

DESCHUTES ECHO.

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THE COBWEB STATE.

Oregon should never have been called the Webfoot state. It is a misnomer. Instead it should have been termed the Cobweb state or the Visionary Railroad state; either one would be appropriate and fitting.

Oregon has probably been called upon to suffer from more cobweb railroads than any other state in the union; its soil has probably been subjected to more defilement from "proposed extensions" than any two states in the union; and there has probably been more railroad talk within its borders than in all the states of the union put together.

These cobwebs mentioned began springing into existence about twenty years ago and have been constantly growing in number and increasing in size until there is not much room for more. Every county supports one or more threads to this gigantic web of proposed roads which is spread over the entire state. They are wild-cat threads, all of which seem to have a prospective destination but no common center. What a marvelous effect would result from their combining!

Of late there have been recorded several new cobwebs accompanied with the same flutter of excitement which attends most of the threads when they are spun.

The Dalles-Biggs cobweb is the latest. The D-B cobweb, however, has no occasion to feel stuck up. There are others. Some of these went out of style a great many years ago, but still they were in existence at one time so that keeps the new ones from being an innovation.

Down around Coos Bay not long ago a cobweb appeared in one night. The spinners of this thread propose to run it clear across the state. My Goodness, what an awful lot of pennies it will take to do that!

Jackson and Klamath counties each have a recently spun cobweb, but the threads are a trifle too short to be taken into consideration. Malheur county, to be up to the times, also has a thread safely and carefully wrapped up within its borders and several more are as securely held in the counties lying north and west.

But the greatest of all these is Crook. Verily, poor old Crook has cobwebs of its own. The threads are running riot in every direction. The most cursory observer of railroad tactics would become ensnared, tangled and dizzy-headed at a single glance at Crook county's cobwebs. There is a long thread coming up the canyon of the Deschutes from The Dalles; another one weaving its way across the county from the summit of the Cascades; one extending down from Shaniko; two across the desert which have crumbled into decay from old age; and the very latest gauze thread is an electric one from Prineville to the The Dalles.

That's enough! The state should

prohibit the spinning of any more cobwebs in Crook county. The space is becoming limited and if these threads should assume definite form the county would be cut up in fearful shape. There would be but little room for settlers on account of the network of railroads. Crook county doesn't want that condition to arise. We would rather have too many settlers than too many railroads, but the outlook is discouraging; it looks as if the railroads would eventually claim all the land and breathing space in the county.

THE FARMERS TRUST.

Hand-in-hand with the formation of the International Harvester trust, which absorbs practically all the agricultural implement companies in the United States, comes the news of the formation of the Farmers National Cooperative Exchange in Pierre, South Dakota, with a capitalization of \$50,000,000.

The purposes of the corporation, as stated in the articles filed with the secretary of state, are to buy, sell, and deal in grains, provisions, live stock and all kinds of produce, on commission and otherwise, and for that purpose build and equip grain elevators, warehouses, cold storage plants, stockyards and whatever may be necessary to carry on the business of the corporation.

One-fourth of the capital stock will be used for building the elevators, yards, branch offices, etc., and another fourth will be made a cash fund for the purpose of dealing in cash grain and provisions on the board of trade. The remaining half of the capital stock will be virtually left with the farmers in various banks where the money has been raised to enable them to carry their crops for a more favorable market. This will give the farmers \$50,000,000 back of their interests to help them in securing better prices for their produce.

This move toward the consolidation of the farming interests is a significant one in view of the fact that a national combine on these lines would put the price of the bulk of the food-stuffs and necessities of life in the control of the producer. The Farmers' Alliances in various parts of the country have agitated this question for years and the move made by the incorporators in South Dakota marks the first definite stand.

The farmers in twenty states are to be drawn into the exchange company and it will be interesting to note the success which meets the efforts of the members to obtain prices for their produce more in proportion to the labor expended.

The South Dakota cooperative exchange may be the forerunner of numerous other alliances of its kind which will spring up in the country, or it may result in failure. If the former proves to be the case it is to be hoped that a greater degree of prosperity will fall to the lot of the farming community which is the main stay and life of the American nation.

THE SPARK OF LIFE.

Andrew Carnegie, in an extraordinary spasm of generosity, recently gave to an institution in the city of Washington the sum of \$10,000,000, a portion of which is to be used to try to wrest from Nature her secret of secrets—the origin, cause and principle of life. In other words, the black and mystical hood which has hitherto veiled the original spark of life is to be lifted, and the world at large is

soon to know how it happened, where it came from, who did it, when, where, who, and other multitudinous bits of knowledge concerning this spark, its source, growth, dissipations, elopements, and-so-on, ad infinitum.

Mr. Carnegie has taken a big step in the furtherance of scientific pursuit. In fact the pursuit after this "spark" he has in view has consumed a great many years and all efforts so far have been futile. It is even stated on good authority that Noah himself was out after this same spark when he loaded his raft with two-of-a-kind animals. Noah didn't succeed in landing the spark so he was compelled to take on a large bunch of descendants which kept the waiters on his boarding house staff pretty busy during the rainy season. It is probable therefore that the spark was drowned at the time of the flood, otherwise Noah would not have had to load down with so much livestock, when a single spark would have answered the purpose for all future propagation.

This was a sorry blow to Noah, it is said, for it crowded the capacity of his schooner to such an extent that he made very slow time. If he had succeeded in coralling this spark he could have made the trip he did in a row boat and the world today would have been just as large, prosperous and flourishing.

Mr. Carnegie, the father of benefactions, will now undertake to prove that Noah was not very diligent in his search for the nucleus of existence. By the expenditure of several million dollars in the establishment of a biological laboratory on the New England coast Mr. Carnegie and his assistants will soon discover the resting place of this spark which met a watery grave some place in Asia.

As soon as the discovery is made the world will know and see what it is. Noah's nugatory efforts will be exposed to censure and criticism. Consequently he is likely to fall quietly into disfavor with the American people when the latter discover that they in all probability sprang from the monkey and his mate which Noah had in his house-boat. This will jar the present human system with considerable force. People as a rule, when they look upon the monkey, do not care to claim a long relationship. Mr. Darwin never made much of a success along the lines of the Monkey-Human Genealogical tree.

From present indications, however, it looks as if Mr. Carnegie's prospective discoveries will be an added stimulus to the Darwinian theory, and the Captain of the Ark is likely to be roundly scored before very long for the shiftless methods he pursued in his search for that spark. If he had been in possession of the latter when the fall rains set in it would not have been necessary to put monkeys on board.

The grasshoppers have harvested a big crop of corn, cabbages and various products of the garden in central Kansas. The grasshoppers in that state raise bigger crops every year than the farmers themselves.

The Health department in the city of Cleveland has started a crusade against dirty money and in consequence the goddess of liberty on the silver dollars is likely to get her neck and ears scrubbed.

This libel suit which the governor of California is compelled to undergo ought to teach him to Gage his remarks more carefully in the future.

The president has issued an order creating a forest reserve in Alaska. It's a cold day when the government can't find some place to create a reserve.

The Idaho republicans at their recent convention demanded an amendment to the constitution. They might put in a wooden leg.

Mt. Hood is to have an electric road built to its summit. It will be run by liquid air—heated.

"I like to shout calamity while I shove prosperity in my jeans."—W. J. Bryan.

Out Of the Onion Sack.

The bald headed man is generally loud in his praise of tanglefoot fly paper.

Peritiphylitis is just another name for "reign check."

When a man's feet turn in he's pigeon-toed; when his optics turn in he's cross-eyed; and sometimes when he turns in its pretty early in the morning.

On the Fourth of July the giant fire-cracker has better raising qualities for little boys and girls than sweet milk.

When a man's single he's generally a great deal happier than when doubled up with cramps.

About the only thing improved by anger is the arch of a cat's back.

A pickle is a cucumber when it's grown up.

Mother Goose (Revised.)

There was a dame in our town, and she was wondrous wise,
She thought to capture all the boys by making goo-goo eyes.
She caught onto a couple squints that dizzy would you make,
And started out to find a bean and all the prizes take.

At last she found one in the park, and at him she did fly,
With smiles upon her features and some goo-goo in her eye;
But when he saw her standing there he looked just once aghast,
Then trembling like an autumn leaf he quickly by her passed.

Now when this man had acted thus and she had seen him pass,
He wondered why he hastened so and looking in a glass—
When, lo, behold! What do you think?
The sight it did confound,
The dame had put her goo-goo in and turned them upside down.

Charles A. Scott, chief of the Oregon Development company, has favored the Onion Sack with the following recipe for lemon cake which he suggests should be taken home and given to the mother-in-law:

Take the yolks of 5 lemons and beat them to death, or at least until they are black and blue. Add one bar of soap, 1 fried orange, wash off a pint of milk and stir in half a pound of wind. Leave it in the oven until you take it out.

We would be glad to have more recipes of the kind contributed to this column. This one is no doubt a sure cure for mother-in-laws. We would like to have now an orange frosting recipe which will cure chilblains, and a stuffed potato recipe which will relieve aldermanic stomachs.

Whoop! Say!
Today
I'm a lallapaloozer;
Whoop!
Don't speak to me,
Can't you see
I'm feeling gay,
In a way.
That's past belief;
I'd as lief be busted flat,
Or even worse than that—
Just to feel
As I feel now—
Whoop! Wo-o-o-w!
Say! Just look at me
And see—
Whoop!
The glo-ri-ous effects of a
Jamboree,
And a spree.
I'm a high roller
On skates—
Who said brakes?
Don't need 'em;
Whoop!

I can stoop
Away over and bend double,—
Do the shuffle
With both feet,
And meet myself half way!
Whoop! Say!
I'm glad this is the day
I drew my pay.
By suds! Wo-o-o-w
Now
Won't I celebrate,
Well, I guess, I'll also
State
No weight
Can hold me down
While I'm in town.
Whoop! Whoop!
I'm splashin' pale paint—
It's red,
That's what I said.
Don't shout,
But tear 'em out!
Till morning;
That's when I'll get in
Lookin' rather thin
Around the gills,
And havin' chills—
Say,
I'm glad today
I drew my pay—
Whoop!

D. F. S.

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