

FROM WASHINGTON TO SALEM

S. A. Clarke's Trip from the Federal Capital to Oregon.

ONE OF GOVERNMENT'S EMPLOYEES

Who Left Position to Return Home to Vote—Found Few Bryanaites in His Travels.

(From Daily Statesman, Oct. 27.)

In the early time of transcontinental travel the writer made the journey overland from New York to San Francisco, in March, and wrote the experience of the journey for one of the great New York dailies, whose managing editor expressed appreciation of the description and incident thereof by assurances that it would be extensively copied by the leading journals of the nation.

The approach of a Presidential election is improved by the employees of the Government to make homeward visits, as voters are sent to the limits of the nation for a single fare for the round trip. This extends even to the West coast, a journey of 3200 miles, and thousands of voters take this 30 days' vacation.

Supplied with the certificate of the chief clerk of their special bureau, they go through the process of identification, and finally secure, in rural recognition at the proper railroad office, at any of these points, a fare to Ultima Thule, or East's End, and get a string of tickets, to go and come on, often a yard long. It sometimes requires half a day's time to go through the motions. This feature alone would give room and opportunity for a column of description. My own experience was rather tame until it came to touching the arm of an intruder to beg pardon for reminding him that at least half a dozen of us came in turn before him. He drew himself up in resentful shape to say that he "allowed no one to yank his coat sleeve in such form" and was "liable to strike." "All right," says the undersigned, "strike, if you want to." But he didn't seem to want to, and he wasn't served out of his turn, either. Thus we escaped alive and were able to take the evening train, on the B. & O. for Chicago.

There is no better place to sleep well than in the good beds on board a Pullman sleeper, for the shake of the car will rock one to sleep and make him dream of grander scenes than broad daylight, and there are more short turns and more shaking in going through the Alleghanies than in crossing the Rockies and the Cascades put together. It was early morning when the Alleghanies gave the last shake—the one that waked us all for breakfast—and we looked on the upper waters of the Ohio river, not far from Wheeling. All day long we were whistling through the farms and among the homes of West Virginia, Ohio and Indiana, then had dark gleams of Illinois landscapes, drawing into the depot at Chicago about 9 p. m. It was an even day's going of 200 miles, an average of nearly 40 miles an hour.

Chicago was all there, and even the election turmoil did not disturb its communitism. It is not easy to disturb Chicago equanimity; but, really, the "Windy City" goes along in a way to hold its own. It can well afford to be satisfied with. There we remained over a day to interview a relative who is kept busy collecting his revenues of rentals. He spared time, however, to do the hospitable, and dined me at his club the University—where college men take "post graduate degrees" of meat and drink. We compromised on oysters on the half shell and quail on toast, and with this sort of experience escaped the pitfalls and dangers of Chicago and got safely aboard the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul train, bound for Omaha.

How things go and grow in the Middle West is shown on the cover of my time table and folder, which says "Sure enough! Its map shows that its lines gridiron the states east of the Missouri, with that 6,400 miles of rail, constituting it one of the railroad "trusts" of the world. Being opposed to trusts, may be we wouldn't have trusted to it, but had started for Omaha before this ponderous fact developed. But this same "expansion" of one great railroad system is consistent with the progress and expansion of our nation. I have seen on this company's different lines, at times, and they all glide so swiftly and smoothly that one can only wonder at its magnificent development of modern possibilities. When your correspondent was born there were no railroads, and all the world then knew of the West coast Lewis and Clarke had told it.

In the morning we were gliding across the lands of Iowa, one of the greatest of Western states. It was delightful to move so swiftly and know that three days more would take us to the Columbia river. In the morning we crossed the Missouri at Omaha, and changed to the Union Pacific line. Nebraska held us all the rest of the day, but the train swept on as if endowed with life. We had changed to take a tourist sleeper, and we may as well say here that these cars possess every comfort and save a little "style" and show-off everything one needs. The beds are as good, the attendance as good, only you have cane seats instead of plush, and the carpeting is not so expensive or extensive. At Cheyenne we, who were for Oregon, changed to a train just in from Denver, but there was only one passenger for the north and that one had a spick, span, clean car all to himself for the two days to come. There would be an occasional wayfarer who staid over night, but only one

went through to the finish. The car I left was crowded with people for California, among whom was a Rossburg man, Mr. Colbourne, who had been back to his native England to see his mother. Nebraska grows more sparse as we go west; the towns are not so large, cultivation not so general; stock interests are more prominent, the country is not so well adapted to farming as we near Wyoming. We are getting among the cow boys, and as we pass stations they are strongly in evidence. It is interesting to watch the gradual change that comes over the world as we leave the rich prairie regions of the Mississippi and Missouri valleys and near the upper waters of the Platte, more and more pronounced as we sweep on westward until the heavy grade requires two great engines and the division of trains into several sections.

But the change of landscape is not so pronounced; it is the same unbroken outlook of range land, reaching in all directions, with no break of forest or hills to change the scale. Only the labor of the train shows an up-grade all the time. One of the trainmen comes through and says "Look there!" and to the left, in the advance, is a bank of snow that he speaks the presence of the Rocky mountains! But there is no Rocky mountain in sight as we trend on through the South Pass, so famous in early times. Only for the grooming of the train we should not know we were climbing the continental divide. Cheyenne the capital of Wyoming is over 6000 feet elevation, and the wind always blows there, but it is a modern city with 12000 population, and these don't blow away. The Rocky mountain vistas are the same range of landscapes we saw down on the Platte; no rocks in sight but herds of cattle in perspective. Thirty miles beyond, westward, and we have climbed up 2200 feet higher and reached Sherman, where stands the monument to Oakes Ames—who was the financial soul of the great enterprise that there to the world we are at the summit of the South Pass, elevation 8,249 feet, over a mile and a half of altitude; yet there are only more rocky upheavals in the distance and stock range everywhere! From here we descend rapidly; twenty-four miles down the west-rail grade and we descend over 1000 feet, to Laramie, the old fort site so famous in pioneer stories. We have crossed the Rocky mountains, and there were its rocky ridges to confront our vision. How the backbone of the continent got its name is not discoverable at the South Pass! All the mid-mountain country is much the same. We touched the northern line of Colorado once, as we sped through Nebraska, 450 miles then entered Wyoming, at 5028 feet elevation, traveled through it 405 miles and left it at 6273 feet elevation; which shows that all here is mountain plateau, only adapted to stock raising. Attempts at cultivation are few and far between. This is the land of the stock man and the cow boy. On the open veldt we pass cattle yards for shipping stock, with no house in sight; perhaps a tent is near by. Here, in Idaho, you can see a mud bowl to vary perspective, and a few miles beyond the black basalt is chipped and hammered into blocks, to build a house among wastes that seem to defy hope of civilization. As we trend westward the aspect of the world brightens. The low that incanders amid arid, sagebrush plains is Snake river. I am at home!

Thirty-five years ago, this fall, the writer traversed and wrote of this middle and southern Idaho region, when it had only mines and few homesteads, and was interested in its uses and rode by stage or on horseback far and near, with no expectation of living to ride through here on a first-class railway. The rest of the journey, 700 miles, is all familiar, following Snake river for nearly 400 miles to Huntington, then up Barst river, through Powder River valley, the Grand Ronde valley, thus penetrating the Blue mountains; then over the wheat belts of Ematalla, down the rock-filled course of the Columbia, past The Dalles, through the great and wonderful gorge of the Columbia, and the fourth morning after leaving Chicago the iron horse shows up at the Union depot, Portland, where the writer landed in 1850, when the metropolis of the Northwest coast was but a struggling village, almost destitute of houses.

S. A. CLARKE.

The coming election did not interfere with travel, and in all the 3200 miles of journey from Washington to Portland no Bryanaite put in an appearance; evidently they are not fond of travel. As I sat in the Omaha depot the foreign looking man by my side—Scandinavian by appearance—wore a medal that showed McKinley and Roosevelt. He said he was satisfied with what we had and wanted no change. "Good enough was good enough" for him. A man from the Shoshone valley had the same medal and said his part of the "Old Dominion" was Republican. Just at the present there is a landslide going on at the East that will leave Bryan in the lurch. The good business sense of the nation is for McKinley, and the men who earn wages are sure to agree with employers who pay them well.

S. A. C.

A Few Pointers.

The recent statistics of the number of deaths show that the large majority die with consumption. This disease may commence with an apparently harmless cough which can be cured instantly by Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, which is guaranteed to cure and relieve all cases. Price 25c, and 50c. For sale by all druggists.

BLUESTEAM WHEAT

Lewiston, Ida., Oct. 27.—J. Alexander, a merchant of this city, has 25,000 bushels of Bluesteam wheat on the Chicago market. The first shipment will be made over the Northern Pacific tomorrow. The local quotation on Bluesteam is 43 cents, and the freight rate to Chicago is 36 cents. The seller does not give out the price received, but it is said to be 2 or 3 cents better than the Portland market. This shipment is the first made from the extreme Northwest to Chicago this season, and the circumstance has excited the attention of the grain growers throughout this region.

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HARNEY IS POORER

SUMMARY OF TAX ROLL SHOWS A DECREASE

In the Valuation of Property—The 1900 Assessment Was Higher—Both Statements in Detail.

(From Daily Statesman, Oct. 28.)

The clerk of Harney county yesterday filed the summary of the assessment roll of his county, for the year 1900, for use of the State Board of Levy. The statement shows a valuation of \$2,241,655, a decrease of \$62,125 from the valuation returned in 1899. The roll for last year showed a total valuation of \$2,333,780, while this year's total is \$2,241,655. Following is this year's summary as returned to the State Department:

Table with 2 columns: Description and Value. Includes 54,457 acres tillable land, 633,006 acres non-tillable, 103,885 Impr. on deeded lands, etc.

Gross value of property, \$2,318,740. Exemptions, 77,085.

Total value taxable prop., \$2,241,655. For purposes of comparison the summary of last year is given below, showing in what classes of property last year's tax roll showed a higher valuation than does that of 1900:

Table with 2 columns: Description and Value. Includes 55,520 acres tillable land, 633,901 acres non-tillable, 85,815 Impr. on deeded land, etc.

Gross value, \$2,419,755. Exemptions, \$2,975.

Total taxable property, \$2,333,780.

Out in Indianapolis Dr. Grady, who has been a visiting dentist in the public schools for twenty years, strongly advises the regular examination of the teeth in school children, and recommends that children be taught the proper use of the tooth brush, an unknown article to many children and the parents as well. He believes that this is as important as instruction in physiology and hygiene, and believes that through instruction of the child, the public at large may be educated to the proper care of the teeth. He suggests that a tooth-brush drill be a part of the instruction of the schools, and that the inspector show the children the method of brushing the upper teeth downward and the lower ones upward, following this by rinsing the mouth with water or a milk antiseptic solution, with the lips closed and forcing the water through the crevices between the teeth. Certainly to see a class of juveniles going through the tooth-brush drill would be a highly interesting and animated performance; as for the small boy himself, one can readily imagine with what enthusiasm he would engage in the exercise.

NEW MAGAZINE. The first issue of "The World's Work," published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York, contains a large number of interesting and well written articles. The contents include the March of Events, an editorial interpretation of a Revolution in Nature Pictures, by A. Radcliffe Dugmore; The Riches of a Rural State, William R. Lighton, and short stories of "Men Who Work." Fine illustrations are features of this magazine. It is, with the activities of the newly organized world, "his problems and his romances," that this magazine will concern itself, "trying to convey the cheerful spirit of men who do things." The magazine is sure to fill a place in literature, and is likely to become a most popular work.



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race, which at this point is deep and swift, and received a thorough ducking. Two gentlemen, residents of this city, happened to come along and help the unfortunate man out of his predicament, and one of them, a prominent business man, took the shivering traveller to his home, and provided him with a change of clothing. The gentleman who was so unfortunate as to walk into the ditch was an outfire stranger here, and as it was quite dark, his accident is easily accounted for. He will probably not have another experience like it for many a day.

PROMINENT PYTHIAN DEAD.

Indianapolis, Oct. 27.—Colonel Jas. R. Ross died at his home in this city today, aged 59 years. He was widely known in K. of P. circles.

AN ASSASSIN'S PLOT.

Anarchist Conspiracy to Kill the President of France. Lyons, Oct. 27.—The Nonviolente de Lyon says a plot to assassinate President Loubet has been discovered. It appears that a working electrician, named Couturier, indignantly entered the electric company's premises at Lyons, stealing 2500 francs. He was tracked to Orange, near Lyons, where he was arrested. Documents found on his person revealed, the paper says, an anarchist conspiracy to assassinate President Loubet on his coming visit to Lyons to unveil a monument erected to the memory of President Carnot. Couturier is said to have committed the burglary in order to obtain funds to carry out his project. He has, it is added, confessed to the police, who are now tracking his accomplices and watching anarchists in order to prevent any attempt to carry out the scheme.

TWO CONVICTS.—W. W. Frazer, deputy sheriff of Multnomah county, came to Salem last evening, bringing up two prisoners to be placed in the penitentiary. One is A. W. Strenger, convicted of rape, and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, and John Reed, a larcenist, who has one year to serve, is the other. These two arrivals bring the number of prisoners in the penitentiary up to 281.

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