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THE MONETARY "CRISIS."

THAT THERE is a temporary money stringency throughout the country there can no longer be any doubt. This occurs about this time every year to some extent, though seldom to so great an extent as now. The "crisis," as President Roosevelt terms the recent situation in New York, has been brought about because of an almost unprecedented slump of stocks, culminating just at the season when vast amounts of money, actual cash, were needed to pay for and move the crops. The stock shrinkages have doubtless resulted in the hoarding of a good deal of money by people easily scared or who look for big profits on its use, but even if this were not the case it seems probable that the volume of currency in circulation is scarcely sufficient in such a conjunction of circumstances to meet the exigencies of the country's enormous business.

Locally, the banks are confronted with an emergency that justifies the action taken. They not only have large amounts due them from eastern banks, on which they cannot immediately realize cash, but they are just now due to pay out millions of dollars to farmers for wheat and other products, without being able to replace these payments in cash from their New York and foreign correspondents. The eastern and foreign wheat buyers, for instance, pay through agents here, but as soon as the chain is broken by the New York banks refusing to honor drafts except in clearing house certificates, which are unavailable here, the Portland banks are placed in an embarrassing though not in a perilous position. Matters will be arranged in a very few days, doubtless, so that all demands can be met in the usual way. It is only a question of opening the New York point of circulation, which is temporarily clogged up.

There is no need of uneasiness or distrust. The stringency will soon be relieved and the business of the banks will resume its normal condition.

FARMING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

THE TRACTION engine that was to haul wheat from the Crook county farms to the railroad terminus at Shaniko has proved a failure, as it sank too deeply into the sand, so the farmers are disappointed, but are doing what they can to haul their grain by teams, "numerous two, four and six-horse teams being strung out on the road between Madras and the railroad terminus," says the Pioneer. The farmers are assisted by freighters "coming through this way empty from farther south, and who are willing to load grain out from here to the railroad, managing to get quite a lot of it to market."

Think of farmers here in the year 1907 in the immensely prolific state of Oregon having to haul their wheat 40, 50 or 60 miles to a railroad terminus, when if the railroad was extended 10 or 20 bushels would be raised where one is raised now!

These men have proved their faith in that country by their works, and there is land up there for thousands more families, and thousands of families need the land, but they can't afford to go in there and raise crops to be hauled 50 miles to a railroad. Yet Mr. Harriman says the country must develop before he builds.

THE REGION AROUND SPOKANE.

AUGUST WOLF of the Spokane chamber of commerce has compiled for that body a table of statistics showing that the circumjacent region "will have produced this year \$207.70 for every one of its inhabitants, men, women and children." These figures are the more eloquent when it is taken into consideration that the total per capita production of the United States for 1904 was \$37.50, or including all manufactures—which the Spokane man leaves out—\$119. The territory included in his calculations embraces only the portions of eastern Washington, northeastern Oregon, northern Idaho and western Montana, "which have Spokane for

their trade center," in all about 150,000 square miles. The total production of this sparsely settled region, exclusive of manufactures, is shown to be \$128,500,000. He puts wheat at \$32,500,000, mines at \$32,000,000, fruits at \$14,000,000, livestock at \$14,000,000, dairy products at \$5,000,000 and all other farm products at \$14,000,000. He places the value of wheat at 65 cents, but as it is now more than that the wheat figure would be larger.

Some of these values are only estimates, but probably Mr. Wolf is pretty thoroughly informed, and has not exaggerated much if at all. It is to be observed that the region that has produced this vast amount of stuff this year does not include much of eastern Oregon, nor southern Idaho, nor any of the country west of the Cascade mountains, all of which combined form a still greater and equally and even more productive area, except in minerals. Probably the whole "Oregon country," taken together could make almost as good a showing—over \$200 for every man, woman and child in it—and little of it, not one quarter, much of it not one tenth, developed yet. Here indeed is the land of opportunity for millions.

HOGS AND HENS.

THE WESTON LEADER tells of a farmer near that town who has found hog raising very profitable, and has now gone into the poultry raising business in connection. He feeds his wheat to hogs instead of selling it, and realizes 15 pounds of good pork from each bushel of wheat, or nearly a dollar a bushel, so that he doesn't jump at the chance to sell his wheat at 70 or 75 cents. With regard to the poultry the leader says: "He makes a specialty of Barred Plymouth Rocks, and will raise the most aristocratic stock of this particular breed of fowl that he can get. He has just completed a chicken house that is a veritable little mansion, consisting of three rooms 12x14 feet in size, arranged as nesting, roosting and feeding rooms. Except the feeding room they have been neatly papered, and he would not have hesitated at laying Brussels carpet or installing a grand piano had the Plymouth Rocks expressed any desire in this direction."

Now it is not necessary for everybody who raises poultry to fit up quite so fine a place as this, but the fowls must be well cared for, even if they are of only common varieties, and the business must be carried on scientifically, in order to be made profitable.

Why don't more Oregon farmers do as this one is doing, raise hogs and hens? Properly attended to, the business would certainly be profitable. Have the farmers of Oregon conspired against us poor townfolk to make us pay a dollar apiece for good fowls and 45 cents a dozen for fresh eggs—to say nothing of we don't know how much for hog meat?

GOLD AS A MONEY STANDARD.

SINCE we have adverted to the gold standard and the free silver crusade of a dozen years ago, a few additional remarks are in order. While it must be plain to even a superficial student of the subject that the quantity of a money-standard material is of the first importance, it is no less clear that the difficulty of too much such material can be more easily remedied than the difficulty of too little such material—just as too long a board presents a less difficulty than one too short. The long board can be sawed off and if there be no more material the short board cannot even be spliced. In the nineties the difficulty was too little standard money material, partly because production had not kept pace with monetary needs, and partly because owners of gold were hoarding it. Hence the cry arose for free and unlimited coinage of silver at 16 to 1, the long established ratio. It was not a wise proposition, because it should have been seen that commercially the two metals could not be maintained at a parity at this ratio, from which they had already drifted far apart. Yet as we have said nothing that the free silver advocates advanced was or could have been more foolish than the theory of maintaining the single gold standard without more gold. Half the statesmen of the country saw no other escape but in making silver standard money and admitting it to free coinage in unlimited quantities. Carlisle, afterward President Cleveland's gold standard secretary of the treasury, was in congress a champion of silver. So was McKinley, afterward the gold standard candidate for president, who in congress had denounced gold monometalism as the greatest crime of the times. Of the Oregon delegation in congress, all Republicans, three were for free silver, and of the present Oregon senators, one was a leading free silver champion and the other was not a gold monometalist. So all through the country, public and other prominent men saw that there must be a change of some kind. McKinley's election released a great quantity of hoarded gold, which helped some, then gold from the Klondike, the Rand and elsewhere did the rest.

FARMERS PROSPEROUS.

FROM ALMOST all parts of the country come the reports: "Finances in good condition; banks have plenty of money; industries are prospering; no signs of panic here"; and frequently it is stated that "the farmers are all prosperous; the farmers have lots of surplus money; the farmers have money to loan," etc. When it is so generally true that the farmers are prosperous; have good crops that they have sold or can sell at good prices; have bank accounts instead of mortgages to look at and think about, it may be set down as a dead certain fact that a panic scare can't be brought about in the country, whatever may happen in New York city.

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Now students of the situation say gold has become too plentiful and unless its production is checked some means must be employed to prevent the use of all of it in dollars of the present size. More grains could be put into a dollar, or the total amount admitted to free coinage could be limited, but this could not well be done without an international agreement of all the gold standard countries. But we apprehend that this will not be an urgent necessity in the near future. It will be so only in case of a still increasing production of gold, over the natural increase in the demands of business for more money. Too much gold is not nearly so serious a matter as too little.

CRIME'S HARVEST SEASON.

WE HAVE the thugs, highwaymen and burglars the year round, but they become more numerous or bolder every year as winter approaches, indicating that some of them are graduates from the hobo ranks. Yeggmen are in fact listed as a species of hobo. The numerous crimes committed recently seem to indicate that the season of these undesirable people's more active operations has opened up unusually early. Whether or not, it is important that the city be rid of them as much as possible. So far little success has attended the efforts of the county and city peace officers to apprehend these malefactors, and it is to be hoped that an improvement will be shown soon in this respect.

The Journal is not inclined hastily to accuse officers of incompetence on account of several failures, for it realizes that in so large a territory the police can be in but a few spots at once, and that detection and apprehension of the right parties is often a really difficult matter; but there does appear to be ground for saying that more efficiency ought to be forthcoming. If there are so many of these crimes now, before there is a sign of real winter, how many may we expect two or three months from now?

DAY WRITES A BOOK.

THE explanation of Chancellor Day's silence for some weeks past is supplied by the announcement that he has written and is about to publish a book, some brief extracts from which show that his zeal in behalf of the privileged monopolists and his scorn of the common people have in no wise abated or been modified—rather have increased as he has labored strenuously to show that Rockefeller is the incarnation of modern saltness and Roosevelt of middle-class and reckless demagoguery. Such writers and teachers as Dr. Day have their uses, and their printed and spoken utterances are not without value. Not that there is much truth in what they say, but that it furnishes a contrasting background which helps to throw the truth into clearer perspective. It is uncertain whether Dr. Day is entirely sincere, or is partly prompted by a desire for notoriety or to please the multimillionaires who respond with gifts to his university, but let us give him the benefit of the doubt and suppose that he is thoroughly sincere; the conclusion is that his vision has become abnormally perverted and that by persistent use of it in one direction he has become a monomaniac. As such he is not worth further discussion.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

Services for the Deaf.
Portland, Or., Oct. 28.—To the Editor of the Journal—I was a little surprised at the letter you published from a Rev. Earl Dubois, who seems quite alarmed because my church sent out word to the deaf that Professor Clayton Wentz was to interpret the service at Centenary church, the mute language. The brother is not properly informed about the history of this work in Portland. He thinks his church started it six years ago under Mr. Gibson. But 12 years ago the Methodist W. Grace church started this work and Professor Wentz interpreted every Sunday morning for the deaf, so great is the appreciation of Mr. Wentz's service that he is now superintendent of the asylum for the deaf at Salem. It was not until last year that Mr. Gibson started to interpret in his husband's church. When I came to the city I reestablished the work at Grace church and we frequently had 40 while only five or six preferred the other church. And three Sundays ago, while Rev. Dubois had four of the deaf, so great is the appreciation of Mr. Wentz's service that he is now superintendent of the asylum for the deaf at Salem. It was not until last year that Mr. Gibson started to interpret in his husband's church. When I came to the city I reestablished the work at Grace church and we frequently had 40 while only five or six preferred the other church. And three Sundays ago, while Rev. Dubois had four of the deaf, so great is the appreciation of Mr. Wentz's service that he is now superintendent of the asylum for the deaf at Salem.

A Sure Success.
From the Louisville Courier-Journal.
"Say, old man, I've got a musical comedy that will suit you."
"What d'ye call it?"
"Dear Old Broadway." All the scenes are laid in Broadway. There are six songs about Broadway and 17 Broadway jokes. Is it a deal?"
"Well, I don't know. Fix up six more songs about Broadway. Introduce a few Broadway types, work in a drop representing the new Singer building and then maybe I'll talk to you."

of producing them, and when a mortgage instead of a bank account was the rule. But with the farmers almost universally prosperous, hard times are an impossibility though prosperity for the wage-earning consumer may be a negative or negligible quantity. He is not getting wealthy, but as long as he can make both ends meet and with good luck have a slight surplus he will not precipitate hard times. When the farmers are happy the rest need not worry. "The farmer feedeth all."

That there have been a few cases of bubonic plague, or something resembling that disease, the doctors disagreeing, is admitted by the Seattle Times, which makes some hygienic suggestions for people to follow. The Times is to be commended for publishing the truth, instead of concealing and denying the existence of any such cases, as newspapers are prone to do in such cases. Let the truth be known, then let people keep cool and take the necessary precautions against the spread of the disease, and make all possible efforts to stamp it out. The plague gained a foothold in San Francisco eight years ago, though both the newspapers and the local health officers denied its existence there, and it grew to such proportions that it has never been eradicated. Seattle is taking the matter in hand promptly and properly, and can probably soon rid itself of the scourge. Portland needs to be very vigilantly on guard against it.

Various papers are wondering what Mr. Taft meant when he said in Manila that he expected to return to the Philippines in two years, probably as a private citizen. Some think he meant that he expects Roosevelt to run again and be elected, and that he, Taft, would not remain in the cabinet. All wrong. He meant that he expects Bryan to be elected. At least there are Democrats who might explain it that way.

But, dear reverend doctor, we don't believe a bishop ever lived, or will appear, who could exactly suit all Methodist ministers and congregations. Methodists are generally mighty good people, but they are mortals, and can't agree much more than other folk.

The trouble with confidence is that no sooner is it restored than a lot of fellows begin annoying and aggravating it, so that it gets mad and disappears again—that is, in New York.

Mr. Harriman appears to be working about as hard and spending a large fraction of as much money to keep a railroad out of central Oregon as it would take to build one.

Among other preventive measures, let the rat-killing go on, until the town is rid of the rodents. Even the humane society won't object to that.

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Rather Out of Hand.
Professor Ogden Chalmers Lorimer, Toledo's veteran educator, is one of the few remaining schoolmasters who still cling to corporal punishment. "I believe in corporal punishment," he said, stoutly, in a recent address. "I take no stock in moral suasion. Good, healthy boys under moral suasion have too free a time of it. They get out of their minds. There is a friend of mine," said Professor Lorimer, with a grim smile, "who is raising a family of six boys with the help of moral suasion. The mild little chap argued about the matter the other night at a club."
"And do you believe," said I, "that moral suasion is better than corporal punishment for big, lusty boys like yours?"
"Yes," said my friend.
"For my part, I sneered."
"And do you mean to say that you have never whipped your boys?" I asked.
"As true as I sit here," my friend declared earnestly, "I have never struck one of my children except in self-defense."

Plowing for Salmon.
The fish farmers will soon be plowing for salmon now, said a nature student. "The salmon spawn next month, you know."
"It seems funny to plow for salmon, doesn't it? But in Scotland a salmon stream is more profitable by far than a grain farm, and therefore every man with running water on his land makes, if he can, a salmon river of it. I do this, he must put in a lot of work before he begins to plow. He be-



Mrs. A. E. Watson.

SHORT STORIES A LA MODE

With Explanatory Notes

By Wex Jones.

I.—The Tale of the Tropics.
It was in the Cafe de la Doughnut d'Or—the only place in the New Hebrides where one may hope to find passable cognac (1)—that I first saw him. Glouglou—incomparable scoundrel, Glouglou—pointed him out to me. "I saw a man, long lean and lithe, with fishlike eyes (2). So this was Juan Mulready, the man who had revolutionized every republic in Central America. Later, when I had bought him 13 or 14 cognacs, he told me this (3):

Just back of Punta Arenas, on the hills above San Jose, near the Agua Fria river, my friend Villanova was encamped with his army. A good comrade, Villanova—he was nibbled by a shark offward on the occasion of his first venture into the water—but on this occasion he was despondent. Terracotta had twice as many men and three Maxims.

"Caramba, ombre (4), cheer up," I said. "I will rout this Terracotta and his army."
"I equipped them with ten of the generals. I equipped them with stout American shoes and led them headlong through the women's fire until we reached Terracotta's lines."
"Step on their toes, caballeros!" I shouted.

"Let me see," he mused. "Yes, I will rout the chicken," and in five minutes the bird was shaved of its feathers. Martha always kept a sharp knife for the purpose of (2)—and cooking nicely in the oven.

Next Martha peeled the potatoes, removing the skins with a knife and placing the spuds in water for the purpose of boiling them (3).
In five minutes everything was cooking. Martha washed her face with water, after which she dressed, taking care to smooth the wrinkles out of her face with a flatiron. When the guests arrived everything was ready, and the dinner was pronounced a great success, giving some of the visitors such an appetite that they stopped in a chophouse on the way home.

(1) Vigor.
(2) Neat introduction of advice.
(3) More advice.

But He Got The Job.

From the Salem Journal.
The president is understood to object to the appointment of Mr. Westgate as surveyor general of Oregon. Mr. Westgate is a politician, was a newspaper owner, a breeder of fast horses and a buyer of oats and potatoes.
But he was never a surveyor, and the president seems to think that surveying has something to do with that office.

The appointment of Westgate is to be held up in an unreasonable manner because he has never surveyed a day in his life and doesn't know a compass from a cussidor.

But what we want in Oregon in the office of surveyor general is a politician who doesn't know much about public lands, surveys of townships, timber and mineral lands.
Examination of the surveyor general's office would show the president that a politician is all that is necessary in that office.
He would be convinced with such a man as McGlum politicians who had a little pull could get government contracts for surveying who did not know a survey from a straight line, so he would hire at any price to survey lands.
Men could get contracts who had to survey their work over three or four times, and then it was not accepted.
Men got appointments to make public lands surveys whom no private employer would hire at any price to survey lands.
The surveyor general in Oregon who knows no more about lines, points of the compass and land laws would be in the way of political grafters and land thieves.

The president should reconsider his inclination to hold up the appointment of Westgate and consider that any kind of surveying would be better after the kind we have had in the past.
Westgate should be given some other office if the president can't give him this one. He has something coming.

Next!
They've dramatized the breakfast foods, they've dramatized the courts; they've dramatized the colleges and half the college sports. They've dramatized the Gibson girl with all her winsome wiles; they've dramatized the mushroom hat, the fashions and the styles. They've dramatized the corset ads—I say it with a blush; they've dramatized the ales and wines, the kind that need no bush. They've dramatized the patent pill in comic strip; they've dramatized the way and moon they'll go to work, no doubt, and dramatize a play.

Small Change

The fairs are over, let 'er rain.
So far, F. Augustus has not laid the blame on Roosevelt.
A large proportion of murders in Portland remain mysteries.
The Oregon fruit industry ought to grow very rapidly hereafter.
It is safe to predict that November will be wetter than October.

Westward the course of American battleships will soon take its way.
It's tolerably safe to murder in Portland—but there are worse places.
It is easy for some people to be sympathetic, because it doesn't cost a cent.

We begin to fear that Colonel Henry Waterson will never be exactly suited.
Pittsburg got scared, too. But then Pittsburg is a dark and very wicked city.
We almost expect, since Taft went across, that Japan will offer to be our ally.

John Bull was last in the balloon races. He wasn't built for ballooning, anyhow.
There is another time that our old Democratic friend silver didn't go up with wheat.

SHORT STORIES A LA MODE

With Explanatory Notes

Fitabab cheered on the I. C. C. for was not Jack Inkpen right stenographer of the test?
It was I. C. C.'s kickoff, and when a messenger rushed in with a special delivery letter to Jack's captain the excitement was terrific. The game was on and every instant a letter came from an I. C. C. move, until at last Jack Inkpen, with lightning speed fired in a Southern letter to the I. C. C. study the conditions in both the public and private schools. She is a member of the Teachers' club of Portland, the Portland Principals' association and the Oregon State Teachers' association.

As it happened, there was no further scoring and Jack had won the day. As she left the grounds she mailed this letter to Jack: "I will learn to love you." By return mail came the reply: "But not in a correspondence school!"
(1) The only beginning.

III.—The Instructive Story.
"Dash it!" she exclaimed, "here's Charley bringing home ten men to dinner, and it's Marcelle's day out. Thoughtless chump (1). But I suppose I'll have to get them something to eat. Donning a large apron, Martha entered the kitchen, ready to be washed with water heated to 212 degrees every day. Placing everything handy, she was soon at work.

"Let me see," she mused. "Yes, I will roast the chicken," and in five minutes the bird was shaved of its feathers. Martha always kept a sharp knife for the purpose of (2)—and cooking nicely in the oven.

Next Martha peeled the potatoes, removing the skins with a knife and placing the spuds in water for the purpose of boiling them (3).
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We almost expect, since Taft went across, that Japan will offer to be our ally.
John Bull was last in the balloon races. He wasn't built for ballooning, anyhow.
There is another time that our old Democratic friend silver didn't go up with wheat.

"The devil never likes harmony," says the Albany Democrat. What! Not in the G. O. P.?
We'd rather see money spent hunting for oil in Oregon than hunting for the north pole.

Still up to the necessities; the Walla Walla brewers have raised the price of beer to 5 a barrel.
"Take the bull by the horns," advises an exchange. Better be sure of your strength and agility first.

The Jamestown exposition has been so near dead all along that its death will not be noticed much.
The Kaiser evidently needs to do some reforming at home before straightening up the world.

The Seattle P-I says Senator Ankeny's candidacy for reelection is ridiculous. This is the John L. Wilson view of it.
Roosevelt's latest picture makes him resemble Grover Cleveland 20 years ago. There are also a few points of character resemblance.

Old Senator Platt has his troubles but his express company pays larger dividends this year than ever, which may help some.
O. tumble up and throw your money up to the rose fleeta fund; what's the use of dallying along with a little matter all winter?

It is nice for a little town when it gets in trouble to have some well-to-do, charitable old citizens like J. D. Rockefeller and J. P. Morgan to come to its aid.
Every man who owns a large tract of land and sells it off in small tracts to home seekers who will put it to better use is doing a good deed, such a only himself, but for his community and the state.

Oregon Sidelights

Heppner will have enough coal—from Utah.
McMinnville will have a walnut exhibition this week.
A Bend man got 48 potatoes, weighing 19 pounds, from one hill.

It has been proven that good, first-class, sweet-flavored, full-kernel walnuts can be grown around Hubbard.
On account of the low water in the Rogue, the intake of salmon at the new fishery on the lower Rogue, 12 miles below Grants Pass, and at the Illinois river hatchery, has practically been a failure.

Plans are being perfected whereby a practical effort will be made within a short time to bore for oil and gas where indications point for such an attempt about Astoria and on the west side, says the Budget.

Eggs 30 cents per dozen and poultry more expensive than any price, ought to be an inducement to somebody with small capital to engage in the poultry business, says the Vale Gazette. There is absolutely no reason why it may not succeed here.

Beaverton Correspondence of Hillsboro Independent: Al Zwiener raised some corn this year as good as grown in Illinois. Large corn, deep kernels, well ripened and firm. If we can grow corn that removes the only obstacle to raising hogs.

Salmon River Correspondence of Sheridan Sun: The weather here is perfect. The apples hang their bright leaves in gorgeous masses of autumn coloring and each passing breeze collects its toll from so wanton a field of ripeness and soon the earth will wear a carpet of abundance so bright no artist's brush can rival, as the winds are so prodigal of their kisses.

Dallas Itemizer: The vicinity of Dallas is rapidly becoming the fruit center of the Willamette valley. New orchards of every kind and variety of fruit are constantly being set out by persons who see the probabilities of such a venture. It is a fact well known to all that we have the best orchard land in the state, and nearly all our farmers are beginning to see the advantages of turning to them by the cutting up of their large farms into smaller tracts.

"An East Side Bank for East Side People."

WITH A SENSE OF GRATITUDE FOR OUR FRIENDS TOMMERS, AND A DESIRE TO FURTHER INCREASE OUR BUSINESS, WE SOLICIT OTHER ACCOUNTS.

CHECKING and SAVINGS
Interest at 4 per cent per annum, paid on Savings Accounts, compounded semi-annually.
The Commercial Savings Bank
KNOTT AND WILLIAMS AVE.
GEORGE W. BATES, President
J. S. BIRREL, Cashier