

THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC.

GRANT F. KELLER,
EDITOR AND MANAGER.

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FRIDAY, APR. 26, 1908.

A recent daily paper contained the following war news: Malolos will be taken in twenty-four hours. Aguinaldo will surrender as soon as Malolos is taken. Five thousand more soldiers will sail for Manila about April 15th. If this does not sound like Weyler, will someone please explain the difference.

The Oregonian and other republican papers are out against trusts, but it is the old cry of "Stop thief." The G. O. P. has been for years a veritable incubator of trusts. Nearly all its dictators—or those who dictate to the dictators—are stockholders in one or more of the gigantic trusts that have grown and flourished under a "protective tariff" regime.

It is a common occurrence to read of the killing of a man while testing a new piece of ordnance, and we are of the opinion that if manufacturers were to make their own tests (personally) there would be fewer guns that wouldn't shoot without bursting. If their own lives were at stake they would be less keen to palm off cheap material and shoddy work on Uncle Sam.

The dictators of the New American Empire are endeavoring to raise the cry of "Westward, ho!" or "Go west, young man, and grow up with the country" by seeking to favor a government in the Philippine colonies that will protect the people from the trusts and corporations, but even if such a bait should be thrown out, it would only be temporary, as the imperial supreme court could at the proper time easily declare it "unconstitutional."

The National Money League held a meeting in New York city recently and there were nice men present. J. Sterling Morton presided. These nice men solemnly resolved that the free silver sentiment was dying out. The meeting was enlivened by a letter from Secretary Gage and a speech from Ex-Secretary Morton. Gage thought that they had better keep their forces in line for fear the free silver men were not quite so dead as they appeared to be, and Morton spoke of the activity of the "disorderly and discontented" people and said the "free silver fiends" are getting to work and are piling up a campaign fund at the rate of \$800 a day. Now, Mr. Morton, why is it that the public are "disorderly and discontented" when the country is so prosperous under the gold standard, the tariff, the trusts and the war for benevolent assimilation, and what new wickedness have the people done that you call them "fiends"?—Nonconformist.

A CHRISTIAN BOOK.
Prof. George D. Herron of Iowa College has written a book, entitled "Between Cesar and Jesus," which deals with the principles of Christian citizenship, and in which he looks upon predatory wealth, vicious legislation, corrupt officialism, religious apathy, and a conscienceless ballot as enemies, not only of the public good, but also of God himself.

A filthy citizen, an unjust wage, a monopoly of any of God's natural gifts, a neglected child, a brothel, an open saloon, a closed church, poverty in the midst of plenty, a city slum, a bribe-taking official, and that greater villain, the bribe-paying citizen, are all indictments against a Christianity which is professed but not applied.

The Christianity of a man who tolerates these enemies, or by voice influence or vote sanctions these evils, is clearly unchristian whatever may be that man's profession.

The citizen is himself the unit of force and action. To christianize him in his attitude and acts towards public as well as private affairs is to bring industry, commerce, finance, government, politics and society into obedience to the teachings of Christ. That, and nothing less than that, is Christian Citizenship.

A DANGEROUS TRAFFIC.
A member of the Pennsylvania legislature testified on oath that he was offered a bribe of \$500 to change his vote to Quay. That bribe was offered and taken in the California senatorial contest was made perfectly clear by legislative investigation. In the Montana contest a member displayed \$30,000 in bank notes that he declares was given him to induce him to vote for Clark for senator. In other states similar scandals were incident to legislative sessions. In the Oregon legislature it was repeatedly declared that large sums were spent to defeat the text book bill. In the same organization, four years ago, \$12,000 collected from official sources in Portland was spent to defeat the Portland salary bill. The use of bribes, in fact, is so notorious that it is everywhere concealed, and at all times expected. Bribe giving and bribe taking has, indeed, become so common that little attention is paid to the dishonorable business. In other words the evil threatens to become a part of the system, by the toleration or consent that we extend to it.

Yet bribery is a dreadful menace to the rights of man. Each bribe is in fact a new nail for the coffin of human equality. The man who gives the bribe to secure public office is dangerous for two reasons. First, he is dishonest; the second, he must get back some means the money he has spent. The money may have been furnished him by a railroad corporation, by a trust or by some other aggregation. The man who does not believe that such combines seek to control legislation by corruption funds is a liar. The Portland Oregonian boldly declares that the sugar trust controls congress. It said Tuesday: "So the sugar trust secures the removal of tax on coffee and tea," because the tax would be harmful to the trust in its contest with Arbuckles. If the sugar trust or any other giant combine has supplied the newly elected senator with funds, it is to get back from him legislation in its interests. Legislation beneficial to trusts is harmful to the people. Every dollar of bribe that is paid, eventually comes from the pockets of the masses. When vast sums of money are spent in election bribes, the men who spend it expect to get the money back with vastly increased interest. The man who sells his vote parts there and then with a portion of his liberty. If the traffic continues long enough the buyers will become independent and the sellers drudges.

If the true consequences of bribery were well understood the people would assail a bribe taker or a bribe giver as they would a poisonous serpent. The criminals locked up in the Oregon penitentiary are not nearly as dangerous to society as are the men in legislative, state and national who buy and sell. Men ought to discover the full perils of bribery and fortify against it while there is yet time.—Corvallis Times.

TALES OF TODAY.
The wire trust has raised prices 100 per cent.
Flint glass tableware factories will combine.
The photograph paper trust has raised prices 75 per cent.
Lamp factories have entered a trust. Capitalization \$6,000,000.
Comrade J. Pierpont Morgan advises that he has formed a \$25,000,000 coal trust.
The Banner tobacco plant in Detroit has been gobbled up by the Continental trust.
A new combination of rolling mills has been formed. Capitalized at \$15,000,000.
Philadelphia is the scene of a \$10,000,000 milk trust. That will make the dear, good farmer jump sideways.
A screw trust has been formed, capitalized at \$20,000,000. It is proposed to turn the screws on the dear, good people a little more.
Upper leathers for shoes are trusted at \$60,000,000. American peasants might as well begin to study the weaving qualities of wooden shoes.
The baking powder people are forming a trust. Capitalization \$20,000,000. The principal saving will be on advertising, which will be said.
Not satisfied with monopolizing the coal business the boys have started in and put the stove business on a cooperative basis—co-operative for the capitalists interested. Cesar seems to be in it.
The oyster trust will control the trade of the world. It owns the beds from which the oysters are taken. Such workmen as J. P. Morgan, Russell Sage and other toilers of the counting-room are in it.
School furniture makers have formed a trust. The children that have food and clothing and money enough to buy books can now sit on trust seats and read from trust books, under the direction of a socialistly employed teacher that "competition is the life of trade."
The American Tobacco Company has increased its capitalization from \$35,000,000 to \$70,000,000.
Every Christian should read "Between Cesar and Jesus." It will do you good, and if you are not a Christian—it will do you good anyhow. Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., and for sale by Edwin D. Wheelock, general agent, 153 La Salle St., Chicago, 278 p. 16mo. Cloth. Gilt top, 75cts. Paper, 40cts.

Business Brevities.
Don't fail to see the fine line of shoes and dry goods and clothing just received by the M. M. Co.
Flour, coal and lumber in exchange for wheat at the North Pacific mills in Wasco.
If you want a square meal or a luncheon, you had better see G. W. Brock before you spend your money. He is next to himself.
Call and get a sample copy of the "Household," a paper devoted to fancy work and stories for the home circle. Price \$1 per year.
Moore Bros. & Ginn have opened up in full blast in their new store room on the corner north of the M. M. Co. and have very convenient and attractive quarters.
When you want anything in the book or magazine line, write to Jones Book Store, 291 Alder street, Portland, Oregon. Send for a free catalogue.
Dust proof axles, do you know what that means if not taken look at the new Flying Dutchman gang plow, Moore Bros. & Ginn.

Notice.
We have on hand 6 or 8 gang plows that we are going to sell cheap, this is a mixed lot of plows, and we want to clean out the lot, will sell from \$35.00 to \$55.00, they are all good plows, but we only intend to handle one kind, from this on we will sell these at cost or below cost. Call and see them we know we can suit you. Moore Bros. & Ginn.

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HEART HUNGER.
I dream I have you here with me tonight, And, reaching out, I feel you to my breast, Where I would kiss the tear dimmed eyes to rest. And fondly stroke your hair—were it my right— And you would smile in the dim light Of fading sunset, while your lips expressed In voiceless silence all my heart had guessed And hoped and lived for in its wild delight. I wake to see the cold sky overhead, And one pale star blink warmly through the haze Of leafless branches, as if it would I shed A tear with me for the departed days— Think the dear blossom trembling at my side— Heart hungry still and soul unsatisfied. —Charles Coleman Stoddard in New York Home Journal.

A STOLEN KISS.

"My dear Leslie," said Sir Henry Seymour to his ward, "I do wish you would try to be a little less fast. Every one is talking about you, and it is very painful to me."

"My dear guardian," said the young lady he addressed, a very pretty girl about 18, "what have I done? Just mention some of my sins and I will try to reform."

"Well," said Sir Henry, "to begin with, you are much too fond of using slang expressions; I am sure you do not mean any harm, dear, but it does not sound well. I wish you would adopt a more ladylike manner. Like those nice, quiet girls, Colonel Bond's daughters, I assure you, Leslie, men do not care for fast girls, however much they may flirt with them, and I confess I should like to see you well married."

"Now, my dear Sir Henry," said Leslie coaxingly, "tell me, did you ever hear me say anything the least unbecomingly impudent?"

"Certainly not, my dear child."

"Then let me tell you those nice, quiet, ladylike girls you admire so much say things that would make your hair stand on end. If you could only hear how they go on when we are by ourselves! I should be quite ashamed," she added, with energy, "even to think of the things they discuss freely—indeed I feel them whenever I can. As for me, I am really, all the young men I know are such muffs or prigs I detest the whole lot. What is my next crime?"

"You smoke cigarettes, Leslie," said her guardian sternly. "I was told you were actually seen with one between your lips out of doors the other night."

Leslie blushed down her head a little, and then said, with a slight blush, "I cannot deny I tried once, and, indeed it was so nasty and made me feel so ill! That I assure you I am not likely to do it again."

"I am glad to hear it. So you think all young men muffs or prigs? I hope to introduce you to one who answers neither description. You have heard of Captain Murray?"

"Do you mean the Captain Murray who gained the Victoria cross for defending that fort so gallantly in the last campaign? Of course I remember all about him. Why?"

"He is coming home, and being the son of an old friend he has promised to pay me a visit, and I expect him shortly."

"How delightful! I shall like to meet a real hero. I hope he is handsome."

"Douglas Murray was a very good looking lad, but you will not suit him, young lady. He abhors 'fast girls' and is very fastidious."

"Well, I shall survive his disapprobation, I dare say. Any will suit him to a T, she is such a demure little mouse." And Miss Lindsay took herself off.

In due time Captain Murray arrived. Leslie Lindsay was disappointed. She could hardly believe that quiet, unassuming young man could be the hero who had started the whole civilized world into admiration. To her guardian's great annoyance she seemed to make a point of showing herself in her worst colors, and when Sir Henry asked her whether she thought Captain Murray a prig or a muff she declared he was both.

One day, in July, Leslie and Sir Henry's daughter, Amy Seymour, were retreating from making a call on the drawing room windows opened on the veranda, which was covered with luxuriant creepers. It looked very cool and pleasant inside on such a sultry day. The two girls were about to enter the room when Leslie, who was in advance, suddenly drew back and pointed inside. Amy peeped in. There was Captain Murray fast asleep in an armchair near the window.

"What a chance, Amy, for me to win a pair of gloves!"

"For shame, Leslie! You surely would not think of such a thing."

"Who's afraid?" said Leslie. "Besides, he is really fast asleep and will never know, and the temptation is too much for me. Consider the hero of the whole world raves about," and with a mischievous look at Amy she stepped lightly in and dropped a kiss as light as a puff of thistle-down upon the sleeper's forehead.

As the sound of the girl's retreating footsteps died away, Douglas Murray opened his eyes and, smiling to himself, said:

"I suppose that is considered a fast girl. I must confess I like her, and I believe she is really true and womanly. That fast manner is all humbug. I must not forget to pay my debt, however," and he laughed. "She thinks me a muff, I know. Never mind, that kiss was very nice—I forgive her."

A day or two afterward as they were all at breakfast, Sir Henry said:

"I forgot, Leslie, here is something for you," handing her a small packet, marked "Farced Post."

"What can it be, I wonder?" she said, as she cut the string, "the handwriting is quite strange to me, and she was about to open it quite unconsciously, when Amy remarked:

"It is just the shape of a glove box."

Leslie started and looked quickly across the table at Captain Murray, who was, however, going on with his breakfast.

She took off the paper wrapper and discovered a white box—it did look exactly like a glove box, Leslie thought, as she lifted the cover—and, yes, inside lay several pairs of dainty kid gloves of different shades.

Hoping nobody noticed her confusion, and not daring to look across the table, she was replacing the cover of the box, when Captain Murray said very coolly:

"I always pay my debt, Miss Lindsay. I do not like to feel under an obligation."

He was, however, going on with his breakfast.

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Heavily seizing her hand, Leslie rose, and, murmuring something to Sir Henry about not feeling very well, she flew up stairs and locked herself into her room, where she had a good cry.

After a little time she took a look at the gloves.

"Just my size. I wonder how he knew. And six buttons! And how pretty they are! He is not quite such a 'prig' after all, but it makes no difference to me now. He dislikes me, I know, and I was gone." And then she had another good cry.

Sir Henry Seymour had no reason to complain of his ward's conduct for the next few days; she avoided Captain Murray, who tried in vain to get a chance of speaking to her.

One morning, however, fortune favored him. He was in the garden, and Leslie was walking toward him. She was quite unconscious of his proximity, and they must meet in a moment more.

When she saw him standing near, she lifted her eyes and blue eyes to his with a wistful, half-bereaving glance.

"Miss Lindsay," said Douglas, "shake hands with me, please. I am afraid I took a most unfair advantage of you. Pray forgive me, and let us be friends."

"Oh, Captain Murray, I do feel so awfully ashamed of myself! What must you think of me?"

"Shall I tell you what I think of you, darling?" as he gently drew her toward him. "I think you are dear, sweet, lovable girl, and if you can put up with such a muff as I am as a husband!"

"Oh, please, don't!" said Leslie, interrupting him. "Do not remind me of my impertinence. You are much too good for me, but, indeed, with great earnestness, 'I will never do it again!'"

"I call that positively unkind, I assure you," said he laughing. "I do not care how many times you repeat the operation."

Leslie has been Mrs. Murray now some years, but her husband has never regretted he married a fast girl, while she declares she has found from experience "all men are not either prigs or muffs"—London News.

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W. O. HADLEY,
DEALER IN
Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry,
Clocks, Silverware, Etc.



Watch and Jewelry Repairing.
MORO, OREGON.



CANTON "U" BAR LEVER HARROWS
Are the best because they are made of the best steel and are durable. The teeth can be adjusted as to depth. Made in all sizes. Made by
PARLIN & ORENDORFF CO., CANTON, ILLINOIS.

F. H. MEADER, & CO.
Moro - Oregon.
J. M. PATTERSON, President. V. C. BROCK, Cashier.
Sherman County Bank
Wasco, Oregon.

Sight Exchange Sold on New York, Portland and The Dalles.
Transacts a General Banking Business. Accounts kept subject to check. Collections made at reasonable rates.
Office hours, 9 a. m. to 3 p. m.

Columbia Southern Railway
Time schedule. In effect July 1, 1908. Connection made with O. R. & N. passenger train at Biggs.

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