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TELEPHONE MAIN 661.

THE WEATHER

Western Oregon and Washington
—Increasing cloudiness; cooler.

BIBERY ALREADY AFOOT.

The Portland press is perfectly candid and unambiguous about the fact that bribery is already afoot to defeat George W. Chamberlain for the United States Senatorship. This is a bit earlier than we had expected to hear of the game and we confess to no other element of surprise in the premise than its rather remarkable celerity.

The Senatorial game as it will be played out in this commonwealth, from now on to the climax in January, will be one of the object lessons of the political history of Oregon, and perhaps of the country. It will pay the oldest of the arch-masters of the great and nasty game to watch it closely and take notes of men and measures they know nothing about; it will be a revelation, alright! Oregon, politically organized and in her right partisan senses, has turned some of the biggest and foulest tricks of the years; and now, disorganized, unled, irresponsible, the license of the game will be illimitable in finesness as well as finance, AND scandal. It's going to be a free for all scrap, without rules, without mercy, but hardly up to the Bayardian standard.

OREGON NIGGARDLINESS.

The majority of 2500 votes already accounted for, in behalf of the University of Oregon appropriation of \$125,000; and the majority of 19,500 against the appropriation of \$100,000, for the building of O. N. G. armories, convicts the State of Oregon of niggardliness, pure and simple.

Such returns, in such causes, make manifest the spirit of dubious economy, and an unpatriotic estimate of its plainer duties. In the matter of the University bill, the meagre and grudging success of the measure startles everyone with the nearness of the disgrace of its defeat and causes a universal sigh of relief for the escape made at the hands of the moderns who wrought it. On the other hand, the glaring negative recorded against the Armory provision, becomes unhappily patent in the State that was the first to raise a regiment and land it in the Philippines, during the trans-Pacific war; and it will be heard from in the future to the lasting discomfiture of the people.

It is this hide-bound policy that keeps Oregon inertly nested in a group of live and vibrant States and marks her as "peculiar," to say the least of it. It is this same habitual, moss-grown passivity that holds her down to one city of commercial sway and influence and narrows her field of operation in all lines for want of competitive bids in the general scheme of development; a condition perilously retroactive in a territory so vastly charged with superb advantages.

THE KEY-PLAN.

The great scheme to build a permanent sea-wall along the Astoria front is the key-plan of her real development. This compels the initial determination of the most progressive and adaptive system of construction; lines, materials, grades and facilities so comprehensive as to include the widest range of utility the future may demand.

Such an enterprise is, fundamentally, entitled to the utter wisdom of its projectors because of its immense bearing on the commerce of the years to come; it must be built to serve other generations, and its cost must be borne thankfully by those that come after; therefore we should hand along something that will warrant the pride and appreciation of those who inherit it and which will serve their

ends as well as ours. Astoria is never likely to do a greater thing than this, and if it is rightly done, it will repay her handsomely every day of its existence. But it must be done with devoted adherence to the best principles of engineering, commercial usage and municipal expediency known to modern science, or it will prove the very acme of stupidity.

EDITORIAL SALAD

The inference is plain that Secretary Taft and Colonel Bryan do not propose to be touched for any campaign cigars.

John Sharp Williams' filibusters can triumphantly claim that they used up all the best reading clerks in the House.

It is said that the Denver Convention is already cut and dried. Most of the delegates will regret to learn of the dry part of it.

Oklahoma might try a bull against a comet, but seems to be puzzled about rising in its legislative might to regulate floods and tornadoes.

Mr. Bryan, who is resting on his farm, says he looks for good news in the fall. It is inferred that Mr. Bryan expects great things from his crop of buckwheat.

A Rhode Island man claims that his health improved on a daily ration of four or five ounces of sand continued for several years. Perhaps the strawberries sanded in showery weather are in the nature of a double blessing.

The shooting at the monitor increased the reputation of this kind of craft to stand hard knocks without serious damage. Only two monitors stationed in Manila Bay could make a good fight against a reasonable number of battleships.

A year of great crops, as 1908 promises to be, can not be bad for business unless a Democratic victory is threatened. But it isn't.

A GOOD REASON.

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Journey's End

By Forbes Dwight.

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The mad gallop up the bridge path ended at the bridge across the little pond. The girl drew rein close to the stone parapet and, calming her restive steed, whose every nerve seemed a-quivver with the excitement of the wild dash, sat quietly on the saddle staring with pensive eyes at the un-ruffled water below.

Dean ranged his own horse beside the girl's, smiling as he watched the glowing color in her cheeks. All about them the trees flaunted the gorgeous tints of late autumn—scarlet, ocher and more subdued shades blending into a splendid, farreaching vista. The crisp, clear air stirred the blood like wine.

The girl laughed, a trifle uneasily. "We shouldn't be doing such things," she said severely.

"Of course not," said Dean, with a chuckle. "We should have maintained a staid pace. We should have contented ourselves at the most with a measured trot. It's tremendously wicked the way we smash all the conventions of this park. We'll have a mounted officer on our trail yet. Pleasant prospect that. A glorious gallop, all the same, wasn't it, and well worth the risk of incurring the displeasure of the law?"

"Yes; it was glorious," the girl admitted. "Still, we shouldn't do it."

"That's where half the fun comes in," said he. "Hang their old park and its rules! Do they think we'll limit



"TAKE ME TO YOUR GENTLE OLD CLERGYMAN."

ourselves to a funeral pace such a day as this and with such a pair of steppers?"

"We really ought to," said she.

Dean laughed. It was a pleasant, almost boyish laugh. His big shoulders were squared defiantly.

"The things one ought to do are generally unpleasant," he observed. "Come on. We'll let them out once more."

The girl shook her head. "No! Oh, no!" she demurred.

"Afraid?" he questioned.

She nodded.

"Of the rules they are pleased to hamper us with in this 2 by 4 plot of grass?"

"No; not of that," she replied. "Afraid of you, I think."

"Of me? Oh, pshaw!"

Again his laugh rang out, but the girl turned to him with a sudden seriousness.

"You make me rather afraid of you at times," she said. "You tempt me to do reckless things. I don't know why it should be so, but it is. I would never in the world have thought of riding here with any one else as I have with you just now, and the strange part of it all is that I enjoy it so immensely."

"Enjoy what?"

"Doing the reckless things you inspire."

Dean leaned toward her quickly. "I wish it were so," he declared. "I wish I really might inspire you to reckless deeds. I wish I might!"

"Now, please," the girl begged, with heightening color.

"Oh, all right!" said he good naturedly. "I know the subject is tabooed. I'll observe the conventions you've imposed upon me and keep my tongue to the funeral pace."

He sat for a time staring silently into the water. At last he straightened himself in the saddle.

"I'd like another gallop," he remarked, "a wilder one, a madder one. I'd like to get out of this little old park and go somewhere where there's a level stretch of road and no hampering rules of pace."

A light came into the girl's eyes. She threw back her head and gathered up the reins.

"So would I," she declared, a trifle breathlessly.

Dean swung about to face her. There was a quiet smile on his lips.

"Come, then," he said simply.

"We really shouldn't," she objected.

"Come," he repeated.

"I'm afraid when you speak in that fashion."

"Come."

He turned the horse from the bridge

and headed for the gate at the farther side of the park. The girl followed silently.

"Where are you going?" she asked as he turned through the gate and made for the road that led into the country.

"To a place where we can let them out to our hearts' content," said he.

Up the road through the afternoon sunshine they went at a sober pace, but once the city was fairly behind them Dean quickened the pace. Faster they went and faster until they were loaming along at a mad gait. Across level stretches and over the low hills they sped. The two horses had caught the spirit of the gallop and tore along at their best pace. The girl's cheeks were glowing; Dean's eyes sparkled with the excitement of it.

They paused finally on the crest of a hill. Far behind them lay the city, its position outlined against the sky by a smudge of blue smoke. Ahead of them lay a ragged line of hills, behind which glowed a sky red with the embers of the sunset.

"Well, that was a ride," said Dean, turning to the girl.

"Wasn't it?" she cried. "But we must be starting back. See, the sun has set. It will be quite dark if we don't hurry."

"I wish I might inspire you with a thorough recklessness," he said.

"You have," she said breathlessly.

"Then let's go just one more mile," he urged.

She hesitated.

"Come," she cried at last.

Down the hill they thundered, across a bridge that spanned a little brook and up the rise on the other side. Again they drew rein. The gorgeous twilight colors were fading. Below them lay a little village, its lights already beginning to twinkle in the gloom.

"Enough recklessness?" said he.

"Never! This is just the beginning."

"Now I'm afraid of you again," said she.

"Oh, no, you're not afraid of me," he said, with a strange gentleness. "You're afraid of a few old, time worn conventions. You're afraid of all those plans that have been made for your future—afraid to answer your own heart and go against them. You are afraid of yourself—that you may some time do as you want and thwart your mother's scheming for you. But you're not afraid of me."

She began to tremble.

"We must go back," she cried.

"Look," said he. "Do you see that spire with the cross on it? Well, beside that spire is a little rectory, and in the rectory is a gentle old clergyman. He's watching this road down hill even now. Dorothy, he's expecting us."

"Oh!" she cried, turning her face away.

"Shall we disappoint him?" he asked.

There was a long pause; then without looking at him the girl started her horse down the hill. At the foot of it she stopped and resolutely faced Dean. Her cheeks were burning, but her eyes never faltered.

"I am afraid of you," she said, "because you will always have your way with me. You will rule me as you like, do with me as you please, even as you have done this afternoon. Yes, I am very much afraid of you—but—take me to your gentle old clergyman. I am very happy even in my fear."

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