

STEVENS MAY HEAD G. N. RY.

WOULD SUCCEED L. W. HILL.

Former President of Oregon Trunk Will Return to Pacific Coast This Month, He Writes From the East Where He is Now.

The Portland Journal printed the following story a few days ago about the builder of the Oregon Trunk line into Central Oregon:

Will John F. Stevens be the next president of the Great Northern Railway?

This question is suggesting itself to a number of persons intimately acquainted with the railroad situation of the country.

Events of the past year point to it as not at all unlikely that the former president of the Hill lines in Oregon may become head of the Great Northern to succeed Louis W. Hill, who it is said has concluded to resign for the purpose of devoting his undivided attention to the direction of the development of the agricultural interests along the Hill lines.

Mr. Stevens resigned from the presidency of the Hill properties in Oregon shortly after the completion of the Oregon Trunk line into Madras last spring.

Rumor is Revived.

It was rumored at that time that James J. Hill had suggested to him the presidency of the Great Northern. Mr. Stevens, however, felt in need of a rest, and decided upon a trip to Europe for the summer.

A few days ago the news reached Portland that Mr. Stevens had organized the John F. Stevens Construction Co., a \$2,000,000 corporation, with the object of handling large railroad construction projects, but information received here today is to the effect that while this was Mr. Stevens' plan it is possible that an offer to head the Great Northern at this time would receive his consideration since he has often expressed his liking for the West and the Pacific Coast.

That the Great Northern is planning to pursue a more aggressive development policy than ever is also said to be indicated by various recent moves of James J. Hill, chairman of the executive board, and it is said it would not be surprising to see him secure Mr. Stevens to carry out such plans as he may have tentatively in mind. It was upon Mr. Stevens' recommendation that the Oregon Trunk was built into Central Oregon and which practically led to the Hill invasion of Oregon on a large scale.

About two weeks ago it was reported that resignation of the Great Northern was planned and that President Gray was slated for the position of vice president with control of all of the Great Northern lines west of Hayes, Mont.

Rumor is Made.

Gray denied this report, stating that he knew of no planned changes that would affect his position here. At that time no mention was made of President Louis W. Hill. It is now believed, however, that rumors of Mr. Hill's intention to resign had become current and that these gave rise to the belief that a general reorganization was planned.

Mr. Stevens' opinion on visiting the coast and Portland some time this month according to letters received here recently, and it is considered not at all improbable that this visit will have more significance than a friendly call.

WANTS WOMEN TO VOTE

WASHINGTON.—Representative Lafferty of Oregon has introduced an amendment to the federal constitution to extend the voting privilege to women.

Senator Bourne has introduced a bill authorizing the construction of a wagon road and bridges through the Crater Lake national park at a cost not exceeding \$642,000, \$100,000 to be immediately available.

MUNE GO TO COUNCIL.

SALEM.—In an opinion asked for by attorneys in Baker regarding the methods of amending city charters by the initiative, Attorney General Crawford holds that such proposed amendments must first be submitted to the city council. If the council sees fit it may ordain the law and further proceedings under the initiative would not be necessary. If, however, the council refuses to order in the law the council must submit it to a vote of the people. But the election at which it is voted upon cannot come until 90 days has elapsed after the measure was first submitted to the council.

NEVER MISSED LODGE.

SALEM.—John Quincy Wilson, a Willamette valley pioneer of 1852, died here in his 84th year. He was one of the few surviving charter members of the local Order of Odd Fellows, organized in 1852. It is claimed that the lodge never met but "Old J. Q. W." was there. He was born during the latter part of John

Quincy Adams' administration, was named for him, admired him, and died at practically the same age as the noted ex-president.

RECORD OF TRANSFERS

Deeds Recently Filed With the County Clerk at Prineville.

John Vesson to Oregon Inland Dev. Co. sec. 36-14-23. \$10.
W. H. Staats et al to Wm. F. McNaught Its 7 and 8, blk 15, Deschutes add., Bend. \$1.
The Bend Co. to Thos. Hutton Its 9 and 10, blk 18, Center add. Bend.
W. D. Newlon to L. D. West It 12 blk 6 and It 15 blk 11 and Its 15 and 16 blk 18, Wiestoria. (Quitclaim.)
Levi D. West to W. D. Newlon Its 15 and 16 blk 18, Its 1 and 2 blk 32, It 1 blk 13, It 1 blk 36, Wiestoria.
Levi D. West to John Becas Its 15 blk 11, Wiestoria. \$10.

Stevenson's Name.

No modern writer is better known by his initials than Robert Louis Stevenson, but "R. L. S." was arrived at after considerable experiment. Stevenson's baptismal names were Robert Lewis Balfour, and the third name caused the difficulty. Until he was about fifteen he signed himself "R. L. Stevenson." After that he occasionally used Stevenson, "R. L. B." In 1808 he asked his mother to address him as "Robert Lewis," but a year or two later, as he expressed it in a letter to Mr. Baxter, "after several years of feeble and ineffectual endeavor with regard to my third initial a thing I loathed," he finally abandoned it altogether. Stevenson when about eighteen changed the spelling of his second name from "Lewis" to "Louis," but Lewis he remained at all times in the mouth of his family and friends.

Origin of the Moss Rose.

The reputed origin of the moss rose, according to the Persian legend, is so pretty a tale that it will have a romantic interest for all who love that old world and delightful member of the great rose family. It appears that in the long ago the angel whose task it was to tend the foyers, wearied with his labors, fell asleep beneath a rosebush and on waking, refreshed with its perfume and the shade it had afforded him, bade it ask for any boon it wished. "Give us," said the roses, "some further charm," and the angel, stooping, plucked up some of the moss on which he had been lying and enveloped the flowers with it, telling them that this green covering, being the emblem of modesty and humility, would make the moss rose the fairest of its species and its queen for all time. —Pall Mall Gazette.

Queen Elizabeth's Jester.

Pace, jester to Queen Elizabeth, was so bitter in his retorts on her that he was once forbidden her presence. After he had been absent for some time a few of his friends entreated her majesty to receive him back into favor, engaging for him that he would be more guarded in future. On his return, however, Pace was as bad as ever. "Come on, Pace," said the queen in a gracious humor. "Now we shall hear of our faults."
"No, madam," said Pace. "I never talk of what is discussed by all the world!"

The Planet Mercury.

Mercury is so close to the sun that it at times receives nine times the amount of heat received by the earth. It would be much too hot on Mercury to permit life at all similar to what we have on our own planet, and there has never been any discussion regarding the habitability of Mercury.

The Coater Girl's Fumes.

Ostrich plumes are as much of a necessity to the London coater girl on her outings as are the pearl buttons to her masculine companion, and the big trimmed hats with their drooping feathers are familiar in all gatherings of this class. Many of the girls cannot afford to keep their money tied up in useless plumes, and there thrives a brisk industry in the hiring of these feathers. The loan of a single plume for a day costs a quarter, or for a dollar a gorgeous trio may be had for an outing, to be returned promptly the next morning. Weather conditions cause the terms to fluctuate somewhat, since a wet or foggy day will take the curl out of the feathers and make re-curling necessary, for which "Arriet" has to pay an extra quarter.—London Tit-Bits.

"Stint" and "Stunt."

Stint is a good word as a noun. As a verb it means something not quite so pleasing. Do not confound it with stunt, however. A stunt is something quite useless. It is the horseplay of the mountebank and has nothing in common with honest, productive labor. A stint is the warning to the wise that something demands to be accomplished, a goal to the lizard that time is on the wing.—Atlantic.

She Knew It.

"I have decided to quit this company tonight," said the prima donna as she bounced into the manager's office.
"But my dear Miss Livingston," he protested, "we have nobody to take your place."
"That's why I have decided to quit tonight."—Chicago Record Herald.

Larger Coming.

Irish Boatman surveying the solitary result of the day's—It's a foibe fish for the size at all. Them'll run about three to the pound. Angler—Hardly that, I should say. Boatman—Well, maybe the other two'd be a bit bigger.—London Punch.

OREGON'S OPPORTUNITIES MADE KNOWN TO THE EAST

The publicity which the recent Western Governors' Special, on its tour through the East, gave the states of the Northwest was the greatest advertising feature ever attempted in the interest of this part of the country, according to those whose chief business is looking after the westward movement of people and according to those who made the long trip. Not only did the Eastern newspapers give much space to the train,



GOVERNOR WEST AND THE OREGON EXHIBIT CAR IN BALTIMORE, MD.

but the big magazines are featuring it. For instance, Leslie's Illustrated Weekly of December 14 carried one full page of pictures of the special, the exhibit cars and the governors.

This page will do much to help the great colonization movement westward, and Bend and Central Oregon with their vast resources in various lines will gain many thrifty settlers as their quota of this emigration.

What Governor West of Oregon, who made the journey with the special, thinks of the trip is expressed by him as follows:

The Western Governors' Special has proved the greatest advertising feature ever attempted in the interest of the West. News of its coming was abroad in the land and thousands awaited at the stopping points to receive us with open arms and to hear of the great resources and possibilities of the West.

stability of the Western states, "The tour of the Western Governors will result in the bringing about of a better understanding and close friendship between the East and the West. The eyes of the East were not only opened to the possibilities of the West, but its people were brought to realize that our interest in their interest and whatever is done to develop the West is bound to redound to the benefit of the East. They

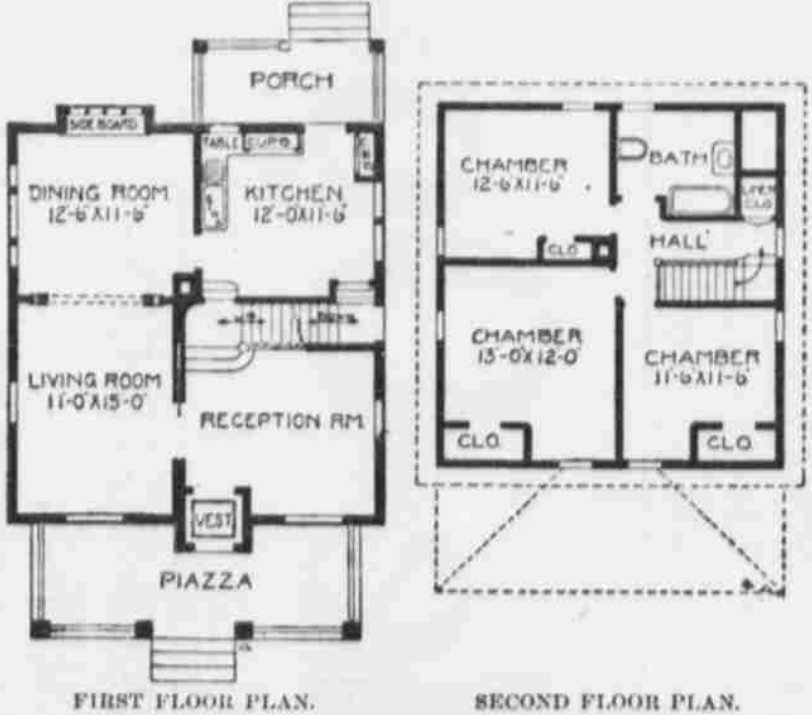
know that a movement of the 'landless man' of the East to the 'manless land' of the West is one not only in the interest of business, but one which will make for government. "When told of the great variety of resources of a state like Oregon—of its 29,000 square miles of virgin forest, of water power which measures twice that of New York, Massachusetts and Maine combined, of its great variety of grains, grasses and vegetables and fruits, of its mines and fishing, of its orchards and hop fields, of its live stock industry, and last but not least of its delightful climate—they could hardly believe the statements true. As a result of the trip thousands are becoming interested, and I am sure the coming year will see a westward movement such as never was seen before."

A PLAIN STORY AND A HALF COTTAGE

Design 93, by Glenn L. Saxton, Architect, Minneapolis, Minn.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



This design combines an attractive exterior with a practical and economical interior arrangement. The reception room and living room are separated by a sliding door. In the living room there is an abundance of good wall space. While planning to get the other features many people often forget to plan places for their furniture. In the dining room is a built in sideboard or buffet, with four small windows above it. In the kitchen are a sink, cupboards, molding table, flour bins and other accessories. The first story is finished in birch, left natural in the kitchen and stained a soft tone of tobacco brown in the other rooms. The second story is finished in pine to paint. Birch floors throughout. Width of house, twenty-six feet; depth, twenty-eight feet. Cost to build, exclusive of heating and plumbing, \$2,350.

By special arrangement with me the editor of this paper will furnish one set of plans and specifications of design No. 93 for \$15. GLENN L. SAXTON.

POEMS WE MISS.

Epics of the Great Events in Our National History.

We have many volumes of commendation odes of quite respectable literary quality, but we look in vain for an epic of the war of the Revolution, which might fill such one of us with the heroic spirit and bind us all in that living union of great hearted humanity which is the supreme national pride. We look in vain for an epic on the great civil war, with one of the greatest of all life's soldiers as its hero, nor do we find immortalized in Aeneids those wonderful expeditions across this continent—the travels of Lewis and Clark, the settlement of the forty-niners, the opening up of Alaska, the reclamation of the deserts and the founding of Texas. How otherwise than through poetry are our children to possess the beauty and the glory and the spiritual grandeur of the saga figures who founded this marvelous union of states, of those heroes who "highly resolved" and so nobly achieved? It is true Walt Whitman chanted the song of democracy, but his chant is a magnificent prophecy of an ideal—it is an exhortation, not a poetic manifestation. The spirit that strove and is striving toward a realization of this democracy is best caught when exemplified in the lives and deeds of the men who lived and fought, who conquered and died fighting, moved by this spirit. This is the creative work of the poet we await.—Temple Scott in Forum.

CITIES HARD TO KILL.

What Rome, Paris, Constantinople and London Have Buffered.

It is a difficult thing to kill a city, and there are some well known places that have survived any number of disasters.

Take Rome as a first example. No fewer than ten times has she been swept by pestilence. She has been burned twice and starved out on six occasions. Seven times she has been besieged or bombarded. But she still flourishes. Perhaps that is why she is called the Eternal City.

Paris has had eight sieges, ten famines, two plagues and one fire which devastated it. We make no reference to the number of revolutions, as they are too numerous to mention. But Paris still flourishes.

Constantinople has been burned out nine times and has suffered from four plagues and five sieges. There are some people who think that many of the sultans have been as bad for the city as any pestilence. And yet she goes on.

Lastly there is the English metropolis. London began as a kind of mound, in a swamp. In her early history she was sacked, burned and all her inhabitants butchered. She has been decimated by plague five times, exclusive of typhus, cholera and such maladies. She has been more or less burned seven times. She is thriving in spite of all.

Yet He Loved the Sea.

It is said that Bryan Walter Procter, known as Harry Cornwall, who wrote the well known poem—

"I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be!"
was the very worst of sailors. When we read that he was so seafish that he could scarcely bear the sound of a human voice it becomes apparent that his wife's conduct during his affliction could scarcely have been reassuring. As he lay on the deck of a channel boat, covered with stowies and a tarpaulin, she had the pleasing habit of humming a strain of his jovial sea song. The poet who loved the sea, but loved it best at a distance, had very little life just then, but what force he had was used in the contrary: "I don't, my dear! Oh, don't!"
Yet no doubt he loved the sea.

Origin of Panic.

No word has moved with the times more than "panic." Long ago in ancient Greece it was a wild fear inspired by mysterious sights and sounds among the mountains and valleys by night, which were attributed to the god Pan. Nowadays it has a by no means supernatural significance on the stock exchange. "Panic fear" was the original expression, and in shortening it to "panic" we have all really been as silly as the small boy who calls his "comic paper" a "comic." Shaftesbury 200 years ago would have used the word for any contagious feeling that seized upon masses of men. "There are many Panicks in Man-kind besides merely that of Fear. And thus is Religion also Panick"—London Mail.

Elastic Time Table.

In its early days railway travelling was a much less formal affair than now. One night, back in the sixties, the guard of the last train leaving Banff was reminded by an irate passenger that it was some minutes past the starting time. "Oh, ay," replied the man, "but Meester F. has a dinner party the night, and I'm jist gae' him two or three meenits' privilege."—London Chronicle.

His Half.

A wife after the divorce said to her husband:
"I am willing to let you have the baby half of the time."
"Good!" said he, rubbing his hands.
"Splendid!"
"Yes," she resumed, "you may have him nights."

He Objected.

Clergyman—Elmer, wouldn't you like to be a minister when you grow up?
Small Elmer—No, sir; I don't believe in working on Sunday.—Chicago News.

GEOGRAPHICAL NAMES.

Racial Marks Left by Our Early Explorers and Settlers.

While most of the states of the Mississippi valley, besides countless rivers and lakes in all parts of the country, bear Indian names, but a small number only of the towns that are the work of the white man have adopted names borrowed from the original owners of the land. Not one in ten, it has been pointed out, of the 150 large cities has an Indian name, and among those that have it is usually an adoption from some neighboring lake or stream.

The early explorers and settlers have left their racial marks. Up the Hudson and Mohawk the trail of the Dutchman is pretty clear. The French influence in northern New York and Vermont and along the line of the great lakes is familiar in many names. Mississippi has no "saints" in its list, whereas, across the river, Louisiana, by nine parishes and many towns, rivers and lakes, perpetuates the religious tenets of its early settlers. Kentucky and Tennessee evidence the vocabulary of the hunter and trapper; Montana and Idaho that of the miner. All the region acquired from Mexico, particularly southern California, maintains in its place names the memory of its Spanish explorers and settlers.

There are relatively few Indian names on the Pacific coast. North of the Spanish belt capes and towns frequently reflect the loyalty of early settlers to the older states of the Union.—Pittsburg Press.

THE FRUGAL ARABS.

They Live on Two Simple Meals of Bread and Dates a Day.

The daily routine of the Arab is simple and well ordered. He is up with the daybreak and as soon as possible loads his camels; then he rides for some four or five hours before he has his first morning meal; then he is off again until late in the afternoon, when a halt is made for the night. Supper usually consists of warm bread, with an onion or dates as a relish. Bread is prepared in as simple a manner as possible. While the coarse flour and water are being kneaded into dough a large fire is made, which provides a good heap of hot ashes. On part of these the flattened dough is laid, then covered with the remainder of the ashes.

In about fifteen minutes the dough is sufficiently baked. It is then well beaten to free it from ashes, broken in pieces and divided among those who from their bags have contributed the meal. After the evening feast coffee is made by some member of the party and, poured out into tiny cups, is solemnly handed around to each one.

Dates often take the place of bread in Arabia. There are many varieties, and the composition of the date does not differ so very much from that of bread. Fat is lacking in both, but this is supplied by the butter churned in skin bags suspended from a tripod and shaken or rolled on the ground.—Chicago News.

An Inconvenient Piano.

Leopold de Meyer of Dresden, a brilliant and popular pianist of his day, was once summoned to play before the sultan of Constantinople. Going thither, he borrowed a grand piano from one of the Austrian secretaries of legation and had it set up in a large reception room at the palace. There he awaited the coming of the sultan, but when that intelligent monarch entered the room he started back in alarm and demanded of his attendants what that monster was standing there on three legs. Explanations followed, but were in vain. The legs had to be taken off and the body of the instrument laid flat on the floor, and Leopold de Meyer, squatting cross legged on a mat, went through his program as best he could in that awkward attitude and without pedals. But the commander of the faithful was delighted, and when the last piece was played gave the artist over \$5,000 as backsheesh.

Too Early.

One raw February morning an instructor in the University of Michigan was calling the roll of an 8 o'clock class in English.
"Mr. Robbins," said he.
There was no answer.
"Mr. Robbins," in a slightly louder voice.
Still no reply.

"Ah," said the instructor, with a quiet smile, "come to think of it, it is rather early for Robbins."

The instructor was the late Moses Colt Tyler, who later became professor of history at Cornell, and it shows him in the pleasing light of a man who could be boyishly gay at a gray and cheerless hour—no small feat, if one stops to consider an instructor's provocations to morning dullness.

Horse Riding in Ancient Times.

Stirrups were unknown to the ancients. Along the public roads there were placed stones to enable the horsemen to mount. Stirrups were used to some extent in the fifth century, but were not common even so late as the twelfth. Horseshoeing is a very ancient art. It is represented on a coin of Tarentum of about 350 B. C. It is said that William the Conqueror brought the first iron horseshoes to England.—London Graphic.

Putting It Mildly.

"That man seems to be proud of his stupidity," said the impetuous person.
"I wouldn't put it that way," replied the conservative friend. "I'd merely suggest that when it comes to a thirst for wisdom he's a prohibitionist."—Exchange.