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STRANGEST CASE EVER KNOWN. A CURIOUS CASE has been recently reported from Linn county, across the river from Corvallis, and was reported in the Corvallis Times. Doctors say, after looking into their books, that nothing like it was ever known and recorded before.

With this terrible growth—that somehow reminds one of Hugo's Gynplaine—came, necessarily, physical weakness. The young, undeveloped frame could not sustain the mountain of flesh that was put upon it. The boy grew weak upon his legs; then when he tried to walk tottered and staggered, and finally became unable to walk at all; and so lies, a monstrous, terrible deformity, a just nature that the world wonders at and that is necessarily a great grief to the poor creature's parents.

THE WONDERFUL WEST.

THE WEST is being recognized and appreciated as never before, and the Lewis and Clark exposition is helping very much to gain this recognition and appreciation. By the "west" we mean the country west of the Missouri river—not the old "west" of the Atlantic states, nor merely the Pacific coast states, but the west that Lewis and Clark and Sacajawea toilsomely threaded, forth and back, and that Fremont, that tinselled adventurer, found paths in.

Here in Portland, almost on the verge of the continent, has congregated this summer, this immense West. Missouri is here, and Colorado, and Washington, California, and Utah, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming and Nebraska. They have been our guests; may they be our hosts too; it is their show almost as much as ours.

And they are equally welcome. They have learned something this summer. The man from Boston has learned that there was something in the far west besides Indians and sagebrush, the man from Gotham has learned that the sun does not rise and set in Wall street, the man from Virginia has learned that there are as fair shores and streams here as those Mary Johnstone described; in brief, the east is becoming acquainted with the west, and wonders at it, and is interested in it.

MORE ROADS HEADED FOR PORTLAND.

WHILE THE COMING of the Northern Pacific and Great Northern to Portland is now an assured fact and the actual work is already in progress all eyes are beginning to turn to the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul which is inevitably headed in this direction. In the railroad yards at Evars, South Dakota, a little town on the Missouri river which marks the present terminus of the St. Paul road, there is said to be gathered a perfect mountain of new steel. A thousand new freight cars and many new locomotives are in process of construction in the shops of the system. It is al-

The Fall Literary Styles. By Miss Doughnutte. Just now the advertisements of fall styles appear as thick as hairs in a mattress. Readers have probably selected by this time their fall frocks or suits, but may have delayed the purchase of their fall fiction until the styles have been definitely settled. For the benefit of those who have yet to lay in a supply we have interviewed the modiste of a leading publishing house.

Winning 'Em All. From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Governor Folk's laudation of President Roosevelt is even more fulsome than that of Colonel Bryan. The president is winning all of the Democratic Sir Huberts.

ready determined to build 75 miles of the road which will still leave it "nowhere," just as the Elkhorn branch of the Chicago & Northwestern will be left "nowhere" when it has been extended to the Shoshone reservation in Northern Wyoming. There will still be as much need as ever of an outlet for the St. Paul and with the rapidly changing conditions in the Orient few great systems will be satisfied with anything less than Pacific coast terminals of their own. Indeed the rumor has gained persistent circulation that the St. Paul has already determined upon an extension, the issuance of stock to pay for which was authorized three years ago. In the event of the extension, which never seemed so likely as it does today, the Pacific coast terminal of the road will necessarily be Portland. Indeed one can already begin to see a foreshadowing of what must soon inevitably be the fact that Portland will become the great railroad terminal of the Pacific coast out of which a corresponding growth of its foreign ocean commerce may be expected. Indeed taking it all in all Portland seems to be just coming into its own.

LAKE AND KLAMATH COUNTIES.

A CURIOUS THING about the late state or county census, beside the showing made for Portland, is that both Lake and Klamath counties show a decrease of population since 1900, as then indicated by the federal census. The assessor of Lake county finds therein only 2,107 people, whereas the federal enumerators in 1900 found a little over 2,500. The Lakeview Herald says that the enumeration this year is manifestly incomplete, "a few hundred sheepherders and vaqueros having been missed," but concedes that the population of the county is only about 2,400, and says that "it is a fact that must be admitted, the population of Lake county has been on the decrease for 10 years or more. It is difficult to get an exact count of the inhabitants of this county as they are scattered over 5,000,000 acres of ground, and stuck away in the corners where it is almost impossible for the census enumerator to find them."

The Klamath county assessor finds 3,836 people therein, which is 134 less than the federal enumerators found in 1900. There are about 1,200 Indians, less than a dozen of whom, according to the Klamath Falls Republican, have been enumerated. The Republican does not say directly whether the returns are approximately correct or not, but registers a general kick which we imagine would apply to several counties, as follows: "A casual glance over the census returns as on file will show a jumbled up collection of names, without system, arrangement or classification. It is simply a record of a farce perpetrated upon the people of the county." It is probably true that the population of the vast but isolated region comprised in Lake and Klamath counties has not largely increased during the past five years, for patent reasons. The stockmen occupy it; farmers are not wanted by the stockmen; and if farming is engaged in there is no means of transportation of surplus products.

SEE THE LIVESTOCK SHOW.

IF YOU DON'T see those animals you will miss one of the good, pleasant, interesting, instructive episodes of life, that make it worth living. You should take half a day for it, and go slowly through the whole exhibit. It is finely arranged for the satisfaction of visitors, and you can feel almost as much at home there as if you had a big ranch and were among your own kind. But no millionaire ever had nor perhaps could collect for himself such an exhibit as this. If horses are your favorite animal, there they are, the very best of the land. If cattle, gaze on those monstrous bulls, those high-bred, pure-blooded cows; if hogs, or sheep, or goats, there you can see the perfection of breeding and feeding. It is no wonder that the livestock show has drawn a great number of people; if its merits and beauties were fully known it would draw many more; nobody could keep away from it.

There are only three days more of this splendid exhibit of our friends the "lower animals"—when we observe the intelligence, as well as the strength, symmetry and beauty of them we almost doubt whether they should be called "lower"—and in these three days everybody who has not seen them should do so, and those who have should go and see them again.

The exhibition has many worthy and notable exhibits—in the art gallery, in the agricultural building, in the manufacturers' building, in the forestry building, in the Washington and California and other state buildings, but—for many people at least—there is nothing to equal the livestock exhibit, for these things are alive and they thrill and throb with life! Go and see this fine exhibit—or go again. It will do you good.

How He Saved a Little Gin. From the Minneapolis Tribune. "Jim was a good negro," says Representative Moon of Tennessee, "but he loved gin better than he did his Maker, and he would not pay a debt if there was any earthly way to get out of it. One day Jim went to the store, armed with a gallon jug, and asked for a quart of gin, telling the merchant that he was prepared to settle. The fluid was put in, and then it was discovered that Jim had no money. Forthwith the merchant poured the quart back in the measure, while Jim picked up his jug and walked out smiling. "He had put in about a quart of water, and, of course, he had just about that much gin and water in the jug. The grocer's gin in his barrel was a little weaker, but Jim's quart was strong enough to bridge over on."

Definition and Example. From the Kansas City Journal. In the next edition of the lexicon of diplomacy the term "irreducible minimum" will be defined as a minimum that drops 50 per cent in seven days.

A Guess. From the Kansas City Star. Perhaps the best trout in availing itself of numerous delays because it does not want the country to realize how innocent it is.

SMALL CHANGE.

An armed force is going to invade the desert of Sahara. By the way, what Sahara needs is not arms, but irrigation. The Salem Statesman says that there should be and will be no change of the tariff, and yet it professes to be a supporter of the Republican party. Rockefeller is a man of peace, but he could not weep over the riotous and destructive disturbances in the Caucasus, which give him almost absolute control of the world's markets and have already enabled him to advance the price of petroleum. It is a strange wind that doesn't blow gold Rockefeller's way. Pluvius had the drop on us yesterday. Hang on to your umbrella. The most orderly and well behaved exposition ever held. Somebody asks what has become of Mary McLane. What in the world can he want to know for? Tacoma deserves to grow. The fall girl is all right, too. No; the men won't wear corsets. Men, we said. Dudes may. Chicago Tribune: Finally, brethren, you have been paying too much for your life insurance. Party fealty may be a good thing, but fealty to the people is better. Next Saturday should be the biggest day Portland ever saw. Tillamook will get a railroad, sure—some day—and no very distant day, either. Still no federal judge. It will be 1,600,000 at least. The blessed rains do an immense amount of good. Don't mind getting wet a little. Corvallis owes it to itself and to the state to enforce prohibition there. If you don't go you will regret it as long as you live. A new candidate for governor or representative nearly every day, and the election over eight months off yet. It is supposed that Mr. Baker will be provided with plenty of oil. Don't forget good roads. North Bend Citizen: Binger Hermann is in the field looking after a re-nomination for the office, and he and his friends are of the opinion that he will be an easy winner in the convention and at the polls in November. His managers are certain that the people will vindicate him when the time comes to elect his successor. Get ready for next Saturday. Only three days to see the greatest stock show on earth.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS.

A Douglas county contractor, who has been much troubled by varminas, says: "Finally I succeeded in preparing a poison which works so effectively that I tell my neighbors I can kill off the colonies on 250 acres in one night. This poison is equally effective in killing wild birds, geese and other wild animals, and can be handled with safety." But, instead of telling what it is, he is going to have it "patented."

Some Forest Grove was painted a big sign, "Look Out for the Cars," and put it up at the Tillamook railway crossing, Baseline, the other night. In turn, some Hillsboro, smarting under the taunt, carried it to the Grove and placed it where the electric line entered town, that line also being in statu quo.

Game being killed out of season in Polk county; whereabouts of deputy game warden not known.

Sidewalks being put down in Estacada.

A Scio man raised 40 bushels of onions on 400 feet of ground, most of them very large ones.

The way to make Heppner bigger and bigger is to get in all pull together and get an open channel for low creek; a channel that will assure the safety of the town against high waters. It can be done and not at an enormous cost.

Houses being painted in Houston.

Map faking bothering Heppner people.

Bandon improving considerably.

Some Bandon people are still quarreling about a Fourth of July purse.

Beggars are working up-valley small towns.

Potato-digging progressing in prosperous Wallawa.

The Joseph Herald thinks that town ought to have a band.

An unusual number of Medford young people are getting married.

Klamath Falls now has a fully equipped, well regulated dairy, equal to any in the state.

A man living near Corvallis has a 26-acre pop yard. Last year he sold for 20 cents, instead of holding for a higher price, because he was anxious to pay off a \$2,500 mortgage, which he did. This year he has 18,000 pounds of hops, and as the mortgage has been lifted, he will hold them for 30 cents.

Independence Enterprise: Two hop-pickers, a Mr. Black and a Miss Burbank, left the Ruler yard Wednesday, went to Dallas and were married, and returned to picking in the afternoon.

Much illegal shooting in Yamhill county and others.

A Happy Ridge (Yamhill county) man bought a 500 horse the other day, and is happy on the ridge.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Free School Books. Portland, Sept. 23.—To the Editor of The Journal—Having recently removed with my family from Nebraska to Oregon, I was astonished to find that with all the advantages and advancement of this delightful state, no free school book law had yet been enacted, and having come from a state where a free text book law has been in successful operation for many years, I cannot resist the temptation to speak of its advantages and economy, nor do I understand why some statesman or legislator has not made himself famous by having enacted such legislation, as a free text book law has only to be soon to be appreciated.

First, let me say that it costs less to buy books and supplies for the entire school in quantities than for the individual to buy them. Second, by the adoption of a uniform series of books there is never any jangle over the kind of books used and there is always a supply of the kind and quantity of books to enable both teacher and pupil to do the best work possible and the child of poor parents has as many books and as good ones as the child of the rich, and no child is induced to play truant for want of proper books.

Third, the system of free text books or books bought by the school districts are paid for by the rich as well as by the poor, while under the present system, the wealthy land owner, often a business man, does not contribute a cent to the school fund, while the parents of large families, often of the poorer classes, are prevented from giving their children a needed education because of a lack of funds with which they are not provided. A compulsory school law or attendance law can easily be enforced—and it should be—where books and supplies are furnished, that cannot now be done on account of the plausible excuse, "No books."

A few remarks appear in your issue on the expense but really decreases it, and at the same time compels the wealthy, the childless, the bachelor, and the non-resident property owner to pay his share of the expense by equitable taxation, and lightens the burden of the poor who are usually the parents of the larger families, and it also tends to help to educate that portion of the rising generation that need it most, the children of the poorer classes.

The law is, unfortunately, admitted, not only in Nebraska, but in every state where it has been adopted, that it seems to me that the matter need only be brought to the attention of the voters and the legislators to have enacted, at the next session of the Oregon legislature, a free text book law and let the press and the public will take the matter up, much needed and beneficial legislation will certainly follow.

If there is any good reason why this law should not go into effect in this state it is known from that day to day discussed through the columns of this paper. Having been connected with a board of education in Nebraska and having resigned such position to take up my residence in your state, will be pleased to give any further information on the subject possible. I am yours for free text books. W. S. BAKER, 23 Concord Building.

More About Lents. Lents, Or., Sept. 15.—To the Editor of The Journal—Being stated by your valued paper, an effort has been made and yet is being furthered to change the name of this locality, heretofore known as Lents, to Mount Scott. I am surprised to see the business agent as to why such change should not be made.

In the first place, the neck of the old woods was settled by O. P. Lents and his family in 1852. It was known from that day to this as the Lents settlement. Subsequently other people settled here and now we have a community of several hundred people and naturally when we speak of Lents we mean the place named in honor of our worthy and deceased friend Lents. Now, after 20 years some new arrivals wish to change the name of our postoffice and village to Mount Scott. This purpose can never obtain at all, as the postoffice department if the true facts in the case are presented, and I understand they will be.

They should we ignore the old and honor the pioneer, for the mere whim of some factional village intermeddler or modern linguist? The old settlers here are up in arms against changing the name of Lents to Mount Scott. It is almost unnecessary to say that the name of Mount Scott was obtained from the fact that H. W. Scott, editor of the Oregonian, purchased a large amount of acreage on the mountain adjacent here about the time a big hue and cry was raised in Portland about having more public parks, it being at that time urged as necessary for the city to buy a chain of parks in and around Portland, and several real estate speculators of those days will probably now well recollect. From this fact the mountain thenceforward seemed, by common consent to be known as Mount Scott. As a matter of fact it should then or now be known as Mount Deardorff or Mount Johnson, after either one or the other of these two old honored and deceased pioneers.

Still the village grows up here, a mile away from the mountain, was named in the beginning Lents, and we ask The Journal to help us reach the department at Washington to protest against any change of name in our postoffice. PIONEER CITIZEN.

Conway Gladys Ella. Tremont, Or., Sept. 17.—Editor of The Journal—Sir: In Sunday's Journal the statement was made that Mr. Joe Clark, whose child was awarded the Feldenhelmer cup, is the only living descendant of Captain William Clark, the great explorer, in memory of whom the Lewis and Clark centennial and American Pacific expedition is now being held.

To the word "only" in the above statement I desire to take exceptions, and as a matter of fact to state that such things go, the undersigned can trace descent from the famous Captain Clark. My grandmother on my mother's side, Mrs. E. T. Wilson of Liberty, Missouri, now living at the ripe old age of 84, once a member of the Lewis and Clark blood relation of Captain William Clark, so it will be seen that there are still living several descendants of the great explorer of a century ago.

H. VINCI, CONWAY.

Forrest Objects. Portland, Sept. 20.—To the Editor of The Journal—Today's Journal containing the account of the celebration of Italian day at the Lewis and Clark exposition gives my name as one of the speakers.

As only a few days ago the papers were full of letters and interviews from those who managed this celebration, making charges of a serious character, one against the other, and from which it appeared that many of the countrymen were in great distress, I do object to the use of my name as a speaker at this celebration, for the reason that I was busily engaged in the trial of a case at the time of the ceremonies at the fair grounds. To me the celebration of September 20 has no special significance as I was born under the stars and stripes. ALBERT F. FERRELL.

MOST EXCLUSIVE CITY IN AMERICA.

Anna Rittenhouse in Ainsley's for September. Charleston is without doubt the most exclusive city in America. It gives nothing out to the stranger beyond its physical beauty and temperate climate. One keen observer said: "It has only one equal—a German principality, where almost every one is noble and well-interested. Other places and social circles are the same, but not in Chicago, Denver, but not for Charleston." A small child of that city was asked where Charleston was placed. Proudly she answered: "The Declaration of Independence and the Ashley river, which join and form the ocean."

THE PLAY.

We do well to call May Irwin "jolly." The word was never more fittingly applied. She talked herself into hilarious favor last evening at the Marquam Grand. "Talked" is used advisedly, for the words she said and talked would have been the words. "Mrs. Black Is Back" is a comical contribution from George V. Hobart. It was originally done at the Bijou theatre in New York and met with success. It is a play of the kind which you can't read a wife's deliberate lie—and full of remarkably funny situations. Mrs. Black, before her second marriage, has told her bridegroom that she is seven years younger than the family Bible indicates. This unexpected appearance of her son by the former marriage, "Little Johnny," who is 17 and should be 10, leads to numerous complications of more than ordinary interest. Much of the success of comedy lies in anticipation. The author knew this when he wrote out at large bundles of toys for "Little Johnny" at the time of his return, with Johnny showing up, accompanied by an Irish valet and six or seven suit cases. A more laughable situation could hardly be contrived, in fact when the author had written every effort and exhausted almost every field which promises originality. Eventually Mrs. Black's new husband learns of the deception, but in a very pretty finish passes it up as though Johnny were in the state of mind that might be. It is a clever idea, and should "live long and prosper."

May Irwin is the William Collier of comedians. Her methods are usually of the quiet, unobtrusive order. Her laugh is genuine and unfeigned, she tells a simple story with so much unctious that you rather wish you had a copy of it. Mrs. Irwin used to be the Bert Williams of petticoat-coo-shouting. I can imagine that she was great in days gone by—in the days when "I'm Looking for That Bull" was a rage. But last night she did not have one first-rate laugh, she had not one. Mr. Irwin will be a first-rate comedian always, but time tells on the voice.

On the supporting company a good deal of praise can be honestly bestowed. Miss Barby is the star, and is excellently acted by her work capabilities far above the realm of comedy. She makes a regal appearance, her voice is musical, her manner fascinating and altogether she fills the auditor with a desire to see her again. The humorist, Louis Polley as Larkie, the physical culturist, was an immediate hit in a "fat" part. Victor Canmore made a good thing of the foreign gambler, Roland Carter was acted as home the business man, Johnston Burr threw away no opportunity as the boy around whom the play revolves. Then the valet must not be overlooked.

The action of the play covers only the first act, but this is magnificent. The engagement is for four nights—that is, three nights more and a matinee Thursday. "On the Quiet." "My dear Hyde, whenever a hand heavy with the duties of a head of a household is paralyzed by a fresh young heart, I say to hell with it." So says Judge Ridgway in "On the Quiet," an Augustus Thome comedy which is being played at the Lyric. The lines delivered much as a 12-inch gun would eject a projectile, and coming between exceedingly funny situations and following other lines that "are to laugh."

Robert Ridgway, the judge's son, speaks so many brilliant things that the harum-scarum young fellow soon makes the audience forget the staid bolt of denunciation with which the judge declared his disapproval of marriages arranged by anyone other than the pair themselves. The Besco company will produce the play more smoothly than last night. It's no wonder there were a few hitches last evening, for Admiral Dewey himself would be required to tax his executive ability to command the rapid fire of irony, sarcasm and wit that is called for in "On the Quiet." Willie Collier has played it, and it helped him to part of his present reputation.

Encounter With a Whale. From the Port Orford Tribune. While dragging the bay last week for a lost anchor, George Forty and his son Robert had a remarkable adventure with a whale, which in its open-mouth charge into a school of fish got the line in its mouth, and not being used to such a bit, the whale got frightened and one of its wild rushes came near settling the boat. George and Robert, a foot line overboard in a hurry and tried to hold on to the end, but let go quickly when the strain came. The frightened whale rushed seaward, and as it took through its mouth, its fright increased to such an extent that it leaped into the air, swam half out of the water, and no doubt is going wet at top speed.

Heavy but Harmless. From the Weston Leader. A little harmless pleasantry indulged in by the Oregonian concerning country editor is merely an opportunity for these bright sayings, and is a tale of love between the rather wild son of Judge Ridgway and the daughter of a deceased millionaire, who has devised his property so as to give his son virtually a disposition of the hands of his two daughters in marriage.

They are only a pretty, 11,000,000 that's at stake to face with the first reality of life, and I don't care a rap for it; I only want you, Agnes, and if I can get you they may take the money and give it away." "But you know I get the four millions, anyway," says the girl, comfortingly, and "Bob" discovers that rather than barter his independence he will try to struggle along on that measly little four millions.

Horace Colt, the brother in charge of the millions (Earle Williams), imposes the condition finally that Robert shall go to Yale again and prove himself a man. He insists that the money, Agnes "on the quiet," simply as a guarantee of good faith on the part of both of them, and in concealing this secret there are complications plus to complications and many very funny things are done and said.

The third act shows the cabin and deck of a sailing yacht and while being calmed off the New England coast the late brother swears them in a tug and everything winds up by announcement of their previous marriage, and the troubles ending, it is to be assumed that they lived happily ever afterward. There was a pleasant expression on the face of the manager—last night when the treasurer showed him the statement of receipts at the box office.

Lewis and Clark. Near the Columbia river. Sept. 15.—Having resolved to go down to some spot calculated for building canoes, we set out early this morning and proceeded five miles and encamped on low ground on the south, opposite the mouth of the river. But so weak were the men that several of them were sick in coming down, the weather being oppressively hot. Two chiefs and their families followed us and encamped with a great number of horses near us; and soon after our arrival two Indians joined us, who came down the north fork on a raft. We purchased some fresh salmon and distributed axes.