



# BROAD-AXE



"HEW TO THE LINE, LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY."

VOL. IV

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NO. 2

### SAME OLD DRUNK.

#### History of American Copper-headism Repeats Itself.

Oregon City, May 12.—In 1863 the writer went to Springfield, Ill., to receive his commission in the volunteer army. Patriotic old Dick Yates was governor of that great and patriotic state. Thousands of brave Illinois soldiers were in the field fighting for the honor of their nation and for the starry flag that had wrapped its folds around our hearts within the past two years in a way which we had never before dreamed of. Thousands more of them were lying in honored graves upon Southern hillsides, and thousands of Illinois homes were desolate by reason of the loss of loved ones who had laid down their lives that the nation might live. Every one of those brave men had gone willingly, nay, more, they had striven with each other for the opportunity to go, just as our brave boys strove for the chance to follow that dear old flag in the present war. The tears that were shed over the vacant chairs throughout Illinois were robbed of much of their bitterness by the thought of glorious cause for which those dear ones had fallen. The whole of that great state was ablaze with patriotism, and the misfortunes which had befallen our armies had served only to add fuel to the flame, and our brave old governor heard from every part of the state earnest and patriotic words cheering him on in his steadfast upholding of the administration in the almost superhuman work which it had been forced to undertake, just as our own governor of Oregon is hearing the words of encouragement today. There in the streets of the capital of Illinois marched a procession of about 800 men, gathered by the utmost exertion from all parts of the state, brought there by the leaders of the democratic party in an attempt to manufacture political capital, and along the ranks were banners and transparencies which read: "The war is a failure," "Give us peace at any price," "Let the erring sists go in peace," "Give us back our boys," "Cease this unholy war upon our injured brothers." A brass band led them playing melancholy dirges. The men upon the sidewalks turned their backs; the women in the houses shut their doors. The procession marched, the band played, the democratic managers presumably paid such expenses as they had agreed to, the brave men of Illinois kept right on going to war, our brave old governor kept right on supporting the administration, the government kept right on prosecuting the war to its glorious and successful termination, and we left those miserable, dirty cowards to hang up their banners and transparencies until some future event should give them another chance to glory in their cowardice, treason and shame and march beneath them again. It seems as if the time has come. The men who carried those banners are, it is to be hoped, all dead, but, unfortunately for the honor of our nation, they seem to have been prolific. I would suggest to their cowardly progeny from whom we are now occasionally hearing that those banners have probably been handed down as heirlooms, and if they search carefully in their garrets they will find them. If these "dastardly sons of dastardly sires" will hunt them up and "fall in," their wants will be attended to and they furnished with a big picture of Aguinaldo to head the procession. As there is not a brass band in their company, a choir of native Filipinos will be furnished to march in front whistling all that they can learn of the tune, "It's the Same Old Drunk."

C. E. Louisa.

Rear Admiral Watson has been ordered to the Asiatic naval station to succeed Dewey.

### The President at Hot Springs.

Hot Springs, Va., May 9.—President McKinley has had a day of thorough rest and comfort at the Hotel Homestead here. Official business did not intrude to disturb him, nor did importunate callers crowd to seek his favor. The guests seemed to know that his object was freedom from exertion, and this they accorded him. He spent most of the day in the apartments set aside for his party or on the wide porches upon which his windows opened. During the morning he once strolled through the corridors to the hotel office.

After a nap and luncheon he enjoyed a social chat with Secretary Gage, Senator Fairbanks, who came to see the secretary, and John C. New, of Indianapolis. A few minutes were given to Secretary Cortelyou and Stenographer Barnes and later, garbed in a short sack coat and Derby hat, the only change from his daily dress, he started for a walk, with Secretary Gage on his right and Senator Fairbanks on his left. As they went along, the president's brisk gait and long stride, jovial disposition and upright shoulders gave an unimpeachable denial of statements that his health is impaired beyond a necessity for a brief respite from the care of presidential life.

### The Salem Man's Letter.

Capitol Journal: "I have lost a good deal of love of country in the last year, and especially for Oregon, for she is the most ungrateful state in the union. Every regiment here has received a cablegram from their legislature conveying a vote of thanks from the people to them for their bravery; and every regiment that has had a hard fight and lost men has received a dispatch from their governor complimenting them on their conduct; and nearly every state, if not every one, has voted extra pay to her men serving in foreign countries, but from Oregon never a word nor a sign that she knows she has men here. Yet on the 25th of February the Second Oregon made three charges on the trenches, that were veritable fortifications, and which many military men had said could not be taken without artillery, but never a gun of artillery helped them. They fought all day and only stopped when the enemy had crossed a deep river and destroyed the bridges behind them. We even drove them from their trenches across the river by the heavy fire we poured into them, and early the next morning crossed the river and drove them from two more lines of trenches. This was done by the men from Oregon, done under the heat of a tropic sun with the thermometer at 125 degrees or 130 degrees and little water to be had. And Oregon legislators in their great munificence propose to 'give us first chance at state jobs.' No one in the regiment had asked for any money or expected any from the state, and nothing would have been thought of it if they had not proposed it themselves and then raised a howl. Well I suppose that is the reason we received no cablegram of congratulation either—it would have cost a few dollars to send it. Generous, noble hearted citizens of Oregon! By the way, I suppose they expect as many of the boys as can conveniently die to do so, in order to be in on that monument. Another thing noble? Oregon has done for her men—she gave them old ragged wornout uniforms and then charged them \$18.41 for them—more than the government charges for new ones. Other states presented their men with new outfits."

He passed his plate, "Oh, Teddy!" said I, "How many times have you had 'more die'?"

He thought an instant, then gravely spoke: "I'm sure I can't tell. My picometer's broke."

Experiments at Sandy Hook have demonstrated that wet gun cotton packed in shells may be handled with safety and thrown from guns without risk of premature explosion.

### Spotted Beef Plenty Good Enough.

Secretary Alger showed his mettle again when he said at Detroit, while speaking of the achievements of our soldiers in the late war: "Supposing they had a little beef spoiled; what of it? If they had had no beef at all, they would have had more than General 'Joe' Wheeler and I had in that other war." That's the way to treat the whole matter. Rotten beef or no beef at all; what is the odds? Either was good enough for soldiers engaged in so glorious a war. Anybody who asks why the army was not supplied with live beef, or what the influence was which compelled the commissary department to buy only canned beef, or who made money out of the canned beef contracts, is a bad American and a traitor, and no attention should be paid to him. Under the Alger method of supplying an army, the soldiers should be thankful for anything at all to eat. If they have only putrid beef, they should console themselves with the thought that when Alger himself was a soldier in the war of the rebellion, he had no beef at all. Alger by the way, betrays a magnificent "nerve" when he refers to his own war record.—New York Evening Post.

### Now Don't.

Don't snub a boy because he wears shabby clothes. When Edison, the inventor of the telephone, first entered Boston, he wore a pair of yellow linen breeches in the depth of winter.

Don't snub a boy because his home is plain and unpretending. Abraham Lincoln's early home was a log cabin.

Don't snub a boy because of the ignorance of his parents. Shakespeare, the world's poet, was the son of a man who was unable to write his own name.

Don't snub a boy because he chooses a humble trade. The author of "Pilgrim's Progress" was a tinker.

Don't snub a boy because of physical disability. Milton was blind.

Don't snub a boy because of his dullness in lessons. Hogarth, the celebrated painter and engraver, was a stupid boy at his books.

Don't snub any one; not alone because some day they may outstrip you in the race of life, but because it is neither kind, nor right, nor Christian.—Great Thoughts.

### Worse Than Death.

The Neapolitans in general hold drunkenness in very great abhorrence. It is said among them that a nobleman, having murdered another in a fit of jealousy, was condemned to suffer death. His life was offered him on the sole condition of saying that when he committed the deed he was intoxicated. He exclaimed, "I would rather suffer a thousand deaths than bring eternal disgrace on my family by confessing the disgraceful crime of drunkenness." He persisted, and was executed.

### May Bury the Hatchet.

Attorney L. B. Cox of Portland who has just returned from a month's trip through the East, expresses the opinion that some leader will arise before the next presidential campaign who will be able to unite the warring democratic factions under one banner. He believes that the goldbugs and the silverbugs will march side by side and that the issue will be something of greater importance than the money question.

Trusts and expansion, Mr. Cox believes, will figure more prominently as campaign issues in 1900 than the issues that have divided the democratic party in the past, and that upon these new issues democracy will present a solid front.

Legal proceedings for manslaughter have been instituted against Christian science healers in New York, based upon the death of patients under their care.

### TRAIN WRECK.

#### The Engine and Five Loaded Cars Were Derailed.

Roseburg Review.

Another fatal train wreck occurred on the Southern Pacific near Glenbrook Saturday. At 11:15 the news was wired to the office at Roseburg that No. 222, the fast freight, southbound; which left Roseburg at 8:30 p. m. pulled by one of the big A. & C. engines, No. 18, was in the ditch. The crew that went out on her was Conductor E. A. Everth and brakemen J. W. Tynan and E. R. McDaniels; Engineer James McCalley was at the throttle and James Merriman was his fireman. As soon as Conductor Everth could hurry back to the telegraph office at Riddle, six miles away, he wired the news to the agent at Roseburg. A wrecking train was at once made up and placed in charge of Conductor C. L. Minkler and Engineer Fitch. In the absence of Dr. Twitchell, company surgeon, the train pulled out to pick up a doctor at Myrtle Creek, Dr. B. F. Fallin being taken from there. At Riddle this train was met by an improvised train consisting of a caboose and engine in charge of Conductor Gregory and Engineer Hendricks, carrying the dead body of Engineer McCalley and Fireman Merriman who was injured. The trainmen tell the story of the wreck in substance as follows:

The engine and five loaded cars left the track on a curve about six miles south of Riddle at a point known as Rattlesnake Point and plunged over a perpendicular bank about 25 feet high, stopping upon a gravelbar at the edge of Cow creek. The engine turned over twice and a carload of flour piled on top of it. The tank was bottom side up with Fireman Merriman underneath. When Conductor Everth rushed in through the smoke and steam he found Engineer McCalley standing erect holding to the reverse lever with one hand and the other over his mouth. On being carried out he looked at his terribly scalded hands and chest and exclaimed: "My God, this is awful!" He only lived a few minutes. Fireman Merriman was taken out unconscious and upon regaining consciousness only remembered that Jim called to him not to jump. He is badly bruised about the head and legs but his injuries are not considered dangerous. He was taken to Mr. Currier's boarding house and is under the care of Dr. Twitchell.

### Abused Stage Horse.

A recent traveler through Eastern Oregon, who does not like to have his name mentioned, thinks there is much work for the Oregon Humane Society among the stage routes and along the freight wagon highways, as horses are frequently overworked, underfed, and abused, contrary to the statute made and provided in such cases. On one stage line, he says, horses are daily compelled to travel 30 miles without rest or feed, and in the long "single line" freight teams, many horses show positive signs of misuse.

He thinks the cause of overworking horses by stage companies lies in the fact that mail contracts have been taken by Eastern parties at figures so low that good stock and good treatment are out of the question. As to freight teams, drivers have so long looked upon horses as cheap affairs, to be at leisure, that many have lost all feeling for the brutes. He sees a big field for humane work among these teamsters, but thinks stage drivers are not to blame, and cannot do otherwise than "pound 'em on the back" while schedule time has to be made with an insufficient number of ill-treated horses.

### Beef, Beef, Beef.

Secretary Alger's remarks about "Joe Wheeler and I" remind one of the now popular poem, "Hoch der Kaiser." Joe Wheeler's war record was first class, even if he did fight on the losing side. If Alger didn't get beef to eat during the war of the rebellion, it was because it wasn't served at the hotels at which he stopped while absent without leave from his command, the Fifth Michigan cavalry. Perhaps the fact that he couldn't get beef caused him to resign, and Joe Wheeler, it may be remarked, fought right up to Appomattox. If Alger would resign just once more, the people could cheerfully forgive him, but there seems to be no prospect of him doing anything so thoroughly sensible.—The Tug.

### Morals.

Many a great event has been swung upon the performance of a small deed; many a drooping soul has been inspired to nobler living by a kind word spoken in season. To wear the white ribbon, to be one of four or five who band themselves together against this iniquitous liquor business, are very small things to do; but can we fathom the depths of influence that the bow of white may exert or the lives this small band may win from the ways of sin? Giving your mite for the sustenance of the cause, sending your small sprigs of dainty flowers to brighten the lives of the sick, or devoting a few minutes each week to scattering the truths of temperance to those indifferent to or blind concerning the true fact of intemperance—these are all trifles we say, and we sometimes disparagingly ask, "Of what value are these small exertions?"—as if we would tear God's veil from the unseen results of human action. The encouraging features of good conduct rests in the fact that its final result is subjective as well as objective. In truth, all conduct ends in this dual manner, whether it be good or bad. A word spoken or deed executed affects the performer with a force equal to that exerted upon the external world, thus applying to moral conduct the philosophic principle concerning action and reaction.—Union Signal.

### The Subjection of the Filipinos.

From the New York Evening Post detailing a lecture of Sergeant Fritz Andrae late of the United States Volunteer Signal Corps, delivered in Brooklyn, N. Y., recently we publish some extracts:

Some mountain scenes gave an idea of the ravines and jungles into which our troops must plunge if they undertake to subjugate the whole of Luzon. Sergeant Andrae was the first man in the United States service to penetrate the interior of the island. In his opinion the only way to bring it under control would be to span it with a cord of troops, who should advance in unbroken line towards the north, crushing the natives as they went. This would require at least ten times as large an army as is now in the Philippines.

Incidentally the lecturer mentioned that the Filipinos were now being supplied through Chinese agents at Hong Kong with arms manufactured by American firms.

In reply to questions asked after the lecture by persons in the audience, Sergeant Andrae said that while many of the inhabitants of the Philippines were savages it was not such we were fighting, but rather the most intelligent and patriotic class. To a question about the United States army the reply was: "It is a splendid body of men. The American soldier wins because of his individual initiative; he feels he is something more than a machine. But in spite of success the men want to come home. All the letters I receive from comrades express this desire. General Otis misrepresents the facts when he says that the volunteers want to stay."

In an interview with an Evening

Post reporter, Sergeant Andrae said: "All the letters we receive from our comrades beg us to use our influence to have them sent home. Many of them fear they will never see 'God's country' again. Colonel Stotsenberg circulated among his men a paper, divided into two columns, one for the names of men who wished to go home if their services were no longer needed, the other for the names of those who wished to be sent home in any case. All but two put their names in the second column, which so displeased Colonel Stotsenberg that he did not forward the petition to Washington as he had agreed to do."

"Sergeant D. D. Morgan, of the signal corps, writes to me: 'It is a shame to slaughter these people as they are being slaughtered. No wonder they can't shoot, for our navy throws its search-lights in their faces. We can see them, while they can see nothing.' Another member of the corps, writing of the Filipinos' courage, says: 'They fight like lions.'"

### Quite Refreshing.

Ten years of domestic trouble and quarreling in an Atchison family have all been due to the fact that the wife, upon returning from a three months' visit out of town, found a hairpin in her husband's room. His conduct had been faultless before the discovery, but that didn't explain away the hairpin, and the man has been on the witness-stand every minute of the ten years intervening.—Grants Pass Dewey.

The Broad-Axe is at a loss to account for such conduct on the part of the wife about a hairpin being found in her husband's room. The Broad-Axe knows of a safety pin being found in a husband's room on the return of his wife from a three months visit out of town. Has't the husband a right to use either kind of pin, if business demands it, without kick from the wife especially if she has just returned from a three months visit to some fashionable watering place? Now say.

### Some Spotted-tail Methods.

Commended to the consideration of Recorder Dorris of Eugene. One James Turk was this morning brought before Recorder Judah, upon complaint of a South Salem lady, charged with trespass, he having slept in an unused barn upon premises occupied by her. The man is a fisherman, who had been in the mines south of here, and is on his way home to Astoria. He pleaded guilty to the charge, but as to all appearances, he was not a rank hobo, but a hard working man out of luck, Recorder Judah withheld formal arraignment and gave the man until 2 o'clock to leave town. This case cost the public not one cent for court expenses or boarding the prisoner, whereas a bill might have been run up for about \$12 court fees and 25 days' board in a board bill for 20 days.

Thus doth the spotted-tailed, mongrel city administration graft the public treasury.—Salem Journal.

### Weather Bureau.

WESTERN OREGON.

For the week ending Monday, May 15, 1899.

WEATHER.—Cool, cloudy weather and frequent rains prevailed during the past week. The mean temperature averaged 50 deg., which is 2 deg. lower than for the preceding week and 9 deg. lower than for the corresponding week last year. The maximum temperatures ranged from 50 deg. to 70 deg. and the minimum from 34 deg. to 48 deg. Frosts occurred Friday morning. The total rainfall for the week ranged from 0.16 of an inch in the southern counties to over one inch along the coast.

Crops.—The reports indicate that injury has been done to the prune crop, especially to the Italian variety. From some sections the reports indicate an absolute failure; from others, that a fair crop will mature. The bloom was as full as usual, but when the fruit began to set it also began to fall from the

trees. The Italian is the principal variety of prunes grown, and a short crop in that variety means a shortage in the total crop. The actual condition cannot be determined for a week or two more. The injury is supposed to have been done by the February freeze, assisted by the cold rains of April and May. The peach crop now promises to be good in the southern counties, but not an average in the northern counties. Cherries are setting fairly well; while dropping prevails, a good crop is expected. Apricots and quinces are undoubtedly injured and a shortage will result. Pears and apples appear to be in about normal condition. Strawberries are ripening in the southern counties. The first box was received on the 11th inst. from Roseburg. All berries promise a normal yield.

The grain crop is in good condition; fall and winter sown grain are making slow, but strong, growth. Spring plowing and seeding continue. Much of the low land is yet too wet to plow. Unless adverse conditions prevail during June, the grain crop will be as good as it usually is, the spring acreage being greater than in normal years.

Warmer weather, less rain and more sunshine are greatly needed.

### Clippings and Comment.

Brigadier-General Charles F. Egan who was court-martialed for his attack upon General Miles before the war investigating commission, has been expelled from the Loyal Legion by a vote of 100 to 40.

The Loyal Legion echoes the sentiment of the multitude of American citizens.

In Massachusetts the average pay of male teachers is \$144.80 per month; of female teachers, \$52.20. In Boston the average pay of male teachers is \$257.60; of female teachers, \$79.33. In Wyoming where women vote it has for many years been the law that men and women in the employ of the state shall receive equal pay for equal work. In Utah two years ago the news that full suffrage had been granted to women was quickly followed by the announcement that the Utah legislature had passed a bill by which female teachers in the public schools were to receive the same pay as male teachers of the same grade. An ounce of experiment is worth a ton of theory.—The Woman's Journal.

We see no reason why our mothers, wives and sisters should not receive the same pay as our fathers and brothers, provided they perform the same service for similar work.

The election on May 10, 1898, at Horrodsburg, Ky., at which the majority was against the sale of liquor, and the validity of which was disputed, has been declared valid by the court of appeals.

And this too in a state where it is said Bourbon whiskey has time out of mind been used as a common beverage. The world moves.

Roseburg Review: Col Frederick Funston, the Kansas officer soon to be promoted to a brigadier generalship, is a populist. Just think of a man being a hero and a patriot and not worshipping Mark Hanna and the gold standard.

We hardly think President McKinley can be charged with a failure to reward merit as it has developed during this war, on account of the politics of the soldier. Let the cases of Fitzhugh Lee and Joe Wheeler stand as evidence of the president's sincerity in the promotion of Fred Funston, and let us not grudge praise when and where due.

The municipal council of Vienna, Austria, has appropriated \$7,500,000 for the establishment of an electric light and power plant for both public and private use.

The Roseburg Soldiers' Home is now filled to its utmost capacity, there being 90 members in that institution. The proposed laundry and chapel will not be built this year on account of the shortage of funds, the reduction of the appropriation from \$12,000 to \$10,000 by the late legislature seriously hampering operations.