

# The Oregonian

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Or., as second-class matter.

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(By Mail or Express.)

Daily and Sunday, per year..... \$3.00  
 Daily and Sunday, six months..... 1.50  
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 Sunday, per year..... 1.25  
 Sunday, six months..... .62  
 Sunday, three months..... .31  
 Sunday, one month..... .10  
 Daily without Sunday, per week..... .10  
 Daily, per week..... .10

**THE WEEKLY OREGONIAN.**

(Issued Every Thursday.)

Weekly, per year..... 1.50  
 Weekly, six months..... .75  
 Weekly, three months..... .37  
 Weekly, one month..... .12

**HOW TO REMIT—Send postoffice money order, express order or personal check. Money order local banks, collect currency as at the sender's risk.**

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**PORTLAND, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1905.**

## DRAGGED INTO THE OPEN.

A main purpose of a recent effort of The Oregonian has been to "smoke out" the list of stockholders behind the local organ of plutocracy, which has been posing as champion of anti-monopoly and popular rights. The list is this, viz: W. M. Ladd, George W. Bates, A. A. Mills, T. E. Wilcox, W. F. Burrell, Allen Lewis, Edward Lang, J. Couch Planders, J. C. Ainsworth, J. N. Teal, I. N. Fleischer, A. J. Giesy, C. S. Jackson, Leo Friede, and A. Bush, of Salem. This is the first time a full, authentic list has been given. Several of these have taken but small amounts. Ladd has put up most of the money. The paper has been running long in a sneaking manner, under the names of C. S. Jackson and J. F. Carroll. Since a public interest attaches to a newspaper, the public is fully entitled to know who the publishers of every newspaper are. Only so can the public fairly judge of the newspaper's purposes and motives.

## IS PORTLAND THE PLACE?

Dr. Edmund J. James was inaugurated president of the State University of Illinois last week. His address on the occasion was memorable for a number of reasons. The most striking is his scant allusion to the words or thoughts of other men, living or dead. None of the bright educational lights of the world are quoted or referred to, which may indicate great independence of thought in Dr. James, or great narrowness. Among all the names of famous men, whether passed into eternity or still on earth, Dr. James finds only two worth mentioning in his address, but it is cheering to observe that he can mention both with praise. The names are Rockefeller and Pearson, a curious comment on the point of view of the modern college president. These matters aside, Dr. James has sound notions of what the State University ought to be and actually is in those states where it has become prosperous and great. It is destined to become a "great" from the point of view of professional schools preparing its students for the various occupations of life. Elsewhere in the address Dr. James adds: "The State University which most fully performs its function for the American people will stand simply, plainly, unequivocally and uncompromisingly for training for vocation." In these words the president of the University of Illinois puts the great educational fetters which are idiotic enough to have endured some generations longer. The first fetter is that what is called "culture" cannot be obtained from the studies which pertain to modern life and fit a man to live and serve his kind in the modern world. Of course, "culture" may be defined without breaking any law as "the knowledge of a few scraps of Latin and a smattering of Greek paradigms," and to that case it must be admitted that training in science, medicine, law, agriculture, and so on, do not give culture. But to define culture in any such manner is a piece of besotted superstition of the sort too prevalent in the educational world, and it is pleasant and hopeful to see a man like Dr. James, who occupies a commanding position, break away from the old, narrow, pure doctrine of common sense. Education in scientific studies, he asserts, will not only prepare a man for his vocation, but it will also make him liberal and idealistic. In fact, he believes, and his belief is true, that the best part of all the best humanities are to be found in the studies of modern life.

## THE FOOL AND HIS GUN.

The fool is abroad with his gun, seeking game and finding men. The dreadful mishap in Tillamook County last Saturday, wherein W. G. Eddy, of Lents, was mistaken for a deer and fatally shot by his companion, is the most recent illustration of this kind of error. The water committee in the legislature had a bad effect on the work at Celilo. But the canal at the Cascades was put through and freight rates dropped with its completion. Perhaps the prospect of something similar happening to freight rates when the Panama Canal is completed may be a factor in causing the present vexatious delays.

## Counting Apple Seeds.

New York Globe and Commercial. Taking Eugene Wood at his word, when in "Back Home" he says he cannot remember what comes after "eight" in the count of apple seeds, a Bronx "Daily Reader" supplies the missing numbers as follows:

Eight they both love,  
 Nine he comes,  
 Ten he carries,  
 Eleven he carries,  
 Twelve they marry,  
 Thirteen they quarrel,  
 Fourteen they part.  
 Fifteen they die of broken heart.

But, luckily, of course, few apples have more than 12 seeds.

## The Unpardonable Sin.

Baltimore American. She was a college maiden who with learning was just laden, was the very highest grade in of abstract philosophy. She solved problems in geometry, knew all about astronomy, and played with trigonometry, so very much knew she.

## George Knew His Business.

Now, Mabel," cautioned her mother, "you mustn't sit out on the lawn, both tonight without anything around you." "I won't, mother," promised the dutiful daughter. "George will attend to that," all right—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## SILHOUETTES

The President was wise in selecting 'possum and jam time for visiting Tuskegee.

Reginald Vanderbilt is tooling horses in the Middle Western horse shows. The mental endowments of present-day Vanderbilts just about place them in the cab-driver class.

## The Opportune Gramophone.

The chaplain of one of His Majesty's ships was giving a magic lantern lecture, the subject of which was "Scenes from the Bible." He arranged with a sailor who possessed a gramophone to discourse appropriate music between the slides. The first picture shown was Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. The sailor ordered his brain, but could think of nothing suitable. "Play up," whispered the chaplain. Suddenly a large idea struck the holy man, and to the great consternation of the captain and the delight of the audience, the gramophone burst forth with the strains of "There's Only One Girl in the World for Me."

I would have been equally appropriate if the machine had played "Take Your Clothes and Go."

I hope Archbishop Christie will tell the pope how much he missed by not coming over to our Fair.

A good woman's love is the half-way point between earth and heaven.

Our old Army friend, Marcus Mayer, has reached the point of recommending a certain patent medicine. Even at that the pills may be better than some of the theatrical attractions Marcus has recommended.

Those French aviators who recently traveled at the rate of 75 miles an hour in a balloon at an altitude of 15,000 feet must consider automobile racing mighty tame sport.

Have you ever noticed how forlorn straw hats and ice-cream freezers look this time of year?

A celebrity is one we have heard about but do not know.

Another thing this town needs is a curfew ordinance for all rouders over 70.

The bar pilots say that craft drawing 27 feet can now pass out over the bar. This will enable Sanford Hirsch to go to sea without difficulty.

The women suffragists are trying to devise some adequate punishment for Grover Cleveland because he writes "agin 'em." I suggest hitting him on the ankle with a bit of birdseed.

The man who would amuse the public has a very sad vocation.

## HELPFUL HENRY'S HINTS

To Miss Angeline—You say in your letter of inquiry that Harold took advantage of the hall being dark to hold both your hands and kiss you last night. A young girl cannot be too careful under such conditions. Of course, you could not prevent him from kissing you, but you should have taken him on the shins real hard. There is nothing so effective for bringing a young man out of a trance of that kind as a few well-administered kicks on the shins. Edward W. Bok, in his Cozy Corner Chats With Girls advocates sticking with a hatpin, but such a procedure is unnecessarily cruel, and besides it might awaken Father. The best authorities now agree that a kick on the shins or a stiff punch in the slats is better form, and more ladylike.

HIRAM GREEN writes from Eugene to inquire what a gent should do after being run over by an automobile. Here is a case that appeals to me in a most unusual way. I have been bumped by them so often myself that I can speak with great feeling of such occurrences. After a number of experiences, I am convinced that the best course to pursue is to cuss fervently, if you are able, and then limp to a surgeon's office. Of course, one might arm himself with a blunderbuss and shoot the person with the goggles, but that would be homicide, and only those who own machines are licensed to do such things.

AS TO BLEACHING—I have frequently been asked to suggest a simple and effective hair bleach. There are many prescriptions to be had, but I have found the most satisfactory: Hold your head in a barrel of quick lime for half an hour, and at the end of the treatment you won't care whether you look like a burlesque actress or the victim of a railroad wreck.

HOUSEWIFE—For a recipe for brandy smashes, I would suggest that you correspond with your local branch of the W. C. T. U., or some representative school of domestic science.

BILL J.—Of course, if you are married, the case becomes a difficult one, but I would advise you to let the divorce court take its course.

ARTHUR A. GREENE.

## ROOSEVELT'S WOLF HUNT IN OKLAHOMA

One of the Guides, With His Hands, Catches a Wolf, Alive—Thrusts One Hand in the Animal's Mouth—Cunning of the Hunted.

Theodore Roosevelt in Scribner's Magazine. Big wolves are found in both Texas and Oklahoma, and they are rare compared to the coyotes, and are more warded in Alamo or in the country of three or four or half a dozen they travel to and from across the country, often leaving a district at once if they are molested. Coyotes are more or less plentiful everywhere throughout the West in thinly settled districts, and they often hang about in the immediate neighborhood of towns. They do enough damage to make farmers and ranchers kill them whenever the chance offers. But this damage is not appreciable when compared with the ravages of their grim, big brother, the gray wolf, which wherever it exists in numbers, is a veritable scourge to the stockman.

The roiling was done on the flats and great rolling prairies which stretched north from our camp toward the Wichita Mountains and south toward the Red River. There was a certain element of risk in the gallops, because the whole country was one huge prairie-dog town, the prairie-dogs being so numerous that the new towns and the abandoned towns were continuous with one another in every direction. Practically every run we had was through these prairie-dog towns, varied occasionally by creeks and washouts. But as we always ran scattered out, the wonderfully quick cow ponies, brought up in this country and used to the habits of the prairie-dog towns, were able, even while running at headlong speed to avoid the holes with a cleverness that was simply marvellous. During our hunt but one horse stepped in a hole, the horse, however, was hurt, though neither he nor his rider was hurt. Stunted mesquite bushes grew here and there in the grass and there was cactus.

In a couple of miles I was close enough to see what was going on. But one greyhound was left with Abernethy. The coyote was obviously tired, and Abernethy, with the aid of his American trained horse, was helping the greyhound catch it. Twice he headed it, and this enabled me to gain rapidly. They had reached a small wooded creek by the time I was within a few hundred yards of the wolf. The wolf, however, tried to break back to the left; Abernethy headed it and rode almost over it, and it gave a wicked snap at his foot, cutting the boot. Then the greyhound sprang toward it; again it galloped back and just as it crossed the creek the greyhound made a rush, pinned it by the hind leg and threw it. There was a scuffle, then a yell from the complete as the wolf bit it. At the bite the hound let go and jumped back a few feet, and at the same moment Abernethy, who had ridden his horse right then, when they struck, leaped off and sprang on top of the wolf. He held the reins of his horse with one hand and thrust the other, with a rapidity and precision even greater than the rapidity of the wolf, into the wolf's mouth, jamming his hand down crosswise between the jaws, seizing the lower jaw and bending it down so that the wolf could not bite his way out. The hound on his hand, but this would have been of no avail, whatever had he not seized the animal just as he did; that is, behind the canine, while his hand pressed the lips against the teeth. The hound kept the wolf from using its forepaws to break

the hold, until it gave up struggling. When he thus leaped on and captured the coyote it was entirely free, the dog, having let go of it; and he was obliged to keep hold of the reins of his horse with one hand. I was not 20 yards distant at the time, and as I leaped off the horse he was sitting placidly on the live wolf, his hand between its jaws, the greyhound standing beside him, and his horse standing by as placid as he was. In a couple of minutes "Forcible Land" changed up. It was as remarkable a feat of the kind as I have ever seen.

These Southern coyotes or prairie-wolves are not about one-third the size of the big gray timber wolves of the Northern Rockies. They are too small to meddle with full-grown horses and cattle, but pick up young calves and kill sheep and small domesticated animals that they can get at. The big wolves flee from the neighborhood of anything like close settlements, but coyotes are not so shy, and they are much more numerous. They show a fox-like cunning in catching rabbits, prairie-dogs, gophers, and the like. After nightfall they are noisy, and their melancholy wailing and yelling are familiar sounds to all who pass over the plains. The young are brought forth in holes in cut banks or similar localities. Within my own experience I have known of the finding of but two families. In one there was but a single family of five cubs and one old animal, undoubtedly the mother; in the other case there were ten or eleven cubs, and one old animal, which apparently shared the burrow or cave, though living in separate pockets. In neither case was any full-grown male seen. Their "Forcible Land" regards these particular litters, the male seemingly had nothing to do with taking care of or supporting the family. I am not able to say whether this was accidental or not. It is a curious thing that the mother lives with and takes care of the litter; I have heard contrary statements about this matter from hunters who have known of the matter, and learned from long experience that it is only exceptional hunters who can be trusted to give accurate descriptions of the habits of any beast, save such as are connected with its own hunting.

Coyotes are sharp, wary, knowing creatures, and on most occasions take care to keep out of harm's way.

But with all wild animals, it is a noticeable fact that a course of contact with man continuing over many generations of animal life causes a species so to adapt itself to its new surroundings that it becomes almost indistinguishable from the wild animals of the country. When white men take up a new country, the game, and especially the big game, being entirely unused to contact with the new race, succumb easily, and are almost completely killed out. If any individuals survive at all, however, the succeeding generations are far more difficult to exterminate than were their ancestors, and they cling much more tenaciously to their old homes. The game to be found in old and long-settled countries, is of course, much less than that to be found in a new country; it is the wilderness life, far more than the actual killing of the wilderness game, which tests the ability of the wilderness hunter.

## THE TRIP TO LEWISTON.

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## Where the Butter Comes From.

Eugene Register. Portland's commercial barons are flirting with Idaho's Congressional Representatives by attending the big fair at Lewiston. Portland knows which side of her head is buttered, and where the butter comes from.

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Cottage Grove Leader. Portland business men are being royally welcomed all along the road to Lewiston. That their trip will be of benefit to Lewiston, as well as to the people who are staying, as business men of various cities become better acquainted, their business relations and dealing become more certain and of a more permanent growth.

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Lewiston Tribune. Portland has achieved the distinction of having attracted to the fair grounds of the Lewiston-Clarkston Interstate Fair and Racing Association the largest crowd ever assembled there. The city has a population of 10,000, and these figures were realized. The grandstand was sold out early, and it was with difficulty that the visitor could work through the mass of humanity that gathered in the grandstand, and stretch to the Horticultural hall and beyond to the racing stables. The prominent visitors mixed with the happy throngs, and Governor Chamberlain, of Oregon, joined in the cheering, cheering the thrilling finishes that marked every event on the track. Horticultural hall, with its exhibit, has never received so much attention and so much praise.

## How to Make Opportunity.

Walla Walla Union. Walla Walla can well profit by the visit of the Portland business men's excursion to this city, not only by getting in closer touch with Portland, but by putting itself on the aggressive in other fields. This city has business and gets other news with surrounding towns. We do not have a great wholesale trade, but many of the people of the smaller towns of the vicinity place a large part of their patronage at the hands of Walla Walla merchants.

## Consul at Amsterdam.

PORTLAND, Oct. 23.—To the Editor: Please inform me who is the American Consul in the Netherlands and where he is located. F. C. HENRECI.

## Newspaper Waifs.

Bill—Did Phil contribute to the evening edition?—Yonkers Statesman. "They tell me the nobleman that Estel married hasn't any money." "He has \$10 of it."—Washington Democrat.

## Insurance Agent.

"The company I represent has undivided profits of more than \$100,000."—Detroit News. "I am waiting for the clouds to roll by, eh?"—Puck.

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## What is alimony, mamma?

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"It is a man who is noted for his 'nearness,' when he exclaims: 'Why, he's so all-fired stinky that he won't laugh at a joke unless it's somebody's else expense.'—Brooklyn Life.

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## ROOSEVELT'S WOLF HUNT IN OKLAHOMA

One of the Guides, With His Hands, Catches a Wolf, Alive—Thrusts One Hand in the Animal's Mouth—Cunning of the Hunted.

Theodore Roosevelt in Scribner's Magazine. Big wolves are found in both Texas and Oklahoma, and they are rare compared to the coyotes, and are more warded in Alamo or in the country of three or four