

# Williamson of Crook.

PRINEVILLE, April 21, 1902.—John Newton Williamson, Republican nominee for Congress for the Second Oregon District, hails from Crook County, the geographical middle-land of the state, and there can be no better introduction to the man than a glance at the situation and the conditions in which he lives and which find faithful reflection in his character. Crook County is a big country and a country by itself. From any point within its boundaries it is from two to five days' journey out to the state line; from any point on the county border it is two days' ride to the opposite border. North and south, from Trout Creek to Davis Lake and the Lava Beds it is upwards of 80 miles; east and west, from Grindstone Creek to the ridge-pole of the Cascade Range, it is 100 miles. It is a land of heavily rolling and broken surfaces. Everywhere it lies high; no part of it is less than 2000 feet above the sea level; much of it lies above the 3000-foot line. Its loftier summits exchange greetings with the caprock of Mount Hood upon neighborly if not quite equal terms. Mount Jefferson lies wholly within its boundaries, as do the two more easterly of the famous and beautiful Three Sisters. Crook County is still a pioneer land. No stretch of locomotive ever woke the echoes among its rim-rocked hills. The freight wagon, the thorough-brace stage coach, the pack mule, the saddle pony and shanks' mare are the only agencies of transportation it knows. Whatever comes in and whatever goes out must be hauled painfully over mountain roads—or it must walk. It goes without saying that the industries of the country and its general life are on a primitive basis—much like that of the Willamette Valley before the first steamboat found its way above the Oregon City falls. Its material foundations are the sheep, the cow-burn and the horse—plus the spirit, the energy, and the capacity of its people.

Crook County is remote, but verily its people are bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh. No newcomers, no chance comers, no aliens here they. When they speak of "back home" they look not eastward, but to the west—to the Willamette Valley. Almost to a man they are children of Oregon—that old Oregon now falling into the twilight of historic perspective which is so dear to those of us who came before the railroads. At every turn one hears some familiar Western Oregon name or encounters some suggestion of old-time Oregon tradition. The young man who drove the stage coach by which I came from Shaniko to Prineville two days ago is a native of Washington County—son of "Stave" Scoggins. The man who keeps the nooning station on Trout Creek where we stopped for dinner is a native of Clackamas—son of Branch Tucker. Mr. Poindexter, who keeps the hotel in which I am writing, is a native of Lane County, where his father was the first man to set up a forge in the days of long ago. Mr. Elkins, the Crook County roadmaster, is the son of Luther Elkins, the old-time Lane County politician. Of some half-dozen good fellows representing the leading business and professional life in Prineville with whom I sat at dinner last night, all but one was either native of Western Oregon or had lived there in his early youth. The leading lawyer of Prineville is Western Oregon bred; the leading doctor traces back to Polk and Marion Counties. The principal of the Prineville public school is "Valley born" and a graduate of the State University. And the woman—every blessed mother's daughter of them, remembers her childhood in the sweet, green country across the mountains. Speak for five minutes with one of them and you will not fail to be asked if you know the Wolvertons, the Nelsons, the Wilkins or some other family of friendly tradition out of which she came to share the fortunes of some neighbor's son who, with special enterprise or hardihood, had "made a home" on the side of the range. And the connection with "the Valley" is well maintained. All summer long the roads across the Cascade Mountains are worn with the travel of sons and daughters of the Willamette who fall not of an annual pilgrimage "over home," where happily the old mother still waits to welcome her grandchildren.

These people are Oregon folk of the traditional and characteristic breed, but they are Oregonians—with a difference. A new situation and new conditions have given them motives and ways of their own. The climate is more stimulating, and the effect is seen in a greater energy, in a more general out-of-door aspect and in heartier manners. These people have followed no beaten path; they have not done things in a particular way because their fathers did them that way. Sons of numbered generations of the old country farmers, they live in an arid country and have had to develop ways of making the most of few and strange conditions. Their situation has brought them face to face with new necessities; it has brought them new problems; it has put them upon their own resources, and set them to consideration of new interests. Of course, it has tended to develop self-reliance, the spirit of initiative, energy of mind and hardihood of body.

All this is a round-about way of telling what sort of man "Newt" Williamson is; for the man has grown out of the country; in himself he curiously sums up and reflects its history, its conditions, its achievements and its aspirations. Mr. Williamson was born November 4, 1855, on his father's donation claim in Lane County, four miles from Junction City. The family was of the plains-country type, with this difference, that they were of Northern rather than Southern genesis. Coming directly to Oregon from Iowa, they had come to Iowa from Ohio. The mother was Ohian by birth and of New England "extraction"; the father was born in Pennsylvania of German descent crossed with the Scotch-Irish blood, which not uncommonly develops the propensity to get to the front in town meetings. The early life of Mr. Williamson was not notably different from that of many another farmer's boy in the then pioneer country of the Willamette Valley. He did household chores at all times and went to school when school kept. When he was 13 his father died and severer duties fell to him as the oldest son in a household which had to provide for itself. He had that first and

best of all blessings, a good mother; and in close sympathy with her through some trying years his youth was spent. The early schools of the Willamette Valley were singularly good. It was before the era of job-lot education under the graded school system. Each "scholar" was permitted to follow his own bent; individuality was not lost under processes which take account of special propensity or of special talent. In course of time the farm was sold and the family went to Salem to live for the advantages of the Willamette University. The way to get a living was to work for it; and work they all did, faithfully and efficiently. And, in the meantime "Newt" attended the classes of the university. When he was 21 and within six months of graduation in the classical course, his health, which had never been good, broke down completely and in hopes of benefit from change of climate he went across the range into Crook County with the idea of staying a few weeks. The few weeks grew to many; the months grew into years—and Williamson is still in Crook, easily the foremost man in a country where he went 25 years ago a youth with little experience, frail in health and with less than \$50 dollars in his pocket.

In Crook County he literally took off his coat and went to work; and he did any and every kind of work that offered. Pretty soon he had a few head of cattle; in a year or two he had gotten together a small band of sheep; in five years he had a ranch with two bands of sheep; and from that day until now he has gone steadily forward in the life of the county. Wealth, nor anything like it, has not come to him; but he has a good place and a good "plant" of stock, and stands among the successful and prosperous men of the county. Some five or six years ago, wishing to live for a time in Prineville to give his children school privileges, he bought the two local newspapers, and combining them made for three or four years one of the very best weekly journals ever published in this state.

Crook County is traditionally Democratic and it is only of late years that there was established that close balance in politics which makes it always a matter of some doubt what the result of an election will be. In 1886 Williamson was nominated for Sheriff on the Republican ticket and was elected. He served his term with entire success and at its end in 1890, was nominated for Representative in the lower House of the State Legislature. Again he was elected and again his official service was successful and creditable. Two years later, in 1892, he ran again for Sheriff, but it was one of Crook County's Democratic years and the candidate for Sheriff with others went down to defeat. But under the circumstances of the campaign there was no loss of prestige in this outcome, and in 1896, when a few years of "Cleveland times" had given to the sheep men of Crook County a practical lesson in politics, Williamson was nominated for the State Legislature and was elected. Again two years later he was returned to the Legislature; and in 1898, after a battle royal, in which he had to meet Judge Bennett, of The Dalles, as the opposing candidate, he was elected Joint State Senator for the counties of Wasco, Crook, Lake and Klamath. This election for a term of four years is now half served, so that Mr. Williamson is still a member of the Legislature which is to meet at Salem next January. If he is elected to Congress he will not take his seat on the 4th of March; and he will have the distinction of being the first man in Oregon to be at once a member of Legislature in session and a Congressman-elect.

It is a long road from the rim-rock ranges and lambing sheds of Crook County to the National Capitol at Washington; and it is worth while to trace the degrees by which Mr. Williamson has traveled it—for his election there is no reasonable doubt. It was as editor of the Prineville Review that he first came into character as a "prominent citizen." As the editor of a country newspaper he did things in original ways—ways which pleased the Crook County people. Instead of devoting himself to the job printing department of the news he undertook to give the editors of his county; and instead of clipping his editorials from far-away exchanges he wrote them himself and he spoke out plainly on local matters. The limitations of journalism in a remote county are obvious, but Williamson made the most of the situation; and it is not too much to say that he made one of the most original and representative papers Oregon ever saw. This attracted notice both at home and abroad, and it was a natural thing that a man who had come through his pen to be the spokesman of his county—a county not yet corrupted with the boss system, which seeks to restrain rather than to promote political assertion—should be selected again and again to represent that county in the State Legislature.

The next circumstance which served to bring Williamson into notice was the issue of grazing in the Cascade forest reserve. About 1885 or 1886 a great area of the Cascade Mountains which for time out of mind had been used by the Eastern Oregon stockmen as a summer range, was made a forest reserve and orders were made to keep the stockmen out. Upon the cattle and sheep interest of Central Oregon this had about the same effect as an order to drain the Willamette River dry would have upon the commercial interests of Portland. The mountain pasturage is what the Central Oregon stock interest lives by; to be cut off from it meant disaster to the whole country. The champion was needed and Williamson came naturally to the front of the fight. He had a ready and forceful pen, he had the resource of a full knowledge of the matter at issue and he was dead in earnest. It was a fight for the interests of himself and his neighbors—literally a fight for life on the part of the Central Oregon range stock industry. In the name of himself and others he made written protest before the General Land Commissioner at Washington, Mr. Lamereaux. Then he spoke to the country at

lands of the country was seriously made by the Department of Agriculture some two or three years ago. It was another bombshell in the camp of the Eastern and Central Oregon range stock interest. The arguments supporting the proposition were specious, and they had the backing of very powerful influences. As soon as the danger was clearly seen a mass meeting was held at Prineville and measures were set on foot to combat the movement. Williamson, of course, was an active man in this meeting, and it fell to him to take the laboring oar in behalf of the menaced range interest. It was a great undertaking, but there was no escaping it. The first necessity was to put before the country the practical facts and arguments which combated the theories of the professors in the department at Washington. Fortunately, the stock interest had in Williamson a man of special intelligence, and with such writing ability as to be able to present his case fairly and aggressively. Mr. Williamson took the contention by the horns, and by a series of letters in The Oregonian and by arguments before commercial bodies, on both sides of the mountains, he turned the sentiment of the state and largely of the whole country from its original position in favor of the leasing programme to the side of opposition. His contention was and still is, for the fight is not yet won: First—The lease system would have a tendency to arrest the settlement and development of Oregon. Second—It would suddenly and entirely revolutionize the present system of grazing in this state. Third—Any leasing system would have an undoubted tendency toward concentration of land ownership into the hands of a few people. These positions have been maintained by Mr. Williamson during the past year, in season and out of season, as the recognized spokesman of the Eastern and Central Oregon range interest. None other of the range states have found so skillful and effective a champion, and in connection with this matter Mr. Williamson has won a distinct reputation throughout the country, his utterances as they have appeared in The Oregonian having been picked up and reproduced in every part of the West. Last November Mr. Williamson attended the annual meeting of the National Livestock Association at Chi-

cago to urge action on the part of that body against the leasing proposals. His efforts were highly appreciated, he was accorded a generous measure of attention, and had much to do in formulating the policy which has put the stock associations of the country in an aggressive attitude toward the leasing scheme. Incidentally, Mr. Williamson, acting for the Oregon stockmen, made a campaign in the interest of Portland, which is likely within a year or two to bring the National Livestock Association here in its annual convention.

These instances illustrate something of the relationship which Mr. Williamson sustains to his home people. In one way or another, in truth, he has come to be their spokesman, their foremost and representative figure. When any interest is at stake, it is to "Newt" Williamson that the people of the east-of-the-mountains country turn. It has put upon him a great amount of labor—labor of a kind which has consumed both his energies

was Miss Sarah Forrest, of the Monmouth neighborhood, in Polk County. Her mother was a Neely, of the well-known pioneer family of that name. "Neely" Neely, widely known as a breeder of cattle, and as the exhibitor at State Fairs of the famous mammoth ox, is her uncle. Judge Wolverton, of the State Supreme Bench, is her cousin. The connection is a wide one, as all familiar with the domestic history of Oregon will readily see. It is, too, an eminently respectable connection—good people all, among the very bone and sinew of the country.

It is not every man who comes to distinction who carries with him into his larger life the warm friendship and personal good-will of his own community. One such is "Newt" Williamson. If there is a man in Crook County who is not satisfied with the nomination, he is not in evidence. Every man I have talked with is pleased "right down to the ground." It is felt as a distinction to the county, to Eastern Oregon in general, and



Mr. J.N. Williamson.



Mrs. J.N. Williamson.



Katie Williamson.



Miss Jennie Williamson.



Edna Williamson.

## PUT UP BY THE MACHINE

HOW DEMO-SIMON TICKET IS REGARDED BY THE PUBLIC.

Nominees Have All Been Tried and Faithful Followers of the Little Boss.

The Demo-Simon ticket was pretty thoroughly discussed around the hotel corridors, cigar stores and other political strongholds yesterday. It was generally agreed that the Simonites exercised remarkable care in the selection of men who are known to be entirely obedient to the beck and call of their chief. From the list of names which were the hallmark of the late machine, and shows the results of the efforts of Bates, Mackay, Ross and other ardent henchmen of the little boss.

At the top of the list of Simon Republican nominees stands Richard Scott, candidate for the office of Joint Senator between Multnomah and Clackamas Counties. Scott has had his eye on this office for some time. He was a candidate for the nomination for this same position, which was given to Herbert Holman by the delegates to the state convention from Multnomah and Clackamas Counties. N. C. Beutgen, candidate for State Representative, was elected to the Council by the anti-Simon voters of the Elevator Ward in 1901. No sooner was he sworn into office than he was elected to the position of State Representative, and joined forces with the Simonites. J. C. Bayer, another would-be legislator, has served Mr. Simon with zeal and unshakable obedience in former Legislative Assemblies. G. C. Mosler, S. J. Barber and Robert Krohn, candidates for legislative honors, are all followers of Simon, and, if elected, would doubtless support him until the end. Krohn, who teaches gymnastics in the public schools, is a protégé of Richard Williams, member of the School Board, and self-appointed (pro?) delegate to the recent Republican county convention. Why Williams wants Krohn on the ticket is a mystery, but he is there just the same—to be sacrificed upon the altar in June.

J. P. Kennedy, candidate for County Clerk, is a man who has always prided himself upon his party loyalty, and who has intimated that his Republican principles were as firm as the foundation of the Rock of Ages. He is now Clerk of the Circuit Court, and his desire to continue in office has probably overcome the intense Republican spirit that he once possessed. W. H. Pope, who wishes to succeed himself as County Auditor, is a figurehead, for his chief deputy, L. D. Cole, is the real thing around the Auditor's office. Pope has never drawn a salary of \$2400 per year, when the law specifies \$3000 in plain figures. Edward Holman, by E. H. Thornton, proxy, is the fusion candidate for Coroner. Holman has served in the position of the Coroner's office for more than 20 years, and most people think that it is high time for a new deal. C. E. McDowell, the present County Assessor, is another who believes that public affairs cannot be run without his aid and support. On account of his close affiliation with the late machine, he will doubtless be ingloriously defeated at election day. The fusion ticket, George E. Streeter and other members of "do gang" are on the ticket is not surprising, for they worked energetically for Simon's success.

Although the "fusion" ticket elicited much comment yesterday, there was little enthusiasm displayed over it. The Anti-Fusion Democrats are pretty thoroughly disgusted with the whole thing, and the ticket is looked upon as a good joke by the Republicans. The fusion platform is not looked upon as a very substantial affair, and the whole movement is looked upon as a rather more rickety than was first expected. The rank and file of Multnomah County voters do not care to identify themselves with any movement tending toward fusion, especially when the true object of such a movement is the perpetuation of boss rule and machine methods.

## COLLECTOR'S NEW BOND.

D. M. Dunne Completes Fourth Year of Service.

David M. Dunne, Collector of Internal Revenue for this district, having completed a term of four years in the office yesterday, in accordance with the requirements of the department furnished a new official bond yesterday. The amount of the bond is \$10,000, and George E. Fletcher, United States Internal Revenue Agent from Washington, D. C., was here to superintend the transfer of the office from the old bond to the new one.

Mr. Dunne was appointed Collector by President McKinley in 1898, and his term of office will continue until his successor shall have been named. With the filing of the new bond an inventory of stock was taken, just as if a new Collector had been taking over the office. The amount of stamps on hand, and the balance of the inventory, was \$24,658. The business of the office has increased considerably in the past three years, which is very gratifying, in view of the fact that many stamp taxes have been taken off during the past year, and Mr. Fletcher highly commends the work of Mr. Dunne and his assistants.

Collector Dunne yesterday approved William N. Chambers, of Pullman, Wash., Deputy Collector, to succeed J. L. Mohundro, who has resigned to take the position of Registrar of the Land Office at Walla Walla. The district to which Mr. Chambers has been appointed embraces the following Washington counties: Adams, Asotin, Columbia, Garfield, Franklin, Waiilatpu, The Dalles, Walla, Elkhart, Yakima and Kittitas.

## SMITH'S DANDRUFF CURE

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Are free from all crude and irritating matter. Concentrated medicine only; very strong. It cures itching, no pain; no gripping. Carter's Little Liver Pills.

# Pears'

Pretty boxes and odors are used to sell such soaps, as no one would touch if he saw them undisguised. Beware of a soap that depends on something outside of it.

Pears', the finest soap in the world is scented or not, as you wish; and the money is in the merchandise, not in the box.

Established over 100 years.

## HANNA SENDS A LETTER

Ohio Senator Writes Mr. Bailey His Views on Oleomargarine.

Mark Hanna has sent a letter to Food and Dairy Commissioner Bailey. It is in answer to Mr. Bailey's telegram to Mr. Hanna, sent some time ago, saying that the people of Oregon are first, last and all the time against oleomargarine. Mr. Bailey prizes the letter highly, in spite of its equivocation, and will have it framed. The letter reads as follows:

"Your telegram relating to the Grout oleomargarine bill was received, and the expression of your views was given attention during the discussion of the bill in the Senate. I appreciate fully the importance of the legislation and gave very earnest consideration to all phases of the question. The action taken will, I trust, prove to be for the best interests of all."

**BUSINESS ITEMS.**

If Baby Is Cutting Teeth, Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for children. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea.