

**The Boy of the Day.**

The boy of to-day, while he has many advantages over the boy of twenty or thirty years ago, has also many stumbling blocks in his path. His case is one calling for consideration, and is not to be dismissed by a wave of the hand. "What shall I do?" is a query in the minds of 50,000 boys in the United States to-day who have not decided on a profession or trade.

The great obstacle in the path of the boy of to-day who starts out to seek an opening to learn a trade is the rules made and rigidly enforced by the men who should have their welfare nearest at heart, the knights of labor and the trade unions. These bodies, every member of which had a better show than the boy of today has, have by-laws which forbid an employer from taking more than one apprentice to several journeymen. Shops which, fifteen years ago, had fifteen boys on the way towards learning a trade and being able to earn good wages, now run only three to five. While such action on the part of these bodies prevents a "duke," or half-finished apprentice, from coming in competition with them in the matter of wages, it cannot fail to prove a pernicious one in the end. The boy who has no chance to learn a trade cannot become a producer. He must be supported by those who work. The chances are against his becoming a tax-payer. They are in favor of his becoming a bad man. While a few journeymen profit by this rule to the extent of a few dollars, the community and country at large are heavy losers. There are plenty of cases in Detroit and every other city, where fathers, bound by this rule, and believing it to be a good thing, have made loafers of their sons who are barred out.

The question is not, therefore, "How much can I earn, and how long must I serve as a machinist, cabinetmaker, stovemaker, etc.?" but rather, "How can I manage to secure a place as an apprentice?"

The second obstruction did not exist, either, fifteen years ago. If anyone had predicted twenty years ago that the time would soon come when the girls of the country would usurp the places rightfully belonging to the boys, and thereby become a menace to their future, he would have been called crazy. And yet that time is here, and from Maine to Texas the girl has crowded the boy out and is keeping him out. It began first with the stores. There was a time when every clerk behind a drygoods counter was a boy or a man. To-day, in the north more especially, the boy and man have been cast adrift, and the girl has come in to fill their places at half the wages. It is so in postoffices, banks, insurance offices, lumber offices, railroad headquarters and many other places, and it is still spreading. Even the grocery clerk and the hardware salesman are losing their places. It was a move for economy's sake, and there can be no question but what it has been a great saving. The average girl at \$5 per week will sell just as many goods as the average young man at \$10. She makes just as good a stenographer or typewriter at half or two-thirds of a man's salary.

But the question goes farther than that of the salary—of the saving of a few dollars. Every girl takes a place which by right should go to some boy. The business of this country, or any other country, can never be turned over to the female sex to be conducted, and yet what is to be the result if this movement is continued? Fifty thousand females will have held places and drawn wages and kept 50,000 boys from learning the avocation and learning it so thoroughly that they can conduct it. They will not only have deprived the boy of his wages, meanwhile, but will have made idlers and vagabonds of a good share of them. There will be just that much loss of business energy and talent to the country, to say nothing of wages.

I do not say that a girl or woman has no moral right to go out and earn her own living, but anyone who will investigate the matter will find that such action on their part is most commonly not a matter of stern necessity one time out of ten. They want better clothes than the family income gives them—they are through school, or hate it—they desire to throw off parental restraint and the monotony of home life. Also in nine cases out of ten, if you will follow them up you will find the girl working for three or four years, or just long enough to have kept a boy from learning the business, and then "stepping off" as a wife. She has simply earned herself some fine clothes, got through with her work as easily as possible, and everybody but herself has been the loser.—M. Quad, in Detroit Free Press.

**LABORED FOR HIS SALT.**

**Why Millionaire Smith Went to Work for \$1.30 Per Day.**

William H. Smith, a millionaire, interested in coal and salt mining, has a bill of \$2.60 against the Retsof Salt Mining company, of York, Livingston county, for two days' work as a common laborer in the Retsof mines. The bill will probably be disputed, but Mr. Smith doesn't care, for acting upon knowledge gained during the two days that he took his place with the laborers in the mines, he has purchased a valuable bit of salt territory which promises to net him a handsome profit.

Smith presented himself at the office of the Retsof company the other day and asked for work. He was engaged as a common laborer at \$1.30 a day, and sent down into the mine. On the third day he pleaded sickness and was granted a lay-off. He was well enough, however, to drive to the farmhouse of S. H. Gray, who owned a valuable tract of salt territory which the Retsof people had been negotiating for. Smith said he was an employe of the Retsof Salt company and asked Ar. Gray what he would take for his land.

"Two hundred dollars per acre for the 400 acres," was the reply, and the words had barely been uttered when the indisposed miner pulled \$10,000 in bills from his overalls to bind the bargain. An agreement was drawn up whereby Gray was to transfer his entire estate for \$80,000 and Mr. Smith returned to the shaft and announced that he had recovered from his indisposition, and he at once resumed his work underground.

Mr. Gray happening to meet an officer of the Retsof company on the same day, remarked that he had finally concluded a bargain with one of their men. The explanations that followed were not calculated to put the Retsof people in a good humor. They called the man up from the mine in order to allow Mr. Gray to identify the party of the second part in the sale he had just consummated, and when Smith was pointed out he was promptly discharged. The Retsof people were deeply chagrined over the way they had been outwitted, and were willing to raise Smith's ante, but it was too late. They had "passed" and Mr. Smith had "called."

The millionaire culprit received his dismissal philosophically and in extraordinary good humor. In a business-like manner he presented his bill for two days' labor at the office, but it was not honored. He told the rest of the people that he was abundantly able to stand it, and that he intended to sink a shaft on his new purchase and start operation.

Mr. Smith's achievement is looked upon as a clever piece of business, as well as a good joke. He had been approached on the subject of investing in Western New York salt lands, but had never been satisfied as to the prospect of profit. The Retsof people guarded their interests so closely that he could get nothing from them, so in the garb of a common laborer, he secured admission to their shaft, learned all he desired to know, and secured the valuable property adjoining just as the Retsof people were about to close negotiations for it. Smith is extensively interested in coal and oil lands in Pennsylvania. The land he purchased from Gray is believed to be the richest territory in Western New York.

**Seeking a Black Wife.**

Sheriff Thomas of Atlanta, Ga., received a letter from Plattsburgh, Neb., the other day in which the writer says that he is a young Englishman and is anxious to begin his conjugal career under the auspices of an African damsel. Henry James Lambert is the seeker after a black bride and the particular damsel for whom he seeks is a daughter of an ex slave who proposes to present any white man who weds her with a dowry of \$15,000.

In this event he offers to pay \$500 to the person who directs him to her house.

As to marrying her the would-be groom says: "I will cleave to her until death takes us apart, so help me God," adding that he is a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and means business. He promises to send his photograph if asked.

**Russell Harrison's Diffidence.**

Russell Harrison is frequently to be seen about the Gilsey House. His manner is self-contained and solemn, not to say shy. Everyone knows him by sight, but he keeps away from the other guests of the hotel and spends a great part of the time in his apartment, where there is usually a great amount of writing going on. He has grown a little stout since his return from Europe, and he is the picture of a self-contained, well-fed and amiable man. The crown of his head is visible to the naked eye from a considerable distance both fore and aft.

**Bread, Bolted and Baled.**

Yesterday a somewhat formidable looking parcel arrived by express addressed to "The Hungry Subs of The Oregonian Chapel." Everybody who has any knowledge of the printing business will understand this address, but for the benefit of those who know nothing about such matters it may be stated that the "chapel" of a printing office is a society formed of the printers employed in the office, and is so-called from the pious character and clerical appearance of these gentlemen. The "subs," of whom there are about twenty around the Oregonian composing room, are gentlemen not regularly employed, but who are on hand every afternoon and evening when work begins ready to "sub," or act as a substitute, for any "regular" who may wish to attend church or theatre, or who may be sick or lazy or from any other cause disinclined to work. When "subs" are scarce they are made much of and get plenty of work, but when there are many of them and the work given to them amounts only to a day or two each in a week, they are styled "hungry subs," and sometimes the title is not a misnomer.

The parcel above mentioned was turned over to the subs, and when opened was found to contain a loaf of what was originally intended to be bread, but which, in the matters of weight and hardness, came much nearer being a stone.

Attached to it by several French nails and gimlet-pointed screws was a card showing that it was a New Year's gift to the subs from G. R. Washburn, "the one-horse job printer," of Watsburg, Wash. Mr. Washburn was once a poor hungry "sub" himself, and having now acquired vast wealth, is able to have a stove and bake his bread regularly. The loaf is evidently a misfit, as it is fit for nothing but to place in a street crossing; and was probably sent through the same pious spirit which leads some, when they have killed an animal, to send a portion to the poor. In order to preserve the loaf from injury Mr. Washburn put three screw bolts through different quarter sections of it, with large tin washers on each side, the whole screwed tight and then bound around with bale rope.

The "subs" are not likely to be out of bread for a time, and are thinking of getting up a six day gnaw-as-you-please match to see who can get away with the biggest hunk of the loaf, the winner to take the remainder and leave town, on being furnished with a "tie pass" over any trans-continental railroad. The iron bolts, tin washers and bale rope will be returned to Mr. Washburn, with an admonition to put the bolts in a coffin and use the rope in a way to do him and the community the most good.—Oregonian.

**A Young Bride's Adventure.**

Boston hospitality has a peculiar method of its own. Visiting strangers have discovered that the entertainments here it is not customary to make introductions. Of course, the business of introducing may be carried to excess; but then there is an opposite extreme.

For instance, a young and pretty bride from New England was invited to a dinner party on Commonwealth avenue the other night, the understanding being that the festive event was in her especial honor. Nevertheless, upon arriving with her husband, she was surprised to find herself shoved off into a corner without being presented to any one, and permitted to remain, after a brief word with the hostess, unnoticed and alone. When the butler did finally appear and announce that the repast was ready, the host offered her his arm; but at the table no attention was paid to her, save by an old dowager at the farther end of the board, who seemed to be astonishingly deaf.

"My dear," shouted the old lady, as the soup succeeded the oysters, "pray tell me how long you have been married?"

"Only a very few days," replied the guest of honor, also loudly, so that she might be heard.

Evidently, however, the old lady did not hear, for when the fish was being brought on she cried out again: "My dear, have you been married very long?"

"Not yet a week madame," responded the bride, louder still this time.

"Oh!" said the dowager, as if relieved, and thereupon relapsed into silence. But the removal of the roast woke her up again.

"My dear," she remarked, "I did not understand how long you said you had been married."

"Exactly five days," screamed the young matron, flushing, half with embarrassment, half with anger.

"Ah! yes," rejoined the old woman, having apparently heard this time "And my dear, how many children did you say you had so far?"

The above is a literal fact.—Boston Cor.

**They Got Red in the Face.**

A man who was riding down town on a New York third avenue train the other day became involved in an interesting dilemma which afforded amusement to all those passengers who became aware of it. He was seated directly behind the last cross seat in the car. In front of him was a young woman who was devoting her time to watching the windows on the opposite side of the street as the train sped along. She was young and pretty. Without her knowledge a few tresses of her blonde hair had escaped from under her bonnet, and had fallen over the shoulder of the man behind her, and had in some unexplained manner become fastened around one of the buttons of his coat. He made one or two delicate attempts to remove the wandering tresses, but was so timid that he only entangled them the more. He sat there with a frightened but meek expression upon his face not daring to move.

A climax was put to his predicament by the young woman's arising or rather attempting to do so, at Fourteenth street. She had only got half way out of her seat, when she felt a violent tug at her hair. She resumed her seat and turned around to learn the true situation. In a moment her complexion rivalled that of the unfortunate young man, and her attempts to release herself convulsed the witnesses with laughter. Her fingers trembled and after fumbling away until the guard had closed the gait in vain attempts to release her she gave one violent yank at the two tresses, breaking them off and leaving the ends still entwined on the miserable button. Although the man saw them and was painfully conscious of their presence, he did not dare to remove them until the young woman had left the car at the next station. For the rest of the way to the city hall he kept his head buried in his newspaper.—New York Sun.

**He Loves His Home.**

To the Cape Codder, like the Iceman and the Swiss, his native province is the best the sun shines on. So unique, emphatic and personal the cape and its towns have become to those reared there that a cape man can find nowhere else so glorious a home, so full of such sweet memories. The cape colors him all his life—the roots and fibers of him. He may get beyond, but he never gets over the cape.

Make him a merchant at Manila or Calcutta, a whaler at the north pole, mate in Australian waters, a millionaire on Fifth avenue, a farmer in Minnesota, and the cape sticks to him still. He will feel in odd hours, to his life's end, the creek tide on which he floated inshore as a boy, the hunger of the salt marsh in haying time, the cold splash of the sea spray at the harbor's mouth, the spring of the boat over the bar, when he came boue from fishing, with the wind rising on shore out of gray light clouds seaward, the blast of the wet northeaster in the September morning when, under the dripping branches, he picked up the windfall of golden and crimson apples, the big-flaked snow of the December night when he beated his first sweetheart home from singing school; and he will see, in dreams, perhaps, the trailing arbutus among the gray mosses on the thin edge of a spring snow bank the bubbling spring at the hill-foot near tide-water, the fat crimson roses under his mother's windows, with a clump of Aaron's rod or lilac for a back ground, the yellow dawn of an October morning across his misty moors, and the fog of the chill pond among the pine trees, and above all the blue sea within its headline, on which go the white-winged ships to that great, far-off world which the boy had heard of and the grown man knows so well.

**Occult Peculiarities.**

An occult scientist, James Frazier by name, is reaping a rich harvest among guileless folks at Onset Bay, Mass.

James says he is not a spiritualist, but he talks smoothly in Sanscrit and Egyptian and other Oriental languages. He performs his cures by means of dark and impenetrable methods of occultism.

Two women, paralytics, from Pittsburg, where Frazier used to live, are at his cottage for treatment. One is Mrs. Flynn, and she is completely in his power. Six other diseased or crippled persons are also there. Frazier has a partner, the young wife of George A. Barnard, of Pittsburg. Mr. Barnard is rich and old, and recently joined the magic circle in Frazier's cottage. The sorcerer's doctrine is that all fleshly ills are due to evil spirits. One of his pastimes is the explosion of fire-crackers to scare spirits away. He magnetizes the tea his patients drink and mesmerizes the sidewalks they walk on.

The sorcerer warns his victims against the snakes which he says are always present in the air. There is some talk of mobbing him, but Frazier says he has been mobbed before and doesn't mind it.

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**The Population of the City is 2,500**

And is constanly increasing; faster in proportion than other cities of the same size in Oregon. The surrounding country is exceedingly productive, a larger yield per acre, being raised within a radius of ten miles than in any other section of the State. YAM-HILL County is known as

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And McMinnville is the county seat and metropolis of the Banner county.

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**The Telephone - Register**

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