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THURSDAY..... Oct. 27, 1910

DAN MALARKEY WILL SUPPORT BOWERMAN

Declares Attack on Ticket Is a Blow at Direct Primary Law.

(The Oregonian.)

Dan J. Malarkey, Republican candidate for joint senator and "progressive" leader in the anti-primary campaign has announced his firm intention to stand by and work for the election of Mr. Bowerman as Republican nominee for governor.

"I certainly am going to support Mr. Bowerman," said Mr. Malarkey, "regardless of the present political situation. I did not participate in the late primary election, either as a voter or a candidate, with my fingers crossed. Nor did I regard it as a game of 'heads I win, tails you lose.' Unless those who participate therein abide by the result, a primary election of and within a political party under the direct primary law, serves no good purpose and is a mere waste of time and effort.

"One of the main objections to the old convention plan of nominating candidates was that through 'frame-ups' and slates and manipulation of delegates by unscrupulous and self-seeking political bosses, the candidates named by the convention were rarely the real choice of the rank and file of the party; and that such methods occasioned and frequently justified the opposition to such nominees of many members of the party.

Safeguards Are Ample.

"To overcome those objections the direct primary law was enacted. Under it any member of a party can with little trouble, become a candidate for nomination, and the candidate who receives the most votes in the big convention held on primary election day in which all the members of the party participate with equal voice and equal influence under the safeguards of the Australian ballot system and the registration law becomes the nominee of the party. Under the system no loyal Republican can consistently oppose one who has been so chosen as the nominee of his party.

"Mr. Bowerman complied with the direct primary law in becoming a candidate for the Republican nomination for governor in that he filed a sufficiently signed petition in regular form with the proper official and otherwise did everything required by that law. The primary election was regularly held and fairly conducted. No one contends that it was tainted by fraud or corruption. Notwithstanding the handicap of an assembly endorsement, Mr. Bowerman received the most votes for governor in that election and became the lawful nominee. I opposed his nomination. I voted against him in the primary election. But I bow to the will of the rank and file of the Republican party as expressed by the verdict of the ballot box. The Republicans have expressed their will. They have selected a republican ticket of which Mr. Bowerman is the head. He is just as surely and legally and rightfully the nominee of the party as I am or any other Republican who at the primary election received a plurality of votes cast for the nomination sought.

Party Will Express.

"It is said by those who would now have anti-assembly Republicans oppose Mr. Bowerman, that he was not the choice of a majority of the members of the party. Neither was Mr. Lafferty, who was nominated for congress in this district, nor Mr. Weinberger, who was nominated for constable in this city, the choice of a majority of the republicans who voted for candidates for those nominations. Neither was Mr. Jonathan Bourne the choice of a majority of the Republicans when in 1906 by a smaller plurality than Mr. Bowerman has obtained, he became the Republican nominee for United States senator. Because the cardinal principle of my political creed is that the will of the people when deliberately expressed is supreme, and that applies to contests within the party for nomination as much as to contests in the general election between candidates of rival parties—I voted for Mr. Bourne for United States senator when I was a member of the state senate in 1907

I so accepted the verdict of the voters, notwithstanding the fact that I was elected to the state senate before our direct primary law, with its Statement No. 1 feature, was adopted, and was under no ante-election obligation so to do, and notwithstanding the further fact that I opposed Mr. Bourne's nomination and would certainly never have voted for him for United States senator if I had not felt it my duty to obey the popular mandate. Though I opposed Mr. Bowerman's nomination, I can certainly obey the popular mandate in this instance, by supporting him for governor more cheerfully and with more confidence that he will prove a good and worthy official than I did when I so voted for Mr. Bourne.

CUSTER'S LAST FIGHT.

The Famous Battle of the Little Bighorn River.

General George A. Custer was one of the most notable cavalry officers developed during the war of the rebellion. It was his fortune to be in the thick of the conflict within a few days after leaving the training school at West Point, and from that time until the day of his death his life was filled with strenuous work and stirring adventure, in which he was frequently exposed to deadly peril.

The closing chapter of his life, which came with what is known in history as "Custer's last fight," which occurred on June 25, 1876, was a tragedy, but he died like a soldier.

For a number of years after the civil war Custer had been engaged in Indian fighting on the frontier of the United States. Many of these engagements were among the most thrilling in the history of Indian warfare in this country.

The famous expedition which led up to the famous battle of the Little Bighorn river was started on May 17, 1876, when General Terry, his officers, of whom General Custer was one, and his troops left Fort Lincoln, Dakota. Every one realized that the campaign was likely to be a decisive one. It was planned to strike the Indians a serious blow—one from which they could not recover.

The advance was begun under favorable conditions, and the Little Bighorn mountains were reached on June 25 and the Indian village located. A slight accident gave the red men warning. Nobody knows exactly how the battle of Little Bighorn was fought. The statements made afterward by the Indians were contradictory, but they all agreed that Custer's appearance was a great surprise. The best evidence shows that the Indians closed in on both right and left and placed Custer at once on the defensive. Closer and closer the coil tightened around that plucky band. One after the other of the troopers fell, the horses were stamped, the ammunition ran low, no messenger had been able to break through the lines, and the mortality among the officers was heavy.

Then Custer had his troops fire two volleys in succession, the usual cry for help. It was heard in Reno's camp. Its significance was understood, but no help came. Soon came the final act of the tragedy. The Indians closed in from all sides, led by the cruel chiefs Crow King, Gall, Crazy Horse and Rain-in-the-Face. It was a hand to hand fight. It was 150 against 1,000. Grouped about Custer were twenty or thirty desperate men. They fought with their leader, they fought for their leader, until the last man lay dead.

Not an American officer or soldier lived to tell the tale of "Custer's last fight." Never in the history of the world was the bravery, devotion to duty and perfect discipline of troops better illustrated. Almost without exception the bodies of the men were found just where they had fought. Each company was in the place assigned, troopers in line and their officers in position. They fought a losing battle, but they fought without flinching. They were killed, but not disgraced.—Detroit Free Press.

Old Mosque Legends.

The great Begova mosque in Sarajevo is the largest mosque in Europe after those of Constantinople and Selim's mosque in Adrianople. In its courtyard stands an old stone, across the top of which there is a groove precisely the length of a Turkish ell. Tradition says that a pasha placed it there to checkmate the local merchants' habitual use of false measures in defiance of the express commandment of the Koran.

But another of Sarajevo's hundred mosques has a much better legend. Before this may be seen the tombs of the seven holy dervishes who were beheaded 200 years ago for a great theft. After the decapitation each body tucked its head under its arm and walked into the mosque. So those dervishes are worshiped as saints to this day.

A Large Volume.

The biggest book in Washington is not in the Congressional library. It is in the reference room of the geological survey on F street, where its huge bulk reposes on a stand made especially for it. It is a dictionary and consists of half a dozen volumes bound under one generous cover that must have taken several calfskins to provide the leather binding. It contains 7,085 pages and weighs as much as a high school girl. By contrast the fat Webster's Unabridged that lies alongside this great Jumbo of a book looks like a pocket edition of the "Babylut."

A Mistaken Girl

She Found That She Was Not as Wise as She Thought

By ESTELLE MARSH

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I am in a quandary. I had supposed I would marry Donald Chase, and now comes Oscar Richmond to mix me all up. Donald is steady, honorable, has excellent judgment; Oscar is handsome, full of sentiment, fascinating. I know I should remain true to Donald, but Oscar carries me right off my feet.

The question of money does not enter into the matter. Donald is doing very well, earning a fair salary and with a prospect of being a partner. Oscar is out of business just now. I don't exactly understand why. He is very reticent. I like reticence in a man; it bespeaks self control. Oscar can talk with me by the hour without revealing any of his affairs. Of course if he proposes to me I shall expect that he will tell me everything.

I have tried to get Donald to tell me why he distrusts Oscar. He says he doesn't himself know why. It is quite likely that his distrust is due to jealousy. Donald is so honorable that he would not like to believe himself capable of doing a rival an injustice. He is unconscious that he is moved by jealousy.

I wonder who is this Girard Roberts he has brought to see us. He has known us but a few weeks, yet it seems that we have all been friends for years. It's strange how some people have a faculty of insinuating themselves at once into one's good graces. Already I call this man by his first name, and though I have known Donald since I was sixteen years old, I still call him Mr. Chase.

I have sounded Girard Roberts as to what he thinks of Oscar Richmond. His reply was, "He's a bang up good fellow." That doesn't help me. But it's the most I can expect from Girard, who is all on the surface. Those people one becomes familiar with on short acquaintance seldom have any depth. I asked Girard what he thought of Donald and received the same reply. "He's a bang up good fellow too." I was served right for relying upon the opinion of such a lightweight person.

Girard Roberts seems to have plenty of money as well as a taste for jewelry. The other day Aunt Alida was showing him a diamond she wished to turn into funds. He told her to go among the jewelers, ask them to fix a price on it and he would give her \$10 more than the highest bid. She did so and got a bid of \$270 for the stone. Girard told her it was cheap at \$300 and he would give her that for it. She accepted the offer. Oscar and I were present when the sale was made, and Girard laughingly told us that he would rely on us as witnesses in case aunt backed out. He didn't have the money with him, but said he would bring it the next afternoon at 5 o'clock.

When he called aunt was out. Oscar and I were in the library. Girard called to me to say to aunt when she came in that she would find the money for the diamond under a vase on the mantel in the parlor. I promised to do so. Oscar asked me to go to walk with him. I consented; went upstairs to get my hat, and we walked to the park. When I returned I had forgotten all about telling aunt that the money for her diamond was on the parlor mantel. Indeed, I never thought of it till just before going to bed; then I told her. She went downstairs to get it. It was gone.

Everybody is dissatisfied with me and I am dissatisfied with myself for being so thoughtless as to have left \$300 so long in an exposed position. It has upset the whole household. The servants who consider themselves under suspicion are going about looking very glum. Aunt is furious with me. I expected Girard would show his feelings toward me very decidedly. What a lovely fellow he is, after all! He told me not to give myself any concern about the matter; that doubtless the money would run up, but if it did not there was no one to blame but himself since he should not have left so much money in such a place. He explained that he did not leave it with me because I was "flirting," as he called it, with Oscar and he didn't like to intrude upon us.

I asked him who he suspected, and he said that, since the front door stood unlatched and any one might have come in while we were at dinner or during the evening when we were all upstairs, doubtless some person entered, possibly for an ordinary purpose, and, seeing the money, appropriated it and skipped.

I have had a stroke—an awful visitation! Donald Chase turns out to be the thief who took the bills left on the mantel to pay for aunt's jewel. This morning when he was at business a constable called at his room with a search warrant and found the bills in his bureau drawer. To think that Donald, whom we have all known so long and considered the very soul of honor, should have done such a thing!

How could he have taken the money without our knowing it? What Girard Roberts told me is the only thing that fits the case. Doubtless Donald called,

came right in, was waiting for some of us, when he noticed the bills. He must have taken them and gone out without making himself known.

I am broken hearted by this discovery that Donald Chase is a common thief. Singular, isn't it, that a girl doesn't know she loves a man till he turns out to be a thief? That's the way with us women; we are always acting by contraries. Not long ago I was uncertain about Oscar and thought Donald a splendid man. But I was fascinated with Oscar, and Donald seemed devoid of romance. Now that Donald is in trouble, through his own fault, I am giving him my heart.

Girard Roberts has just come in. He says that Donald has given bail for his appearance when his trial comes off and is now free. Girard says that, notwithstanding appearances are against Donald, he doesn't believe him guilty. "Then," I said, "I don't believe him guilty either." But the next minute I reproved myself for being influenced by this easy going man. Did he not say when I asked him his opinion of Donald before this matter occurred, "He's a good fellow too?" What's the use of considering the views of one who talks like that? I told Girard to tell Donald to come and see me, but he said he did not think Donald would until his innocence has been proved. I really believe there has been some mistake, but it is very hard to feel sure about it. It all happened so naturally—Donald's coming in just when the money was where he would see it—at least, who else could have come in?—and the bills being found in his bureau drawer. Oh, dear! I must stop thinking of the horrid thing or I shall go crazy.

One thing more I will say: After all, there is something just too lovely for anything in Girard Roberts saying that he doesn't believe Donald guilty. If any one should take anything of mine and it were found in his bureau drawer I couldn't be so generous as to attribute the theft to an error.

Donald has been to see me. He did not act or talk like a guilty man. What's more, he didn't seem to realize his awful position. I supposed that he was more sensitive. Though charged with stealing money that was intended for aunt, with whom he has been on friendly terms for years, to say nothing of his devotion to me, he seemed very unconcerned. When I learned he was downstairs I nerved myself for a very painful interview. For fear I should say the wrong thing I thought over what I should say. When I entered the room I dreaded to look at him. Indeed, I kept my eyes on the floor.

"Donald," I said, "you know how interested we all are that you should clear yourself of this horrible charge. We will all do anything in the world to help you—Aunt, I, Oscar!"

I looked up, and what was my surprise to see an amused look on Donald's face. Indeed, he was smiling.

Then he advanced, took my hand and gave it a gentle pressure. "Don't be troubled, little girl," he said. "There are always wheels within wheels. There is also such a thing as being too smart. I have something to say to you. Had I not I would not have come to see you resting under the imputation of being a thief. Listen. From the first I suspected something wrong in your friend Oscar Richmond. From what I heard I believed him to be a thief. I introduced into this household Girard Roberts, a detective!"

"A detective?" "That's what he is. He laid a trap for Richmond and caught not Richmond, but me. He bought your aunt's diamond for the purpose of laying this trap. He put the bills to pay for it on the mantel as a decoy for Richmond. They were all marked, that he might prove them his property. Richmond took them, but, being a smart rogue and suspecting that we were on his track, sent a man with them to my room. This man represented himself as an old chum of mine, and my landlady permitted him to go to the room to wait for me. Once there, he put the money in my bureau drawer and went away. The next day Richmond arranged that a constable should go to my room to search for something he claimed he had lost. You know the result."

"But," I said, "Oscar Richmond did nothing criminal. You were trying to catch him, and he turned the tables on you."

"Wait a bit. Richmond was an accountant for a firm in San Francisco, from whom he skipped with \$20,000. Roberts was employed by them to track him. My employing Roberts was a coincidence. Richmond's real name is MacEnery. He was arrested this morning and is now awaiting extradition papers to take him to San Francisco for trial."

And now I am alone in my room, trying to get settled down to the fact that I am myself. Oscar Richmond is not Oscar Richmond at all, but somebody else, and a criminal. Donald Chase is not going to the penitentiary, but is to be my husband instead. Girard Roberts, who came to us with his apparently light character and trivial words—a skin deep man whom nobody either loves or dislikes—turns out to be one of those cunning detectives one reads about in stories. But now I know that he is a real detective he seems very different to me. Just as soon as it was all out, instead of calling me Alice he called me Miss Avery. I was so mad I could have choked him. Besides, I thought he was quite a gentleman. He is very plain. Indeed, Donald says he served a term as a policeman.

Well, well; I shall never again think I can tell the difference between a rogue and an honest man or between a gentleman and a thief hunter.

BOWERMAN STATES POLITICAL POLICIES

Will Support the People's Laws, Including the Direct Primary.

Portland, Ore.—(To the Editor.)—In the Portland evening papers of September 30 there appeared an interview credited to Senator Bourne, in which he endeavors to deceive the people into the belief that I am a reactionary and am not in favor of progressive legislation and favor returning to the old system of electing United States senators.

In answer to this communication and other false and misleading articles recently published, I wish to say: Statement No. 1 is a part of the direct primary law and I have heretofore publicly stated, and now state again, that I will oppose by every means within my power any effort to amend, modify or repeal, or in any other manner render less useful or less satisfactory, any part of the direct primary law, including Statement No. 1, or any other law written on the statute books by the people of this state under the initiative and referendum.

If I am elected governor I will veto any and every measure which attempts or undertakes to amend, change or repeal the direct primary law, Statement No. 1, or any other law adopted by the people, or any part of any of them. As a member of the senate and president of that body, I have never endeavored in any way, manner or form to induce any other member to violate his obligation or pledge under Statement No. 1, and if I am elected governor I shall pursue the same course and shall not in any manner or by any means interfere or attempt to interfere with the conduct of any member in this particular, or induce him to violate his pledge.

It is impossible for the governor to prevent the passage of any law for the legislature has it within its power to pass a bill over the veto of the governor. In order to prevent the possibility of any attempt being made to amend, modify or repeal any of these statutes, I would suggest that the candidates for the legislature be invited to subscribe to the same obligation I have heretofore taken and now take, namely, that they will oppose in every way any attempt to amend, modify or repeal any law made by the people. This will be an effectual guaranty to the people that these men, when elected, will not undertake to tamper with these laws, and I respectfully call upon the nominees to define their position upon this question.

I do not anticipate that Senator Bourne has any fear whatever that Statement No. 1 will be repealed or changed, or that I will violate any of the moral or legal obligations I would owe to the people as governor of this state, but I do believe he is simply indulging in a few cheap heroics for the two-fold purpose: first, of endeavoring to induce the people to forget his own shortcomings in the recent past as a senator, and second, in the further hope that he may create a false issue under which he might be returned to his high office. He evidently feels that he will need the office of governor to assist him in his primary campaign two years hence, and perhaps has many doubts as to his ability to coerce, or otherwise induce me to favor him over other candidates in that primary nomination.

JAY BOWERMAN.

A ROMANCE IN SIGHT.

Started by the Unmasking of the Pair of Frauds.

Not until boarding houses cease to exist will all their romances be written. Shabby romances, some of them are, like that of the young woman who got so tired of being called "poor thing" because she received no invitations and had to eat all her meals at the boarding house table that she took to eating alone once in awhile at a cheap restaurant and then brazenly lying about the friends who had invited her to dinner.

There was a young man in that house who never went anywhere either. The first night the girl stayed out life's desolation nearly overpowered him. "Even that poor little white faced soul has made friends who want her," he said. "Nobody wants me. I'm no good on earth."

Then on rare occasions his place at the table was vacant. "New friends?" asked the landlady.

"Yes," lied the young man. One night the man and the girl met in a twenty-five cent restaurant. They blushed; they fended; they finally confessed.

"We're a pair of frauds," said the girl. "It's awful to think that tonight when we go home we will have to swear that we have been dining with friends."

"Well," said the young man, "ain't we?"—New York Press.

By Hook or by Crook

By EDGAR FALES MOODY

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When the civil war came on two classes of men in the north went out to fight. The one were actuated by patriotism, the other by what they expected to make out of the matter. But the war, instead of lasting but a few months, as many at first expected, furnishing military titles and big pay for this last named class, proved a gigantic, bloody struggle, and with each fight the army was in need of these so called soldiers.

Colonel Jim C. in 1862 commanded the brigade in which I served. The colonel had been a politician in a large city and was one of the first to "offer himself a sacrifice to the Union," his idea of that sacrifice being that he would start out with rank of colonel and return with that of general, picking up sundry "perquisites" by the way, then run for a fat office. He was a fine looking man and prided himself on being a lady killer.

No sooner were the troops grouped into brigades and divisions than Colonel Jim by virtue of the date of his commission was placed in command of a brigade. As soon as this elevation took place he looked about him for a staff. Being allowed two aids, he chose Louis Richmond and me, both second lieutenants. Richmond told me that he didn't like the colonel and was intending to ask to be returned to his regiment. But no sooner had he told me this than on receipt of a letter from the north he said that he would remain on the staff. I asked him why he had so suddenly changed his views, but he shut up like an oyster and refused to utter a word in explanation.

It was not long after this that one morning at the breakfast table the colonel's brow was very lowering.

"Gentlemen," he said, "there's a thief on my staff. Last night while I was at Colonel B's headquarters"—he had been playing poker—"my trunk was rifled of a package of papers."

As he spoke he looked at all our faces to note the effect of his words. I noticed that Richmond was the only one of the staff whose looks indicated consciousness.

"Might not the thief be one of the headquarters guard or an orderly?" suggested the commissary.

"No," replied the colonel; "the robbery was not committed for gain. There was money in the trunk, and it was not taken. Some one on my staff took the papers for a purpose. If I can prove it on him I'll have him court martialed."

The colonel's eyes were fixed intently on Richmond as he spoke. But Richmond went on eating his breakfast with a fair amount of equanimity considering that he was virtually accused of being a thief. Nevertheless during the day he made application to Colonel Jim to be returned to his regiment.

Now, the relations between a general and his personal staff are of a peculiarly intimate and confidential character. The general may nominate his own staff, and the nomination is considered an honor. But he is not likely to retain an officer who prefers not to hold the position given him. What was our surprise to learn from Louis Richmond that the colonel declined to issue the order returning him to his regiment. Evidently the commander believed that his aid had stolen his papers and proposed to force him to stay where he was until he could recover them.

Since Richmond made no denial of being guilty of the colonel's charge we treated him with coolness and finally refused to speak to him except officially. Though the young man winced under this, he seemed to be sustained by a consciousness of innocence. Meanwhile there were conditions between him and the colonel that we could not understand. Neither took any definite stand. The colonel did not prefer charges, and Richmond made no move to force the colonel to permit him to join his regiment, which seemed to be the only way to get rid of a very unpleasant situation. I noticed that Colonel Jim made no mention of the character of the purloined papers, and his aid made no effort to free himself from the obloquy that rested upon him.

Such were the conditions when we entered our first fight. The colonel did not show up at the head of his brigade, and Richmond, who appeared to be best fitted to take his place, issued orders in his stead. When the fight was over the colonel appeared, explaining his absence on the ground that he had got separated from his command when the fight opened and could not afterward find it.

But the division commander did not accept this excuse and called for Colonel Jim's resignation. It was handed in, and the political general disappeared from the service.

Colonel Jim's relegation to ward politics relegated Richmond and myself to our respective regiments. Soon after the fight he asked me to come to his quarters. There he made an explanation of the conditions existing between him and his commander. A lady had written him that the colonel had a number of letters from her which she was desirous should be returned. The colonel had declined to give them up. She asked Richmond to get them for her by hook or by crook. He had hooked them.

Of course Richmond received his reward. It was the lady herself.