THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

C. S. Jackson.
JOURNAL PUBLISHING COMPANY.
Proprietors.
Address:
THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL.
139 Yamhill Street, Between Fourth and Fifth, Portland, Oregon.

CITY OFFICIAL PAPER.

INDEPENDENT DEMOCRATIC PAPER OF OREGON.

Entered at the Postoffice of Portland, Oregon, for transmission through the mails as second-class matter.

Postage for single copies—For an 8, 10, or 12-page paper, 1 cent; 16 to 28 pages, 2 cents; over 28 pages, 3 cents.

Telephones:
Business Office—Oregon, Main 500; Columbia, 705.
Editorial Rooms—Oregon Main 500.
City Editor—Oregon, Main 250.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Terms by Carrier:

The Journal, one year	$5.00
The Journal, six months	2.60
The Journal, three months	1.30
The Journal, by the week	.10

Terms by Mail:

The Journal, by mail, one year	$4.00
The Journal, by mail, six months	2.00
The Journal, by mail, three months	1.00

Epaminondas, one of the greatest all-round men of antiquity, was, while yet a young man, elected street commissioner of his native Thebes.

Said the young official: "I will make this position of street commissioner a glorious one!" And he was as good as his word, for after dreaming of clean, beautiful streets, he went to work and made the dream a fact.

Epaminondas produced RESULTS.

Results! That is what the world wants. That is what the world demands.

ROOSEVELT ON TARIFF REVISION

President Roosevelt has made no more significant utterance since he started on his western tour than the address upon the tariff, which he delivered last Saturday at Minneapolis. In it he took the broad ground that "no change in tariff duties can have any substantial effect in solving the so-called trust problem."

This statement makes it apparent that President Roosevelt has finally abandoned the view that the present tariff must be revised in order to curb the growing power of the trusts. It is a necessary inference that his influence will be against any revision of the tariff at the next session of Congress. "The question of tariff revision, speaking broadly, stands wholly apart from the question of dealing with the trusts," he declared in his Minneapolis address.

The importance of this definition by the President of his views upon the greatest problem with which the people of the United States have to deal can scarcely be overrated. His attitude is in entire conformity with that of the trusts themselves, for they are exerting all their influence to prevent tariff revision. They have little to fear from such anti-trust legislation as was enacted by the last Congress and their only serious apprehension has been that their vast profits might be imperiled by a reduction of our import duties. Roosevelt's declarations at Minneapolis will be hailed by the trusts with joy and will probably ensure him their powerful aid in his campaign for another term in the White House.

But the President's views will not find ready acceptance among thoughtful students of the economic conditions now prevailing in this country. The belief is very strong among them that the only effective cure for the trust evil is the reduction of the tariff. Many who are ardent believers in the general principles of protection still insist that the policy has been carried too far and that the trusts are the direct result of the high duties now in force. This is the view of a very large and conservative element of the Republican party and some of the staunchest organs of that party have published the opinion that unless there is a reduction of the tariff by the next Congress, many thousands of Republicans in the eastern states will refuse to vote the party ticket.

It is idle for President Roosevelt to assert that the tariff is not responsible for the trusts. In no other nation do they exist as they do here, and without the high protective duties they would be an impossibility. If they are to be effectively checked it can be done only by a reduction of those duties to which they owe their existence.

The position taken by President Roosevelt will be a source of surprise and regret to many of his supporters. It is of notorious importance to the people at large, for it shows than on the great issue of the coming national campaign, the President and the trusts stand shoulder to shoulder.

COMMISSIONERS TAKE BACK TRACK

The Civil Service Commission of Portland has made some reluctant concessions to the force of public sentiment, and has apparently abandoned, with a very bad grace, its plan for wholesale removals in the Fire and Police Departments. Whether the seeming change of heart is genuine remains to be seen.

The public has had strong reason to believe that the prime object of the commissioners was to carry out the schemes of the Republican machine. But for the strong protests that were entered by The Journal and by the business men of the city, through the Board of Trade and the Taxpayers' League, the civil service examinations would have been made merely the means of ousting from the municipal service every man who had not "voted right" at the last primaries. It is very unfortunate that the commission is not composed of men who are absolutely above suspicion of using their office for the ends of the machine politicians.

The commissioners held a protracted session on Saturday, devoting themselves chiefly to a childish effort to "get back at" some of their critics. They virtually admitted, however, that the criticisms were just when they amended the rules which they had previously adopted. It is asserted that under the rules as now revised, experienced and efficient policemen and firemen will have no trouble in holding their places.

If this shall prove to be true, there will be no further occasion for complaint. Mayor Williams declares that he will use his influence to see that politics shall not be permitted to enter into the examination of candidates for municipal positions. This is good as far as it goes, but the Mayor might have accomplished much more for genuine civil service reform if he had chosen more wisely when selecting the commissioners.

THE ST. LOUIS ELECTION.

St. Louis will decide today whether the rule of the boodlers who have disgraced her shall continue. Elections are being held today for the House of Delegates, which is the municipal governing body. A large majority of the regular party nominees, both Republican and Democratic, are said to be identified with the corrupt ring which has hitherto been in control. Two or three of the nominees are actually under indictment for their complicity in the frauds and boodling already exposed.

The only hope of decent government of the city lies in the election of a number of independent candidates of integrity and good repute. The apathy of the citizens of St. Louis in allowing the boodlers to control the party nominations is amazing, and well nigh incomprehensible.

There have been many revelations of municipal corruption in the United States, but few of them have surpassed the scandals unearthed in St. Louis. There boodling reigned unchecked and the sale of franchises and city contracts was carried on upon a scale which almost passed belief. When exposure came through the courage and skill of Joseph W. Folk, the prosecuting attorney, and when indictments and trials brought to public attention the evidence of the shameless corruption which had existed, it was supposed that the people of St. Louis would rise as one man at their next city election and sweep from office every man even suspected of boodling or of being identified with the ring.

To the shame of the city these expectations have been disappointed and it is now a grave question whether even a bare majority of honest men will be elected today.

John D. Rockefeller and his wife have been making a trip through Mexico and have been scattering gold broadcast among the beggars and peons of that country. Sacks of coin were carried in their private car to be thrown to the poor wretches who gathered at every station, to share in the largess of the "buenos Americanos." Such spectacular and undiscriminating charity as this is of little merit. If Mr. Rockefeller desires to do some real good he might devote his efforts to the reduction of the price of some of the necessaries of life, which he has been largely instrumental in forcing to exorbitant figures.

A heated controversy is being carried on in the columns of the New York Sun over the question whether, in the wearing of pajamas, the coat should be worn outside of the nether garment or whether it should be "stuffed in." Why not submit the question to arbitration and avoid all danger of violence? The Coal Strike Commission still has an unexpended balance of $12,000 at its disposal, and has shown its ability in tackling big problems.

An Illinois man and his wife who had been taking lessons in hypnotism, succeeded in hypnotizing one another and all efforts to bring them out of their trance have failed. The husband fancies himself a noted politician and his wife believes herself the reincarnation of a favorite horse. It is hard to say which is the more to be pitied.

The President's tour was declared to be non-political. Nevertheless it is noted that with the exception of Missouri, the President will not be in a single state which he does not expect to carry in the next national convention of his party and in the next national election.

Senator Mitchell does not seem to be aware that the frequent reports of his ill health which have been published during the past three or four months have appeared principally in the columns of a local Republican paper which is an intermittent supporter of the Senator.

Woman Tries a Woman.

A dispatch from Weiser, Idaho, says: Probably the first case in the state of a woman being tried before a justice of her own sex occurred at Salubria Thursday. Mrs. E. L. Cole is justice of the peace at that place, and Mrs. Eva Ladds, a resident, was arrested on complaint of John Swan, charging her with assault and battery. The trouble arose over the boundary line of their ranches, they owning adjoining quarter sections. They have had trouble several times. Wednesday they had another racket, when, according to Swan, she swatted him under the ear with her fist, knocking him out in one round. The case was tried before a jury who were too gallant to convict a woman, and she was found not guilty. The costs were assessed to Swan.

LOST IN NEW MEXICO
(By Paul De Laney.)

T. I. Hardesty, an aged carpenter of Portland, tells a story of how he and a party of six persons were lost in New Mexico in early days, how they subsided for 22 days on practically nothing to eat, and of their final rescue. Wild rosebuds and owl was their only menu for several days and for many days they had nothing. When they were first reduced to the verge of starvation one of the party stole the last can of salmon and ate it and for this crime he was duly tried by the other members of the party and sentenced to death.

An Old Man's Story.

"It was in September, 1861," said Mr. Hardesty. "I was living at a place then called South Park, in Colorado. A report of a great placer discovery on the headwaters of the Rio Grande River reached our place and the man, a miner, who brought the report said that a narrow pass led through the mountains to the place, and that this was the only means of reaching the new discoveries. He said that it was a narrow canyon and that it was only wide enough for a wagon to pass through, that at no point could wagons pass each other in the narrow defile.

Expedition Organized.

"I was a very young man then and ready for any kind of adventure. An old man at South Park, who was not under 60 years of age, immediately formed a scheme to make some money out of the pass. He proposed to organize a party of seven, go to the pass, take charge of it and charge people toll for passing through it. He intended making a few improvements so as to give color to this right, and he soon found men ready to embark in the enterprise. I was one of the number.

"A few days' time found our party prepared and equipped for the journey. We bought a yoke of oxen, an old wagon, cooking utensils and camping outfit, and each armed with a revolver and knife, and a shotgun and rifle owned in common, we pulled out early one morning for the coveted pass. It was only 60 miles away, so the report stated, but out of an abundance of precaution we took six days' rations with us. When we reached the pass we expected to eat all we needed from the flood of miners and prospectors entering the place.

On the Road.

"It was the custom to fell the oxen at night and turn them loose on the range and drive them up early the following morning. The second night out the oxen wandered away and we lost a day's time finding them. There were no roads or trails through the country and we traveled exclusively by course, guided by landmarks. The third day out we came to the Rio Grande River and here we found a feast. We had been short on water several times on the trip, and here we were not only able to appease our thirst and that of our oxen, but we found fish by the thousand. All we had to do was to cast in a hook attached to a string and we could haul them out weighing three and four pounds as fast as we wished. And the mistake we made was in not laying in a supply here.

Found a Trail.

"While camping here we discovered wagon tracks farther up the river that led up the river, and we concluded that these were made by miners going to the new eldorado, and we followed them. Part of the time they followed the shores of the stream and then they would disappear into the shallow water. Thus we kept this up for three days when the wagon tracks left the stream and took across country toward the mountains. We followed. But the first day out we found the wagon abandoned and saw where the owners had taken their effects and started off toward a pass in the mountains. The camp at this place exhausted all of our provisions except one can of salmon, but we expected to reach the pass that day and we stayed our appetites. As we proceeded up the mountain a snow storm struck us and I never saw it snow so hard before in my life. It fell in sheets and the wind fairly whistled. We lost the trail of the preceding party, of course, and fought our way through the snow as best we could.

Snow and Hunger.

"Night found us lost in the snow, which now reached a foot or more in depth. We had nothing to eat except the can of salmon and by a majority vote we decided to save it for the worst. It snowed all night. Next morning we were completely buried in our tent and when we shoveled our way out we found our oxen by their horns. The horns were all that were above the drifted snow. Two of us volunteered to go on a reconnoitering expedition. We climbed to the summit of the mountain and looked down on the other side. As far as we could see there was nothing but snow—no sign of human habitations. Upon making our report at noon on our return it was decided to make for the river again, where we could at least get fish to eat. We were now suffering from the first strong attacks of hunger and the prospects were growing more gloomy.

"The old man drove the oxen and the six remaining men went in the lead and tramped down the snow so as to make a road for the team to follow. We finally came to a ravine where there were a few trees and decided to camp. We soon made a good fire, but had nothing to eat. A vote was then taken and it was decided to save the can of salmon another day.

The Last Morsel.

"Next day at noon we reached a small stream and tried to catch some fish, but failed. We could see this stream led to the river far below, and as we expected to reach the river by night, and where we also expected to find fish in abundance, it was decided to eat the salmon. In the meantime we had been skirmishing about for game, but no one had found anything. We all came in and the can of salmon was called for. A man by the name of Barton, who had been left in charge of the wagon, after making search, reported that the salmon could not be found. A general search began, but it resulted without success. Then every member of the party suspected the other of the theft, except the one who had stolen the fish. We commenced a systematic hunt for the guilty person. Every one swore positively that he did not get it.

The Death Sentence.

"In looking around we discovered Barton's tracks where they led off through the snow, and as he was most suspected we followed these tracks. He defied us and went with us on the search. By sheer accident we found the empty can. Barton had eaten the salmon and buried the can in the snow. The boys unearthed it and then all eyes turned on Barton with a common verdict. The death penalty was the first thing thought of. We took him a prisoner on the spot, disarmed him and led him back to camp. We asked him if he had anything to say. He defied us in a sullen manner. A vote was taken and the death penalty was the verdict. A rope lay near by. We glanced at it and then at Barton. But it was decided to take him along with us and see whether we should reach our way back to civilization or not, and in case we should it was decided to turn Barton over to the mercy of the miners. If we found that we should die of starvation we intended to see that Barton should go first and that then—well, we would survive a few days longer, at least indirectly, on those canned salmon.

Rosebuds and Owl.

"We reached the river that night, but not a fish could be landed. We had reached it far below the point at which we had originally struck it, and had no idea where we were. We found some wild rosebuds that night and ate them. An owl came near camp also and sat on a crag and watched us. By stealth we slipped up near him and broke his wing with a charge from the shotgun. Then we ran him down and captured him. We dressed him and put him on to boil. We kept it up by watches all through the night, but next morning found him tough as in the beginning. We divided him up, however, by the use of a hand ax and each of us kept up a chewing process most of the forenoon of that day. The substance gained, though, was about like that gained by chewing gum.

Butchered a Skeleton.

"A day's travel down the river completely finished our oxen. They were already reduced to skeletons and the rocks had worn their hoofs into the quick. They could travel no longer. A 'meeting' was held and it was decided to abandon the oxen and wagon here and take to the river. We butchered one of the oxen and turned the other loose. But the meat was so dry and sinewy that we could not get any substance from it. However, we boiled a lot of it and divided it up and along with the marrow in the bones [illegible] better than nothing. We built [illegible] small rafts of poles next day and [illegible] following morning started down the river. In abandoning the wagon [illegible] effects a half pound of dried apples was found that had been overlooked. [illegible] these pieces of apples [illegible] generous enough to give Barton [illegible].

Gave Up the Struggle.

"We floated down [illegible] for several days. I do not remember how many. The dry beef was [illegible]. We camped on the banks at night. [illegible] the rapids made travel difficult. [illegible] through the day we were compelled [illegible] wade for long distances through the [illegible] water and guide the rafts. At [illegible] the lairs and rapids became so fr[illegible] and the men became reduced to [illegible]. We lost all hope. Nothing but bleak plains surrounded us. We [illegible] finally gave up and laid down along the shore.

Rescued.

"Late one afternoon [illegible] were crossed by a man shaking [illegible] shouting to us. It was a Mexican [illegible]. He tried to get us up that he might [illegible] us to his camp, but we [illegible] stand. He left us and after a [illegible] hours' time returned with a large [illegible] of coffee and some 'burros.' But he guarded us from eating only a few morsels at a time. He finally conveyed us to [illegible] camp and when we were able to travel he provisioned us and directed us how to reach the nearest Mexican village.

"When I have heard the Mexican abused I have always [illegible] up for one. I know that there was one good one.

"As to Barton, we forgot all about carrying out his sentence."

TOM COMES MR. SMITH.

A clean, smooth, [illegible] face, fit for a pink tea and put in that condition without the use of razor, lather or brush, or, in fact, any other sanitorial machinery. What do you think of that?

Down in California there has appeared a man who is a wonder. He promises to put the barber profession among lost arts, by ridding it of patronage. He says there will be no longer cries of "Next!" Neither will worried men scurry around from shop to shop seeking a vacant chair. "Whiskers will no longer last," says this benefactor, and then he tells how it is done.

Fate tried to conceal this destructor of beards by naming him Smith, but if he can do as he advertises he's the biggest one of that name that ever happened.

Mr. Smith has discovered, so he alleges, a powder which, he rubs on a human face afflicted with whiskers, and lets the preparation set there for seven minutes. He then rubs the powder off with a common cotton cloth, leaving the face soft and clean as that of a newborn babe.

A whole lot of people may doubt all this, but Mr. Smith has put his product on the market and is trying to sell it. The argument has been used that a substance that is strong enough to rot a beard from a man's face might ruin the complexion. Smith, however, comes back at this objection with his own face, saying that he has used the preparation every other day for more than eight years with no harm done.

Ohio and the Century.

Ohio was admitted as a state in May, 1803. On May 21 and 23, at her old capitol at Chillicothe, she will celebrate the centennial thereof.

Ohio is fourth of the states in population and wealth. She is paired with Kentucky as the third state admitted after the Revolution.

Ohio was the birthplace of every President except Cleveland, who has been elected since Lincoln. She is the mother of Eight present Senators and 30 Representatives.

Ohio has more people than ancient Greece, than Denmark or Switzerland, than Norway or Saxony. She is larger than Greece, Holland and Belgium combined, or Portugal; richer than Persia, whose Ormus gave Milton his famous comparison:

"High on a throne of royal state which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus or of Ind."

More than 1,000,000 native Ohioans are living in other states. There are a few even in New York City, and 26,000 of them in the state.

Ohio leads in making wagons, is second in the iron and steel industry, and is the home of the Standard Oil Company.

Ohio has more colleges than any other state; 99.51 per cent of her people can read and write.

Speeches That Read Well.

It is often said that if a speech reads well it is not a good speech. There may be some truth in it. The reader cannot, of course, get the impression which the speaker conveys by look and tone and gesture. He lacks that marvelous influence by which in a great assembly the emotion of every individual soul is multiplied by the emotion of every other. The reader can pause and dwell upon the thought. If there be a fallacy he is not hurried away to something else before he can detect it. So, also, his more careful and deliberate criticism will discover offenses of style and taste which pass unheeded in a speech when uttered. But still the great oratoric triumphs of literature and history stand the test of reading in the closet as well as of hearing in the assembly. Would not Mark Antony's speech over the dead body of Caesar, had it been uttered, have moved the Roman populace as it moves the spectator when the play is acted, or the solitary reader in his closet? Does not Lord Chatham's "I rejoice that America has resisted" read well? Do not Sheridan's and Burke's great peroorations in the impeachment of Warren Hastings read well? Does not "Liberty and Union, now and forever," read well? Does not "Give me liberty or give me death" read well? Do not Everett's finest passages read well?—Senator Hoar in Success.

Is it to be a campaign of bill posters?

AN OREGON BEAR KILLER
(By Paul De Laney.)

Oregon has the greatest bear-killer in the United States. His name is William Vandervert, and he lives at Lava, in Crook County. His field is the Three Sisters country, where the Mazamas will take their outing this summer, and they need not fear the monarch of the mountains. Vandervert will be on hand and will not only kill any bear that may molest the mountain climbers, but will give those of the adventurous type an opportunity to hunt bear also.

The Deschutes Country.

He has lived in the Deschutes country for many years, and a year has never passed yet in which he has not added several bear to his list. He still kills many of them, and will guarantee that he can go out any day and find a bear in a few hours' time. He has killed many hundreds, but the days of bear hunting are drawing to a close in that particular section. The irrigation companies have dug ditches all through the country, the timber men have cruised and taken up nearly all of the timber, a town is being built in the heart of the wilderness and it will only be a few years until the heretofore most isolated portion of the state will become one of the most thickly populated and most prosperous sections of the country.

Has Killed Hundreds.

Vandervert keeps a fine pack of bear hounds, and they are frequently in demand. People from other sections of the state have often sought him and his hounds to rid themselves of the bear which had become a pest. It was he and his dogs that traced down the famous Silver Lake grizzly which had been the terror of the country for years. The bear hunts and episodes in which he has been the principal actor would make a large volume if written in detail. But he has no inclination to seek notoriety. He would rather engage in the thrilling episodes than talk about them. He has long lived on the headwaters of the Deschutes, which is a stage station, and was made a postoffice a few years ago for the few settlers that had dared the wilds. In fact, the river is his backyard fence, and he uses it for many purposes. He gets his drinking water from it, and the water is clear as a crystal and cold as ice. It comes directly from the snowbeds of the Three Sisters peaks. Then when the family have no fresh bear meat or chicken, Vandervert just casts a hook into the river and catches a mess of as fine mountain trout as ever swam in a stream. He has many friends in the cities and the country. A prominent New Yorker visits him every few years and takes back with him many stories of bear hunting in Oregon and carries with him the bearskins to prove them.

Gives Away Trophies.

Vandervert never keeps any of his trophies. They are as familiar to him as the most common place, every-day things, and he gives the evidences of his successful hunts to visitors. Out of over 200 bearskins, which he has had in his possession within the past few years, he has not one to show to the traveler who seeks him out to meet him and hear the man talk who has made such a reputation. Before the skins are dry some one comes along and the good-natured hunter parts with the thing as a matter of small consequence, though it is often a reminder of a most exciting hunt.

His First Grizzly.

Vandervert has killed many grizzlys. This was in former days. The grizzlys are about all killed out now, and he rarely ever gets an opportunity at this coveted game. His first bear experience was with a grizzly, and he killed one of the largest on the Pacific Coast while a mere boy of 14 years. Of all of the experiences he has had since, Vandervert would rather tell that story than any other. When you ask him for the story of a bear hunt he immediately thinks of the first hunt, and tells it again with as much interest as if he were just reciting the event for the first time.

"Treed" Him.

"We were living in Siskiyou County, California, then," says the bear hunter. "We were in the heart of a great game country, and grizzlys were more plentiful then than the commonest game now. My father was an old pioneer, a Californian, and had lived in such a country all his life. He was a bear hunter before me. We had an excellent pair of bear dogs; in fact, they would hunt nothing else, and a grizzly was their favorite game. We were out in the mountains near home one afternoon hunting and the dogs struck a grizzly's trail. They finally trailed the animal into a deep canyon and found him in his bed. We could tell from the manner in which they were baying him that they were at close range, and that they were also in a dangerous position—for those dogs did not know what fear was.

Men Backed Out.

"My father and another companion debated over the matter and each decided that it would be too hazardous to enter the canyon. It was a narrow defile filled with logs and rocks, that had fallen in from above, and it was utterly impossible to see the dogs until one was right upon them. This, my father argued, made it too hazardous for us to go to the dogs. He knew well the ferociousness of the animal, and should we venture too close and fail fire, it would mean certain death to the one who should venture into the place.

"'I do not like to disappoint the dogs,' said my father, 'but it is better to disappoint them than to risk our lives for them.'

"'But they will never leave that bear until we go to them,' I suggested.

"'Better let them stay and get killed than take the risk,' my father counseled.

Boy Volunteers.

"His companion was of the same mind, and they turned to go home. The dogs were now baying at the top of their voice, and I determined not to leave them. As my father and the other man started away, I turned without a word and started into the canyon. I was only 14 years old, had never killed a bear in my life, but I was a dead shot and my father knew it. I had killed many deer and other smaller game, and he knew, even at that early day, I held a steady hand.

"He remonstrated with me at first, but I told him I would sneak up close and would be cautious, and that if I could not get a shot I would return and bring the dogs with me. He started to join me, and then he and the other man sat down on a log and told me to go ahead. I didn't know it at the time, but they thought I would go a short distance and return. They sat down to wait until I should take fright and return. It did look a little 'shaky' at one time, and I started back, but when I started to turn back I knew they would laugh at me, and I braced up and pursued my journey.

Boy Grows Bold.

"I approached cautiously and got within a few yards of the dogs before I could see where they were even. I finally saw some bushes shaking right where they were barking, and I crawled along through the rank, young growth, under and over the logs until I had approached in a few feet of them. I could see them now, and they were baying for their lives, but I could not see the bear. My presence caused them to bay that much the fiercer, and it nerved me to approach still closer.

"I crawled up within a few feet of the dogs, and, peering through the underbrush, I could not see the grizzly. This made me bold. I thought maybe the dogs were fooling us, though they had never been known to do such a thing. I finally came right up to the dogs and was about to scold them. But before doing so I looked over a large log lying near me. It was taller than my head, but I climbed up on a smaller log and peered into the shadow beyond. Lying up close to the log on the opposite side was one of the largest grizzlies I have ever seen. He was contenting himself in a half-dozing manner by giving the dogs a warning glance when they came too close. I did not lose another moment's time. I was carrying a good-sized rifle, and I simply placed it almost against the animal's head and fired. The shot went straight to the mark and the huge monster rolled over and soon breathed his last.

Men Were Ashamed.

"When my father and his companion heard the shot they were surprised and ashamed. They waited a moment and there not being another shot to follow, my father exclaimed:

"'That foolhardy boy has killed the bear.'

"They came down to where I was in a short time and dressed the grizzly. They both looked awful ashamed and treated me royally. There was something said about not telling about how the bear was killed, but it was too good to keep, and they were first to tell it when we reached the house late that night."

SENATOR FULTON AT HOME

(Journal Special Service.)

ASTORIA, April 7.—United States Senator Fulton is home again from Washington City and right glad is he to be back where the ocean breeze blows. Since the opening of the Senatoral campaign some months prior to the Legislative session, he has spent most of his time away from Astoria and his business here will require his undivided attention for a few months.

The illness of Senator Mitchell threw the bulk of the work on Senator Fulton and gave him an exceptionally good chance to become acquainted with official Washington. He is now pretty thoroughly acquainted with the work that his election has necessitated, and, as he is tirelessly energetic, Oregon's interests will be carefully looked after.

At home Senator Fulton is away from office seekers, for, strange as it may appear, there are no local candidates for the patronage that falls to the Oregon delegation for distribution. The people here are quite well satisfied to have a United States Senator and a Secretary of State and are not out to capture anything else.

"I was very much pleased with my introduction into official life," said Senator Fulton to The Journal representative. "I learned that there was plenty of hard work to do, but it is pleasant work and I know I shall like it.

"Yes, Senator Mitchell is almost well. Despite the contrary reports sent out, he was never seriously ill, there being no organic trouble, and I am satisfied that his vacation will restore him to his usual good health.

"It looks now like there would be an extra session of Congress, although when I left Washington the impression prevailed that there would not be an extra session. From what I have seen in the papers, however, it is probable that the President will issue a call. If there is an extra session both houses will be convened. The terms of the Cuban treaty necessitates this. Under ordinary circumstances the President and the Senate can negotiate treaties, but there is a widespread contention, especially on the part of the Cuban Government, that the treaty with the island cannot be legally consummated without action on the part of both houses of our Congress.

"The new Cuban treaty alters revenues in many respects, and it is on this point that the question arises. Under the contention advanced, the change in revenues will require passage of a bill by both houses, in the usual manner, embodying such changes as are provided in the treaty. Should an extra session be called, it will convene before December 31, the date fixed by the Cubans for final settlement of the matter.

"The status of the Columbia River bar improvement is all that could be desired. The plan of improvement recommended by the Board of Engineers has been approved and work is being rushed. The transport Grant will be converted into a dredge just as soon as possible, and meantime the work of extending the jetty will be pressed. The department realizes the importance of this great work, which will open up a magnificent harbor, and the officials have acted with gratifying fairness. I am very well pleased with the plans and with the activity displayed by those in charge of the work."

Senator Fulton declined to discuss the Oregon City Land Office squabble, saying he regarded it as most unfortunate and that discussion would not help the situation. It could be gathered from his brief remarks on the subject that he did not wish to be placed in the light of trying to humiliate Senator Simon.

Mr. Fulton will be tendered a reception, April 21, by Astoria Lodge of Elks. Elaborate preparations are being made. Governor Chamberlain and other prominent men from outside cities will be here for the reception.

ASTORIA April 7.—A deplorable accident, by which Ralph George, aged 22, lost his life, occurred near Cathlamet, Wash., Saturday evening. George had been running an engine at a logging camp, and, having finished his day's work, was on his way to camp. A logging train was met by the young man and he attempted to board it, jumping for the engine. He missed his hold, fell between the cars and was instantly killed. The body was taken to George's home at St. Helens for burial.

ASTORIA, April 7.—The regatta committee just selected will meet this week and organize. The failure to hold a regatta last year had a telling effect and now the people of the city are anxious to make this year's carnival a great success. Work will be begun at once and continued until August.

Origin of Old Sayings.

The Honeymoon—For 30 days after a wedding the ancient Teutons had a custom of drinking a mead made of honey.

A Spinster—Women were prohibited from marrying in olden times until they had spun a full set of bed furnishings on the spinning wheel. Hence, till married, they were spinsters.

The Bridegroom—In primitive times the newly-wedded man had to wait upon his bride and the guests on his wedding day. He was their groom.

Sirloin of Beef—King Charles I., being greatly pleased with a roast loin of beef set before him, declared it "good enough to be knighted. It has ever been called Sir Loin.

Good Wine Needs No Bush—Long before the days of inns or taverns in England, men who had wine to sell hung out a bush by the roadside as a sign for travelers. Hence rose the saying that "if a man kept good wine he needed no bush."

PROGRESS OF THE DALLES

(Staff Correspondence.)

THE DALLES, Or., April 7.—Here, as in every town visited during the past month, progress is written all over the town. Street improvements are beginning, to cost at least $8,000, and the sewer betterments already done, with those that are contemplated this year, will aggregate about $14,000. In these two lines alone a total of $22,000 will be expended. New residences are springing up everywhere and a general air of prosperity is noticed. Probably no town in Oregon has a larger proportion of good, comfortable dwellings than The Dalles.

Crushed Rock Track.

Mayor F. S. Gunning gave me some figures relative to the street improvements. Crushed rock is used, the rock crusher and roller being owned by the city and county. Mayor Gunning estimated the cost per block of 300 feet at $350 to $400, and knows that it will not exceed the maximum given, though the bills are not all in. This amounts to $175 to $200 for the frontage on each side, or about 62½ cents per front foot to be assessed against the abutting property. Work is now completed on a part of Second street. About 20 blocks will be paved with crushed rock in various parts of the town.

The Method Employed.

The method employed whereby such excellent results are obtained at so small expense is to run over the street the roller on which picks are placed to loosen up the surface. The picks then are removed and the grader is used to throw the soil to the center of the street to give it a crown, and then 10 to 12 inches of crushed rock is placed and rolled very thoroughly, after which screenings from the rock crusher are put on and the roller sent over it, giving a smooth, hard street, crowned into the center. The crosswalks are to be of cement or stone.

People Want the Improvements.

The Council arranged to make part of one street, to demonstrate the value to the people. Now the people are calling for the better streets all over town, and 19 or 20 blocks will surely be treated during the year. The Second-street work was in the nature of an experiment, though crushed rock has been used for many years in other places and here in The Dalles such work has previously been done successfully. Although an experiment on Second street, the property owners will bear the expense. There is apparently none to object and the Council has public opinion with it.

Other Towns Could Do Same.

What The Dalles is doing other towns could do. Crushed rock is undoubtedly the cheapest pavement known, cheaper than vitrified brick or any of the other methods of making city streets. Properly done, it is permanent, entailing a small expense for annual repairs. It gives a fine, hard roadway. It is strange that more Oregon towns do not adopt it and give the people better streets, for better streets, as well as better country roads, is one of the prime desiderata in this state.

Increasing the Sewerage.

New terra cotta sewers from 16 inches in diameter down are being laid. The Dalles will have about 18,000 feet of sewerage when the work now contemplated has been done. There is now about 14,000 feet and 7,000 feet will be laid during the next few weeks. The new sewers cost a trifle more than $1 per foot.

The sewerage building is compulsory; also the crushed rock will be made so by ordinance soon to be enacted—that is, in certain parts of the town. Outside of those limits, it will be optional whether or not the crushed rock will be put down.

Two Telephone Companies.

The Dalles has two telephone systems—The Seufert-Condon line and the Pacific States. Mayor Gunning believes two are better than one.

"I am certain it is better that there be two, said he. "I support both systems and will do all I can to keep them here. We get better service on each line because the other is here."

The two companies do not interchange business. In fact, it is said there is some bitterness between them, so great is the rivalry. The Seufert-Condon line has 500 phones in The Dalles, and the Pacific States about 275, giving The Dalles 775 phones on both, at a rental of $1 per month for residences and $1.50 for business houses.

Some Big Trains.

If any one wonders why the Oregon metropolis—Portland—has a permanent hold on grain business from the Inland Empire, let him stand at the Umatilla House here and watch the freight trains pass. The other afternoon I counted 65 cars, of which only three were empties. The engine hauling the train was a six-driver, not the heaviest type of engine used by the O. R. & N.

Even were the Columbia River not to be opened to navigation this advantage possessed by the O. R. & N. will probably compel the Northern Pacific to build down the north bank. How the latter can continue to haul grain to the Sound across the mountains is not clear to one who is not a railroader.

The River Will Be Opened.

That the Columbia River will be opened to navigation, however, is not to be doubted. The state portage road will afford temporary relief and then the Celilo locks and canal will permanently give the benefits of water competition.

Representative Williamson, who lives here, believes the obstacles in the way will be removed and the Federal work begun in a short time. The report of the engineers on the Captain Hart plan and recommendation necessitates some changes in the methods to be employed. The particular feature of the changes will be to give up the rock dam that was to be built in a swift piece of the river and substitute some other plan.

The Dam Is Impracticable.

It seems reasonable that the rock dam cannot be built in a piece of river wherein the current is exceedingly swift and the water 200 feet deep. But that a way around the difficulties will be found is not to be doubted.

The benefits wrought to The Dalles by the Cascade locks and canal—benefits affecting no point farther up than The Dalles, 80 miles from Portland,—must be given to the empire that stretches away to the northeast, east and southeast into three states. The expense, even if it be more than the $4,000,000 estimated by Captain Hart, is justified by the immense saving that will be effected to the producers of the Inland Empire.

J. E. LATHROP.

What Will Women Do?

Women are going to get their chance now in Australia. By a law of the commonwealth an adult woman has the same right to vote as an adult man. The male voters in the entire commonwealth outnumber the female by nearly 120,000 (972,000 to 854,000), but in the Colony of Victoria, as well as in the Cities of Sydney and Melbourne, the women have a very decided majority. If there is anything in female suffrage we should see it now. Moral reforms should not go begging for support. If Australia does not become as dry and thirsty a land from the beer and whisky drinker's point of view as it lately was from the cattle raiser's view it will have to be because the ladies themselves are seriously divided on the question. It is anticipated that they will go in strongly for socialistic legislation. We shall see.