

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

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A TROUBLESOME REPUBLICAN GOVERNOR.

GOVERNOR CUMMINS of Iowa has either become quite a reformer or else is posing quite dramatically as such. He has lately been urging the election of United States senators direct by the people, railroad regulation, and a primary nomination law similar to the Oregon law.

It has been established by abundant experience that if railway companies are permitted to do they will consolidate to destroy competition; they will use unlimited quantities of stocks and bonds simply to make people pay dividends and interest on them; they will charge excessive rates; they will give rebates to favored shippers and unjustly discriminate between localities and kinds of traffic.

It is likewise known that if industrial and manufacturing companies be let alone they will form monopolies, restrain trade, ruin rivals and inflict the most grievous injustice upon the unprotected public.

It is also remembered that some years ago Governor Cummins came out quite strongly for tariff reform but was rather easily whipped back into line by Senator Allison and Secretary Shaw, and hasn't whimpered tariff reform since, except as he does so indirectly yet very plainly in the language quoted, for it is largely due to the tariff that industrial and manufacturing companies form monopolies, restrain trade, ruin rivals and inflict the most grievous injustice upon the unprotected public.

MR. RYAN PUT HIS BEST FOOT FORWARD.

CIRCULAR LETTERS are being generally distributed in the city and doubtless all over the state advertising the candidacy of Judge Thomas F. Ryan of Oregon City for the Republican nomination for state treasurer.

A member of the Orders of Masons, Odd Fellows, K. of P., A. O. U. W., W. O. W., and Fraternal Union, he has ever been an active worker in fraternal ranks and has been honored by the said bodies by election as grand high priest of the R. A. M. of Oregon, grand patron of the O. E. S., grand patriarch of the grand encampment I. O. O. F., and for the last four years has been grand representative of the Odd Fellows of Oregon to the Sovereign Grand Lodge of the U. S. He is a 32d degree Mason, a Knight Templar and a prominent member of the Grange.

Mr. Ryan has been most assuredly honored by the various secret societies of which he has become a member, but his good taste in thus flaunting such facts before the general public may be seriously questioned.

"BUILDING UP A STATE."

SEVERAL ARTICLES in the Review of Reviews suggest reasons why Minnesota is not gaining much in population, though its soil is fertile and its resources great, and in this connection much stress is laid on the marvelous agricultural development of southwestern Texas, where immense areas of land once deemed fit only for grazing are by irrigation and "dry land farming" exploitation, and by the breaking up of big ranches into small farms, are being converted into homes for thousands of people.

Because the articles in the Review of Reviews alluded particularly to Minnesota and California, the St. Paul Pioneer-Press stands up for its state, which is right—though it makes as shiver to think of its climate—but acknowledges that "the thing that would most advertise Minnesota would be a general move to follow the example of California and other states in the introduction of irrigation and the small farm."

Proof of the Pudding. From the Burlington Hawkeye. A successful Wright county farmer sent his two sons to the agricultural college at Ames, where they acquired a good knowledge of scientific farming.

tecs would have as much to brag of as has California. But so long as the process goes on, in the best regions of the state, as in Iowa, of enlarging existing farms instead of cutting them up into small ones, while ignoring the advantages of irrigation and intensive farming, such committees will have little material to work with.

What is true of Minnesota and some other western and northwestern states is true of sections of Oregon where the big farm is becoming the rule in the wheat belt. With the prevailing high price for wheat this tendency is inevitable and no setback may be expected during the prevalence of high prices.

If Commissioner Garfield and other government witnesses testify truly, some beef trust witnesses committed perjury. But perhaps this is considered one of their privileges.

IS THE EMPRESS DEAD?

THE RUMOR from Shanghai of the death of Tsai An, empress dowager of China, still lacks confirmation. Doubtless as in past instances it will be discovered that she has as many lives as a cat and in the course of a few days it will be discovered that this, too, is a false alarm and the old lady is still in the land of the living.

At the same time no single event could give the outside world more profound satisfaction than that Tsai An was at last safely and definitely dead. She is the head and front of the reactionary forces of the empire. She stands against all progress, as the term is recognized in its modern sense, and in the largest way nothing can be done so long as she remains in power.

Senator Foraker finds the Hepburn bill unconstitutional in ever so many respects, and probably in the opinion of judges who have been railroad attorneys he is right. In fact, anything that the people might desire or require with reference to railroad control is "unconstitutional."

ROCKEFELLER IN SECLUSION.

OFFICERS who have been engaged in looking for Uncle John D. Rockefeller for the purpose of serving a process upon him have discovered, it is reported, that there are secret and some of them underground passageways between his and his son-in-law's house, and between these and his office at 26 Broadway, and between this office building and neighboring structures, so that the venerable fox can dodge around from one place to another, and never come out into the open, or be in any one place by the time a process server could get there.

Romances that were thrilling to boys used to be written of underground robbers' retreats or heroines' refuges, and the monarchs of former times and perhaps some present ones have access to secret passages and apartments, for hiding, escape or intrigue; but that an American business man should thus be supplied in the congested business heart of a great metropolis is something rare, if not new, under the modern sun.

What is the old man dodging and hiding for? Why all these means of seclusion or escape? What does he fear? He certainly isn't afraid of debt collectors, nor of vengeful women, nor of anarchists, and even "Feds and Fancies" and other solicitors and reporters could be avoided without so much precaution.

It is said he has laughed and grown fat at reading the reports that he was in the south, in Europe, and elsewhere, while all the time he was in his home or his son-in-law's home or in his office, spinning webs as usual, or slipping along between these places, the roar of the city around and above him, unseen, undiscoverable. He chuckled at the success of the old-fashioned ruse. It must have been original with him, for he never took time to read any stories about robbers' caves and heroines' hiding places; in fact, he never was a boy. It may have been a little irksome on Sundays, when he ought to go to church and Sunday school, and give advice on how to live, but otherwise he enjoyed it.

Some of these days a messenger with a summons will come who will find and serve him easily enough, whose entrance no bolts and locks will bar, whose approach and touch no secret passages will avert, whose errand will surely be done. Then we shall ponder upon the ended life and say, "Poof old man."

Lawyer Cromwell tells Senator Morgan that he has been the especial counsel for the government and the republic of Panama and has attended to the legal and financial business of the canal project because of his friendly and solicitous interest in the affair and was a good fellow, and not for pay, because he has more money than he knows what to do with. But as to any details he refuses to answer. The patriotic attorney is having considerable recreation at the expense of Grandpa Morgan, who, not being backed by the committee, is only wasting time.

away from it, that makes the man. We are so constituted that we make our greatest efforts and do our best work while struggling to attain that which the heart longs for. Power is the result of force overcome. The giant is made strong in wrestling with difficulties. It is impossible for one who does not have to struggle and to fight obstacles to develop fiber or stamina. "To live without trial is to die half a man."

Or the Morgue.

From the Philadelphia Ledger. A noblesman at Berlin has been sent to jail for three months for cheating at cards. In this country that sort of thing would not be considered a crime, but he might have gone to the hospital.

SMALL CHANGE

The czar is trying the role of peace-maker between Germany and France. He agrees now with the late General Sherman as to the nature of war.

Portland cannot afford to allow the Seattle & Northern railroad to be opposed and obstructed.

The Development league has no business in politics.

Is there to be only six Republican candidates for state treasurer? The seventh man to come out might be lucky.

Milliners are becoming busier.

Sheepmen will soon be as rich as Standard Oil men.

Is it to be a lock canal, or a mack canal, or a talk canal?

Some men would have loved even Mrs. Y. M. quite a spell for less than \$7,000,000.

Let the Willamette valley lines into and through Portland, somehow.

Some men need yanking off the Portland development lid.

We hope the boys now going to school will resolve that when they grow up and become prominent men of this city they will see to it that there is a steamship line between here and Alaska. Apparently there will be none sooner.

We do hope that Miss Millionaire Bush and that foreign military gent will get married soon and definitely.

The infant of today, when old, will still be reading discussions about that Nebahem beeswax.

The morning paper criticizes Senator Gearin for registering by proxy, but would have reproached him more if he had left his post for ten days in order to come home to register. Nothing that some men can do will please it.

There are still a lot of hesitating men who would like to be candidates if they thought they could win.

What we want is spring, not signs of it.—St. Louis City Journal. Come to Oregon.

Washington City skating rinks have been ordered closed on Sundays. Yet congressmen can manage to go on skates if they want to.

There is entirely too much "monkey-bus" with a greatly important eastern prize—the Portland & Seattle railroad.

"What is the Great Need of the Dental Profession" was the title of an address delivered before a dental convention in an eastern city. Easily answered: More teeth to mend.

March is a good month to spray and prepare to build good roads.

Now will you be good? It is Lent.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Two Pendleton men who left three weeks ago for northern Texas, where they expected to invest in wheat lands, have turned down the Texas investment as unprofitable.

Freewater people are determined to have a fruit canner.

A trapper on the headwaters of the Walla Walla killed a couple of wild hogs on North Fork last Sunday as he was coming out of the mountains. They were in fair condition and made good pork.

Harney City has organized a board of trade.

The Union Republican praises that town's council, instead of kicking.

Cove Correspondence of Union Republican: "Everything in this section points toward an awakening in the territory of Cove which may startle all Oregon."

Seaside may have electric lights.

Copious rains have made Coquille loggers and millmen happy.

Farmers along Wagner creek in Jackson county are organizing to bore for artesian water.

A horse was killed by a stray shot from across the Siuslaw river.

Rich ore beds near Canyonville may be developed.

One Methodist has raised \$700 toward building a church. The Baptist building will be painted and the congregational building enlarged.

Toledo's school enrollment is 189.

Crook may yet become a great mining country.

That walnuts are a profitable crop to grow in southern Oregon has been proven by several who have planted orchards in that section.

Over half of the 10,000 tons of rails necessary for the building of the Drain-Cove Bay railroad have already arrived at Drain. An army of laborers will be at work in March. Drain expects to be a division point and to have a boom.

Douglas county Socialists will hold a convention March 3.

Around Westfall coyotes are becoming so ravenous that stockmen have had to hire a man to ride the fields with a gun to keep them from killing young calves.

Gold Hill business men have organized a commercial club.

A Clatskanie merchant has sold 30 dozen Newburg hickory ax handles in two months, and has ordered a like number.

An average of 60 books a week is taken out of the Clatskanie library.

Tillamook county has the glad hand, not for the office-seekers, but for the railroad company that means business and will get here first, says the Headlight.

Parties traveling on snowshoes have been buying timber lands in Willows county.

OREGON INCIDENTS AND OPINIONS

Barmonious. From the Albany Democrat. The Democrats won't have any trouble in choosing for whom to vote for governor, United States senator and congressman.

Bill Needs a Fire. From the Willows News. A few ricks of wood are still due, and we would appreciate it greatly if it would arrive before the snow goes.

Quite Liberally. From the Baker City Democrat. It is evident that the Portland Telegram and Oregonian do not take kindly to eastern Oregon candidates for office.

Dramatic Art in North Powder. Correspondence Haines Record. We cannot have too much of a good thing. Plays by amateurs are all the style. The church people are soon to give one in their village. The Women of Woodcraft are slated to produce "The Dirty Trump" and the public school is contemplating the giving of one of their well known and much appreciated exhibitions. Hurrah for the home talent of North Powder!

Oyote Hills News. Correspondence Haines Record. Our neighborhood is full of talking machines and we are happier than a negro campmeeting. \* \* \* Rock and Muddy creek farmers are famous for dancing, but they cannot beat us. We had three dances in one night, they were the "Two Hundred," the "Big Four" and the "Dirty Dose."

Five Years' Delinquent Taxes. From the Spray Courier. Numerous complaints are being made by innocent persons who are victims of the delinquent tax muddle that is being settled up in Wheeler county. It has not yet been explained why the taxes have been in arrears for five years, and then advertised all at one time for collection. The law provides for the collection of taxes when they become delinquent. In many cases the property has passed into the hands of innocent purchasers who must suffer the consequences.

Interested in Agriculture. From the Eugene Guard. Wonderful what an interest some people take in farmers. Just this season of the year every four years! At the institute held at Cottage Grove Friday Lawyer Huston of Hillsboro, former Governor Geer and Professor Schimick of the Agricultural college were present. We suppose Huston talked horse, Geer anything but school land management under his governorship and Schimick agriculture and weeds. Of course they were all thinking of one pest—that pesky George Chamberlain.

More Live Men Wanted. From the Salem Journal. Is a man to be disqualified for public office because he is at the head of a development organization? That is mossbacked, pure and simple.

The fact is Oregon has had too many men in public office who are dead to the real interests of the state. Oregon needs more live men in office.

It would mean a great deal to Oregon to have a man in the United States senate who is at the head of the Oregon development work.

Anything to Beat Pierce. From the Pendleton East Oregonian. It is announced on the best of authority from Portland that the Oregon Liquor Dealers' association will spend at least \$10,000 in the counties of Umatilla, Union and Morrow to defeat Walter Pierce for the joint senatorship, because of his unrelenting fight in favor of the local option law as it now stands on the books. It is barely possible that the people who voted for this law and who still believe in its beneficent provisions will have something to say about this. Will corruption funds and saloon influence be able to dominate three counties of intelligent, fearless, independent voters?

Treed by Feathers. From the Clatskanie Courier. John Lipp of Blaine had a frightful experience last week, one that he will long remember. He started over the trail to visit his mother-in-law in the valley and took the wrong trail. While straying around he heard a noise behind him and on looking around he spied a large panther at his heels. John dropped his gun and took to a tree. The strong winds rocked the top of the tree all night. He did not know what moment the bough would break and let him into the mouth of the howling beast. During the night another panther joined its mate, and the two waited patiently for "something to drop."

Mr. Lipp would often look down into the green eyes gazing up at him and say: "The panther that he was home with 'Ma' or in heaven or Texas or some other warm climate. Finally when daylight came he threw his hat at the animals, then his coat and one shoe. The panther then trotted off into the timber. John quietly slipped down and took a straight shoot for home. He will never forget that night.

A Poet's Creed. By John G. Whittier. Dear friends with whom my feet have trod

The quiet aisles of prayer; Glad witness to your zeal for God And love of man I bear, And yet my human hands are weak To hold your iron creeds Against the wrong ye bid me speak My heart within me pleads.

I walked with bare hushed feet the ground Ye set with boldness shod; I dare not set with mete and bound The love and power of God. Who fathoms the eternal thought, Who talks of scheme and plan?—Lord, be good, be good beneath The poor device of man.

Acquiring Skill. From the Philadelphia Ledger. Miss Bret Harte, with the aid of a number of her father's English friends, has opened a typewriting office in London. She is a proficient typewriter, and an American journalist, calling to have some copying done complimented her of her skill. "My skill, such as it is, is due to practice," said Miss Bret Harte. "It was acquired very painfully, like the marksmanship of one of my father's western friends. My father used to tell of a man called Redwood James, a character of California. James, in a bar one night, drew a revolver and shot

PERSONAL FANCIES

Madame Melba possesses such a retentive memory that she can learn an entire opera in a week. She does much of her singing in bed.

Miss Rebecca Wagner, granddaughter of James Madison, fourth president of the United States, died in Toronto, aged 104 years.

Thomas Dinmore, a well-to-do real-estate agent of Palermo, Maine, gives \$5 to everybody born in that place. The money is deposited in a bank to the child's credit and remains there until the recipient reaches legal majority.

When Senator Scott of West Virginia gave notice the other day that he would read a 20-minute speech, and said senators might safely retire to the cloak-room, he was left with an audience of just seven books.

Miss Kate Halladay of Brooklyn is the highest-paid woman in the civil service of New York, receiving \$5,000 a year as register of the tenement-house department. She is an A. B. of Bryn Mawr and a Ph. D. of Yale.

The May Festival association of Cincinnati will erect a memorial to the late Theodore Thomas in that city, toward which Howard Hinkle, former president of the association, has started a subscription fund with \$5,000.

Charles F. Gunther, who for many years has been one of the foremost collectors of curios in Chicago, believes that he is in possession of an original portrait of William Shakespeare, painted during the dramatist's lifetime.

Prince Khilkoff, who has acquired fame as a connection with the Trans-Siberian railway, renounced his title and estate when a young man and emigrated to this country, where he worked at a bolt machine at a salary of \$150 a week.

Mrs. Lucy D. Plak, the widow of one of the former kings of Wall Street, Colonel James Plak, the partner of Jay Gould, now subsists on an income of \$1,000 a year from one room in South Boston, she and a sister doing their own cooking and washing.

The Heights. By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. (Copyright, 1906, by W. B. Heats.) I cried, "Dear angel, lead me to the heights." And spur me to the top.

The angel answered, "Stop. And set thy house in order; make it fair." For a content one, who may be speeding there; Then we will talk of heights."

I put my house in order. "Now lead me to the heights," I said. The angel said, "Not yet; Thy garden is best. By thorns and tares; go weed it, so all those." Who come to gaze may find the unweeded rose; Then will we journey on."

I weeded well my garden. "All is done," The angel shook his head. "Beggars stand," he said, "Outside thy gates; till thou hast given heed And soothed his sorrow, and supplied Say not that all is done."

The beggar left me singing: "Now, at last— The angel, the path is clear." "Nay, there is one draws near Who seeks, like thee, the difficult highway; He lacks the courage; cheer him thro' Then will we cry, 'At last.'"

I helped my weaker brother. Now the O-garden, angel, guide!" The presence at my side, With radiant face, said: "Look! where are we now? And lo! we stood upon the mountain's heights, the shining heights!"

The Axe. John Andrews in the Metropolitan Magazine. I opened up the forests, I am envoy of the plow,

As beneath my heavy strokes the hemlock, ash, the path is clear." "Nay, there is one draws near Who seeks, like thee, the difficult highway; He lacks the courage; cheer him thro' Then will we cry, 'At last.'"

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VAST WEALTH LAVISHED ON DOGS

From the New York American. In all seriousness, La Modista, a leading French fashion paper, announces that handkerchiefs for pet dogs have "gone out," and that the new style of coat has not the pocket of former days. The article is illustrated with line patterns, showing the latest styles in dogs' "dresses."

Among the very few wedding presents which Mrs. Nicholas G. Grogan took with her to "Friendship," the country seat of the McLeans, was the prize Boston terrier. Along with the animal came a complete wardrobe, comprising everything from powder puffs to alken shawls.

"At the bench show I was struck with the magnificence of the thing; the vast amount of cash attention and money lavished on the dog," said Rev. William R. Huntington. "I found one having its toilet made with a brush and comb, and another—a Chinese dog—resting against a background of Chinese tapestry. The dog was sitting out-of-a blue willow pattern dish. I did wonder if a fraction of the money might not have been better devoted to the care of children."

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