EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE JOURNAL

THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

C. S. JACKSON.....Publisher

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OREGON AND RAILROADS.

THE STATE BANK EXAMINER reports that there are over $71,000,000 on deposit in the banks of Oregon, but the total amount is doubtless much more than this, and more coming in; besides more money than ever before is invested in improvements, luxuries, means of better living, education, etc. The per capita surplus of cash in Oregon, when the annual holiday season comes around, will be exceeded by but very few if any states in the union. Yet the state's resources are developed in but a comparatively small degree yet; there are room and opportunity for hundreds of thousands more people to do as well as those now here are doing.

A great need is more means of transportation, open rivers and more railroads, steam and electric. It is difficult if not impossible to get the present volume of surplus products carried to market, and settlement and production are retarded because of this lack of transportation facilities. Oregon, considering its splendid resources, is perhaps the least supplied with means of transportation of any state in the union.

This is an old story, and it may do no good to repeat it unless the people of the state, realizing its great need in this respect, decide to remedy the situation themselves, regardless of Mr. Harriman or any other railroad king. Suppose it were decided to do this, and under sufficient power bonds for building state railroads were put upon the market, it is evident that the people of Oregon could furnish all the money required for that purpose with only a fraction of their present bank deposits, and not a dollar of outside money would be needed. The people of Oregon can work out their own transportation salvation, and raise the railroad incubus that has so long oppressed them, if they choose to do so, and will work together for that purpose.

We do not now go to the extent of advocating such action, but believe it is a matter that should be thought of, considered and discussed throughout the state. In union there is strength, and the people of Oregon, if united, can accomplish great things for the state. There are indications that the Harriman grip will have to give way here and there to other railroad powers, as it had to down the Columbia to Hill, but there is as yet no assurance that he cannot continue for years yet to keep the greater portion of Oregon in its present railroadless condition.

In the Willamette valley the problem is being solved by electric lines, and we look for them to multiply, but the great interior region east of the mountains must have railroads, and even if Harriman builds one across it, the situation will be only in a small degree relieved. Shall not the people of Oregon get together and help themselves? This is a matter of far more importance than party politics.

MAYOR JOHNS AND THE LID.

MAYOR JOHNS has probably reached that point in his career where he would rather be a private citizen than the chief executive of Baker City. A part of his people want the lid left off in Baker, while the rest insist that the cover be shut down tight, and that the mayor shall sit on it. It is not impossible that the mayor would give all his official salary, and half his private income if Baker City had no lid. He is in that remarkably uncomfortable position of the historic gentleman who thought he dare not let go of the bear.

Meantime, Baker City is described as wide open, and its mayor pursuing a policy of masterly inactivity. His closed town constituents assert that to be exactly the course his open town contituents want him to pursue, because it means a continuation of present conditions. Its effect is to nullify the laws that prohibit gambling, that provide for dry Sundays and other restrictions.

These laws in ordinary towns a mayor is under oath to uphold, but Mayor Johns does not seem to regard sumptuary laws as binding at Baker City. Being a lawyer himself, the mayor is supposed to know, and far be it from these remarks to question his knowledge or opinion of his official duty. Yet, his attitude does put Mayor Johns in a strained and strange position. He is willing, he says, to enforce the laws if a majority of Baker City people by their votes next June favor it. Here then, is a lawyer who says that the law is law or not law, according as the mayor of Baker City sees fit to enforce or nullify it.

In other towns, mayors have not so much authority. They are only mayors, and therefore without authority to make or unmake state or municipal laws, as, from this distance, seems within the prerogatives of the sovereign mayor of Baker City.

BOSS-NAMED JUDGES.

WHETHER the Independence league in New York is not worthy of entire confidence and support, or whether it is beyond criticism in purpose or method, certainly it seems to have ample ground for its protest against the deal between the Republican and Democratic bosses by which two men, both named Bartlett, were nominated for members of the New York state court of appeals. Not only are the people of the state thus shut out of any direct voice as to who shall be the judges of their highest court but they are not allowed even to send delegates to a convention to nominate these very important officers. Murphy, McCarren and "Fingy" Connors, acting for the Democrats, and Boss Tim Woodruff acting for the Republicans, got together and named two candidates for two places, one a Democrat and the other a Republican—perhaps so for policy—and the millions of people of New York have no more to say about the matter than if they lived in Borneo. This, we suppose, may be cited as an admirable instance of representative government, these bosses representing a million and a half of voters who have no more power of selection or choice than so many sheep.

It may be possible that the two candidates are fit and worthy men; and that one Republican and one Democrat should be chosen by common consent is well; but the bosses who selected them are not fit to select a justice of the peace for Spuyten Duyvil precinct, or a judge of anything above a dog fight. They are using their political machines wholly for purposes inimical to the people's interests, and it is not safe to allow such men to pick out justices of the highest court of the state, or of any other court. When they confer a favor on a man by giving him a high and lucrative office, they expect that he will remember it in his official acts.

LA FOLLETTE AND REPUBLICANS

IT IS reported that the national Republican committee will not recognize the delegation to the national convention from Wisconsin, if under the direct primary system there La Follette delegates should be chosen, but will reject them as not having been chosen in accordance with the call and with custom, that is, by a convention. There will be two reasons for this action, if it be taken, one specific and the other general; the Republican leaders yet in power so far as the national committee goes hate La Follette in particular, because he is for the people and against the machine; and they hate the direct election plan because it takes power away from the machine managers and puts it in the hands of the people.

The Republican convention could do few things better calculated to increase the distrust of that party among the people than to throw out La Follette and his delegates on this ground. They did this in 1904, and while it then made no difference in the general result it made La Follette supreme, as the people's exponent and champion rather than a party's, in Wisconsin; and what happened in Wisconsin is going to happen in other states, as men like him arise who will clearly and surely serve the people rather than a people-working party.

MULTNOMAH COUNTY.

OLD-TIMERS who were out through the Powell's Valley region 20, 30 or 40 years ago, but not since, will find it interesting to go out to the fair at Gresham and see what a change has been wrought in these years. The transformation has been slow, but sure, and is still going on. Lands have doubled, trebled and quadrupled in value, as they have been cleared up and settlement has increased, and this process will go on almost indefinitely, for as Portland grows, that nearby rich region will find here an increasingly better market for all its surplus products, of which it can raise many fold what it does now. The land in that region is for the most part rich, and well adapted to many products. One needs but a few acres there to make a good living, and gradually the average size of the farms is being reduced. Though the population of that part of the county has grown steadily, it is not yet more than one tenth what could be well supported by the intelligent application of industry to the natural resources of that region.

The fair at Gresham is displaying much of the products of the surrounding country, and will, we doubt not, be an eye-opener to some who supposed the people out there were living in the woods yet, as they did a third of a century ago. All the country between the Columbia and the Clackamas, back to the Sandy river and down to the limits of Portland is to some extent represented at the fair, and it is a region well worth investigating by people seeking homes. Oregon has many counties that hold out large and varied inducements to homeseekers—all of them do, in fact—but in this respect Multnomah county itself, though it is scarcely ever mentioned in the Portland papers, has much to offer.

Again the teachers of Portland want more pay, and they seem to make a pretty showing in favor of their demand. Everybody knows that the cost of living has gone on increasing steadily, and good teachers are entitled to salaries that will enable them to lay up something every year. And we think the greatest percentage of increase should go to the grade teachers.

Senator Bourne is still determined that President Roosevelt shall be a candidate again, and has offered a prize of $1,000 for the best statement of reasons why he should. Reasons in plenty can be given, but all of them combined may not be sufficient to overbalance the one reason that the president has positively declared that he will not be a candidate.

Governor Vardeman of Mississippi never loses a good opportunity to show the world that his head is not on straight, or is muddled in its insides. His refusal to meet the president is one of his freaks showing him to be an ill-balanced mortal.

Thomas F. Lawson's predictions about copper came to a considerable extent true, but not when or as he said they would, showing that he was not as wise as he thought he was, or else was not as sincere as he professed to be.

If it comes to the worst, F. Augustus can go out and make a living with a pick. He is young and stout yet, and knows where good copper mines are.

Billions have been lost in stock values, but as they were not real values it doesn't matter much except to the stock gamblers.

May Yet Imitate Oregon.

From the Pacific Outlook (Los Angeles.)

The Los Angeles Times has begun what promises to be a strong campaign against those political principles known as the initiative, the referendum and the recall. In view of its attitude on the subject of public ownership of certain public utilities its fight against popular government logically follows. For some time past the Times has been ridiculing what it terms the "whimsies" of "freaky" Oregon. From this time forth—or at least until it is forced by an overwhelming public sentiment to abandon its campaign—it may be depended upon to heap all sorts of ridicule and abuse upon these ideas of government and upon those chiefly responsible for the propaganda in California. But in the end the Times, as well as all other newspapers which are making light of what is bound to become a powerful and successful public movement, will bow to the will of the people, just as it has pulled in its horns, with as good grace as it has been able to command, in its fight against the prosecution in the graft cases in San Francisco. But in spite of the labors of newspapers of the Times stripe the movement for a form of government more nearly approaching the plan of the founders of the republic and their more enlightened descendants is gaining in strength daily. The time is not far distant when the "whimsies" of "freaky" Oregon will become the means of the salvation of California, and probably of most other states in the Union. There are U'Rens without number in California. The "cranks" of today are less frightened of the organs of Twentieth Century plutocracy than were the Franklins, the Jeffersons and the Adamses of the Tories of yesterday.

More Important.

From the Detroit News.

"Men are so queer. Tell them after the moneymoon that your love is growing cold and they never glance up from the paper."

"No, but tell them the soup is getting cold and they jump about 10 feet."

Harmless Then.

From Fliegende Blaetter.

Mother (to future son-in-law)—I may tell you that, though my daughter is well educated, she cannot cook.

Future Son-in-law—That doesn't matter much, so long as she doesn't try.

Powderous.

From the Atchison Globe.

When a girl under 18 uses powder, the effect is very unpleasant. Powder and paint seem to belong to women who have either had trouble or are looking for it.

Letters From the People

Stand Up for Oregon.

Portland, Oct. 19—To the Editor of The Journal—The experience of Governor Chamberlain at the River Improvement congress indicates what a live man can do in standing up for Oregon everywhere. Oregonians should stand up for the state. We need that kind at home, too. Oregon has more undeveloped natural opportunities than any other state in the union. It is blessed with climate and conditions that make it peculiarly adapted for homes and small farms, factories and manufacturing enterprises. Its greatest curse is its mossbacks and the monopoly of these vast natural opportunities by men who for the most part play the dog-in-the manger and lack faith in themselves or the people.

Now Oregon has implanted in her constitution a progressive yet time-tested democratic institution known by some as the referendum and initiative, called by the American name of direct legislation. This is to be supplemented by the imperative mandate, or recall, and all three will round out a system which will be fully complete at some time in perhaps the no distant future with proportional representation. This will give us what is called in Australia the effective ballot.

Instead of disappointed aspirants for auctioned senatorial togas being induced, persuaded or led away by corporation attorneys and representatives of special privileges and monopolies to belittle, belie and betray what will soon be known all over this country as the "Oregon system" of legislation, let them stand up for Oregon at home and abroad. Direct legislation has come to stay. It will not be knocked out by the supreme court. Roosevelt ascertained that before he agreed to sign the Oklahoma admission bill. This rich and populous new state has followed Oregon. During the campaign there Oregon received more advertising than it ever received before for nothing and by 60,000 majority the people of Oklahoma declared for "the Oregon ballot."

Proclaim the "Oregon ballot" as one of its chief assets, make it part of the literature sent out to attract settlers and home builders. We offer to make every immigrant to the "Oregon country" a member of a great legislature, and thereby guarantee that the people of Oregon can perpetuate and enlarge their liberties.

Stand up for Oregon and her institutions. The people will make mistakes. Even legislatures—to whose unrestricted rule some of our eminent citizens appear to desire to return—have made mistakes. Here in Oregon, however, when Oregon goes wrong, the Oregonians will right her, and that, too, with or without the consent of any publication of similar name.

Stand up for Oregon, and cursed be he who damns her with faint praise and seeks to undermine a cherished and a thoroughly tested institution.

Even the power and wealth of the allied trusts that have for many years dominated the high courts of the nation see the handwriting on the wall and are fearful of the people. No supreme court will dare to declare that the direct legislation of the people of New England towns for the last 200 years and more is contrary to the constitution and to American principles. The Swiss republic has extended that power to national affairs these 40 years.

A claim is put forward by some of those who desire to give impression abroad that Oregon may, might or could be induced to return to the wallow of unrighteousness and graft that once permeated the "grand old par-r-ty" conventions. It is that because the people might infringe upon the sacred rights of property (really meaning privilege); therefore the United States supreme court might be induced to wipe out all power of the people. This could be applied with equal force to state legislative government. These bodies have made mistakes in all sorts of ways too numerous to mention, yet nobody has even faintly suggested that the state legislature be done away with by some sweeping and revolutionary decision of the United States supreme court.

As an humble worker among the common people who has within the past few months visited many parts of this state, let me whisper a word to those who hope to by some miracle of judicial decision or attack of temporary insanity on the part of the people of Oregon to do away with "the Oregon ballot," that they will only incense the people against them and make their individual aspirations for political preferment utterly hopeless if they continue to harp upon the possible catastrophies that will result from the new, yet old, Democratic and Republican ballot.

Stand up for Oregon, boost Portland, and don't forget that direct legislation by the people and the direct primary by the members of the political parties has come to stay, and stay hard. By and through these fundamental Republican and Democratic measures other things as distasteful and as fearsome to grafters, looters and political machine men will be placed in the Oregon constitution. But that, as Kipling says, "is another story"—several of them.

FRED C. DENTON.

Lincoln County Again Protests.

Newport, Oct. 20.—To the Editor of The Journal: The Oregonian and the city of Portland should be delighted to know they are living within a day's ride of the "Land of Nod," where their wives and families come to recuperate.

The people of Lincoln county, as well as many other sections of the state, have long since ceased to regard with any degree of seriousness the utterances of the Oregonian, the paper which for many years held undisputed sway throughout the length and breadth of the state, but which no longer serves as law and gospel for its citizenship.

The recent article appearing in the Oregonian, written for the purpose of tearing down one section of the state, when every other paper in Oregon is doing all in its power to build up, not only its own vicinity, but ever other, is no more than this section would expect from the Oregonian.

It is merely in line with the policy of this paper as manifested during the past 10 years, and is more amusing than otherwise.

R. G. M'DONALD.

Insulted on Street.

Portland, Oct. 17.—To the Editor of The Journal—I have a kick coming and wish to register it through the columns of The Journal. Last evening my wife and I were walking on Vaughn street in the vicinity of the old fair grounds when we were accosted by 15 or 20 boys ranging from 12 to 20 years of age. The language they used was beyond a doubt the worst I ever heard. Not being satisfied with this the crowd followed us at least five squares, keeping up a continuous harangue of the most disgraceful language that a degenerate is capable of using.

There was not an officer in sight and I failed to find one until we had gone four blocks further. There we found one sitting in a grocery store. I cannot understand why this condition of affairs should continue in North Portland. A citizen cannot take his wife for a walk unless insulted by a band of ruffians. This condition has existed for some time past as this is not the first time I have met with insult while walking in this district. This matter should be looked into at once and some protection offered the citizens of North Portland against insult by this band of outlaws.

A CITIZEN AND TAXPAYER.

Eager for the Fray.

Portland, Oct. 20.—To the Editor of The Journal—The many thousands of mothers and grandmothers of the manly and honorable men of Oregon, who are planning to place the crown of liberty upon the brows of their mothers, wives and daughters next June, will be glad to learn that a few "antis" from Boston town have so far gotten over their scare as to have sent out a publication

Portland EDUCATORS

S. F. Ball.

Sheldon Franklin Ball, principal of Atkinson school, was born in Michigan, one of a family of six children, all of whom are now citizens of Oregon. Mr. Ball attended the district schools of Steuben county, Indiana, the High school of Fremont, the Tri-State college at Angola, Indiana, and the University of Chicago, graduating from the latter with the degree of A. B.

He first taught a country school near Fremont, Indiana, later taking charge of a country school in Des Moines county, Iowa. He then took charge of the High school in Danville, Iowa, of which he was made principal. He next accepted the principalship of the High school at Columbus City, Iowa, but after one year resigned that position to accept the principalship of a four-room school in Toledo, Ohio. At the end of a year he was put in charge of the Junction school of eight rooms. He was next transferred to Broadway school, having 12 rooms, which was afterward increased to 20, retaining that position eight years when he was made principal of the Central High school. The last named position he resigned in June, 1906, and came to Oregon with his family.

Last year he taught mathematics in Portland (West) High school and was appointed to his present position in June, 1907.

Mr. Ball is an active member of various organizations, among them being the Masons, Knights of Pythias, Modern Woodmen of America, Ohio Teachers' Reading Circle, National Educational association, Oregon State Teachers' association, Portland Principal's association, and the North Central Association of High schools.

The Play

Richard Carle holds the unique position among writers for the stage of being able to indite a clever and laugh-provoking libretto for cimic opera. For the past month Portland has witnessed numerous examples of the inanities sent out by the ordinary librettist. Last night in "The Mayor of Tokio" at the Heilig we were treated to the best and surest cure for a case of the blues that has come to the town for many a day.

It was interesting to note the surprise on the faces of the audience after the company was well started on the first act with its delightfully comic situations, it's bright, lively music and it's general air of hilarity.

Like the Italian peddlers that the health board has been telling us of, who have lived on disease germs so long that they don't mind them any more, musical comedy frequenters have become so inoculated with the anserous productions sent out on the road that they accept them as a matter of course. They don't laugh very hard and they don't expect to. When Ivan Orfulitch the bomb-throwing Russian came on the scene and began his risible antics they felt a queer and unaccustomed twitching somewhere in their "innards." And when John L. Kearney bounced cheerfully into the limelight and sang "Foolishness," and a few other little efforts they gave way to the malady completely—they were laughing heartily in spite of themselves.

Mr. Kearney as Marcus Orlando Kidder, impresario, impecunious impresario, stranded with its company of "Konsolidated Komiques" in Tokio, is a very funny comedian. Portland hasn't seen Richard Carle in the part and if doing so would have detracted one whit from the pleasure of seeing Mr. Kearney, it's just as well that she hasn't. He sings several songs of the "Foolishness" variety that are exceptionally good. And he keeps up a string of remarks that, accompanied by his farcical acting, are side-splitting.

The book is full of wit, and the lines lose none of their original qualities in Mr. Kearney's hands.

Kidder is talking to the mayor of Tokio who makes a somewhat personal remark anent the former's evident baldness.

"Sir indignantly remarks the impresario, "this head is a storehouse for original ideas and not a mere loafing place for hair."

Again while discussing the prospects for an audience with his wardrobe mistress and the assembled citizens of Tokio, Kidder announces that he is to have a large and respectable audience at his opening performance in Tokio.

"Why how do you know?" demands the doubting lady of the robes.

"I've been selling the tickets," was the reply, "and one man was large and the other looked respectable."

While Mr. Kearney leads the principals he is far from being the only source of amusement for the evening. Jane Griffith as Madam Stitch, wardrobe mistress, elongated, antiquated and the proud owner of Mildred, a well-behaved and greatly beloved parrot, is very good—and is responsible for many of the laughs of the evening. Mikko, the royal messenger, has the most remarkable make-up in the way of an old man that has been seen for some time. Peter Gillespie as Rusty, the song-book boy, not only adds largely to the comic situations but does some good vaudeville dancing with his chorus of dancing girls.

There are any number of new "stunts" during the performance, notably the "comic opera capsule" between Betsey and Kidder, a burlesque of the straits to which road companies are driven to have the members of the company represent everybody called for by the book. They have interchangeable labels denoting them successively as chorus, prima donna, tenor, cruel father, chorus, tenor, pleading daughter and then chorus again.

The chorus, wonder of wonders, is good looking—if it can't sing who cares? It's members are young—mere babes in comparison to some that have graced the local boards recently—they dance well and gracefully and the effect is bright and merry. The entire show is carried off with a dash and dexterity which speaks well for Mr. Cain's ability as a manager of comic opera companies.

"The Mayor of Tokio" will hold forth at the Heilig until Wednesday night.

"In the Palace of the King."

Remarkable both for the sumptuousness of the settings, the smoothness of its first performance and the general excellence of the members of the cast was the Baker stock company's "In the Palace of the King" yesterday.

It is to be doubted, taking everything into consideration, if Viola Allen's production of the imposing romantic drama was any more carefully done, if the stage settings were much more elaborate, if the close of the performance left one more satisfied.

Marion Crawford's novel was a long book of its kind and so complex are the situations in the dramatized form that although all the events depicted take place in one evening, it was found necessary to make a six-act play to include the necessary plot elucidations. Six-act plays are apt to be cumbersome and more apt to be tiresome, but neither undesirable quality is evident in the present production.

This week brings Miss Barney and Mr. Webb back into the cast after their rest as well as every other available member of the company. As Don John of Austria, Mr. Webb is quite as effective as ever—his work was for the most part excellent. A slight relaxation of his "unconscious consciousness" now and then detracts a trifle from the ideal, but on the whole his presentation of the gay, fearless young Spanish nobleman is very good.

Miss Barney is rather matronly for the part of the young girl, which Dona Dolores Mendoza, we are led to believe, must have been. She is a capable actress, but for a Viola Allen character is scarcely slight and girlish enough. During the earlier portion of the play, especially in her scenes with Don Juan while they are discussing their proposed elopement she is disappointing. At the last, however, when the important climax of the drama comes to the front her ability is well shown, especially in her very fine denunciation of Philip of Spain and her rebuke of her father.

As the father of Dolores and Inez, Mr. Dills was lacking in force—his gentleness under the circumstances was not convincing.

Mr. Bowles has attained his desire, and is given a character part and an excellent one—that of Adonis, the court jester. In it Mr. Bowles does some convincing work. It is a trying role, necessitating careful handling and much attention to the little things, and both are well cared for.

Mr. Robert Homans as the King of Spain and Louise Kent as the Princess of Eboli, the scheming plotter against Don John and Dolores, complete the list of principals. Both did excellent work in their important roles.

"In the Palace of the King" is a romantic play, dealing with times and a court that offered every opportunity for excitement and plotting, with room now and then for a real old-time romantic love-affair to break out. The play is interesting as such and should prove one of the Baker's most popular offerings.

A Trip to Mars

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Oh, by and by we shall hear the cry:
"This is the way to Mars;
Come take a trip on the morning ship,
It sails by the Isle of Stars.

"A glorious view of planets new
We promise by night and day;
Past dying suns our good ship runs,
And we pause at the Milky Way."

I am almost sure we will take that tour
Together, my dear, my dear;
For ever have we, by land and sea,
Gone journeying far and near.

Out over the deeps, up mountain steeps,
We have traveled mile on mile;
And to sail away to the Martian Bay—
Oh, that were a trip worth while!

Our ship will race thro' seas of space
Up into the realms of light,
Till the whirling ball of the earth grows small,
And is utterly lost to sight.

Thro' the nebulous spawn, where planets are born
We will pass with sails well furled,
And with eager eyes we will scan the skies,
For the sight of a new-made world.

From the derelict barque of a sun gone dark,
Adrift in our fair ship's path,
A beacon star shall guide us afar
And afar from the comet's wrath.

Oh, many a start of pulse and heart
We have felt at the sight of land;
But what would we do if the dream came true
And we sighted the Martian strand?

So, if some day you come and say,
"They are sailing to Mars, I hear,"
I want you to know I am ready to go—
All ready, my dear, my dear.

At the Empire.

The announcement of Hal Reid play always means much to the lovers of melodrama. It means that it must be seen, whether it's possible or not, and "The Cowpuncher," at the Empire, is as Hal "Reidy" as any one could wish for.

It is a story of wild west life that is tense from the beginning until the wicked "greaser" finally pays the penalty of his varied life of crime and adventure by meeting death through the 44-Colts route.

The scenes are laid in Arizona and the familiar cattle ranch characters are all out in full force, to the delight of all old acquaintances. The young and tenderly nurtured eastern girl, left alone on the ranch with no one to look after her but cowboys and such creatures, shows that she has true red-white-and-blue Yankee American stars and stripes blood in her, and stands them all off alone and unaided until finally they decide that she should be helped and not hindered. At the end she does marry one of them—the one who kills the "greaser."

Miss Ritchie was the young Boston lady who proved such a success in as a rancher; Bessie Lyle was a cowgirl of singing proclivities, and W. F. Pfarr the execrable "greaser."

Is It Necessary?

From the Minneapolis Journal.

Somehow or other the country cannot understand why it is so important to defeat Tom Johnson for mayor of "the best governed city in the country." Mr. Johnson might better run for mayor of Milwaukee or Philadelphia.

Oregon Sidelights

An orchard of apple trees only four years old in the Grand Ronde valley bore quite a crop of good fruit.

* *

Several families, numbering 18 people, arrived in Milton from Lima, Ohio, and will settle thereabouts, the result of the Milton commercial club's advertising.

* *

The bridge crew employed by the Coos Bay, Roseburg & Eastern Railway company were put to hasty flight Monday morning by a monster black bear, which disputed the right of way, and the men retreated on a handcar. Returning with guns, bruin had disappeared.

* *

Never in the history of the valley have crops in general been better, nor prices higher, says the La Grande Star. And if the beautiful weather continues for a short time, not one farmer, fruit grower or beet raiser will suffer a dollar's loss by failue to get his crop properly harvested.

* *

The increased building activity of the past two months is by no means confined to the towns, says the Dayton Observer. The number of new houses being erected on farms in Polk county is truly astonishing, and gives one an idea of the enormous increase of immigration during the past year.

* *

It is just within the last year that Nyssa has been noticeable on the map, says the Sun. The people from the outside are just beginning to realize that Nyssa lies in one of the most productive valleys in the northwest. It is becoming noted for sugar beets, fruits and hay.

On the Side

By Wex Jones.

Persons who travel much by Pullman will be interested in the discovery that radium will efface birthmarks.

PROSPERITY.

"I've seen better days"—the stranger began,
And the prosperous guy edged away—
"Five-thirty—I promised to meet a man,
And I'll miss him sure if I stay."

"I've seen better days"—as he stood by the bar,
Said the shabby-dressed stranger then;
Said the prosperous guy, "It's coming, my car,
And I'm blowed if I miss it again."

"I've seen better days"—with a sad sort of look,
The stranger repeated once more;
But the prosperous guy had taken his hook
And skipped through the handiest door.

"What's up?" asked the stranger, looking about,
"I guess that fat guy isn't sober—
But, as I was saying before he went out,
I've seen better days for October."

Among the forthcoming books are:

ASSETS, by Thomas F. Ryan.

An interesting study of these curious little animals, written by one who has a large number of them in captivity. An appendix contains good descriptions of the Quigg, one of the most easily tamed of the rodents, and the scarce Friendly receiver.

BIG GAME: BEARS AND PILOTS, by T. R.

Behind the initials "T. R." the reader will easily recognize the greatest living authority on killing game. In this book he treats the nature fakers with great severity, proving conclusively that a man who has never killed a bear can know little or nothing of the chewink.

PUBLIC OPINION AND HOW TO ACCELERATE IT, by Lem Quigg.

A treatise by an acknowledged expert. Invaluable to those who want to reach a position where they can afford to damn the public.

STANDING FOR HEALTH AND COMFORT, by Colonel "X."

Colonel "X" is an authority upon standing, having been one of the desk officers engaged in the presidential ride of fifteen miles.

ON AND OFF THE RIVER, by Ex-Pilot.

A graphic description of a pilot's life on the Mississippi, written by one who has plenty of leisure for literary pursuits, since he was canned by the president for bumping his steamboat into a floating cork.

Traction grafters sold a line that didn't exist, but that was less of a crime than selling some of the lines that do exist.

There won't be a man on the river,
Not a pilot to order a crew,
There won't be one with a license,
When President R. gets through.

There won't be a bear in the canebreaks,
Nor a 'possum to make a stew,
There won't be a bobcat surviving
When President R. gets through.

There won't be a rumor stirring,
But branded as wholly untrue—
Except that strange third-term story—
When President R. gets through.

This Date in History.

1520—Magellan discovered and entered the strait which bears his name.

1690—Massachusetts invaders retired from before Quebec without making an attack.

1692—British government took away William Penn's proprietary rights in Pennsylvania.

1805—Horatio Lord Nelson killed at the battle of Trafalgar.

1821—Jenny Lind, famous singer, born. Died November 2, 1887.

1841—John Forsyth, secretary of state under Presidents Jackson and Van Buren, died in Washington, D. C. Born in Virginia October 22, 1870.

1861—Colonel Baker, friend of Lincoln, killed at battle of Balls Bluff.

1892—World's Columbian exposition at Chicago formally dedicated.

In Cycles.

From the Washington Times.

"There is no reaction," says Uncle Billy Allison. America is a sort of political turbine—no reaction; but we make progress by whirling 'round and 'round to the starting point.

"An East Side Bank for East Side People."

We carefully guard the interests of our customers in every legitimate way, and earnestly solicit accounts, both checking and savings.

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