EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE JOURNAL

THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

C. S. JACKSON.....Publisher

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In this world the one thing supremely worth having is the opportunity, coupled with the capacity, to do well and worthily a piece of work, the doing of which is of vital consequence to the welfare of mankind.—Theodore Roosevelt.

COUNTRY AND CITY.

A PROMINENT Chicago business man and capitalist, who has been in Portland several days looking over this city with a view to making investments, said that people of this region "have forgotten the fundamental principle, which is the development of the soil. The most advantageous thing that can be done is the splitting up of the farms, making room for a larger and happier population. All growth comes from the country to the city, not from the city to the country. Portland must increase her surrounding population in order to make larger markets for the jobbers and manufacturers."

Though trite, these truths need to be uttered constantly, and "borne in upon" the people by the press of this state. The Journal for five years has been urging, almost unceasingly, the importance of more people in the country, more cultivation of the soil, and to these ends the subdivision and sale in small tracts at reasonable prices of large farms in the vicinity of towns and transportation facilities. Let us all keep up the crusade. Something in this direction has already been accomplished, but much more needs to be done, especially throughout the Willamette valley.

After alluding to the importance of diversified manufactures also, this visitor, Mr. Wheeler, said:

"Portland has just now begun to see daylight. These railroads just opened up here, which will bring the city in touch with territory never reached before, will mean a great deal to Portland. I predict that this city's growth during the next 10 years will be astonishing."

He is right, but Portland needs to keep doing things, pulling with all her strength, for the big and necessary things. It has many fine, important new possessions—a deeper channel, the north bank road, the packing houses, and others—but more if not individually larger things will be needed right along. This in fact is just the time for Portland to begin to make a new, larger growth, one into a really large city.

GOMPERS AND THE "LABOR VOTE."

VARIOUS real or pretended leaders of union labor are criticising Samuel Gompers sharply for his open support of Bryan. This was to be expected. So many men, and especially those who are or seek to be leaders, cannot agree in such a case. They have minds of their own, which differ politically, just as those of merchants or farmers or lawyers differ. Besides, in any organization, however worthy, there is always some friction, strife, antagonism and jealousy. The large majority of union workingmen are likely, unless very strongly influenced to the contrary, to follow the advice and course of Mr. Gompers, for he seems to have been a wise and true leader.

In 1896 and 1900 the forces of Union labor went, under certain pressure, almost solidly for McKinley, and in the former year at least it was this "vote" that elected him—assuming that he was really elected. Similar means will be taken and are already being put in operation to control this "vote" for Taft next November. To what extent it will succeed remains to be seen, though it seems doubtful, to say the least, if as large a proportion of union workingmen can be influenced against their inclinations by the same means this year.

Workingmen have a right to vote the way that will best serve their interests as such. Indeed, it is their duty to do so. And if they really believed that they would be thrown out of employment and starved to death if Bryan was elected, in 1896 and 1900, we do not blame them for helping to beat him, even if these representations should not have been so readily believed. But while the same representations will be made this fall, it is probable that they will not be so generally believed, and that working men will not be so easily scared. And in fact there is no such cause for alarm as there was then. They have recently seen that a great industrial depression could occur under a Republican administration unless they argue that Roosevelt is a Democrat and most of them are too intelligent to believe that this great country is going to be ruined by the election of either Mr. Taft or Mr. Bryan.

It must be admitted that the leading people and interests that make these threats are very powerful, they might be able to reproduce a temporary panic, but if they are so powerful now, is it not best to restrain and restrict them by the election of a people serving president, lest continually having their own way in politics, they reduce those very people who keep them in power to practical serfdom? For be it always remembered that these country who try to coerce workingmen into voting their way will oppress labor to the last degree possible when they have power to do so. They always buy their labor as cheaply as possible and never divide their profits with labor to the extent of a dime. Even if workingmen believe it wise to vote as they are required to by the heads of great corporations and trusts, let them not deceive themselves with the notion that these powerful people are going to bestow any favors upon them.

Mr. Gompers cannot control the union labor vote entirely, nor has he said that he wanted to do so. He has decided for himself, and the public announcement of his decision is in effect a suggestion to union workingmen, but he is not trying to coerce them, and would be out of his place if he did. But it may be reasonably expected that a large proportion of them, depending on his judgment and experience, will follow his suggestion, unless scared into the opposite direction.

Workingmen are men, citizens, equals, and ought neither to be led blindly by a leader nor driven by taskmasters like slaves. Let them exercise their judgment, satisfy their conscience, and assert their manhood, and vote as they please, like free men.

CASTRO AND THE ASPHALTERS.

A LOCAL contemporary in explaining why the United States does not chastise Castro assumes that he has been wholly in the wrong; and that he is not brought to book only because he is too insignificant a personage to gratify with such a proceeding. He is compared to a flea, a mosquito and a skunk, and it is intimated that a day of dire reckoning will come to him. This will happen, we suppose, when the asphalt trust has greater power to dictate to the government at Washington than it has now, and it expects that that time will soon come.

It is asserted that Americans in Venezuela who "have had their property confiscated" could not obtain justice there. This is the way the asphalt trust puts it, but it appears from a good deal of pretty reliable evidence that the asphalt company fomented and aided a revolution for the purpose of avoiding the carrying out of its contract with Castro. He beat the revolution, and as the asphalt company had been the sinews of it he confiscated its property, and the Venezuelan courts held him justified in doing so. And wasn't he? When the asphalt people engaged in the revolution business they subjected themselves to the risks and consequences of failure.

The revolution having failed, and Castro having properly punished the foreigners who aided it, they ran sniveling back to Washington and insist that our government should take up their quarrel, as in fact it has done, as far as it could, but found that Castro was not to be bullied even by big Uncle Sam when acting for one of his pet trusts.

We do not contend that Castro is a very wise or admirable ruler, and quite likely he deserves a licking, but the United States has no occasion to give him one because the asphalt monopoly went down there and tried to overthrow his government and got the worst of it. That is, our government has no reason to interfere unless it is going to commit itself to the policy of not only protecting the trusts and giving them everything they ask for at home, but taking up their battles in foreign countries too. But we suppose it will come to this, if we are to become a government of the trusts, by the trusts and for the trusts.

GOMPERS AND LABOR.

IT WILL be impossible for Mr. Gompers to swing all organized labor to the support of Mr. Bryan. The reason for it is the same reason that keeps the many poor and the few rich. It is the divergent opinions of the masses. They always fail to agree on great enterprises. Wealth never makes that mistake. Plutocracy is too cunning to allow partisanship to interfere with business. When it comes to a choice between turning an honest penny and voting the party ticket, plutocracy bolts the ticket and makes the penny. That is a secret of wealth. It is the wellspring of wealth's power in the country. The masses have the votes, but they haven't the cunning. They become irrational on party. They place party above all other considerations. In the eternal conflict between wealth and poverty, they vote the party whether the vote serves themselves or not. Organized labor has its partisans, and Mr. Gompers cannot control them. They will not only refuse to support Mr. Bryan, but will be the loudest of all in opposition. Their opposition will be so vociferous that their numbers will seem multiplied. It is human nature to be so, and it will be so.

Still Mr. Gompers' influence will be heavily felt. The principle at stake will appeal to many a workingman. "The injunction and its abuse," quoting President Roosevelt, has been a heavy handicap to the cause of labor. More than all else, it has been an instrument for labor's undoing. It has heaped infinite harm upon homes where poverty stalked. It has been a fatal bludgeon in the hands of labor drivers and labor fighters. It has torn the heart out of many an organized effort of workingmen to better their wages and condition. The significance is that in the coming contest, the principle is on trial. The petition of labor was deliberately turned down at Chicago. It was, on the contrary, deliberately adopted at Denver. It makes the issue as clear as the noonday sun. The workingmen have the votes, and if they vote for the Denver plank, they will win. If they win, no other party will ever refuse their reasonable demands. Many of them will reason on this hypothesis, and by that token, Mr. Gompers will tell heavily as a factor in November.

THE PRICE OF THE REVOLVER.

IN BENTON COUNTY the other day, as Dell Baker, a young farmer, stooped to lay up a fence rail, a revolver fell from his pocket and was discharged. The ball entered his left breast very near the heart and passed out of the back. He is recovering.

In Nevada Wednesday, a chauffeur stooped to repair his machine and a bullet from the revolver that fell from his pocket entered the breast just over the heart. He drove his machine 15 miles for medical aid, fainted at the moment of reaching his destination, and is in a hospital and may die.

And so the list of victims is possible of indefinite multiplication. The procession of accidents never stops, never even halts. The price of carrying weapons is imminent peril always, death and the grave often. No benefit comes from it. Presence of the gun is temptation to use it. Comparatively few have saved themselves from harm by carrying one. Thousands have been slain because of it. The only beneficiary of the ready revolver is the dealer and the manufacturer, one of whom died recently a multimillionaire. If by some means it could be banished, society would be emancipated from one of its worst evils. Humanity would be set free from an ever present peril. Is there not some way, some means of surcease from this folly?

It is harder for a man who has been living on $200,000 a year to get down to the $50,000 standard than for a $15 a week man to get down to $10.—Stuyvesant Fish. According to this reasoning, it would also be harder for a man accustomed to $50,000 a year to live on $10,000 than for a man used to $15 a week to live on $3 a week—and so on down to zero. The remark of Fish is illustrative of the philosophical rot which the extravagant rich who are robbing society have imposed upon it. People who spend hundreds or tens of thousands a year on luxuries ought to be made to pay taxes accordingly.

In welcoming the arrival of the Prince of Wales in Canada, Vice-President Fairbanks, speaking for the United States, said: "We have no rivalry except in ways of peace. Neither covets the other's territories. We covet only each other's neighborly esteem. There are no fortifications on our frontier. There are no battleships on the waters dividing us." True, but Mr. Fairbanks might have gone on to say that there is a foolish, mischievous, injurious high tariff barrier between the two countries, disadvantageous to the people of both, and maintained by shortsighted or trade-seeking politicians. But statement of this fact would have been out of order.

One William J. Bryan of Baltimore has been loudly and extensively heralded as a great labor leader who is opposed to William J. Bryan of Nebraska. No doubt there are leading workingmen who are opposed to Bryan, but as to this namesake of his it is stated that he is the business agent of the lodge of the International Association of Steam and Hot Water Fitters of Baltimore. From this description it is surprised that he is the business agent of a plumbers' trust in that city, one similar to that existing in all large cities including Portland. Such an organization is against Bryan, as a matter of course.

The decision in favor of Standard Oil was worth $15 a gallon to Rockefeller, and perhaps $50,000,000 to the trust. No wonder the attorneys for the trusts revere the courts.

Wherever they go and whatever they undertake, Americans get on top, or come pretty near doing so. Vide those Olympic games.

Small Change

"The party" never did a danged thing for "labor."

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Yamhill against the World—with odds on Yamhill.

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One can readily believe that Mr. Taft is very tired.

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Very likely Bryan's faith in Hearst is also "shaken."

• •

There is no excuse for parties or factions in a council.

• •

You must just revere all courts, you know, whatever they decide.

• •

Probably those ancient Greek athletes could not have won a prize.

• •

The bigger the corporation, the more law the courts can find for it.

• •

The people of Oregon need to get freer of Harriman—and others.

• •

Taft may attempt to imitate Roosevelt, but can he find another Loeb?

• •

Oregon is also the cherry state, biggest and best cherries in the country.

• •

The fleet has left Hawaii and some people of the islands are not broke, either.

• •

Taft is now a member of the steam shovel union. But isn't there a steam roller union?

• •

Taft has finished his letter, but there's no telling how heavily it lies on his conscience.

• •

Not many of those 12,000 words will be needed to mention the trusts that have been busted.

• •

The crazy fool who killed a girl near Echo because she didn't love him also had a gun, of course.

• •

A New Haven boy of 77 eloped with a girl of 22, and his mother, aged 95, positively refuses to forgive them. Boys, mind your mothers.

• •

Carnegie criticises Bryan. Of course. Bryan does not believe in laws that compel the people of this country to give a man a billion dollars.

• •

Vice-President Fairbanks talked very nicely to the Prince of Wales, but he is not a candidate for reelection, and so doesn't care where the Irish vote goes.

• •

A hotel for the accommodation of chorus girls only is to be built in New York. But it is safe to say that a lot of old bald-headed men will manage to get into it.

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It was not reported that Mr. Taft consulted Senator Bourne about that speech while the senator was at Hot Springs, and no doubt the Oregon man was loaded with advice.

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There were 197 reasons for reversing Judge Landis' decision, any of them good; and if necessary the court could have thought of 1,979 other reasons for letting the S. O. Co. out.

• •

Dr. James B. Bradley of Eaton Rapids is making a whirlwind campaign for the nomination for governor of Michigan. The matter is to be settled at a general primary the first of September.

• •

Two-thirds or three-fourths of a wheat crop in the inland empire, with the price up to 75 cents or so, won't be so very bad. In no other part of the country will the people as a whole be better off.

• •

The Dalles Optimist says: "Mr. Cake was nominated by about 20,000 Democrats who registered as Republicans." Repeating this utterly unfounded and absurd falsehood will not make it true, though those who do so may come near making themselves believe it.

Oregon Sidelights

No mosquitoes in Irrigon.

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The lumber business is improving at Estacada.

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Irrigon Irrigator: The Vale Oriano says it offers its readers a "serial story," which is rather a "serious" matter for these hot days.

• •

More cement walks are being put down in Albany than ever before. Six cement walk men or firms are hustling in different parts of the city.

• •

Some of the largest and most delicious cherries that ever pleased the taste of man are now being picked from the orchards around Estacada, says the News.

• •

Since last March the deposits in the Hood River Banking & Trust company have increased from $20,000 to $55,000, showing a gain of $35,000. Much of this amount is new capital that has come into the valley and shows that investments are steadily on the increase.

• •

The condition of the Mosier apple crop was never better for this time of year than it is now and indications are that the biggest and best shipments of apples ever sent out from this district will be shipped this year. Other fruits are doing equally as well and a bumper crop is expected.

• •

A Eugene man says that the wildest country he ever saw is on the south fork of the McKenzie. The whole country is fresh from the hand of nature, without any corners rubbed off. His party saw many deer, but nearly all were does with fawns.

• •

The Dalles Chronicle: This is an "off year" for tomatoes everywhere. The plants were not healthy, they blighted and the fruit was not able to grow to its full size. It is not alone in this vicinity, but all around, that this is so, whether on account of the continued cold weather or because of other conditions is not known.

• •

Marshfield News: Over $52,000 had been raised up to Saturday last for the dredging fund, of which amount the C. A. Smith Lumber company gave $2,500. It is thought that this sum positively assures the securing for the bay of the new dredge, being built at Portland. An appropriation for dredging has been recommended by the engineer department, and no doubt will be granted when congress meets next winter.

• •

Blue River Correspondence: Joe Wright killed a large cougar at Irvin Sim's place Saturday evening. The animal was in Mr. Sim's woodshed when Mr. Wright started to enter the building. Both the cougar and Mr. Wright backed out of the woodshed eyeing each other closely until the cougar finally slunk away into the woods. Dogs were procured and put on the trail of the animal and soon had it up a tree, when Mr. Wright shot it. It was a female and young and measured eight and one half feet in length.

This Date in History.

1554—Queen Mary of England married to Philip of Spain.

1722—New England colonies declared war against the Indians.

1830—Charles X of France suspended the liberty of the press.

1834—Samuel Taylor Coleridge, poet and author, died. Born 1772.

1835—Statue of Richard Cobden unveiled in Bradford, England.

1880—John Taylor, president of the Mormon church, died. Born November 1, 1808.

1893—Pugwash, Nova Scotia, totally destroyed by fire.

1901—Free trade between the United States and Porto Rico proclaimed.

1907—Japan assumed control of Korea.

A PERSONAL AND HOME VIEW OF MR. BRYAN

Charles K. McClatchley, editor of the Sacramento Bee, writes as follows of his visit to William J. Bryan at the Fairview farm:

Bryan has a charming home, a beautiful home. If stands on a knoll, and is certainly well named "Fairview." From the lawn you can see the spires and homes of Lincoln, the attractive farms and country residences round about, the mountains in the distance, and all over that rich pervading green from foliage and from grass—a green that preaches rest and content to the eye and seems to promise them to the heart.

Bryan has 160 acres here, and he certainly has made of it a beauty spot. No man could grumble at farm life had he a farm like Bryan's. It has every convenience known to modern necessity, and even luxury. Practically everything the Bryans eat they grow or raise on this farm. And everything about it everywhere is as clean as a pin, as sweet as the evening air breathing on its own vast carpet of undulating green.

And the house itself. Well, the house is certainly a home! Its broad approaches, its sweeping entrances, its spacious rooms, every one seemingly issuing a friendly invitation to its neighbor to get in and be sociable—everything about the house breathes an air of open-handed and open-hearted hospitality.

And Bryan's private den! He insisted upon us seeing that afterward, and sitting therein and chatting for a few minutes.

Talk about all the comforts of home! Why, to a newspaper man who knows how to appreciate such a haven of rest, that den has all the comforts of heaven. And it was in delightful, delicious, delirious disorder, too—that disorder which is daily torture to the soul of the good housewife, but to the worker breathes forth an almost living embodiment of heaven's first law.

Nobody but Bryan could tell where anything on earth could be found in that room—and I venture that Bryan could never find a single paper after any one started to clean it up and "arrange things neatly."

But to return to the story: When Bryan and Mrs. Bryan were through with the Virginia delegation, having "had their pictures took," several of the thirsty delegates found there was no water left in the crock by the front porch. Hearing of it, Bryan escorted the crowd to the side of the house by the windmill. He personally turned on the faucet from a deep driven well, and handed to each in turn as splendid a glass of "Adam's ale" as ever came from the bosom of Mother Earth—pure, sweet, soft and cold.

Many another man would have sent a servant out to wait upon the crowd. Many another man would simply have told the crowd where the water was and let them help themselves. Not so with America's great Commoner. He stood there smiling and hatless, filling each glass in turn to the accompaniment of kindly, happy remarks.

It was certainly very democratic on his part—but it was not affected democracy. It was the simple, unaffected, outward act of his own simple, unaffected, inward nature. His everyday life is made up of just such little simple acts as was shown all through that pleasant afternoon of Friday.

Whatever else some people may think Bryan is—and it will ever be impossible for the world to agree with any man—no one who knows him will say that he is aught but a simple, honest unaffected, sterling American — you could scrape him all day and you could not find the faintest trace of veneer.

You don't have to fathom the man. What he is he is, right out in the open sunshine. He is as simple and unaffected as a child. There is absolutely no "style" about him, no make-believe, no veneer, no sham. He is "straight goods" from the skin to the heart, and from the heart out again.

That is why all his neighbors love him.

That is why, Republican and Democrat alike, they have been flocking to his home to shake him by the hand.

That is why they speak to him and of him as "William."

That is way, even in the presence of the honor that has been showered upon this man, they find time to ask him homely questions about homely neighborhood topics—topics that breathe of the life of the soil, of the marvelous miracles of reproduction, of the thousand and one little things that neighbors, especially if farmers, think to talk about.

And in the midst of it all, this simple, great man—all the greater because of his simplicity—finds time to answer their homely inquiries and to ask in return affectionate questions about their intimate farm and home life.

I wish all young Americans could know and become well acquainted with William Jennings Bryan—not as a candidate for president, not as a public figure, particularly, but merely as a man.

They would surely become better Americans therefor, better men. They would then learn that your true gentleman is known by the cut of his heart and the fit of his soul, and not by the cut of his coat and the fit of his trousers.

They would then become aware that in order to be really great, it is not necessary for a man to embalm himself in dignity's cold storage plant, to exile his heart in the icehouse of snobbish culture, and to array his soul in the tuxedo of exclusiveness.

They would then become certain that simplicity is really the truest badge of greatness; and that the man natural, and not the man veneered, is closer to the great heart of the All-Seeing.

Organization of the Legislature

From the Pendleton Tribune.

Upon this subject the Portland Journal discourses on the intrigues of men and combinations of men who allied themselves together in the organization of the legislature before Statement No. 1 protruded itself into politics, the object back of it all being the power to appoint subordinates, name committees and dictate legislation in the interest of the men engaged in consummating the deal and its outcome.

The details of the course usually pursued are quite faithfully given by The Journal, especially its portrayal of the power of the president of the senate that comes to him as the presiding officer of the joint convention which elects a United States senator.

A single instance of this is recalled by the writer of this editorial which occurred during the last hour of the session of 1901, when John H. Mitchell was elected the successor of George W. McBride.

As had been the case for a good many sessions, the election of a senator was postponed until the last hour of the session, at midnight of the last day. The contest had dragged along for the entire session between Mr. McBride and H. W. Corbett and within about 30 minutes of the time to adjourn, namely, at 12 o'clock, midnight, the name of Mr. Mitchell was proposed according to program agreed upon by his friends before the beginning of the session, providing McBride should not succeed.

The ballot for Mitchell did not result in his securing sufficient votes, and the time agreed upon for adjournment had arrived. The clerks had footed up the tally and Mitchell's friends were thronging the floor personally importuning supposedly doubtful members to change to him. Five minutes had expired and the president of the senate, Mr. Fulton, a strong supporter of Mitchell, refused to see the clerk as he held up to him the result of the vote.

The president of the senate was occupied in watching the progress of the contest for converts on the floor and could not see the tally sheet held up for him to take and read. Fifteen minutes went by; enough votes had been secured lacking only one, and several evangelists rushed to the seat of Mattoon of Douglas, who had voted for Corbett all through the session, forced him to his feet and shouted for him to vote for Mitchell. Of course, pandemonium reigned with unobstructed sway, and when Mattoon continued to stand after the group of Mitchell boosters had taken their hands from off him, quiet immediately followed the riot, and after explaining that he did so most reluctantly, he would, rather than see an adjournment without the election of a senator, cast his vote for John H. Mitchell.

Then bedlam was let loose and everybody was absolutely crazy for full 10 minutes. Mitchell himself was standing in an anteroom watching the proceedings, and when Mattoon rose, friend standing by him said, "Senator, you are elected." "No," said he, "Mattoon is going to give his reasons for continuing to vote for Corbett." But within a few minutes he heard him pronounce his name, and at once the lucky Oregon politician was surrounded by his utterly irresponsible friends and literally carried to the speaker's desk.

But if the president of the joint convention had not been a Mitchell man he would have promptly adjourned the session at the hour named for its dissolution and Mitchell would not have been senator. It was indeed very important to have a political friend as presiding officer of the senate in those days.

Taft Not Like Roosevelt.

From the New York Evening Post.

Mr. Taft is receiving an extraordinary amount of praise for being unlike somebody else—not mentioned. At the Yale law school Senator Spooner thanked heaven that the secretary was a lawyer who would, if elected, "preside know how to observe the constitutional limitations of his office."

"When the three branches have become subornated to the will of the executive popular government has ceased to exist." Then the senator added solemnly: "I speak of this in an impersonal way." Certainly we name no names, but a robust man with eyeglasses will please take notice. Similarly at the Republican club ratification in this city last night the speakers seemed unable to keep off the topic of Mr. Taft's judicial-mindedness. Everybody applauded loudly and then looked around to see if any distinguished person, not distinguished for having a judicial mind, was taking offense. And when ex-Secretary Shaw told his story of the man who kept school with a revolver, rawhide and bowie knife, and wound up in Orphic phrases, "Punishment is not the object of education, nor is criminal prosecution the aim of government," there was a silence that could almost have been heard at Oyster Bay.

Dry Farming in Eastern Oregon

From the East Oregonian.

That practically every foot of the semi-arid lands of Umatilla county will produce crops under the dry farming methods now in use in the arid districts of Kansas, Nebraska and Wyoming, is the belief of J. S. Welch of Chicago, a dry farming expert formerly of Cheyenne, Wyo., who was in the city today on his way to Portland on business.

"I have seen drier land than you have in Umatilla county converted into fine farming land which is now supporting a good population and yielding a handsome income to the owners. True, this land looked forbidding when the pioneer dry farmers went upon it. It was without water, had but little rainfall and was barren of vegetation and exceedingly unpromising. Some of it was fairly good range land for a portion of each year but it was not first-class wild grass land.

"But the patient farmers have plowed it deep, cultivated it frequently, disced it, harrowed it, rolled it and packed it down with the moisture of the winter season in the soil and it is now yielding from 20 to 45 bushels of corn, good yields of dry land alfalfa and excellent barley, oats and cow peas.

"The land that was once almost valueless in its rough state is now worth from $25 to $50 per acre and is supporting a heavy population. The dry farming area is spreading constantly. Like the growth of timber which follows the settlement westward dry farming is coming slowly westward and within a few years it will reach the arid section of Idaho and Oregon.

"You do not need half of the moisture you think you do to produce good crops. By cultivating the land and holding the winter moisture in it, almost any of your desert land will grow good crops.

"I believe that this system will redeem the west as quickly as irrigation and the cost of installing the system is so much less than that of irrigation that poor men can go upon dry land empty handed and within a few years be independent, while under irrigation the poor man must have the price of the water in addition to the price of the land and under many of the systems must wait for several years for the water."

Thomas L. Lewis' Birthday.

Thomas L. Lewis, who became the successor of John Mitchell as president of the United Mine Workers of America, was born at Locust Gap, Northumberland county, Pennsylvania, July 25, 1865. He began his mining career at the age of 7 years as a slate picker on the breakers at Newport, which is now known as Wanamie. He came into prominence first at the age of 17 years in connection with the Knights of Labor movement. Later he moved to Bridgeport, Ohio, where he dug coal in the mines of the Wheeling Creek company for three years. In 1892 he gave up work in the mine to accept the position of secretary-treasurer of the Ohio miners' organization. In 1900 he was chosen national vice-president of the United Mine Workers of America. During his entire career Mr. Lewis has been active in the interest of his brother miners and he has won their gratitude by his unceasing and successful efforts for the betterment of their condition. He was elected by a majority of nearly 3,000 votes.

Hearst and Ben.

From Collier's Weekly.

General Benjamin F. Butler, it will be remembered, in 1884, placed himself at the head of the old Greenback party, with the hope of compelling the Democratic party to accept him as its leader. He failed of this, and it was then thought by many that he would draw away so many Democrats as to insure Republican success. Mr. Cleveland was elected, and Butler was supported by the New York Sun and received about 130,000 votes. The Nashville Banner points out some resemblances between Butler's party and the one Mr. Hearst is launching now. It was called the National party. The platform declared: "Never in our history have the banks, land-grant railroads, and other monopolies been more insolent in their demands for further privileges—still more class legislation. In this emergency the dominant parties are arrayed against the people and are the abject tools of the corporate monopolies." It will be one of the amusing occupations of the summer and autumn to see whether Mr. Hearst, with the same material, can greatly improve the Butler record. Possibly he may, for his newspapers carry his appeal to a very large number of readers, of a kind who read little else.

Maps at Five Cents Each.

Although some of the new government maps of sections of the United States have cost the geological survey from $1,500 to $8,000 to prepare, copies will be sold to the public at 5 cents each when ready for distribution.

The Great North Warner Lake Country

From the Lakeview Examiner.

The Examiner now has been up to Plush, to the Rabbit Creek country, to the Golden mining camp, all in the North Warner Lake country, and has seen things that are wondrous in way of future possibilities. We are full of it; so full that we hardly know where to begin, or how to say it. We are loaded to the brim, and will give our views of the latent resources of this empire in the farming, fruit growing, wheat growing, stock raising and mineral wealth, way, just as fast as we can find time and space to do so.

All this may sound optimistic, but any one who has traveled extensively, and knows what has been done elsewhere in a similar climate, under similar conditions, cannot help becoming enthusiastic over the Warner Lake country.

We have seen something new, yes, something absolutely new, a section of country which has not been run over by prospectors, where there is water power, timber agricultural lands and stock raising, where one can commence on the ground floor on a perfect equality with his neighbor. Where he can make a home with the positive assurance that the question of transportation does not enter in it.

Where the price of copper and the ups and downs on the stock market are of no consequence, where lead and silver value cannot possibly affect the price of farm land or board bills.

Yes, indeed, a country so far from civilization that the scandals in high life nor important political questions are even heard of until they are ten days old, where war with Japan is discussed as an idle dream and all nature is glad.

The cry all over this country is for a new region; unexploited, yet of sufficient promise to support and warrant legitimate expenditures in the development of its water power, timber belt, gold zones, fertile farm lands and stock industries, and truly such a field is presented in southern Lake county, Oregon, an empire in itself.

For many years this vast region has been occupied almost entirely by a few men who are engaged in stock raising; notwithstanding the fact that at all times it has been conceded that thousands upon thousands of acres of the richest lands awaited the homeseeker where can be raised cereals, tropical fruits, and the most delicious berries. Great water power remains unharnessed, there are long belts of fir, tamarack and pine, and the gold lodes can be traced for miles on the surface.

The reason and the only reason which has heretofore prevented this promising field from receiving more attention is the fact that it is situated very much more distant from railroad and telegraph centers than any other part of the United States, for it is about 240 miles southwest of Vale, which is the southern terminus of a short line of railroad which leaves the main line of the Oregon Short Line at Ontario, Or., 100 miles east of Klamath Falls which is 30 miles by boat north of Dorris on the Oregon & California railway, and 120 miles northeast of Likely, at the northern terminus of the Nevada, California, Oregon railway, and it takes from 2 to 4 days to get mail and express from the nearest railroad point. As a matter of fact the Goblrun mining district in Lake county, Ore., is off the map, and entirely outside of the limits of civilization, and situated only five miles from a land of great agricultural resources, and only 10 miles from Plush.

This section is now attracting much attention because it has recently been invaded by energetic and sterling business men with the view of the development of its wonderful resources. Large forces of men are at work developing the rich gold mines; schemes are being formulated for the reclamation of large bodies of swamp land, the water power question is being seriously considered from a manufacturing standpoint, data is being secured as to the extent and location of the immense amount of government land open to settlement, large irrigation projects are receiving attention and the country generally is in line for the development and exploitation which is fully warranted by the extensive resources.

New towns are being laid out, substantial buildings are being erected, adventuresome prospectors are making a careful and exhaustive examination of the mineral area and an era of prosperity is now actually in sight such as was never before witnessed by any section of the west.

Time to Wake Up.

Press Bureau of the A. B. C. F. M.

Secretary Taft, speaking to a great mass meeting of men in Carnegie hall, New York, not long ago, said: "Until I went to the orient I did not realize the immense importance of foreign missions. We have got to wake up. We are not all there by in the world." He added that it would shake us out of our "smug provincialism" if we could see for ourselves what missionaries are doing in the far east.

Even more vigorous is the testimony of W. T. Ellis of the Philadelphia Press who made a tour of the world for the express purpose of making observations along this line. He declared that more than once he was tempted to write to the laymen of America: "Either do the job or chuck it, don't play at it." Another observant tourist, a business man from Georgia, who gives liberally of his money and has two daughters in mission service in China, writes from there: "Oh, if only our business men would come over and see the opportunity! I really believe that in the next few years China will be a great Christian nation."

Winston Churchill, M. P., F. A. McKenzie, the eminent war correspondent and oriental traveler, and Ambassador Bryce have all spoken in a similar vein on public occasion within a few weeks. When men of this caliber, on two continents, voice such sentiments it is a token that the "time to wake up" has come.

The American board, the oldest foreign missionary society in the United States, and kindred organizations, are showing to the world that missions do not mean a sermon spoken all round for the heathen, but that Christian homes, schools, hospitals and workshops are the most effident tools of civilization. Mr. Ellis says that "the modern missionary prides himself on his broad views and far sightedness. He loves politics, but politics." If this is true he cannot afford to be ignorant of foreign missions, as what Secretary Taft calls, the effect of religion on government. And, he added: "I am talking practical facts and I know what I am talking about."

Killed a Bear With a Revolver.

From the Milton Eagle.

Mart McCumber killed a large bear on the North Fork about 15 miles from Milton Friday. In company with Ed Kelly he was whipping the stream for trout when he saw Brer Bear on a log about 25 feet away. Mr. McCumber carried a 38-calibre revolver for just such an emergency, but hesitated just the fraction of a second before he decided to use it on a bear that looked to be as large as the side of a mountain. Throwing discretion to the winds, he blazed away and hit the side of the mountain with awe. Brer Bear, startled at his noonday meal, gave a couple of leaps straight forward, which happened to be directly in Mr. McCumber's direction, and scared that gentleman out of several years' growth. Concluding that he was in for it, Mr. McCumber shot and missed again. By this time the bear had discovered the fellow who was using him as a target, and he didn't like his looks, so he turned to make his getaway, when Mr. McCumber laid him low with a shot just below the forelegs. The bullet went entirely through the bear and he fell dead in his tracks. Mr. Kelly, who was an interested spectator of the fight, said the bear was as big as a horse.

Life Saving Buoy.

By the use of an automatic reel which will maintain a uniform tension, yet permit its length to vary as the motion of a ship demands, a life-saving cableway and breeches-buoy has been made practicable for use on vessels.