

# The Dalles Daily Chronicle.

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

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The Chronicle is the Only Paper in The Dalles that Receives the Associated Press Dispatches.

## A ROAD ITSELF THE IMPORTANT THING.

The Portland Telegram puts the case fairly and well when it says that, "It is natural for the people and papers of The Dalles to desire the portage road built on the Oregon side of the river, but this is not the important feature of the question. Other things being equal, all the people of Oregon would prefer the road to be built on the Oregon side. Yet the important thing is the road itself, not the question whether it is on one side of the river or the other. That is a matter for honest, capable, unprejudiced engineers to determine. We hope their decision may favor the Oregon side; but if the other side is the best there it must go." So far as this journal is concerned it has never asked more than this. A portage road around The Dalles and Celilo is for the benefit of the country east of here and not specially for this city. So far as we are concerned we will have an outlet to Portland and Astoria even if the road in question should never be built. While not ignoring the fact that a road on this side would greatly benefit this city we hope we are more anxious for an open river than for any special benefit that might accrue from its location in Oregon. At the same time a portage on this side that would tap Sherman county would be a paying investment if they had a hundred roads on the other side, and believing that such a road can be built and operated for nearly half the cost of one in Washington we believe that in the long run it will be built here.

## THE TYGH HILL ROAD.

Mr. William McCorkle, the Tygh Valley miller, is in the city. From him we learn with regret that nothing has been done for a long time regarding the opening of the Tygh Mountain road. The people whose interests are most deeply concerned are those who treat the matter with the greatest indifference. Subscription lists, sent to prominent points in and around Tygh Valley brought little or no response. Mayor Mays put down his name for \$150, A. J. Dufur \$100 and Mr. McCorkle \$75, and a few others smaller sums and then the matter came to a dead stop. We are sorry for this indifference and still think a better organized effort might have done better. The getting of subscriptions was left too much to that shiftless personage known as "everybody." A mass meeting ought to be held and a committee appointed, of enterprising and active citizens, who would be willing to sacrifice a little time on a work of such importance. There is not a doubt in the world that The Dalles would help liberally and just as little that the county court would do the same. But really the people directly interested must do some rustling themselves or they will never get the road opened. "God helps those who help themselves." The road is needed as everyone knows. Mr. McCorkle says: "I have traveled on foot from the Columbia river to the isthmus of Panama and on nearly every road from the Pacific Ocean to the Rocky Mountains and there is no road in America as bad as the road over Tygh Hill."

## OREGON OUGHT TO HAVE A PORTAGE.

One thing is certain, if the present agitation for a portage around the Dalles should result in nothing being done till the next meeting of the legislature we can, without a question, obtain an appropriation from the legislature to build one on the Oregon side. If the question were carried into the next campaign not a man could go to the legislature from any county in Eastern Oregon, bordering on or near the Columbia river who would not pledge himself to vote for an appropriation. More than this, if the state portage at the Cascades is a success, as we fully expect it to be, and another around the Dalles can be built and equipped for anything like the sum of Engineer Norton's estimate, we see no reason in the world why the legislature would not make an appropriation of a quarter of a million so that Oregon could have a portage of her own. If a competent survey had been made before the meeting of the last legislature, we have not a doubt in the world that an appropriation would have been made and the road would now be in process of construction.

Some one asks: "Who is the really happy man?" Some other man.

## WHAT DANIEL WEBSTER SAID OF FIAT MONEY.

Daniel Webster denounced a depreciated currency as "fructifying the rich man's field with the sweat of the poor man's brow." Speaking of the effects of a depreciated currency on the laboring classes he said:

Capitalists may outlive such times. They may either prey on the earnings of labor, on their per cent, or they may hoard; but the laboring man, what can he hoard? Preying on nobody he becomes the prey of all. His property is in their hands. His reliance, his fund, his productive resource, his all, his labor; whether he works on his own small capital or on the capital of others, his living is still made by his industry, and when the money of the country is depreciated or debased, whether it be adulterated coin or paper without credit, that industry is robbed of its reward. He then labors for a country whose laws cheat him out of his bread.

## A TOUGH STORY.

A paragraph is going the rounds of the Oregon press that contains some very interesting figures on the sheep industry of Eastern Oregon. These figures are the same in every instance—and we have met them in fully half a dozen exchanges—else we should have supposed that some printer had blundered. The number of sheep in Eastern Oregon is given every time as 150,000 and the number of pounds of wool produced by these same 150,000 sheep is 8,978,123 pounds. The amount is an average of very nearly sixty pounds of wool to each sheep. The story is a little tough, but then the editors, some of whom employ the passing moments in writing learned essays on the destructive effects of the Hessian fly on the orchards of the country, have said it and it must be true. Still it's tough as we remarked before.

## ALL WE ASK.

The Paul Mohr company will not give up their chance to unload on the Portland capitalists their right of way for a portage on the Washington side of the river, without a struggle. The company has money and influence and they will undoubtedly use both to the best advantage. But we have good reason for knowing that Portland capitalists will not adopt their scheme without thorough investigation and, that other things being equal, they will favor the Oregon side rather than that of Washington, and this is all we can reasonably ask.

## Destroying Aphids.

During the past few days a singular spectacle has been witnessed in Sladden's orchard adjoining Eugene. A swarm of lady bugs and some other species of a bug about one-third of an inch long are doing effective work in cleaning up the aphids. They may be plainly seen destroying the pest. They work only on the trees that were unsprayed, in fact Mr. Sladden says that he considers that the spraying has been a failure, the trees being more or less injured.

## Will Know More in the End.

The farmers' alliance may favor "visionary schemes," so-called by their opponents, but there is no denying the fact that the movement includes a very large number of earnest, thinking farmers, who desire above all things to better the condition of the agricultural classes, and who are working and will work for that end. All great reforms are brought about by agitation, and while the wildest of these "visionary schemes" may not be brought about, this agitation may bring the farmers' interest to the fore and his condition be materially benefited by it. To say the least the movement will educate the farmers up to a better understanding of their duties and privileges.—Scio Press.

## A Water Puzzle.

A singular fact has been noted at Mische which some scientists might find pleasure in explaining. Mr. Dudley has excavated a ditch leading from a spring to the Union Pacific well, in order to increase the water supply. The ditch flows considerable water during the day, commencing at about 8 a. m., but the water disappears at sundown, and not a single drop is in the ditch during the night. If it ran dry during the day time evaporation might furnish an explanation, but the Union Pacific boys are at a loss to account for the water's disappearance at night.—East Oregonian.

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## Lovers at a Baseball Game.

It may have been the rain that hoodooed the Oakland, or perhaps it was that touching little scene from "Romeo and Juliet" enacted in one of the boxes. Along about the middle of the game some one in the grand stand discovered the shimmering, and eyed lovers in the act of plighting their troth in the box.

They had evidently wandered in from the Alalfa girded regions round about Millipias to take in the Decoration Day exercises. Then somebody steered them out to the ball park, where they faced themselves on exhibition in their great two-hearts-that-beat-as-one act.

In plain sight of 4,000 people and the players they sat lovingly clasped in each other's arms, thinking thoughts too utterly utter for words. First he would rapturously kiss the maiden and then gaze down into the sweet, soulful depths of her lovely eyes, and she would bury her face in his celluloid collar and sigh like a bathtub exhaust.

"Does her love her 'tittle tootsey?" he would exclaim with all the fervency of which a strong man is capable.

"Well, I should gurgle, Petie," and the listening winds wafted the answer to the eight thousand expectant ears in the grand stand.

They took no interest whatever in the game as they sat in silent bliss, utterly oblivious to the shouts of "Shut the door" and "Break away." Both audience and players forgot the game for three innings while watching the unconscious young couple in the box.

Once, while the uproar was at its height, Romeo tore himself away from Juliet's side long enough to go out on the balcony and ascertain, if possible, the cause of the excitement. He glanced down toward the score board, thinking, perhaps, that some important news had just arrived from San Jose. He then returned to the impatient maiden, who had not been kissed for nearly two seconds, and made it as pleasant for her as he could.

Not until the game was over did the young folks learn that their sacred seance in the box had been exposed to the vulgar gaze of a cold, unfeeling world. As they were leaving the park some one exclaimed, "There they are," and the crowd gave them a vigorous round of applause. The girl wound a veil around her crimson cheeks, and Romeo instinctively felt in his girdle for a dagger with which to stab himself to death.—San Francisco Chronicle.

## Summer Furniture.

Decorations for summer homes are now engrossing. The wide vine shaded piazzas are justly regarded as the most delightful lounging places and receive much attention from the tasteful housekeeper. Hand-some rugs are strewn about, low sewing chairs flank trefoil and star shaped tables, and a long open rug is laid out in a large square, oblong, big and little, to fit into restful attitudes. Such couches are put out in May and are not taken indoors till November, and even under such conditions keep fresh for a number of seasons. Other piazza divans are done up in blue denim, which requires a little embroidery at least on the pillows to be effective.

For the upper verandas, where the women of the family loiter through the mornings with sewing, reading and writing, cane sofas, with sateen and china silk pillows, are popular. The cane work table, with brass tipped legs, is apt to be found in this alfresco sitting room, and a cane rack to hold newspapers and magazines secure from an invading breeze is another essential.

Some novelties are seen in foot cushions. Among such are those of embossed leathered and brown, pretty for the library and dining room. Small tufted oblongs, closely resembling mattresses, are covered with rugs, and are suitable for foot rests in any room. For the cool looking white and gold parlors and drawing rooms of pretentious residences, the llama foot stools with gilt feet are effective, and the young woman whose slipper rests upon one may fancy her pet poodle is supporting it.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

## Nationality in Art.

The men most prominent in American art today are, in the majority, of Parisian training, so much so that the most familiar reproach directed against their work is that it lacks national character. That this criticism, if applied to a period of transition, has a basis of truth is undeniable, for nothing is more natural than that the first steps in any career should be directed by the influences which have presided over preparatory studies. But if we take ten years to be the shortest period in which a young painter on his return from Europe can gain a foothold here, it will be found at the end of that time that, subjected to the various influences of the intellectual and material life of his native country, he has taken on more of our national characteristics than he is given credit for.

Modern art is essentially cosmopolitan, and as nations obey the iron rule of the general average, so in art the national characteristics become fused and blended until there are questions of detail more than of fundamental construction. Paris fin de siecle has a keen eye for detail, however, and we may depend upon it that, measured by its standards, the exhibition by our painters may be found wanting in many things rather than in the personality which results from race and temperament modified by conditions of environment.—Scribner's.

## A Good Word for the College Boys.

An American college contains from 500 to 1,500 boys, rich, poor, ambitious or thoughtless, as the case may be. Among them there is sure to be a mischief making element. The escapades of these are telegraphed over the country and commented on by a sternly indignant press. Had the indiscretions been committed by boys out of college they would never have attracted even passing attention. From these widely circulated stories, always exaggerated and affecting at most but a handful of students, the idea has sprung that to send a boy to college is to cast him into a moral fiery furnace, where he will be assailed by every form of temptation. This is as far from the truth as it can well be.

There are few temptations in college life which are not encountered in the everyday world. On the other hand, there is a standard of college morals which must be lived up to by any student who cares to preserve his social standing among his fellows. This is not, in some ways, a high standard, but it is higher than any to be found in common use outside college walls. To live by it is to acquire the habits of thought and the manners of a gentleman. The only wonder is that college disturbances are so rare.—Albany Journal.

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