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THE JOURNAL STANDS FOR PROGRESS, DEVELOPMENT, GOOD GOVERNMENT, AND NO DEGRADED LABOR.

**CHEERFULNESS.**

(By Rudolph Green for The Capital Journal.)

'Tis so easy to be happy, when the world's all bright and gay,  
When the bees at work are humming, and the chipmunks chirp at play;  
When the buds droop down with dewdrops, and the sky's one dome of blue,  
And the dancing leaves of Summer, left the golden sun light through;  
When the brook, all lined with posies, murmurs carols soft and low  
Ah, 'tis easy to be cheerful when you can't help being so.

But the storms around you gather and your life with sorrow's clad,  
Then—then its not so easy to be always kind and glad;  
When the flowers in the meadow, hide their radiant heads from view,  
And your friends turn from you coldly, when bad luck has come to you;  
When the leaves fall from the branches, and the birds forget their song,  
Ah, 'tis hard to keep on smiling when it seems that all is wrong.

It is not so easy, either, when you're sick and ache with pain,  
To be always kind and thoughtful, and from anger to abstain,  
But if you can meet life's anguish, bravely with a pleasant smile,  
And although sometimes defeated, boldly make another trial,  
If you through the clouds of sorrow always see the brightest ray,  
You will help the world grow better, driving crime and gloom away.

Every life just like a river, runs through some unfertile land,  
And may change oft times a desert to a country great and grand,  
If the life be always cheerful sparkling though it be through tears,  
It will light the shades with sunshine, as it wends through vales and meres.

And when the ebb-tide of the ocean bears it from the shores of life,  
It will be by all remembered as "a hero in the strife."

**WHAT LONGFELLOW WROTE.**

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,  
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,  
Given to redeem the human mind from error,  
There were no need of arsenals or forts.

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!  
And every nation, that should lift again  
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead  
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,  
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;  
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,  
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals  
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!  
But beautiful as songs of the Immortals,  
The holy melodies of love arise.

—W. H. Longfellow.

**HISTORY OF THE REFERENDUM.**

It is significant of the interest the people are taking in the subject of direct legislation that the Pacific Monthly for May gives a complete history of the movement in Oregon.

The article that will appear in the May number of the Pacific Monthly is an article that will appeal to every thoughtful citizen, BECAUSE IT TREATS OF A SUBJECT THAT IS OF THE GREATEST IMPORTANCE, not alone to the country at large, but to every state, county, township and individual.

The initiative and referendum is the law which has placed the state of Oregon in the very forefront of political progress — THAT HAS CHANGED THE FORM OF GOVERNMENT TO PRACTICALLY A PURE DEMOCRACY—and that has made corrupt machine politics impossible by vesting in the people THE POWER OF ABSOLUTE SELF GOVERNMENT.

This same law has recently been adopted by the new state of Oklahoma and a similar measure has passed one branch of the North Dakota legislature, and at present, practically all of the western states and many of the eastern states, ARE LINING UP FOR THE FIGHT.

Coming as it does, at a time when corrupt politics graft, and tyrannical trusts reign supreme, this now thoroughly tested form of government proves at last the truth and practicability, giving faith to all, in our national slogan, "A GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE AND FOR THE PEOPLE."

The Pacific Monthly is doing all it can to spread this good news. Mr. Pease is thoroughly fitted to tell the story in a complete and forceful way, as he has been a keen observer of the movement and its leaders from its inception.

**BUILD THE ROAD TO TURNER.**

There is now a good prospect that the finest kind of a highway will this year be completed from Salem to Turner.

There is already five miles finished FROM THE CITY LIMITS TO THE STATE REFORM SCHOOL.

There is about a mile of road in the city limits that should be graded and connected with the state road at the city limits.

At present there is no road at all, except a wagon track, from the city limits to the Turner road at the Westcott and Irwin place.

Governor Chamberlain offers to build the road from the reform school on south to Turner with convict labor, IF THE COUNTY WILL COVER IT WITH CRUSHED ROCK.

Judge Scott informs The Capital Journal that he will put a rock crusher at work between Salem and Turner and proceed at an early day to put crush d rock on the road that is built, and the rest of it as soon as it is finished.

That is good news for all the people who use that road. IT WILL ENABLE US ALL TO ATTEND CAMPMEETING.

By all means, gentlemen, build the road to Turner. Let us have one more road out of Salem that is travelable summer and winter at a trot.

**LET US BE FAIR AND CONSERVATIVE.**

The Capital Journal believes the people of Oregon in general are fair and conservative of the true interests of the people.

They will not, when fully informed, INJURE OR CRIPPLE ANY MATERIALLY IMPORTANT PART OF THE STATE OR ITS LEGITIMATE FUNCTIONS.

There is no real warfare on higher education as such. There is no warfare on the State University or the normal schools.

But this is a free commonwealth. The citizens are the only sovereigns and the officials and employees are not their masters.

The people are going to be consulted more in the future than in the past about all kinds of appropriations.

As Ellhu Root says in his great speech printed in this issue, the people make war and declare peace, NOT THE GOVERNMENT.

The people will finally say HOW MUCH THE STATE UNIVERSITY SHALL HAVE EACH YEAR in the way of direct taxes for its support.

A fair and conservative bill for the annual support of the State University should be initiated at the meeting of the State Grange.

Instead of the direct tax of \$47,000 let the University be given \$60,000 or \$70,000, OR WHATEVER IS NECESSARY FOR SUPPORT.

Then let it come to the legislature for lands and buildings when it needs them, and specify what it wants, and it will be treated fairly.

But let the people stand firmly by the principle that they are the masters of the situation, and ACCEPT NO DICTATION FROM ANY "INSTITUTION."

The people are the only "institution" worth mentioning in Oregon. They are the only machines, the only bosses.

But they must be fair and progressive up to the demands of the times, AND WE HONESTLY BELIEVE THEY WILL BE.

The Oregon state government is in the hands of the people more than any other state government in the Union of states.

To hold that grasp firmly the people must be fair and conservative toward all interests vital to the commonwealth.

The process of continually enlarging the demands of "institutions" and "departments" of government MUST BE STOPPED.

That can be done by keeping the Big Stick ever actively employed in striking down unwarrantedly rapid increase of demands.

There must be a check upon the outgo of the state treasury, and a constantly increasing inflow from indirect taxes.

The tax eaters cannot have all they want and at the same time let the tax eaters DODGE ALL THE BURDENS AS THEY HAVE IN THE PAST.

In order to force an increase of indirect taxes, it will be just as well to choke off some of the enlarged demands that are excessive.

Sustain the referendum on half a million to a million dollars of the excessive demands until there is some new source of taxation in sight to meet the bills. That is business.

**OREGON'S MOUNTAIN QUAIL**

Paper read before the Salem Bird Study Club by a member.

Among the many bird calls denoting the certain arrival of spring there is none more inspiring than that of the oregonyx pictus, or mountain quail. This resonant and woody note comes from one of the most beautiful of all the native game birds. Decorated with his martial plume, in uniform of olive brown and rufous, and his soldier-like bearing in company formation, he is a delight to all who are so fortunate as to see him in his native woods. His habitat extends from the Columbia river to as far south as Cahon pass in southern California.

The Columbia river is about his northern limit, although a few have been seen north of that boundary. In the southern portion of his range he is found only in the higher portions of the Sierra Nevada, not being found in the Coast range south of San Francisco. Farther north in the boundaries of Oregon the quail inhabits the valleys as well as the higher altitudes and in the Willamette valley he is an all the year resident, brooding in our woods and orchards, where they bring off a flock of from six to 15 chicks.

Their food is seeds (and I presume that includes a little of the good farmers' grain), berries and insects. Where I see them mostly the woods and pastures have grown up with evergreen blackberries, so I presume they reap a harvest there, or at least they have the fullest access to them during their long season.

The habitat and description of the mountain quail I have taken from a book on California and Pacific coast birds, published by order of the legislature of California, and which I found in our state library.

Description—Head with a crest of two feathers much longer than the bill and head. The anterior half of the body grayish. The upper parts generally olivaceous brown with a slight shade of rufous. Have beneath the eyes and throat orange chestnut, the sides of the body showing black and white bands, the black being tinged with chestnut. Bill bluish horn color. Feet brownish white. The nest contains from six to 15 eggs of a pale reddish buff color, and always situated on the ground, well hidden by standing grass or overhanging limbs of brush.

I remember quite well when I was six or eight years of age, in company with my younger brother, we found a quail's nest in the corner of the fence surrounding our peach orchard on the old farm south of town. At the time of our discovery the mother bird was quite wild and

scurred from her nest full of eggs in a hurry. We then took up with the notion of taming her with food brought to the nest and scattered about. She finally became so accustomed to our visits that we could walk up, draw aside the protecting boughs and law the food alongside without disturbing her in the least.

Last summer out in the neighborhood of Hazel Green church on my daily trips I made the acquaintance of another quail with a flock of about a dozen chicks early in the season before they were able to fly. If I came upon them suddenly by the roadside the mother bird would sound the danger call and hurry backwards and forwards until she had driven the last one to cover of the nearby bushes before seeking safety herself. In fact the maternal instinct seems to be more strongly developed in the quail than any other of the feathered tribes. This one seemed to utterly disregard danger until her chicks were in a place of safety. One day I drove rapidly onto the Pudding river bridge, coming suddenly upon my acquaintance with her family taking a sun bath on the flooring of the bridge. In a moment the alarm note was sounded, and the mother was rushing frantically here and there, first on one side of the buggy, then on the other, brushing the little ones off at the sides of the bridge, whence they would drop some ten to 15 feet into the brush below.

The mother's distress was really pitiful, but she scorned to leave the scene of danger until the last chick had been hustled off, when she also quickly disappeared. I saw this family almost daily until the shooting season opened in October, at which time they had become nearly full grown. The hunters must have dispersed them the first day, for I never saw them again.

JAY W. COX.

[The Salem Bird Study club meets every Tuesday evening at the studio of the Trover-Cronise gallery over Barnes' Cash Store, and all bird lovers are invited to be present.]

**Notice.**

All owing me on account or overdue note are notified to pay up by May 1st, without fail, at the Capital National Bank, as after that date same will be placed with my attorney with instructions to sue. I have permanently removed from Salem, and will positively grant no further extensions. F. A. WIGGINS, 4-13-10; Toppenish, Wash.

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