibits no small vanities, pretends to nothing that he is not. Resolution, thoroughness, force, are written all over him, and are reflected in his common mood and manner. He carries devotion to business almost to the point of making a vice of it. He gives not only the day, but the hour of the evening to his business duties. His habit is methodical and he has the hopefulness and the courage of the successful man. Mr. Furnish is no "Jiner" in the sense of being an active fraternity man, but he is a Mason, a Knight of Pythias, an Elk and is in a few days to be made a Woodman. He is Baptist bred, and is a member of the Baptist church, though not what would be called a church man. He is neither a drinking man nor a total abstainer. His whole life since he was 3 years old has been spent in Oregon. He has, in fact, made but two long journeys from home—one to Chicago 10 years ago, and another to California.

Mr. Furnish's personal fortunes are comfortable, but not large—not so large, indeed, as report has made it appear. His holding of farm and pasture lands in Umatilla County is considerable, but it would not be easy to estimate their money value. He is a shareholder in the Pendleton Savings Bank, of which he is the president, but I am told that his interest does not include a majority of the stock. He has, too, the usual truck and turn-over—including his home, worth perhaps \$10,000—every man in active busi-



MRS. J.E. FRAKER, MOTHER OF MR. FURNISH



MR. FURNISH

MR. FURNISH'S HOME RIVER STREET PENDLETON



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ness life picks up. What he has, it may be said, has been acquired in the way of strictly legitimate business, and all honestly and decently got.

The people of Pendleton know Mr. Furnish well, and they are proud of his success—more proud in truth than he himself appears to be. He has something of the standing in Pendleton that the late Henry Failing had in Portland—he is the conspicuous local example of business success combined with high standing for intelligence, liberality and public spirit. Everybody has a story to tell about his rise in fortune and everybody seems glad of it. Among others I talked with W. B. Byers, of the Pendleton Flouring Mills, and a man of large affairs, and found him enthusiastic over

marked his private operations; that he will, as Mr. Byers has said, know what is going on and will see that it goes on straight. He will leave nothing to chance, will know of his own knowledge and not depend upon the report of others. He will make his home at the state capital. He will take up each department of administrative business by itself and will master it, and before he has been six months at Salem he will know every part of the public business to its core, and will have every thread of administrative responsibility firmly in hand.

It is pleasant to add that during the time of the Lewis and Clark Fair we are likely to have a Governor entirely suited to the personal and social duties bound to come to him in connection with that event. Mr. Furnish is at all times, in all moods and in all relations an agreeable and "presentable" man; and it may further be added that his domestic environment is of a fortunate kind. His home in Pendleton is one of the best among many beautiful homes, answering in every respect the wholesome ideals of domestic life on an American basis. Mr. Furnish married about 12 or 13 years ago Miss Jessie Starkweather of Pendleton, who, grown into a gracious young-matrimonhood, presides in his home with cordiality and dignity. Two children—a daughter of 11 and a lad of 8—Miss Starkweather, a very charming younger sister of Mrs. Furnish, made up a family group in which, as I know from happy experience, it is a very delightful privilege to be received. A. H.

CHILD CROSSES OCEAN.

Little May Tippin Arrives Today From England.

A little girl, probably the youngest person who ever traveled all the way from England to Oregon alone, is due to arrive here this morning. The following clipping from the New York Times in regard to the little traveler is given to William F. Woodward, of Woodward, Clarke & Co., by his sister in New York, and was received by him yesterday:

A lone passenger on the American liner *St. Louis*, in from Southampton last night, was 7-year-old May Tippin. The little girl is very attractive in appearance, and was in charge of one of the liner's stewards. The child was greatly puffed by the passengers, who did everything that they could to make the voyage of Miss May as pleasant as possible.

The child is on her way to Portland, Or., where she will live with her aunt, Mrs. John Wendt. Her parents live in Colford, Gloucester County, England. Mrs. Wendt, knowing that the Tippin family had been long in there being four other children besides May in the family, wrote to the little girl's parents offering to give the child a home and see that she was educated and well cared for.

The child was given over by the stewards to Deputy Collector Williams at the pier, who saw her safely encoined in the International Hotel at Clark and West streets. Miss May will be put on a train for Portland today.

On board ship she soon recovered from an attack of homesickness which lasted as long as the steamship was in sight of land. Miss May did not get seasick, and therefore had the laugh on many of her older friends, although it is the first time that she ever took a sea trip.

The child was nicknamed "Little Red Riding Hood" by the passengers because of a red cape and hood that she wore, and her dark brown curls, which hung down over her shoulders made her a pretty picture.

John Wendt has been in the employ of E. House, restaurant-keeper, for 20 years, and is therefore well known here. His wife is an Englishwoman and is the aunt of the little traveler, who is expected to arrive this morning. As they have no children the little girl will be the light of their home, and as no doubt she is as good as pretty she will have a happy home and grow up into a fine woman.

Millions for a University.

CHICAGO, April 11.—One of the rewards of President James' successful direction of the affairs of Northwestern University, says the Record-Herald, will be a \$1,000,000 donation for endowment, according to reliable authority. The donor said to have in view the gift is William Deering, president of the board of trustees, and one of the oldest and wealthiest friends of the university.

Applied for Writ of Habeas Corpus.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 11.—H. W. Covert, who was arrested here several days ago on a telegram from Chicago on the charge of larceny, today applied to Judge Graham for a writ of habeas corpus, releasing him from custody. The application was taken under advisement.

Only Two Buildings Left.

KALISPELL, Mont., April 11.—The old town of Demersville was nearly wiped out last night by fire. But two buildings were left standing.

Every day increases the popularity and sale of Carter's Little Liver Pills. The reason is that when once used relief is sure to follow. Don't forget this.

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TEETH EXTRACTED AND FILLED ABSOLUTELY WITHOUT PAIN, by our late scientific method, without the use of any powerful agents or cocaine.

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SET OF TEETH \$5.00
GOLD CROWNS \$5.00
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SILVER FILLINGS50

NO PLATES REQUIRED

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