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PORTLAND OREGON

GOVERNOR JUDSON HARMON OF OHIO

By A. V. ABERNETHY

(Continued from last week)

The governor promptly reduced public expenditures. Then, instead of a general levy, the proper enforcement of the excise laws provided $500,000 additional every year. The establishment of a market for prison manufactured goods and the concentration of authority over nineteen state institutions is expected to add another $500,000 to the state revenues. Thus was the situation met and the state restored to a sound financial basis without any additional burdens being imposed on the people who are least able to be further taxed.

Voters like to support clean and able men, as has been demonstrated in many localities where the electors displayed remarkable discrimination in honoring exceptional men with an exceptional vote. This explains why in a strongly Republican state Judson Harmon was elected governor of Ohio two years ago by a plurality of 19,372 in the face of a Republican plurality of 69,591 in the vote for president. On his record as governor of the state Judson Harmon was prepared to go before the people and ask re-election.

With precedent against him, the election machinery against him, with the president of the United States, a citizen of the same state, fighting him for re-election and in the face of a strong Republican sentiment to contest, Governor Harmon nevertheless was given a majority of 101,000.

Ohio repudiated her favorite son, William H. Taft, president of the United States. Governor Harmon won the greatest Democratic victory in the history of Ohio or of the middle west. It was a crushing blow to the president.

There are some things in Ohio more popular than the Taft smile. One of them is the Hon. Judson Harmon, who will countenance no frills and who sits on the edge of a big table that occupies the center of the governor's reception room and chats with visitors. "Common as an old shoe" is the way Ohio farmers size up their governor after they see him perched on that table, swinging his feet, and near him talk straight from the shoulder.

When he was attorney general he argued many cases before the supreme court—argued them well—so well that he earned many deserving compliments from bench and bar. Among them, and perhaps the most noted, was that of the United States against the Transmissouri Freight association. It was the first test as to the efficiency of the Sherman anti-trust law when applied to prevent an illegal combination of railroads. Mr. Harmon won, and the combination went by the boards.

Of a similar character were the suits against the Freight Traffic association and the Addyston Pipe company. Harmon was successful in both, and thus was established the law as it stands today.

There is an odd series of coincidences in the careers of Governor Harmon and President Taft. Always Harmon has followed Taft or Taft has followed Harmon. Harmon resigned as judge in Ohio, and Taft took his place. Then Mr. Taft became solicitor general of the United States. Harmon followed him to Washington as a cabinet member. Will he follow Taft to Washington again?

Governor Harmon was born in Newtown, Hamilton county, O., Feb. 3, 1846, and he therefore is in his sixty fifth year. One not acquainted with this fact would take him to be no more than fifty-five. He is just as vigorous as a man of many years under fifty-five and as fond of sports and of the out of doors as a schoolboy. He rides with the grace of a regular army cavalryman, plays golf, competes with the crack rifle shots of the O. N. G. annually and makes good scores, goes to Michigan every summer for his vacation and fishes and fishes, and he is a baseball fan of the species that records each play made during a game on a score card.

He was for years pitcher in a nine composed of business men who met every Saturday afternoon out in the suburbs of the Queen City to try diamond conclusions with teams from other localities. Judson Harmon never missed a game while he was in town. He would go to the ball field, shed his coat and collar and wade in and pitch nine straight innings with all the vigor of a big leaguer.

Mr. Harmon's father was a Baptist minister, and from him he received his early education. In 1861 he graduated from the Baptist college at Denison, Licking county, and in 1862 the school honored him with the degree of LL. D. He attended the Cincinnati Law school and graduated in 1869.

Mr. Harmon's idea of what Democracy should do can be summed up in the closing words of an interview which he gave, as follows:

"I take it that the true platform of the Democracy is the preservation to the utmost of the rights of the common man—the man who has not might or wealth to twist the current of events to suit himself, to observe to the strictest possible degree the limits of authority imposed by the constitution, to administer the government economically and in doing that to levy only the amount of taxes, direct or through a tariff, which will meet the expenses of the government.

"Am I a believer in the income tax?" said the governor in response to a question. "Most assuredly," he continued. "Without such a tax the expenses of the federal government, which now amount to a billion dollars per year, cannot be fairly distributed. They are now collected by tariff and other taxes on consumption, and the enormous vested wealth of the country escapes. A few states have undertaken to tax incomes, but, as I am advised, with little success. Changes of legal residence are too easy to make. The efficiency of a federal income tax has been proved. The levying of one would help secure the lowering of tariff taxes, so greatly and generally desired, while the people will watch more closely what is done with their money when they know they are paying taxes and how much."

GOVERNOR AND MRS. HARMON WITH TWO OF THEIR GRANDCHILDREN.

The Mascot of Sweet Briar Gulch

By HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS

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"FOR I'M O-O-O-NLY A P-O-O-OR COWBOY."

Jim laughed at the sophisticated infant. "You don't believe in the theater much, then, Ches?"

"Aggh!" replied Ches. "If it ain't seven it's 'leven on der stage, but it's mostly craps in der street."

"Well, son, there are such points on the dice," admitted Jim. "But let's have something to eat and we'll feel better."

Ches rustled around after sticks in his funny, angularly active style, singing a song the while from the gladness of his heart. It was a merry song about mother slowly going down the hectic path of phthisis pulmonalis and sister, who has, one is led to believe, taken to small bottles, small hours and undesirable companions, refusing to come home and lift the mortgage which is shortly to be foreclosed, all in the narrow confines of twenty-five verses.

Jim listened to the inspiriting ditty in astonishment.

"Bird of the wilderness, blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!"

he quoted. "For heaven's sake, child," he continued in some irritation, "where did you learn that echo of the morgue?"

"Don't you like 'er?" asked Ches, in his turn astonished at such a lack of taste. "W'y, dat's er gig in der city. Everybuddy an' der ginnies wid der organs is givin' dat out all day long."

"Well, let 'em," commanded Jim. "Don't introduce it to this part of the country. As you render it through the nose and with the wail at the end it is a thing to make a strong man lie down and give up the ghost in sheer disgust. Ches, does it really make you feel good to sing it?"

"Yessir—kinder," replied Ches hesitatingly.

"Lord," thought Jim, "what a life to make a song like that a recreation!" Then aloud: "It's bad luck to sing before breakfast, Ches. I'll teach you a liveller song than that when we hit the trail again."

So it came to pass that during the first miles of their day's journey the way was enlivened by the notes of "The Arkansas Traveler," "Garry Owen," "Where's My Linda-Cinda Gone," "Baltimore Girls" and other songs of a lively character.

Ches approved of these in moderation. Then Jim tried an experiment. With a serious face, but half an eye on the boy, he howled, moaned and grunted "The Cowboy's Lament," which still presents the insoluble problem of whether the words or the music are drearier. "OoooooOOO! Pla-a-ay your fifes l-o-o-w-l-y, a-a-nd bee-at your drums sl-o-o-o-wly and play the dead m-a-arch as you carry me o-o-o-on!" mourned Jim. Ches was all attention. "For I'm o-o-o-nly a p-o-o-or cowboy, and I know I've done w-r-o-o-o-o-o-ng!" wailed the singer in conclusion. "How'd you like that, Ches?"

"Say, dat's a ringer!" cried the boy enthusiastically.

Jim sat him down by the roadside and laughed his fill. "I think you're hopeless," he gasped.

The boy was hurt in a way he could not understand. Something pained him, a new sensation of not being up to the requirements of another's view. His forced acute intelligence made a bullseye shot.

"P'r'aps w'en I've got er chist and t'umpers on me like you I'll like der udder kin' er song," he said.

Jim looked at the pathetic little figure on the burro, and his conscience smote him. "That's right, boy," he replied very kindly. "I was only joking. Ought not to be any ill feeling between friends over a joke, you know. Now, you sing ahead all you plenty please."

"Don't say nuttin' more about it," replied Ches. "It's all square."

A little farther on Jim noticed a piece of quartz outcrop with a metal stain on it. Now, a miner can no more pass such a thing than some others could refuse to pick up the pin shining at their feet, so he took a stone and hammered off a specimen for future reference. In the meantime Ches, on the burro, got around the turn of the trail.

Suddenly the boy set up a shout of excitement. "Oh, mister," he yelled, with a string of profanity, his promise forgotten in his heat, "come quick an' look at der cat! Come quick, quick, quick! What a cat! You never see sich a cat!"

Jim dashed forward. "Well, I should say cat!" he remarked as he took in the situation. On a ledge about fifty feet above the road crouched a full grown mountain lion, ears back, eyes furtively glimpsing every avenue of escape, yaggering at the intruders savagely.

The small boy in Jim Felton rose on the instant. "Pelt him, Ches! Pelt him!" he cried and let fly the rock in his hand by way of illustration. A wild animal seems to have little idea of a missile.

The lion held his ground and let the stone strike him in the side. Then, with a screech like the vital principle of 40,000 tomcat fights, a screech that left a sediment in the eardrums of the listeners for the balance of the morning, he fairly flew up the straight side of the cliff, followed by a rain of projectiles.

"Ches, we oughtn't to have done that," said Jim soberly. "If that fellow had been of another mind he'd have made this the warmest day of our lives."

"W'by, will dey fight?" asked Ches, his eyes wide open.

"They will that, son, sometimes," replied Jim. Then he launched into the tales of wild beast hunts, drifted from that to the romance of the gold field, the riches coming in a day—the whole glamor of it.

Never did narrator have more attentive listener. There was a sort of white joy in the boy's face.

"Oh, ain't I glad to git in dis!" he cried. "Here's just wot I been lookin' fur." Suddenly he struck Jim on the shoulder with a tightly clinched fist. "I made fur youse der first, t'ing. Didn't yer see me? I know me man all right. Der secont I put me peeps on yer I ses ter meself, 'Dat feller won't t'row yer down, Chimmy.' Ain't I right, hey? Ain't I right, mister?"

Jim patted him on the back. "I think you're right, old man," he said. "I'll do anything I can for you."

"Yer don't hafter tell me dat. I know it," replied the boy. A sudden sob gathered in his throat and choked him. "Yer don't know wot I been t'rough, mister. It 'ud laid out many er big stiff ten times me size. I'd—don't youse laugh at me now, becus I'm only a kid—I'd give me heart's blood fur youse, s'help me, I would, now!"

"Shake hands, pardner," said Jim, his own voice a trifle hoarse. "We'll do fine together. I know we will."

CHAPTER IV.

THEY crested the last sharp rise and looked down upon the little cabin huddling in the spruces, an island of humanity in the beautiful sea of the wilderness.

It seemed to Jim as if the small house brightened in appearance at the return of its soul. His heart in turn rose with a home feeling. His belief in the treasure which lay where the new channel cut across the old wash, that treasure which would make the world so different, came back to him like a renewed love. His hands ached for a grip on pick and shovel. His strong muscles twitched with eagerness to be at work again.

Suddenly a ponderous and gross sound out of all proportion to the size of its source smashed the mountain silence into slivers. It was the burro's greeting to his companions, and the echoes fluttered it from cliff to cliff until it faded into the merest tint.

"Kerissmus! How many of dem is dere?" asked Ches, astonished at the demonstration. At that instant the herd welcomed the returned one.

The canyon was full of brays, colliding, rising, falling and swelling in a tumult of noise against which the dreadful shouting of the gods at the fall of Troy would have seemed as the wail of a kitten.

"Say, I don't like dat," said Ches. "What's loose?"

Jim had watched the growing astonishment of the boy's face with suppressed emotion, but now he hugged himself and uproariously laughed his laugh out.

"That, Ches," he replied, "is a matter of fifteen or twenty donkeys and an echo. Did you think it was the end of the world?"

(To be Continued)