WESTON LEADER

CLARK WOOD, Publisher

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Strictly in Advance

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FRIDAY . . . . JULY 21, 1916

Entered at the postoffice at Weston, Oregon, as second-class mail matter.

Weston's wheat crop may look pretty "thin" at present to the critical eye, but not so, we trow, will be the purses of the growers after it is marketed.

The administration has pursued such a "craven" Mexican policy that the lives of thousands of its young men may yet be spared to the nation.

California asks everybody to eat a lemon a day, but we hope it will excuse Kernel Boyd, who likes his'n straight and is sour enough anyhow.

For so dead a man Villa has a wonderfully live press agent.

Pendleton's elaborate normal school argument is chiefly remarkable for what it seeks to conceal, all reference to the Eastern Oregon Normal plant at Weston being carefully avoided.

Speaking of new-fledged hyphenates, the Moose-Elephant will be rather incongruously conspicuous until after November.

Pendleton has protested against the scheduled excursion of Portland business men to Coos Bay for the reason that it is set for the week preceding the Round-Up. What exalted, superlative, incomparable crust! We presume that Pendleton would likewise protest against the allied offensive or the autumnal equinox if these were found to conflict with its annual show.

Oblivion seems to suit Bill Sulzer, as he is seeking the prohibition nomination for president.

Married guardsmen are excused from service, just as though they hadn't learned how to fight!

The Frisco railroad has been sold under the hammer for $45,700,200, which was a little bit more than we personally cared to bid.

Speaking of legumes, otherwise beans, R. G. Saling has about forty acres near Weston that are beginning to look like money in the bank. Besides utilizing summer fallow that would be otherwise idle at a profit that promises to reach four figures, he has given considerable employment to local men. Speed the day—it is coming sometime—when Weston farmers, generally will crop their summer fallow to some plant like beans that does not impoverish the soil, and thus virtually double the production of this district.

Lawsmith U'Ren having bobbed up with another queer panacea, "the people's land and loan law," Old Man Oregon will just naturally have to swat him again.

Such a sociable and delightful community affair as the lawn fete and band concert sponsored by the local ladies' club, calls for another of the same sort—and "then some."

A woman writer says that "anyone can have pretty legs by rising slowly on the toes without bending the knees, several times each day." All right for them that needs to, mebbe, but entirely superfluous here.

It seems to us that the premier of England is compelled to Aquith considerable frequency for the sinews of war.

Pendleton's pretensions remind one of Shakespeare's line: "Upon what meat hath this our Caesar fed that he hath grown so great?"

We don't exactly know where we're going for the summer, but it won't be to Europe on that German U-liner.

Pendleton is nothing if not inconsistent, else besides validating the Ashland Normal in its precious bill it would have included a maintenance tax for that institution.

Having condemned the rural credit bill framed by the democrats, the g. o. p. may find that its own rural credit is a bit below par.

Under expert training young girls at the U. of O. have learned Latin in seven days, but any boy with a gimlet can go through a Latin grammar in less than seven minutes.

The Monmouth Herald supports the Pendleton normal school campaign. This is equivalent to saying that the city of Independence would be justified in attempting to steal the Monmouth Normal. It is further equivalent to saying that the Monmouth Normal is a failure because located in a small town.

That strawberries pay was demonstrated this year by L. R. Van Winkle and Richard Beamer, who have a patch three and one-half acres in extent. It yielded 350 crates of berries, which sold for $575 gross. Deducting an expense of $175, 20 cents each for crates and 30 cents a crate for picking, and the growers realized $400, or better than a hundred an acre. Part of the patch has been in bearing for seven years. Strawberries are admittedly profitable here as a "side issue," but until they are grown on a commercial scale Weston's light in this particular will continue to be "hidden under a bushel."

We note the following headlines in the Sunday Oregonian's beach department:

"Gay Times Enliven Seaview."
"Gay Parties Enliven Tioga."
"Gay Throngs on Board Walk."
"Society Gay at Gearhart."

"Gay," however, being the most direct antithesis to the gloomy mood of the beach editor as he swelters at his desk and whips into shape a mess of stuff from the beautiful seashore—knowing that its joys are not for him.

In its defensive fight to retain the Eastern Oregon Normal Weston has the staunch support of the Athena Press and Athena's leading citizens. Our good neighbors and friends are familiar with the unscrupulous cunning that masquerades as "The Pendleton Spirit."

Of the 136 Oregon citizens listed in the latest edition of "Who's Who in America," not one is a Pendletonian—which significant fact would seem to indicate that the game of grab is far from being genuinely successful.

A RATIONAL VIEW.

The Oregon Journal recently printed a quite unusual letter from Leo J. Frachtenburg, a Portland citizen of German birth who is supporting President Wilson. In language fierce and bitter the Oregon Deutsche Zeitung denounced the Journal for alleged faking, saying in effect that Leo J. Frachtenburg was a myth. Thereupon the Journal printed Mr. Frachtenburg's likeness and street number. Part of his letter follows:

"I am an American citizen of German descent and am proud of both facts. Furthermore, I am just as anxious to see the Germans come out victorious in this terrible struggle as probably Kaiser Wilhelm himself. However, I am not narrow minded and blind to the dictates of humanity. I most strongly commend the course taken by President Wilson in the recent submarine controversy with Germany. I believe, with thousands upon thousands of serious but intelligent Germans, that the submarine warfare as waged by the German naval authorities was a warfare of frightfulness, offending every sense of humanity and civilization. The heart of every decent German revolted against a policy inaugurated by a clique of war-mad and victory-intoxicated individuals.

"It is my belief that those Germans in America who are citizens ought to vote for President Wilson, not in spite of but because of his protestations against the German submarine warfare.

"As an intelligent German and as a patriotic citizen of this great country of ours, I believe that President Wilson is absolutely neutral in the great European struggle, and for that reason I shall vote for him and shall work for his election whenever and wherever the opportunity to do so is presented."

Mr. Frachtenburg might have added that in view of the fact that Theodore Roosevelt has become one of the leading supporters of the Hughes campaign it is difficult to understand how more consideration for the German cause can be expected from Hughes than Wilson. Without knuckling abjectly to the imperial government the present administration, we think, has done all that could be reasonably expected to keep peace with Germany.

STUPID CENSORSHIP.

Congress appears to be seriously considering the bill to set up a censorship of moving pictures. Censorship and stupidity are practically synonymous and interchangeable terms, comments the Saturday Evening Post. It is only the dull, dim mind that itches to impose its personal tastes by force of law upon its neighbors.

We read somewhere not long ago that a sapient board of censors had forbidden the exhibition of a film dealing with Mexico because Villa appeared in it; and Villa is a murderer. We presume it is true, because that would be exactly typical of censorship.

There is as much reason for establishing a censorship of the spoken drama as of moving pictures; as much reason for censoring newspapers, magazines, books, music, painting, sculpture—and conversation.

By any of those means evil may be communicated quite as readily as on the screen. Concerning any of them there will be wide differences of opinion as to what is and what is not evil. Under a censorship the stupidest opinion would prevail. That is inevitable.

Free speech, under the established penalties of the criminal law, is of the inner spirit of this government. It seems odd to lay an official hand upon a mode of speech—by pictures—because it happens to have been newly invented. If we are going to start on that road there is no good reason why we should not go the whole way back to the Spanish Inquisition.

Pendleton Normal Ballot Title.

Local people may be interested in the ballot title, as arranged by the attorney general, of Pendleton's normal school measure. Here it is:

Amendment "For Pendleton Normal School and ratifying location of certain State institutions: Purpose—To provide for locating a state Normal School at Pendleton, Oregon, upon a site to be donated therefor, appropriating $125,000 for buildings and equipment and levying an annual tax of one twenty-fifth of a mill on all property in the state for its maintenance, and ratifying the location of certain state institutions heretofore located away from the State Capital."

Frank Godfrey left Wednesday for Seattle to look after his interests in connection with his damage claim against the Milwaukee railroad. Mr. Godfrey has had the unusual experience of being run over by a switch engine and living to tell about it.

FERTILE ALASKA.

Uncle Sam's Big North Farm and Its Great Possibilities.

Alaska is an unknown world as to its farming resources. I stood on the hills near Fairbanks and looked over a million or so of acres of tillable soil in the Tanana valley. The whole territory is said to have 50,000,000 acres of possible farm lands, and the Aleutian islands will feed thousands of cattle. Here and there I visited the homesteaders, and I stopped for some time at all of Uncle Sam's experimental farms. Upon one of them the grain which stood in the fields reached to the height of my head, and I saw them growing oats, barley and hay and even alfalfa. I saw potato patches that were yielding four tons to the acre and one potato field, which, I was told, had a crop in the ground that will sell for $10,000.

Another surprise was the wild berries that grow all over Alaska and another the wild flowers that make the sides of the hills and the lower slopes of the mountain blazes of color. I found plenty of grass everywhere, and in places the weeds were as high as my head. I saw fat stock on the homesteads of the Tanana valley and visited dairies which were supplying butter and milk to the towns and mining camps near by. The Aleutian islands have a climate milder than Scotland, and on the island of Kodiak, which is as big as Porto Rico, they are now raising Galloway cattle and long wooled sheep.—Cor. of Christian Herald.

LINCOLN'S ARMCHAIR.

It Had One Great Charm Despite Its Forlorn Condition.

There is an interesting story of Abraham Lincoln's quaint humor that turns on his habit of sitting with his long legs thrown over one arm of his chair. That was a habit common among country lawyers sixty or seventy years ago, and Lincoln never got over it.

Very fond of the ease he found in old slippers, he would often meet his official family with them on his feet, and during cabinet meetings he would sometimes sit with one or both legs dangling across the chair.

In the cabinet room was an armchair which from the constant battering of the presidential legs had grown weak and seemed almost ready to shake to bits. A few days after Lincoln's second inauguration there was a cabinet meeting, and one of the cabinet ministers noticed the old chair and remarked on its rickety appearance.

"It seems to me," he said as he gazed down on the old wreck that stood at the head of the table, "that the United States ought to furnish the president with a better chair than that."

Lincoln screwed up his face into a comical smile.

"What is the matter with that chair?" he asked. "Shabby as it is, there are thousands of men in this country who would be delighted to occupy it."—Youth's Companion.

Ignorance.

Mrs. Stubbins—Do you like codfish balls, Mr. Fox? The New Lodger—I don't know, Mrs. Stubbins. I never attended any.—London Tid-Bits.

Contentment, as it is a short road and pleasant, has great delight and little trouble.—Epictetus.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at La Grande, Or., June 9th, 1916.

Notice is hereby given that Charles Hulett March, of Weston, Oregon, who, on February 18, 1913, made Homestead Entry No. 011566, for SE ¼ NW ¼ and SW ¼ NE ¼, Section 20, Township 4 North, Range 37 East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Frank Saling, clerk of the Circuit Court of Umatilla county, at Pendleton, Oregon, on the 29th day of July, 1916.

Claimant names as witnesses: Selmer O. Thompson, Thomas C. Getting, Aleck Kling, and Herbert March, all of Weston, Oregon.

F. C. BRAMWELL, Register.

EXECUTRIX'S NOTICE.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Umatilla County.

In the Matter of the Estate of D. N. Van Skiver, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed executrix of the last will and testament of D. N. Van Skiver, deceased, by the above entitled court, and has qualified as such.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby requested to present the same with proper vouchers thereto attached, to the undersigned at her home in Weston, Oregon, or to Homer I. Watts, her attorney, at his office in Athena, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated this 30th day of June, 1916.

AMY A. VAN SKIVER,
Executrix.

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to pay your Weston Leader "sub"

Every Week is Pay-up Week at the Leader shop