

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

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I shall die regretting. I have always desired the happiness of my people and have done everything in my power to contribute to this aim.

The Lewis and Clark Fair is menaced with a very serious danger. A movement has been inaugurated to invoke the referendum for the purpose of defeating the half million dollar appropriation made by the Legislature for the Fair.

The reports indicate that the opposition to the appropriation emanates largely from the farmers of the state, among whom there is a disposition to regard the Exposition as a Portland enterprise and not as an undertaking in which the state as a whole is interested.

The farmers of the state were deeply interested in the fate of that measure, and its failure to become a law was a keen disappointment to them. They realized that with Multnomah's help the bill would have become a law, and there was strong resentment because this county, after receiving all that it asked for the Fair, did not assist the farmers to procure the legislation in which they were so much interested.

Undoubtedly there was reason for the feeling which was aroused, yet it will be a very unfortunate thing for the state if it is permitted to jeopardize the success of an undertaking of such vast importance to the whole people.

The referendum is regarded by a large proportion of our citizens as an experiment. If its first application is to defeat an undertaking of such vast importance to the state, it will raise serious doubts as to the wisdom of the change which was made in the state constitution.

The Republican machine in this state is in imminent danger of the fate which finally overtook the wonderful one horse shay. There is strong reason to believe that it may go to pieces at any time, and without a moment's warning.

Ever since the election of Charles W. Fulton as United States Senator, the machine politicians have been anxiously studying the political heavens in the effort to determine whose star will next be in the ascendant.

The perplexity is not confined to the rank and file of heelers and workers, but is equally shared by the leaders. The trio of bosses, Senator Mitchell, Harvey W. Scott and Jack Matthews, are no longer displaying that brotherly love and trust toward one another which characterized their relations only a few weeks ago.

Nor is Senator Mitchell any longer basking in the sun of the editorial favor. He can scarcely enjoy reading the almost daily predictions in the Oregonian of his own demise, nor the speculations as to the choice of his successor.

Without discussing the good taste of such publications, they are certainly not very friendly. Quite as unkind are some of the recent criticisms upon certain of the Senator's appointees to federal positions.

As for the Senator himself, it needs no unusual keenness to perceive that his hold upon the political machinery of the state has been greatly weakened. The arrival in Washington of a colleague who owed his election largely to the anti-Mitchell element was itself a severe blow to the senior Senator's prestige.

It was a bitter pill to be forced to surrender to the opposing faction much of the patronage which was to have rewarded his own adherents. Mitchell's untimely illness has added to the embarrassments of the situation, and has given to Fulton a prominence which does not often come so early to a new Senator.

Still more ominous and menacing is the danger that the Simon wing of the party will re-enter the struggle for supremacy, and that the next election may utterly wipe out the narrowly won victory of last year.

That victory was achieved only by the union of the forces that are now on the verge of dissolution. The return of Senator Simon to the state will in all probability be followed by preparations for an organized campaign against the Mitchell-Scott-Matthews machine, and the bickering of the trio of bosses portend their defeat.

Among the Simon Republicans the fray is awaited with eager confidence and already they believe the victory to be within their grasp.

The outlook is peculiarly distressing to the army of trimmers and heelers, whose anxiety is always to ally themselves with the victors. They do not yet dare to desert the machine, and at the same time they are fearful that its overthrow is at hand.

If the Simon faction should regain control it will be a sorry day for the Mitchell-Scott-Matthews machine, for not one of the bosses can expect any mercy from the man whom they deposed from power a few months ago.

The prize conundrum, What shall be done with the jackrabbit? is answered by a contemporary with the suggestion that he be canned and used as an article of food.

The weather man should be informed that March is one of the spring months. Left over snow storms and cold winds should be kept for another winter.

An Eastern exchange observes that the New Jersey minister who is trying to prove that St. Patrick was a Baptist is doubtless a believer in the "water cure" for snakes.

THE TABASCO COLUMN.



Hour presents amendments to Senate on length of time for speech making.



King Ed. visits Wild West shows.



Lord Chamberlain returns.

THIS IS THE LIMIT.

The American public has grown accustomed to the intensely realistic drama. There is hardly anything in the heavens above, in the earth beneath or in the waters under the earth that is not reproduced under the modern stage.

But the limit has been reached in the arrangements for presenting to a long suffering public the Inferno scene in Sardou's "Dante," which is soon to be on the boards of Eastern theatres.

The curtain will rise upon a graveyard scene by moonlight. Then the cypress trees will slowly disappear, the tombs will sink into the earth, and the yawning mouth of hell will open.

Above it will appear the legend in phosphorescent letters "Abandon hope all ye who enter here," and flames and gusts of blood-red smoke will burst forth to the accompaniment of sobs, curses and despairing shrieks.

All in all it will be a spectacle admirably adapted for the young and the impressionable, and both pleasing and profitable to the general public.

LAWLESS LAWMAKERS.

The Spokesman-Review of Spokane pays its respects to the Washington Legislature in the following terms, which are certainly not ambiguous:

"The opinion is almost universal throughout the state that the Legislature just adjourned was the most inefficient, corrupt, arbitrary and unkind of the people's interests of any that has ever met at Olympia.

Since the days of the first Legislature in 1889 there has never been a time when railroad legislators and railroad lobbyists were so completely in control of the law-making power."

The Spokesman-Review is not alone among the papers of Washington, in its scathing arraignment of this Legislature of malodorous memory.

Oregon is not always proud of her law makers and there were incidents in the last session which were far from creditable to those concerned in them, but evidently Salem must yield an unenviable precedence to Olympia, at least until another session convenes.

Unless some radical reforms are inaugurated by our sister state, we may be forced to establish a sort of moral quarantine against the members of the Washington Legislature.

That Chicago bartender who has a watch which was given to his grandfather by Napoleon declines to say whether Bonaparte soaked it for a drink.

Probably it was merely a coincidence that the adjournment of the Washington Legislature was immediately followed by earthquakes throughout the state.

A Southern paper observes that Roosevelt continues to furnish the colored supplements for the administrative organs.

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IN THE FIELD OF NATIONAL POLITICS

Gorman's Reappearance in the United States Senate Means Much for Democracy—Conservative Leaders See a Ray of Hope—Marylander Regarded as the Moses Who Will in the End Bring About Party Success—As Adroit as Ever.

Gorman & Moses. In the selection of the Honorable Arthur Pue Gorman as their leader, the Democrats of the Senate have taken a step which would indicate a partial return of reason to that party, at least to the extent of having a compact organization with definite purposes and fixed policies, though it be a minority.

Ever since Mr. Gorman left the Senate four years ago his party in that body has been in need of a strong hand to guide it. Senator Jones, the retiring politician from Arkansas, who as chairman of the Democratic caucus, has been the nominal minority leader, has been far short of the necessary qualifications of effective leadership.

Having no fixed purposes the minority has floundered about hopelessly and aimlessly and been most ineffective both in proposition and opposition. It has groped about in the dark for an issue, but could find nothing more tangible than the Philippine question, and in handling that it has not met with any remarkable degree of success.

The party contests have been conducted by such men as Senator Carmack, Senator Patterson, Senator Bailey, Senator Dubois, and to some extent by Senator Teller, Senator Bacon and Senator Tillman.

Are Without Experience. But the first three named are men without practical experience in the management of great matters in the Senate. Each was serving his first term in the Senate, and although they are able men, were no equal match for such giants in statecraft as Senator Aldrich, Senator Spooner, Senator Allison, and half a dozen others on the Republican side of the chamber.

Teller and Dubois have had more experience, especially Senator Teller, but they are new recruits to Democracy, and could not be expected to step to the front and assume the reins of leadership, while Senator Tillman always fights upon his own responsibility.

Democracy May be United. But under the command of Gorman, a different order of things may be expected; instead of the little factions of the minority, the Republicans may expect to see a united Democracy, one that by reason of the insufficiency of its members, will be powerless to legislate, but will nevertheless keep the majority constantly active, and to a certain extent upon the defensive.

The Republicans do not underestimate the organizing abilities and the political sagacity of the Hon. Arthur Pue Gorman; they have had experience with him before, both when he was leader of a majority and of a minority. They know the qualifications of the man with whom they will be obliged to reckon, and recognize him as one of the ablest political strategists in either party.

It is just 50 years since the Hon. Arthur Pue Gorman, then a member of the Senate, was elected only a few years ago in that capacity as a boy he learned much of the political game. He continued in the service of the Senate in one position or another for 14 years, and was then appointed an internal revenue collector in Maryland. He served for several terms in the Maryland House of Delegates, and then as a member of the United States Senate as a member of that body in 1881, and from the first took a prominent part in shaping the policies of his party.

Knocked Out the "Force Bill." Perhaps his greatest political engineering feat, and one which probably brought him most into prominence

as a leader, was the defeat of the "Force Bill" in the Fifty-first Congress.

The Democratic strength in the Senate was somewhat less than it was when Gorman left it temporarily four years ago, and materially less than it was during the four years of his last term when he was the leader of a majority in that body. Now there are but 33 Democrats in the upper house, as against 57 Republicans, a clear Republican majority of 24, or nearly two-thirds. It is against such odds as these that the now junior Senator from Maryland will have to contend, but no one doubts that he will be able to "make good," so far as this paucity of numbers will permit.

Task a Difficult One. It will be Mr. Gorman's task to bring together and unite in harmony the discordant elements of Democracy; to outline a policy, and to fight for it. The duty is not an easy one to perform, but those who best know Hon. Arthur Pue Gorman believe that he is equal to the undertaking. If, as he is expected to do, Senator Gorman brings order out of chaos, ceases his party, and does something with it in the next year and a half, this action will no doubt materially advance his candidacy for the Presidency in 1904.

Certain it is that he has the confidence of conservative Democrats everywhere throughout the country, and they look to him to restore the party to a condition of sanity and to meet into it new life and vigor. It is said that it may at least meet the enemy next year less handicapped than it has been for the past eight years.

Senator Gorman is not opposed to the ratification of the canal treaty, although he will see to it that Senator Morgan, who is its chief, and practically its only opponent, is guaranteed all the time he desires to express his views. He will not be put to the test of physical endurance; Republicans are disposed to give him ample opportunity to present his arguments fully, as there is plenty of time.

Senator Gorman is also inclined to allow the Republicans to assume the burden of responsibility for the ratification of the Cuban treaty, and he believes that Democrats would like to make a fight upon this question, they will yield to the superior judgment of Senator Gorman in the matter.

John Sharp Williams in the House. The task which is Gorman's in the Senate, will fall to the lot of the Hon. John Sharp Williams in the House. It is now practically conceded that he will be the Democratic candidate for Speaker of the incoming House, and by virtue of that candidacy will be the minority leader on the next Congress.

He will be less to do with the shaping of party policies than Senator Gorman he will have more to do in the way of corraling a widely scattered minority and organizing it to present a solid phalanx against an uncompromising majority able under the rules to ride rough shod over the minority whenever it sees fit to do so.

However, the Hon. John Sharp Williams is another who is fully equal to any emergency. By working in harmony with the same fixed purposes in view, these two minority leaders at either end of the Capitol will be able during the next session of Congress to determine to a large extent the destinies of their party.

They will be in position to meet before the people and entitled to confidence. Under their leadership there should be renewed hope for the Democracy. Gorman is an old and experienced politician and Williams has been tried to that extent that his party associates have faith in his ability.

ANOTHER STORY OF PAULINA

PRINEVILLE, Or., March 18, 1903.—(Editor Journal).—In your daily of the 4th of February there is an article written by Paul De Laney on the killing of Chief Paulina. Mr. De Laney's articles on Eastern Oregon are, for several reasons, very interesting to me, having lived in this region for 25 years last passed.

I know that, as to facts, Mr. De Laney is generally correct, but from the statements he makes the incidents leading up to and the killing of Paulina, he has been drawn by his informant into several errors.

Having lived a neighbor of Howard Maupin eight years just preceding and up to his death in January, 1874, and having on that occasion, and since, assisted in his burial.

Maupin was an extremely interesting conversationalist. At various times he held me interested deeply in relating his losses and adventures by and with the Indians, and the statements he makes of the incidents leading up to and the killing of Paulina, and in 1884 I took notes, which now lie before me, of many incidents as he uttered them, and last night I called in J. T. Doak, who was a nephew by marriage of Maupin, and read Mr. De Laney's article to him. He, like me, declared there were errors in it, and I also read my 1884 notes to Mr. Doak, which he assured me were correct in every particular except as to what became of Paulina's scalp; Maupin told me that some one stole the scalp from his house in Antelope Valley before he got to Trout Creek. Mr. Maupin gave Paulina's gun to John Bryan, a nephew of Maupin and brother-in-law of Mr. Doak. Hence, from these facts, I think you will give us credit in regard to some of the incidents of Howard Maupin's life.

In 1874, the night the improvements on the Trout Creek ranch of James Cox, the son of Solomon Cox, who died in Benton County, Oregon, several years ago. James Cox is now living in the Palouse country, Washington, Maupin having sold his Antelope ranch to Cox, and he has a large tract of nearly two miles above where the town of Antelope is located.

Cox had a little log cabin on the Trout Creek ranch, which Maupin used for a chicken house until a few years ago. Gravel Maupin's house was burned last year was built in the early '70s of fir lumber hauled on wagons from The Dalles. While it was the first "lumber" house built on Upper Trout Creek it was not the first house; neither was it one of the "oldest houses in Oregon."

That there were many interesting relics and heirlooms burned in the house is a fact, the Henry ride, the pictures, books, etc., but Paulina's picture did not have his "hand over his heart in a penitent mood." The picture was of a robust, black-haired Indian; his scalp was not burned, but one of Paulina's thigh bones, I suppose, for the Maupins used it for a window prop.

Maupin failed to tell us (Mr. Doak and I) about "Paulina's" hence, we doubt the truth of it.

That Maupin heard the noise at the corral twice one night is true, that the corral was opened is also true, but that he saw the Indians, and that he saw the Indians, his younger son, Garrett, was with him and there was a little evidence that two Indians were killed that night, as two dead "Injuns" were found. And Maupin often said if he had had his old shotgun he would have "killed" the Indians, hence, we doubt the truth of it.

After that they stole 23 head of his horses, and Captain Olney came on to the scene with a squad of soldiers. Maupin accompanied Captain Olney to Summit Prairie, 40 miles east of where Prineville now is, on the trail of the Indians. There Maupin turned back without getting his horses.

About this time the Indians stole all but two of Andrew Clarno's horses. Clarno then lived and still lives on the John Day River, about 12 miles southeast from where Maupin lived in Antelope Valley. Mr. Clarno secured two pairs of chain puzzle hoppers for the two horses he had left.

Just preceding his death Paulina made a raid on the John Day River, and he was killed. He was the band member James Clark's house on the John Day River, giving it the name of "Burnt Ranch," which name it still holds. Paulina extended his raid to Clarno's, took the puzzle hoppers off of and drove the last two of Clarno's horses off. Thence they struck westerly toward Trout Creek. James Clark was driving the stage coming down from Canyon City. He saw a squad of Indians (eight in number) cross the road at "Cold Camp Springs," driving a bunch of horses and cattle. The latter were Clarno's.

He pushed on down to Maupin's and reported what he had seen. Thereupon Maupin, Clark and an old man, a California man who was traveling through the country, whose name Mr. Maupin never knew, Clark having sent the stage on with another driver, mounted their horses and first went to where Paulina and his band had crossed the stage road. The trail was plain and Maupin knew Paulina's foot, which was on the ground. For Paulina was known by the name of "Big Foot," on account of the enormous size of his feet.

They trailed them about 12 miles, across Trout Creek. They saw Clarno's gray mare tied to a juniper tree and "recognized" her about the same time they saw the In-

dian look-out to southward on horseback, attempting to get to Paulina's camp, whereupon Maupin, Clark and the old man put spurs to the horses and rode off. The Indians heard his and Clark's horses' feet. The ridge upon which they were running was very stony, and the Indians' hoofs broke camp, which was in a narrow gorge well up the mountain, a deep, but rock-bound, with a perpendicular wall on the north side, overhung by a moderately large spreading forked juniper tree.

Against this wall they had built their fire and were roasting a piece of beef, not horse. When Maupin first saw the Indians he was passing over a narrow, rocky ridge, or "backbone" to the north of the camp, which road some 40 to 50 feet above their camp and extended gently northwest across "Paulina Basin," some 400 yards to the eastern foot of Paulina Butte, which at this place is very steep and a mass of loose shelled rock. It was they that Maupin and Clark discovered the way being too rough to ride, and ran down to the ridge over which the Indians had just passed.

Maupin did not stop until he got over the ridge, the running Indians being in full view. He opened fire, although at long range, and the Indians fled. All three climbed the steep shell-rock hillside to the east of the summit of the butte and got away. He kept on shooting as long as there was an Indian in sight. Mr. Clark came onto the scene over the ridge after the firing ceased, having got his gun "knocked" and was endeavoring to get it in working order.

When he got to where Maupin was they could see the crippled Indian struggling uneasily and could see that he had something bright which reflected the sun's rays. They thought it was a revolver and that it was dangerous to approach a live Indian armed, so they took advantage of some rocks until they got close enough to see that what shined was a tin cylinder, or tube, like assassins often carry their papers in for safety from moisture. They then stepped forward, and the Indian placed his face upon his hands, lying on his stomach, and sulked. He made no signs of fear, neither did he appear to seek mercy. Clark begged Maupin to let him finish him. Maupin consented and Clark shot him in the head with his revolver, and that was all the shot that Clark fired.

Maupin's shot had hit Paulina in the hollow behind one of his knees and had completely disabled him. The old California man was left far behind in the race, but got on to a point below and opened fire with his long-barreled squirrel rifle and kept it up as long as he could see any Indian, but the range was too great for his shots to be effective.

So ended the career of Chief Paulina. No other Indian was killed at the time, but Maupin believed he had mortally wounded another, as a dead Indian was found shortly after in a cave six or eight miles west of Paulina Basin. No Indian fell in the eddies of the fire, no horse was killed, Maupin recovered, or rather captured the Indians' horses, and except the one dead look-out was riding, a quiver of arrows, Paulina's gun and the beef—some roasted and some raw.

Paulina was a sub-chief of the Plute-Snakes, who operated throughout the country as described by Mr. De Laney. Wewah, another sub-chief, lived on the John Day Valley and Howiark in the Owyhee country. They were believed to be nephews of Paulina.

It was Wewah who followed up a hunting party of Warm Springs Indians, overtook them near the mouth of Board Hollow, about 12 miles above the Maupin place on Trout Creek, and killed Postmaster, the Warm Spring chief. This happened in the '60s. On this raid of Wewah, Clark's house was burned, just preceding the killing of Postmaster. There were seven Indians in camp where Paulina was killed, all bucks. The look-out that was headed off is supposed to have joined the squad after they passed to the westward of Paulina Butte.

One point in another article of Mr. De Laney's I wish to call attention to, and that is the mystery of water being in the subterranean lake on the Malheur River. I think it no mystery, as by the composition of oxygen and hydrogen gases water is formed when proper conditions are present, and this is constantly always present in the earth, particularly in mountains. This explains why springs are often found on mountains far above any known fountain head.

KNOX HUSTON.

AN INDIAN WHOOPER.

A cold weather snake story comes from Harrodsburg, Ind., and the superintendent of the Giant Stone Company, as well as a number of others, says that it is true.

While workmen were blasting with a heavy charge of dynamite on the Monon switch, running to the stone quarry, the explosion unearthed a bundle of snakes as large as a barrel. The reptiles were woven about each other until they formed a compact mat.

The bundle contained several varieties of snakes, and the workmen found a few ground hogs in it. Some of the blacksnakes were eight feet in length; there were vipers three feet long, and copperheads, housekeepers and rattlers were in the bunch. The whole colony of snakes was rolled over a bluff in a solid body.

Work was suspended for a time and a fire kindled to crawl away the workmen killed them with clubs. It is said that there were nearly 200 reptiles in the bunch. —New York Herald.

INDIA SAVED HIS LIFE

By Paul De Laney. Frank Swingle is one of the most prosperous ranchers in Klamath County, and that he no longer lives is due to the faithfulness of an Indian boy companion.

Frank was reared in Klamath County and his father was one of the oldest pioneers and most noted Indian fighters in the early history of Oregon. He took part in all of the early Indian wars and led a company in the famous Rogue River campaign. In fact, the Swingles were either fighting Indians or neighboring with them on friendly terms throughout Frank's younger days.

Indian Playmate. Before the last outbreak of the Plutes a number of Indians had their tepees pitched near the Swingle home. Among them was an Indian boy of about Frank's age, neither having reached a dozen years. A close friendship arose between Frank and this lad. Frank had a beautiful pony and he and the Indian rode out together on the meadows. Frank always took a special delight in riding with the Indian, and went for the cows of evening and Frank always divided his bread and butter between meals with his red companion. Indian food was not nearly so palatable as that prepared by Frank's mother, and the young boy came almost to living at the Swingle home. Like all Indian boys, Frank was a great lover of horseback riding, and he took a special delight in riding with the Indian, and went for the cows of evening and Frank always divided his bread and butter between meals with his red companion. 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