EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE JOURNAL

THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

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True is the observation of Confucius, that we take greater pains to persuade others that we are happy than endeavoring to think so ourselves.—Goldsmith.

A LESSON OF THE STRIKE.

AN ECONOMIC FACT that is of considerable importance to Portland has been made conspicuous by the results of the grainhandlers' strike. It is that this city can handle wheat for export with more facility and lower net cost than the work can be done at any port on the sound, and still pay 40 cents an hour to grainhandlers, while their wages on the sound are but 30 cents. Than this showing nothing could be more direct and convincing of Portland's superiority as a port.

The handling of grain over a dock is like any other process requiring machinery—largely a question of mechanical equipment. There are other conditions, as convenience of location, switching charges, and arrangement of transportation facilities. A Portland exporter who operates his own dock is authority for the statement that payment of the increased wage to the grainhandlers adds but one and a half cents per ton to his cost of handling the wheat. This amount is a bagatelle, and will, he says, be absorbed by the dock, so that its effect will not be felt either by the shipper or the farmer. It follows that the only injury inflicted on Portland by the grainhandlers' troubles has been the temporary diversion to sound ports of large shipments of wheat that should and would have come to Portland for export. As to the grainhandlers, their working season averages 200 days, and at 40 cents an hour they will earn $800 a year.

The existence of a "grain ring" that dominates the export trade and controls Portland and sound docks has often been charged by independent shippers and warehouse men. They say they have in time past been subjected to oppressive conditions. They were compelled to sell their export grain to members of the so-called "ring," or leave it in their warehouses, as they were unable to secure independent facilities on the sound for cleaning, grading and storing the wheat. How much ground there has been for these charges still remains to be proven, but certain features of the present strike trouble point strongly to a confirmation. It appears indisputable that the controlling factors in Pacific northwest grain trade dominate the dockage on the sound as well as on the Willamette river. It is a matter almost of indifference to them whether they export the grain from one or the other port. Naturally, they favor the point of least resistance, and since the Portland grainhandlers have kicked up a muss, the men who are in control of the bulk of wheat shipment are sending it to the sound.

How long this diversion will continue is a matter of speculation. The stream may turn from the sound to Portland any day, and next week this city may be handling practically all export wheat that has remained in the interior warehouses or in transit. Should the sound grainhandlers, who are now going out, tie up all dockage facilities at Tacoma and Seattle, Portland will again have a decided advantage. With one of this port's best wheat docks already opened, measures may be taken to provide more facilities, and while the warring elements are fighting out the grainhandlers' controversy on the sound, Portland will be shipping the wheat. The O. R. & N. company can, of course, be relied upon to assist in every way possible to bring about this result, for it gets the haul on every ton of wheat that comes from eastern Washington and Oregon to Portland, excepting the tonnage that passes over the Celilo portage road.

But aside from these transitory conditions, the time is near when the absolute supremacy of the Columbia river as a grain port will be demonstrated and established for all time. With the opening of the north bank line by the Hill companies, and completion of the jetty, Portland's unnatural conditions that now influence traffic will disappear; no longer will the Hill roads fight for the doubtful favor of being permitted to lift the tonnage of the inland empire over the Cascade mountains to the sound. The products of a region comprising 250,000 square miles will follow the water grade.

THE HAPPY FAMILY PLATT.

AS BETWEEN Senator Platt and his wife there is, from all accounts, little margin for choice. That he is disreputable and debauched in private life as well as in public life, and is devoid of moral principles in domestic as well as political relations, may be easily believed. A man who for the better part of half a century has used what talents he had and during much of that time a high public station, merely to graft off the public, to wrong the people who honored him, to serve unconscionable and extortionate corporations, in violation of his oath of office and his plain duty, is none too good to practice conjugal infidelities or become morally delinquent to any extent short of subjecting himself to criminal prosecution and punishment. And if Mae Wood's story be true, and whoever or whatever she is she is quite as credible as he, old Platt ought to be behind prison bars instead of disgracing a seat in the senate.

But let us not weep over the woes of Mrs. Platt. It is not the amorous antics of the senile Lothario that prick the sensitive soul of her, but his temerity in exposing her own alleged marital misdoings and his craftiness in making arrangements whereby she will not get his money when he does the country the favor of departing this life. It is the million that the comparatively young and volubly vixenish dame is jealous of, not the withered old human hulk she yoked herself with from wholly mercenary and selfish motives. Being a senator, he could give her social standing. He was not very rich, but had a million or so, which he probably promised her at his death, and she calculated that he could not live long. "He wanted a handsome woman," she says, "and he's got to pay for me"—besides letting me have my own diversions, from slapping him to smiling on a lusty coachman.

In such a case disgust of decent people balances the scales. Platt got no more than he deserved in the handsome shrew, and if he can deprive her of his money at his death he will not treat her amiss.

A DEMOCRATIC TEST.

IN THE LEADING article in the current issue of Mr. Bryan's Commoner, he repeats, substantially, what he said in his attack on Mr. Sullivan of Illinois, saying:

The Democratic candidates and the Democratic organization must stand out boldly against corporate domination in politics.

No man who is financially connected with a corporation that is seeking privileges ought to act as a member of a political organization, because he cannot represent his corporation and the people at the same time. He cannot serve the party while he is seeking to promote the financial interests of the corporation with which he is connected.

This may be accepted as axiomatic. It is the statement of an old-fashioned truth which none can dispute. It is simply a paraphrase of the Bible declaration that "no man can serve two masters." Upon so simple a proposition there should be no dispute.

Ah, is Senator Bailey sitting up and taking notice? And are a good many other professed Democrats to whom these remarks apply?

Mr. Hughes, Republican candidate for governor of New York, while eulogizing President Roosevelt as the great Republican leader, does himself credit by not trying to ride into office on Roosevelt's coattails. He doesn't claim that the president is the issue, or that the Republican state ticket must be elected in order to support him, as has been done by other Republican candidates throughout the country, but says that state issues are paramount and it is on them the election should turn. But "issues" are badly mixed in New York, about the only one to get head or tail of being Hearst.

Senator Platt, in his suit for divorce, will try to show that when he married he was not in full possession of his senses. A confession of this sort, while efficacious in securing a separation from his wife, will in no way affect his standing as a leading member of the United States senate.

Some periodicals are pitching into certain patent medicines because they contain alcohol. But this is advertising them, for alcohol just suits the average patent medicine consumer.

The Salem Journal, whose accomplished editor has one eye on the collectorship and both ears to the ground, says that an aspirant for office should have something besides whiskers. We should like to hear from Colonel J. Ham Lewis on the subject, as the whiskerless gentleman from Salem may be prejudiced.

In rushing the United States hospital corps to the scene of his peaceful intervention, Mr. Roosevelt relieves the situation and gives the lovers of levity a chance to smile grimly.

Mr. Roosevelt, in his speech at Harrisburg, watily declined to discuss new and important subjects like reformed spelling, and stuck limpet-to-rockwise to the old story: "If you don't vote for the Republican party the Democratic goblins'll get you."

S. A. D. Puter says he "never would have gained the nerve to write a book if he had not got into jail." This proves that he has the courage of his conviction.

With the first sting of frost in the air the dispatches bring stories of miners who will never have a chance to learn better than light the fires with giant powder.

Whenever you hear rich old men rail at their beautiful young wives, if you listen patiently you will catch the echo of a wail from New York: "Me, too."

That effusion of George C. Brownell on the subject of Senator Hedges would sound sadly sweet set to the time of "Hark! From the Tomb, a Doleful Sound."

Every Time that Fourth street franchise is mentioned, the city council makes a noise like the rustle of railroad passes.

Ryan, Belmont, McCarren, Parker, et al., wouldn't have to go far to get into the Republican party.

Whatever may be said against him, Hearst tells a good deal of truth.

A Table Rock man has 800 old trees that will average 15 boxes of apples each, and 1,700 young trees that will average two boxes each. He has sold them for as high as $4 a box. He will plant 5,000 more trees this fall.

A Little Out of the Common

THINGS PRINTED TO READ WHILE YOU WAIT.

Where the Good Times Stay.

I knows de place
Whar de good times stay:—
Look out, Trouble!
Better git out de way!

Dar de winter bloom
Lak de rose in May:—
Look out, Trouble!—
Better git out de way!

Hear de trumpet blow?
Hear de brass ban' play?
Better git out de way!
—Atlanta Constitution.

Fifteenth Century Manners.

The antiquary took down a small, fat volume, vellum-bound, with a brass clasp.

"This is a 'Book of Manners,'" he said. "It was printed in 1487. Here are a few extracts."

And he read:

"Do not gnaw a bone, like a dog, nor suck the marrow out of a bone.

"In peeling a pear, begin at the stalk; buit with an apple, begin at the top.

"Do not wipe the hands on the clothes, nor suck them, but use the cloth.

"When you drink, lift the cup in both hands; you must not drink with one hand like a wagoner when he is greasing his cartwheels.

"Wipe your nose and mouth when you have drunk, and do not cough into the cup.

"Do not eat an apple all alone, but cut it in two, and give a neighbor a piece.

"Do not use your own knife to cut your meat if the host has set a knife of his own at your place.

"Do not spread butter on bread with your thumb."

Odd Items From Everywhere.

Four million palm leaf hats are exported annually from Malaga, Spain, to New York.

Alfred W. Norton, who has the distinction of being the oldest employe in term of service of any in the mill at Huntington, was allowed a day off the other day at full pay, and might have taken more if he had wished, in order to celebrate, as it was, September 18, 1866, that he came from England to this country and entered the employ of Chapin & Gould, where he has passed the last 40 years of his life.

Swedish school children, under the guidance of their teachers, annually plant about 600,000 trees.

An eagle measuring four feet from tip to tip swooped down on a clam bake being held at Highland lake, near Winsted, Connecticut, and sailed away with a lobster in its talons. The lobsters were in a pan ready to be put on the fire. While the eagle was devouring its prey in a tree a half mile away a shot ended its life.

With Kansas, Nebraska and Oklahoma producing 172,000,000 bushels of wheat this year, an enormous flood of grain will pass through the Kansas City gateway. Ten million bushels will be used in Kansas City mills, the rest will be shipped out. It is estimated that 40,000 cars will pass through Kansas City.

An interesting incident connected with the Maine elections was the appearance at the polls of Greenleaf Parsons of Ground Nut hill. It was the first time he has cast a vote since 1864, when he voted for Abraham Lincoln. He has lived a life of contented seclusion.

In Athens, Georgia, there is an oak tree at least 200 years old which bears the distinction of owning the land upon which it stands. This tree stands on land that formerly belonged to Colonel William H. Jackson. He was so fond of the tree that when he died a deed was found that deeded the tree to itself.

A Chinese Prescription.

The missionary held up a beautiful piece of Chinese writing.

"It is a Chinese medical prescription," he said. "A friend of mine, Dr. Ping Cho, presented it to a woman who had swallowed an overdose of opium. I'll read it to you."

The prescription, translated, follows:

2 pair of salted lizards, 2 male and 2 female.
1 oz. ginseng root.
6 dried grasshoppers, 3 male and 3 female.
1 oz. sweet potato stalk.
1 oz. walnuts.
¼ oz. rattlesnake tail.
2 oz. black dates.
½ oz. elm bark.
½ oz. devil-fish claw.
¼ oz. hartshorn.
½ oz. birds' claws.
½ oz. dried ginger.
½ oz. old coffin nails.

To these ingredients, which it would take a day to assemble, two quarts of water were to be added, and the whole was to be boiled down to one half the quantity. The patient was to drink a small cupful every half hour.

Politicians' and Other Bibles.

"You bibliophiles talk about the 'Breeches' Bible, the 'Bug' Bible, the 'Politicians' Bible, the 'Vinegar' Bible and so on—what do those names mean?

"I'll tell you," the collector answered. "Take, first, the 'Breeches' Bible. It is so called because a typographical error in it causes the garments made by Adam and Eve out of fig leaves to be termed breeches instead of aprons.

"In the 'Vinegar' Bible of 1807 the word 'vineyard' is misprinted 'vinegar.'

"The 'Printers' Bible, 1702, makes the Psalmist say: 'Printers have persecuted me without cause.'

"The 'Religious' Bible, which was printed in 1637, puts 'religious' for 'rebellious' in the fourth chapter, seventeenth verse, of Jeremiah—'Because she hath been religious * * * saith the Lord.'

"The 'Politician' Bible was published at Geneva, in 1562. It makes the famous verse, 'Blessed are the peacemakers,' read, 'Blessed are the placemakers.'"

Mouse Kills a Cat.

It is not often that a mouse kills a cat. Such a death, however, was meted out last month to a fine black cat in a Cape May hotel.

The cat caught the mouse and began, as cats will, to play with it, to tease it. For some 10 minutes this went on.

And then, all of a sudden, the cat found herself struggling for life. In mouthing the mouse, without desiring to hurt it, she had inadvertently half swallowed it. There it was, stuck in her throat, choking her to death.

For three or four minutes the cat choked and gasped. Then it fell over dead. And the mouse, oddly enough, was disgorged at the moment the cat died. The mouse was alive. It lay on the floor a moment, resting, then it stole away, after one triumphant look at the dead body of the cat which it had killed.

Letters

A Hint From Saw Buck.

Saw Buck, Or., Oct. 2.—Editor of The Gurnel—Deer Sur: I hav bin informed tho not ofishly that Presydent Rosyfelt has taken on his self the responsybility of tellin us fellers al over the U. S. and Saw Buck how to spel. Now, fer my part I think he is goin jist a little to fur in thet, as we al hed to go to scool an lurn spellin, riten, rithmetick, jojrafy an al other studys; an now as we hav al got started rit, the growin jeneration shud do the sam, as thay ar no beter than we ar. Ov corse thare in the state ov district ov Culmby, where thay only got a fu scool houes an dont emply but a fu techers thay want to git them chep as thay kan. It may be al rit, but out in this cuntry whare we hav big states and scool houses to coryspond it is diffrunt.

Now I am presydent and manger for to or 3 big consurns an hav to employ tipe riters at each plas, an thay al got ther scoolin befor this an thay wil al hav to quit and go to scool agin.

Now, if this ant luked into an somthin don you can bet we wil hav a feller thare when congris mets agin that wil hav a fue remarks to mak that wil stur em al up sum, an he wil be frum the Saw Buck districk, to, an wil hav the harty suport ov the eguycated clas ov this districk. Think it wod be a gud plan to put this pleas in yur papir an send a markt copy ov it to Theador at Washingtown, as thay got fre delivry rit at the dor, an he can se for his self how this is efectin the cuntry at larjj; an then if he stil persists in it he cant sa he didnt hav fare warning. Yurs fer Webstir Geo Washington an Saw Buck spellin,

JOSIA TOMSON.

Smokers Must Pay.

Tobacco-users and theatre-goers among the college students of Syracuse university must pay full tuition, according to an edict issued by Chancellor James R. Day today when the college opened for the fall term.

"Young men who can afford to pay for needless luxuries and indulgences, who can patronize the theatre, the poolroom or other places of amusement, can afford to pay for their tuition and will receive no concessions from the faculty.

"Such students need not expect to be given scholarships.

"A young man who smokes is a fool, at least in that particular. He ought to take better care of his nerves and present a cleaner exhibit of himself," said Dr. Day.

The bulldog was expelled from dormitories and chapter houses two years ago. Last year students frequenting saloons or poolrooms were threatened with expulsion. Nearly 1,000 free scholarships were given to needy students last year and the number will be cut in half this year.

Two of a Kind.

From the Chicago News.

Her Father—But, sir, you are not the sort of man I should like for a son-in-law.

Young man—O, that's all right. You are not the sort of man I should like for a father-in-law, but I'm not going to make your daughter miserable for life by refusing to marry her on that account.

A Little Nonsense

Stung.

From the New York Sun.

"There is a woman up in the front of the car that hasn't paid her fare," said the conductor to the man in the back seat, "but I can't place her."

"Perhaps I can give you a pointer," said the helpful man. "Pick out the woman that keeps trying to adjust her hatpins all the time. That's the latest wrinkle in the female streetcar pirate. Reading her neighbor's newspaper and gazing into futurity are out of date. Everybody got on to those tricks. But the woman that beats her way has to do something to hide her guilt, so she fiddles with her hatpins."

Presently the conductor reported to his adviser again.

"That worked all right," he said. "She owned up. She said you would pay for her."

"Me!" snorted the helpful man. "What have I got to do with it?"

"Everything, apparently. She happened to look back and said she knew you and that it would be all right. There she is now, standing up and nodding at you. Know her?"

"Yes," said the man, weakly. "She is my wife."

A Trifle High.

The recent revival of interest in the modern development of our navy, which was stimulated by the great Labor day review at Oyster Bay, gives point to the following anecdote told in the current Harper's Weekly of Captain Jack Phillips, who commanded the battleship Texas during the Spanish war. While the battleships were on blockade at Santiago, it was customary to load the six-pounder guns every evening to protect against possible torpedo-boat attack. While the triggers were being eased down, one of the guns on the Massachusetts was accidentally discharged, the shot passing over the quarterdeck of the Texas, which was lying next in the blockading line. All the officers of the Texas were on deck smoking and talking when the shot passed a few feet above their heads. Almost before it struck the water a signal was started on the Texas from its commanding officer, Captain Phillips, to the commanding officer of the Massachusetts. The signal was, "Good line, but a trifle high."

Gave the Game Away.

"A conductor came to me with a smiling face the other day," related Mr. Wiggles. "He wanted to tell me what had happened on a tooting tramcar. It seems that a middle-aged woman and her little son, a lad of 6 years, got in the car, and as soon as they were seated the woman took a half-crown out and handed it to the youngster to pay the fare with. The boy held the coin in his small, fat hand, and examined it closely and solemnly. The conductor appeared for the fares, and the youngster gave him the half-crown with owlish solemnity. The money was pocketed and the change put in the small extended hand. As soon as he got this change the boy laughed, wriggled in his seat and shouted gleefully:

"Oh, ma, he's taken the bad half-crown."

Butler to the Court.

From the Pittsburg Press.

An old lawyer in speaking recently about General Butler, said:

"Ben Butler was a terror and torment of the judges. On one occasion Judge Sanger, having been bullied and badgered out of all patience, petulantly asked, 'What does the counsel suppose I am on the bench for?'

"Scratching his head a minute, Butler replied: 'Well, I confess your honor's got me there.'"

A Strapping Answer.

John Ridgley, secretary of the American embassy at London, was piloting some American friends through the museum at Hastings when he observed an unhappy attendant wearing a military uniform, with a helmet from which a chin-strap hung, at whom an inquisitive tourist was firing all manner of silly questions.

The tourist's last question was, "Say, what is that strap under your chin for?"

The attendant sighed. "That strap is to rest my jaw when I get tired answering foolish questions," said he.

Lonely St. Helena.

The lonely isle of St. Helena is a kingdom in little with an indifferent future which may be summed up in one word, "Manganese," says the London Chronicle.

There is a governor, who receives $4,000 a year, besides $1,000 "table allowance," and has a staff the principal officers of which take about $5,000 a year among them. All this human machinery is required to secure the welfare of a population numbering some 3,500 souls.

In fact, St. Helena's claim as a resort for shipping has almost disappeared, only 40 vessels having called there last year, while the military garrison of the "rock" has been reduced to a mere handful.

Still, the governor continues to produce an annual report of over 40 octavo pages. A thrilling item from this document is the story of the illness of the printer and the gallant efforts of his assistant who, with the aid of the postoffice clerk, managed to use up 29½ reams of paper!

The only "bright exception" in the lugubrious report is the fact that some enterprising prospector from the cape succeeded in finding large deposits of manganese ore, and the hope thus engendered that a company may think it worth while to work them.

Plowed Up Bryan Graves.

George W. Ryder, a farmer of Bear's Den, near Youngstown, Ohio, was sued for plowing over the graves of the parents of William J. Bryan of Nebraska and others. The plaintiff is Mary Herron. Ryder is charged with plowing over the graves and using the headstones for walks in his farm yard.

In the campaign of 1896, and while on another speaking tour through Ohio, Bryan stopped at Bear's Den and endeavored to locate the graves of his parents. He said he was positive that they were buried at that place, although he was unable to identify the graves. He intended to remove the bodies in the future.

The cemetery was abandoned some years ago and finally disposed of at private sale, with the understanding, Mary Herron says, that the land was to be left sacred to the dead. Ryder got the land later and now proposes to raise wheat on it.

The Little Treasure.

From the Philadelphia Press.

"Fifteen-two and a pair makes four," said McCall, who was playing cribbage with Popley. "What have you in your crib?"

"Ah!" replied Popley, absent-mindedly, "just the cutest 'ittle ootsums tootsums girl in the world."

BIRDSEYE VIEWS of TIMELY TOPICS

SMALL CHANGE.

Kickers should go play football.

* *

Insurgents in Texas also, as Senator Bailey to his surprise has discovered.

* *

It is not believed that Bill Bryan is a lineal descendant of William the Silent.

* *

Geologically speaking, Pike's peak isn't much older than when discovered by the Missourian.

* *

What the United States will do with Cuba depends on what the sugar and tobacco trusts say.

* *

General Funston will take good care not to get behind Taft. Though small, he likes to be seen.

* *

With the hops and prunes all harvested, old Jupe Pluve can turn loose whenever he's ready.

* *

No foreign government ever intervenes in the United States when the man elected is counted out.

* *

A coachman seems to be a common favorite with young lady heiresses and rich old men's young wives.

* *

The Atlanta Journal wants all negroes disarmed. So they can't shoot back when a mob is killing them.

* *

Why Papa Smith should be bothered only when the 43d child was born is not explained. Forty-three isn't 23.

* *

It is suspected that the market for Lipton teas is declining in this country. Sir Thomas is coming over again.

* *

No matter how many policemen are employed, there will always be the same demand from the department for more.

* *

A Connecticut man was arrested for shooting a snake on Sunday. And he could prove, too, that it was not a d. t. snake.

* *

We are not cruel, but would not be greatly pained to see some husky fellows who won't work now going hungry next winter.

* *

Senator Fulton vouches for Senator Bailey, but perhaps this exhibition of senatorial courtesy will not count for much down in Texas.

* *

What is the matter with Mr. Harriman? It has been several days since he bought a railroad. But perhaps he is busy cataloguing those he has.

* *

Hearst says Hughes is the tool of the "plunderbund." This word makes rickety Jerome pretty mad. And he is trying to manufacture one to beat it.

* *

A statue of Julius Caesar was unveiled recently at Brown university. Not the late Julius Caesar of Portland, but a strenuous Roman who has been dead "some time," and who once wrote back home: "I got here; I sized things up; I Rockefellered the roost."

OREGON SIDELIGHTS.

A great number of sheep has been sold in Wallowa county.

* *

Polk county is taking the lead in breeding fine sheep and hogs.

* *

The apples from one orchard near Grants Pass will bring $14,000.

* *

A Lincoln county man is experimenting in raising ginseng, which is worth $8 a pound.

* *

A young Perdue girl named Furlong shot and killed a deer less than a furlong distant.

* *

Three big steers escaped from a car of a moving train in Umatilla county and took to the hills.

* *

At the lowest estimate 20,000 bushels of prunes were lost in the vicinity of Canby, says the Tribune.

* *

The volume of trade in Dayton is enormous, says the Optimist. Times were never so prosperous.

* *

Will the S. P. trains never arrive on time? queries the Albany Democrat. Yes, some time, on some time.

* *

A Polk county man's nose was broken in three places and he scarcely nose (reformed version) how it happened.

* *

Though Wallowa county is legally "dry" there are four gallon houses along the line of railroad construction.

* *

A Bend man has shot 19 hawks within a few weeks, two of them measuring from tip to tip 49 inches, one 50 and one 42.

* *

The lumber industry in Polk county is developing rapidly and will become immense — if transportation facilities are afforded.

* *

More students from outside counties were enrolled at Dallas college on the first day this year than were in attendance altogether last year.

* *

Tillamook Headlight: There is an unusually large run of salmon in the bay this season, and the fish being unusually large the fishermen are doing a land office business. But suppose Tillamook had a railroad, the fishermen on the bay would be strictly in it.

* *

Instead of raising only grain as heretofore, a farmer near Dayton will next year put out 10 acres of hops, five acres of berries, a small orchard, and will purchase at least 10 good cows and a cream separator. With a combination of this kind a farmer has a cinch on prosperity for the rest of his life, says the Optimist.

* *

The owner of a 50-acre hopyard near Dayton has dried over 60,000 pounds of hops. An average of 70 pickers has been employed for three weeks. He has paid over $2,700 for help in addition to $1,600 for cultivation. If he gets 20 cents for the crop he will clear $7,700. He has sold as low as 6, 4, and even 2 cents, but never contracts.

The Latest News From Rabbitville

REPORTED BY A. BENNETT, OF THE DALLES OPTIMIST.

Rabbitville has layed down on billbryan. He is a ded one hear. But this is the fortunatest town what evver was or evver will be, for now we have in our midst a grater man than billbryan evver dared to be or evver will be. And what is more he is rite here in our midst, a citizen of Rabbitville. He has cast his bred upon our waters and has jined with me to bring Rabbitville to the front. His name is the Honorable Jefferson Myers, one of the biggest and brainiest men in our country. See what he done for the Lewis and Clark Fair. See what a big man he is, and yet he has seen that Rabbitville is the coming metropolis of the grate west, and he has jined me to bring her to the front. It is almost too good to be trew.

When I waked up this morning and begun to think about him a-coming the day before I thought I must have dreemed it, so I dressed quick and went down to the drug store and there he stood throwing perscriptions into hisself jest like one of us, as he is. And a-paying for em two, for he aint busted you bet. He has munney and spends it like a prince as he is. Lordy how we have struck it! And me and him is going into business here. Jeff says the way Chamberlain is so popular is because he knows so many folks, and he meets up with em mostly through the lodges. So I says to Jeff says I less jine the Eagles same as Chamberlain, and I asked Jeff what them words, them lattin words, is on the state seal, and Jeffs says them words is "She flies with her own wings" and I says that is where Chamberlain is different, he aint got no wings but he gets there just the same, so lets be an Eagle. But Jeff has more branes nor Tom Hailey has alfalfa, and he says says he, "No." Firm, jest like that, "No."

We won't borrer no idears from Chamberlain nor noboddy we will jest organate a order of our own, and sir he pulled out of his pocket a paper and he had the hull thing all thought out and writ out! Had jest come hear loaded with one of the greatest idears of this century, mebbe of this jeneration, something that will make the Masons and Odd Fellers and the K. Ps and the Eagles and all of em either foller in our steps or go out of business. It is the Coagulated Order of Rabbits, and we have elected the grand officers, Jeff being the Noble Surefoot Rabbit, me the Royal Longear Rabbit and Sim Dipp is the Grand Furrier, the feler what handles the doesky. We have no more members but us three, and we dont want any until we git our idears all going, and then we will start out on the trail and hold roundups all over the country. We pay small dews and big benefits to all sick and disabled rabbits, and to the widders of diseased rabbits, and above all we look after the polyticks and voting proclivities of all rabbits, for we think there aint any doubt but what we can elect Noble Surefoot Rabbit governor when Chamberlain gits tired of being governor. In fact that is what we are aiming at, to make Jeff governor and thus bring Rabbitville to the front, and his race wil be as swift as a rabbit's and dont you forget it, and if anything should happen to him, why the honors will fall onto me! Think of that? Aint our plans well laid? Do you think them Eagles can hold a candle to us? Do you think there is a bigger man than the Honorable Jefferson Myers, Noble Surefoot of the Coagulated Order of Rabbits, spoken of mostly as the C. O. of R. of Rabbitville, in the great state of Oregon? And Jeff will start on the trail pretty soon, and in the mean time we will get our rabbit's feet reddy and anybody wanting to jine the order must write to Jeff Myers at Portland and he will send you a rabbit's foot which makes you a member protemporarium until Jeff can get around to hold a roundup and regularly corral you. But remember and write Honorable Jeff Myers, Portland, for we aint got no postoffice hear as yet. Do not delay but write at once for a emblem and be a booster for Rabbitville.

Honorable Jefferson Myers, Noble Surefoot of the Coagulated Order of Rabbits, who is now permanently in our midst as one of us, has taken the parlour sweet of rooms at the Bunco House until such time as he can erect a mansion of his own.

The city drug store will on Monday next from the hour of 2 in the afternoon until ten of the clock at nite, serve perscriptions free and give a oyster with each prescription, to all gests without munney and without price, the Honorable Jefferson Myers being the gent who foots the bill. And mebbe you think we dont love evvery red hare on the Honorable Jefferson's bald head!

We have a letter from Liza Butterbottom asking if the Honorable Jefferson Myers is a married man. For the benefit of Miss Butterbottom and all other folks who wants to mash our new citizen we beg to remark that in dew time there will arrive in Rabbitville a Mrs Honorable Jefferson Myers and a small but interesting collection of young Honorable Masters and Misses of the Honorable house of Myers. We hope that is spacifific enuff for Miss Butterbottom and all others.

Now my frends and feller citizens we folks of Rabbitville must berry our differences and get together for the good of our beloved town and bring her to the front. We need a postoffice and we must have a postoffice to win out. No town evver yet got to be a reel metropolis that diddent have no postoffice. Heartofore we have stood in ach other's weigh, but now we must forget our individual differences and pull as one man for the grate town in which we live and reside. We all wanted to be postmaster, but we cant all be "it" as we have found out. So jest let us all stand aside and furget our trubbles and ambitions and I will take the office, and at a tremendjus sacrifice, and all will be lovely. And I feel sure all good citizens will see that this is the way for us to get a postoffice and to promote harmony. Al who do not agree to this compromise of our trubbles is enemies to our town.

Another Difficulty.

From the Washington Star.

"I suppose that when you discover the north pole you will regard your labors as completed?"

"No," answered the Arctic explorer. "The hardest part will be yet to come. We'll have to find some way of getting home again."