Oregon Historical Society
PORTLAND

THE TWICE-A-WEEK

Roseburg Plaindealer.

VOL. XXXVI — ROSEBURG, DOUGLAS COUNTY, OREGON THURSDAY, NOV. 24, 1904 — No. 94

A Song of Thanksgiving

I.

So much have we for gratitude,
So much for happiness,
So much of bounty has accrued
Our land to bless,
That words seem trite and empty things
And poor are all our arts,
To tell the song of thanks that sings
Within our hearts.

II.

Our fathers' God, whose loving hand,
Has led us all the way
From bondage to this promised land
We hold today,
Vouchsafe to us that mercy still
We knew in travails gone.
Inspire us yet to know Thy will
And follow on.

III.

Not only for the heapened store
That comes to bless our toil,
For cities, topping those of yore,
That dot our soil,
We praise Thee; but, all these above,
That inward strife is done,
And for the touch of nation-love
That makes us one.

IV.

For Science and her magic spells,
Transcending all romance,
For Progress and the miracles
Of her advance
We thank Thee, and for deeper springs
Of faith that conquers fate,
That will accomplish greater things
In years that wait.

V.

To speed Thy kingdom may we press
Forever in the van
To lead the world in kindliness
Of man to man;
And grant our mission yet may be
To bring the day to birth
That sees the reign of Liberty
In all the earth.

The President And His Turkey

When the president grows thankful he does it to the accompaniment of the famous Rhode Island turkey. Rhode Island may be small, but her gobblers are not. This is especially true of the particular breed of the Westerly bird reared by "Uncle Horace" Vose. Ever since the days of Grant "Uncle Horace" has sent the finest specimen from his flocks to the White House for the president's Thanksgiving dinner. So fine is the quality of the Vose turkey, due to climate or feeding or skill in raising or a combination of all these, that it is always accepted with a polite note of thanks and graces the White House table. Grant, Hayes, Arthur, Cleveland, Harrison, McKinley and Roosevelt have all partaken of this choice Thanksgiving bird. Garfield did not live long enough to celebrate the day in the home of the presidents. It is a testimonial keenly relished by Mr. Vose that, while turkeys are sent to the president from all over the country, the Rhode Island bird is the one most often selected by the chief magistrate as a fit sacrifice to the spirit of the day.

Despite the prominence the president receives in connection with the turkey and Thanksgiving day, the day of thanks is a far older institution than he. George Washington took the chair as first president of the United States on April 30, 1789, but 168 years before that historic day the day of thanks had its birth.

The winter of 1620 was a trying one for the people of the Massachusetts Bay colony. The ship dispatched to Ireland had not returned, and it was believed to have been lost. Ground nuts and acorns were the daily bread of the poor. A meal of fish was a feast. Women followed the tide to pick up a few clams and mussels to keep their children from starving. One of the devoted women has left a letter saying:

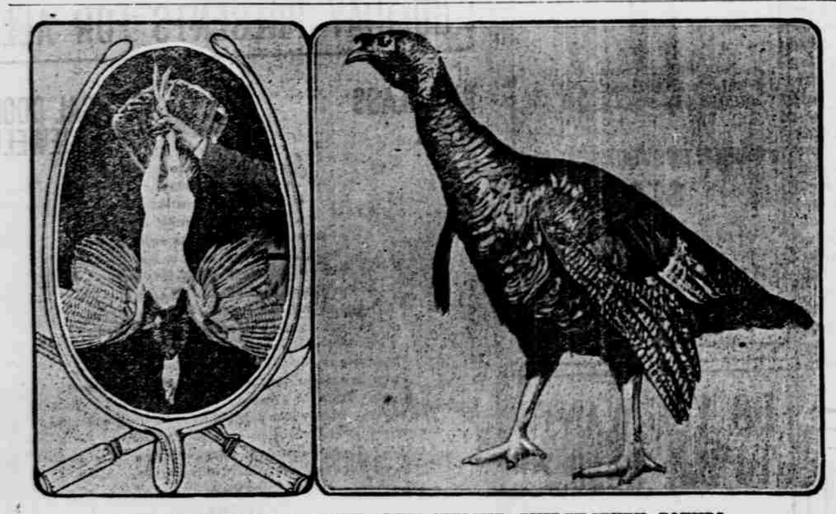
"Our last peck of meal is in the oven at home a-baking, and many of our godly neighbors have spent quite all. We owe one loaf of that little we have."

Another declared, "My husband hath traveled as far as Plymouth, near forty miles, and hath with great toil brought back a little corn with him, and before that is spent the Lord will surely provide."

A day of prayer and fasting was proclaimed. Governor Bradford was distributing "the last handful of meal in the barrel unto a man distressed by the wolf at the door" when a ship was spied at the harbor's mouth laden with provisions, and Feb. 22, 1621, was made Thanksgiving day.

Columbus discovered America, and Governor Bradford may be said to have discovered the turkey. After he had named a day of thanksgiving four men were sent out into the trackless forests to hunt for game wherewith to grace the tables on Thanksgiving day. They were the best hunters of the entire colony, those four men, and they came back to their fellow colonists triumphant, bringing with them enough game to last the entire little band for a week at least.

The success of the first Thanksgiving day was then assured. Never was there a stranger list of invited guests to a state function of such historical significance. The "gentlemen" honored by Governor Bradford were the friendly Indian chief Massasoit and ninety of his braves. They accepted the governor's invitation without one single "regret" to break their record of polite unanimity, and when they came they came "in great feather," literally speaking. Indian full dress, far more elaborate and tasteful than the later "swallowtail" of the bifurcated paleface, was the order of the day with Massasoit and his ninety young "society men," the precursors of the Four Hundred of these our times. These aboriginal dudes, however, were not content with honoring the colonists' feast with their mere presence. They were thoughtful enough to kill and bring with them to the "white man's dinner" five deer, which added pleasantly to the store brought in by the four Nimrods of the colony itself. So, despite all obstacles that had at the start been in the way, when the first Thanksgiving day arrived it found the horn of plenty fairly overflowing for Governor Bradford and his equally sturdy band of trustful pilgrims. The gathering at that first Thanksgiving dinner must have been a remarkable sight. If the Indians of the loyal and trustworthy Massasoit were vivid in their own gala attire, the quaintness of the garb of the English colonists surely furnished a most effective and even dramatic contrast. It is safe to say that Governor Bradford himself was a stately figure, because dignity and a quiet elaborateness of sober but rich costume seemed to have been always possible to the grave men who stood in the front of their stanch followers in those days. A "society report" of that dinner, with a list of costumes worn, would make mighty interesting reading for the people of today.



THE PRESIDENT'S TURKEY—LIVE WEIGHT, THIRTY-SEVEN POUNDS.

A SOUTHERNER WOULD MAKE ROOSEVELT'S ELECTION UNANIMOUS

ATLANTA, Ga., Nov. 21.—A suggestion that the electors of all Southern States vote for Roosevelt and make his election unanimous has been put forward by Julius Brown, son of the late Joseph M. Brown, Georgia's war Governor, and also United States Senator for years. He says Roosevelt has been unjustly attacked on the negro question, about the Philippines and as to other public matters. After reviewing the political situation, Mr. Brown says:

"As we cannot fight the North with arms, as in 1861-1865, for the South has been broken, and as no one wants a solid South against a solid North, I am going to make a very radical suggestion, which I know will raise a storm.

"It is that now, since everybody concedes President Roosevelt to be a good man, a strong man, and a man of right intentions, our Democratic executive committees request all of their Democratic Electors to cast their ballots for Persident Roosevelt and thereby make his election unanimous. It would show to the North that the South is not fighting it and that it is not the purpose of the South, broken as it is, to make a mere factional opposition, but that we recognize the existing status of affairs.

"After that is done, I believe that four years from today the broken South and the North would divide upon new issues on economic questions, and that we would have a much better status of affairs than by seeking to keep the South broken as a protest to the powers that be."

FAMOUS LAND FRAUD CASE IS NOW ON

The Necessary Twelve Men to Serve as Jurors Promptly Secured

MARIE WARE AND MRS. WATSON THE CENTER OF ATTRACTION

The Defendants Will Place Their Hope Very Largely upon the Statute of Limitations

PORTLAND, Nov. 22.—The celebrated land-fraud trials are on in the United States Court for the District of Oregon.

The calm precedes the storm in life and in law, and this was proven when the land conspiracy case of the United States of America against Emma L. Watson, Marie Ware, D. W. Tarpley, S. A. Puter, Horace G. McKinley, Henry Barr, Frank H. Wolgamot et al, was called in the United States District Court for its hearing before Judge Charles B. Bellinger and a jury of 12 men chosen from the different sections of the state.

THE JURY.

E. A. Griffin, stockman, of Dufur, Washington county.

John Bridges, contractor, Portland, Multnomah.

J. L. Howard, stockraiser, Heppner, Morrow.

J. L. Barnhouse, stockraiser, Wheeler.

G. H. Newell, Lakeview, Lake county.

A. E. Austin, general merchandise, Woodburn, Marion.

A. Blevins, farmer, Albany, Linn.

J. C. Weatherly, farmer, Wallowa county.

C. H. Duncan, farmer, Baker county.

W. H. Dilley, contractor and builder, Benton county.

I. E. Foster, farmer, Clatsop county.

Richard Waugh, stockman, Pendleton, Umatilla county.

THE PROSECUTORS.

John H. Hall, United States District Attorney.

Frances J. Heney, San Francisco, special assistant.

DEFENDANTS' COUNSEL.

For Horace G. McKinley—Thomas O'Day.

For Marie Ware—C. A. Hardy and A. C. Woodcock.

For S. A. D. Puter—L. F. Puter, of Eureka, Cal.

THE PROSECUTION'S GROUNDS.

That a conspiracy to defraud the Government out of public lands existed between the defendants; that it is not necessary to prove that they knew each other, or that they all entered the conspiracy at the same time; that it suffices to show that they were all working toward a purpose; that if one committed an overt act, all the rest are equally guilty as co-conspirators, and those who became partners later are presumed to have conspired from the first.

CONTENTION OF THE DEFENSE.

That the conspiracy must be shown to exist beyond a reasonable doubt, and an agreement must be shown to exist no matter how many overt acts were committed, and that all acts committed as charged in the indictment were committed more than three years next prior to the filing of the indictment, and that hence there can be no conviction under the law, as the statute of limitations obtains. The evidence must show that an agreement was entered into and all acts giving rise to a general tendency before a conspiracy is proven to exist.

Judge Thomas O'Day addressed the jury, explaining the nature of the proceedings against the defendants. Judge O'Day said the conspiracy, according to the indictment, was entered into March 20, 1902. Afterward there were various overt acts to carry out this alleged conspiracy.

HEARTS WERE CAUSED TO THROB

Many a man's heart gave a jump as Mrs. Watson and Miss Ware entered the court room this afternoon, and without exception not a man could find it in his conscience to chide his heart for its involuntary throb. Both women, so well known now in Oregon and the Northwest, were dressed in the height of fashion. Both were as handsome and well contained as though attending an afternoon tea. Mrs. Watson was attired in a gray perfect-fitting suit that became her wonderfully, and she looked not a whit alarmed by the serious nature of the charge against her. She entered the room in company with S. A. D. Puter's brother, who is here from California to assist the attorneys for the defense.

GOLDEN HAIRED MARIE WAS HAUGHTY.

Miss Ware, who has been in the city for several days, entered the courtroom with Charles A. Hardy, of Eugene. Miss Ware came in late, and as a result the assembled throng did not notice her entrance at first, The fact that her hair was a beautiful auburn was enough to tell who she was, and she received her share of admiring looks. She received them however, with an air of haughty disdain, and took her seat without so much as a look around the courtroom. She was attired all in black, which enhanced the pale beauty of her face, surmounted by the shimmering masses of her auburn hair.

S. A. D. Puter and Horace McKinley entered court alone and attracted little attention and both looked somewhat worried. Watched by hundreds of eyes in the courtroom and the topic of greatest interest throughout the entire Northwest, the case goes on.

DEFENSE AGGRESSIVE.

Judge O'Day has reached a cornerstone, and in so doing sounded the keynote of the defense. He sprung the statute of limitations. He declared that if the conspiracy had been formed and had become operative more than three years prior to the filing of the indictment, that no conviction could obtain under the law. The indictment was filed March 17, 1904, and the crime alleged to have been committed March 20, 1901. "Now," thundered the attorney for the defense, "if the alleged conspiracy was formed more than four days prior to the 17th day of March, 1904 there can be no conviction in this case under the law of limitations. If there was a conspiracy, or if there were any unlawful acts committed in the nature of a conspiracy, they were committed before that date; every act that could be construed to be a conspiracy was done before then, and there can be no conviction under the law."

Judge O'Day declared that if there had been done unlawful acts, they must be presumed to have been innocently done, and that there was nothing criminal about them.

POINTED FINGER AT GALLOWAY.

If these characters were fictitious, said he, then all the officials who ever had anything to do with the land offices at the time must be scoundrels. Leveling his finger at Judge Galloway who sat on the bench with Judge Bellinger, he declared Judge Galloway must be a scoundrel and he must, under the assumptions raised by the prosecution, say the same of Charles Moore, who had also been an official at the Oregon City land office. As far as the prosecution proving by people who had been over the land that the defendants had never resided on it, Judge O'Day declared the court would hold that it does not even raise a presumption.

PROSECUTION FIRM.

The contention is ridiculed by the government's attorneys, who insist that as the conspiracy was not fully consummated until some two years ago, every step in the chain of fraud may be proven.

MR. HERMANN WILL TESTIFY.

Congressman Binger Hermann will testify in the land fraud cases. Just what the nature of the testimony will be is not made known, but it is supposed that he will appear in behalf of the government and testify regarding the issuance of patents on Oregon entries while he was commissioner of the General Land Office.

A Crumb From Croesus

BEHOLD a tall young man of the blond type, smooth shaven and somewhat boyish in appearance, except for certain lines of care discernible in his countenance. Behold also a girl with hazel eyes and red brown hair. They are standing beside a table in a room which the experienced observer will instantly recognize as the parlor of a small flat in a big city. The young man has cleared a space on the table and has dropped several books on the floor. He is unrolling some large sheets of paper which bear architectural drawings.

"Constance," he says, "this means everything to us. It means so much indeed that I didn't dare tell you about it. I wouldn't tell you now if I could help it, because if anything goes wrong you will be so disappointed."

"You should have no secrets from me," said she.

"When you have taken me for better or worse I won't," he responded, "but while we're only engaged it is not my duty to make you unhappy. Cheer up. The time is coming when you will have a right to know the worst. It is coming mighty soon, if old Eliot Robinson accepts these plans and if you yourself continue to view the humblest of your slaves with that favor which has already exalted him immeasurably above his deserts. In short, belovedest, we can afford to get married, whereas at present we cannot even afford to be single. At least I can't. But if I can get this job to do for Eliot Robinson, who is not only a human pocketbook of conspicuous fatness, but a society bellwether as well, my bark will be upon the tide which taken at its flood leads on to fortune, as Mr. Shakespeare says. Any job, big or little, that is done for him will bring clients."

She graciously permitted the humblest of her slaves to kiss her hand.

"How did you hear of this?" she inquired.

"I used to know Eliot Robinson, Jr., when we both were residents of a little democracy in the midst of this vast plutocracy—in brief, when we were in college. I've met him occasionally at our college club, and about three weeks ago he told me what his father was going to do, and so I drew some plans upon a chance. E. Robinson, Jr., inspected them at my office, liked them and told his father about them. Robinson senior is at his country house laid up with what his son calls a 'charley horse.' Robinson junior promised to take me out there next week, but instead I received a letter today from the old gentleman himself asking me to come tomorrow. His selection of Thanksgiving day for this purpose is somewhat unusual, but will be eminently appropriate if he accepts the plans. If he doesn't no mere proclamation by the president can make it a day of thanksgiving for me. And at the best I shall have missed dining with your mother and you."

The young architect awoke next morning with the impression that he had failed to hear the gong of his alarm clock. A glance, however, reassured him. The hands upon the dial indicated that he had anticipated the summons by sixty seconds. It was twenty-nine minutes past 7. He began to prepare for his bath in a leisurely manner. There was plenty of time. The train which he must take left at 9.

He fell to wondering what chance he had to win with his drawings and whether others would compete. He saw a competitor in every architect whose name he could remember. He perceived that it was absurd for him to cherish any hope. For a structure subsidiary to Mr. Robinson's country house and necessarily harmonious in style Mr. Robinson would undoubtedly consult the architect of the larger building. He trembled at this notion for almost a minute before he remembered having disposed of it weeks before by discovering that the man was dead.

By this time Underhill was wide awake. Fanciful terrors vanished, and a real one attacked him suddenly and sharply. Why did not the alarm ring? He rushed from his bath into his bedroom. The hands of the clock had not moved. He had forgotten to wind it before going to bed, and it had run down. His watch revealed the appalling fact that he had only half an hour to reach the railroad station, twenty blocks away. This meant no breakfast, and, in fact, it came near meaning no train, for a wagon broke down ahead of the trolley car in which Underhill was riding, and he was forced to make the latter part of the way afoot.

It was a hot race, not only against time, but against a human competitor. This was a somewhat effeminate young man whom Underhill had noted on the car because he consulted a railroad time table with visible anxiety and because he carried a thin portfolio which looked as if it might contain architectural drawings. Obviously this man was trying to catch the 9 o'clock train, and when he consulted the time table he seemed to have his eye on Chesterton, the station where the sumptuous equipages of Eliot Robinson meet that gentleman's guests from the city.

When the car's course was checked by the broken wagon the two men seized their watches with equal impatience, and when Underhill started to try his luck afoot the other precipitately followed. Before they had gone a block a race had begun and each was pushing the other to a faster and faster pace.

An insane desire to win the race took possession of Underhill's mind. It seemed to him as if the fate of his enterprise depended upon a victory. He was contesting for a great prize. The words which he had spoken to Constance on the previous evening rang in his ears, "It means everything to us."

There is a side entrance from the street directly to the train shed, but no one is allowed to go in that way unless he has a ticket. Underhill had an unused portion of a mileage book which would take him through. Had the other fellow anything? Did he know the rule? If not he would be beaten, for he could never get around from the side door to the ticket office and back to the train shed in time. Probably he would waste precious moments in vain dispute with the man on guard, and a very little of this folly would certainly be enough to wreck his hope of catching the train.

Underhill chuckled at the thought, and he directed his course toward the side entrance. The other man followed. It was obvious that he guessed that Underhill was running for the 9 o'clock train and knew a short cut to gain time.

At the last moment the stranger made a great spurt and reached the side entrance ahead of Underhill.

"Ticket, please," said the warder, barring the way with an iron arm.

"I haven't any ticket," pouted the applicant. "I'll buy one inside."

"Can't pass in this way without a ticket," said the guard in a voice appropriate to the utterance of a decree of fate.

"But, my dear sir, it is very important that"—

"Nothin' doin'," said Cerberus and turned his back.

Underhill by this time was fumbling for his mileage book and beginning to grow faint with the fear that he had not brought it. His fingers touched it at last. He thrust it under the nose of the warder, who said, "Pass in."

A hand upon Underhill's arm restrained him, and a voice of singularly agreeable quality besought him for attention:

"If you would be so very kind as to let me pass through on your book you would do me the greatest possible favor. I have an important engagement at the country house of Mr. Eliot Robinson, and there is no other train until afternoon."

Underhill looked into the stranger's mild brown eyes, which were pathetic as a dog's, and suddenly he seemed to see himself in the other's place, defrauded of his chance by a bit of trickery. Surely he would have held it most unfair that he should be barred from competition in this way. Doubtless this man was struggling worthily to get a start in his profession.

"Certainly," said he. And the two passed in together.

"I am Harold Archer," said the young man, "and from this moment your humble and obedient servant. You have pulled me out of a serious difficulty. Mr. Robinson has asked me most urgently to go out to his place today, and he is a man whom I should be most unwilling to disoblige."

"Your destination and mine are the same," said Underhill, "and our errands also, I fancy."

"Quite so," responded Archer. "You are Mr. Underhill."

Underhill bowed in assent, and he scanned his rival warily. Aside from an attractive personal appearance Mr. Archer was conspicuous chiefly for the serene confidence which visibly radiated from him. Here was a man accustomed to success, one of those easy winners who are spared the pain of anxiety. A sudden hostility flamed in Underhill's breast. He regretted having passed Archer through the gate. This fellow could afford to lose, and he himself could not.

"Matter of the new kennels, I suppose?" said he curtly.

Archer nodded and smiled.

"My excellent friend, Mr. Robinson, intends to erect a very pretentious structure," said he. "I am honored by his desire for my services."

So this fellow regarded it as all over. Underhill shut his mouth firmly and from that moment refused to be drawn into any discussion of architecture either general or specific. Archer, indeed, seemed perfectly well pleased to speak of other themes. He conversed fluently upon topics of the day. He showed vivacity, interest, even wit now and then. He became so much absorbed in his own easy eloquence that he neglected to raise any protest when the conductor took two fares out of Underhill's mileage book.

Eliot Robinson, Jr., was waiting for them in an enormous automobile laden with expensive furs. He lazily gave a hand to each of the travelers, but addressed himself to Underhill alone.

"Hello," said he. "You're looking a little out of sorts. What's the matter?"

"I haven't had any breakfast," answered Underhill gloomily.

"Well, well, I'll fix that. Got your drawings?" he added and took them out of Underhill's hand. "Pretty good, eh, Archer?"

Archer examined the drawings with critical attention, making the most flattering comments and ending by pronouncing the work "admirable, admirable, sir. No better design could be desired."

Underhill and Robinson were alone for a moment at the door, for Archer had skipped nimbly into the house.

"Who is that monument of brass?" demanded the architect in a low voice.

"Don't say a word," responded Robinson. "This is your lucky day. You've got Archer solid. Pay anything for him? Only his fare? Well, that's cheap. Archer is one of those artistic bunko steerers who come of good families and make their living by being invited out to dinner. He's the man who tells the governor and the mater what they ought to think about art. His opinion on these plans will be final. That's what he's here for. My friend, your little affair is satisfactorily settled. Give yourself no further uneasiness."

Underhill leaned weakly against a pillar of the veranda, and the tears came into his eyes as he thought of the good news that he would take back to Constance. Robinson viewed him with interest and comprehension.

"And it's all about a dog house that this man is going to build for my father," said he to himself. "A queer world, by jingo! In some minor particulars the blasted thing needs fixing."

A HAND UPON UNDERHILL'S ARM RESTRAINED HIM.

PERMITTED THE HUMBLEST OF HER SLAVES TO KISS HER HAND.

AN IRATE PARENT IS ROUTED BY CUPID---THE HONEYMOON IN JAIL

PORTLAND, Nov. 22.—J. Wesley McGann and his bride, formerly Miss Eunice Downing, whose short honeymoon was broken by their being thrown into the City Jail last night, on the complaint of the father of the bride, who charges the couple with unlawful cohabitation, were released before Judge Hogue in the Police Court this morning on the ground that the crime charged could not have been committed by the couple because they are man and wife. Judge Hogue, in passing sentence, said that if any crime had been committed it was against the laws of Washington, where the wedding took place last Saturday afternoon, and not in Oregon. The two young people were married, he said, and had a right to live together, no matter what their ages.

Mr. Downing, the stern and irate parent, was not in attendance at the trial, nor could he be found. It was said he had gone to Vancouver, Wash., to start action against the two men who had acted as witnesses at the time his daughter and McGann were given a marriage license. The charge against those men, G. S. Hays and C. S. Irwin, if pushed, would be perjury. He declares his daughter is only 16 years old. She said this morning that she was born in 1887.

When the two were dismissed they walked from the courtroom hand in hand, and with broad smiles on their faces. They were apparently happy.