

The Dalles Daily Chronicle.

THE DALLES OREGON.
Entered at the Postoffice at The Dalles, Oregon, as second-class matter.

STATE OFFICIALS.

Governor.....S. Penoyer
Secretary of State.....G. W. McBride
Treasurer.....Phillip Meschan
Supt. of Public Instruction.....E. B. McElroy
Senators.....J. N. Dolph
.....J. H. Mitchell
Congressman.....B. Hermann
State Printer.....Frank Baker

COUNTY OFFICIALS.

County Judge.....C. N. Thornbury
Sheriff.....J. P. Coates
Clerk.....B. Crossen
Treasurer.....Geo. Ruch
Commissioners.....H. A. Levens
.....Frank Kincaid
Assessor.....John E. Burnett
Surveyor.....E. F. Sherry
Superintendent of Public Schools.....Troy Shelley
Coroner.....William Mitchell

THE MAYOR'S MESSAGE.

It is well known to the people of this city and county that the common council of The Dalles and the mayor have been having a "monkey and parrot" time, for lo these many months. That the gentlemen who compose the council were always wrong and his honor always right we cannot believe. *Prima facie*, the united wisdom of five honored and honorable men, some of them old enough to be his father, is as likely to be as sound and right as that of one, albeit a mayor. That the council may have made mistakes, we may frankly admit. That the mayor may have done the same is just as likely. Nothing is gained by unfairness, and it is not journalism but toadyism that insists on perpetual fault-finding with the one and constant laudation of the other. The mayor delivered a message to the council last Saturday evening. It was an able and valuable document, full of figures and wise suggestions. But it was promptly tabled by the council and they did right. When an official, holding a high and honored position, uses an official message, as the vehicle of petty spite or bitter hate; when the mayor of a city allows his rancor to supplant his manners; when he prostitutes his dignity to place on the records of a municipality an evidence of his own partisan hatred or affection, the council has a right to snub him, and they did so. The council had no right to endorse a laudation of Messrs. Hilton, McCoy and Johnston and a condemnation of Senator Watkins, and they didn't. If the mayor wanted to thank Senator Hilton and Representatives McCoy and Johnston for obsequious personal servitude, and condemn Senator Watkins because he faithfully supported the wishes of his constituents, he might have done so in some other way. His thanks and blame had no place in an official message.

We have only one other fault to find with this, otherwise excellent document. We have already said it was a cunningly devised instrument. It was all that. It may not have been intended, but it reads as if every good feature in the amended water bill was placed there by the mayor's suggestion. We cannot allow him so much glory. He must share some of it with others. The council needs a little as well as the mayor. We have not seen the water bill, as it finally passed the senate, but His Honor tells us that the amended bill contains a provision whereby the surplus revenue from water rents can be loaned out, when not needed to pay interest on the bonded debt. But this was in the bill that the council favored. They thought it one of the best features of the bill, and reckoned it would save to the city, before its debt was finally paid, as much as \$20,000. We are pleased to know this provision remains, but the council must get the glory of it; not the mayor. His is a lesser glory. He didn't amend it out. For that we move him a vote of thanks.

NO PLACE LIKE EASTERN OREGON.

The Oregonian says the Willamette valley seems to be the favored spot of all the earth, this season. We don't agree with the great daily. We have lived for a time, this winter, in both places, and we unhesitatingly avow our preference for Eastern Oregon. If, in that splendid valley there is an absence of cyclones and hurricanes, if high winds and excessive cold do not hold bitter carnival there, if floods have not run riot and heavy snow drifts stopped traffic and endangered human life, the same is true of Eastern Oregon, while there is an utter absence of that cold, raw, chilling moisture-laden atmosphere peculiar to a Willamette valley winter. An Eastern Oregonian doesn't know what a cyclone is, except by its definition in Webster or newspaper reports. If the nights are colder here than they are west of the mountains the days make up the compensation by salubrity and sunshine. A typical winter day in this climate is a poem. It's a thing of gladness and pleasure and beauty and health and brightness. Life is worth living when it is lived here and no healthier spot exists on God's green earth. Take it for all in all, we think Eastern Oregon is the favored spot this season; and so say, we all of us.

AN IMPORTANT SUGGESTION.

The message of Major Moody very properly suggests the necessity of immediate action by the city officials, in all matters that relate to the completion of the city water works. A certified copy of the water bill ought to be pro-

duced as soon as possible, and an ordinance passed providing for the submission to the property taxpayers, the question of a further bonded indebtedness. The council, last Saturday evening passed a motion for the appointment of a committee to ascertain the condition of the water fund and act upon the new law. The mayor, however failed to appoint the committee although the motion was made at his suggestion. We presume this was an oversight on the part of the mayor, but it is a cause of delay all the same, and the people are jealous of any further delay, more than is absolutely necessary. Hitherto, one eye of our esteemed evening contemporary has been critically fixed upon the council, while the one that ought to have seen the mayor has been closed. The optics of the CHRONICLE will be fixed upon both and apportion praise or blame as progress or retardment may demand; but the people want water, they want it badly and they want it soon.

PERSONAL AND EXPLANATORY.

The first issue of the CHRONICLE was dated December 15, 1890. Nearly three months have passed since then, and, till this present issue, the *Times-Mountaineer* and its editor can scarcely be said to have been noticed in its columns. If the CHRONICLE was started to "starve out" the *Mountaineer*, it was singularly tardy, in commencing the process. Our predecessor, Mr. Cradlebaugh, never once referred to that paper, and the present writer, on taking charge, received positive instruction to "leave Mr. Mitchell alone." He would have been glad to have done so, but he cannot. He must rise to explain; and must do it now. The editor of the *Times-Mountaineer* has been whining for the past six months, because, as he alleges, the CHRONICLE was started to starve him out. The pocket of the *Times-Mountaineer* is the tenderest part of his anatomy. That explains the intensity of the wail. If the CHRONICLE has any mission, it is to tell the truth. If the *Times-Mountaineer* had done this, there had been no need for the CHRONICLE. The CHRONICLE was started then, because, in the words of a learned senator, uttered on the floor of the senate, during the meeting of the legislature, "the editor of the *Times-Mountaineer* is the most accomplished disciple of Annias in Eastern Oregon." The CHRONICLE was started to treat people fairly. Had the *Mountaineer* always done this the CHRONICLE, then, had had no special mission. In the *Mountaineer* of yesterday, there is a notice, in the second local column, of a circular, issued by the State Horticultural society. We publish it, today in full. Mr. Mitchell yesterday published all but the author and subscriber. This was the honored name of our fellow townsman James A. Varney. The *Times-Mountaineer* doesn't like Mr. Varney. Mr. Varney doesn't get all his printing done there, and his name must not appear in the columns of that journal, in any connection that would do him honor. At the last local agricultural fair General Varney made an exhibit of grapes. The *Times-Mountaineer*, give an accurate account of all exhibits, but Mr. Varney's. Mr. Varney took the same exhibit to Portland and carried the sweep-stake prize in competition with the whole state. This is not journalism. No journal, worthy of the name would stoop so low. The *Times-Mountaineer* falsely insinuates that the CHRONICLE is a "North Dalles boomer." There has never been a line in this journal advertising North Dalles, that was not paid for at advertising rates. But enough. The *Times-Mountaineer* must not trust any longer, in the credulity of the public and the silence of the CHRONICLE. It won't be safe.

DEATH OF A. W. FERGUSON.

Peaceful Passing Away of a Prominent Pioneer of This State.

A. W. Ferguson is dead. That was the announcement yesterday afternoon. He passed away at 2:30 p. m. His end was painless. "They thought him dying when he slept and sleeping when he died." He had been bed ridden for many years and death came to him as a welcome release from long continued suffering. He was an invalid since 1883, and since '85 had not left his bed. He leaves a wife and five children, E. Z., H. B., J. E., and F. W., and Mrs. J. N. Griffin. The funeral will be under the auspices of Temple Lodge No. 7, A. F. and A. M., from the Episcopal church tomorrow morning. The interment will be at Young's River cemetery. A. W. Ferguson was born in Virginia, Aug. 29, 1821. He came to the Pacific coast, across the plains in 1850. He was married in Louisville, Va., in 1844. His wife accompanied him in his trip and survives her venerable husband. He was city councillor, justice of the peace and sheriff of Wasco county for two terms of two years each. He was a prominent Mason of high degree, and in '82 was elected an honorary member of the Masonic Veteran association.

The above is clipped from the *Astorian* of the 20th ult. Mr. Ferguson will be remembered favorably by the older settlers. He was a good man and was held in the highest estimation. As one said to the writer, "all the old settlers quote Ferguson." He was a former master of Wasco Lodge A. F. and A. M. We extend our sympathy to the bereaved wife and family. Peace to his ashes.

An exchange expresses the opinion that a gas trust can be disposed of in short metre.

WHAT BREEDING MEANS.

Things Which Every Stock Raiser Ought to Understand Thoroughly.

What is breeding based on? It is based on heredity. We use another word, potency or prepotency. Mr. Wylie spoke of inbreeding as establishing potency. The Jew is the most wonderfully inbred man of all men on earth. He has been inbred from the very day he left the Egyptians. You may breed him with any race on earth, and the child will be a Jew more than anything else. Now these are principles that apply right here, just the same with animals as with men. What is the reason for that? Because the Jew has established a type so potently and powerfully that the moment the current of his blood strikes the current of other blood the Jew current takes possession of the other, and the result is a Jew. Now that is a valuable thing to study on; that is the meaning of pedigree.

Some men sneer at pedigree and say that it is worth nothing. Pedigree has a long number of agreeing bloods behind it in line. Men need not only a good specimen of the individual animal, but they need a long line of fathers and mothers of the same line characteristics, so that there is a constant agreement and augmentation and enlargement of the functions for which the breeding is done. It is a well known fact today that if a Texas steer is given a quarter of a bushel of corn meal as his ration, and you take a Shorthorn steer and feed him the same quantity, you will get very different results. Why? Because the power to assimilate food and produce meat has been bred into the Shorthorn and by a constant, slow process built up.

The Texas steer has not been bred for anything except to get over the ground, and I know by experience that he can do that. I once had 300 of them chase me two miles across a prairie, and if a man is to be judged by the enthusiasm of his following, I was the most popular man ever seen in Texas. Now, there are certain principles that I want to bring out in order to show that a farmer needs to study them. Why? Because his money and his living and his profits are in these animals, and yet he seems to think that nobody but the breeder ought to study breeding. Why, the farmer is the man that is to make the money out of the farm. It is the average farmer that has to produce the animals of the country, not the breeder. Therefore the average farmer should be just as wise in producing a good animal as the breeder. He should be a breeder.

Now, take dogs, for instance. They are a favorite illustration of mine because it is so clear on the question of heredity. Take a setter and a foxhound; both have noses equally sharp. And yet hundreds of years back wise men began to breed one dog to smell birds alone, and the other to smell four footed animals alone, and so will have succeeded that the setter dog is almost oblivious to any other scent than the scent of the bird.

You do not find dog men acting as foolishly as farmers. No boy 15 years old would ever undertake to get hunting fowls with a bird dog or birds with a foxhound or either with a bulldog. And yet we have thousands and thousands of farmers who are trying to make butter with beef animals and trying to make beef with butter animals. The average production of our cows is a disgrace. I tell you, my friends, it is not feeding so much today as it is intelligent shaping of these animals for a purpose.

An old man jumped up in an institute and said, "You may talk as much as you have a mind to about it, I say the breed is in the corncrib, and yet not true. I said, 'if your words mean anything at all, they mean that you don't pay any attention to breed, but everything to feed.'" "Yes," he said, "that's right." "Very well," said I, "you are the man I have been hunting for for years. You have got a short cut to success, and I want to get it. It doesn't make any difference what the breed is, it is all in the feed?" "That's it," he said. "Very well," said I, "do you remember that razor back hog we had here thirty or forty years ago?" "Oh, yes," he said. "Now," I asked, "how would you feed that hog so as to make a Poland China of him?" He looked a little staggered. I added, "How would you feed a race-horse to make a draft horse out of it? How would you feed a Jersey cow to make a Hereford out of it?" "Well," he replied, "you may talk as much as you are a mind to, but I believe just what I said." Now don't you see that too many of us are not teachable?

Here is a tale of hay. On one side comes a running horse, on the other a draft horse, on this side a dairy cow, and on that side a beef animal. Now there is just exactly one kind of feed, yet in one case it produces speed, quick, fast action; in another slow, strong action, in another it produces butter, and in another beef. At another bale are fine wool sheep and mutton sheep. You see the difference in the result. What is it that turns the result off like a switch down these different tracks? What is it that takes the same car and shoots it upon one track or another? It is breed.

Now one of these disadvantages that we labor under as farmers is that we are not sufficiently educated up to the idea of a thoroughbred sire. The thoroughbred sire is the sire that has received, like the river, a lot of streams from the mountains on either side running into him to swell the potency of his blood, and that all in one line. A thoroughbred sire is so full of prepotency that he impresses himself upon his progeny. For instance, breed a native cow with a thoroughbred Holstein bull; he has had so many years of breeding in a distinct line that he invariably marks his calves black and white, and will continue to do so to the end of time.—Governor W. D. Hoard.

In Holland there are goose farms on which may be found as many as 6,000 geese. They are near Amsterdam, and are as important and profitable as a sheep ranch in America.

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ITS TERRITORY.

It is the supply city for an extensive and rich agricultural and grazing country, its trade reaching as far south as Summer Lake, a distance of over two hundred miles.

THE LARGEST WOOL MARKET.

The rich grazing country along the eastern slope of the the Cascades furnishes pasture for thousands of sheep, the wool from which finds market here.

The Dalles is the largest original wool shipping point in America, about 5,000,000 pounds being shipped this year.

THE VINEYARD OF OREGON.

The country near The Dalles produces splendid crops of cereals, and its fruits cannot be excelled. It is the vineyard of Oregon, its grapes equalling California's best, and its other fruits, apples, pears, prunes, cherries etc., are unsurpassed.

ITS PRODUCTS.

The salmon fisheries are the finest on the Columbia, yielding this year a revenue of \$1,500,000 which can and will be more than doubled in the near future.

The products of the beautiful Klickital valley find market here, and the country south and east has this year filled the warehouses, and all available storage places to overflowing with their products.

ITS WEALTH

It is the richest city of its size on the coast, and its money is scattered over and is being used to develop more farming country than is tributary to any other city in Eastern Oregon.

Its situation is unsurpassed! Its climate delightful! Its possibilities incalculable! Its resources unlimited! And on these corner stones she stands.

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FINE FARM TO RENT.

THE FARM KNOWN AS THE "MOORE Farm" situated on Three Mile creek about two and one-half miles from The Dalles, will be leased for one or more years at a low rent to any responsible tenant. This farm has upon it a good dwelling house and necessary out buildings, about two acres of orchard, about three hundred acres under cultivation, a large portion of the land will raise a good volunteer wheat crop in 1911 with ordinarily favorable weather. The farm is well watered. For terms and particulars enquire of Mrs. Sarah A. Moore or at the office of Mays, Huntington & Wilson, The Dalles, Or. SARAH A. MOORE, Executrix.

REMOVAL.

H. Glenn has removed his office and the office of the Electric Light Co. to 72 Washington St.