

The Columbia Register

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Democratic National Ticket

FOR PRESIDENT: A. B. PARKER, Of New York. FOR VICE PRESIDENT: HENRY G. DAVIS, Of West Virginia.

Five weeks from next Tuesday until election. "Sane" and "safe" is the verdict of the trusts as to Roosevelt. E. V. Debs made many friends in Portland, and will carry quite a good vote in this state, notwithstanding the Republicans say social democracy has no following.

We have no means of knowing, but in the South it is said dogs and pit-bulls are counted alike when it comes to making up a family, and, taking this view of it, a couple of Teddy's fotos would not be amiss if sent to a couple of families in Columbia county.

The question of selecting a county president of an organization yet to be formed, and to be hailed as the Lewis and Clark Club of Columbia County, has been asked for by the County Commissioners. We have not heard any very great noise over the matter and we are inclined to believe that certain individuals, who have been grafting the county for some time, see in this a good chance to reap another harvest, have arranged among themselves to have a number of letters written to the county commissioners requesting the appointment of some one of their number as county president, with a salary from the county. We would suggest that as the road master does not have all his time occupied viewing roads and auditing bills that the commissioners impose this extra duty upon him without a salary. It is currently reported that Brother Flagg would not be adverse to taking the job, as he could sell his Lewis and Clark calendar which he expects to make a mint of money "outen." The only place where the citizens have gone about this matter in regular order as suggested by the court thus far is in Apia precinct. A club has been organized and the members of that club are in position to express their opinion in accordance with the order of the court. Mr. Gulker, who lives in that vicinity, is very favorably spoken of for the position, and should he be appointed he would give his whole time and attention to the work. He is a man of good habits and deeply interested in the question of building up our county. And it should be a pleasure to see such an one appointed.

A New Court House. Since the adjournment of the September term of county court there has been considerable discussion about the building of a new court house. In the vicinity of Rainier, as well as in the vicinity of St. Helens, the opinion is almost unanimous in favor of the commissioners building a court house. In the vicinity of Clatskanie, there are a few people who do not wish a court house built, and it was chiefly through their influence and vote that Casper Libel was nominated on the Republican ticket and afterward elected. Had he come out openly and squarely and said before election that he was opposed to the erection of a court house, his defeat would have been even more decisive than was his election. We are told that the proper thing for the county to do is to levy a two mill tax and create a sinking fund, and as soon as the county has the money on hand, proceed to build. This is poor policy—for two reasons. First, it creates a fund that may be stolen or lost through some bank failure. Second, the proper place for the money not in use is in the hands

of the taxpayers, and not in the banks.

Should a tax of four mills be levied this year and next, there will be sufficient funds to build the court house and not go more than \$5000 in debt, the constitutional limit. The general road tax may be cut to three mills, and the county levy might be reduced one mill from what it was this year. The people would then only pay about 24 mills, or about six mills less than last year. But suppose four mills was added for a court house, the levy would still be 2 mills less than it was this year.

Here is what Casper Libel said his election last June: "At the May term of Circuit Court, 1902, the report of the grand jury contained the following paragraphs: 'We find that the vault in the clerk's office is too small to hold the records; that valuable books are piled upon the floor thereof and that the said vault is insufficient for the present requirements of the county.'"

"We find all the county officers cramped for room, and that the business of the county requires larger and better office rooms."

"We deem the court house a disgrace to the county and earnestly recommend that immediate steps be taken to erect a suitable court house commensurate with the needs of the county."

This report was signed by Casper Libel, foreman; Samuel Munz; Grant W. Girt, M. M. Dobbins, W. C. Eichman, Peter Lund, J. D. McKay.

Hundreds of dollars, yes, thousands, are being expended upon the daily press to advertise the Lewis and Clarke fair, but not a dollar is going to any of the county press. By the way, it is from the rural districts that the greater part of those attending must come. It is from the rural districts of other states and territories that Oregon must look to for her future population and wealth, unless we are satisfied with the slow growth of former years, or desire a foreign population to fill the land. A fair and judicious method of advertising through the country press should be followed. After all the money for advertising has been expended, the mails will be flooded with free passes for editors and their wives, and in return they will be asked to use many hundreds of dollars worth of space to pay for the courtesies extended to the press.

The Reign of Capital.

After thousands of years of historic intellectual and moral development, governmental and industrial and material improvement, we find no substantial advancement in the condition of the great mass of mankind. After nineteen centuries under the light of the Golden Rule; after five centuries of plane tery expansion, adding three-quarters of the globe to the habitable regions of civilized man; after two centuries of the greatest agitation of man and the most wonderful extension of human dominion over the powers of nature and the application of them to the production of wealth, so that one man may feed a thousand; after all this—want and misery and their consequent physical and moral degradation have not decreased in intensity among the masses of the people. Actual liberty has made but little progress, and the reign of capital wilder yet, and yet more pitiless, still goes on. Irresponsible power still exploits the masses in the only field ever worth its while—the industrial—marshals them in condensing hosts; and parcels its spoil, human and other, among its favorites. The barons of commerce and trade and industry still lord it over the people, exacting service, levying tribute, and dispensing judgment of happiness and misery, life and death at pleasure. Their retinues of retainers and conscripts, royal in their multitude, would shame the feudal lords of old—nay, the kings and despots of the most slavish times. As it ever has been labor is still the drudge of capital ownership, and the common people still the pawns of irresponsible power. Three thousand men control over half the wealth of the country—wealth that the kingdoms of the past, rolled together, would not equal. Think of it you men who labor, and ponder well what it means. A hundred of your fellow creatures with rights no greater than those of any common man, controlling access to one-half the peoples' means of earning a living, standing guard over one-half the producing masses of the nation, and this the dominant half, the great monopolized industries, the trusts, the public corporations, that practically have the power to tax at

will the other half of our producing capital and the labor therein employed; and this other half, the subsidized half, under the direct ownership and control of another small body of men, a few hundred thousand or so. Think what it means, ye lovers of liberty, who are striving for greater political power for the masses! Think of it, ye philanthropists, who are striving for the uplifting of humanity. Ponder it well, ye moralists, who would purify and ennoble and broaden the lines of the multitude. The foundations of physical life owned and controlled legally, lawfully, owned and controlled by the few, millions with no right to a foot of the earth except a few may grant it to them. Millions without even an opportunity to labor except as the few may permit. Millions dependent for food, raiment, and shelter upon the artificial rights of a handful of their fellows. After that, what meaning or value have these inalienable rights of the constitution?—the right of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness? After that, what meaning or value has personal liberty, constitutional authority, political privilege, or moral opportunity? After that, what meaning or value has noble ideals, pure aspirations, or right ambitions? Stand before the multitude and their means of life—deny them the rights to justice in material things, and what meaning or value all these other rights and privileges about which so much sentiment is expressed in poetry, and eloquence, and song? Look at our national conditions to day and see what meaning they have—individual freedom chained to industrial servitude, constitutional authority, the tool of private capital, political privilege, the mockery and shame of the people. Moral opportunity dwarfed and destroyed by material necessities.

In the industrial world we find an industrial system which, differing practically in no wise from that of all times past, has developed conditions relatively not better but worse than ever before in the history of the world. For under greater moral enlightenment it still reverses every principle of justice, equity and morality. Now as formerly it is unprofitable to work; to labor is still the one thing men cannot afford to do. The God made land is still abandoned for man-made cities. Men crowd the non-productive occupations. Still labor builds the palace and lives in hovel. Weaves the silk and wears the rags. Still produces the food of life and luxury and is forbidden to partake. Still it plows, and sows, and reaps, and still the grain disappears from its grasp. The prime injustice still prevails. Past it the world may not proceed. In every field of social endeavor progress is but as a tread mill until this fundamental wrong is righted. Evils—there is evil everywhere. Conflict, there is conflict throughout the realm of organized mankind. In the political world the same mad carnival of evil therefore prevails that exists in the industrial. In its condition we see the most notable illustration of the truth of our personal law—upon justice in material things must justice in all things else at last depend. Its violation is the fundamental wrong; and no social, political, or moral ideals can ever rebuild upon such a wrong. Evil here is corruption of the fountain, and its waters can never be purified by any application of rights, privileges, duties, or ideals further down the stream.

Our attempt to engraft political democracy upon an industrial despotism, to exercise political rights before possessing industrial rights, to inaugurate a just political government, to make political power responsible to the people and leave industrial power to any irresponsible hand that may be able to grasp it; to have political freedom flow from industrial dependence, has been but to poison good with evil; to expect truth from error; to hope incorruption from corruption. Popular politics is but the political statement of industrial conditions, and the terms of that statement it is anarchy where it is not already despotism, and corrupting conflict where there is not already foul subjugation. Popular government does not exist. Suffrage is our mockery and shame. The people are practically as powerless to effect their will in government in any vital matter as are the subjects of the czar or the sultan. Capital, ownership, rules—rules as it always has done—as it always will do; rules in the hands of the few—by force or by fraud as it necessarily must. With us as yet it rules by fraud, by indirection, corruption and downright defiance of statutes and constitutions. From hustings to office, all is a wild orgie of deceit, trickery, debauchery, and corruption, parties, platforms, suffrage—are the baubles of the people and keep them amused. Courts, councils, legislatures, congresses and

executives, ostensibly from the people, are but the outward show; the real power that governs is the ownership of organized capital. For the ownership of organized capital controls the production and distribution of material things and control of these means control of life; distribution of affluence, competence and poverty. Rules it must—necessarily and inevitably, by direct or indirection, by force or fraud, if the few are the owners. And when fraud fails, force is ever ready at its hand, and force is to be forthcoming withal. It needs not come—indirection fails at last. Poverty grows. The array of the defeated multiplies. The monster with the many heads must be controlled, and ownership is marshalling authority to enforce the needed control. The signs are many and certain. Constitutions and statutes and court decrees are even now being stealthily and rapidly shaped to that end. Authority already well knows its master. The great labor centers today are practically under marshal surveillance. No pretext is left unused to increase the army and navy. To build and equip arms and ordnance plants, to enlarge barracks and to make things safe generally. The means of transportation and communication are under especial charge. Despotism is a living fact. Freedom of speech is already curtailed. The free press no longer exists. Industrial coercion has been joined to fraud, and open force now comes in the train of both. The political must ever come to the level of the industrial. Conflict and despotism in industry means despotism, and chaos in government. Imperialism has succeeded democracy.

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SUMMONS. IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON for Columbia County. Anna C. Main, Plaintiff, vs. Ludwig Main, Defendant.

SUMMONS. IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON for Columbia County. J. M. Peebles, Plaintiff, vs. R. M. Peebles, Defendant.

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