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Oregon Observations

Monmouth.—Mrs. Agnes Kilen, wife of F. L. Kilen, cashier of the First National bank of Monmouth, died Monday. She had ben ill for two years.

Eugene.—The summer school of the University of Oregon is announced for June 1 to July 30, by Prof. J. C. Almack, acting director of the extension division of the University of Oregon.

Pendleton.—R. F. Kirkpatrick, of this city, paid the highest price per acre at the sale of Indian lands at the Indian agency Monday when he bought 40 acres for $8000, or $200 an acre.

La Grande.—Mrs. Edwin Morrison of Imbler, died Monday morning after a week's illness of pneumonia. Mrs. Morrison leaves her husband and seven children.

The Dalles.—Financed exclusively by local men, a new bank has been organized in The Dalles with a capitalization of $200,000. The financial institution will occupy the building formerly the home of Hotel Albert.

Albany.—Robert A. Murphy, a resident of Albany continuously for the past forty two years, and one of the city's leading business men and most respected citizens, died at 10 o'clock Tuesday night in the Good Samaritan hospital in Portland at the age of sixty years.

Albany.—On his return from Portland Wednesday morning President A. M. Williams of Albany college, announced in chapel that Mrs. Jacob Kamm, of Portland, had handed him a check for $12,000; $10,000 of this will be applied on the indebtedness of the college contracted during the endowment campaign several years ago.

Pendleton.—Sale of 4000 acres of land under the Teel irrigation system is planned to start within a few days with Dr. David B. Hill of Pendleton in charge. Mr. Hill recently was appointed colonization agent for this amount of land which will be sold by the directors of the project direct to farmers.

Wallowa.—Roscoe Dorsey, 15, is in the Wallowa hospital in a serious condition and Bert Daniel, 14 years old and his 11-year-old brother are under bonds as the result of a boyish stabbing affray. The Dorsey boy was stabbed with jack knives in a fight following a basketball game between La Grande and Wallowa high schools Friday night.

The Dalles.—The Sunday school as a cure for juvenile crime is the sentence meted out by local police authorities to two lads, one 15 and the other 17 years of age, who admitted several thefts about the city. The lads were promised that their names would not appear in public glare if they would mend their ways and attend Sunday school.

Corvallis.—B. W. Johnson, manager of the Oaco orchards at Monroe, was in Corvallis yesterday en route to Seattle to attend the meetings of the Skookum Packers' association this week, probably returning to Benton county on Sunday. Speaking of the result of the cold snap on the trees of the big orchard in south Benton, Mr. Johnson says that later investigation made sure that the damage done was really light, compared to what were thought to be the possibilities. There is no damage at all on the high ground, and much less on the low ground than was anticipated. Some of the pear trees were hurt more or less, but very few killed. Even those that look in bad shape now may yet come through and in a year or two be in as good shape as ever.

When a new milliner comes t' town th' excitement is all amongst th' boys. "Business is so good I'll have t' make an assignment if we don't have a panic purty soon," said Tell Binkley, t'day.

ROOT'S CAMPAIGN ISSUE

ACCORDING to Elihu Root the principal issue of the coming campaign should be the decentralization of executive powers which have made the president "more autocratic than any sovereign in the civilized world."

To put an end to the "dictatorship which we created in order to carry on the war" the primary essential is to end the state of war by ratifying the peace treaty. Automatically the special emergency powers then conferred upon the president will expire. It is up to the senate to abolish "dictatorship" by making peace.

It is quite the partisan fashion to view with alarm the autocratic powers of the presidency, when the executive belongs to the opposition party. The Democrats viewed the "dictatorship" of Roosevelt with alarm in 1908, and before then, the Republicans viewed Grover Cleveland with alarm for the same reason.

The "dictatorship" usually consists in the president's insisting on the passage of a certain program of legislation to force recalcitrant congressmen into line—instead of leaving the politicians to run affairs to suit themselves.

Whenever a strong man becomes president, the politicians raise the cry of dictator. Whenever a president keeps hands off and lets the politicians run the government, the people begin clamoring for an executive courageous enough to exercise his power in their behalf.

If any new laws are necessary to curb the powers of the executive, the republican majority of congress has the power to pass them. There is no more necessity for making the subject a campaign issue, than it is to make peace a campaign issue—such talk is merely for political effect.

"FURY OF THE NON-COMBATANTS."

SINCE the war ended the country has been suffering from what General Grant termed after the civil war, the "fury of the non-combatants." Those who did not fight at the front and spent no energy behind the lines in making victory possible, are busy assailing those who did and endeavoring to belittle and discredit patriotic efforts.

An instance in point is the report of Congressman Frear, of Wisconsin, upon spruce division activities in which everybody connected with the government effort to provide airship material is denounced and condemned, with the implication that all were grafters and wasters. Frear's own war record consists in voting against the declaration of war, against the draft and against measures for the national defense.

Another instance is the attack upon Herbert Hoover by Senator Reed of Missouri, who exudes abuse and slander whenever the name of the food administrator is mentioned. Reed opposed the war and all the vital measures for winning it, and delayed their passage by his unending demagogy.

Yet another instance, even near home, is the assault upon Max H. Hauser, vice president of the United States Grain Corporation for the northwest, by a Spokane grand jury, which accuses him of using the office to personally speculate and profiteer in grain operations, when the truth was that he only served from patriotic motives at the request of the president and at personal loss to himself—and his record of efficiency in office speaks for itself.

The barage of slander is directed against everybody, connected in winning the war. Everyone who gave unstintedly of his time, and energy and lavishly of his money to help his country in the hour of need suffers the "fury of the non-combatants", for is this not a political year, and must not the war be discredited, for the benefit of politicians?

Now that the republican state convention of New York has gone on record in favor of speedy ratification of the peace treaty, perhaps the senate will speed up consideration, although it begins to appear as if the senate was waiting for every state convention of both parties to act, before seriously considering ratification.

Rippling Rhymes

BY WALT MASON

RETIREMENT

The blamedest bard that ever was, all day I punch my lyre; and passing neighbors often pause, and say, "Why not retire? You have a bundle put away, so let your labors close; you now are locoed, bent and gray, and need a long repose. So put away your ancient harp, and can the dhythmic wheeze, and emulate the flossy sharp who basks in gilded ease." And still my trusty harp I swat, as I have done so long, and every day attempt to trot upon the peaks of song. For when a man lays down his tools, and says he'll work no more, and joins the loafing bunch that drools around the Blue Front store, he advertises to all men, to everyone's distress, that he will never find again the number of his mess. Oh, not for me the rocking chair before a dotard's fire, and long white whiskers made of hair—I won't give up my lyre. I'll never see the day, I trust, when I'll be satisfied to sit around the house and rust and some punk hobby ride. For years to come, I have the hunch, I'll write my limping lines, and make Bill Shakespeare and that bunch take in their blooming signs.

LOVE and MARRIED LIFE
by the noted author
Idah McGlone Gibson

I Phone Helen Gaylord

"What did John say?" I asked, as Alice came back and sat down by the window with a sigh and a tightening of her lips.

"He didn't say much of anything. I had to drag the words out of him with pincers. All I got was that he is going to take the late night train if possible to New York. I told him he was foolish to think he could hide from reporters."

"Didn't he say anything about me, Alice?"

"No, he didn't. He seemed a little bit dazed, but he hadn't seen the papers and seemed to have an idea that the whole disgraceful episode had been kept within the walls of the club. However, I'll wager that at this moment he is reading the disgusting story and he may decide to do something different. If I were not his sister I should not speak to him again."

"Are you going to cut Karl Shepard, too, Alice?" I asked.

"Not until I hear the rest of the story," she answered. "John, so far as I know now, made an unprovoked attack upon Karl."

"But John wouldn't do that, you know, Alice!"

"I'm not so sure that he had real provocation for what he did, and I'm also not so sure but that Karl said angered him only because he recognized its truth."

"What truth do you mean?"

Blush Dyes Her Cheek

Alice hesitated a moment, and, to my surprise, a blush dyed her cheek, and then she said with an effort: "Well, I presume Karl has gotten about as sick of seeing John with Bess as I have, and he may have made some remark to that effect."

"Well, Alice, I really don't think it is any of Karl's business."

"Good gracious, Katherine, do you mean to tell me that you don't consider it the business of a man's best friend to warn him when he sees him going on the rocks?"

"Honestly, Alice, I don't know just what should be the offices of a friend. Sometimes I think a true friend never gives advice, especially if it is not asked. And even then he is very apt to make a mistake, for when most people ask for advice they do not want the truthful opinion of their friends; they want approval of their acts. Just how far one human being is justified in asking another to conform to his standard, is a question.

"I am not sure that anyone has a right, except perhaps myself, to tell John what he should and should not do, and sometimes I think I give him my opinion on subjects too often."

"Katherine, you are the queerest person I have ever known! You lie there and philosophize when almost any other woman under the same circumstances would be in hysterics. I am never quite sure just how you are going to take things. When John got into his last scrape you surprised me above everything by the calmness with which you returned and took the reins into your own hands and quietly dispelled the sensation and quelled the scandal, even when Bess Moreland would have set the town all agog. I believe that I would have left John for a little while at least, until he came to his senses."

"That's what I'm going to do now," I said suddenly, quite as much to my surprise as to Alice's for until I had spoken I had no idea that I had come to this decision.

Not Able to Go Away.

Alice rose to her feet quickly and came to the bed.

"What do you mean?" she asked. "You are not able to go away now!"

"Oh, yes I am," I asserted, getting out of bed. "Come and help me dress, Alice. That's a good sister!"

"But my dear girl, you can't go alone, and, much as I would like to, I can't go with you at present, for Tom is in one of his periodic upheavals over his business, and needs me to keep him calm and happy."

"I know what I'll do," I said.

Without further explanation I went to the telephone and called up Helen Gaylord.

"Is that you, Helen?" I asked.

"Yes, who is it speaking?" came over the phone in a voice that I hardly recognized.

"Does my voice sound so strange to you as yours does to me, dear? It's Katherine Gordon."

I heard a long, sobbing sigh and then a queer sound as though Helen was choking.

"Oh, Katherine, Katherine, you do understand, don't you?"

Yes, I understand, dear, because I am in great trouble myself."

"Can't I help you?" came over the phone eagerly.

Tomorrow—I Lay My Plans.

Boy Kills Clerk For Refusing 10 Cents for Socks

* Chicago, Feb. 20.—Richard Putz, aged 16, walked into a haberdashery store and asked for a pair of socks. J. F. Burchan, the clerk, showed him a pair. Putz offered a dime in payment. The clerk asked a quarter. Putz drew a gun and shot the clerk twice. Buchan died this morning and the boy was booked for first degree murder. *

Fishing Gear Overhauled by Marion County Nimrods

Anglers are getting out the "ole fishin' gear" and are delving into that tackle box for that "killing fly" according to indications registered by the increasing demand for anglers licenses. Game permits have recently been made out as follows:

Pioneer and Civil war veterans licenses: J. M. Gorschong, Gervais; J. R. Miller, Stayton; George W. Morley, Silverton; H. Parrish and Harris aMtthew, Salem.

Anglers: George E. Penrod, Aurora; P. N. Nelson, Turner; J. C. McFarlane, D. Rinemer, George E. Smith, Randolph Flegel, Harry Wechter, H. H. Lucas and Ray Hummel, Salem; Lee Smith, Marion; Raphael Rosniesek, Gervais; S. N. Ramp, Brooks.

Hunters: Harold Harrison, J. C. Burch, Salem; S. N. Ramp, Brooks.

Combination hunting and fishing permits: W. E. Way, Salem.

13 Lose Lives When Vessel Strikes Mine Off Cape Ramili

Paris, Thursday, Feb. 19.—The steamer Danube struck a mine in the Black sea thirteen miles off Cape Ramili on the European shore at the entrance to the Bosphorus today, 13 persons on board being killed by the explosion.

Two watertight compartments of the ship were flooded but she succeeded in reaching Constantinople. The vessel is owned by the Messageris Maritimes of this city.

London, Feb. 20.—The German government is rushing preparations to try Germans accused of violations of the laws of war and examination of witnesses and arguments will begin next week, according to a Berlin dispatch to the Central News.

Pleadings will open before the Leipsig court within the next month, it is said.

SLEEPY-TIME TALES
THE TALE OF JOLLY ROBIN
By ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

ON TOP OF THE BARN

All the feathered folk on the roof of Farmer Green's barn saw at once that Jasper Jay had told the truth. The golden bird was a rooster, just as Jasper had said. But it seemed strange to them that rooster should sit on so high a perch.

"It looks to me," said old Mr. Crow, "it looks to me as if he had flown up here and lighted on that rod and then was afraid to fly down again."

"Here I go!" Jasper cried.

"I'll knock him off!" cried Jasper Jay. And he made ready to swoop at the stranger.

"I wouldn't do that!" said Jolly Robin.

"No!" Jasper Jay replied. "I know you wouldn't. You'd be afraid to do such a thing."

"It's not that," Jolly Robin told him, "though he is ten times my size. This is what I mean: He's a peaceable fellow. And though I will admit that he seems a little too proud, he hasn't harmed anybody. So why should anybody harm him?"

"He's a barnyard fowl and he belongs on the ground," Jasper Jay declared. "If we let him stay up here in the air there's no knowing what Farmer Green's fowls will do. All his hens and roosters—and he has a hundred of 'em—may take to flying about where they don't belong. This golden gentleman is setting them a bad example. And it is my duty to teach him a lesson."

Now, the real reason why Jasper wanted to knock the golden rooster off his high perch was because he was so handsome. Jasper's fine suit looked quite dull beside the golden dress of the stranger. And that was more than Jasper could stand.

"Here I go!" Jasper cried. And he left his friends and flew straight at the golden fowl.

Jasper struck the rooster such a hard blow that he spun around on his perch twice. But he didn't lose his balance. And he never said a single word.

"I'll pull out his tail-feathers this time!" Jasper squawked, as he darted at the stranger again. But Jasper had no luck at all. Though he pecked viciously at the tail of the golden rooster, he succeeded only in hurting his own bill.

Several times Jasper tried. But not one tail-feather came away. And some of the onlookers began to smile. Old Mr. Crow even guffawed aloud. But Jasper Jay pretended not to hear him.

"Don't you think we'd better go away? Jolly Robin asked Jasper at last.

"I think you had better leave," Jasper screamed. He was very angry, because he knew that his friends were laughing at him. And instead of flying at the golden rooster again he made a swift attack on Jolly Robin.

Being angry, Jasper had forgotten that Jolly Robin's wife was present. And to the blue-coated rascal there seemed suddenly to be as many as six Jolly Robins, each one with a furious wife, too.

Jasper fought his hardest. But he was no match for them. Very soon he made for the woods and as he flew away a blue tail-feather with a white tip floated down into the barnyard, where Johnnie Green had stood for some minutes, watching the strange sight on the roof of his father's barn.

Johnnie picked up the feather and stuck it in his hat. And when he told his father, later, how a big blue jay had tried to whip the new weather-vane and a pair of robins as well, Farmer Green threw back his head and laughed loudly.

"Don't you believe me?" Johnnie asked him. "Here's the blue jay's tail-feather, anyhow. And that ought to prove that I am telling the truth."

But Farmer Green only laughed all the more. You see, he could hardly believe all the strange things that happened in the neighborhood.