THE RISE OF WILLIAM F. HERRIN

Twenty-Five Years Ago a Student at Oregon Agricultural College—Now Chief Counsel Southern Pacific Railroad

WILLIAM F. HERRIN, general counsel for the Southern Pacific Railroad and the Harriman interests, quite the most important figure in the legal profession on the Pacific Coast, who has been in Portland for several days as a member of the California Commission to the Lewis and Clark Fair, is a native of Oregon, and very partial to this state. He speaks little that would commit him regarding professional matters, but he has the highest compliments for his native state.

Mr. Herrin's career is typical of the man. He has made his own career since the time 25 years ago when he left the Oregon Agricultural College at Corvallis until he rose to his present imposing position.

He was born near Jacksonville, and lived in that locality until sent to the Oregon Agricultural College, and there, during the period of his student life, he followed the old-fashioned custom of working in the harvest fields during the Summer. In this way he came into close contact with industrial life in the Willamette Valley. He admired the class of farmers then living in the valley, saying that they were the finest stock in the world, and he could ask for no better.

Graduating from the Agricultural College he went to Tennessee to the Cumberland Law School, and graduating from there two years later he was on his way to Oregon to settle, when, passing through San Francisco, he was attracted by the many conditions of that city and became impressed with the fact that success in large communities is greater than in smaller. He determined to remain, and secured a position as clerk in a law office, gradually winning larger connections until within 15 years he established himself easily as the first among a large group of young lawyers. In 1893, at the age of 33, he was invited by the late C. P. Huntington to become chief counsel for the Southern Pacific, a position even at that time distinctly the most desirable, from both a professional and financial point of view, on the Pacific Coast. At a time when Mr. Herrin's administration of the legal department of the Southern Pacific had more than justified the hopes involved in his appointment, Mr. Huntington remarked:

"We looked for the best combination of legal knowledge, business ability and personal character in the state of California, and we found it in Herrin. He is beyond question the most level-headed man in California."

Mr. Herrin's position with the Harriman organizations is second to none except Mr. Harriman himself. The range of his responsibilities is vastly wider than his title, chief counsel, implies, for he stands closely affiliated with Mr. Harriman in a multitude of relations.

Mr. Herrin, though long a resident of San Francisco, has never lost his love for Oregon. It is a sentiment profoundly cherished by him, as he has remarked many times during his stay here. He avails himself gladly of every opportunity to visit Oregon, comes with pleasure and a positive sense of fellowship with the people of this state, having the same traditions, and understanding their hopes and aspirations.

GENERAL COUNSEL OF SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD IN PORTLAND

WILLIAM F. HERRIN.

Portland Girl on Upper Yukon

Summer Outing a Continuous Round of Enjoyment.

THE life of a Summer excursionist in Alaska is one unending round of pleasure, judging from the letters written home by a young woman of this city who is spending her vacation from the duties of music teaching with friends at Skagway.

The voyage from Seattle was the most delightful trip she ever made and the scenery along the route, the strange places she visited, etc., were beyond description. Since her arrival at Skagway life has been too short to meet the demands of parties, picnics, banquets and excursions to Dyea, Haines and other points of interest, including an ascent of the great Denver glacier.

Following is the account she writes of a trip to White Horse and her first invasion of British territory:

I returned from my trip to White Horse, Y. T., last evening and want to write you about it this morning while it is all fresh in my mind. We left here on the train of the White Pass & Yukon Railway Company (a narrow-gauge) with about 50 passengers aboard. We cross the Skagway River twice; then begins the ascent of the mountainside. Looking ahead, you wonder how in the world the train can ever get to the top; it is so steep. In places we pass under hanging rocks which look rather treacherous, and in one place an immense rock marks the grave of three men who were crushed to death while at work on the road. No attempt was made to rescue them, as the rock that fell was nearly as big as a house. In places the mountainsides are almost perpendicular and so dangerous that the workmen had to be suspended by ropes while cutting the grade. The first 20 miles of the road cost $2,000,000, but it paid for itself by the time it had reached that distance and the rest of the way has been pure gain. It is a beautiful sight, winding for miles along the canyon, each mile taking you higher and higher. We pass through a tunnel and across a steel cantalever bridge, 215 feet above the bottom of the canyon, and all the way we are in sight of the old White Pass trail, over which all the miners had to pass on their long journey to the diggings. Where once a thousand people lived at the old White Pass City now are only a few dilapidated old log cabins to mark the spot, and one or two soldiers always on guard, looking for deserters. The next stop is at the summit, 2900 feet above sea level.

On British Soil.

Here we see the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack flying almost side by side, only the Union Jack flies a little higher, and here for the first time in my life I set foot on Canadian soil, and have my baggage inspected. The Canadian Mounted Police look very smart in their snug-fitting red coats with blue trousers and leather leggins and broad-brimmed felt hats, also kid gloves and a little crack-whip. They are well thought of, ranking, they say, much higher than the average American soldier or police, and have things all their own way. They board the train here and go with us to White Horse, inspecting the passengers on the way. Next we come to Log Cabin, 12 miles further on, which during the rush a few years ago was the headquarters of the Canadian customs officers.

Along Lake Bennett.

Now, for about 27 miles we follow along the east shore of Lake Bennett and the scenery through this part is perfectly beautiful. As far as the eye can reach, in either direction, are immense slow-clad mountains, nearly all of which are 800 or 900 feet high, and many twice as high. We stop at Bennett Station 20 minutes for dinner and get a fairly decent meal for $1.00. It was very warm and pleasant all the way, and both here and at the summit you could pick up snow and yet feel perfectly comfortable in a Summer shirtwaist. The next place of interest is Caribou Station, where passengers bound for Atlin take their steamer. Here are some of the finest dogs I've ever seen. Dogs are more numerous than people in this part of the country and they have to work very hard in Winter. I did not see a horse from the time I left Skagway till I reached White Horse.

A Sunken Lake.

Leaving Caribou Station, we cross a trestle over the Lewis Lake which, since the construction of the railroad, has sunk into the earth a distance of 70 feet. It seems while building the railroad they decided in order to have as straight a line as possible they would have to cut a channel through the hills and lower the level of this lake some 14 feet. But, by some natural action or other, it surprised them by suddenly dropping to the distance of 70 feet, cutting a large canyon through what had previously been the outlet of the lake. After a few miles farther on we come in sight of the famous Miles Canyon, named in honor of General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A. This is just above the famous White Horse Rapids, and in a few minutes more we arrive at White Horse. I took quite a fancy to this little city. It is laid out so prettily. It is situated on the Fifty-Mile River, about a mile below the rapids, and is surrounded, of course, by snow-covered mountains. We were very comfortable at our hotel there and the landlord was shocked when we spoke of locking our rooms, so we left them open. It seems the Redcoats keep perfect order in that part of the country and nothing is ever stolen. They say they never fail to track a man down and bring him to justice, and they are treated with the greatest respect by all. I was surprised to see the fine river steamers here that ply between White Horse and Dawson. They are much finer and larger than our river steamers and more like the ocean steamers. There were five or six in port the day we were there, and I went through "The White Horse."

White Horse City.

There are a great many pretty little homes and nice buildings with a good depot far surpassing the one at Seattle. The streets are good and wide and everything seems to be well-kept. Many homes have fine vegetable gardens and some hothouses. A lady at the train gave me a pretty pink carnation raised at her home. They said Monday night was very cold and a great many things froze, but Tuesday and Wednesday, while we were there, the weather was delightful, very warm, so we didn't need a wrap, and none of the disagreeable wind which is such a drawback to Skagway. It was about 5 o'clock when we reached there, and after cleaning up we went out to dinner and then walked through the woods to see the White Horse Rapids, where so many miners lost their lives. Tom B. shot through there on a raft a few years ago and he says it is very dangerous managing a boat through the rocks. I believe they said there were a number of rich copper mines a few miles back from town, but I didn't have time to go and see them.

Novel Laundry Team.

I took a picture of most everything of interest along the way and while at White Horse I got a snap of the most novel laundry team I ever saw. The wagon is not quite as large as ours at home, but good size, and drawn by four dogs smaller than Jack. The driver jumps on behind and yells "Mush-on" and the dogs fairly fly. He cries out "Right angle!" and they turn to the right, or "Left angle!" and they turn to the left. He does not use any reins and it is surprising to see how well they understand. Everyone in town stops and watches them. I was there Tuesday night and until 10:30 Wednesday morning. It seems even lighter there than at Skagway and doesn't get dark all night. The streets are lighted with electric lights and telephones are very common. I was crazy to go on to Dawson when I got that far, but that is an expensive trip. Coming home the lady inspector from White Horse boards the train and inspect all passengers from Dawson. She didn't bother me, and as I was introduced to her at the station, she was very nice to me all the way to Bennett, where she leaves the train. She searches suspicious looking characters carefully and not long ago found some $500 worth of gold dust in a woman's hair. When I told Linnett she said, "Just gold dust like mamma uses?" She didn't know what I meant. Well, I expect you think I am never going to stop. I could write a lot more, but will tell you all when I get home—but everyone has been so nice to me I fear I shall be completely spoiled by that time.

Divorces While You Wait

Portland Couples to Avoid Publicity Apply to Outside Courts.

PORTLAND persons who seek to obtain divorces with as little publicity as possible, or who attempt to suppress the fact entirely still go to Oregon City, or sometimes to Hillsboro, both of which points are in the district presided over by Judge T. A. McBride.

Several years ago Judge McBride, on application of John F. Logan, sent the case of Starr vs. Starr to Portland for trial, and at the same time announced that he would not try any more Portland divorce cases. His honor at that time stated that at least one of the litigants must reside in the county in which the case was filed or he would not hear it.

But Judge McBride is a generous, good-natured person, very popular with the lawyers and successful on the bench, and it was not long before attorneys commenced to ignore his order that he would not listen to the matrimonial woes of Portland couples, and soon the divorce business in his district from this end of the line became as brisk as before, which fact doubtless passed by unnoticed by the court amid the general rush of litigation.

The outside district for divorces is popular with lawyers who have timid clients, for other reasons except the one that the case is tried away from Portland. In this county all divorce suits are tried in open court. The scene is always quiet enough, as there are seldom any spectators, except others awaiting divorce, but the trial is an open one, as the law contemplates.

The statute, however, did not forbid the reference of a case to a referee to take testimony and report findings, but the Multnomah County judges never refer cases, having abandoned the practice long years ago. In Judge McBride's district the practice still prevails. A case may be referred by consent. Most of the cases go by default, which means that the defendant does not put in an appearance, and consequently no consent to refer is necessary.

Then, as a matter of convenience to counsel and litigants, C. E. Runyon, official stenographer for Judge McBride, is appointed the referee, for which he receives a fee of $10 in each case. Mr. Runyon is very competent, and understands fully the nature of evidence required, and he transcribes the evidence from his shorthand notes on a typewriter and presents it to the court, and the decree is granted by the court upon the testimony if it is sufficient.

Referee Runyon is likewise a very obliging man, and he accommodates attorneys and their clients and witnesses by hearing the testimony at any convenient place agreed upon, and the result is that cases filed in Oregon City or Hillsboro by Portland people can be heard in Portland, and the lawyers, plaintiffs and witnesses are not put to the trouble of making a journey on a railroad train to the Courthouse in an adjoining county for the trial of the case. There is nothing legally wrong about this method of procedure, and it recommends itself to numerous lawyers as a profitable and popular scheme. These cases also produce considerable revenue for the outside counties in the way of fees.

Multnomah County does not lose entirely from this loss of business, as not infrequently divorce suits are brought here from other counties, but one of the litigants is usually found to reside here. The Sheriff also sometimes collects fees for serving divorce complaints filed in other counties.

BULLFROGS AND FISHERMEN.

An Expert Thinks Fish Decline to Bite When Bullfrog Is Near.

Rocky Mountain News.

"If you are fishing and you see a bullfrog sitting near by," said Squire Bunday, the sage of the French Creek waters, "you might as well wind up your line and go home unless you kill the frog or get it away, for you won't catch a fish. I found that out long ago.

"The way I discovered it was that one day I was fishing for black bass in French Creek. I had fished for black bass many days before that, some days with good luck and others with the worst kind of luck.

"I got to thinking it over, and I remembered that on the days when my luck was poor a frog was sitting somewhere near, every now and then giving a croak or two; but I couldn't see any reason why that should affect the fish so they would not bite.

"You have to fish for black bass in French Creek with live bait if you want to make any kind of a catch. This day when I made the discovery I was out catching minnows for bait. I was fishing for them along the shore of French Creek with barbless hook and a bit of angleworm.

"As I threw my hook in the water I saw a big frog sitting on a stone at the edge of the creek, not more than ten feet from where I stood. A nice minnow started for my hook as soon as I put it in. The water was clear, and not more than two feet deep, and I could see the fish plainly.

"Just before this one got to the bait the frog on the stone gave a peculiar croak, loud and deep. The minnow turned like a flash and disappeared in the deeper water.

"Pretty soon another one came edging its way toward the bait. It was on the point of taking it when the frog croaked again. The minnow stopped, backed away and disappeared.

"This went on for ten minutes, I guess—minnows coming up to take my hook, the frog croaking and the minnows going away at once. Then it struck me that frog's croaking was a warning to the minnows.

"I grabbed up a club and sent it flying at the frog. It struck him and killed him.

"Then I went to fishing for minnows again. In a very few minutes I had caught every one around there. I took my bait and went out after bass. I was having fine luck.

"In less than an hour I had landed ten big fellows, and was feeling good. Suddenly I heard a frog strike up, off to my left, with a tremendous bellow.

"I looked around. There sat a big green fellow on a stump. When I looked at him he turned one of his big goggle eyes upon me, and I give you my word that if the frog didn't wink at me, then nobody ever was winked at. It was just exactly as if he said to me:

"'Oh, I'm onto you.'

"I though I would fish a while longer, just to test the frog-spying theory. Five minutes passed. Then the frog let loose again.

"I looked around. He gave me another wink. I fished for half an hour, during which time the frog croaked ten times, and I got not so much as a nibble.

"'This settles it!' I said.

"I chucked a stone at the frog. It missed him, but he skedaddled off the stump and disappeared under the water.

"I fished again. In less than two minutes I hooked a three-pound bass. I landed him, and within a quarter of an hour I landed three more good ones."

Parker and the Standard.

WALLA WALLA, Aug. 12.—(To the Editor.)—The Republican platform declares it "to be the duty of the Republican party to uphold the gold standard." Roosevelt emphatically indorses that declaration.

The Democratic platform is silent on the money question. When this omission was called to the attention of the silent nominee, coupled with the threat that if he did not open his mouth in favor of the gold standard, he would lose the support of the big New York Democratic papers, he telegraphed to a friend at the St. Louis Convention: "I regard the gold standard as firmly and irrevocably established." After hours of heated debate, the convention telegraphed Judge Parker in reply, "That makes no difference."

After that, Grover Cleveland hastened to the assistance of Judge Parker with a signed newspaper article in which he said, "The gold standard question is unchangeably settled." A month later Judge Parker repeated his statement, when replying to the official notification of his nomination.

A careless reader of the utterances of Parker and Cleveland must conclude that the gold standard has, in some manner unknown to him, become as firm and stable a portion of the financial system of the United States as the Rocky Mountains are part of its physical geography, while the studious reader of them must conclude that they are utterances deliberately made with intent to deceive, or are the utterances of men not learned in the laws of their country.

The cold fact is that the gold standard, as it exists in the monetary system of the Nation today, is the result of Congressional legislation. There is nothing sacred, "unchangeably settled," or "firmly and irrevocably established" by Congressional legislation. Former President Benjamin Harrison wrote, "Whatever one Legislature or Congress enacts, the next one may repeal."

This being the undisputed law, it follows that the gold standard is not "firmly and irrevocably established," that it can be displaced by free silver whenever Congress wills. That there is danger that free silver may take the place of the gold standard is evidenced by the utterances of Bryan, who was the idol of the masses at the St. Louis Convention. He says, "Bimetallism is as sound in theory today as it ever was," and that he is planning to get full control once more of the party which twice made him its standard-bearer.

We have only a few political utterances of Judge Parker to study and they lead to the conclusion that he is a disciple of Aaron Burr, who defined law as "whatever is boldly asserted and plausibly maintained." We know he twice protested, whith his vote, against the gold standard. A man who boasts that he voted twice for Bryan and free silver may properly be regarded as an enemy of the gold standard in spite of his twice repeated declaration that he now regards it as "firmly and irrevocably established." If the vote cast by Judge Parker had elected Bryan the Nation would today be on a free silver basis.

It is pertinent to inquire, where would Judge Parker obtain the courage to veto a free silver bill if he was unable to find the courage to vote against it while alone in an election booth with God and a blunt lead pencil? Possibly he finds the authority for his declaration on the gold standard where he found authority for stating that the tariff cannot be changed if the Democrats win next November because the Senate will be Republican for at least four more years. The people are thankful for that.

P. B. JOHNSON.

Are You Going to the World's Fair?

If so, you should take along a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. The hot weather, fatigue and change of drinking water and diet are almost certain to produce diarrhoea, and when you have this remedy at hand you can check it at once. If you wish to buy it while there you can get it at any drugstore in St. Louis, and at the Inside Inn Drugstore. For sale by all druggists.

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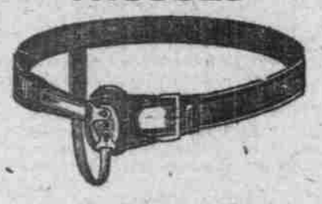

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California Port, quart	.25
Geneva Gin, quart	.85
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