

THE CAPITAL JOURNAL

E. HOFER, Editor and Proprietor.

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WHAT THE EUGENE REGISTER CALLS A FRANK ADMISSION.

The people should create Nesmith and Umpqua counties if they want the state of Oregon to develop. It is the same proposition as cutting up the big farms.—Salem Journal.

The Journal says creation of Nesmith counties by a vote of all the people is the same proposition as cutting up of the big farms.

All right, if the voters of the state have the right, by their vote, to cut up some of the big farms in this state, let us single out one in Marion county for segregation by vote of the people of the state and see how quickly the Journal's columns will reek with black-face type denouncing such procedure as trampling individual rights under foot.

Chopping up counties by the same process is a state invasion of community rights.

We admit with the Journal that the voters of the state have as much right by their votes to say how small an Oregon farm shall be and whose farm shall be cut up as they have to say where a new county shall be formed and from what old county it shall be taken.—Eugene Register.

In the above method of reasoning the Eugene Register does itself no credit from an intellectual standpoint.

It is generally admitted that it is a good policy to cut up the big ranches into smaller ones and make places for more homes and a denser population.

Now because that is a sound economic principle it does not follow that it would be right to cut up those big ranches by leaving it to a popular vote of the people.

There is no provision in the Constitution for allowing the people to vote on cutting up the large farms into smaller ones.

The effect of cutting up the big counties into smaller ones is identically the same as cutting up the big farms into smaller ones.

New cities are built, new industries spring up new centers of wealth are created and the population of the state increases more rapidly the more new counties are created.

There are only two ways to create a new county—by the act of the legislature or by vote of the sovereign people.

The legislature has not created a new county since Lincoln county was created, or about one in twenty years.

The legislature is generally dominated by the narrow, selfish policies of the old county seat politicians.

They create nothing new, bright or original, but do create high taxes, new offices for themselves or extend their terms or increase their own salaries.

The power of creating new counties cannot be left to the voters of the old counties for they would never create a new county.

The Constitution especially authorizes the creation of new counties by the direct vote of the people and not otherwise.

The Register's contention that no new counties should be created until a special law has been passed is fallacious.

It would block all creation of new counties for all time to come and the legislature would never pass such a foolish law.

It would be a perfect godsend to Oregon if ten new counties could be created and would hasten the development of the state.

But there is no warrant for saying the advocates of new counties favor the cutting up of large farms being left to a popular vote.

SAUNTERING ALONG THE MEDITERRANEAN COAST

Miss Kittie Harbord Writes Delightfully of the Charms and Beauty of Historic Greece and Poetic Italy—Ruins Made Beautiful by the Gentle Touch of Time, and the Glamor and Romance of a Long Passed People Which Still Clings to Their Country and Recalled by the Simple and Primitive Life of the Present Day People.

Rivello, Italy, Apr. 10, 1910.

My Dear Folks:—This trip is indeed beyond my expectation. If you ever again come to Europe, I want you to go over the same ground we have travelled up to this time.

Pompeii is a most wonderful place, and it is hard to realize that at one time it must have been such a beautiful city, and to think at the time of Pompeii they used such beautiful mosaic floors.

We left Naples yesterday at 8:30 a. m. and took the boat for Capri. The most important part of Capri is the Blue Grotto. This was entered in by small boats. The opening of the cave is just large enough for a row boat to enter. They only take two people in a boat, and just before you get to the entrance they make you lie down in the boat. They have to wait for the waves, and if they don't get in at the right time the waves break just as you get to the entrance, and you get soaking wet. We were fortunate and had a good boatman, so we got in and out without getting wet. It is a most weird experience. After you get in the cave the coloring is beautiful. The water and over head is the most beautiful shade of blue. It looks just like a calcium light was playing on it.

We ate our lunch under the most beautiful wateria pergola. It was blue with blossoms.

From there we sailed back to Sorrento. When we landed at Sorrento we went up a winding stairway, made in the rugged rocks to

our hotel which seemed to be hanging on the edge of the rocks. There on the sea-side of the hotel we had our room, and I am not surprised that Marion Crawford was inspired to write books. Here also one of the Astors has a villa where he stays five months in the year.

This morning at 8:30 we started in carriages for Rivello via Amalfi. This is about a thirty-five mile drive and can only be made in carriages. We drove to Amalfi for lunch, and the drive was along the sea, with orange and lemon groves on either side, as far as we could see.

We had our lunch in a quaint old monastery. We stayed several hours there and then with new drivers and fresh horses we started for Rivello which is 1100 feet above Amalfi. So we went back and forth up the mountain with the sea in sight most of the time. And such orange and lemon groves, you would wonder how they could make them grow in the rocks. This is the most quaint old hotel. I wish you could see our room, three beds in a row, with bright red blankets on them for spreads. The maid came in with warm water for us in the funny little tea kettle. The view we have makes us think of the view we have from Mt. Lowe when you look down over the valley. Just imagine yourself 1100 feet up a mountain and looking down over old stone houses, orange and lemon groves, with the sea dashing up against the rocks, like it does at Lone Rock.

I did not get to finish this last

night for we had dinner, which started at seven and we did not finish until nine.

I would like to stay some time at Sorrento, Amalfi and this place. The view, air and meals are fine. Dr. Willard had never stayed here with his party before, so he was a little surprised when we came to the dinner table and found it decorated in ivy, tulips, friezes, hyacinths, peonies, iris, and some flowers I did not know the name of. We stay here until after lunch and then we proceed to Cava by carriage, taking us on up the mountain, but still in view of the sea. Many years ago this city had 36000 inhabitants while now there are only 2000. It was very cold last night and I wished several times I had my steamer rug.

April 14, on board Yacht Athena Here we are sailing along on the Iguian Sea. The weather is grand and the sea smooth. Our meals are all eaten outside with just a canvas over our heads. We travelled over 300 miles on the train yesterday reaching Brendesi about eight o'clock, where we were driven to the yacht Athena, and set sail at 8:45. It was quite rough all night as we were crossing the Adriatic Sea, but today it's very calm again. This yacht holds seventy-five people, and we have nearly sixty on board. I don't feel like we are on the sea for land is so close on both sides of us. Every one is going wild over the snow covered mountains, which have been in sight all morning. To Emily and I, who are used to seeing snow covered mountains, it is not new. These mountains look very much like the Rocky mountains as there is very little growing on them. We got to Delphi in the morning about six and land about seven. We will be there nearly all day. Our plan has been changed a little so as to go to Constantinople first, so we will not get to Athens until April 25th instead of the 20th, so it will be just a month since I had any word from home.

The other day when we returned from Pestum, the two Church girls (Mrs. J. J. Murphy's grand-daughters) got into the same car with us. I did not know them although one of the girls' face was familiar to me. She looked like her mother, so I asked her where she was from and she said Oregon. I told them I was from Salem and knew their grandmother very well. Their mother had gone to Rome, and they were leaving Cava in a few days for Rome.

We did not get to land at Corfu, this morning, but on account of being in Greek waters, our officer had to land and get the yacht's papers fixed up, so nearly every one sent some mail ashore. Our ride yesterday on the train, was mostly through olive groves, although we have not had an olive to eat since we reached Italy. Very few olives are eaten in Italy as they use all their olives for oil. We will get olives in Greece, and they say they are very fine.

April 17th—This is Sunday morning, and we will be sailing all day. This is such a delightful trip, and I am so glad I came to Greece, for I have learned more of Greek History this last week, than I knew during my whole life.

We left Bundire in the evening, and our first stop was Itea, where we took carriages to Delphi. Here we spent the day; eating our lunch under the trees at the Castellan fountain. Our lunch was prepared on the yacht, and they took two sailors along to wait on us. We returned to the yacht about 7:30, had our dinner and retraced our steps a little, and our next stop was Katakola where we took a special train for Olympia. The train ride was about 1 1/2 hours. We again took our lunch with us, but this time we ate it in the dining room of a hotel at Olympia, but we had our own waiters to wait upon us. We got to Pireas about five tonight, where we take on supplies and coal, and while we are at Pireas, which is just a little ways from Athens, they are going to send a sailor after our mail. From Pireas we go to Epidure and then to Crete. The weather is grand and now that we are in its protected waters, instead of open sea, the water is smooth as glass. The land is quite near on one side of us, and in sight on the other. We have nice easy chairs, and lots of cushions on deck, where we can enjoy our selves. We have these Bureau parties on board. One under Dr. Babcock, one under a Professor Clark, and our Dr. Willard.

Whenever we go ashore now we go in our own boats. We carry four small boats, one of which is a gasoline launch, so they tow the balance of us to shore. This part of the country we are travelling in, when we land gives us a pretty good idea

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Subscriptions to Cherry City Improvement League have been received as follows: Capital Journal\$ 5.00

of the people and their way of living.

April 21st—We are still sailing, sailing over the deep blue sea, and while we have had to change our plans a couple of times, we are thoroughly enjoying ourselves. The weather and sea are fine, and of course every one is in good spirits. Sunday night we started for Crete, but along in the night it got so rough they took us to Naupli, where we were anchored at 10 a. m. In the afternoon we visited the ruins of Myceenes and Tyrinr. At Tyrinr I saw the most beautiful sunset I have ever seen; the coloring was grand. At Myceenes I was very much amused. I had two postals which I thought I would write. School was just out, and all the children gathered around. They thought my fountain pen quite odd, and could not understand where the ink came from. One of the boys had his school bag, so we asked a Greek, who could speak a little English, what they studied, so he took out his books and he had a geography, grammar, arithmetic, two histories, a reading book and a writing book, in which were English letters. I had a sheet of paper so I amused them by writing for them. When we left, I put the paper on the bench, I was sitting on, and you should have seen them scramble for it. After we saw the grand sunset we came back to the Athena and spent the night in the harbor. The next morning we had an early breakfast and by seven-thirty we were all landed and started on a thirty-six mile drive to Epidureous, where we saw the best preserved Ancient Greek Theatre in Greece.

I never saw so many wild flowers, and those bright red anemones like we have at home were growing everywhere. I certainly enjoyed the trip, for it took us through a coun-

try where we could see the real Greek life. Here we saw the girls attending the sheep and goats, and knitting or spinning at the same time. We returned to the Athena about six-thirty and again we set sail for crete, but about four in the morning they had to give it up again, so they changed the course and yesterday about noon we landed on the Island of Santorin, that is we tried to anchor, but the water is 1200 feet deep; so they took us around on another side, and those who wanted a good climb went to see a volcano which is smoking a little. I started but it was too much for me, so I came back. When they all returned they took us to the little town of Phira, where on account of our little Athena carrying the British flag, we were met by the British Consul, who took us to the city. We all went on donkeys, for the city looks like it was hanging on the side of a cliff 1200 feet up in the air. Emily took my picture; it was my first experience on a donkey. After the gentleman had shown us all the sights he took us to his home, and treated us to some very fine wine, and banana cordial. Then to show our appreciation we invited he and his family over to the Athena for dinner.

This morning we stopped at the little Island of Noxos where they used to get the marble that was used in the statues of ages ago; we were there only a couple of hours, and are now on our way to Delos, where we will land right after lunch, and visit another ruin, then about five we will sail for Constantinople, reaching there Saturday morning. Did you ever hear of the "conversation heads," the men use in Greece? They say they cannot talk, unless they have some of these

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bends to play with. I bought some yesterday. They look like they were made of mother of pearl!

April 22d—Since I started this yesterday we have had about the roughest sea I ever want to encounter. When we hit some of those heavy waves, I did not know but what we were going under. When we left Delos last night, we started against a heavy wind, and the wind and heavy sea continued all night and this morning the sun is shining but the sea is rough. It rained so at Delos yesterday that we did not get a very good view of the ruins. There are about a half dozen American girls who are studying over here, that are taking this course with our party. We are about to enter the Straits of Dardanelles which we are glad to say we are reaching before sun down, for if we don't they will not let us enter until sunrise so we would have to be anchored until morning.

Dr. Willard just gave us a fine talk on Constantinople, and told us what we were to see. He says we

must be careful when we get there, for its very easy to get lost, and it would be rather dangerous.

I will try and find time to write you of my visit to Constantinople. I must close now for land is very near, and I must view the scenery. I am so busy all the time that I don't get home-sick, but I would like to see you all.

With lots of love to all and a kiss for Priscilla, KATIE HARBORD.

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