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TODAY'S WEATHER—Showers; fresh to brisk southerly winds. YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 60; minimum temperature, 53; precipitation, 0.21 inch.

PORTLAND, MONDAY, OCTOBER 28.

THE SCIENCE OF MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

"The Victors" is the name of a new novel published by Frederick A. Stokes & Co., New York. Three men start together in a little town in Michigan. All of them reach New York, and one of them, Maguire, becomes the great political boss of the city. His aphorisms on "practical politics" are full of worldly wisdom.

"Very well, now," he observes, when wonder is expressed at the enormous power of the "boss," "what these days of yours have not tumbled to is that the business men of New York will pay good money to be let alone." Of those who protest, and talk about moral and financial reform, he says:

"These people don't understand the first principles of the American Constitution. They don't know what this great country is made for. The founders of this country were ordinary, every-day men in the street who wanted to make money; as much and as fast as they could. If you give him that he asks no more of anybody. He wants to get on, to get to the top, to get to the front, to get to the head of the parade, to get to the head of the parade, to get to the head of the parade."

"This fits closely. A passage of greater length is worth quoting, for its clear exposition of methods often employed in application of 'practical politics' to the science of municipal government in these United States:

"We will take the case of a saloon-keeper on the corner. The law requires him to close his premises at certain hours and to keep them closed on Sunday. He has a habit of staying during the year. The human throat has been constructed with regard to the calendar, and one of its peculiarities happens to be that it is as likely to become hoarse on Sunday afternoon as it was the previous Wednesday. Hence a demand for alleviation. Consequently, Sunday trade in drink and profitable because there are more mouths to be fed on Sunday than on any other day. The saloon-keeper refuses to pay. Very good. He shall respect the law, which is also very good. A policeman—an incorruptible one—has a habit of stopping the saloon-keeper in front of the saloon. He does not need to say anything. The saloon-keeper pays him and goes to the next place. This makes all the difference between profit and loss to the saloon-keeper, and there is a touch of opera bouffe about the business. Imagine him attempting to complain that he is compelled to pay the policeman. What are the police there for but to accomplish that very object? The saloon-keeper must turn state's evidence upon the man who kept an open house on Sunday, and there can be no other witness. But even if a man could summon up proof strong as Holy Writ, it would have little effect upon a Judge swayed by the evidence of the saloon-keeper. It needs no ghost from the grave to show us that there is exactly one of two things to do when you are in a saloon-keeper's shoes. Still, after all, it is a small minority in any community. The bulk of the people desire to make their living as honestly as they may. Yet, among those reputable dealers who respect the law and hope rightly to abide by it, they also have two courses before them. They may set aside a fighting fund, and, as opportunity offers, they may exact from them by the party in power, an excessive amount of money. Or they may engage an expensive lawyer and defend themselves from court to court, ultimately victorious, perhaps. They may pay blackmail and work in peace."

Well, now, why can't good citizens organize to suppress and hold down this sort of thing, and various other abuses and vices, including official blackmail? The truth must be told. They don't want to. The Independent (New York) of October 17 has a powerful article on this subject. It is a magnificent indictment of the "better element" of citizenship. "The strength of Tammany," says the Independent, "is not in the ignorant and vicious classes, but in the respectable, church-going, well-to-do business classes; and Tammany knows it, and they know it, and everybody who is not a simpleton knows it." The Independent explains that "the average business man, right down in the bottom of his heart, does not want an unflinchingly honest business administration." He wants a "pull" on his own account; he wants an administration that will wink at his encroachments on the sidewalk; one that will favor him in assessments; one that will let him use sand for cement in building, violate the ordinances against soft coal and the storage of noxious materials, and not be too particular about the use of property for questionable or immoral purposes—for such property usually yields highest income.

Here you have it. The municipal statesman, in his study of the science and application of practical politics in municipal government, will soon discover these fundamental truths, and he banks on them. The remedy suggests itself, but it is not likely to enforce itself.

Mr. Roosevelt, wife of the President, has edited with the remark that any woman with common sense can dress

well on \$200 a year. Some of the women of the swell set answer that \$10,000 a year would not be too great a sum for the wife of the President; and they intimate that the present lady of the White House will show herself lacking in taste and spirit if she do not spend that sum. Of course, it is not Mrs. Roosevelt who is talking of women of "common sense."

GOOD MR. DOLGE.

With the passage of Mr. Alfred Dolge into bankruptcy, there perishes from the earth one of the beautiful dreams of anguine visionaries. Dolgeville, N. Y., has long been the delight of the tender-hearted. Pullman's model town did no more than Dolgeville did for its workers. They were comfortably housed, they had no end of privileges and presents. They had good wages, profit-sharing and pensions. Life in Dolgeville was one grand, sweet song. Thither flocked magazine-writers, cameramen, and to enlighten the world upon the long-sought panacea for labor's ills—a recognition of the working-man as a man and brother—that genial kindness and financial beneficence of employer that thawed all hearts of employees and solved an immortal problem.

Here is a career that forces pity while it may evoke a smile. Dolge is a Saxon by birth and by name, but he should be enshrined in the annals of a lifetime of useful and honorable endeavor, he is in Southern California, whether he may have gone, either to die of chagrin or spend his closing days in peace. His successful years gave great promise. He perfected the manufacture of hammer-fel used in pianos, and led the world in its production. He supplied piano factories everywhere with sounding-boards also, and turned out 1000 pairs of felt shoes every day. He made Dolgeville, his own town, his employees, numbered 2500 souls. He gave them broad streets, electric lights, a picturesque park of several hundred acres, schoolhouses among the best in the state, clubhouse, gymnasium, lecture hall, reading-room, library and bowling alley.

This admirable man's theory was that if you deal justly, and even liberally, by your men, the work given in return would be ample repayment for the outlay. He set aside a portion of his earnings and put it into a premium fund for specially good work, a life-insurance fund, a mutual aid society and a building fund. Enjoyment of all these blessings was secured by only nominal co-operation on the part of employees. He set aside money for pensions, accruing in graded amounts after specified terms of service. He built houses for his men and sold them to them on instalments of \$10 a month. He distributed shares in the endowment plan. All this elaborate scheme was crowned by the annual reunion and banquet, at which the proprietor and his 2500 employees fell upon each other's necks, passed loving cups and offered testimonials of reciprocal esteem. These bright occasions, when the "healthy, intelligent, contented appearance of the work people" but "bespoke prosperity" but "betokened what may properly be called the well-directed energy of one man," were the inspiration of reformers, and almost persuaded the skeptical to belief in the philanthropic theory of business.

Nothing much is to be said of the sad end of this story except that another model has collapsed and gone to join the way of unnumbered similar enterprises. There is, we may be sure, something radically and fatally wrong with the attitude to the workmen of Mr. Pullman's model town nor Carnegie's benefactions still the workman's sense of justice or win his respect. A man wants what he earns. Anything less angers him, anything more excites his contempt. The man that is any good doesn't want a soupstone opened to him, or free books spread before him, or luxury dealt out in stated portions by some rich man in priding himself on his charities. He wants what is coming to him. For that he is willing to fight, and he expects his employer to do the same.

It is the glory of organized labor in the United States that it sets the workman on a pedestal of free manhood, removed alike from the degradation of the slave and the servility of the suppliant beneficiary of private or public charity. He doesn't want favors from church or state, or from "the quality"; he wants his rights. The millionaire needs do anything for him but pay him what he owes him. If the laborer can get what he earns he will pay his own way, clothe and educate his family, rent a ward in the hospital when he needs it, buy his own books instead of sponging his reading at free libraries. And if the millionaire will pay his labor what it earns for him, he will not have so much money that he can't spend it without turning himself into a gigantic eleemosynary institution. The best thing that money can do is to pay the laborer in this way correct misapprehensions our debonaire reformers were fain to draw from his happy home at Dolgeville.

The increased attendance upon this college is a plain advertisement of the agricultural prosperity now prevailing in Oregon. Mortgage loans have been made on farms, new agricultural machinery has been purchased, the farm buildings and fences have been repaired and smartened up with paint, and the crop returns show a surplus to the thrifty farmer's credit in bank. What more natural and sensible than that he should be willing to devote some of the gains of his own and his family's industry to the industrial equipment of his boys and girls? And what more fitting than that these should choose the "farmer's school," as this state educational institution is called? The equipment of this school is excellent; its curriculum is varied to meet the wants of all who expect to earn their own way in the world by intelligent, well-directed effort, of the type that makes the head save and direct the hands. Added to these are the pleasures of a most delightful rural community, the direction of a competent corps of instructors, and the fact that there is no individual charge for tuition. These things being true, it is not surprising that the State Agricultural College is crowded to its doors with students, and that there is imperative need for the new building for the construction of which provision has already been made. The real cause of surprise is that the number in attendance is not approaching one thousand instead of five hundred.

The recent decision of the New York Court of Appeals granting a new trial to Roland B. Molineux meets general approval. The question at issue was whether or not the prosecution could prove or try to prove a man guilty of a crime not charged against him in the indictment, in order to secure his conviction of the specific crime actually charged against him. The court, in support of its view that a man shall be tried only for the crime charged against him, among other things said: This rule, so universally recognized and so firmly established in all English-speaking lands, is rooted in that jealous regard for the liberty of the individual which has distinguished our jurisprudence from all others, at least since the birth of Magna Charta. It is the product of that same humane and enlightened public spirit, which, speaking through our common law, has decreed that every person charged with the commission of a crime shall be protected by the presumption of innocence until he has been proven guilty beyond a reasonable doubt. In the conduct of the case, the prosecution virtually put him on trial at the same time for the alleged commission of "Whereas Roland B. Molineux, who had died some months earlier from the effects of the same drug, cyanide of mercury, which, according to the theory of the prosecution, had been used by Molineux, with whom he had quarreled, in support of this theory the trial court admitted in evidence the declarations of Molineux to two physicians that he had received Kutnow powder by mail, which proved to be the same poison which killed Mrs. Adams. The court ruled this to be incompetent evidence. Severely as Molineux's crimes are to be reprobated, the ruling is as plainly on the side of the justice that the good name of New York justice is by it greatly enhanced.

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STANDARD IS TOO HIGH.

The annihilation of the great seaports of the world continues, and at the rate in which they became mired for shipping in the last ten days it is only a question of a few months when there will be but one strictly first-class seaport in the world. For the exact latitude and longitude of that one favored port, readers are referred to the Lower Columbia papers. The French bark St. Donatien, while outward bound from Portland, swung out of the channel and struck a floating log, causing a slight leak, which was repaired two days later and the vessel headed to sea. Damage nominal. Taking this trifling accident for a pretext, the Seattle and Astoria papers proceeded to convince themselves that Portland is no longer a seaport. They argued that a port where such accidents happened could not be a seaport.

Assuming that they were correct, it is apparent that Portland is going into oblivion with considerable company. For example, the following dispatch appeared in all of the Pacific Coast papers a day or two after the accident to the St. Donatien: Seattle, Oct. 19.—The Board of Survey on the collier steamer Mackinac, which last Thursday dragged herself across Duncan Rock, at the entrance to the straits, and on the vessel was much more serious than was expected. The injuries are on the port side. Fifty feet from the bow is a great hole in the hull where the water enters. A portion of the stern was scraped from that point to within 50 feet of the stern, where there is another large hole. It will cost probably \$50,000 for repairs. The ship is now in drydock at Quartermaster Harbor.

This, of course, is a hard blow to the owners of water-front property in Jimlerville, for if a \$200 damage to a vessel disqualifies a port from being in the first rank, consistency would, of course, put Seattle far in the rear of Portland. On the same date "the Seattle papers of the East printed the following: Boston, Oct. 19.—Schooner Damon, from Bangor, while entering port this morning, ran aground on the Lower Middle; will float at high water.

"Could anything be more distressing? Here is a port that has been seriously regarded as a 'seaport' since way back when the tea ships came in and paid no wharfage on their cargo. And yet it cannot come anywhere near grading up to the Astoria-Seattle standard, for even a Maine lumber schooner goes aground. Poor old Boston! She may be the seat of wisdom and culture, beans and 'sich,' but as a seaport she is no longer deuce high.

Two days elapsed after Boston went off the commercial map of the world before anything serious happened, and then the telegraph told the following tale: Hamburg, Oct. 21.—The Hamburg-American liner Phoenix, from New York, on her way up the Elbe, grounded at Schulau today. She is lying on her side.

Dunder and blitz! Right there at the home of the marvelous Deutschland and the headquarters of the greatest shipping company on earth! And "lightening"—actually "lightening"! This surely is an error, for has not the "hammer brigade" at Astoria steadily sought to convince us, and incidentally themselves, that Portland is the only port on earth where lightning was ever known? Hamburg has since been reached, and the fame of owning the fastest and finest steamship in the world cannot save her from hopeless oblivion. With strict impartiality the hand of fate reached back across the ocean a day later and the Associated Press papers all printed the following: New York, Oct. 22.—The North German Lloyd steamer Allen, from the Germania, Naples and Gibraltar, grounded on the straits, on the east side of the channel abreast of the west bank lightship in the lower bay. She floated about 10 A. M. and proceeded up the bay.

At last reports New York was still doing business, but with a main stay at the old stand, but she can never hope to be a seaport so long as such accidents happen. If Astoria succeeds in having her seaport standard generally adopted, we must necessarily cast about for a new term to apply to the cities and towns where the commerce of ocean and shore meets.

CROWDED WITH STUDENTS.

There seems to have been a sudden and great awakening among the young people of the state in regard to the advantages offered by the State Agricultural College at Corvallis for educational equipment along industrial lines. The number of students enrolled for the term is greater than ever before in the history of the institution. The present buildings are inadequate to accommodate properly the classes and their work, though the faculty has made ingenious shift to provide space equal to the pressing needs of the present, and the new Agricultural Hall will be constructed, it is hoped, in the near future.

Here to stay. The negro is here to stay. It is better that he should be educated—better for him and better for all. Much has been done for him already. The earnest encouragement Booker Washington received has been from the people in the South. He was sympathetically received by an immense audience of Southern whites in Atlanta eight years ago. We refer to the magnitude of his work only to praise it, and to arouse the whites to friendly emulation. Let the truth be known that the negroes are going forward! It will be better still to us to our own work. In Georgia the assessed value of property held by negroes is placed at \$10,000,000. In Kentucky \$1,000,000, of assessment, or \$2,000,000 market value, was added in the year just closed. The wealth of the negroes of the South is not to be despised. The building up of wealth follows a sharpening of the intellect. If the untutored colored man of the past quarter of a century could amass almost half a billion of dollars, why can not the educated negro during the next quarter of a century quadruple the amount?

A Soft Answer That Failed.

"And always remember this, my son," said the man who was trying to give his boy a proper start in life, "that a soft answer turneth away wrath." "No it don't," little Willie replied. "Day before yesterday at school I had Charley Jameson nearly scared to death, but I didn't say a word, and he never made him think I was afraid, so he got mad and hit me on the nose before I knew about it. You don't get me to go givin' any more soft answers. A good big bluff the thing to be, then if you want to turn away wrath."

THE OREGONIAN'S HANDBOOK.

This is a Good One.

New York Evening Post. Closely following the St. Louis Exposition will be one to be held in Portland, Or., in 1905, to commemorate the centennial anniversary of the Lewis and Clark expedition. This expedition, under the patronage of the National Government, went westward from St. Louis, and reached the shores of the Pacific Ocean at the mouth of the Columbia River in 1805. The expedition was primarily one of exploration, an incidental one of discovery. The last named feature was most potent as affecting the future of the vast section subsequently known as Oregon Territory, and now containing three states of large size, and extensive parts of two others. This gave the United States its first footing on the Pacific Ocean, and opened the way to development westward. Like the St. Louis Exposition, that in Portland is to be a glorification of territorial expansion and an expected promoter of trade expansion.

"Whereas Roland B. Molineux, who had died some months earlier from the effects of the same drug, cyanide of mercury, which, according to the theory of the prosecution, had been used by Molineux, with whom he had quarreled, in support of this theory the trial court admitted in evidence the declarations of Molineux to two physicians that he had received Kutnow powder by mail, which proved to be the same poison which killed Mrs. Adams. The court ruled this to be incompetent evidence. Severely as Molineux's crimes are to be reprobated, the ruling is as plainly on the side of the justice that the good name of New York justice is by it greatly enhanced.

Another week has passed, and still Miss Ellen Stone remains a captive in the Balkan Mountains. Her fierce captors are masters of the situation, as they would, of course, kill her without compunction, if pressed too hard by troops sent out to effect her rescue. Untrammelled, they could readily elude capture, should it come to that. The physical condition of the unfortunate missionary must be, by this time, deplorable in the extreme. She has been hurried from place to place, regardless of fatigue, and has been all this time without change of clothing. Her helpless condition may well excite the pity of civilized humanity. Doubtless all is being done that is possible to do for her rescue, but unless her situation is very much more favorable than the Christian world has reason to believe, she is likely to perish from exhaustion and privation, even if she is spared a more merciful fate. Personally her situation is a desperate one; diplomatically it is complicated, and official measures for her relief are likely to be too slow to be of service in saving her life. The incident of her capture and detention is sufficiently appalling in all of its phases to deter, it may be hoped, zealous young women in the future from engaging in the effort to convert the barbarous Turk from Mohammedanism to Christianity. The matter is one where a victory possibility does not justify the actual risk.

Our Commercial Position.

Bradstreet's, New York. The centennial celebration of the expedition of Lewis and Clark to the Rocky River country, resulting in the acquisition of Oregon Territory, will be celebrated in Portland in 1905. The Morning Oregonian, of Portland, has issued a booklet giving a brief history of the early exploration of the country and valuable information concerning its remarkable development within a hundred years. The territory acquired by Lewis and Clark is contained therein, and the booklet is a most interesting and valuable work. The population in 1900 was 90,425. The city is the terminal point for several railroad lines. The official name of the city is Astoria. The city is the seat of the Oregon Wool Growers' Association, and the Lewis and Clark Centennial and American Pacific Exposition and Oriental Fair.

Of National Importance.

Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser. This is an era of centennials. In 1900 that of the purchase of Louisiana will be duly celebrated by the great exposition in St. Louis. Another year will see the centennial of the Lewis and Clark expedition and Clark which opened the way for settlement of the magnificent country in the far Northwest. The City of Portland, which is celebrating its centennial anniversary with an exposition in 1905. That is an interesting country, and those who wish to obtain valuable information as to its history and progress can obtain form by sending 7 cents to The Portland Oregonian for a copy of the beautiful pamphlet which it has just issued.

This Wonderful Section.

Nashville (Tenn.) American. We are in receipt of a very attractive handbook on Portland, Or., and the vast tributary country of which this city is the principal financial and distributing center. The book itself is unique in its make-up, it is well illustrated and it contains information of Portland and the wonderful section of the country tributary to it. It is a most valuable work. Portland lays claim to being one of the leading deep-water shipping ports of the United States. The publication of the book is a most commendable service to the Lewis and Clark expedition to Oregon, an event of historic significance, particularly to Tennesseans. The articles bearing on this conquest of an empire will prove of special interest.

Packed With Information.

Sacramento Bee. The Oregonian has issued a neat little handbook on Portland and the vast tributary country of which this city is the principal financial and distributing center. This publication is profusely illustrated with half-tones, has numerous maps and much interesting descriptive matter. It is packed full of up-to-date information. It is a most valuable work. Portland lays claim to being one of the leading deep-water shipping ports of the United States. The publication of the book is a most commendable service to the Lewis and Clark expedition to Oregon, an event of historic significance, particularly to Tennesseans. The articles bearing on this conquest of an empire will prove of special interest.

Mr. Roosevelt Declares Women Need Not Be Extraneous.

Chicago Chronicle. Mrs. Roosevelt was discussing her Winter toilet today with a friend and remarked that any woman with common sense could be well dressed on \$20 a year. The mistress of the White House further explained that hitherto she had never spent that a year, but she supposed a greater outlay would now be necessary. Mrs. Roosevelt said her plan had been to buy three gowns a year, and to get the best of material and to employ the best artists. These gowns were a street dress of cloth, usually of tailor-made effect; an evening gown, and a gown which could be used on all occasions in the house. Every season this thrifty housewife has her attire remodeled and trimmed with the latest trifles, and in this programme has always a complete wardrobe of up-to-date costumes. Mrs. Roosevelt believes in purchasing the very best of everything. Her children wear smart suits, and she pays for a piece for them and they last for years. She laughingly acknowledged the sailor hat Archibald is now wearing adorned with the beads of two Summers. Mrs. Roosevelt will go to New York next month to attend to some details regarding her wardrobe for the Winter. She is fond of black and white combination. Her motto is to not let the fashion rule her, but let her rule the fashion. Her first official appearance as mistress of the White House, will be of white satin made on severely plain lines and trimmed with old lace, an heirloom.

The Anarchist of Force.

Chicago Inter Ocean. The anarchist has sworn society's destruction. He is not content to persuade. He would change its basis; but makes war upon its representatives with his weapons of war. He is inaccessible to the "humane treatment" for which his excusable brethren are held. He has all the standards of right and wrong which civilization has set up.

Nothing Doing in Their Line.

Chicago Post. The anti-imperialists were startled in Boston yesterday by the suggestion of one of them that they change their name and play Micawber for a while. The reason for this proposal seems to be that the members of the party have discovered there is no imperialism in the country.

AMUSEMENTS.

"Rudolph and Adolph."

The funniest and best-acted comedy that has been seen at Corday's for years, delighted a packed house at that theater last night. Dan and Charles E. Mason, the twin stars, who furnish most of the fun, are both German dialect comedians, whose every word and gesture is provocative of mirth, and who keep the audience laughing all the time without overlooking anything. The company is very strong, but the hinges on mistaken identity, two Dinkenspiels of identical appearance being taken for each other in a series of complications which become more involved as the play proceeds, till it looks as if it would be impossible to untangle it. Finally, in despair of ever being able to get things straightened out, each determines to shove off his head, and the shaving is done on either side of a glassless mirror, the two Dinkenspiels posing for each other's reflections, in a manner that is the most laughable thing that has happened in a series of complications which become more involved as the play proceeds, till it looks as if it would be impossible to untangle it. Finally, in despair of ever being able to get things straightened out, each determines to shove off his head, and the shaving is done on either side of a glassless mirror, the two Dinkenspiels posing for each other's reflections, in a manner that is the most laughable thing that has happened in a series of complications which become more involved as the play proceeds, till it looks as if it would be impossible to untangle it. 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