EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE JOURNAL

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The fortunate circumstances of our lives are generally found at last to be of our own producing.—Goldsmith.

WHEN MR. CAKE JESTS.

IT IS HARD not to believe that Mr. Cake is joking when he insists that the election of Mr. Devlin is essential to the preservation of the primary election law. But for the fact that Mr. Cake has never attempted the role of a humorist, all Portland would doubtless laugh uproariously. That the machine should be solicitous of, and that its candidate should have legerdemain powers for, preserving the integrity of the primary law is a proposition gay and festive enough to amuse a marble monument. It is so extremely odd, in view of the fact that the big asset of ordinary political machines is spoils, and spoils is out of harmony with the primary election law and its purpose. The significant fact that the Portland machine condemns and opposes Mayor Lane's idea of "public interest first and party interest afterwards," and insists that this is a partisan campaign with party interest and spoils first and public interest afterward, means, if it means anything, that spoils for spoilsmen is the real Devlin issue, and that makes Mr. Cake's solicitude about the primary election law a monumental, though a bewhiskered jest.

Were the "public interest" rather than "partisan interest" the rallying cry of the Devlin push, there might be appropriateness in Mr. Cake's sudden and wholly unexpected zeal for the primary law. As it is, the spectacle of the north end and the machine posing as the divinely-appointed custodians of the primary law is about as appropriate as an Indian tobacco sign and a nickel-in-the-slot machine in the pulpit of an orthodox Portland church.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC AND SOUTHERN OREGON LANDS.

IT IS reported that people of southwestern Oregon are also filing on land of the Southern Oregon Land company, hoping in spite of a decision of the late Judge Bellinger to compel that company to sell it to individual settlers at $2.50 per acre, as it is hoped by claimants to Southern Pacific land to force that corporation to do. The lands of the Southern Oregon Land company are in a different position, however, from those held by the Southern Pacific company. In the case of the former lands the grant was made to the state as a trustee, the lands to be given to a company that would build a wagon road from the Rogue river valley to Coos bay. The state certified that a company had built the road, and on the state's certificates patents were issued, and the lands have since been transferred in a body. Judge Bellinger held that the provisions as to the price of land and amount to be sold to one person were mere incidents to the grant; that the certification by the state was a disavowal of the trust in these respects, if a trust existed; that the plaintiff was not a beneficiary of the grant and so had no standing in court, and that the great lapse of time since the grant was made—34 years—was a bar to the action.

It is to be presumed that notwithstanding the case of the S. P. lands is not on all-fours with that of the S. O. land company, much the same arguments, except the state's part as a trustee or agent, will be used in support of the railroad's position as against the numerous claimants who are now seeking to gain possession of these lands under the terms of the grant. If this action had been taken a few years ago we would have had no hope that it could have maintained itself in the courts, but there is growing up a disposition on the part of the courts to take a somewhat different view of many matters relating to corporate rights and privileges than that which obtained some years ago. Courts, as well as, if not to so great an extent or so quickly as legislative bodies, respond to public sentiment; and no judge can fail to see and know at once that as a matter of equity and real naked right, as between corporation and people, the railroad company wrongfully withholds those lands from the people. Beyond any doubt the railroad corporation has for more than a third of a century continually and persistently violated the terms of the grant and neglected and refused to perform its plain, clear part of the contract with the people. But it will be said that these particular claimants have no especial interest, have no standing in court, that only the government can act—and many other legal arguments will be made, with what effect remains to be seen.

Possibly, even if these particular plaintiffs and settlers cannot win directly, the railroad company may be induced by this movement to put the lands on the market and so allow the people to possess them, and if so the main object will be accomplished, and the original intent of the grant will be carried out. But for the railroad to keep these lands from sale and settlement longer will be the continuation of what for a quarter of a century has been from a record point of view an outrageous crime upon the people of the country and this state in particular.

A GOOD MOVE.

ALMOST worthy enterprise, in design and general program, is that recently organized under the name of the Portland Country club. There is scarcely any industry in this region that deserves more careful and constant attention than that of raising livestock of various kinds, and an organization that will increase and deepen the interest in this great industry and stimulate livestock growers to greater efforts for the production of well-bred and first-class livestock will be a public benefaction. In no portion of the country can better livestock of all kinds be raised than in the Pacific northwest. Indeed, this region has already gained celebrity on various occasions on account of the superior excellence of its horses, cattle and sheep. Some of its race horses have gained national reputations, and it is now producing draft horses equal to any. It was an Oregon cow that took first prize at the St. Louis exhibition, and eastern cattle breeders were surprised and delighted at the splendid exhibit of cattle, as well as other kinds of livestock, at the Lewis and Clark exposition. Much has been done also, both in eastern and western Oregon, in improving the breeds of sheep, and Oregon can produce the best of fine wools as well as coarser wools. The goat industry is growing, and Oregon mohair is the best produced. But there is a chance for great improvement yet, especially in respect of bettering the strains of stock of those who have not yet paid sufficient attention to systematic and scientific breeding and care.

A regular great livestock show will do much, will have a great influence to stimulate emulation in this fine and profitable industry. Portland is naturally the best place for holding such a show, to accommodate the livestock growers not only of Oregon, but of Washington and Idaho. To Portland men, therefore, falls the chief burden of labor and responsibility for organizing and maintaining such a show. It will be of much benefit to this city, but of proportionate benefit also to all sections of this great region, in every part of which stockraising is a large and important business.

Associated with the Portland Country club in this laudable enterprise are the Livestock association, the Portland Driving association and the Hunt club, and these combined organizations have secured an option on a large and suitable tract of land at Rose City park, where it is the intention to have athletic and picnic grounds, a large convention hall and all the appurtenances of a first-class institution of its kind. The names of the incorporators are a sufficient guarantee that the enterprise, when once fairly organized and started, will be carried on in the most approved manner and for the benefit not only of those most directly concerned, but of the livestock raisers of the Pacific northwest.

PORTLAND CEMENT.

THE RAPIDITY of the development of the cement manufacturing industry in this country is gratifying and it would seem would be interesting and suggestive to capitalists of this region, where such increasing quantities of this material are in demand. The output of American-made Portland cement, according to the Manufacturers' Record, has steadily increased from 42,000 barrels in 1880 to 45,610,822 barrels in 1900. The greatest percentage of gain has been in recent years. In 1885 the output was 150,000 barrels; in 1890, 335,000; in 1895, 990,000; in 1900, 2,482,020, and in 1905, 35,246,812. The production last year was an increase of over 10,000,000 barrels, and the prospect is that the increase will be even more rapid in succeeding years. The Record says:

"So great has been the percentage of increase, even during the last few years, that it is difficult to undertake to forecast anything as to the vast productions of cement during the next five or ten years. No other large industry, we believe, has ever made such a marvelous record of advance as that of cement, and for it there seems to be practically no limit."

We have no doubt that there is unlimited material in this section of the country for the manufacture of this very necessary and extensively used material, and hope to see its manufacture engaged in here on a large scale in the near future. It certainly would be of immense advantage to all our growing cities.

CORRUPT USE OF MONEY IN THE CITY CAMPAIGN

THE CORRUPT use of money in elections is one of those old evils that are endured only because they are old. Nobody ever did think it was right. But a wrong long tolerated grows unashamed and comes to think that it belongs naturally and inevitably in the scheme of things. But it does not belong there. It is an old illusion that this evil is ineradicable.

The people—the unpurchasable people—never did like it. They have condoned it just as they have condoned the other sins of the political machine. Eventually they will extirpate it just as they have extirpated other outrages against the popular, the real popular will.

The corrupt use of money is a concomitant of machine politics. Wherever there is a machine there is money, and wherever there is money there is a machine. The two go together. They are the Siamese twins.

Money—that is to say, more money than is honest—is used in this election. It is a fact not difficult to substantiate; for corrupt money has a way of revealing its operations. The proof had may not be of that judicial directness that would justify a penitentiary punishment, but it is cogent enough to invite the public judgment of condemnation. In case of doubt, if there could be a doubt, the people will give themselves the benefit of the doubt.

There are two ways here of ascertaining the truth of the matter. One way is to note that sort of activity that only money produces. Not the rallies nor the speeches nor the open effort constitute the proof. It is the still-hunt that discloses the sack. Where there is a still-hunt there are still-hunters, and these do not work for the good of the cause. They work for money.

It is no secret—indeed, it is an avowed fact—that the Devlin campaign is constituted of a band of still-hunters. There are public meetings, to be sure, where the political orator does his usual stunt, but the real work is intrusted to the paid emissaries that infest the city.

The other way to know that money is at work is found in the fact that the Devlin committee will not publish its expenses. It would have been good politics—and these men are good politicians—to have accepted Mr. Montague's invitation to publish the campaign contributions. But they did not do that, and therefore it is to be concluded that the publication would reveal the existence of the corruption fund as well as its sources.

It is time to discourage the use of money in elections. In fact, it is time to stop it. If there were a fund on both sides the people might be helpless to disapprove the corruption of their elections by their vote. But this time there is a way to end this ancient evil now and for all time to come. That way is to make the use of money useless. In short, that way is to beat the money side, to rout it utterly, to drive it into the sea.

If that were the only question in the campaign, it would be worth the trouble of the people to teach the lesson good and hard that the use of money to corrupt the election is the surest means to defeat the side that uses it.

We have been having some reforms in recent years in public elections and the method of their conduct. This reform comes next, and this is the psychological moment. It is now, today, and on the third of June, men against money—good men against bad money.

"It will be a whirlwind for Taft," says the St. Paul Dispatch. If it is a big enough whirlwind to get him in motion rapidly, people would better get out of his way.

After awhile we will get the recall, too, for use particularly in the case of councilmen who persist in flagrantly voting against the people's interests.

This Date in History.

1510—George D'Amboise, cardinal and prime minister to Louis XII, died. Born 1460.

1659—Richard Cromwell, formerly abdicated, after nominal rule of seven months.

1763—Fort St. Joseph taken by the Indians.

1826—First congress met in Bolivia.

1845—Sir John Franklin sailed from Sheerness on his last expedition to the Arctic.

1857—Andrew P. Butler, United States senator from South Carolina, died. Born November 17, 1796.

1882—Royal Society of Canada held its first meeting at Ottawa.

1891—United States supreme court declared "original package" law constitutional.

1899—Rosa Bonheur, French painter, died. Born 1822.

1901—Norwegian parliament conferred franchise on women taxpayers.

1903—British troops defeated the Mad Mullah in Somaliland.

Birthday of Bishop Potter.

Bishop Henry Codman Potter, head of the Protestant Episcopal diocese in New York, was born in Schnectady, New York, May 25, 1835. His father was an Episcopal bishop and he himself received his early education in the Episcopal academy of Philadelphia. Later he completed his studies at the Theological seminary of Virginia, and in 1857 he was ordained. During the next 10 or 12 years he occupied pulpits in Greensburg, Pennsylvania, Troy and Boston, finally becoming rector of Grace church, New York, just before the civil war. For 20 years thereafter he acted as secretary to the house of bishops, which position he resigned in 1883 to become coadjutor to his uncle, Bishop Horatio Potter. In 1887 Bishop Horatio Potter died and his nephew was chosen as his successor. Bishop Potter is probably the wealthiest churchman in America and his social position in New York is of the highest. He has taken prominent part in many public movements, and is the author of a number of works on religious and kindred subjects.

On the Side.

By Wex Jones.

Secretary Taft is handicapped by "Bill." Imagine a "Bill bear."

Even the dog at the White House eats 'em alive.

"May, the season of flowers"—and furs.

A paper published in Corning, New York, near the Pennsylvania line, says the first snowstorm fell there on October 11, and the latest one on May 11, making a winter of seven months' duration, and remarks: "It is a fact quite generally recognized now that the seasons have undergone a marked change within the past 25 or 30 years, and at the present time we do not get more than three months of real summer weather. The reason for this is left for the astronomers to explain." And probably most of those poor people know little or nothing about Oregon.

A candidate who intends to be a mayor of and for all the people, regardless of partisan or business pulls, should have nothing to conceal about campaign expenses or anything else that is the people's business.

It has been conclusively proven by Mr. Devlin's book that in advocating a partisan and spoils city administration he designs to do the city an evil.

The outlook respecting the next council renders the election of Mayor Lane exceedingly important. The city may need him very much.

Uncle Shelby Cullom having declared for Uncle Joe Cannon for president, it would be only fair for Uncle Joe to say a word in favor of Uncle Shelby. It is pleasant to see the old boys patting one another on the back.

Portland's Opportunity

From the Madras (Or.) Pioneer.

That trip made by the business men of Portland to the towns along the O. R. & N. railroad between Portland and Boise, Idaho, and to the inland towns along the branch lines of that road, was all right as far as it went and will be productive of good to the business interests of Portland, but the trouble is that it did not go far enough. What Portland business men want to do is to get off of the railroad and out into that great inland empire known as central Oregon, to learn for themselves of its wonderful resources, and of the possibilities of its development and the resulting trade for the Oregon metropolis. If Portland ever comes to realize the immensity of this territory, the vastness of its possibilities of trade and the relative smallness of the investment which will be required to open up this section and turn its large volumes of business to Portland for all time to come, the business men of that city would not be long in grasping the opportunity. The trouble is that Portland does not know enough of the great field for exploitation that lies at its very door.

* * *

It has been said that Opportunity knocks but once at any man's door, but here, to borrow a phrase, Opportunity lies in wait with a stuffed club, for Portland's business men. It is true that Portland gets the trade from this section at the present time and is apparently satisfied, but with the advent of a railroad into this territory, that trade would be increased a thousand fold. Portland's opportunity is to furnish the needed rail transportation for this section. A railroad up the Deschutes river would tap the entire central Oregon country with a line that would draw all of its business to Portland; it would give this section an outlet by a water-level route to its best markets, and would forever hold this territory tributary to the Oregon metropolis, against the invasion of any railroad from the south.

* * *

But Portland closes her eyes to this opportunity, and the indications are now that the first road into this territory will be from the south, reaching up from California into the Klamath country, and on north into this section, and drawing to San Francisco that trade which should rightfully belong to Portland. Those who are familiar with the situation can see the opportunity slipping away from Portland.

What Portland business men need is to take two weeks off and come out and get better acquainted with that great undeveloped empire known as central Oregon, with its vast area greater than the entire state of Ohio; with its billions of feet of finest yellow pine timber; with its 500,000 acres of wheat lands; with its great thoroughbred stock farms, its hundreds of thousands of head of sheep and cattle; its mines of gold and silver, cinnabar and coal; with its Deschutes river and other streams affording unlimited power for manufacturing plants; all this comprising the great empire of central Oregon, awaiting the advent of the railroad to open it up and permit of its development.

* * *

Central Oregon is truly a great empire in itself. With ample railroad transportation, affording opportunity for its development, it would soon become the richest and most productive section of the state. This empire is naturally tributary to Portland, and with transportation facilities, all of its vast wealth of trade and commerce would be poured into that city for all time to come. With this empire developed and pouring its wealth into Portland, it would make of that place the greatest city on the coast, and insure for all time to come Portland's preeminence among the markets of the Pacific slope.

If Portland never got a dollar back directly from its investment in a railroad into this section, it could well afford to spend the money for the vast benefits that would accrue to the business interests of the city. But such an investment would pay from the start, for this section of the state is ready for a railroad—has been for years—and there is sufficient business in sight now to put the road on a paying basis from the start. With the growth of this section under the impetus of better transportation facilities it would only be a few years until such a road would be taxed to its utmost to handle the immense amount of tonnage which would be developed.

This is Portland's opportunity. What is needed is that her business men shall come and see for themselves. Once let them get to know this section as they should, and enough money would be subscribed before the party got back to Portland to give central Oregon its much needed transportation facilities.

Incomparable Umatilla.

From the Pendleton East Oregonian.

It is good to be alive these spring days.

It is especially good to be alive in eastern Oregon, and more especially in Umatilla county.

In no county in Oregon is there a larger crop nor a better crop now growing than in Umatilla. In no county in the state is there a better prospect for the home-builder and the settler than in Umatilla.

Climate, soil, water, transportation to market and all the necessary accompaniments of a rich and progressive empire are here. And the county is just now at the first faint dawn of its best period. The developments in irrigation within the next five years will startle the world.

The East Oregonian delights in picturing the future of the irrigated districts of the county, when small farms occupied by families and highly cultivated will cover the entire west and north parts of the county.

In all these triumphs Pendleton will stand as the commercial center and distributing point. The future looks better than ever this spring.

The Lesson of Ruef.

From the Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Spokane has its machine politicians—men who are willing to throw aside their ideals, to discount their honor, to skulk through shadowy paths of deceit and trickery, to join hands with lawbreakers and grafters, to wink at crime and corruption if they can only gain or hold political power. They are not confined to one ward or one party. Sometimes they are found in business circles—sometimes in public office—sometimes they are little better than street loafers, living no one knows how, yet deeming themselves competent judges of what should be done in the affairs of the city, the state or the nation. Can these politicians—whether called business men, loafers or public officials—read no lesson in Abe Ruef's confession? Must they wait to learn too late that nothing is worth while in public life or private life that rests on lies, trickery and dishonesty?

When the Postman Rings

By John Anderson Jayne.

Among the many men who pass along the street, and who we see every day, none is of more interest to us than the postman. Be the weather wet or dry, cold or hot, he is always found at the appointed hour in his own particular place. The sounding of the fire alarm, that attracts the attention of every one else in the district, has no call for him. Though it should be the next house on his route that was in flames, he would find a way to deliver the mail, or stow it away in his capacious sack, and go on to the next house above the burning one, satisfied only to do his duty as he knows and understands it.

The postman is a conspicuous figure in the busy, hustling life of our American cities. Every one knows him. His neat, gray uniform makes him a marked individual. To the man who wears it it is more than a uniform, it is a certificate of character, for under the regulations laid down by our wise old friend, Uncle Sam, only those who are possessed of certain qualifications along character lines are privileged to be the distributors of our mail. The man who wears it must be sober, industrious and not given to profanity, a good citizen and have the moral backing of reputable men in the community. It matters little that he is able to stand the civil service examination if he is lacking in these things. So it comes to pass that the man wearing the gray uniform has received the approval of the United States government relative to his character and the uniform he wears is the certificate of that approval.

As the months and the years go by and the postman continues faithful in his work of delivering the mail there is built up between him and the recipients of his labor a feeling of friendship that is more than the ordinary friendship of life. Continually receiving from him, and never giving, we unconsciously come to the place where we regard him as the universal almoner of bounty, and we honor and respect him accordingly.

He is a wise man, too, and with a wisdom born of experience knows how to sympathize with those who have received from his hand the letter telling of sad news in the far-off home. A true telepathist of the heart is he, and without entering into voluble protestations of sympathy, succeeds in bringing a ray of hope to the saddened spirit with the thought, "Better news may come tomorrow."

All the children on his route love him! They know him by name and he, knowing them, gives them the letter "mamma has been waiting for," or, with a kindly smile, answers, "Nothing today, little one."

Unconsciously he learns much of the intimate affairs of the family to whom he is delivering the mail. He watches the face of the mother as it lights with a great joy when a letter is brought from the boy in the far-distant west or the Philippines. He knows when the bills come thick and constantly and knows whether or not the family is having a hard time to make both ends meet. He knows of the going away of the daughter in the home, how she is doing and where she is living. He learns the most sacred secrets, and, all honor to his name, he never betrays any of the secrets he has learned.

He is courteous, gentle, dignified, persistent, kind. No matter the sorrow of his own heart, he is a fountain of good cheer at all times. He blesses, inspires and binds up broken hearts and is a genuine missionary of the gospel of good will.

And when by order of government the changes inevitable to life, of the call of death, he is removed from our route, we always miss him, and wonder why it is that the new man is so slow, so different, so cold and distant. But as the days go by and the new man, silently and honestly does his work, we give him a place in our hearts and out of the minglings of the old carrier's characteristics and the new carrier's methods, and a consciousness that all carriers are men doing their work faithfully and well, there is born into our minds a composite picture of a true-hearted, noble-hearted American gentleman, the mail carrier for Uncle Sam.

And so it comes that when the postman rings the bell, we are glad to welcome him, glad of his smile, glad for his messages, and glad to bid him good cheer as he goes on his way. So, now, after having left the long-looked-for letter, we say, as he takes his departure, "God bless, God bless our mail carrier."

A Mayor of the People.

From the Medford Southern Oregonian.

It is the opinion of close observers, disinterested citizens and those in touch with the Portland situation that Lane will be reelected mayor. His administration has made many vital forward steps in the way of municipal reform and better government. He has been an untrammeled mayor of the people and not the tool of any clique. The words "Democrat" and "Republican" have little terror for the independent, thinking citizen any more. They are scarecrows used by professional politicians, largely, to keep their constituents in submission and in line. Men are divided as good and bad, fit and unfit, clean and unclean, honest and dishonest, by the thinking citizen, the studious, patriotic voter, and not as Democrats and Republicans. The old moorings are broken ruthlessly and the days of political prejudice are numbered. The younger, virile generation will not be held by the worn-out strings of old party prejudice. Something up to date, something modern, something vital to their present day welfare, must be offered them as party inspiration. Politics should create no divisions among men where the spirit of the times binds them together in a common interest.

A High-Minded Hen.

From the Hillsboro Argus.

C. Blaser hunted a hen's nest all last summer on his place down on Leyerich lake, but without avail. The hen would go up on the sidehill, lay her egg, and then cackle in derision. Blaser would go up and hunt, while the hen would just cackle a little louder.

Late this spring he chopped down a fir, and 90 feet from the stump he found, where the tree forked, a hen's nest, with several young chickens, dead, and several eggs that were not fit for easter service. There had been an old tree leaning from the steep bank, which reached within a few feet of the crotch of the tree in which the nest was located and the hen went out on the incline and took up a homestead on the standing timber. While she was hatching the leaning tree fell and when the chicks came out of the shell they could not get to terra firma, and neither could the old hen get back.

Explained at Last.

From the London Saturday Review.

Mr. Harriman, it is said, wanted to take Mr. Depew's place, which had been promised him by the mayor of New York, Mr. Higgins.

Small Change

Corey has plenty of alimony money left.

* *

Wheat seems to be exceedingly prosperous also.

* *

When a young man is in love the mother is of small account.

* *

The gumshoe and pussyfoot campaign continues; no questions answered.

* *

If you don't believe this is the latter part of May, consult the calendar.

* *

San Francisco continues to be the source of about as much bad news as Russia.

* *

After the court's summer vacation, the dreary farce of securing a Haywood jury will go on.

* *

Of course the 80-odd million consumers will have nothing to say about the revision of the tariff.

* *

A Massachusetts baseball team is composed entirely of preachers. Maybe the B-o-rs could beat it.

* *

Mr. Devlin doubtless considers Chairman Montague a questionable, or, at least, a questioning character.

* *

The birth of the Prince of Spain may have given Queen Wilhelmina of Holland sad thoughts.

* *

It's little the lucky fisherman cares about the troubles of the nation or the woes of the world.

* *

Being rather hardy flowers, the roses manage to come out slowly in spite of the Marchy weather.

* *

Pete, the president's bulldog, having been licked, nothing aggressive has been heard from the White House since.

* *

A good many people of Portland think that 16 years' continuous service for the city entitles Mr. Devlin to a vacation.

* *

A man with a jag takes very like interest in the question whether the whiskey he drinks is straight or blended goods.

* *

Caruso is to get $200,000 a year for four years, he to make 72 appearances a year. Out of this he can pay several $10 fines.

* *

We don't want to arouse any unpleasant suspicions about that Spanish baby, but why wasn't its weight announced?

* *

It is surely time for somebody to inspect the Panama canal again. Probably all the diggers are asleep down there again.

* *

But if Taft should be elected and make Roosevelt secretary of state, wouldn't Roosevelt be the real president for four years more, anyway?

* *

A big newspaper is in rather small business in editorially roasting a man nearly 90 years old because he is poor and has not always been wise.

* *

Collier's says Vice-President Fairbanks owns the Indianapolis News and has $200,000 invested in the Star, hence these papers are not expected to whoop it up for Taft.

* *

A Connecticut fisherman claims to have seen a red-headed devil-fish which stood on its tail and hissed at him. And Connecticut is not a state that prohibits the use of bait, either.

Oregon Sidelights

Harney county is "better than $30,000 to the good," says the Burns Times-Herald.

* *

There are 27 carpenters, painters and masons in Vale, and every one of them is busy, says the Oriano.

* *

Dallas, says the Observer, has good public buildings, an abundant supply of pure mountain water, an excellent system of sewers, a well-equipped fire department, one of the largest electric light and power plants in the state, and more feet of concrete sidewalk than any town of equal population in the northwest.

* *

Vale Oriano: A feature of much value is the existence here of hot springs and flowing wells of boiling water. Present plans contemplate piping this hot water into the residences and hotels for heat and domestic use. This water has a temperature of 212 degrees Fahrenheit, and has mineral ingredients in solution.

* *

By marrying Mrs. Martha Horner in Lebanon, Samuel Mills becomes the grandfather of his brother's children. Homer Mills, his younger brother married Agnes Horner, daughter of Mrs. Martha Horner, about 12 years ago. By the new wedding Mills becomes the grandfather of his nephews and Mrs. Horner the aunt of her grandchildren.

* *

Two carloads of Oregon fir timbers averaging about 60 feet in length and about 12 inches square passed through The Dalles to the Jamestown exposition, where they will be used in the buildings and incidentally to advertise Oregon. They were sawed in an Astoria mill and will no doubt get there before the show is over.

* *

Hubbard correspondence of Woodburn Independent: Talk about Hubbard being slow! We wish to call your attention to our streets. They have been graveled for years, oiled for four years and in better shape than the streets of any other town of its size in Oregon. Hubbard has had but one tax levy and that was 3 mills about 12 years ago. Prospects are good for a bank, large hop warehouse, harness shop and tinshop.

* *

Medford Tribune: A 40-shilling note of date prior to the declaration of American independence is a treasure in the possession of H. Lorimer of this city. The note bears the imprint of a Philadelphia printer and is signed by the treasurer of the state of Pennsylvania. It is in an excellent state of preservation, and to a numismatist would be a treasure indeed. Mr. Lorimer's family has preserved the note through several generations.

* *

Vale Oriano: Sheepshearing plants at various points in the interior are very busy now. At Skull Springs, 50 miles southwest of Vale, is a large shearing plant where over 200,000 head of sheep will be sheared. Other similar camps are at Juniper Springs, 60 miles west of Vale, and Gwynn & Anderson's place, 18 miles beyond Skull Springs. There are also many smaller shearing points where machines are not used. Before the end of the season over 2,000,000 pounds of wool will be shipped from Vale.