

IRRIGATION AND FOREST RESERVE

Latest Scheme of Portland Scrip Syndicate Exposed.

The forest reserve controversy is growing interesting, to say the least. The plot is thickening, becoming complicated and needs straightening out. Those scrip speculators down Portland and Salem way, realizing that they have encountered strong opposition in their design to clean up a few hundred thousand dollars at the expense of the National government and the general public, with the sacrifice of eastern Oregon's industrial interests as an unconsidered, trifling side issue incident in the program, have evidently decided to resort to stratagem to win the big cash prize. It is worthy of a strong effort and they are making such.

They are men of brains who are engineering the gigantic deal. Seeing that eastern Oregon was practically unanimous in its objection to the creation of the reserve, they have worked up diverting propositions, with no other purpose than to split the united opposition and set the elements fighting each other. The first move in this direction was to "con" the sheep men into the belief that the government will give every one of them free range on the reserve, for the asking.

And now they have sprung the irrigation problem, called a "convention" to meet in Portland. Can any one conceive of a more absurd abstract proposition than that Portland is interested in irrigation; except, perhaps, that the dominating influences in Portland ever acted from other than a selfish motive in any matter? What that country down there needs is drainage ditches. But, there being about \$800,000 in the national treasury available for the construction of irrigation reservoirs in Oregon, these scrip schemers call a convention to meet in Portland, and invite delegates to come down from the semi-arid regions of eastern Oregon and get their share of the boodle.

No one has ever uttered or printed an intimation as to what good is to be accomplished for irrigation by this meeting. It has merely been intimated, craftily insinuated that this \$800,000 is to be "cut up" on that occasion, leaving it to the promptings of ordinary human cupidity—that has ever been divorced from intelligence—to insure a full attendance.

The purpose of this "irrigation convention", is to secure the adoption of resolutions favoring the creation of the Blue mountain forest reserve, to be used as false evidence in the department at Washington that the people of eastern Oregon favor the reserve. This they hope to accomplish by giving the jay delegates in attendance a free feed free rides on street cars and ferry boats, a grand jolly and spending money, if necessary.

No one with sense enough to come in out of the wet believes that this convention can accomplish any good for irrigation or that it is called for that purpose. They know that the whole scheme is a rank, raw, transparent confidence game. The appropriation will be expended under the direction of the department of Geological Surveys, the work being in charge of experts who will listen to no suggestions from any such body.

The methods employed to work up enthusiasm among eastern Oregon people for this convention is worthy of notice. Examination of the plan discloses the cloven hoof. In the first

place, Attorney Moosa, of Baker City, a lieutenant of Congressman Moody, who in turn is a brother-in-law and tool of one McCornack, of Salem, the chief engineer of the nefarious design, a man who has grown rich in manipulating similar shady transactions in school lands, induces one, Miller, also of Baker City, through the influence of an appointment as one of the commissioners of the fake Lewis and Clark county fair, and perhaps one or two other cheap seats there, to systematically work up public sentiment on the subject favorable to the designs of the conspirators, by writing fallacious stuff to the already "fixed" Democrat. Then it is tipped off on the quiet to the Herald that its loathed contemporary has been doing business with the syndicate, and it eagerly butts into the game and clamors for its share of this promotion and publicity fund. That it was placated was proven by its entire change of attitude on the subject ten days ago and its brazen announcement that it had sent Attorney Callahan as a special commissioner to Washington to straighten out the whole tangled problem in twenty minutes, in the interest of the dear people, of course. The Herald couldn't send a special commissioner to McEwen. Callahan's expenses are being paid by the scrip speculators and timber land thieves, and the object of the trip is to lobby for the permanent creation of the forest reserve, as now designated, including thousands of acres of school lands as devoid of timber as a billiard ball is of hair, which have been bought by the syndicate at \$1.25 an acre and which they expect to exchange for lieu land scrip worth six dollars an acre.

The Herald states that the opposition comes from a "half dozen mining men in the upper camp", who have some imaginary scheme on foot to perpetrate some gigantic fraud, carefully refraining from giving any intimation of the nature thereof. This is merely the old chestnut cry of "stop, thief!"

But, to proceed with the narrative of how the irrigation convention is being popularized, and residents of eastern Oregon bamboozled: THE MIXER has received a circular letter from C. S. Jackson, "chairman of the advertising committee," offering to pay for the publication of matter pertaining to this convention. The amount to be paid is left blank in the printed circular and is filled in with pen and ink. The value of THE MIXER's influence was estimated at the munificent sum of \$2.50, for printing about seven dollars worth of stuff, regular advertising rates. This cheap estimate is not so irritating as the insult to its intelligence, to think that it would swallow this hook so

awkwardly concealed by the \$2.50 bait. But many newspapers have swallowed it, including the American. It is playing into the hands of the enemies of Sumpter and this mining district for \$2.50—whether from native pin head stupidity, or racial cupidity it matters not. The article in question is headed "Portland will Entertain"—referring to the free feed, etc.

C. S. Jackson, who makes this enticing offer to the country press, is manager of the Oregon Daily Journal, a paper owned by Banker Ladd, through whose efforts the Portland chamber of commerce turned down the petition from Burns praying for assistance to defeat the forest reserve, and who is accused of financing the deal in conjunction with McCornack—including the expenses of Callahan to Washington, the \$2.50 which the American is to receive and similar incidental expenses.

The unprejudiced reader will note how this plain statement of facts, unaccompanied by argument or any tricks of the skilled writer's trade, convicts those implicated in the conspiracy to impose this ten year handicap on the development of eastern Oregon gold fields, and enrich themselves.

At this time THE MIXER does not

touch upon the question of the merits of the forest reserve, what a great wrong it will work to eastern Oregon; nor does it repeat the facts that demonstrate that the reserve as now constituted in any way aids the plan for irrigation; that every one favors, of course. These questions have been discussed at length and repeatedly. The present object is to show that those who favor the reserve are of that mind because they see in it an opportunity to make big money; that their apparent interest in irrigation is a piece of transparent hypocrisy; that the eastern Oregon papers and people who are aiding them are doing so either for cheap hire, or through natural born thick headed ignorance, and are thereby doing an irretrievable injury to their own section.

The committee that went to Portland some weeks since to interview Senator Mitchell on the subject, met in Sumpter Saturday and perfected a plan of campaign to combat the efforts of the Portland scrip syndicate. Mayor Robbins, the chairman of the executive committee, is collecting evidence to submit to the interior department.

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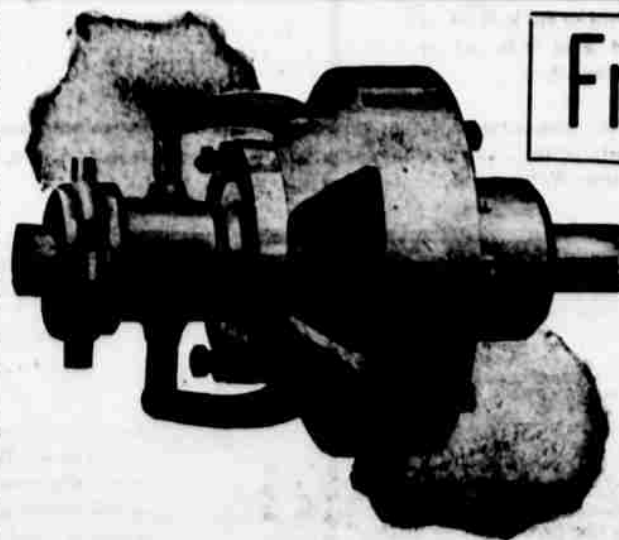
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