

CITY AND COUNTY

SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1906

A CHERFUL LIAR.

Portland Telegram, March 23: Comparatively slight interest is reported in Bryan's projected visits to towns of this state and Washington.

The very day the above item was published in the Telegram, under the head of "brief dispatches," Bryan spoke at Albany. Here is the report of the Albany Democrat in regard to the crowd:

An immense crowd was present to greet him, people coming from all parts of the county regardless of the muddy roads, and as well from the adjoining towns on the lines of the different roads, a big train load coming from Lebanon, quite a number last night from the front, and a packed train this forenoon from the Bay.

At 10 o'clock, headed by the band, Mr. Bryan was taken to a platform on the west side of the courthouse with a long procession of people in charge of Col. Montague as marshal of the day, where he spoke to an audience of at least seven thousand people. The bath block and adjoining streets were covered. A gentleman familiar with large crowds puts the number at between seven and ten thousand people.

The Albany Herald, Republican, devoted half a column to a very fair report of the speech, but made no figures on the crowd, neither did it call those made by its evening contemporary, published beforehand, in question.

OREGONIAN VERACITY.

The Oregonian is responsible for the report that but three thousand people heard Bryan at Salem. The Salem Statesman, Republican, said:

Col. William Jennings Bryan, the distinguished democratic leader, was tendered a grand reception in Oregon's Capital City yesterday.

Estimates regarding the crowd vary, but 7500 is considered a reasonable estimate of visitors from outside points. N. J. Judah, chairman of the general committee, estimated the crowd at 8500, while John Payne, another member of the same committee, placed the number at 10,000. Major D. C. Sherman, member of the reception committee, thinks there were 14,000 visitors in the city. The crowd began to assemble early in the forenoon and by noon the streets were thronged. People came from all sections of Polk and Marion counties, and the attendance would have been larger but for the threatening weather. 10,000 people listened to his address.

As the one leading newspaper of the state upon which the people of the state, as a whole, depend for their news, the Oregonian pursues a very discreditable course in misrepresenting its political opponents. First of all a newspaper, like a private individual, should hold truth in sacred regard. Most newspapers may differ as to the better policy of government, but on questions of fact there should be no difference. A very old authority, and one which requires no bolstering, has this explicit command: "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." And it makes no reservation of any subject, political or otherwise, about which lying is pardonable.

BRYAN.

Oregon State Journal, March 23.

Hon. William Jennings Bryan, the great orator, statesman and champion of the American Republic and of the American people, against the vast combinations of wealth that are controlling our government, and rapidly changing it into a despotism to be ruled by money, and a standing army, without the consent of the governed, passed through Eugene last Monday morning.

Bryan seems to be the only man of national reputation who has the ability and the courage to defend the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution and the government as it has existed under Washington, Lincoln and the great men who founded and guided the great Republic for a century. He is the only man available for president who seems to have the ability and

courage to resist the money aristocracy who seized the government of the United States in 1896 by taking advantage of the odium of Cleveland's goldbugism and the eclat of little Billy McKinley's "tariff for popularity only." Whether money can rule in a republic, as it has done in monarchies through countless ages, the battle at the polls this year will decide. Four years more of Hannauism will end the republic as it has heretofore existed, and will found on its ruins a despotism ruled by the "cohesive power of public plunder"—by money, office holders and a great standing army.

HOIST BY ITS OWN PETARD.

Eugene Register: Coos county, a populist county if we are rightly informed, has a 28 mill levy, or 4 1/2 mills higher levy than Lane.

Roseburg Review: Coos has had a republican administration for two years past.

The Register may be pleased with the reflection that poor little Curry county, away off in the Coast mountains, with expensive roads and bridges, and little taxable property, has a thirty-seven mill tax to meet. But we feel to see how that fact eases the taxpayers of this prosperous and wealthy county in their enforced payment of twenty-three and one-half mills with the prospect of high taxation for several years on account of a considerable debt.

CITY ELECTION.

Two Tickets, the Taxpayers and Temperance, Will Be in the Field

The annual municipal election will occur Monday, polls being open between the hours of 9 a. m. and 6 p. m.

The following officers are to be elected:

One councilman for each ward for the term of two years. One recorder for one year. One treasurer for one year.

CANDIDATES

The candidates for recorder are B. F. Dorris and L. L. Simpson; for treasurer, Geo. F. Crow.

Temperance ticket—The following nominations have been announced: First ward, H. C. Manville; second ward, D. Tilton; third ward, W. W. Martin.

Taxpayers' ticket—First ward, F. W. Osturn. It looks like the following gentlemen will be nominated in the other two wards: Second ward, A. L. Peter; third ward, L. N. Roney.

JUDGES AND CLERKS FOR SAID ELECTION.

First Ward—J. T. Rowland, I. K. Peters and P. J. McPherson. Peters and McPherson designated as clerks. Polling place, truck house of Cyclone Hose Co. on 11th street.

Second Ward—A. L. Peter, R. McMurphy and E. C. Smith; Peter and McMurphy designated as clerks. Polling place, engine room in City Hall building.

Third Ward—M. S. Wallis, Geo. Barges and J. Geo. Roberts; Wallis and Barges designated as clerks. Polling place, D. Cherry's building on north side of Eighth street, between Olive and Charleston streets.

VOTE LAST YEAR.

First ward	240
Second ward	193
Third ward	289
Total	722

Trade for Salem.

It is said the officials and employees of the United States Indian Training School at Chemawa disbursed on Friday in this city \$12,000, says the Salem Statesman. This is growing to be an important institution, and yearly of more benefit to Salem. The appropriation bill for the next fiscal year provides for the maintenance there of 500 students next year, and the number will probably reach 550 or possibly 600, as the cost of keeping here is lower than the average institutions of this kind throughout the country.

Daily Guard, March 20

WM. HODES ELECTED.—At the Firemen's election for chief engineer held yesterday afternoon, 68 votes were cast, Wm Hodes winning easily. The vote was: Wm Hodes 47, F. P. Hawk 21; Hodes' majority 26. An excellent selection for the position.

Junction Times: Wellington Waddle has purchased the Manhattan saloon at Eugene and will make that city his home. He considers Eugene the nearest and most progressive city outside of Portland, in the state and has long been anxious to become one of her citizens.

AUTUMN TWILIGHT.

The low wind sounds a million drowsy lutes; The yellowing sunlight on the hillside falls; Alone, alone, one lingering robin flutes, And from the elm our golden oriole calls.

This is the season that she loved of old, Saying with darkened eyes that autumn turned Her homestead heart out past the evening gold, Sadly to some old home for which she yearned.

Gray hills and meadow homes—perhaps 'twas best From her own home she had not long to wait. O evening stars that waken in the west! O happier worlds, came she your way of late?

—Arthur J. Stringer in *Ainslee's*.

A Danae In Sabots

"Drive to the Bois." The English coachman knew by the way his master slammed the door of the coupe that the world did not wag well with him.

Henri Duval leaned back on the seat and impatiently slapped his gloves on his knee, staring blankly out of the window as the carriage rolled down the broad avenue, gay with equipages and equestrians. Ordinarily he would have noted each rider's skill and even the clothes he wore and would have had a smile for every woman of his acquaintance, but this morning he was overshadowed by a sense of defeat, at which he was as much surprised as confounded.

To think that it was only yesterday—a few fleeting hours ago—that he held his head high among his confreres, and now! What mattered it if all Paris still echoed bravo when she had criticized his "Danae," a picture that had aroused the envy and enthusiasm of the artistic world?

In vain he sought to forget her words, to cry out that one foolish woman's judgment could not count against the public praise which he had reaped as his just reward after years of work.

The reason for her criticism is what stung him most. Her words still rang in his ears:

"You fail, Henri, in achieving the highest; you depict the body and not the soul. This Danae is beautiful flesh and blood, but the charm of the allegory is lost. The beauty that wins a divinity should possess an inspiration beyond that born of flesh tints and curves. It is this lack, mon ami, that makes me lee to your fame. My late husband was a brutal sensualist; you have dimly outlined my years of penance with him. You are a refined sensualist. You would not throw your boots at my head in a drunken frenzy or parade your mistress before me in public, but your nature lacks the idealism I need more than ever. You plead your old friendship as a sure precursor of unending love. Alack! Henri, the boy I once played with has vanished never to return. Around the man I now know cling affectionate memories of the past, but he is not to me the possibility of a faithful spouse for the future. Unless you can prove to me that your fortune has not degraded your art, that in a luxurious life you rise above yourself, above selfishness, we cannot be one in either thought or heart. When I see a canvas signed by you bearing the imprint of a noble soul as well as a trained eye and skilled hand, then, Henri, I may listen to your ardent pleading."

He could see her as she stood beside him, calm and thoughtful, her hand resting for a moment upon his arm, yet with an impalpable something separating her utterly from him. It brought little solace to his soul to know that ten years before, if he had but spoken to the fair girl he knew so well, she might have been his before her parents had hurried her into the marriage with that rich old count, whose death at last was the sole comfort his wife derived from her marriage with him.

Henri Duval had loved the maiden well, but the young wife better, though her irreproachable life shielded her from even an attempt on his part to express his devotion. So he dreamed his dreams and lived his easy life, reserving always in the depths of his being a pure place for her image, while his daily entourage was favored with the Bohemia of art and Parisian youth. His plebeian grandfather had amassed a fortune, and the marriage of his father with the penniless daughter of a duke had dowered him with the right to hobnob with the mighty ones of the land, so that Henri had found his path in life a rosy one. Rich, clever and handsome, he was immensely popular, a little spoiled by adulation and very sensitive to praise or criticism.

The contemplation of marriage had not escaped his thoughts, but he feared that he would grow weary of domestic joys, and the women he met were either too frivolous or too serious—all except the one of his dreams, whose marriage had caused him to feel a distinct sense of loss in his life. A thousand times he had blamed himself for letting this treasure slip from his grasp, and when at last she was free again he found her more beautiful, more gracious. Then he poured out his passionate love, only to find his idol turn cold before his eyes. Never could he forget her cruel words, and yet she had confessed that since she was a child she had loved him and for that reason had avoided seeing him while married to the count. For one moment, one heavenly instant, her great brown eyes had gazed into his with tenderness. Then the look had vanished, and a quiet dignity enveloped her as with an icy mantle. Henri had felt powerless to take her hand, and his eager words died upon his lips. Thus had they parted.

The carriage stopped, the coachman wishing to know whether monsieur had any particular route in view. "Drive anywhere—to the devil!" cried Duval angrily, and they turned down a long alley toward a lake. The young

artist looked listlessly at the children playing and nurses gossiping.

Suddenly he pulled the check string. Why should he be mewed up in the coupe? Why had he not ordered his saddle horse? Ah, only because he had not known what he was doing or saying since yesterday. This was no day to sit cooped up in a carriage. At least he could walk. The exercise would be a relief. Telling his man to await him at the entrance to the Bois, Henri strode into a shady path that bespoke solitude and wandered on, while repeating in his mind over and over again the scene of yesterday. At last a sense of weariness caused him to rest on a bench. There he sat brooding and absorbed till his reveries were broken by the voices of children.

Abstractedly Duval looked up and watched them at their play—a boy of some 8 years and a girl of perhaps two years younger. Gradually his mood changed, and he became conscious of the radiance of the day, the deep blue sky and the autumn tints that glistened and glowed in the sunlight. The air was as wine to his thirsty lungs, and life grew full of possibilities again, and his thoughts took a new course. Why could he not paint a soul as well as a body? He would win Blanche yet. He would not make any effort to see her now, but would work and wait. His life should prove his right to win her love. He would paint a picture that even she would praise. A hundred subjects presented themselves to his busy brain as he sat there watching those two children who stopped in their play and were crossing the roadway. Hand in hand they came, the boy leading his younger companion, now running, now halting, to avoid a passing carriage, until they reached a gravelled footpath. There they lingered again, playing on the grass bordering the path. Both had on blue aprons and little wooden shoes. They were without hats and typical children of the poor. Presently, quite unconsciously, the little girl fell into a pose beneath a slender tree whose leaves autumn had turned with Midas' touch to pure gold.

The breeze blew her short curls about her forehead; her apron was full of colored leaves the boy had thrown to her. Just then a rustling above caused her to look up, and a shower of golden leaves descended upon her dark curls, blue apron and little sabots.

"Ah, sweet child Danae," cried Duval, "thou art an inspiration!"

A year of work brought forth the picture that made him famous. It was a simple subject—a child with wind-tossed locks holding open her blue apron to catch the golden shower of leaves sent dancing down upon her by the autumn wind.

The public raved over the beauty of the child's eager, upturned face, the blue of the sky and the gold of the trees, but Blanche read the message of the soul in the innocent eyes and gave her heart into the keeping of the artist who had painted "A Little Danae in Sabots."—Exchange.

The Future Population of Siberia.

This is a question upon which much has been said and written, some writers taking the stand that Siberia is to have a population of 60,000,000 or 80,000,000 within the next 100 years, while others hold this view is a gross exaggeration.

A writer of the latter belief, Arminius Vambery, using *The Pall Mall Magazine* as a medium, has this to say on the subject: "With regard to the future colonization of this outlying portion of the empire of the czar, there is no doubt that an unmistakable gain will be derived, for the growth of the population in Siberia, where an area of 13,400,000 square miles is inhabited by only 7,100,000 souls and where the extraordinary wealth in minerals, woods and arable land still awaits exploitation, will certainly proceed with greater strides than heretofore.

"Without giving implicit faith to Russian official statistical data, it may fairly be assumed that owing to the particular care the government has always taken to further colonization, the eminently agricultural Russian will probably avail himself of the offered facilities and that the population in the hitherto empty lands will considerably increase. It may be objected that Russia, the most thinly populated country in Europe, will hardly find a surplus to provide for the newly opened territory; but it must be borne in mind that the Russian peasant is noted for his migratory propensities."

Past and Present Acting.

With regard to the art of acting, who shall say whether it is better or worse today than it was 60 or 100 years ago? "The old playgoer" always tells us that it was better. But is not "old playgoer" simply the young playgoer grown old, still imbued with his first impressions, his favorite and most lasting ones, and with a jealous desire never to have those first impressions disturbed? If one talks of the actor of today, the playgoer of a past generation speaks of Macready, Charles Kean and Phelps.

People living in the times of those three great actors would surely hark back to the Kembles and Mrs. Siddons, and when these great artists were in their prime they no doubt underwent disparagement at the hands of veterans who had sunned themselves in the genial art of Garrick. But Pope, friend and admirer of Garrick as he was, lauded Berterson to the skies. "I ought to tell you at the same time," he candidly admits, "that in Berterson's time the older sort of people talked of Hart being his superior, just as we do of Berterson being his now."

In this way we could keep going backward until—if we believed contemporary critics at all points of stage history—we should find that the first actor, presumably the serpent, was the best that ever trod the boards.—Mrs. Beerbohm Tree in *Queen*.

THE FIRST FIRE OF THE SEASON.

How it leaps in flames excited, How it flows in liquid shining, How it flows in liquid shining, How it glows in its declining, While around the hearth we gather, One and all, In the bleak and windy weather Of the fall!

Friendly flame, remote Chaldean Seers of name effaced, Sabeans Shepherds in the elder ages, Persian bards in mystic pages, Thee abroad, for so divinely Streamed thy light, Half we follow and enshrine thee Spirit bright!

Dear the friends each heart remembers, As in cheer we stir the embers, Bid the sad renew its beauty, Sparkle, flash and glow till duty, Through the comfort of the hour, Wears our soul, And we deem its sterner dower Life's best goal.

So we dream not visionary, When we deem the missionary Household fire, once more relighted, Blazing higher the while united, Round the hearth of home we gather, One and all, In the bleak and windy weather Of the fall!

—American Kitchen Magazine.

PRISONER OF WAR

A Landlord Goes to Collect His Rent and Instead Gets Collected Himself.

"No rent again this month! This is the third time it has happened within the half year. I'll go there myself and get the money, or I'll know the reason why."

Matthew Deane was in particularly bad humor this raw December morning. Everything had gone wrong. Stocks had fallen when they ought to have risen, his clerk had tipped over the inkstand on his special and peculiar heap of paper, the fire obstinately refused to burn in the grate—in short, nothing went right, and Mr. Deane was consequently and correspondingly cross.

"Jenkins!" "Yes, sir."

"Go to the Widow Clarkson and tell her I shall be there in half an hour and expect confidently—mind, Jenkins, confidently—to receive that rent money, or else I shall feel myself obliged to resort to extreme measures. You understand, Jenkins?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Then don't stand there staring like an idiot!" snarled Mr. Deane in a sudden burst of irritation, and Jenkins disappeared like a shot.

Just half an hour afterward Matthew Deane brushed the brown hair just sprinkled with gray from his square yet not unkindly brow. Putting on his fur lined overcoat, he walked forth into the chilly winter air fully determined figuratively to annihilate the defaulting Widow Clarkson.

It was a dwarfish little red brick house, which appeared originally to have aspired to two storyhood, but, cramped by circumstances, had settled down into a story and a half, but the windows shone like Brazilian pebbles, and the doorsteps were worn by much scouring. Neither of these circumstances, however, did Mr. Deane remark as he pulled the glittering brass doorknob and strode into Mrs. Clarkson's neat parlor.

There was a small fire—very small, as if every lump of anthracite was hoarded in the stove—and at a table, with writing implements before her, sat a young lady whom Mr. Deane at once recognized as Mrs. Clarkson's niece, Miss Olive Mellen. She was not disagreeable to look upon, though you would never have thought of classing her among the beauties, with shining black hair, blue, long lashed eyes and a very pretty mouth, hiding teeth like rice kernels, so white were they.

Miss Mellen rose with a polite nod, which was grimly reciprocated by Mr. Deane.

"I have called to see your aunt, Miss Mellen."

"I know it, sir, but as I am aware of her timid temperament I sent her away. I prefer to deal with you myself."

Mr. Deane started. The cool audacity of this damsel in gray, with scarlet ribbons in her hair, rather astonished him.

"I suppose the money is ready?"

"No, sir; it is not."

"Then, Miss Olive—pardon me—I must speak plainly, I shall send an officer here this afternoon to put a valuation on the furniture and—"

"You will do nothing of the kind, sir!"

Olive's cheeks had reddened, and her eyes flashed portentously. Mr. Deane turned toward the door, but ere he knew what she was doing Olive had walked quietly across the room, locked the door and taken out the key. Then she resumed her seat.

"What does this mean?" ejaculated the astonished "prisoner of war."

"It means, sir, that you will now be obliged to reconsider the question," said Olive.

would emerge unscathed and profiting. You are not a bad man, Mr. Deane; you have a great many noble qualities, and I like you for them." She paused an instant and looked intently and gravely at Mr. Deane. The color rose to his cheek. It was not disagreeable to be told by a pretty young girl that she liked him, on any terms, yet she had indulged in pretty plain speaking. "I have heard," she went on, "of your doing kind actions when you were in the humor for it. You can do them and you shall in this instance. You are cross this morning, you know you are! Hush, no excuse! You are selfish and irritable and overbearing! If I were your mother, and you a little boy, I should certainly put you in a corner until you promised to be good."

Mr. Deane smiled, although he was getting angry. Olive went on with the utmost composure:

"But as it is, I shall only keep you here a prisoner until you have behaved and given me your word not to annoy my aunt again for rent until she is able to pay you. Then, and not until then, will you receive your money. Do you promise? Yes or no?"

"I certainly shall agree to no such terms," said Mr. Deane tartly.

"Very well, sir; I can wait."

Miss Mellen deposited the key in the pocket of her gray dress and sat down to her copying. Had she been a man Mr. Deane would probably have knocked her down; as it was, she wore an invisible armor of power in the very fact that she was a fragile, slight woman, and she knew it.

"Miss Olive," he said sternly, "let us terminate this mummery. Unlock that door!"

"Mr. Deane, I will not!"

"I shall shout and alarm the neighborhood then or call a policeman."

"Very well, Mr. Deane. Do so if you please."

She dipped her pen in the ink and began on a fresh page. Matthew sat down, puzzled and discomfited, and watched the long lashed eyes and faintly tinted cheeks of his keeper. She was very pretty. What a pity she was so obstinate!

"Miss Olive!"

"Sir?"

"The clock has just struck 12."

"I heard it."

"I should like to go out to get some lunch."

"I am sorry that that luxury is out of your power."

"But I'm confounded hungry."

"Are you?"

"And I'm not going to stand this sort of thing any longer."

"No?"

How provokingly nonchalant she was! Mr. Deane eyed the pocket of the gray dress greedily and walked up and down the room pettishly.

"I have an appointment at 1."

"Indeed! What a pity you will be unable to keep it!"

He took another turn across the room. Olive looked up with a smile.

"Well, are you ready to promise?"

"Hang it, yes! What else can I do?"

"You promise?"

"I do, because I can't help myself."

Olive drew the key from her pocket, with softened eyes.

"You have made me very happy, Mr. Deane. I dare say you think me unwomanly and unfeminine, but indeed you do not know to what extremities we are driven by poverty. Good morning, sir."

Mr. Deane sallied forth with a curious complication of thoughts and emotions struggling through his brain, in which gray dresses, long lashed blue eyes and scarlet ribbons played a prominent part.

"Did you get the money, sir?" asked the clerk when he walked into the office.

"Mind your business, sir," was the tart response.

"I pity her husband," thought Mr. Deane as he turned the papers over on his desk. "How she will henpeck him! By the way, I wonder who her husband will be?"

The next day he called at the Widow Clarkson's to assure Miss Mellen that he had no idea of breaking his promise, and the next day after that he came to tell the young lady she need entertain no doubt of his integrity, and the next week he dropped in on them with no particular errand to serve as an excuse!

"When shall we be married, Olive? Next month, dearest? Do not let us put it off later."

"I have no wishes but yours, Matthew."

"Really, Miss Olive Mellen, to hear that meek tone one would suppose you had never locked me up here and tyrannized over me as a jailer."

Olive burst into a merry laugh.

"You dear old Matthew! I give you warning beforehand that I mean to have my own way in everything. Do you wish to recede from your bargain? It is not too late yet."

No, Matthew Deane didn't. He had a vague idea that it would be very pleasant to be henpecked by Olive—Chicago Times-Herald.

The New George.

Johnny was worried about Washington's greatness. He turned to his mother and said, "Washington's all right, but Grant's more like me."

"How is that?"

"Well" (throwing out a diminutive chest), "he could tell a lie when he had to."

"But, Johnny, you never tell lies, do you?"

"Why, mamma, you know I do. You always find me out."

A moment of silence.

"Mamma."

"Well, Johnny."

"When you were a little girl, didn't you ever tell a lie?"

Mamma was stumped. These she answered, "I always told the truth."

"Well, why don't they celebrate you?"—New York Commercial Advertiser.