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East Oregonian

TUESDAY, APRIL 3, 1900.

DAILY, WEEKLY AND SEMI-WEEKLY
—BY THE—
East Oregonian Publishing Company,
—AT—
PENDLETON, OREGON.

DAILY SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
One copy per year, by mail
One copy six months, by mail
One copy per week, by carrier
Trial subscription
Single numbers

SEMI-WEEKLY SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
One copy one year
One copy six months
Trial subscription
Single numbers

WEEKLY SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
One copy one year
One copy six months
Trial subscription
Single copy

ADVERTISING RATES:
(Display Advertisements.)
One inch, or less, in Semi-Weekly per month
One inch, or less, in daily per month
Two inches, or less, in Daily and Weekly per month
Over three inches, Semi-Weekly, per inch per month
Over three inches, Daily, per inch per month
Over three inches, in Daily and Weekly, per inch per month
One inch, or less, in Weekly per month
Over three inches, in Weekly, per inch per month
Over three inches, in Tuesday's issue of Semi-Weekly, per inch per month
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Daily, first insertion, per inch, ...; each subsequent insertion, ...
Local notices, ten cents per line, each insertion.

The shipping bill before congress calls on the government to invest something like $200,000,000 for the purpose of "encouraging" private individuals to build ships. If this is a good thing for the people as well as for the individuals, why would it not be a better thing for the government to be still more socialistic and build ships for itself, to own and sail them. If the government is to spend so much money it would be advisable for it to get something for it, besides the good will of the favored few.

Dr. D. K. Pearsons, of Chicago, tells an anxious people that through heredity, common sense and a good stomach a man or a woman can live a century. Why, of course. If a man or a woman could only control these three things it would be easy, but as they cannot they will have to keep on taking chances of living and dying as of yore. But Dr. Pearsons points out one fact, a good stomach is the very foundation of health, and we do abuse our stomachs as if we did not have a bit of common sense.

Anti-imperialism and anti-militarism are two things that the American people are in favor of, for the simple reason that no American ever wishes the time to come in this country when any man will have to doff his hat to another, as he passes him on the highway, in acknowledgement of his "superiority" and the privileges conferred upon him under government of the few, by the few, for the few. The trusts evil and the money devil would shackle the masses of the American people to make them pay court as well as tribute to a privileged class.

The voters are growing more and more independent. They are growing tired of fooling themselves at the polls, for the purpose of putting men in office who have no intention of serving the public. The people are almost tired of political parties, because in the main those who manipulate them have no other aim or object, but to profit at the expense of the people by putting their hands in the public purse. Political parties have become to be recognized as organized bands of men that prey upon the people, using the power of office as a leverage toward that end. It is this tendency that has caused one of the old parties, the one that has had the least opportunity to prey, to declare for the initiative and referendum, or a plan for more direct government, and that has created the demand for election of United States senators by a direct vote of the people. In time the people will probably be moved to dispense with parties by carrying out most of their wishes through direct voting, instead of through the representative system. The closer the people can get to the government of their own making the stronger will become the republic and republican forms of government.

A newspaper man, named R. B. Majors, has been looking over the Portland newspaper field with a view of establishing a morning paper in that town, if his word is to be believed, but he has come to the conclusion that another paper is not needed there, owing to the excellencies of the Portland Oregonian and the Evening Telegram, which are published under one management. Mr. Majors is now busy writing letters to newspapers, which bear the ear mark of a purpose. In these letters he makes the declaration that fully $1,000,000 has already been lost in the effort to establish an opposition newspaper to the Oregonian and Telegram. The fact of the matter is, that there is no need of a rival to the Oregonian, and the ventures made in Portland were failures largely because the promoters of them devoted their efforts to injuring the Oregonian, rather than filling that part of the field that the Oregonian does not fill, and never can fill, and meeting the demands of the people for a newspaper of a different spirit to the Oregonian and its tail, the Evening Telegram. Such a paper can be published in Portland and made a success from the start, and there is at least a probability of one being started with the necessary cash in its treasury. The Oregonian is already giving evidence of its uneasiness over the success of the project on foot, in promoting the publication of articles and letters of the Majors brand and in other characteristic ways. It might be said in this connection that there is no longer a monopoly of the press franchise in Portland.

IN BATTLE WITH THE BOERS.

Julian Ralph writes of a correspondent's experience in a battle in South Africa, as follows:

He had reported only one battle before this.

He had gone into it gayly, with a journalist's longing for a new sensation.

But something had happened that was not in his program—a lot of things, in fact.

While running down the railway embankment he had all but stumbled over a corpse, with one shoulder and breast torn away.

Fascinated, he turned to look at it, and saw that it was the body of a splendid fellow, who had sat next to him at mess the night before—an officer of the Grenadier Guards. The unclosed eyes were looking at him. They seemed to follow him as he turned away, sick at stomach and at heart.

* * *

His horse was still trying to graze, and must either be ridden or turned loose. As this was too close to battle for him to make himself a target on horseback, he let it go and ran for the men in khaki, and the crackle of their rifle fire, which was like the sound of frying fat.

The bullets sang all around him, like darting, angry bees disturbed.

They even buzzed between his legs, and he fell flat on his face and said to himself that he did not get salary enough for such an experience, and that the war correspondent who exposed himself to fire was recreant to his duty and an idiot as well. He lay flat on his face, and lo! the firing ceased. There was only now and then a shot and here and there a reply, and he looked up and saw the men in khaki silhouetted against the shiny black rocks, all boldly upright and rushing up the hill. They had driven the unwashed, unshaven, odorous enemy out of its rocky nests, and the day was won.

And now another day had come and another battle was on. Another battle was on, and to be in it and safe at the same time he was with the battery of naval guns. So he and another correspondent were with the naval men in their broad-rimmed straw hats covered with khaki—with their loose, crouching attitudes and movement—so different from soldiers, without being any the worse for the difference. When they saw anything at which to fire they were busy for a minute or two, but between whiles they lounged about like a picnic party.

* * *

It was one-sided warfare till the rank and hairy Boers got one of their batteries into position behind a ridge a mile and a half away. Then it became two-sided, like a game of pitch and toss, in which it seemed that every time we sent them a shell they sent it back. A Royal artillery battery rumbled up and unlimbered near us, sending its limber of horses a little way back and opening heavy fire on the unclean foe.

Opening heavy-fire—and meeting heavy fire. Z-z-o-o-o-woof! came the shells, ripping the air, gashing the ground and throwing up fountains of red earth, and broken iron. The correspondents and one or two officers, who appeared to have no part in the work of the battery, stood near a railway culvert of solid masonry and strolled into its shelter every time they saw the flash and smoke of a Boer gun. It may not have been very brave, but they had no call to be brave just then.

"Courage is not a thing to brandish about like a horse-pistol in the hands of a madman," the correspondent thought; "it's like good liquor, to be barreled and tapped when called for."

* * *

"Hello, there goes that gun! That's going wide of the R. A. limber. Hi, there goes the chap who is shooting at us! Let's see if he gets any nearer than the next county. Look, there goes the Johnny who's after that bunch of transport wagons! By Jove! look at them scamper! Hanged if he didn't chuck dust all over that near buck wagon!"

In this way the idlers chronicled every shot that was addressed to us by the enemy, until—until Z-Z-Z-oo woof! went a shell into the R. A. limber, and two horses fell, one minus a jaw and the other with its stomach torn out.

Somebody began the remark that "That Johnny had got the range," when z-z-oo-woof! came a shell straight under the first of the naval guns. Every man around it stood his ground, and death licked his lean chops as he reached a bony hand toward them, but— the shell did not explode. "No. 1 gun" was quickly hauled back a hundred yards, and the while it was moving a shell chased it up and exploded thirty yards behind it.

"I get no pay for this," said the handsomer and younger of the correspondents. "Let us go over and see what the heavy rifle firing is about on the far right."

* * *

An hour later each sat upon his separate anthill on the extreme right of the battlefield, where an endless, awful volleying of rifle fire had sounded ever since daybreak—for hour upon hour. The correspondents were 2500 yards behind the firing line of the British, who lay in rows upon their bellies firing at unseen Boers in an invisible trench, which spat out bullets as a needle-bath sprays water.

I fancy the younger correspondent was congratulating himself upon his safety, but as he did so there came a sound like heavy hail upon a tin roof, and bullets whistled, pinged and spatted all around him. The sound came from behind his back. The Boers had made a flank movement, dashing furiously toward the ambulance and transport wagons, banging at them with a volley and setting all the drivers and horses in a panic. In the same panic the two correspondents ran straight into the danger zone of the main battle.

They fell when they found the air as thick with bullets as ever a pudding was with plums, and when, wherever they put down a foot, there was a spurt of sand from a falling shot.

"There was no other way to run," they said to one another. "It looked as if the Boers would cut us off in the other direction."

"Putt-putt-putt-putt," sounded the awful Vickers-Maxim quick-firer, and its tornado of one-pound shells raked the air over their heads with seven screaming missiles at a time. Zizz-zig! Hummed the Mauser, and the Martini-Henry bullets, like magnified bees in swarms. The air was thick with flying lead. Bits of the friendly anthill were clipped off. Spray from the dust jets thrown up by bullets fell softly on the hands of the correspondents. Thicker and thicker came the hail, for the Boer sharpshooters had seen the two men run and drop and were sending a cross-fire where they lay. They buried their noses in the red sand and talked and thought.

They talked and thought—about what?

"I wonder what's become of our horses?"

* * *

"Hello! Here's the guards doctor. Doctor, how can that mule stand there 100 yards ahead of us where the bullets are like raindrops in a slanting rain? I'll bet the brute is full of holes and doesn't know it. Perhaps we are, too."

"Hello! Here's the guards doctor. Doctor! doctor! come and tell us what's going on."

The guards doctor is nothing loth. He dashes over to the correspondents and in doing so awakens a new fury of rifle and machine-gun fire.

"I can't stay long," he says. "We've got a great many wounded up there and I must look after them. How's the fight going? It's simply going on, forever, and neither side is budging. You think the bullets are thick here. Watch me go forward and when you see me drop you may know it's a bit thick. There's one place ahead where the shot comes in solid streaks, like telegraph wires. Well, ta-ta! I must make a dash for it."

As he runs the correspondents see the tiny sand fountains spurt up in front of, beside and behind him. At last he drops and for half an hour lies still.

They see a Coldstream Tommy run to a tiny sage bush that wouldn't stop a peashooter and gratefully take its shelter.

* * *

They see another Tommy lying flat as a flapjack and reaching stealthily, blindly over the ground to gather little stones—none bigger than a hen's egg. He gets five or six of these and builds a whimsical shelter four inches wide and three inches high. He is content until—ten minutes later an explosive bullet hits his foot and smashes it.

He calls to the correspondents to bring the stretcher-bearers to him. Two of them have been hiding behind an anthill for a very long while. To them the correspondents yell and the bearers are unable to hear. A Tommy looms up ahead dragging a shattered leg, hopping along before a pursuing blizzard of bullets. He, too, calls to the correspondents, "For heaven's sake, gentlemen, get me to an ambulance. I've been wounded like this for ten hours." The correspondents forget themselves and their danger and, telling him with the shattered leg to go and lie by him with the crushed foot, they start through the rain of bullets to try to rouse the two bearers.

A word of command to those stretcher bearers brought them quickly to their feet. Again they lay a long time. A bullet touched the hair of one; another flew between their heads, not eighteen inches apart. Three Tommies in full flight saw them, and ran toward them, bringing a cloud of shot with them.

* * *

"Keep away—keep away, you fools!" the correspondents shouted. "Get yourselves killed as much as you like, but don't direct the fire on us. Lie down by yourselves, you idiots."

Next a bullet-headed Tommy darted up from behind and dropped beside the younger correspondent. Just heaven, how he was sworn at and abused as a new hail of bullets showered around the three—loosened by his dash across the veldt! "If you would pull in that blooming tin pail and put it under your stomach you wouldn't git so much o' the blooming bullets. It shoines loike a heliograph." He was right. He referred to the two-quart, bright, new tin water-bottle which the elder man had left beside him on the ground.

Of all the sublimated fools in any army this Tommy was the worst. He next asked for a drink, and, taking a covered bottle, raised himself on his elbows, put up his head, lifted the bottle high and began to quaff. A thousand rifle balls and ten minutes' play of the "putt-putt" showed that this had been accepted as a challenge. Again Tommy was sworn at for an idiot—and what was his reply?

"I know it. When I was loving hover there be'ind a ant-'ill I 'eld up the bloomin' 'elmet an' got a hole put through it before I could git it down again."

He was quieted by the impressive assurance that he would get a pistol ball through his skull at the next provocation, and for another half hour he lay quiet. Then suddenly he said: "Gets, I'm blimed tired of plantin' me nose in the ground and waitin' for it to sprout. What I say is, let's run for it, each one in a different direction, so the bloomin' Boers won't know which to peg at."

"You're a general, Tommy," said the correspondent; "we're with you."

He gave the word. All three ran like mad in different ways, and the Boers directed all their fire on the young and handsome correspondent. It was dusk, and jets of flame sprang out of the veldt all around him. But he was not hit.

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