

DESCHUTES ECHO.

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THE TRUST QUESTION.

That contingent of the democratic party which is sharpening its ax on the trust question, expecting to do some slashing effects in the next national campaign is likely to receive a decided set-back if the present ruler of the United States has a voice at the time when the republican platform is adopted.

In his speech at Providence, R. I. last week the president said: "The corporations, and, therefore, those great corporations containing tendency to monopoly, which we have grown to speak of rather loosely as trusts, are the creatures of the state, and the state not only has the right to control them, but it is in duty bound to control them whenever the need for such control is shown. There is clearly a need of supervision. The sufficient warrant for it is to be found over and over again in any of the various evils resulting from the present system, or rather lack of system.

"I believe that the nation must assume this power of control by legislation, and if it becomes evident that the constitution will not permit needed legislation, then by constitutional amendment. The immediate need in dealing with trusts is to place them under the real, not nominal control of some sovereign, and in my judgment this sovereign must be the national government."

The trust question is about the only question upon which the democrats have built any hopes of carrying out a successful campaign two years hence, and from the present position and attitude of the republicans it looks as if the latter will have the firmer hold of the two when it comes to being elected to active and definite moves for the suppression of the evil. So far the republican party is the only one which has attempted to handle the monopolistic tendencies in the United States, and present indications do not point toward a transfer of the argument into the hands of the democrats.

THE COUNTY FAIR.

Attention has been called by the majority of the county newspapers to the necessity of a good showing at the county fair which will be held in Prineville the middle of the month. Further urging in the matter should be unnecessary if the proper amount of interest is taken by those who will derive the most good and the bulk of the advertising which such an exhibit will give to the stock and agricul-

ural products. Granted the fair is a success this year a new agricultural district will in all probability be established with Crook county as the center of operations. A new district means an annual appropriation from the state of \$1500. This amount ought to be worth the effort. The products and stock of this county have never yet been displayed to advantage and the opportunity to arouse outside interest in the county and its marketable goods lies now in the hands of those who have merchandise and livestock to exhibit. Upon the exhibitors depends largely the success or failure of the enterprise.

Stock raisers especially are prone to think that perhaps their stock has not been fed and fostered long enough before hand to make a good showing. The idea is erroneous. It's the general showing that's wanted. The exhibits of five dozen stockmen whose cattle and sheep are a trifle below the usual standard will speak better for the county and make a better showing than merely the exhibits of a few whose stock is fed and carried for blue ribbons.

Let every stock raiser and agriculturist in the county contribute something to the display of the county's products and the influence and aid which he lends this year will revert to his own good in the future when the annual fairs can be handled on a larger and broader scale with a sufficient appropriation from the state to insure success.

ROSES IN THE DESERTS.

There is some satisfaction in noting the fact that the fund with which the National government is to carry on its irrigation developments in the arid Western districts has already reached the sum of eight million dollars. This amount has been derived from the sale of the government domain since the Newlands bill went into effect, and will steadily increase, Oregon just now adding large sums each month.

Just where the first steps will be taken in the construction of reservoirs and canals is rather difficult to determine owing to the fact that there are field parties in thirteen of the western states. Professor F. H. Newell, who is the chief engineer in charge of the reclamation of the arid lands, says the examinations and surveys which have been made the past summer will be submitted to the secretary of the interior for transmittal to congress in December, and that actual construction work is likely to begin next year.

He believes that the lands to be reclaimed in the west which are now worthless will ultimately be worth from \$40 to \$100 per acre and that the produce will soon enable the settlers to pay off the cost per acre for reclamation, although the government will grant them a period of ten years in which to cancel the debt. The engineer believes if the scheme is successfully administered it will result in the

complete development of the western part of the country, and will make homes for millions of people where now only the lowest forms of life exist. It will also provide a home market for manufacturers of the east.

It seems to be rather early in the day to prophesy such marvelous results to be obtained from the government's aid in the matter of irrigation, but there is always one consolation attached. That the government moves at a snail-like pace but eventually gets there.

Twenty years from now government construction of canals and reservoirs will probably still be in progress, but the work it has completed in the years previous will be in systematic working order, and the results will likely fulfill the most sanguine expectations of the present time.

Young Stratton of Colorado Springs, has decided not to contest the will of his late multi-millionaire father if the executors will pay him the sum of one million dollars. He ought to be able to get through the coming winter on that amount without suffering many hardships.

Dr. Littlefield of Virginia has discovered a saline powder that will bring the dead to life. That's very good, doctor, but some of them are better off where they are.

It is said that an air ship has been sailing over London the past few days, but no one can verify the statement on account of the fog.

The Chinese Boxers have again taken up the manly art of self defense. So far they have succeeded in putting about six hundred of their neighbors out of the ring.

And the railroad—well, the lost contracts, for the return of which the reward of a doughnut was offered, haven't been found yet.

The lone robber who blew up the bank in Skaguay and accidentally killed himself evidently didn't land on the "safe" side.

Gszovinni Sprazignzki, a Pole living in Chicago, has been sent to the insane asylum. No wonder, with a name like that.

No one's kicking against the weather now except the man who sells ice and the one compelled to buy coal.

It's a possibility that beef is so high there won't be many cattle down at the county fair.

Speaking of irrigation in Crook county, it's about as dry a subject as the desert itself.

Speaker Henderson must be sorry by this time that he ever spoke a word.

The president's calf which was injured in the street-car accident begins to feel better.

So does the president.

And the people.

Storyettes.

An uptown reader tells of the "break" made by a tot of the family who was one of a party of little girls at a recent strawberry festival in the vicinity of her home. She had been valiantly boasting of the manifold advantages of belonging to her family, and had managed to hold her own against the vainglorious and ingenious discourses of her companions. They had gone from clothes to personal appearances, then to interior furnishings, then to the number of tons of coal consumed in the home of each during the last winter and finally brought up at parental dignity. The ministers little girl boasted:

"Every package that comes for my papais marked 'D. D.'" "An' every package that comes for my papa is marked 'M. D.'" retorted the daughter of a physician of the neighborhood. Then came a fine snort of contempt from the heroine of this anecdote. "Huh," she exclaimed, "every package that comes to our house is marked 'C. O. D.' There now!"

King Edward, while staying as a guest at a certain country mansion a few months ago entered the village school one morning quite unexpectedly, and in his usual pleasant way asked the children a few questions.

"Now my young friends," said King Edward, cheerfully, "I dare say some of you can tell me the names of a few of our greatest kings and queens, eh?"

With one accord they cried out, "King Alfred and Queen Victoria, sir."

Just then a tiny slip of a boy to whom the teacher had whispered something, stood up and raised his hand.

"Do you know another, my boy?" asked the king.

"Yes, your majesty—King Edward VII."

His majesty laughed and again asked: "What great act has King Edward VII. done, pray?"

The boy lowered his head and stammered out: "I don't know, your majesty."

"Don't be distressed, my lad, I don't know, either," said the gracious king, smiling.

A member of parliament is said to be circulating about the London clubs a type written copy of an epitaph which he solemnly swears is intended for John Pierpont Morgan, and should be taken by him as a warning not to push his world grabbing enterprises too far. The epitaph is as follows:

"Here lies his head at last upon this earth;

He now belongs to what he made his own;

He bought the world for what he thought it worth,

And the Lord once more is running things alone!"

It is told of former governor Hogg, of Texas that he had a favorite waiter in a Washington hotel and always gave the black a dollar after eating. He missed \$am from behind him one evening, at dinner which was served by a strange negro. As Hogg pushed back his chair, indorsed the check for the meal and reached into his pocket for a coin, he asked the waiter: "Where's \$am?" "Sam's done his yo' sah!" "Lost me," said Hogg, bewildered.

"Yo' be me ah! Sam played pokah las' night. Sam was a-losin' and finally went broke. Den he says to me, he'd jus' bet yo' against two-dollars-wuth of chips, sah; 'st Sam—well Sam jus' done los' yo' Mistah Hogg!"

Out Of the Onion Sack.

A man down in Cincinnati named Naught has put himself on record as saying that there is nothing in a name.

The pawn-shop keeper is very partial to men who have redeeming traits.

It's a wise digestive apparatus that knows how to handle green cucumbers satisfactorily in hot weather.

The average mother-in-law generally reaches for a dictionary and looks up the word grandmother when her daughter gets married.

"Willie," said the anxious mother to her five-year-old who was troubled with weak stomach, "Papa wouldn't like to have you eat all those apples." "I know it," said Willie, "he'd like to eat them himself."

"I notice," said the stranger to the farmer who was the proud father of fourteen sons, "that each of your sons has the initials of E. P. U. Barnstable. Will you kindly enlighten me regarding the peculiarity?"

"Nothing easier," said the man of the soil, "they all have the name of E. Pluribus Unum Barnstable."

Wonder if She'll Ever Be Long?

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. B. Short last Sunday.—Klamath Republican.

Peace.

Now do we life enjoy again, And pleasure in things take, The buzzing sounds of warmer days, Are left in summer's wake;

Once more our nerves all quiet get, The tanglefoot is "nit," We do not now the children tell "Be careful where you sit."

Once more we sleep till late in morn Then peacefully eat and sup, The chilling blasts of autumn days The flies have all "friz" up.

Answers to Queries.

M. B. R.—This column cannot give recipes for face washes except plain soap and water.

R. W. G.—No. Shakespeare never chewed his cabbage but once, but we find on looking the matter up that he had sour stomach as a result.

G. H. F. (Not a girl.)—Stand on your head and shake yourself real well and the fifteen cents you lost may drop out.

J. A. S.—We don't know for sure whether the girl would marry you but you might ask her sister and find out what the temperature of your stand in registers.

M. A. K.—Yes, as a rule most of men have a great deal of respect for a mule's habits. Especially if they are behind them.

Subscriber.—You were mistaken. It is very impolite to use a corn-knife while eating corn from the cob.

Inquirer.—We do not know of any irrigation companies in this vicinity selling watered stock. The fact is they have not enough water to float ten cents worth of stock to say nothing of watering it.

F. G. K.—If you have that recipe for orange frosting which will cure chilblains we will publish same if sent in.

N. M. L.—If you will say aloud to yourself, "good morning, have you used Pear's soap?" each morning upon rising it will give you the desired sunny disposition for which you pine.