East Oregonian.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1902.

Nothing is lost by a little bending—a little suppleness, a little slowness, a little humanity. The world is like a passage that is dark and low of roof, if one will stoop but a trifle, as one goes through, one will miss many a thump. — Benjamin Franklin.

VERSATILITY OF THE WEST.

John L. Rand, senator-elect from Baker, Malheur and Harney counties, represents a territory in the state senate of Oregon, almost equal in size to the state of South Carolina. This vast area of agricultural, forest and mineral land, represents the true diversity of the West, and shows in its fullness the wide scope of knowledge and experience which a Western public man must possess.

In New England a congressman is elected from one ward of a densely populated city. He will quite likely represent a class of people following almost exclusively one single occupation.

One of the great shoe manufacturing cities will elect a man to congress or to the state legislature, whose sole claim to statesmanship is that he will fight for a reduced tariff on hides, for laws regulating tanneries and rigid restriction covering the traffic in shoes—his sole and only fort and object.

Another ward, containing perhaps five square miles, will elect a printer a cigar maker or a lawyer, whose aim is bounded by the vocation of a few thousand constituents. Public men of the crowded Eastern states represent single industries, single ideas, single local objects in many instances.

Their training has made them specialists in a narrow margin of activity. They are not in touch with the world. The interests of other states, or even adjoining districts, do not encourage a widening of experience or practical knowledge.

They cling to the vine that bore their fathers and forefathers, for generations before them. They stand in the shadow of long accustomed ideas and experiences. They do not scatter out. They don't rub elbows with the world. Their ideas of statesmanship cannot or do not reach out to other great interests akin to their own. They are political recluses.

How vastly different in the West. Walter M. Pierce, senator-elect from the 22d senatorial district, John L. Rand from the 25th or W. W. Steiwer from the 21st, represent a hundred vocations, a hundred separate and distinct industries, followed by aggressive, rugged workers, who simply drive a business to triumph against all odds.

These men must be familiar with the industries the yrepresent. They must be able to discuss each of the thousand minor details pertaining to the great enterprises that lie within their districts. They must be able to legislate intelligently, direct and frame wisely and justly the laws that are intended to protect and perfect the gigantic industrial and commercial forces that are struggling to attain perfect order and perfect fruition in the empires they represent.

It is 150 miles from Ontario to Burns, as far as it is across the state of New Hampshire at the widest point, and Burns does not mark the limit of Malheur county by 100 miles, yet this wonderful region is represented by one man.

To treat the great questions that arise in this district, intelligently, a legislator must possess a wondrous scope of experience. He must know mining, farming, stock raising, lumbering, railroading, irrigation, commerce law, schools, mercantile and manufacturing pursuits intimately, and in detail. He must know that certain points of existing statutes, covering minute details of some of the great industries need changing before he can conscientiously take the welfare of the people into his hands and recommend a change. He must be familiar with men of vastly different trades and professions and know the details of their work as well as they.

It is a subject which scarcely ever attracts the attention of the Westerner. He is accustomed to great enterprises, large tasks and vast experiences. He is a man of a multiplicity of accomplishments. Ready to meet any issue, no matter how great, he holds an empire in his hands with the same practised grace that he would tell a story.

JEFFERSON NO ORATOR.

Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence, the most polished gentleman of his time, the most brilliant letter writer, the keenest diplomat and one of the greatest Americans, could not make a speech.

As long as he directed public affairs he never spoke a hundred words offhand, before a public body.

In the heated discussions that accompanied the reading and adoption of the Declaration of Independence by the delegates from the thirteen colonies, Jefferson never arose to his feet. He wrote it, gave it the immortal music of its thought, wrapped the glowing mantle of eloquence about it, yet could not defend it with oratory.

He sat and bit his lips, as the piercing sword thrusts of those delegates halting on the brink of toryism, trimmed its splendid phrases down.

He did not offer a word of protest, when its very germ and essence were trembling in the balance. There were oratorical giants on hand that day. The speeches made against the adoption of the full declaration were as brilliant, almost, as the document itself.

Alfred Henry Lewis, an eminent writer in a most thrilling reminiscent article describing that historic meeting, says:

"Jefferson and John Adams are seated side by side. Jefferson takes no part in the discussion, since oratory is beyond him. First and last, during his life, he never speaks two words upon his feet. The congress prunes and edits Jefferson's draft of the declaration. * * * John Adams is now on his feet. He seeks strenuously some amendment, as he likes not that expression 'all men are created equal.' But nobody agrees with Adams; the phrase is preserved and debate wags on. * * * Franklin goes from delegate to delegate. His work is done by conversation. One hears him whisper, as he encounters some flicker of toryism in Button Gwinnett, of Georgia: 'Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God.'"

A public watch meeting will be held at Medford on New Year's eve.

OREGON'S FUTURE.

The Columbia, the natural gateway to America's granary, the river of legend and romance, now closed to shipping by obstructions which a few paltry millions would surmount, must one day be the prime contributor to the weal of this state, whose name it sometimes bears. When the government shall finally be aroused to the importance of this transcendent waterway, and shall construct the Celilo canal, already too long delayed, the wharves of Portland and Astoria will teem with the manifold productions of an interior vast and varied, beside the limitless possibilities of which the famed valley of the Mississippi in the days of its beginning pales in comparison.

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Railroad have become the potential force in material progress. They constitute the modern enginery of utilitarian life. And yet one-half of this great state, comprising a territory in area approximately as large as all Ohio, is untouched by a single rail. Central and Southeastern Oregon, largely still in its pristine state, where yet exists the feudalism of the cattle kings, holding in its unstudded mountains and silent plains fair promise of a million homes, awaits awakening to this age of steam. When eastward from ocean ports or southward from the river on the north, the whirling trains shall come, this region will spring into surpassing life, the pride of the commonwealth.

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When these essentials shall be attained, and they surely are near attainment with energetic unity at home and aggressive wisdom in the congress of the nation, Oregon's morning of strenuous life will dawn to break into a marvelous day. No state in the Union, old or new, can rival this in attractions presented to the homemaker.

Three hundred miles of seacoast, with bays and rushing rivers, offer to the children of the mariner nations the scenes and industries of their blood—shipyards and fisheries and white-winged boats. Forests magnificent clothe our mountain ranges with beauty and dormant wealth, bidding the sturdy sons of the north renew in their recesses the experiences about the Great Lakes a quarter of a century ago.

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Crevice and crag, ledge and boulder, and the beds of ancient streams, entice with yellow gleam the men who worship the fickle goddess of the mines, while coal measure untold, the whitest marble and the finest stone, await the pick and chisel of those who seek the quarries.

Great waterfalls, whirling white with power, are ready for the harness to turn the wheels of industry and light—the electric spark. Valleys alluvial and of amazing fertility, in whose soil are capabilities only rivaled in tropic climes, respond to plow and seed with grains and grasses and every product of vine and tree in bewildering and voluptuous plenty.

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Vast ranges lingering yet with herds upon a thousand hills, sheep in unnumbered flocks, and horses in speeding bands, mark an era of a fading past—the pastoral period of a vigorous people. Plains now arid, where the sagebrush and the cactus thrive, thirst for the wasting winter floods applied by men who know the irrigation art, and promise rich reward, for the soil is volcanic ash, self-fertilized, in which are all the elements assuring abundant crops in all the products of the temperate zone.—Stephen A. Lowell, in Oregon Daily Journal.