

KLAMATH REPUBLICAN

E. J. MURRAY, Editor.

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TWO DOLLARS THE YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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GREAT OVATION GIVEN TO BRYAN

Hundreds of Thousands Greet the
Noted Nebraskan

Principles Advocated by Bryan

Universal peace through international arbitration.
Self-government and ultimate independence for the Philippines.
Reform of congress by popular election of senators and its convening shortly after election and adjournment before the election following.
An income tax.
Compulsory arbitration for disputes between capital and labor.
Universal eight-hour work day.
Silver question settled by larger volume of money received through increase in production of gold.
Extermination of monopolies by complete overthrow of trusts.
Abolishment of campaign fund.
Imprisonment for guilty trust officials.
Federal license for interstate corporations.
Reform of tariff abuses.
Public ownership of railroads, trunk lines by federal government, local lines by the states.
Preservation of individualism as alternative to socialism.
Abolishment of special privileges as foundation of plutocracy, which is the menace of republics.

New York, Aug. 31.—Mr. Bryan was the recipient yesterday afternoon and last night of the most enthusiastic ovation ever tendered an American citizen in private life. From the time of his arrival at the pier at 4 o'clock until he finished his hour and a half address before 20,000 people at Madison Square Garden it was a continuous ovation. The wildest cheers greeted his every appearance. At the hotel he was fairly mobbed by his admirers, at the reception following his arrival at the hostelry, he shook hands with many thousands, at the Madison Square garden, where he spoke during the evening applause greeted his every sentence, and his first appearance called forth pandemonium which shook the building for eight minutes.

As Mr. Bryan acknowledged the thundering applause at the garden from 20,000 throats his eyes filled with tears and he strode nervously from side to side of the narrow platform.

"How can I thank you for this welcome home?" he said. "My heart would be ungrateful if it did not consecrate itself to your service. It was kind to prepare this reception. It was kind of Governor Folk to come here all the way from Missouri. It was kind of Tom Johnson, that example of moral courage we so much need in this country to lend his presence here. It was kind in you to recompense me fully for being absent so long from my native land. I thank you. I return to the land of my birth, more proud of my citizenship than ever before."

Following are excerpts from his speech which bids fair to re-make or break democracy.

A tour through the Philippine islands has deepened the conviction that we should lose no time in announcing our purpose to deal with the Filipinos as we dealt with the Cubans. Every consideration, commercial and political, leads to this conclusion. Such ground as we may need for coaling stations or for a naval base will be gladly conceded by the Filipinos, who simply desire an opportunity to work out their own destiny, inspired by our example and aided by our advice.

"I return more convinced than before of the importance of a change in the method of electing United States senators. There is noticeable everywhere a distinct movement toward democracy in its broadest sense. In all the countries which I have visited there is a demand that the government be brought nearer to the people.

I have been absent too long to speak with any authority on the public sentiment in this country at this time, but I am so convinced of the justice of the income tax that I feel sure that the people will sooner or later demand an amendment to the constitution which will specifically authorize an income tax and thus make it possible for burdens of the federal government to be apportioned among the people in proportion to their ability to bear them. It is little short of a disgrace to our country that, while it is able to command the lives of its citizens in time of war, it cannot, even in the most extreme emergency, compel wealth to bear its share of the expenses of the government, which protects it.

Society is justified in demanding that the difference between capital and labor shall be settled by peaceful means. If a permanent impartial board is created to which either party to an industrial dispute may appeal or which can of its own motion institute an inquiry, public opinion may be relied upon to enforce the finding. If there is compulsory submission to investigation, it is not necessary that there shall be compulsory acceptance of the decision, for a full and fair investigation will, in almost every case, bring about a settlement.

"Thus far I have dwelt upon subjects which may be regarded as strictly non-partisan, but I am sure that you will pardon me if in this presence I betray

my interest in those policies for which the Democratic party stands. I have not had an opportunity to make a Democratic speech for almost a year, and no one—not even a political enemy—could be so cruel as to forbid me to speak of those policies on this occasion. Our opponents have derived not only partisan pleasure but also partisan advantage from the division caused in our party by money question.

"They ought not, therefore to begrudge the satisfaction that we find in the fact that unexpected conditions have removed the cause of our differences and permitted us to present a united front on present issues. The unlooked for and unprecedented increase in the production of gold has brought a victory to both the advocates of bimetalism—the former keeping the gold standard which they wanted and the latter securing the larger volume of money for which they contended. We who favor bimetalism are satisfied with our victory if the friends of monometalism are satisfied with theirs. And we can invite them to a contest of seal and endurance in the effort to secure to the people the rights which have been gradually taken from them by the trusts.

The sigh of relief that greeted the elimination of the silver question was changed to a gasp of horror when Mr. Bryan, in measured tones, as if fully realizing the demoralizing effects his words would have, came out squarely for government ownership. He said:

"Experience has demonstrated that municipal corruption is largely traceable to the fact that franchise corporations desired to control city councils and thus increase their dividends. If their managers adopt the same policy, the sentiment in favor of the ownership of their railroads by the government is likely to increase as rapidly throughout the country as the sentiment in favor of municipal ownership has increased in the cities."

"I have already reached the conclusion that railroads partake so much of the nature of a monopoly that they must ultimately become public property and be managed by public officials in the interest of the whole community in connection with the well-defined theory that public ownership is necessary where competition is impossible. I do not know if the country is ready for this change. I do not know if a majority of my own party favors it, but I believe that an increasing number of the people see in public ownership the sure remedy for discriminations between persons and politics, and for the extortionate rates for the carrying of freight and passengers."

"Believing, however, that the operation of all the railroads by the federal government would result in the centralization which would all but obliterate state lines, I prefer to see only the trunk lines operated by the federal government and the local lines operated by the several state governments. Some have opposed this dual ownership as impracticable, but investigation has convinced me that it is entirely practicable. Nearly all the railroads of Germany are owned by the several states, the empire not even owning the trunk lines, and yet the interstate traffic is noiseless and unobstructed."

BRYAN'S RETURN

The return of W. J. Bryan from his trip around the world and his Madison Square Garden speech have been the chief topics in political circles during the past week. Conservative Democracy had a bomb dropped in its rank by the noted Nebraskan, when he declared himself in favor of national and state ownership of railroads. Their poems of rejoicing over united democracy and adulations to their new leader were turned into execrations, when the Plumed Knight of Nebraska poured his volley of radicalism into their ranks and shattered their fondest hopes of his regeneration. "If he had just left government ownership out," they cried, "we could have stayed. But that—why it's worse than free silver." And poor old democracy is split wide open.

The conservative democratic press throughout the country has its guns turned toward him. Among some of the editorial comments are the following:

Chicago Chronicle (Dem.)—Once home Mr. Bryan hastens to make us all acquainted with the fact that he has learned nothing in statesmanship, but is as firmly wedded as ever to all his political and economic errors and follies to call them by no harsher name.

On the whole his speech is an overwhelming proof of his radical unsoundness politically, economically and even morally, and that he is altogether an unfit and unsafe man to be trusted with the great powers of our National Chief Magistracy.

New Orleans Picayune (Ind.-Dem.)—The speech shows more than ever the next National campaign will be between Democratic radicalism and Republican radicalism. It is the most powerful political presentation that has been given to the people since the war, and, if signs mean anything, it is the opening note of another revolution, as were the great speeches on both sides in 1860 and 1861.

Boston Herald (Ind.)—Unless the Democratic party is desirous of another term of probation in the wilderness, it will refuse to take up this climax of centralization.

Angered by the sharp criticisms of his

stand for federal and state control of railroads, Mr. Bryan has taken the bit in his teeth, and hurls defiance at the leaders who are so vigorous in their strictures of him. In a later speech in New York, he said:

"Your president has said that I might be the next candidate for President. I have had that honor twice before, but whether I shall have the honor is more than you or I can tell. A few months ago it looked as though I might be asked to be your candidate in the next election. But I am assured by reading the newspapers that some of those who were for me will not now try to force the honor upon me.

"President Garfield said that he valued nothing so much as the approval of his conscience. I would rather have the approval of all the people of the United States. Every man must act in accordance with the dictates of his own conscience. The majority is not always in the right, though it is presumed to be in government, and the only way for a man who finds himself in the minority is to fight for his ideas, if he believes them to be right until the majority is with him.

No man can lead unless he goes with the people. He may be a little in advance, but he cannot be behind them. Then the Democratic party does not want a leader who will be found in the rear.

"I do not wish to offend anyone here, but I do not care what the politicians think. If I know what the people want today, I know what the politicians want tomorrow. They are a timid class and are always looking for what the people desire."

A Dream of Gold— And What Came of It

By MARY H. COATES.

"WE MUST get out of here—sooner the better—that's all there is to it. November in sight now, no pay dirt—no, not even a sign of color here I ever found on that claim."

Jim King looked across the quiet "Prize Bar" claim, which, in the wake of the latest gold stampede had had hastily staked; and to which, in his haste and premature excitement he had brought his family.

"Prize Bar!" We ought to have named it "Prize Humbug," he muttered from his seat on a log dogwood chair, and absentmindedly bit of twigs and fir cones into the camp fire as he summed up their situation.

"Don't fret, dear," said his wife, observing his downcast looks as she came from the tent where she had been putting the children to sleep. "Things may not really be as bad as they appear."

"Couldn't be worse; grub nearly gone, money, too, and I've rustled among the rangers for a job, but none of them really need a roustabout. No, couldn't be worse."

"O, yes, they could—but finish your pipe and come to bed. It's dark now but you know light comes in the morning—who knows? sleep off the helps the brain to solve knotty problems."

The flames of the campfire flared up fitfully, giving weird, white high lights to the trunks of the fir in the shadow; and above, their plumed tops were veiled, in haziness by the waning moon.

Under the influence of the balsam laden fragrance that floated up from the fir boughs spread deep over the tent floor the remembrance of their harassing situation faded from Mrs. King's mind. The tired body found rest, and the weary brain was soon lulled to sleep; but the dream-mind flitted on, here and there, weaving mountain, forest and campfire into a daedalous net work, which gradually narrowed, through the dream alembic, to fixed distinctness; and the moonlight on the stretching firtops the hollow blackness beneath, and the glowing coals became a sunlit valley, a dark cave and down in its depths glittered crystals—globules—what? The brightness of them pierced her eyes.

With a start she awoke and saw the morning sun shining straight into the tent through a tiny opening in the folds of the fly. "Well! What a dream of gold it was!—and woven of nothing but sunshine. It must certainly portend good luck—but from earth or sky—which I wonder—that's the point. O, for a dream book! My kingdom for a dream book!" she said under her breath, then louder: "Jim, are you there?"

"Yes, and breakfast is nearly ready. You were all sleeping so soundly I thought I wouldn't disturb you; but it's late enough."

"We'll be there in a few minutes. Come, children, breakfast is ready. Doesn't the coffee smell good?" and the quietness of the tent was at an end—drowned in the children's laughing chatter.

"Breakfast!" called a cheery voice again, and they trooped out. After all had been served, Mrs. King went to the fire and began marking in the cool ashes with a long stick.

"Jim, is there a valley anywhere near that runs along so? High mountains on this side, and scattered fir trees on this ridge, and over here a great spur of rocks that dips into the chaparral below?" She illustrated with the right hand and with the left carefully held her blue calico skirt back from the fire.

"Of course," he answered, carelessly.

"Really? Truly?" she spoke eagerly, yet doubtfully.

"Certainly. You have pictured Bear canyon quite correctly. It is over beyond that peak where you see a broken tree standing alone. Why, what is it?"

"Just this: I saw it in my dream last night, and I'm going to ask you to go over there and hunt for a cave and—"

"O, yes, I know," anticipating her

recital "Cave, gold, pocket suggest in a sand ridge, un-wealthy, healthy, and happy ever after," checking off with his fingers and ending in a half-trilled bar from a popular mining song.

"Well, you'll go," ignoring the thrush.

"I think not. In fact, no use to go. There's no cave there."

"Yes, my dear, there is," confidently smiling.

"No, finally, there's no cave in that canyon. Have some more coffee?" as he poured a second cup for himself and set the smoke-blackened coffee boiler on fresh coals.

"But, Jim? If I saw the valley correctly in my dream, why should not I see the cave correctly, too?" she persisted.

"I agreed to the valley; but to the cave—never! Can't explain it. Probably Morpheus took you to his abode last night and while you were there you were cast under some spell that gave the appearance of reality." He presented a wise and profoundly interested countenance.

"Very probably. But you possibly remember, too, that Morpheus is a guardian of dreams, and fashions them to the gods desire them to be true to us. Surely I have favor in that."

"I don't know, I think your dream came through, the ivory gates of the dream palace. Have another cup of coffee—do."

"No, thanks. And you needn't try to take my mind from that cave. You are going over to Bear canyon to-day to dig for gold in a cave you will find there. Do, please give this one day's work to please a whim of mine," coming around the table and giving his cheek a coaxing pat.

"O, pshaw! Well, I suppose I must—there's nothing else when a woman—"

"I'll have your lunch ready by the time you have saddled Mag. Children, run for papa's pick and shovel," she broke in, in cheerful haste.

Jim King saddled the little roan mare and led her up to the camp, tied his dinner pail to the cantle, mounted, and shouldered his pick and shovel, with a hang-dog look.

"Now, Jim, look for a big dogwood—that's the mark, and there are wild blackberry vines growing over the mouth of the cave."

"Anyways, what's the good—supposing I should find it—the land's all staked," was his parting shot as he waved a farewell and rode down the slope.

With a happy, confident heart, Mrs. King watched her husband ride away, till he was hidden by the low growing shrubbery along the winding trail. Somewhere in the distance a quail piped a warning note.

"Jim's gone that far already," she said, but she could not see what the quail saw: the pick and shovel cached under a thicket of tall huckleberries, and the rider pass on, without them, taking the fork that led directly away from Bear canyon.

How still the morning was—not a touch of wind anywhere! Mrs. King lifted her eyes to the scenic splendor of her surroundings. On every border

were the mountains in the quivering haze of sunshine, unfolding in ever changing tints and shadowy lights. Peak beyond peak, as far as the eye could reach, they rose, grand, still, majestic and untamed, expressive of imperial solitude.

"Stir! Stir! Stir!" said a noisy bluejay, and she turned to her work. The children were happy when camping and to them the day passed quickly with school books and excursions up and down the mountain side for nuts, mosses and lichens, and in untrifling, never-discouraged searches for "Gold."

And a family of inquisitive jays must receive instructions in the art of behavior, for which all the table scraps were carefully hoarded in all kinds of secret places, and doled out according to the merits earned at each performance.

Slowly the vivid noon-blue of the mountains changed to a hazy gray of even and deepened to purple, making them seem nearer and clearer than in the morning; and as the shadows gathered near, a little bird trilled a timid, sweet vesper hymn.

"Come, mamma, isn't it time to cook supper?" The children brought in dry limbs and combed the night's fire.

"There he comes! Papa's coming, children—wave your hands!"

The horseman coming up the grade doubled up his palms and sent a shrill whistle echoing along the ridge.

"Here, children, give Mag a good supper. She's tired," he said, after unsaddling the mare. Then he poured water in a basin, picked up a bit of soap and began lathering his hands vigorously.

"Dirty, aren't they?" with provoking coolness.

"Yes, but Jim—what?" interrogated his wife.

"Oh, I found the cave just where you said I would; but cave, claim, and all are owned by a man over in Ashland I went over and found the fellow—runs a little coffee house there and didn't value your cave very highly. Said he didn't propose to risk anything on such a picnic, but I could work it 'halvers.' King ran on with remarkable gibberish.

"Yes, of course; but what else?" she insisted hurriedly.

"Well," he continued with a tantalizing drawl, "it is a vein of quartz that runs down the porphyry and the gold—"

"Pocket gold! Didn't I tell you? I knew it, I knew it! Now you'll believe in dreams!" she almost screamed in her firm belief.

"Don't you want to see a nugget?" and he handed her a yellow Bellefleur.

"Jim King! How could you do such a thing?" and on her face chagrin and perplexity struggled for supremacy.

"Aren't you ashamed to play such a shabby trick?" she managed to say.

"Well, no. You see, you were so bound and determined I should find a nugget that I was afraid to come back without one; and it's the best I could do," an amused light dancing in his eyes.

"I see. And what else?"

"I met Sam Adams on the way. He put me on the track of a job as foreman on a ranch down here. So I went over and met the owner."

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THE PLAT OF THIS BEAUTIFUL ADDITION WILL BE ready soon, and lots therein will be placed on the market. The tract comprises 530 acres, adjoins Klamath Falls on the north and west and borders on Link River and Upper Klamath Lake for two miles. From this addition can be seen the grandest panorama on the Pacific Coast, comprising Lake, River, Valley, Hill, Mountain and Snow-capped Peaks, blend into an harmonious picture of unequalled beauty and magnificence.

Boulevards and Streets are now being graded, and these will be lined with Shade Trees. Grading work on the Electric Street Railway is now under way.

A complete sewerage system will be put in. The entire cut of the Odessa sawmill has been purchased, and those building in the Buena Vista Addition this summer will have first call on the output of this mill.

Plans for a magnificent hotel are now being prepared, and construction will begin this summer. This hostelry will be located on one of the most picturesque spots in the addition and will be surrounded by a park.

If you want a home in the most beautiful section of Klamath County, buy a lot in the Buena Vista Addition.

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