

Oregonian

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THE WILLIAMSON VERDICT

Mr. Williamson, Mr. Biggs and Dr. Gesner are found guilty, on their third trial. They were charged with subornation of perjury in procuring many persons to make false affidavits for the purpose of taking up timberland claims in Crook County...

MR. BRYAN'S DANGEROUS FRIENDSHIP

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haps, to maintain a rigorous silence while the battle is on. When it has been fought and won, let him shout if he will; but the chances are that he will find the President's ideals so far from his own that he will not feel like shouting.

PIE AND BUSINESS

When Democrats of the peaceful brood in Portland fail to jangling, "something must be doing." Yes, something is doing, sure enough, the gentlemen are clamoring for "pie."

Does Alex. Sweet have the influence of such a station? Was John R. Ryan appointed Civil Service Commissioner or Chief of Police? Did George H. Thomas get a place in the Mayor's Cabinet? Do John Montag and L. T. Peery run the fire ladders? All these things, nay.

Was John Montag turned down and did Joe Malley and C. B. Williams get the "key mitt"? Is G. W. Allen buried in oblivion and is the voice of S. C. Donahoe silent? Is the cold shoulder turned toward E. Versteeg? All these things, yes.

HARBOR IMPROVEMENT NEEDED

The increasing size of the vessels visiting this port necessitates greater depth of water in the harbor. So much attention has been paid to keeping open the channel between Portland and Astoria that for a long time but little work has been done in the Portland harbor limits.

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Perhaps, after all, the pedestal on which we placed the victorious Japanese may in some respects have been a little too high. The world was so much pleased with their valor and their victory that it has the habit of taking everything that came from the Far East without the customary grain of salt.

not only presented figures showing that the death rate after the battles of the Japanese was no lower than that of other nations engaged in war, but proved that Dr. Seaman was quite unfamiliar with the topic which he had discussed so glibly. The Japanese made a highly creditable showing on the field and in the hospital, but they failed to break any records in the care they gave their wounded.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF ROCKEFELLER

Just fifty years ago on the 28th day of September, Mr. John D. Rockefeller got his first job of work for pay. The wholesome fashion of commemorating the centennials and semi-centennials of great events which has become prevalent in this country was duly observed by the citizens of Cleveland, where Mr. Rockefeller lives in Summer, and on the afternoon of the 28th anniversary of what he rhetorically speaks of as that "prelucid day," some 800 of them wended their pensive way to his palace, called Forest Hill, and paid their respects to the man who has been said to be greater than Shakespeare.

Whether Mr. Rockefeller wore the wig or not stands unrecorded, but we do know that he has on a white necktie, the garment of his childhood. Suppose, for example, he had worn stripes, which some people think so becoming to his style of manly beauty; how far they would have fallen short of conveying that abounding sense of utter purity which one gathers from a white waistcoat! That Mr. Rockefeller should have worn a wing collar, as the reporter has reported, is a most interesting detail. Whether the wings on his shoulders, which he is known sometimes to keep modestly doubled up under his shirt, were visible on this occasion or not, we are again left merely to surmise.

The great and good man received his humble visitors graciously. As they passed before him, making their reverences, he even spoke to one and another, just as if he had been himself a mere clergyman or educator, instead of the richest man in the world with a shady past. Pause and meditate a moment upon the beauty of the scene.

Mr. Rockefeller's right and left supporters were the law and the church. On the right hand stood Mr. Squire, his attorney, and on the left the Rev. Mr. Eaton, his pastor. The positions which the sheep and goats are expected to occupy on another great, but scarcely greater, day, were thus reversed on this momentous occasion. Mr. Squire made a speech, in which he commended the "great" need no comment. His remarks upon the regulation of railroad rates were what might have been expected from a sycophant of the most conspicuous violator of railroad law and equity in the world.

Mr. Rockefeller is back from his tumultuous trip to Japan. After all, there's no place like home, with or without railroads.

Great Boom Is Promised

The building of the railroad along the north bank of the Columbia River comes at a time when it will save the Oregon metropolis from that inevitable slump which would otherwise be the aftermath of the Exposition. Instead of a "boom" Portland is promised the biggest boom of its history. Ready plans are matured for an enormous amount of building. The people of the state old community are infused with new life, and the prospect of big things. They are demanding more money in an effort to dredge a deep channel over the Columbia River bar to the sea.

No Explanations From Rube

Mr. Mitchell Santini. Rube Rosenbaum and wife were in town Friday night. Rube had a mossy stage with him, but we did not ask him how it worked was caused by the very busy building season, and the necessity of safeguarding construction in all of its details by selecting careful men as well as lowest bidders for the several branches of the work.

building season, and the necessity of safeguarding construction in all of its details by selecting careful men as well as lowest bidders for the several branches of the work. The responsibility thus placed upon the board is a heavy one, and, in addition to the regular supervision of the property of the district, the selection and placing of teachers, etc., has been a great task upon the time of the members.

The Outlook, in commenting on the recent incident wherein the President was imposed on for a fictitious statement by a correspondent of the Petit Parisien, makes this interesting statement: It is just to the great body of reporters to note the fact that, while the President is accessible to newspaper men and talks to them, as he does to every one, with extraordinary freedom, his office from a wide acquaintance has taken advantage of these conditions to foist upon the President a fictitious interview; and, what is more remarkable, in no case, we believe, has any journalist violated the President's confidence by reporting to the public sentiments uttered in private conversations.

An Open Letter

Dear Sir: I learn through the newspapers that you have brought action for divorce against Mrs. Duke. It is not too much to say that no man living, with the possible exception of General Booth, has proved such a force for good as this London doctor.

It is an accident that made Barnardo a philanthropist. At the time Jim came into his life he was studying medicine with view of becoming a physician in China. This was in 1868, the year of an outbreak of cholera in London. The young doctor volunteered to go among the East End slum dwellers, to be a doctor and to organize a little ragged school and taught a few street Arabs, who attended mostly to get warm. One cold night Jim Jervis, an elderly man, begged to sleep by the fire. Barnardo, according to legend, thought that thousands of Londoners sleep out the year round. He questioned Jim, and the boy offered to lead him to a place where some of his patients were sleeping that night. Barnardo found it of them sleeping in their rags on the roof of a shed, out of sight of the policeman. Speaking of the experience, he said: "I was shocked as it seemed as though the hand of God himself had suddenly pulled aside the curtain that concealed from my view the untold sufferings of our own child-life upon the streets of London."

There was no more thought of the Chinese missions for Barnardo. Always a man of the strongest religious convictions, he had been asked what could he do? He was unknown and almost as friendless as his wife. Nevertheless he felt that the way to begin was to begin, and in a few days an itinerant was on his way to visit him. He was invited to a dinner in the West End, and among those present were several famous and wealthy men. One of them was Lord Shaftesbury. He was invited to a dinner in the West End, and among those present were several famous and wealthy men. One of them was Lord Shaftesbury. He was invited to a dinner in the West End, and among those present were several famous and wealthy men. One of them was Lord Shaftesbury.

On the slender foundation of after-dinner generosity, the Barnardo homes were established. Since that day, 314,000,000 have been born in the world. Dr. Barnardo in his work. Of late years an average of \$75,000 annually has been placed at his disposal. Nevertheless, since 1868, only once has he had enough money to pay for a new coat of frock. Dozens of times it has appeared that the work must suffer at a critical juncture for the want of money. But at the last moment it always found a comfortable "loaf" was given. Barnardo has said: "By far the most interesting passages in his history are those that tell of these miracles, hardly less wonderful than those recorded in the Bible. I have seen a man who had been a shivering wretch, some of them almost babies, the eldest not 18. The hat was passed round on the spot, promises were given. They shook hands with Barnardo and drove away, shivering a little, too."

How to Spoil a Child

Philadelphian Press. Shipper—you want to send that case of freight to Baltimore? I'll cost you 8 cents a foot. Lady—My! How many feet is it from here to Baltimore? Katy Did. E. L. Sabin, in the Smart Set. When I was strolling through the slum I glimpsed a baby in a cradle. "Oh, mistress, may I see you home?" "You need protecting care." She dropped her eyes in sweet deprecation. "I can't allow it, gallant sir." "But yet—but yet—but yet!" Katy did! Katy did! Katy did! did! Katy said she couldn't, but she did, did, did!

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William and the Diplomats

Chicago Record-Herald. When the European statesmen rub their weary eyes and yawn. Do you remember that day by putting their official trousers on? Nay, such scans the far horizon and then says, as he grabs his paper: "What is William doing now?" When a whistle toots in London, or it thunders over the ocean, or a bomb bursts at Nice, or a Russian Cossack, or a bomb bursts at Moscow, Europe rises to inquire: "What is William doing now?" When the evening shadows lengthen and the Western sky is red. When the lights glow in the castles and the towers of the great cities. When the statesmen don their nightgowns and in the quiet of the night. "What is William doing now?"

Like a Woman

Ma Twaddles—Tommy, you've been a bad boy today and I shall tell your father all about it when he comes home. Tommy Twaddles—Aw, that's just like a woman—can't keep a secret, can you?

OREGON OZONE

Hall-Chine is going to write a book on American millionaires. How lucky some of us are!

In the State of New York two dogs have become famous as travelers on trains. Out here we have no dog travelers of note, but our street-cars carry several dogs who are well and favorably known.

A Methodist preacher in good standing disappeared from Los Angeles four months ago, leaving his flock without a shepherd. He has just returned, seeking reinstatement. This should be a lesson to us. Let us have a preacher and give him a vacation when he wants it. When a pastor deserts his church in order to steal away to the mountains for a much-needed rest it sets a bad example.

One Crook County View

The Bend Bulletin was not in existence at the time the offense charged against Williamson, Gesner and Biggs is alleged to have been committed, therefore it does not speak as one having direct knowledge of that matter. But it has heard a good deal of comment by people who were in Crook County at that time, from which it concludes that the practices complained of were open and notorious; that the court ought to rule that they are a matter of authentic history and don't need to be proved; and the defendants ought to quit quibbling and come squarely into court and plead the custom of the country as their defense. Then the whole thing would be on a rational basis.

The friends and neighbors of the defendants admit that they were engaged in just the work which the Government says they were not. The room for question is upon the point of criminal intent. Numbers of the partisans of the defendants say their intent was not evil, to support which position they go to the extent of denying the facts of local history. The opposite contention that the violation of the law under these circumstances creates the necessary presumption of intent so to do—which makes it a crime.

The whole community was honeycombed with land graft. Some of this was mere carelessness, much of it was worse. Men committed indefensible offenses in droves with as little fear as they could eat dinner. It was so common that the uninformed supposed it was the thing which every citizen found in it and cared for nothing about. Of course, all who are tarred with the land-graft stick now stand together in denunciation of the efforts of the Government to restore the land laws to life. But the laws must be restored, are already restored. Now it is to deal with those who broke them down temporarily.

The Bulletin has refrained from commenting upon this trial of these Crook County men because it saw no good to come from stirring up our own people over it. But Crook County during the past six weeks has been charging a federal volcano with a vast quantity of explosive fuel and it is time the attention of our own people should be called to the seriousness of the occasion. The power of the United States will not be "spooked" by a few men, or by all of Crook County, honesty and innocence did not require it and do not operate that way. If these men are guiltless it is cruelly unfortunate that such questionable methods have been employed in their behalf.

Hint of the Samson Order

Tit-Bits. Professor Blackie used to form a very picturesque feature in the Edinburgh streets. He was a heavy old patriarch, with handsome features and wearing in rings about his shoulders. No one who had seen him could possibly forget him. One day he was accosted by a very dirty little bootblack, with his "Shine your boots, sir," and he replied: "Well, my lad," said the professor, "you have earned your sxpence. Here it is."

The Newspaper Man

See the Newspaper Man. You can see him with a microscope or a L. L. K. Observatory, for Small, and he has a Large Soul and a Big Heart. Some times also he has the Big Head, but you should not blame him for that; it happens only after a champagne supper.

The Newspaper Man is going to quit the Business. It is a good business, and that is why he is going to Quit. He wants to give the other fellows a Chance. He is down on all Monopolies. So he is going to Retire, and raise Chickens. Yes, Chickens.

He will buy Three-Fourths of an acre in the Suburbs and build a Bungle-O and a Hen House. He and his folks will live in the Bungle-O, and the Hen and her folks will reside in the Hen House. He will set the Hen and she will have little chicks. When the little chicks become Big Chickens he will teach them to Lay their Eggs. Many are Laying for him now—such as microbes, debt, fat and other affairs—but he wants other kinds of Layers. He will sell the Hen's Lays as poets sell their lays—at from 30 to 50 per dozen during most of the year. Spring Lays being much cheaper, because there are so many of them that they are a Drug on the market, just the same as Spring Poems.

The Laver will Lay for him about two years, or maybe three, and by that time she will be Wrinkled and Tough and not fit for Lays. Then he will sell her as a Spring Chicken and she will add to the Galety of the boarding-house where the Newspaper Man used to try to exist when he was Comparatively Indigent.

Thus he will have his Ray-venge-ah! The Newspaper Man has not yet purchased his Lot, nor built his Bungle-O. He is not quite ready to Bungle. But in order to be ready when the time comes he has counted his chickens before they Hatch. ROBERTS LOVE.

Roosevelt Was Married in London

(London Chronicle.) The name of St. George's, Hanover Square, need be well known to every American who comes to England, not so much because it is the fashionable "marriage church" in this country, as because President Roosevelt was married in it. A few years back, says the writer of an article in Cassell's Saturday Journal for August 9, an American dropped into the vestry and looked up the marriage register, in which, under the date of December 3, 1885, he found the signature of "Theodore Roosevelt, twenty-eight, widower, ranchman," and that of "Edith Kermit Carow." Till then even the clerks of Mr. J. M. W. did not know that the American President's signature was in the book, though that official must have been present when it was written.

As now we consider peace, it is a fact of public property in the United States, and ever since Americans have flocked to St. George's to get married.

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FATHER OF THE POOR

Toronto Mail and Express. In England there is not a handful of men whose death would create such a widespread sense of national loss as the tragic end of Dr. Barnardo's career. The word "tragic" might be supplemented by the word "horrible," and the impression conveyed fall to do justice to the victim of angina pectoris (spasm of the chest). It is a physical and mental torture, and who knows how long its dreadful symptoms have blighted existence for the "father of the poor." In spite of all, he has heroically remained at his post, and nobly given the very last days of his life to the cause he espoused nearly 40 years ago. Thousands of now prosperous people of diversified nationalities owe their start in life to the help of Dr. Barnardo. Ten thousand English waifs he has sent to Canada. Fifty thousand abandoned children he has rescued from lives of vice and misery. It is not too much to say that no man living, with the possible exception of General Booth, has proved such a force for good as this London doctor.

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Donkey Life Is Hard

London Globe. George Best, a cistemonger, was charged at the Thames Police Court recently with cruelty to a donkey. Constable 745 K. stated that while on duty in the Mile End road, he saw defendant cruelly beating a young donkey, which was attached to a barrow in which were two other donkeys. Best struck the animal five heavy blows, causing it to swerve on to the pavement. It was evidently in great pain, and there were wheels on its back, which was sore and tender. The donkey had a jagged ear, as though it had been bitten. Men at times bite donkeys through the ear and then they are hanged. Mr. Mead sentenced defendant to 14 days' hard labor.

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