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RICHARD IS HIMSELF AGAIN.

THE PRESIDENT gave a remarkable example of self repression almost amounting to self-effacement at certain periods of the national campaign. The letter of acceptance left nothing to be desired in the way of vigor of expression or boldness of attitude.

THE U. S. A. "AMERICAN."

SIR EDWARD CLARK, of all occasions on a Thanksgiving day banquet by the American society in London, gave a sarcastic over the term "American ambassador," as implying dominance by the United States over the whole American continent when, as a matter of fact, Great Britain had a greater territorial power than those who arrogated the title.

TWO TYPES OF RICH MEN.

MENTION was made in the dispatches Wednesday of a comparatively slight accession to the great wealth of the venerable New York moneybag, Russell Sage, by a very simple process. His wealth, estimated at about \$100,000,000, is largely in cold cash, which he loans. He has so much money out on call loans in New York City that a "call" from him causes a flurry in the financial circles of that metropolis.

homes. By other methods he might possibly have been a richer man, in mere money; but how vastly, incomparably richer a rich man is William L. Douglas than Russell Sage today!

COLUMBIA RIVER SALMON INDUSTRY.

THE RECENT REPORT of the state fish warden is deprived of much of the interest that would otherwise attach to it, and his recommendations are likely to receive less consideration than they abstractly deserve, because, as everybody knows, he did not enforce, or make any attempt to enforce, the closed season law last summer.

The excuse made by the fish warden is that fishing is carried on in the Washington side of the river, over which he has no jurisdiction; that the fish warden of that state habitually neglects to enforce the closed season law there; and that therefore to enforce our law would be a great injury to Oregon fishermen without protecting the fish.

Repeated, indeed almost if not quite biennial efforts have been made for the past 16 or 18 years to secure the co-operation of the Washington legislature and authorities, but so far without much success. They seem to think the Columbia river an Oregon stream, and salmon fishing therein an Oregon industry, and that whatever Washington people can catch is clear gain, that Oregon has all and Washington nothing to lose by the extermination of the salmon.

The salmon fishing industry is a great and vastly valuable one to Oregon, but unless Washington and Oregon can work harmoniously and honestly together, and unless both states, and especially Oregon can have fish wardens that will strictly enforce the law providing for a closed season, as the late Commissioner McGuire did, in the face of great difficulties, the industry is doomed to extinction.

A GREAT AMERICAN ARMY.

THE United States Commissioner of education reports that during the year ending June 30 last, 16,009,361 children, one-fifth of the country's total population, attended the public schools. The cost of the schools, of educating these children for one year, was \$251,000,000. That there is no public demand for retrenchment of this expense is shown by the fact that the cost for last year was \$16,000,000 more than for the preceding year. Nobody complains about this immense amount of money being expended in carrying on the public schools.

But the public schools are not the exclusive means of educating American children. The private schools last year had a total enrollment of 1,093,876, and if we add to these the pupils in kindergartens, evening and business schools, academies, etc., the total number of our children and youth who got more or less schooling last year, outside of colleges, is raised to 18,187,914. This is a magnificent army to view militarily, and a division or squad of it we may view actually every day. It is an army that equals the total population of Spain, which 400 years ago was the greatest world power known, but which neglected popular education, and has shrunk to its present proportions. On this great army of boys and girls depends the country's future, and in their hands it will be safe, for they will be the most intelligent, practical, observant and calculating people, on broad lines, in the world. They will be wiser than their parents, and we hope no weaker; they need to be both wiser and stronger. No other country can show an army, in various essentials of future citizenship, anything like this army of school children of ours. No other country spends so much to educate its children, and in none, save possibly one or two, does so great a proportion of children receive an education.

Yet there is room for improvement in this latter respect. In the south the colored education, though the enrollment last year was 1,578,000, about three times what it was in 1877. But this is part of the race problem which the southern people must for the most part solve for themselves. In all our cities there are a considerable number of children, especially those of foreign-born parents, who do not attend school, or do not attend enough, and they need looking after.

While the total number attending school last year was 18,187,914, as stated, the total number of children between 5 and 18 years of age was 22,500,000, showing that over 4,300,000 did not attend school. This is partly accounted for by the absence from school of those over 16, who have gained the rudiments of an education and have gone to work, and by those a little over 5 who are not considered quite old enough to send to school, so that the showing made is a good one, is one that cannot be made by any other people in the world's history; and yet the percentage of non-attendants should decrease in future. Give all the children at least the rudiments of an education; nay, compel them to acquire the elements of information and knowledge imparted in the public schools.

Small Change

Feel better? Christmas next. Turkeys more plentiful. But every day ought to be a Thanksgiving day. Festival fatalities don't usually occur immediately. There is still a possibility that Ad-dicks can't buy in.

Commercial item: Meat market business quiet yesterday. You might get one cheap at a raffie and again you might not. Some people who had a big dinner may envy those who hadn't. Extremes meet: behold the clasped hands of the strenuous and the simple life.

Secretary Tatt will be a big man among the Panamans, in more ways than one. It is unlikely that A. B. Parker will be retained by the Standard Oil company or other trusts. Much private irrigation work is being done in the lower Umatilla river and Butter creek region.

Harper's Weekly says that Roosevelt could not have been defeated by the angel Gabriel. True enough; but the angel Gabriel would have received as many votes as Swallow did. Judge Parker's first day's law practice in New York brought him two fees amounting to \$10.00, says the New York American. So he won't have to go back to Esopus and "practice in the county court" for a few days yet.

It is just announced that the car has received a letter congratulating from President Roosevelt on the birth of the heir to the Russian throne. Whether the president put off sending the letter till after election, or the czar deferred reading it, because the czar deferred the baby, is not stated.

O. it was assistant Richards, of course, who issued the fraudulent annual papers. Commissioner Hermann was "very busy," and paid no attention to it. The cases had been pending "some time." He could not remember whether he knew what lands were involved. He wouldn't be sure about Senator Mitchell's letter. What a paragon of ignorant innocence!

All Oregon was thankful. Condon's new electric light plant is in operation. The improvement league of Independence is busy. Several new residences are being built in Pilot Rock. Oregon farmers were never in better shape for winter.

Only one flock of sheep in Gilliam county is scabby. A big sugar beet factory in Klamath county is a probability. Haines granite is said to be superior to the Vermont granite. There is plenty of feed for stock in the Powder river region. Haines has a new and needed banking institution—a private bank. Geese and ducks are plentiful along the coast over in Lincoln county. La Grande's population is said to be 5,600 or more, and is growing rapidly. Harney county stock are in better condition for winter than in years.

The fish catch on Rogue river was the second largest in the history of that stream. About 14,000 dressed turkeys were shipped from Oakland last Saturday to San Francisco. An Eugene saloon displays this sign on Saturdays: "Saloon closed Sunday; all bottles today." Rain is badly needed in portions of Umatilla county. The "dry" coast counties could spare some. An Independence man has shipped 14 goats to British Columbia, at \$60 apiece, showing that the homely and humble goat is not to be despised. La Grande is growing steadily. It is a great market for the produce of the surrounding country. The creamery there is prospering, and proving a benefit to many. Dallas officers have made for themselves an enviable record. They have actually brought one umbrella thief to justice. He had stolen and sold four umbrellas, which were recognized. There is a reported precedent that taking an umbrella is not larceny, but four are too many. Ions Proclaimers: One evening recently the writer counted 45 wheel-hauling outfits on a camp ground on upper Main street. There were a few four, one or two eight, but nearly all were six-horse teams. Some of them were hauling as far as 30 miles to market. The six and eight-horse outfits have two wagons, while the four-horse outfits have but one wagon and, as a rule, do not make very long hauls. This year ions will take in nearly a million bushels of wheat and only a part of the land tributary to town is under cultivation.

How Rockefeller Was Reached

George F. Tyrone in Chicago Tribune. One of the most successful engineers in the country who for brevity may be called Smith, got his start in business, and grew rich as a consequence, by outwitting John D. Rockefeller, the oil magnate. The story of what a little pluck and daring will do when used at the right moment with the proper diplomacy. Smith, a few years ago, was a young fellow whose only capital consisted of steam heat temperature. Perhaps it should also be said that he is cool-headed, nervy, bold, but quietly so, and possessed of an innocent, childlike manner which was for a the most part, cleverly counterfeited, and which amassed the persons with whom he did business when they discovered the shrewd mind and masterful tact the lay concealed under his seemingly boyish exterior.

When Smith started out to sell his device he determined he would aim high. "If I can get my regulator into the hands of a dozen of the big millionaires," he said, "the rest of the people will take it up." He was at that time living in Chicago, his native city, and with the Astors and Vanderbilts in mind, he packed his wares and went to New York. He afterwards said that, for two months after his arrival in that city, New York was more unresponsive than the Sahara desert in the belt that has no vegetation. Nobody seemed to care whether the temperature of his house was high or low. Nobody wanted any of Smith's regulators, and as for the gatherings of the Astors and Vanderbilts and other millionaires, he found that to secure a personal interview with an American millionaire was about as easy as getting into personal contact with the shah of Persia.

It was good fortune, however, one day to be admitted into the private office of Mr. B., one of the smaller stockholders of the Standard Oil company. B. had just come in from a good dinner, and was feeling in a good nature to the whole world as a result. He was taken with Smith's boyish way, and owing, perhaps, as much to caprice as to anything else, he gave the young man an order to fit his house on Fifth avenue with one of the Smith regulators. Smith did the work himself, and made a good job of it. Then he laid low for two weeks, and then he called on B. again, and with a brilliant idea in his head, he knew that B. and John D. Rockefeller were well acquainted, and his purpose was to get the first big order as an inducement to an interview with the oil magnate.

Now, Smith had tried every method he could think of to reach the great millionaire, but to no purpose. He had no hopes B. would give him a letter of introduction, or anything like that, and, in fact, he didn't dare suggest such a thing to B., for he knew that B. wouldn't dare do it. His plan was to get around the difficulty in an indirect way. He did not wish to kill him with Rockefeller, who, in that case, would be certain to find it out. He therefore asked B. if the regulator was working fine. "All right," B. said it was working fine.

"I wish I could sell one of these to Mr. Rockefeller," said Smith. "I am sure he would like it," replied B. "He ought to have one," replied Smith. "May I use your name for a recommendation?" asked Smith. "Of course," said B. "Do you've got a good thing."

"This was all Smith wanted. He often tells his friends of his interview with the oil king and what came of it, and he said he had never since been on a visit to his relations in Chicago. "I decided," said Smith, "to call upon Mr. Rockefeller in the morning at his house, so as to be sure to find him in. I will have my regulator with me. When the footman came to the door I said to him: 'Tell Mr. Rockefeller that a messenger from Mr. B. is here with an important message.' The footman went away and came back. 'Come this way,' he said. He ushered me into the breakfast room, where Mr. Rockefeller was just setting down to two mutton chops. "I said to the oil king, looking at me with a beautiful smile, 'you are a messenger from Mr. B.—?' "Yes, sir," said I. "What message has Mr. B.— to send?" "Why, said I, Mr. B.— says you ought to have one of my regulators in your house to control the temperature. "John D.'s face fell about a yard and he looked at me with an expression which seemed to indicate that he was in doubt whether he was awake or dreaming. Then he took a turn across the room and again stopped in front of me. "Did B.— tell you to come here and say that to me?" he asked. "Well, he didn't exactly tell me to come here and say that to me," I said. "You ought to have one, and I thought that I'd be doing wrong if I didn't notify you of the fact. Mr. B.— had one of my regulators put into his house, and he says it's a good thing. 'You are sure he didn't tell you to come here?' interrupted John D. "No," said I, "that was my own idea."

"This face broadened out again and he said he would have my regulator. He began on one of the chops and finished it before he said another word. There was I standing like a wooden Indian with my hands in my pockets watching the president of the Standard Oil company eating his breakfast, and I couldn't begin to imagine what was coming next. But I was determined to stand there a month if necessary. When he had finished the chop he turned rather vigorously, and then he turned around and looked at me, as if he had just seen me for the first time. "Sit down, young man," he said. "Sit down. Any man who can succeed in placing an advertising circular in my hands is worth talking to. But you're sure that B.— didn't send you here?" "Sure," replied I, "I came of my own accord."

"Then John D. asked me about my device, and listened politely and attentively while I recited it off to him. He began on the other chop and went on until he had finished it. He said that I never talked faster in my life. I was going to get in all I could while I had the chance, but although I watched the man's face with all my power of observation, I couldn't form the slightest idea of what he was going to do. I talked at him in a steady stream while he was eating, and also while he was resting after he had finished. He never once interrupted me, but let me go on until I had run down. Then he nodded his head as if he were waiting for that very thing. "Can't you think of anything else?" he asked. "No," said I, "unless it be to ask you if I can refer others to you to see how much satisfaction my regulator gives you."

Boasts of His Frauds

St. Louis Special in Chicago Tribune. Col. Edward Butler, the big Democratic boss, who is charged with having thrown the city and state to the Republican party, with the sole exception of the governorship captured by Joseph W. Folk, whose scalp he was particularly anxious to take, recently spoke proudly of the election frauds engineered by him in this city during the last 30 years. Butler strolled into the Mercantile Trust company recently, where a reporter tackled him. An interrogatory as to his opinion on the Missouri state election caused the colonel to blantly smile and say: "It suits me. If the Republicans do the right thing they can hold this state for many years to come. Immigration from Iowa, Illinois and Kansas, of which about 90 per cent is favorable to the Republican party, is rapidly changing the political complexion of this state."

"How about the Democrats?" "O, St. Louis," replied the boss, and his eyes twinkled merrily. "Now, let me tell you something about this town," he said, as his voice lowered. "St. Louis is Republican town, and if things were on the level here the Democrats could never have elected any mayor save Joe Brown. Joe was elected twice honestly, and he is the only Democrat who did carry St. Louis on the square since the civil war."

"Are you still a Democrat?" "Of course, and I intend to die one. Right-angled, as you say, and the colonel raised his head and looked the reporter squarely in the face. "I have been stealing elections from the Republicans of this city for 30 years, and I have secured the position of 'boss' every time. Yes, sir; quit it in the word."

"You see, I'm like them boodlers who get conscience stricken and confess. I've put in many a queer lick for the Democrats, but I'm not going to do it any more. In other words, I've got conscience stricken, too."

Butler was calm as he said this: In fact, the boss is a man who seldom gets excited. When the reporter suggested giving publicity to his remarkable statement on "stealing elections" from the Republican party, he promptly said: "It's all right; go ahead. I know what I am talking about, and every man in politics here knows the same thing, too."

Butler is old, but he is still rugged and active, still vindictive and full of the fighting spirit. He has been a Democratic chieftain almost from the day he landed in St. Louis, a penniless blacksmith out of a job, 35 years ago. And when he talks of "men who have usurped the position of 'boss,'" he speaks more in tones of compassion than anger. "I know this town was going to turn Democratic spirit," he said, "but this November, because the boys were not out working," he said. "The average voter, not politician, has no idea how valuable the 'boys' are on election day, and when the Democrats have a majority, they will turn on St. Louis, they can't win. That's all there is to it."

The Play. Haverly's minstrels proved a happy selection for the Thanksgiving bill at the Marquette Grand. The house was filled to its capacity for the evening performance, including what appeared to be a distinctly a football crowd. The Minstrel's rendition of "The Boys" occupied the boxes and made the rafters ring with their college "rah, rah, rahs" whenever an opportunity presented itself.

Of the show there is not much to say. It is about the same as last year, with the favorite "Billy" Van as the premier comedian. He gets nine laughs per minute in the first part, and about the same rate in the second. His manager's support is furnished by "Eddie" Masier and "Jimmy" Wall. Aside from the comedians named, the most entertaining feature of the performance is the society's rendition of "The Prince of Pileem," from "The Prince of Pileem." The olio includes slap-stick turns and an amusing circus scene, in which the mule, Jaaper, is featured.

"GRIMES' CELLAR DOOR," which was presented at the Empire after a season of inactivity at the Grand, has been revived. It does not call for serious consideration. James B. Mackie, manager and comedian, lost most of his company while in hard circumstances and has filled the number of "Boys" with new recruits. If there was a redeeming feature of the performance it was the dancing of Owens and Smith, both local boys. The piece will run out the week. RACE WHITNEY.

Journal of Lewis and Clark. November 25.—The weather is still fine, warm and pleasant, and the river falls one inch and one-half. Captain Lewis, accompanied by eight men, a Minnetaree chief, the first who has visited us, came down to the fort; his name was Waukessah, but he had no interpreters, and some of the boys, Captain Lewis, were obliged to confine our civilities to some presents, with which he was much pleased. We now completed our hunt, and fortunately, too. AN UNHAPPY WOMAN'S ADVICE. From the Baltimore Sun. A woman who has had a very unhappy married life gives this advice to young women: "Don't marry a man to reform him. It can't be done unless he is under 22." The woman who permits her heart to rule her head makes a sad mistake. If a girl loves a man, no matter how selfish or dissipated he may be, she plunges into matrimony with her eyes closed. No woman should ever depend entirely on her husband for happiness. It is folly, and leads always to heartache. A married woman should have a life apart from her husband. Let her keep sweet and true and lovable, but beyond a certain point she should not venture, lest she lose her individuality in her husband's, with the result that he will impose on her. Beware of a man with an ungovernable temper, and almost all men are endowed with this quality. Shun the man who drinks to excess, for it is a habit that leads to wretchedness. Avoid also the man who is selfish, the man who considers always his own interests before those of his wife, or heart. All men are selfish, and it depends on the wife's power to hold them.

Market Basket. Good things are in profusion in the markets today. There are sucking pigs weighing from 20 to 30 pounds and delicious strawberries, such as make you salivate, and account for the high price. Some of them thought they could wait until Sunday and perhaps get their birds for that cheaper than earlier in the week. Perhaps they were not the prophets, as that they were not. Speaking of turkeys, how many people in Portland know where their holiday birds come from? Not many. The principal supplies of turkeys for the market, or, in fact, the markets, but of the entire Pacific coast, come from Oregon. These turkeys, or the majority of them, come from a very narrow area, Oakland, Or.—not Oakland, Cal.—is the place that annually ships hundreds of thousands of turkeys to the markets of the Pacific coast, and from the Portland, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Tacoma, Spokane and Seattle markets, than any other town on the coast. There are quite a number of people engaged exclusively in the business of supplying turkeys for these markets, and from all accounts they more than make their daily bread. Of course, all is not profit in the turkey business. Did you ever try to raise turkeys? The poultry industry is the reason why turkeys cannot be raised successfully in all parts of Oregon. There is only one ideal district for the hatching and marketing of the tender little things, and that is in the southern Oregon, Oakland being the shipping point. You will have less than one week in which you can purchase one of the turkey pheasants, the birds of the turkey pheasants. The law says that no pheasants shall be sold in the markets or served in the hotels or restaurants after midnight of November 20. That is next Wednesday night. Pheasants are now quite liberal, but the demand for the birds has been so good that prices have held up. Grouse, teal, wildgeon, and snipe are plentiful and are not so high as most people imagine. Sucking pigs—sucking pigs they are, all sizes from 20 to 30 pounds. Prices are not high; \$3 will buy a good one, and a bigger one still is only \$3.50. "Pheasants are selling for \$3 each. New potatoes are in from California several months ahead of time. The other potatoes are only just beginning to mature, and already we have the new crop of pheasants are ruling in the Puget sound markets. A few of the ruling prices this week: Oranges, 25@40c dozen; bananas, 25@30c dozen; grapes, Oregon Concord and Isabella, very scarce, 40c per 5-pound basket; Tokays, Yerevan, 10c per 5-pound basket; apples, fancy Spitzenberg, 1.75 per box; Baldwin, 1.50; Rhode Island Greenings, 1.50; pears, winter Nellis, 1.50 per box; grape fruit, 3 for 25c; Jersey cranberries, 20c quart; Oregon, 15c quart; strawberries, 10c quart. Chickens, 25@30c; turkeys, 30@35c; tame ducks, 1.50 each; game geese, 1.25@1.75 each; quail, 75c pair; grouse, 1.50 pair; Chish pheasant, 1.50 pair; Franciscan mallard, 1.25 pair; teal, 75c pair. Steaks, 3@16c pound; mutton chops, 3@15c pound; veal cutlets, 10@12.5c pound; pork chops, 10@12.5c pound; roasting beef, 12.5@15c pound; corn beef, 6@10c pound; pot roast, 8@10c pound; ome beef, 8@10c pound; ham 15c pound; boiled ham, 30c pound. Crabs, 2 for 25c; lobsters, 20c pound; eastern frog legs, 50c dozen; shrimps, 20c pound; salmon, 20c pound; salmon, 2 pounds 25c; flounders, 10c pound; rock cod, 12.5c pound; California sole, 15c pound; perch, 10c pound; California striped bass, 15c pound; Sacramento shad, 2 for 15c; Puget sound small, 10c pound; catfish, 10c pound; black cod, 2 pounds 25c; halibut, 2 pounds 25c; sturgeon, 12.5c pound. New potatoes, 2 pounds for 25c; ranches, turnips and green onions, 1 bunches each; water cress, 5c bunch; lettuce, fancy heads, 2 for 5c; egg plant, 5@10c each; mushrooms, 25@35c pound; tomatoes, 10c pound; huckleberries, 3 pounds 25c; raspberries, 4 pounds 25c; sweet potatoes, 18 pounds 25c; rutabagas, 2 pounds 25c; others, 25c pound; beans, 1 string, 3 pounds 25c; lima, green, 2 pounds 25c; artichokes, 75c@81c dozen; celery, 5@10c head; peppers, 1.50c pound; cabbage, 10@15c head; cauliflower, 10@15c head; Oregon garden peas, 2 pounds 25c.