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EDITORIAL

It is amusing to see the scramble of a lot of newspaper men and some political parasites in no way connected with the printing business talking about being candidates for state printer. The office under the old moth-eaten constitution is made elective by the people and costs the people about thirty thousand dollars a year, the printer clearing up about \$10,000 after dividing up with the printer's union. The object of so many candidates is to force the man who gets it to hire all the rest. As the wages amount to from three to six dollars a day any one of these politicians can make more setting type for the state than he can running his paper. What should be done, but there is no danger that it will be, is to cut the abnormal profits of the business down to something like what is made by bankers, merchants and others who do about the same amount of business in a year that a state printer does. Then the whole expense for state printing would be half what it is now. There is hardly a newspaper man in the state that would not be glad to take the office on a two thousand a year salary. The state printing office should be so conducted with publishing the laws and supreme court reports as to become practically self-sustaining. In fact that could be done with every state office, instead of making them all a burden on the taxpayer.

The county court of Douglas county has entered into a contract with two sharp lawyers who are going to bring suit to raise the valuation of the S. P. Co. tracks in that county to \$10,000 a mile. These lawyers agree to carry the case through the circuit and supreme courts and ask no pay until the county gets its first year's taxes and then they are to get one half. In other words, the county will give them half the proceeds for carrying on a harassing litigation that will probably result in nothing because the railroad company defeated Jackson county on a similar lawsuit. It seems to a man up a tree this is morally wrong, and according to the old common law the county commissioners would be guilty of chicanery and the lawyers of barratry for making such an agreement, and if the S. P. Co. cannot be assessed and have a valuation put on its property by the assessor and the county board of equalization, just the same as any other citizen of the county, there is something wrong and the law should be changed. Chances are, the lawyers who got the contract will before long be in the employ of the S. P. Co., if they don't get such political notoriety out of it that it will send them both to congress.

It will be depressing news for the Pacific northwest to learn that the renowned Leigh S. J. Hunt will not start a million dollar daily newspaper in Seattle. This Korean multi-millionaire returned to the Pacific coast some time since and arranged to have a \$1,000,000 building erected, ordered presses of 100,000 an hour capacity, leased all the cables to Asia and several wires to New York, brought a suit against the Associated Press for a franchise, and began paying outlawed debts on paper at least and had the newspapers full of him, and then started back to Korea until the rest of the world could catch up with him. Now it transpires that it was largely wind-work, and the self-inflating aeronaut is laid out sick at some seaport and his physician orders him to Carlsbad. In Iowa where Hunt was best known he could not get credit for a week's board, and along with the class like John Barrett he seems to have the capacity for swelling himself to enormous dimensions in proportion to the square of the distance he removes from home. This type of making millions and reveling in the wealth of a Croesus is typical of the age we are living in. Two young fellows from Salem went up on the Sound and worked on a newspaper and in a few years it was noised about that they were worth millions. This fiction sounded big and amused their friends and no doubt amused them, for when the paper changed hands they came to Oregon and went to work by the week at any old job, carefully concealing their millions from the assessor and their most intimate friends. Recently they have gone into oil speculations in California and lo, and behold, it is again rumored that they are worth millions. Chances are they will be back for a clerkship in the next legislature. The news-

paper millionaire is the most jolly fiction of the day and if there is anyone to be truly sorry for, it is the man reputed to have millions who hasn't got them. It is sad enough to have such a thing but to be cured with the reputation and have some other fellow who knows better, laughing and jeering as you have dodge to the bill collector to keep any change in your pocket.

The failure of all reform parties getting into the saddle in Oregon has not dismayed the reform elements. Witness the defeat of the great American textbook trust, that after nearly twenty years of unbroken power in this state has been knocked silly and put clear out of business under a Republican administration that made no pretense to being a long-whiskered affair. Left to itself the Republican party would have not done very much to get rid of an oppressive monopoly. But the reform elements in all the parties took hold and were determined to make a cleanup. The new Republican Governor wasn't owned by the concern body and breaches and under the influence of a wholesome public sentiment he gave the people a commission of such character that it simply couldn't afford to do anything but straight business. They met and performed their work in three or four days when they could have taken a month. They needed a few clerks and hired them for a day or two, just as they would if they had been spending their own money. When they were through they sent them about their business, just as though they didn't have the whole state treasury to draw on. They thought the best school books that were offered them for the money regardless of who published them. If the old monopoly had offered them, they would have taken them just as quickly, but that corporation had to spend so much money to keep in touch with the political grafters it couldn't furnish cheap books if it wanted to. One of its dish-washers told Bill Colvig that his "house" spent \$50,000 a year in Oregon. "Legitimately?" quizzed Bill. At this even the cheek of a textbook agent turned 17 colors and he vanished. The editor is not going to fight this battle over again, except to call attention to the fact that it is possible to get a great reform brought about without putting a new party in power. Some people have the idea that the country is going straight to the devil unless the Pops, or the Socialists, or the Missouri River Democracy is put in power. In fact, the country will go pretty near the bad place whenever they are dependent on any patent device of the politicians to save it, and people still capable of scratching their heads for themselves better irritate their craniums sufficiently to understand that it is only when a reform can be lifted above partisanship that any great result can be brought about for the good of the general run of folks. The general intelligence and political sagacity of all the people rises to higher performances than the conception of frothy, brassy, demagogic self-seeking politicians, who, when the foam is blown off, and the crowd has quit hollering, are usually as completely exhausted as to a jug of yeast that has blown the cork out. That Governor Geer was not reached by the lawyers and hoodlars of the textbook trust to continue the old expensive graft was more due to the fact that he had not been in politics before going into office than to any virtue of his party because his party had sold out the sacred interests of public education on this matter for nearly 20 years.

This textbook commission set a new pace in another matter. When it needed a few people to do some clerical work it didn't bring its own families into requisition. The daughters and wives of the members were not crowded into the places as though a famine were on and all who didn't get onto the payroll forthwith were doomed to starve. That is the way people called senators and representatives and others who accidentally get public office sometimes act. The people who were employed were not even mentioned in the newspapers any more than are the hands employed at the cannery or the sawmill at \$1.25 a day. They simply did their work by the day the same as any other laborer and were paid for their work, not for idling, or sitting on the benches with the members, or lying on their ear-mufflers. The whole lollypop and lallygagging relation of the average legislative committee clerkship are disgusting to a man who has any sense of pride, and is probably the reason why so many members prefer to hire their wives and daughters because that puts an end to it. The idea of making the State pay for what any self-respecting man should be ashamed to have paid for except out of his own pocket is repulsive. The textbook commission had only a few clerks to hire but the way they did it is deserving of

comment if for no other purpose than to rub it in on the whole ghastly clerkship graft that, in the last biennial boodle run up to \$22,000, and the Kuyken organ up at Eugene has the audacity to say it was a very economical legislature. Now the people may know what to expect if they elect another legislature run by the Kuykendall crew. If the people ever get their eyes open to the fact that if they will just send a different stripe of men to the legislature—fellows like these textbook commissioners—and not allow the legislative ticket to be made up just to enable some politician to pay his political debts—they would reduce their burdens just in proportion to the way the price of school books has been reduced and get just that much better laws and government. For be it known there is no improving the government by spending more money on it. As well drain a slaughterhouse into a sewer and expect to improve the sanitary conditions of the city as give the Brownells and Kuykendalls more money to squander in public affairs. But they are the element in charge of the Republican party in Oregon so far as the legislature is concerned and the federal patronage at the hands of McKinley, and the men composing the textbook commission may as well prepare for the rebuke that surely awaits them for having set an example of doing public business without employing boodle methods. Their influence and their pernicious example of applying the same horse-sense business methods to a public job that they would to private affairs will have to be overthrown or it is all day with the style of statesman who brings as many of his family to Salem as can be spared from the farm or the country grocery to ornament the payroll. The style of beasty practical economy practical by this textbook commission in not hiring any more clerks than they needed or keeping them any longer than they had work for them to do, would drive half the politicians in Oregon out of business. It is doubtful if the people themselves would stand it to have public business conducted in that way. Certainly those wouldn't whose only interest in a public official is not in his principles so much as in his pill.

It is comical and yet nauseating to read of one Professor Frank Rigler, who by some mysterious process, is kept at the head of the Portland city schools, coming out in laudatory endorsement of the recent textbook adoption in this state which he had nothing whatever to do with, thank fortune. He had the cheek to have a lot of people pushing him for a place on the textbook commission, and the state was full of material to have proven his utter unfitness for disinterested work if he had got on there. The Governor wisely concluded not to have his valuable services, and if the fallen angel, after he was kicked out of the society of the celestial host, had turned around and endorsed their action in sending him to the bottomless pit, he would not have appeared more robustly ridiculous than this latest wriggle of Rigler. The whole textbook adoption is a slap square in the face of all the Wrigglers like Rigler, who for twenty years used their public positions to act as book agents for a private corporation to detriment of the schools and at the expense of the taxpayer. These gentlemen, if such performances on the part of educational officials permits the use if that word in connection with them, cannot wriggle off the plank by perfunctory endorsement of what it took the decent people of all parties in this state three years to bring about in spite of the united opposition of these politician educators like the now wriggling Rigler. The plain truth is this textbook reform that has now extracted an eleventh hour endorsement from Rigler had his utmost contempt and solid opposition for the last three years. He fought the Daly bill when it was being drafted by the joint legislative committee. He exercised such a terrorism in behalf of the great American textbook trust which he represented that teachers under him were afraid to come before the committee and give any suggestions. He tried to engineer resolutions through the State Teachers' Association condemning the reform. The last effort of the prolonged wriggle was last winter at the meeting of the department of state superintendence, whatever kind of an animal that may be, when an effort was made to change Gov. Geer's determination to name a business men's commission, and Rigler was sat upon. It is said that Rigler was putting in his time at Salem during the sessions of the Textbook Commission, and as he never said a word in favor of the reform you can bet your last cent he was not here in the interest of his health. There is no danger of his resigning or leaving the State, but a whole lot of people wouldn't shed any tears over a whole lot of the book-agent school teachers emigrating and leaving vacancies that might be filled with some others who

**Eczema**  
How it reddens the skin, itches, oozes, dries and scabs!  
Some people call it tetter, milk crust or salt rheum.  
The suffering from it is sometimes intense; local applications are resorted to—they mitigate, but cannot cure.  
It proceeds from humors inherited or acquired and persists until these have been removed.  
**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
positively removes them, has radically and permanently cured the worst cases, and is without an equal for all cutaneous eruptions.  
Hood's PILLS are the best cathartic. Price 25 cents.

**BATTLES OF NATURE.**  
Increasing Struggles Which End In Survival of Fittest.  
We read the tablets of long ago which the geologist has deciphered for us, and we find them an endless story of battles. The successful species which occupy the great geological horizons have come out of great tribulation. The trilobites and stone lilies of the silurian period, the gigantic club moss and fluted sturgeons of the coal age, the enormous ammonites of the Jurassic and chalk epochs, the mighty elephants and majestic deer forms of the tertiary era are magnates of the times and masterpieces of the struggle. They have been redeemed at great price, even of a thousand species and tens of thousands of individuals who fell short of the typical fitness and were killed out. These magnates, each in its turn, were pioneers of progress, like the scouts of a great army and were caught in a physiological ambush.  
The pedigree of the horse in the most recent past has been made out, traced shall we say, for a hundred thousand years before man came on the scene (for Lord Kelvin asked the geologist to hurry up and not be too lavish with time or we should have said 250,000 years before man). The fleetness, grace and strength of the horse are owing to his ability to walk on one toe, to which have been correlated the wonderful instincts by which he has become the partner of man in his industries and struggles. He has been derived in almost a strict gradation from the two-toed, three-toed, four-toed and five-toed ancestors which flourished in the ages which preceded man. Myriads of individuals and all the species and varieties died out to make room for the one-toed selection to enable this favorite to occupy the ground untroubled by crossing or by recurrence to average forms. He was redeemed at a great price and has come through a great tribulation.—Contemporary Review.

**A CLEANLY AGE.**  
Twentieth Century Ideas Incline Toward Sanitation and Preventatives.  
Nowadays scientists believe that in cleanliness lies the secret of prevention of disease.  
To prevent a disease, remove the cause.  
Just as unclean habits breed many diseases, so careless habits will breed dandruff. Improper use of another's brushes, combs, etc., will surely cause dandruff, and, in time, will just as surely cause baldness.  
It's microbial infection, nothing more nor less.  
Newber's Herpicide kills the dandruff germ, and causes hair to grow luxuriantly. Herpicide is absolutely free from grease or other injurious substances.

**AN INDIAN CIGAR SIGN.**  
The Fate That Overtook One Aggressive Wooden Savage.  
The city of Little Muddy, on the upper Yellowstone, was an exceedingly wide awake town in 1887. When it had reached the mature age of 3 months, every kind of business man was represented except the cigar dealer, and the next week a man from Chicago named Stark opened a tobacco store, with a large, gaudy and aggressive wooden Indian in front, holding a tomahawk savagely in one hand and a bunch of cigars in the other. It would take a chapter to tell of all the trouble Stark had with that wooden aborigine. This variety of sign was rare in that region, and gentlemen not unconnected with the stock growing industry who came in from the ranges wearing spurs and wide awake would resent his threatening attitude—for that matter, no Indian, even the most peaceably disposed, was popular. He was knocked off his pedestal half a dozen times a day. Stark learned to know what had happened whenever he heard a dull crash in front and would step outside and restore his fallen warrior.  
But the red man did not meet his Waterloo till Tobe Hartley and a friend, preserved to us under the name of Long Isaac, came in from the Lightning's Nest neighborhood. A close friendship existed between these two worthies. It was their first vacation from the ranch for several months. They wandered about town in a receptive mood and sought to enjoy their visit. No facts are extant concerning their condition after some hours, but we may perhaps be allowed our suspicions. Finally they separated, and Tobe, coming along to the Indian and not noticing his upraised hatchet, sat down at his feet to rest. He soon fell asleep and sank lower. At this juncture Isaac came around the corner and took in the tragic situation at a glance.

"Killed my papa" for "a simple bunch of cigars, did you?" he cried. "Well, we'll see about it!" and he produced his revolver and began shooting steadily and rapidly. At the end of the fifth minute Stark gathered up his noble savage in a basket, while the enraged Tobe and the avenging Isaac moved off arm in arm.—Harper's Magazine.

**MOVING PICTURES.**  
HOW THE SKETCHES ARE REPRODUCED UPON THE FILMS.  
The Amount of Movement That May Be Crowded Into Fifty Seconds. The Greatest Successes Are Often Brought About by Accident.  
"A queer thing about moving pictures," said an expert operator in that line to a New Orleans Times-Democrat reporter, "is the illusion they generally produce as to the time they occupy while on the screen. What is known as the 'standard exhibition film' is 50 feet long. It is used almost entirely for comic scenes, trick pictures and other effects that are not up in the studios of the experts who make them a specialty. Every theater goer has seen them, and I will venture the assertion that the average man will declare they take at least three or four minutes in passing before the eye. As a matter of fact the picture is on the screen less than one minute. You can easily figure it out for yourself. The ordinary 50 foot film of the kind to which I refer is put through the reproducing machine at the rate of 16 pictures to the second. Each picture is three-fourths of an inch broad, which makes the 16 measure exactly one foot, edge to edge; in other words, the film travels a foot a second—50 feet, 50 seconds. What gives it the effect of taking up so much more time is the immense lot of action that is usually crowded into the brief period it is in view. Until the moving picture was invented I don't think anybody had the least idea how much could be done in 50 seconds. It seemed hardly time enough to turn around in, yet when the experts began to study its possibilities they found it was ample for hundreds of little pictorial comedies that have since delighted audiences all over the world."  
"It is entirely a matter of rehearsal. A subject is selected, generally calling for from three to four people, and every detail of the 'business' or action is carefully worked out in advance. Suppose, for illustration, that a comic burlesque is the topic. The business, in skeleton, might run something like this: Old gentleman dozing in parlor; enter burglar; old gentleman awakes; burglar hides; enter policeman, searches the room, collars old gent; they fight and roll on the floor while burglar suddenly emerges and leaps out of the window. That doesn't sound particularly side splitting, but in the hands of intelligent comedians it can be made really very funny. The all essential thing is to crowd it into 50 seconds, and to that end each bit of action is carefully timed and made to fit into each other bit like so many well geared cogwheels. The old gentleman's startled yawn, the burglar's glance around the room and every step, movement and gesture from beginning to end is calculated with the utmost nicety, and at last after dozens of rehearsals the act is attempted before the recording machine. If everybody is lucky, it goes through on schedule time, but the slightest hitch is fatal, and if one occurs the film is spoiled, and they must try it over again. No wonder it seems impossible to future spectators that so much could transpire in 50 seconds.  
"But some of the most telling effects in composition pictures," continued the operator, "have been the result of accident and were entirely unpremeditated. That was the case with a film that I had a hand in preparing and that afterward made a tremendous hit and proved to be one of the best sellers ever put on the market. In getting up the picture our principal purpose was to introduce a large and very intelligent bulldog I owned at the time, and we sketched out a simple little scene in which a tramp steals a pie from a kitchen window, is pursued by the dog and is last seen trying to scale

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The pleasant method and beneficial effects of the well known remedy, SYRUP OF FIGS, manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., illustrate the value of obtaining the liquid laxative principles of plants known to be medicinally laxative and presenting them in the form most refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system. It is the one perfect strengthening laxative, cleansing the system effectually, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers gently yet promptly and enabling one to overcome habitual constipation permanently. Its perfect freedom from every objectionable quality and substance, and its acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, without weakening or irritating them, make it the ideal laxative.  
In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal qualities of the remedy are obtained from senna and the taste and aromatic plants. The method known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only. In order to get its beneficial effects and to avoid imitations, please remember the full name of the Company printed on the front of every package.  
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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.  
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For sale by all Druggists.—Price 50c. per bottle.

the back fence with the intention of scaling to his coattails.  
"The training of the dog was the main trouble, but I finally taught him to lay hold of anything red, and we sowed a big piece of flannel as a mark to the back of our tramp's coat. Red photographs black, so it couldn't be seen in the pictures, and after a good many rehearsals the dog learned to dash out at exactly the right moment and nail the marauder, whose cue was then to rush for the fence and consume the remaining time in making an apparently desperate effort to scramble over the top. At last we got everything all ready, gave the word and started the record machine to take the picture.  
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