

The Oregonian

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EASTERN BUSINESS OFFICE.

The S. C. Beckwith Special Agency, New York, 62 Broadway, N. Y. City. Chicago, Auditorium, Adams, Postoffice Building, 175 Dearborn Street.

PORTLAND, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26.

THE CANNON'S OPENING ROAR.

Both political parties opened their Fall campaigns in Ohio on the 23d day of September. The Republican meeting was held at Bellefontaine. Great crowds, so it is reported, were present...

REVOLT OF THE LANDLORD.

Between race suicide and hostile landlords, children of well-to-do people in New York City seem doomed to a life of misery...

PLACING THE RESPONSIBILITY.

A Portland preacher thinks that the society woman who offers liquor to any young man who has "given up the drink habit ought to be compelled to marry a drunkard and live with him until she had reformed him of the habit...

glass without danger of oversteering. But ruin has no business to be other than a total wreck and the wreckage entirely is no great virtue. It is simply good sense, prudence, a self-acknowledgment of one's own weakness...

THE REVOLUTION OF THE REVOLUTION.

Several carloads of wheat grown in the Big Bend country, in the northern part of the State of Washington, have been received at Portland this season.

ONE MILLION A WEEK.

The Portland Consolidated Railway is carrying more than 1,000,000 passengers per week. Its manager acknowledges as much.

THE HARVEST IS PAST AND THE SUMMER IS ENDED.

The harvest is past and the summer is ended. Even the hops are housed; school has opened, taking the children in out of the wet; and the blessed rain is falling...

WHY DO STUDENTS GO ELSEWHERE?

The Pendleton East Oregonian learns that out of thirty-five or forty students who have this year left Umatilla County for the purpose of attaining a higher education, twenty-three have entered schools in the State of Washington...

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clamor that would go up throughout the state that Portland is trying to kill off the normal schools and the State University in order to revive them in one colossal Portland scheme.

What, then, is practical? It is possible to consolidate the normal schools with the State University and give them, by liberal appropriation, by intelligent and sympathetic public interest, and by united effort from all quarters of the state, a prestige throughout the Northwest that will not only keep our students at home, but will attract students from other states.

There is hope for the re-establishment of the canteen in the Army. Officers are practically unanimous in demanding it in the interest of the general welfare of the enlisted men.

The Bankers' Magazine, in its September issue, criticizes severely the assaults made on the Federal bankruptcy law by resolutions passed at recent conventions of bankers.

The Public Schools opened yesterday with a notable increase in attendance. For the first day, of pupils in all the grades. The assignment of teachers has been carefully made.

There is justice behind the plea of a number of East Side property-owners for the reopening of East Ash and East Ankeny streets.

For the remainder of this week the President will devote much time to his letter writing. No hint is given in the press dispatches as to his topics.

This city has witnessed spasms of official virtue many times and oft. It has resulted that the city clerk has all the number of scarlet women or the number of men who visit them by halting the catch of an official dragnet before the Municipal Court.

The Norwegians are to demolish the fortifications at Gyldehoeve. Overberg, Weder, Heinkelund, Oerje, as well as Kroksund and Dingsrud.

Russia may be licked, but after all her example lies after her. See latest news from Pekin.

IT OUGHT TO BE EASY TO MAKE IT 100,000.

HAD 295 LIVING DESCENDANTS.

A century ago there died in Jamaica a woman named Miss Higgs. Her age was given as 116. She was followed to the grave by 295 of her children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren.

GENEROSITY.

Boggar-Pardon, sir, this nickel you gave me is less a reward for my Benevolent Old Man-Why, so it is! Well, keep it, my man, as a reward for your honesty.

A NEW ALPHABET.

Mother, who is teaching her child the alphabet—Now, dearie, what comes after "g"?

DUBLIN AT A DISCOUNT.

A squad of raw recruits were being drilled by an irritable drill sergeant, the command, "Double!" was given, and all the men obeyed with the exception of one, who remained standing still and gazing vacantly around.

THE FRENCH PROOFREADER.

"Mon Dieu, the ignorance of men!" exclaimed the French proofreader, and now declared the French cowboy days and now the imperial couple dine with their children. Guests are seldom invited to this midday meal, and when they are they are treated quite as families.

EMPEROR WILLIAM UP TO DATE.

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OREGON OZONE.

Prof. William Benjamin Smith, of New Orleans, predicts the utter extinction of the negro race in the United States. Some of the southern states have been working toward that end every time they could find a convenient tree or a pile of cord-wood handy.

An eastern critic calls Marie Corelli's latest book "dirty scoldings," the author having divided it into thirty chapters and named it "Free Opinions." Miss Corelli calls Dix accurs and Adam a coward; to her, wealth is vulgar instead of tainted, clothes are more or less a mere madness, and the daily press is "a red rag."

Pastor Charles Wagner, of simple life, has written a book of advice for children. Of course he urges the cultivation of the simple life. As that other distinguished preacher, Dr. Theodore Roosevelt, advocates the strenuous life, will the postoffice department be called upon to suppress the circulation of Pastor Wagner's book?

Down in Arkansas the only yellow peril is "Fever 'n' ager," for the natives. For trespassers in that secluded state there is a sort of yellow peril at the front gate of every homestead—a "yaller dog," such as grows nowhere else.

TRUTHFUL JAMES TALE.

The Truthful James Club met as usual last night in its rooms on Morrison street, with a full quorum present. A quorum, be it understood, is a quorum, and a full quorum is a full quorum. Note the nice distinction. Perhaps the fullest part of the quorum was the Most Depraved, who immediately all the dogs began to worry the carcass, while their savage baying echoed so loudly in the narrow, steep gully that we could with difficulty hear the speaker.

"Don't tell that story; the number is unlucky," cut in the Incredulous Youth; "besides, nobody will believe it." Here the Most Depraved found his opening, and he broke loose without delay: "I don't believe I ever told you about the time when I was a trainer of circus animals, did I? Not well, for several years I was in that business. My particular hobby was in developing athletic talent in dumb brutes. I once trained an elephant so that he could walk three steps without stepping on his own feet, and I put three humps on a two-humped camel by making the beast get a hump on himself."

"But the most interesting experiment I ever made," resumed the Most Depraved, "was to train a dog to be a thief, secreting the deck of cards in his own pocket. 'When I trained the Puget Sound team and the New Jersey mosquitoes to do a broad-jump stunt. That really was a—"

"As I was saying," went on the Most Depraved, "that was mighty interesting to me. As a matter of fact, it should have been of interest to the whole scientific world, but for some inexplicable reason the scientific world, either wholly or in part, declined to become interested. You see, there had been a dispute between a Seattle man and a man from Trenton, N. J., as to the jumping qualities of the flea and the mosquito. Of course each man held out for his own jumper, and suddenly the idea struck me that the only way to determine the question was by arranging a contest between a trained flea and a trained mosquito. Bright idea, wasn't it?"

"Not half as bright as the one I had," began the Irrespressible, but the Most Depraved quelled him with one calm glance and proceeded: "So I went to New Jersey and got a choice collection of mosquitoes, and I went to Seattle and got a similar collection of fleas. The job was easy; in Jersey I robbed a drunkard, and in Seattle I robbed a dog. My plan was to put a large number of the jumpers through their exercises, so as to determine the best in each class, killing off the incompetent ones. That, you know, is the Burbank method. I was aware that many splendid specimens of both fleas and mosquitoes must be sacrificed, but in the sacred cause of science shall we quail at that? Besides, there are plenty more where the unfortunate ones come from."

"Well, I suppose I must have sacrificed at least 5000 mosquitoes and a like number of fleas before I found the specimens that were up to the required standard. Finally I found the best jumper that ever signed his pedigree in the flea family records, and the finest mosquito that ever frolicked on the crossroads of a boogie-fighter. By a diligent system of dieting and exercise, I gradually developed the two contestants into tiptop condition, and then I let the Seattle man and the Trenton man together and unfolded my proposition. Each man was to bet a certain considerable sum, one-third of the winnings to go to me. I was sure to win, in my event; but then it was due me, for the brilliant idea was mine and mine alone."

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"Of course it didn't," said the Irrespressible. "No; just as we turned the contestants loose in the arena a messy stray dog wandered along, and the flea, true to his instincts, hopped onto the cur and rode out of the hall. If it hadn't been for that miserable dog—"

CHILDREN LOANED, NOT "BORN."

The following remarkable birth notice was recently printed in a London (England) newspaper: "JONES—At Cae-Clawdd, Sandrestead, Surrey, to Mr. and Mrs. William Rogers Jones, the loss of a son (Victor Howlett)."

Inquiry made of the father elicited an explanation no less remarkable than the notice. "Children," said Mr. Jones, "are lent by God to those whom he may select for the office of parentage. My wife and myself are agreed that our son is only lent to us by the Divine Master, and that it is our duty to educate him for God's service as a medical missionary, or in some other capacity in which he may serve his Maker."

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ROOSEVELT'S COLORADO BEAR HUNT.

The President Writes of Horseback Trips After Sport in the Open—Several of His Dead Shots—Dog Life—Sparrows Disreputable.

It was a great, wild country. In the creek bottoms there were a good many ranches; but we only occasionally passed by these, on our way to our hunting grounds in the wilderness along the edge of the snow-line. The mountains crowded close together in chain, peak and tableland, all the higher ones were wrapped in an unrent shroud of snow. We saw a good many deer, and fresh sign of elk, but no elk themselves, although we were informed that they might be getting fat in the high spruce timber where the snows were so deep that it would have been impossible to go on horseback, while going on foot would have been exceedingly fatiguing. The country was open. The high peaks were bare of trees. Cottonwoods, and occasionally dwarfed birch or maple and willows, fringed the streams; aspens grew in the timber up.

The dogs had been after a mullen, powerful bear for a number of hours, and as there was no water on the mountain-side we feared they might be getting exhausted, and rode toward them as rapidly as we could. It was a hard climb up to where they were, and we had to lead the horses. Just as we came in sight of the bear, across a deep gully, which ran down the sheer mountain side, he broke bay and started off, threatening the foremost of the pack as they dared to approach him. They were all around him, and for a minute I could not fire; then as he passed under a pion I got a clear view of his great round stern and pulled the trigger. The bullet broke both his hips, and he rolled downhill, the bounding, pulling with excitement as they closed in on him. He could still play havoc with the pack, and there was need to kill him at once. I leaped and slid down my side of the gully as he rolled down hill, at the bottom he stopped and raised himself on his fore quarters; and with another bullet I broke his back between the shoulders. Immediately all the dogs began to worry the carcass, while their savage baying echoed so loudly in the narrow, steep gully that we could with difficulty hear the speaker.

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