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TODAY'S WEATHER—Showers; brisk south to west winds.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 58; minimum temperature, 43; total precipitation, .04 of an inch.

PORTLAND, TUESDAY, APRIL 29.

THE NATURE OF THE CONTEST.

Are the purposes of the Republican party worth standing for? They are known of all men; they are reflected in the results of the past five years. What are the purposes of the Democratic party? And are they worth standing for? They are reminiscent of the distress of that time, not long past, at thought of which all men shudder, but which ended with defeat of the Bryanized Democracy. The purposes of the Simon fusionists, what do they stand for? What, but little, narrow, selfish, revengeful, petty and factional politics?

Republicans throughout the state must know that what the Republican party of the country stands for is at stake in the election that is coming. The voice of Oregon is no unimportant factor. It comes at a time that gives it special significance to the country.

Candidates who stand before the people in a general election ought to represent something. They ought to stand for a party and for a cause. Parties are an indispensable agency in representative government. They who stand before the people in a general election, representing no party, having no policy or purposes in which any general body of citizens is concerned, responsible to no party or through no party for anything that can be determined, fearing to adopt any party creed or policy lest they might alienate some whose support they seek—such are merely in the position of a faction, or an aggregation of factions, pursuing motives petty or personal, and little entitled to consideration.

Such is the "fusion" movement in Multnomah County. Its authors dare not call themselves one thing or another. It is not a Democratic ticket, for it is based on no principles or purposes of that party. So far as the Democratic party is concerned, it is a sacrifice of everything to a Simon alliance. And what is the purpose of the remnants of the Simon faction? Ruin when they cannot rule. If not leadership, if not control and victory, at most revenge.

Here is a ticket, especialy the Simon part of it, nominated by not more than three men, and handed out to be ratified by an assembly composed in part of Democrats, who, however, had abdicated their functions as members of the Democratic party and put themselves into an assembly of mongrel description, to which the last remnant of the Simon faction, self-appointed, had betaken themselves as "citizens." By this combination, authorized by nobody, emanating from darkness, of the ring ringy, a ticket is put forth which is said to have been "nominated by the people, not by a ring."

It is not possible to misunderstand. What sort of Republicans are they who join this effort to make Oregon a Democratic state?

Again, the inquiry is, Are the purposes of the Republican party worth standing for? Or is experience with Democratic policy, and with the results thereof, so soon forgotten?

Take it on another basis. Oregon is faring well, at the hands of the Republican party and the National Administration. Congress is giving attention to our wants. The river and harbor bill carries nearly everything we could ask. We are vitally interested in retention of the Philippine Islands. Expansion of Pacific commerce, just begun, depends on continuance of the policy that has called it into existence. Are we to give all this up for a little petty scheme of factional politics, inspired by a narrow partisanship, in conjunction with motives of personal revenge?

This is the nature of the present contest in Oregon. Is Oregon to adopt the larger ideas of the time and get ahead, or sink back into petty, narrow, cheap and trifling politics, personal and factional? It deserves the earnest attention of every citizen of Oregon.

Another death from a malignant disease has occurred in this city in spite of the prayer-cure process that was brought to bear upon the patient. The condition of "mortal mind" that entertains a belief in diphtheria asserts its power as a reality and refuses to be bluffed out of existence by the declaration that there is "no such thing as diphtheria," supported by prayer and the devout reading of some pretentious book. Imaginary ills yield to this mode of treatment, and since half the ills of human life are imaginary, the "nothing-the-matter-with-you" theorist has a wide field for usefulness without setting up claims in the realm of disease which he cannot successfully demonstrate. Herein lies the just and only cause of complaint which common sense has lodged against the pretensions of metaphysical healers in their blind worship of an outworn superstition.

FARMERS AND TARIFFS.

The farmers of Oregon and Washington do not need any argument or evidence as to the supreme importance sustained to their interests by the constant activity of flour mills. Much of the time the mills are paying more for wheat than the wheat men, and continuously they are a buoyant element in the local market. Our farmers, therefore, can understand the feeling of those Kansas millers who yesterday telegraphed to the Senate of the United States that they are running on only one-third of their capacity, and that they confront an entire cessation of business unless Congress can secure more favorable entrance to foreign markets through tariff concessions on imports.

Another dispatch of concern to our farmers is the one appearing in yesterday's paper concerning the Central Federated Union of New York. This body of workingmen calls upon Congress to reduce the tariff on foreign meats, so as to destroy the monopolistic power of the American beef trust. The tariff on meats is for the ostensible protection of the farmer, but in practice it operates for the advantage of the meat trust. We have a tariff on hides for the farmer's benefit also, but it aids only the packers. What the farmer gets for his meat and hides depends not at all on the tariff, but on what the packers agree among themselves to pay. It is very doubtful whether the farmers as a whole gain as much as they lose by high meat prices. Some of them sometimes reap an isolated benefit, but some of them all the time and all of them some of the time are heavy consumers of meat which they must buy in the trust-controlled market.

The fact is that whatever concern the farmer once had in the maintenance of protective tariffs has about disappeared. They were always more or less of a fraud upon him, thrown as a sop to reconcile him to support of protected manufacturing, and now they have become in many instances a positive burden. The reason is the simplest in the world. The farmer is an exporter, not a manufacturer threatened with imports. He wants markets abroad, not a wall to keep imports out. Hence it is that a tariff on farm products is practically inoperative. Nobody is going to send wheat here to compete with the home product. Nobody is going to send meat here to compete with the home product. Free trade in meat would give us the menace of foreign competition and force the trust to play fair, but it would not to any appreciable extent bring importations.

What the farmer needs is easy entrance for his products into foreign markets. Every tariff on American grain and meat in Europe lessens the American farmer's proceeds of his labor. The only way to get those tariffs cut off is to grant concessions on European manufactures coming in. Low tariffs will help the farmer. High tariffs hurt him. Tariff reduction here and abroad will help the farmer in a two-fold way by giving him more for his products and lowering the cost of the goods he must buy. This is the gospel truth about the tariff, and it is reasonably certain that the Oregon farmer is beginning to understand it.

PARALLELS OF "IMPERIALISM."

When one recalls what was done with Florida, upon the acquisition of the Florida territory by the United States, how Florida was governed under the direction of President Monroe, and what General Jackson did, with the approval of the President, of Congress and of the country, it will be difficult for him to feel alarm over what is being done now in the Philippine Islands.

Florida was purchased from Spain by the United States in 1819, inhabitants and all, and was surrendered to the United States in July, 1821. Congress passed an act for the territory which provided for a temporary government, and conferred on the Governor, to be appointed by the President, practically all the powers formerly exercised by the Spanish Governor. A motion was made in Congress to amend the bill so as to provide that the Governor should exercise only those powers which were not incompatible with the Constitution; but members of Congress, speaking for the Administration, declared that the Constitution was not made for cases of this kind; so the amendment was voted down and the original provision was adopted, without a division. This was a time when the sovereignty of the United States over Florida was in the same state as the present sovereignty over the Philippine Islands.

Andrew Jackson was appointed Governor of Florida, and he proceeded to exercise the powers of his Spanish predecessor. Between him and Judge Fromentin there arose a dispute over the writ of habeas corpus. Jackson had thrown into prison persons whom he deemed "turbulent," and attempts were made to set them free. The Judge based the writ on the common law, on the Constitution of the United States, and on the act of Congress of 1789, authorizing Federal Judges to issue this writ. But Governor Jackson said to the Judge that neither the Constitution nor the Federal laws applied to the territory—with the exception of two laws specially enacted for Florida, one of them for collection of revenue, the other to prevent importation of slaves; and these were the only acts he would recognize or enforce, under the orders of the court. When the documents had been submitted to Congress, after Governor Jackson's action had been called in question, it was proposed that it be referred to the committee on foreign affairs! Other motions were made, but finally it was resolved to lay the whole matter on the table. Jackson was sustained by Congress, by President Monroe and by John Quincy Adams, his Secretary of State, and there was no shrieking about "imperialism."

If, therefore, we have imperialism and pro-consular government in the Philippines today, we may parallel the conditions within our own history. Nor does the case of Florida stand alone. The similar case of Louisiana preceded it, and the similar case of California followed it. For everything we are doing in the Philippines there is precedent. From this, however, there is no argument that everything we have done or are doing is just what it should be, or is the best or wisest thing possible; but it disposes of the bugbear of "imperialism."

A PROMISING UNDERTAKING.

A "people's church," generous in creed and popular in its mission, is an established institution in many cities, notably in Chicago, and may easily succeed in Portland if wisely managed. Mr. Coulter's idea seems to be not so much to establish a new denomination to compete with the others, but to reach out for those not now identified with any existing church, and in this way to set new forces operating in the community in the direction of the higher life.

Nothing is plainer in the religious world than the restiveness of many thinking people under the ironclad creeds of orthodoxy. It is true that the labored inventions of theologians of the ancient world are not very rigidly imposed upon the laity, yet in all the creeds there are declarations to which the broad-minded man or woman of today cannot subscribe, and to which tacit assent can only be given by a species of intellectual hypocrisy. This is an offense which conscience has been wont to condone for the greater good of religious habit and services, but there must be a tremendous number of nominal Christians to whom an escape from dishonest professions, coupled with retention of all that is vital in natural religion and in devout living, would be welcome as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

Few communities will average so highly as Portland in religious enlightenment. It has long been the habit of this community to do its own thinking and regulate its own practices. Some preachers who come here grow impatient at first at what seems to their narrow view irreligion and immorality, but in reality is merely independence of thought and life. As time goes on they learn better and gain effectiveness with wisdom. Mr. Coulter has never made this mistake, and if he is as fervent in labor as he has been sensible in judgment, he may live to see his humble beginning grow into a great moral force in the community. There are churches enough, such as they are; but of churches and preachers that lay hold of the consciences and hearts of the people there are lamentably too few.

MONEY IS NOT EVERYTHING.

It is an impressive but not an uncommon story that comes from Seattle about the retirement of the veteran salmon-canner, pioneer of that industry on Puget Sound, Mr. George T. Myers. He is making money. He is not afraid but he can make more. "Things are different with me now from what they were a year or so ago," he says. "I do not enjoy life as I used to, and I shall wind up my affairs here and elsewhere." The explanation is furnished in the closing paragraph of the dispatch. "Mr. Myers' wife died a few months ago, and he is inconsolable, which is the cause mostly ascribed as to why he retires from a business that he has been so prominently connected with for a quarter of a century."

Many men of many minds. Personal bereavement does not greatly signify with some. They shed a few tears, put on mourning, and in a little time are blithe as ever at life's work and play. With some, the passion for money-making is o'ermastering. Everything else is secondary—family, friends, books and perhaps the upright life itself. It is not so with George Myers. His home was something more to him than a mere garment to be laid by at will. His wedded life of long and happy years could not be destroyed at a breath and leave no mark behind. It was the main thing, around which business and travel, clubs and politics, revolved. The incentive is gone. The ambition which spurred on to endeavor has died out. There is no occasion to strive and buffet any longer. He has done enough. He will retire. It is a resolve that will surprise no one who knows his nature and his lifelong habit. As long as he lives there will be a shadow falling on his life where once were helpfulness and joy.

Money is not the only thing in this world. It cannot minister to a mind diseased, or mend the broken heart or back to its mansion call the fleeting breath. It is reassuring in a sordid age to come across a man who recognizes the limitations of money and is content when he has enough. It is reassuring to find once in a while that sentiment and loyalty live in spite of avarice and that "lieb und treu und glauben" have not, as Heine says in one of his most beautiful poems, perished from the earth.

THE FRENCH ELECTIONS.

The first balloting for members of the next French Chamber of Deputies indicates that the present government will have a working majority of its supporters elected, for of those elected on Sunday the government has a majority of 23 and the Ministry is likely to carry more than half of the second elections, on May 11, when plurality elects.

Hostility to the present Ministry of France is based on the charge that it has succeeded through its "unholy alliance" with socialism. Four years ago Meline was beaten in his appeal to the French electorate, when he made a prominent issue of socialism and strove to rally on the Conservatives of France against what he termed "the social-revolutionary party." But Meline was disappointed in the election, for socialism made great Parliamentary gains. He was compelled to resign the Premiership at the first session of the new Parliament, and the present Waldeck-Rousseau Ministry was formed only through Socialist support. A Socialist leader, Millerand, took office under Waldeck-Rousseau, and a Cabinet based on radical and Socialist votes made the longest record of official life since the foundation of the third Republic.

Waldeck-Rousseau has conducted a very able Ministry, in both his foreign and domestic policy, and it has been assaulted by its enemies in the recent elections upon the ground of its Socialistic alliance with what conservative France considers a revolutionary party. If Meline four years ago could not win by an appeal to conservative France to crush socialism, it is not likely that the present Ministry, which represents an alliance with the Socialists, will be beaten in the final elections.

The French electoral system returns each Deputy by a single electoral district, just as members of Congress are now chosen in the United States. The French electorate is not divided into two great parties, but into a large number of groups. The Cabinet does not represent a united party, but relies for support on a combination of these groups. To the members of a particular group in his electoral district the candidate must look for nomination and support at the first balloting. No one can be a candidate in more than one district, and a candidate requires for election an absolute majority of all the votes cast at the first balloting. If there are more than two candidates in the field and no one of them gets such a majority, or if his majority does not represent a quarter of all the voters registered, a second vote is taken two weeks later, and at this plurality is enough to elect. Under these circumstances each political group is encouraged to nominate a separate candidate for the first balloting, and on Sunday the Reactionaries and so-called Rallied Republicans, the Nationalists, Moderates, Radicals and Socialists all had candidates. At the second election, on May 11, Socialists who have not been able to elect their own candidates will, of course, prefer a Radical to a Moderate or a Reactionary, so that the second ballotings are likely to help the present Ministry. This French system of voting for Deputies goes back to the election of the States-General in 1789, and has been in force in France ever since.

THE LIBRARIAN.

Miss Isom's lecture before the women's clubs discovers that useful person in a new role. Among all the varied relations sustained by church, school or library to the community of which it forms a part, none is more important than the personal touch, which enlists popular interest, understanding and even affection. Its presence enables many an otherwise imperfect functionary to succeed. Its absence helps many an otherwise imperfect one to fail.

Any institution that depends upon popular approval for support, either directly through patronage or indirectly through taxation, is apt to stand or fall according to the skill with which its administration is brought up against the right side of the social organism. The teacher who fails to enlist parents in his methods, the preacher who neglects to maintain diplomatic relations with the forces of public opinion about him, the librarian who remains an undiscovered entity to educational bodies and women's clubs, stands voluntarily in the way of highest success and usefulness.

The new life that the Portland library has taken on is most remarkable and very gratifying. It must be ascribed partly to the formal change from subscriptions to free access, but largely also to the good sense of its management in getting a librarian equipped with modern methods of classification, catalogues, circulation and public relationship. An important feature of Greater Portland is moving ahead. The example should be as contagious as possible.

No one man is essential to any great work, whether political, educational, religious or scientific. If this were not true, the death of a single individual would have often defeated the hopes and plans and laid waste the substance of great enterprises. Thus a nation may receive a stunning blow, as in the death of Abraham Lincoln, but it rallies and proceeds on its course undeviatingly; the cause of liberal religion may mourn its Channings and Beechers, but it is not paralyzed by the loss; temperance reform may deplore the death of John B. Gough and that of Frances Willard, but temperance work assumes in a few years a more practical form and goes on and on. So in the narrower sphere of effort, as represented by a state university, not overstrong, but full of purpose, a man may drop away from it and be sorely missed, yet his loss will be made good in due time by the coming of another into the field. Discouragement under such a check is not wise. The field of the world is wide. The promise of the harvest is bountiful, and fortunately the laborers therein are legion.

The winds of Wyoming were not tempered last week to the shorn lamb. In consequence of this oversight in Nature, hundreds of sheep that had a few days before been relieved of their Winter coats perished miserably. It is strange, with mutton in such great demand and prices at high tide, that men supposed to be skilled in sheep husbandry would be beguiled by a few balmy April days into turning their shorn flocks out upon the range without protection from the return blast with which Winter is wont to celebrate his departure from the Rocky Mountain States.

Two million acres of land in Northern Montana have lately been withdrawn from settlement. This is taken as an indication that the construction of St. Mary's Canal in that district will soon be undertaken. This canal, when completed, will furnish water for the reclamation of 500,000 acres in the dryest season. The system of which it is the center will cost $3,500,000, and its operation will literally make the wilderness "blossom as the rose."

Fortunate is the household the mistress of which can roll up her sleeves and "do out the wash" while the knights and ladies of the suds, mangle and ironing-board discuss with the laundry barons the technicalities of organized labor. Self-help as a factor in domestic life proves its quality in a case of this kind.

The various improvement associations might profitably turn their attention to the low-hanging boughs of shade trees in many parts of town. A word to these energetic bodies seems to be enough to get things done.

McKinley's Warning Recalled.

New York Herald.

The convulsive break of 62 Republicans who voted to insert in the Cuban bill the amendment removing all differential duties from imported sugars was sharp when it occurred, but the feeling that inspired it has been of gradual growth and attended with no end of premonitory symptoms and warning protests.

President McKinley sounded the warning in his last speech when he told his party that the time had come to modify the high protective tariff. His warning has gone unheeded until Republican voters are in revolt. Their Representatives have thrown off the yoke of Mr. Hanna and his associate dictators, who are panic-stricken in the face of the approaching elections, wherein an indignant and disgusted people may take the matter into their own hands and "relax the protective principle" by breaking its neck.

THE CENTRAL OREGON RANGE INDUSTRY.

(BY A STAFF WRITER.)

At the end of my late letter it was remarked that the people hereabout look with suspicion upon any project which is likely to put fences through the country. And the reason is that they live chiefly by the range industry. Until very recent times, indeed, no stockman ever thought of owning anything more in the way of land than a mere home station, excepting it might be some tract so situated as practically to control an extensive and nominally open territory. The custom has been the easy one of driving herds upon the thousand—or many thousand hills—and of moving them off toward the mountains as the Summer comes on and as the open range fails under the mid-year drouth. This system of free commons has become the basis of a mighty industry. According to the last State census there are approximately 300,000 range sheep, 25,000 cattle, 12,000 horses and perhaps 10,000 head of miscellaneous small stock in Crook County alone. In addition to this numerous herd life, Crook County—much against the will of its own people, it must be said—affords Summer pasturage for something like 150,000 head of sheep owned in Wasco County. The home range of Southern Wasco takes care of these herds in the Winter season, but when the grass gets short in Summer it has long been the practice of Wasco owners to move them over the county line and upon the Crook slopes of the Cascade mountains. The ranges of Crook County, therefore, support an animal life not far short of half a million head all told.

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In former times this weight of stock was borne without inconvenience, for the open ranges were rank with bunchgrass and there was leave without limit to run stock in the mountains during the Summer season, which, contrary to the general notion, is the time when it is most difficult to take care of large bodies of stock—especially of sheep—in the high and dry country east of the Cascade mountains.

But conditions have changed and in several ways, both large and small, the capacity of the ranges has been reduced. First, the quality of the range has been a good deal cut down. The bunchgrass has been eaten off and trampled out—not, indeed, destroyed, but so persistently grazed as to make nothing like the available animal resource it once was. Second, there has been great loss to the Summer range through the action of the Government in setting apart large areas of the Cascade mountains as "forest reserve." True, these reserved tracts are not wholly cut off from the general range resource of the country; for under restrictions it is still allowable to run stock on them, but the restrictions are severely enforced and the effect is to keep out vast numbers of sheep which would, if the mountains were as formerly open to all comers, find their living there during something like half of the year. Driven out of their old feeding grounds these sheep are thrown back upon that great western spur of the Blue mountains which extends into Crook county, and the effect has been to overcrowd that range and to injure its quality. Third—and from the standpoint of the range men, most serious of all—the ranges are rapidly falling under private ownership. Where a few years ago there was a grassy wilderness as free as the open sea and practically as wide, there is today a country a good deal checkered over with the wire fence. The range is not gone, and it never will be, but in comparison with early times it is limited, and every year serves to still further curtail it.

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The largest withdrawals of range lands are due to purchase on the part of wealthy stockmen for use as reserved or private range, but there is still another factor in the case, namely, the agricultural settler. Within the past three or four years and with a greatly accelerated movement during the past few months, there has been a steady incoming of home-seekers into the range country of Crook and Wasco counties. Whole districts like the Haystack country and the Agency Plain (so-called from its proximity to the Warm Springs Indian reservation) are filling up with a sturdy population. From an elevation on the edge of the Haystack district two days ago I counted eleven roofs of this season's making and no less than seven tents in which newcomers were linving until lumber could be got for such simple shelter as suffices for the first temporary home in a new country. Every incoming train at Shaniko brings in one or more immigrant families and the immigrant wagon with its traditional bowed canvas cover is a familiar sight along the cattle and sheep roads which until just now have rarely known the pressure of a wheel.

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In a sense, it is not an inviting country, for it lies high and it is only in rare instances that the settler finds water on his claim; but the bounty which comes from the sky is sufficient to mature crops, there is the certainty of water from irrigating ditches at some future time—for the whole region lies under the levels of the Deschutes River—and the people seem to take lightly the necessity of hauling water. It may well be believed, however, that some frugality must be practiced in the use of water which must be hauled anywhere from two to 15 miles over the stiff grades of a more or less mountainous country.

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Not all the range country, I repeat, is destined to be occupied, for much of it is either of too little value or in situations which make it not worth while. There will always be some general range in Crook County; but already the situation calls for cutting down rather than increasing range herds, and prudent men are everywhere seeing that in the near future the stock business here, as in all settled countries, must depend upon ownership of land sufficient to provide feed. Already this is measurably so and it must soon be absolutely so.

One hears, of course, dire predictions in connection with the time now clearly approaching when there will be but little open range for the man with stock but no land; and, indeed, the change is one likely to press hard upon individuals. But I am not able to see that from the broad standpoint there is any reason to regret the substitution of domestic methods for range methods. People who are hit or in a way to be hit by progressive movements always and naturally think the country is going to the dogs, but general observation does not bear out this notion. I believe that under skillful husbandry, with careful selection of breeds, with better care for infant animal life, and with better housing and feeding, this country will turn out more wool, more mutton, more beef, more hides, more horses than it does today or ever did in the most prosperous days of the range industry. This has been the experience in the Willamette Valley and in every other country where the range system has given way to the domestic system.

Indeed, there is already exhibited here some of the advantages which follow betterment in methods. In the early days it was the unusual man who made any sort of provision for wintering his stock. Everything on foot was turned on the range to hustle for life, and if the Winter turned out severe the suffering and the death rate were something frightful. Now, it is the exceptional man who does not make provision for feeding, and the Winter has ceased to be the nightmare of suffering and loss it once was. Again, in early times, when the range seemed limitless, nobody gave himself any pains about working up his breeds of sheep, and the result was that five pounds was reckoned a fair average fleece. Today, when the old Cotswold blood has been worked out and the fine-wool Merino has been put into its place, the average range fleece runs upwards of 10 pounds, that is to say, 1000 sheep will today produce annually as much or more wool than 2000 did 15 or 20 years ago. Experience with cattle exhibits similar evidence of the value of careful and intelligent husbandry as compared with the old system, which took little heed of anything except numbers.

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There are few in Western Oregon, I fancy, who have any adequate idea of the extent and value of the stock industry here or of the financial weight and importance of the organizations which have grown up in it. I have long known and I suppose that ten thousand others have long known that "Charley" Cartwright is in some large way connected with the stock business in a large way "somewhere east of the mountains." I will confess myself surprised to learn, as I did four days ago, that Cartwright's business and that of his associates at Hay Creek in this (Crook) County is the biggest thing of its kind in the world, that it employs a working capital of more than $1,000,000, and that of blooded sires alone, its annual crop sells for upwards of $50,000. The Hay Creek plant is worth attention, as an illustration of how a big thing may grow up in an out-of-the-way place, and achieve a great reputation abroad without making much noise at home. The company, named after its founder, Dr. Baldwin, owns about 20,000 acres of creek bottom and range land, and its "locations" are so placed as to command a very large area of public range. It owns above 20,000 head of high-class range sheep, with abundant facilities for taking care of them by scientific methods.

But more important than this is its breeding plant, which, constantly recruited from the best herds of this country and Europe, turns out a larger number of high-class bucks than any other establishment in existence. I will not attempt to describe the methods by which this great business is carried on; they are scarcely capable of exposition by other than an expert, and they would hardly interest the general reader. It is enough to say that here in the heart of Crook County, far away from a railroad, there has grown up an establishment which is famous wherever the sheep industry is conducted with attention to scientific breeding. And it is not the only one of its kind in this county. The breeding of sires, the most expert branch of sheep husbandry, has attained a development here and a distinction which brings buyers from every part of the West. It is due to these establishments and to the interest and the facilities which they have created that the average weight of the Oregon range fleece has more than doubled in recent years.

It has been found that the Merino type of sheep is far and away the best for range conditions, not only in Eastern Oregon, but throughout the West; and the Crook County establishments which cater to the range trade give their efforts wholly to the production of the Merino families. The Hay Creek people have specialized upon the Spanish Merino, the Delaine Merino, and the French sheep known as the Rambouillet; and they have succeeded in getting wonderful results from careful mating of animals of these types and from equally careful methods of feeding and general care. It is indeed gratifying to know that in this large and important branch of animal husbandry Oregon has, through the enterprise and skill of her own people, been carried to the head of the list.

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The rapid curtailment of the open range with the limitations put by the National Land Department upon grazing in the forest reserve of the Cascade Mountains is making it increasingly difficult to carry the large weight of stock now in the country. The conditions are beginning to press hard, especially upon those who have no private ranges under fence. The open or hill ranges are now everywhere cropped close before the time has come to seek the mountains; and here again there is trouble from the fact that the number of sheep seeking pasturage is greater than the supporting capacity of the country. The Blue Mountain region, which is open to all comers, is heavily overstocked in parts, and while the forest reserve ranges in the Cascade Mountains are in good condition, there is dissatisfaction with the manner of their apportionment. The Land Department, it appears, after making a general limitation as to the number of sheep to be allowed on the reserve, has turned over to the Eastern Oregon Wool Association the duty of apportioning this privilege among the many applicants. This has been done for the present season in a way to raise a storm in this county. Wasco sheep men, it is charged, dominated the committee by which the allotments were made, and have "hogged" three-fourths of the Crook County section of the reserve. There is bad blood in this connection; and from what I have heard I shall not be surprised if before the season is over something hotter than mere talk shall pass between the rival grazers of the two counties.

A. H.

Prineville, April 24.

Safety in Moderate Concessions.

Minneapolis Tribune.

The House vote is simply notice that it must not expect removal of the smallest part of the duty on its raw material without a corresponding reduction in duty on its manufactured product for the benefit of the consumers. This is partly the work of the friends of the beet-sugar and partly of the friends of a wider reciprocity for the benefit of all American trade. The vote of Friday makes it more important than ever for the Republicans to take some measures to satisfy the growing sentiment in favor of reciprocity changes in the tariff, if party division and the union of an urgent minority with the Democrats are not to be repeated.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Two circuses in town in one day! What small boy should not be happy?

The ranks of the Fusion Legislative candidates begin to look like a broken comb.

The man who-didn't-know-it-was-loded in Russia is the exception. They usually do, over there.

Now doth the honest fusionist
Get promptly into line,
Accept a nomination, and
Get cold feet and resign.

It has already been 100 in the shade in Nebraska. A sleeping apartment in a haymow must be uncomfortable at that temperature.

Miss Stone has at last reached the magazine stage. She probably finds it more comfortable than the slow stages by which her liberation was accomplished.

Hayti is having another revolution. If the historians of the country want to keep track of them all they will have to clap an indicator on the line shaft pretty promptly.

Which I wish to remark, and my language is plain,
That the laudryman's strike is the Chinaman's gain,
And the heathen Chinee is dead lucky.
"Me no likee stike," says the heathen Chinee,
"But stike I heap sabee, he heap likee me,"
And he winks as he trundles his push cart
Piled high with a ton of laundree.

The darkening cuffs that we turned last week
We must wear end-for-end once more,
And the collar that's marked with many a streak
We must wear, as we've worn it before.
Time was when the darkening cuffs were new,
And the collar was ivory-like,
But that was the time when the laundry crew
Had not gone out on a strike.

We must buy new linen if we'd be clean,
And linen, alas, comes high.
And so, perforce, on the streets we're seen
With shirt fronts that hurt the eye.
And we wonder, as waiting these long days through,
And blush at each spot and stain,
How long it will be ere that laundry crew
Will go back to work again.

Shemual Kasha-Nweeya, a Persian, who is studying medicine in Indianapolis, recently made application to the Shah of Persia to be appointed Minister at Washington, and has received a letter from the Grand Vizier conferring on him the title of "Sirdar." This letter also stated that his application was being considered, and further communication would be had with him. He reports that the title of "Sirdar" is one of the highest honors of the Persian court, and that it was once conferred on Lord Kitchener. Sirdar Nweeya has been in America eight years. He graduated from the Chicago Art Institute.

Professor Goldwin Smith, of Toronto University does not approve of Cecil Rhodes' scholarships at Oxford for Americans. He says that he has no sympathy with Rhodes' dreams of Anglo-Saxon dominance of the world, and he does not believe that the scholarships will have any noticeable effect on education. "A young man should receive his formative treatment in his own country," says Professor Smith, "among his own associates, under the guidance of men of his own nationality. To train him in another country means that he will be at the end well fitted neither for citizenship in one country nor in the other."

"The value of an odd, catchy name has never been more strikingly illustrated than in the game of ping-pong," said an Englishman the other day. "Table tennis has been played in England for at least 20 years, and yet it never became a craze until some bright fellow simplified the rules somewhat and put the game on the market under the name of ping-pong. It at once leaped into popular favor. Society took it up as a fad, and in this country people who have never heard of table tennis are becoming enthusiastic over it under the impression that it is something new. I suppose anything with a name like that could be boosted into popularity."

Mr. Walter H. Page, formerly the editor of the Atlantic Monthly, but now the editor of the World's Work, contributes to the May Atlantic a sparkling and vigorous paper entitled "The Rebuilding of Old Commonwealths," in which he sketches picturesquely the effects of slavery, "which pickled all Southern life and left it just as it found it." Mr. Page declares that the way out lies in the "training of the untrained masses;" in other words, through popular education untrammeled by political or race differences. As a Southerner himself, as a life-long observer of Southern social problems, and as one of the most prominent workers in the latest movement for popular education in the South, Mr. Page's hopeful and wholesome utterances will have great weight.

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

He—So you won't kiss and made up? Well, I won't make up.—Life.

Trouble is like money. It is better to save it than to borrow it.—Puck.

Her Best Impression.—Teacher—Where was the Declaration of Independence signed? Dot—On the table.—Chicago Tribune.

Bacon—Have you begun work in your garden yet? Egbert—Yes; I've commenced chasing my neighbors' chickens.—Yonkers Statesman.

Their Privilege.—"Well, all the scholars can't be first, you know." "Oh, no! only one can be first, and the others can make believe they don't care."—Puck.

"I want something striking for a wedding present," said the male shopper. "Yes, sir," remarked the shopwalker. "The clock department is on the fourth floor."—Tit-Bits.

Getting Back.—Customer to Palmist—Five dollar fee? Er—would you have any objection to waiting until I get some of the money you say is coming to me?—Brooklyn Life.

A Future President.—"There's a boy that'll be President of the United States some day!" "Think so?" "I know it. Ain't a horse in this country that can throw him!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Blase.—Clare—I hesitated to tell you of my engagement, for fear you wouldn't believe it. Maud—Nonsense. I've got to the point where I'll believe almost anything.—Detroit Free Press.

Exhausted Capital.—Jane—Judy had to go back to the rest-cure. Kate—What for, Jane—Oh, she got a collapse, going round telling everybody how much good it did her.—Detroit Free Press.

Mistress—Mary, didn't I tell you I liked my beef well done? Mary—You did, marm, but I didn't say anything, did I? People can have their whim, if they want to, for all o' me.—Boston Transcript.

Her Reason.—"Why do you insist on Mr. Bawler singing?" "It's a choice between two evils," answered Miss Cayenne. "If he doesn't sing he'll talk. And the words of any song are infinitely preferable to his original remarks."—Washington Star.

Solving the Problem.—Delight (four years old)—I'm sick and tired of these stupid dolls. Don't you wish we had a real meat baby brother? Margaret (six years old)—No; if we have any more children I want either an older sister or a pair of twins.—Brooklyn Life.

Quite Circumscribed.—"It's a small world, after all," said Mrs. Trotter to Mrs. Perkasie. "Yes, it is," assented the latter. "Do you know the waiter at our table at Atlantic City last Winter was the same we had at Buffalo during the Pan-American?"—Harper's Bazar.