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LIEU-LANDS AND RESERVES.

There is a hard fight being put up against the creation of the Blue Mountain Forest Reserve. One of the arguments brought to the front in the contest is that the school land in the proposed reservation has all been bought up by speculators, who will demand lieu-land scrip for it, and that this scrip is worth from \$5 to \$10 per acre.

It was a munificent gift of 2,800 square miles, 1,792,000 acres. With what lavish hands this princely domain has been traded off by those who were supposed to guard it, the money in the school fund and the nearly exhausted lands show. This land has been sold at the ostensible price of \$1.25 per acre, that is what the state, the school fund, received for it, due entirely to the asinine stupidity and carelessness of the state officers who have sat inactive, while the children of the state were literally robbed of their rights.

There never has been a time when these lands would not sell for four times what the state has received for them, and those who have had charge of their sale, governors, legislators and land boards, have been guilty of carelessness, that can be called by no milder name than criminal.

The sale of these lands has maintained first one lot of grafters and then another, until the office of the state board of land commissioners is looked upon as a den and hiding place for thieves. Administrations have changed, new boards have taken the place of old ones, but the system has changed not. Only a favored few could get any information from the officers in charge concerning school lands. Clerks and employees, friends and stool-pigeons of the board alone knew the bases for which the lands could be taken, and these generally made application just a few days before the bona fide applicant for the lands the latter wanted, and it took a monetary consideration to get the lands in such shape that they could be purchased.

This has been the line along which the land department has been so ably and so persistently mismanaged. The difference between \$1.25 per acre and \$5 per acre is what the state has lost on its school lands, what the children of the state have been robbed of, and that sum, when the grant is finally worked to a finish, and the whole 1,792,000 acres sold, will amount to \$6,690,000.

That is the sum that criminal carelessness and asinine stupidity have squandered. That is the sum that has been divided between grafter and speculator, and that is the sum that should be drawing interest for the benefit of the public schools.

People are not so much to blame for taking advantage of bad laws, as they are to blame for electing legislators and state officers who are so intent on electing a United States senator, or getting more salary than the constitution allows them, that they become party to the looting of the school funds.

THE STORY OF CREATION ASSAILED.

Rabbi Emili Hirsch, at the Temple of Israel, in Chicago, recently made use of the following language:

"Religion, biology and astronomy have each given evidence that makes it impossible to believe that the earth was created in six days. It is impossible, also, to give serious consideration to the efforts which have been made to reconcile science and religion. * * * The story of creation is simply a narration by some Jewish writer of the stories told by the Babylonians, and which the Jews carried from their captivity, 600 years before Christ."

With an irresistible force, which the human mind can scarcely perceive, the great doctrines of the world are sweeping toward inexorable change. We cannot picture the condition which would prevail upon earth, after the good old Bible story had been swept away. It is the foundation of our life and law. It is the great charter of human hope and faith. Without it, there would be chaos; without it there would be nothing, viewed from present day standpoints.

But the future will see with different eyes. The changes will come, so slowly, so gradually, that the world will be accustomed to the wonderful spectacles prepared for it.

To a 20th century world, what would be the condition, in the absence of the Bible—its stories, its legends, its laws, its faith? What system could be formulated that would meet, in the smallest degree, the needs of heart and brain and soul? Anything that we could offer now, the most perfect, extensive, variegated, permeating system of theology, and religion would not fill one-tenth part of the spiritual space occupied by the religion and laws of the Bible. Human genius cannot frame a conception of that void and vacuum which would remain in the world, in the effort to replace the Christian doctrines with any other now known to man. The Bible story is perhaps lame. Science is not infallible. The old Jewish scrib had not many of the conveniences of the clerical world, with which to tell his story. His record has passed through the devastating fires of bigotry, unbelief and reformation. His words have been repeated in ten thousand tongues and wrought upon by ten thousand interpreters. But at the end of six thousand years, it will be difficult for the scholar or the scientist, equipped with all the splendid paraphernalia of the world's learning, to get any nearer at the truth of the matter than the old Jewish shepherds, on the Syrian hills, seeking God's story in the midnight skies and opening buds of spring.

WAS THERE COLLUSION?

A question has been agitating the public for some time—was there collusion in the matter of the forest reserve and the buying of public school lands? It is a question difficult of settlement. It involves matters that have been of issue in Oregon affairs for some time.

The truth probably is that there were men connected with the setting aside of the reserve who acted honestly, conscientiously and for what they believed to be the public interest.

The Journal believes that Mr. Moody has done what he thought to be his duty in the premises, and that if there be reprehensibility on the part of any one it is not on his part.

There are other phases, however, that compel at least suspicion of collusion by those who knew of the intended reserve and those who bought up lands and secured timber filings in large number.

A distinguished member of the Republican party, recently elected to a high office, stated to The Journal that he found immediately after the reserve was announced that there was not left an acre of school land un-taken within the limits of the reserve.

It is to be hoped that there is no ground for the suspicion that has been engendered, and it would be well were there clearing of the atmosphere surrounding this matter.

Alfred Austin has written a poem entitled "Good Night," but then Alfred said meant "Aa Hevoin."

A Londoner bought 670 pairs of pants in a year and then died. They must have worn him out.

ABOUT A VERMIFORM APPENDIX.

Mrs. Fred A. Johnson, of Minneapolis, has brought suit against a Chicago doctor to recover the value of her vermiform appendix. It seems that some time ago the doctor was employed to perform an operation on Mrs. Johnson, which he did, and, as there is no kick registered, presumably did well. However, while he had Mrs. Johnson under the influence of chloroform he took advantage of her inability to object and happening to run across the vermiform appendix, he removed it. There wasn't anything the matter with it, and Mrs. Johnson hadn't agreed to part with it, but it being a particularly fine specimen, the doctor immediately felt a longing to remove it from the place where nature had put it, and there it was getting along uncomplainingly, and place it among other recherche collections in a pickle bottle on his shelves.

He reasoned, no doubt, that if he removed it while he had the chance it would never bother her again. This was undoubtedly good logic, but he seemed to forget that it was her property, and he had no right to take it without her consent. Mrs. Johnson feels that she has a right to be altogether, if she wants to, and does not think it the right thing to be gadding about the streets under false pretenses, just as though she was a whole woman, while a measly doctor has her appendix in a common pickle bottle. Hence this suit.

He is now troubled with a case of appendicitis, and a law case of it, at that. It brings up some nice legal points. According to the medical fraternity, it was of no use, and consequently valueless. Nature had evidently made it for some purpose, but forgot what. Now, if it has no value, how much can Mrs. Johnson recover? She has already recovered from the operation. What more should she desire? True, she might recover the specimen, but she would have to leave it in the bottle and could never feel that quiet satisfaction she has heretofore known over her vermiform appendix was cut off in its prime, to ornament the interior of a too enthusiastic doctor's pickle bottle. She rightly feels that if the doctor really had to have a vermiform appendix, he might have furnished it himself, and not robbed her of the only one she had. It remains to be seen whether a doctor has a right to chop a patient open and remove, without the patient's consent, such portions as he may take a notion to. We hope the legal bill will be at least as large as the medical one for the same disease.

WHY THE SESSION SHOULD BE HELD.

If Oregon delays until January to make appropriation for the Lewis and Clark Fair, it may be too late to secure action by some of the Legislatures of neighboring states, the co-operation of which is essential to the Fair's success.

Congress meets in December. Matters pertaining to special appropriations should be considered early. If Oregon shall not have settled her own mind in the premises, she may not consistently ask the legislators of the nation to evince any enthusiasm.

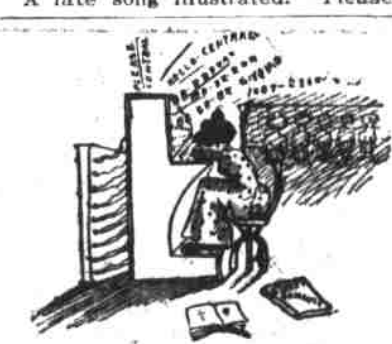
This relates to the time. There is another phase. If Oregon fail to make liberal appropriation, then she will dampen the ardor of all other states, and for every dollar cut off from the sum asked for by the Fair Directors she will cut off correspondingly from the sum set apart by those other states.

These two considerations alone warrant the calling of the extra session. No one has yet presented argument to invalidate the claim.

THE TABASCO COLUMN.

Secretary Shaw told an Indiana audience recently that there is no difference between the parties and there is nothing to discuss. And yet six of the eight members of President Roosevelt's cabinet are out making campaign speeches, and hustling for votes. Shaw has coin for the bankers, but he thinks taffy good enough for the common people.

A late song illustrated. "Please go



way, and let me sleep."

The Chicago glucose works burned down recently, and the company at once ordered five fire escapes put in. This will give the employees a chance to get out gracefully should another fire come along before the new building is up.

Hanna says Tom Johnson is "a fool, a hypocrite and a demagogue." Mr. Johnson says Hanna is "a good fellow, an excellent neighbor and a game fighter." From all of which we infer that both of them are mistaken.

The statisticians are supposed to be reliable, but still one loses confidence in them, when they take certain premises like the anthracite strike and reach conclusions as to its cost ranging from \$22,000,000 to \$150,000,000.

Uncle Sam and Sir Thomas Lipton have again agreed to race. Sir Thomas is evidently a believer in the old adage, "If at first you don't succeed, etc."

Missouri Valley homeopathic doctors have passed a resolution declaring kissing to be injurious. Well, if the kissing is done on the homeopathic plan, it is not simply injurious, it is criminal.

Mary MacLane couldn't stand the social atmosphere of Boston's Back Bay. She is going back to the old homestead, where she can dream without wearing spectacles.

Mary MacLane is to return to Butte. Mary is somewhat of a "beaut" herself.

Secretary Shaw has been dubbed the "facetious financier." However,

aged 21. The good die young. Another equally remarkable for point and brevity is that inscribed by the request of the sorrowing widow on the headstone of the lamented, underneath the date, "Rest in Peace Till I Come."

Still another epitaph of striking originality was that composed and laboriously printed with a lead pencil, upon a clean cedar shingle, planted above the dust of a beloved kitten, by two little girls, aged respectively 5 and 7:

"Here lies a dear kitty. Who died very quick. Or very hard brick."

"One learns something every day," remarked the young woman to her companion, over the teacups. "Now, today I had learned that a certain official in a federal court. The marshal ushered me in and I sat down near the door. Presently an old man with white hair and a benignant face limped over to me and said the judge had called me to sit inside the bar. I rose, and just then someone claimed the attention of my old man with the white hair, and I stood dumbfounded and wondering, for I hadn't the remotest notion where the bar was or what it was for."

"What did you do?" questioned her companion. "Oh, just as I had made up my mind to march up and take the vacant chair beside the judge, my old man remembered me and hastened to my assistance."

"And you have learned what a bar is?" "I have learned where it is, but I am not quite sure I know what it is. I didn't see anything but a row of chairs and some men, and a railing."

"Never," said the man of years and experience, "trust a woman who detests children, cats and dogs. And above all, distrust the man whom dogs shy away from. It is the human love in a man's breast that attracts a dog or a child, and there is some grain of good in the lowest and meanest biped that walks the earth if his dog loves him."

I had occasion to wait half an hour in the Union depot not long ago, and at the end of that time I had come to two conclusions, namely: There should be a law passed at the next legislature prohibiting any woman starting on a journey in a train skirt, the gate man to refuse passage to all maids and matrons whose petticoats do not decently clear the ground. The second conclusion was this: No woman should be permitted to dress and assume the sacred obligations of motherhood who had a voice like a rasp.

There were at least three such women in the waiting room and they all had babies. It was painful to hear them address their offspring, and I did not wonder that the little things were nervous and fretful and well nigh unmanageable. Even a term of endearment on the lips of their respective mothers hurt worse than a blow. Verily, a sweet voice in a woman is more to be desired than beauty of face or grace of carriage.

the way he passes out government money for any old securities to help the stock gamblers can hardly be looked upon as a joke.

The unintelligible conglomeration of letters sometimes seen in a newspaper line is caused by a new machine's first attempt to get the Prince of Siam's name in print. Chowfa Mahra Vajiravadh is what it struggles with.

When the linotypes get used to the Prince of Siam's name, they will be able to handle the new Austrian minister's title without slipping a cog. It is Herr Ladislaus Hengelmuller von Hengover.

An exchange says a man supposed to be a tailor committed suicide in Chicago by hanging himself in a barn. Wonder if he hanged himself nine times, or was he really only one-ninth dead?

Senator Depew should be made honorary president of the great American political gabfest. He can talk longer and say less than any man on either side of the Atlantic.

General Corbin's uniform, Alfred Austin's poetry, and a magazine full of soap advertisements, would make a combination fatal to the Filipino bushwhackers.

The W. C. T. U. is distributing tracts among the Filipinos, and yet a large proportion of them have tried the water cure and don't like it.

Seventh street, back of the Portland hotel, is being prepared for paving. It will probably be the next one to be dug up.

The Sultan of Bacool will probably back-a-lot when he sees General Miles.

BY THE WAY.

"Oh," exclaimed the woman whose mania is his food preparations, "I've found something new in breakfast drinks, and getty let me see, now what is the name of it. Let me see, now what is it called? Well, anyway, it's delicious, and I am trying to make the children take such two cups every morning."

"Don't they like it?" asked her friend. "Oh, you know how children are about such things. They always rebel against anything that is good for them. I've tried them with every kind of cereal on the market without finding anything they really care about. They still clamor for eggs on toast, baked potatoes and lamb chops."

"Have you tried them on flax seed and olive oil?" asked the friend. "Why, no, I don't think I ever heard of such a diet. Flax seed! How is it prepared?"

"It isn't prepared. You simply eat it, first a spoonful of flax seed, then one of olive oil."

"Is it palatable?" "Quite as palatable, I should imagine, as the majority of your health foods. However, I have never tasted the combination. It was recommended to me by a 'lady doctor' who claims to live upon it exclusively. I have a standing invitation, when I have never accepted, to lunch with her in her own home, where, she assures me, nothing is served at table but flax seed and olive oil. When you run out of new cereals and things, you might try her health prescription on the children."

"I never knew that flax seed was good for anything but cancer and polioitis, and I am going to order a quantity from the grocer's right away. Thank you for telling me about it. Good bye."

One often sees queer epitaphs in old churchyards and country burying grounds. The following inscription, however, is on a tombstone in a metropolitan cemetery. To those acquainted with the facts in the case it is by no means pointless. It reads: "To the memory of John Blank,

THE RANGE WAR.

By Fred Lockley, Jr.

(Start Correspondence.)

PENDLETON, Ore., Nov. 1.—East Oregon is a rich country. It is rich in mineral resources. Baker City, Canyon City, Granite, Sumpter and other prosperous mining camps prove the fact. It is rich in stock. The thousands of fat cattle and the tens of thousands of sheep shipped from Pendleton, Heppner and other railroad points attest this fact. It is further proved by immense stretches of grain land, rich with hay or bunch grass, dotted by grazing herds or flocks.

It is rich in natural wonders, such as medicinal springs, hot lakes and mud springs having curative qualities, such as are found in Grande Ronde Valley, and in fossil wealth, notably the John Day fossil beds, to which place scientists from all over the world resort for examples of prehistoric life.

It is rich in horticultural and agricultural possibilities, in spite of its reputation as a semi-arid region. Such splendid agricultural and horticultural regions as Hood River, Grande Ronde Valley, Wallowa Valley, John Day Valley and numerous other fertile valleys refute the semi-arid treeless waste belief. Finally, it is rich in possibilities for return for the investment of capital or for the reward of intelligent industry. As a natural consequence of the above conditions, its citizens are richer than a like number of men are elsewhere. Few of the men you meet but have the price of a steer in their pockets, with the chance being good that they have the price of a herd of steers on deposit at the nearest bank. They have the money, and it is not given to them by the government.

I am not booming this section. I have no land to sell, and my interests are in the Willamette Valley; but certainly during the past few months' traveling through Wasco, Sherman, Grant, Timbilla, Morrow, Wallowa, Baker, Union and Wheeler Counties, I have had excellent opportunities to see the country, and it is a prosperous and picturesque one.

Sheep have no right on government land," says the cowboy. "We'll shoot a few and run them out. Sheep kill the grass and eat up the range, and anyway the sheep men go afoot and ought to be shot." Government land is as much ours as anyone's," retort the shepherd. "Riding a \$5 cayuse don't make you any better than we are."

And they carry along a Winchester as an equalizer. When both the rifle and sheep graze on the owner's deeded land, the trouble will stop. As the range grows less, as cattle come off the summer range and must be sold as feeders in place of beef, the feeling grows more bitter. Individual ownership will settle the vexed question.

J. C. Moore, who has an 800-acre ranch between Mt. Vernon and Dayville, discussed the question of dropped sheep on the truth. I am a rifle discouraged," he said. "I paid \$200 rental on 10 sections belonging to the Dalles Military Wagon Road Company. I spent \$500 more to drop about 100 sheep last summer. I put my sheep in on the same range I have occupied since 1878. I am five miles from Bear Valley. No cattle or horses are ranged near my camp."

About the middle of last July some one came to my corral at midnight and shot and killed 300 of my sheep. I contracted to deliver 1,500 mixed yearlings at Baker City by the first of September. The price was \$2.10 each. While on Dixie Creek, not far from Flynn Station, which is near Prairie City, I lost another 200 head with poison. J. C. Oliver, whose herd was just ahead of mine, lost 478 head. Some say the sheep got nitrate of potassium, which worked out of the soil; others say they ate a poison weed, and some say—but I will not go into that. I will only say that they probably ate a poisonous weed, whose effects were similar to loco weed. I never spent such a night. The sheep were perfectly crazy. They would scatter like a herd of dropped sheep on a smooth floor. We would have had to have 10 times the number of herders and dogs to keep the band together. When we rounded one back into the bunch he would charge through the fence and come out on the other side; charge against the fence or anything else till he fell down and died. It was enough to make a man gray-headed and unbalance a sheep that a man by the name of 'Casper' was responsible for the loss. He was a cattleman superior to a sheep man, or that gives him superior advantage over the sheep man in the matter of rights and privileges.

"Casper" rode past John S. Vile's corral a week ago. He saw 60 sheep dead from gunshot wounds. The herder had pulled out of Bear Valley with the rest of the band. Now for the other side of the story.

"They run their blankety-blank sheep right into our ditches, that we have made to mine water, and then they eat up the pasture till we can't range a peckhorse near our mine."

It is the inevitable conflict that has been raging since Abram and Lot settled down at Bethel and Hai with their flocks and herds.

"And the land was not able to bear them, that they might dwell together, and there was a strife between the herdsmen of Abram's cattle and the herdsmen of Lot."

Instead of killing each other's sheep and burning each other's haystacks and hayfields and indulging in such devilry, Abram said to Lot: "There be no quarrels between us, my brother. Let us divide and between my herdsmen and thy herdsmen. Is not the whole land before thee?" Then Lot saw that the plain of Jordan and some low bottom land, with good adjacent hill pastures, so he chose that and they settled the matter amicably, which the modern Lots and Abrams do not seem able to do.

HELD BY THE ENEMY.

"Mister Editor, please put in your paper dat I didn't funk out me fite wif Shiny Gilligan yesterday. Me pa kep' me home ter mind de baby, don't you know."—New Orleans Times.

NO FEARS OF FRIDAY.

By calling his arbitration committee together on Friday President Roosevelt shows that he has no fears his luck will change.—New York World.

IS NO HERO.

Baldwin, the Arctic explorer, and his backer, have parted. Baldwin is no hero. He came back with all his toes.—New Orleans Times.

A MISNOMER.

Traveler's Rest is the rather ironical name of a Kentucky village, where eight men and a woman were shot all to pieces at a little social event the other night.—New York American.

A WISE CHOICE.

The man who marries his stenographer probably wants to be sure o' getting a wife he can outdo to—St. Paul Dispatch.

THE JOURNAL'S POETS.

Separated. I've got the nearest mamma. And we have the mostest fun; I no longer call me tidly-winkin' And sometimes little son. And when she puts me into bed And kisses me good night, She puts her arms around my neck It calls me "heart's delight."

I looked into her eyes one time And what you think I see? The teariest, weeniest little boy And I said to her, your little pard And when I asks her who it was She hugged me tight and hard And then she laughed and said it was "Your little pard."

But he didn't stay there always, For when mamma wasn't watchin' When mamma wasn't watchin' And I looked a-way in deep, And I said to her, your little pard Has run away from you. For they ain't a thing in either eye, They're both just full of blue.

And Christmas when old Santa Claus Brought me a lot of toys, I no longer call me tidly-winkin' And sometimes little son. A pa, like other boys, And then she caught me in her arms And when she caught me in her arms And never said a single word, But just set down and cried. —J. H. Cradlebaugh.

Perpetual Motion. They take the rock biuminous And place it on the street, They dig up the trenches all they roll it "Till they get it smooth and neat, And then they boil the asphalt In a Brobbinagian pot, Which they spread upon the gravel And they give it to it, hot.

Then the mass is smoothed and leveled And it's pounded and it's rolled And a barricade is bulled, And the asphalt is under ground. Then they tell you there's a roadway That's a credit to the town That will last until the period When the sides are falling down.

Then the City Dada discover They dig it up again, And the solid voter gets a job To dig it up again. And when the trenches all are filled The asphalt boils once more And the Engineer declares the street Much better than before.

Then the odoriferous sewer Makes you know it's sprung a leak And when the trenches all are filled Exceeding half a week. And by the time the gravel Is under the asphalt, the car line finds it needs to lay A new and better track.

When this is done the telephones By ordinance are bound To get their wires from overhead And when the trenches all are filled It's a never-ceasing nuisance And the truest of every town, When the city says something to come up There's nothing to be done. —J. H. Cradlebaugh.

The Piano Next Door. It grows somewhat monotonous, That instrument next door. Especially when some one counts One, two and three and four, And when you hear the notes heard the last Of one and two and three, You sigh to learn the music is Like Washington—D. C.

Then, one and two and three and four, The keys are touched, and then The pushy weary fingers pause, Then do it all again. But patience—be sensible on This matter of the piano. There's only one of us to share the strain And four of us of her.

But when at last the task is done There comes a sense of ease, The teacher's flying fingers wake The weary fingers, and And from his grave place to brightening smiles While worry tries its wings, And hours of pain are balanced By the minutes that she sings. —J. H. Cradlebaugh.

Where the Sea Sings. There is a land beneath the sundown skies Her countless grasses, bright from Paradise— And the sea strangely sings! Green wrought in gold; the harvest bending low Beside green vales, The white waves catch the sunset glow Fade from the sea-bound sails!

The Golden Gate open to the voiceless night, That homeward brings The fisher-craft, with fragile wing of soft From where the dark sea sings! And through the dusk, from many a wind-dowpape, Sad, anxious eyes Search for the far streak of the alien main And wonder the dim hulk to rise!

All the broad land—from its great central heart Its boundless flings To ships bound hither, to the home or mart From where the far wave sings! And when the years and a fifth and Love and Hope Their fruitage bring— Our feet pass down that burnished, sunlit stair To where undimmed seas sing! —Bert Hoffman.

Midnight on Brooklyn Bridge. Ah, me! I know how large and cool and white The moon lies on the brow of Schome And how the firs stand, shadowy and still, Etched on that luminous background this Etched on night; How the nighthawk sinks from his starry height, And breathes his one note, mournfully and shrill, And the frogs murmur in the marsh The dusk grows vocal with their deep delight.

City—a lifetime spent in there we not Worth one night in my Western soil— Tule! Thy pulse is feverish, thy blood is hot, Thy arteries throb with passion heavily, But how sweet I hear, in interlude, The peating, moon-lured tides of Puget Sea. —Ella Higginson.

Sorrows of Werther. Werther had a love for Charlotte Such as words could never utter, Who you know how first he met her? She was cutting bread and butter, Charlotte was a married lady, And a moral man was Werther, And for all the wealth of India, Would do nothing for to hurt her. So he sighed and pined and ogled, And his passion built and bubbled, Till he saw his silly brains out, And no more was by it troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body Borne before her on a shutter, Like a well-conducted person, Went on cutting bread and butter. —William Makepeace Thackeray.