

THE POST-INTELLIGENCER.

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County and City Official Paper.

SEATTLE, SATURDAY, FEB. 20.

THE FISH-TRAP QUESTION.

The only legitimate argument which has been advanced against the use of pound nets and fish traps to justify the complete suppression of their use in catching salmon, is that they too greatly facilitate the taking of salmon and thus in time will tend to completely destroy the industry.

Those who have given the habits of the salmon the closest attention, assert that these fish from the time they leave their native rivers, never return there but once. They leave the river when partially grown, return when mature to spawn, and with this their life cycle is accomplished.

Any person who has visited the headwaters of the Washington rivers during the spawning time knows that the banks of such streams are lined for miles with dead salmon in countless numbers. An instinct seems to urge the fish on and on to the very headwaters of the smallest streams, battered, bruised and discolored, and there they die by the millions.

Following the salmon and feeding upon the spawn come the multitudes of freshwater fish, principally trout, which latter fish feed not only upon the salmon spawn, but the embryo salmon, when first hatched. The natural waste in this manner is enormous, and while the fecundity of the salmon is also enormous, under the operation of purely natural laws, and without human intervention, either in destruction of fish, or in care for their propagation, it is doubtful whether more than an equilibrium is preserved between those which perish in the spawning and those of their posterity which survive to seek the salt water.

The scientific manner of handling the fisheries question is to put a stop to this enormous waste which goes on under the operation of natural laws; not to augment that waste. As every fish which ascends a stream to spawn is wasted, because it dies without returning to the water, there would be no waste if every salmon was caught immediately upon entering the stream, providing that the stream was restocked annually with artificially hatched salmon fry. Herein the operation of traps or pound nets would become absolutely necessary.

Fish caught by gill nets are drowned at once. Those caught in seines are more or less bruised and injured. A fish enters a pound net and proceeds into the pound without encountering anything to injure it. In the pound it can remain without injury for days at a time. From the pound they can be driven into crates, and towed without injury to the place where a hatchery is located. At a properly conducted hatchery, the percentage of loss is light. The spawn and the young fry are protected from their natural enemies. The properly impregnated spawn from one salmon in a fish hatchery, will result in more young salmon eventually reaching the size to make the trip to the sea, than results from the natural spawning of thousands of salmon.

The true manner of preserving the salmon industry is by the constant operation of hatcheries on every stream to which the salmon resorts. In that manner, and in that alone, can the supply be kept undiminished. The hatcheries already in existence receive their entire support from funds raised by licensing pound nets and traps. With these fishing appliances denied the right to continue operation, the fund ceases and the hatcheries must close, unless they are provided for by funds raised from direct taxation.

The fishing industry should pay for its own protection. Its best protection is the establishment of fish hatcheries. The true solution of the question, if the legislature really desires to solve it, and is not simply engaged upon a blind warfare upon capital and industry, is the licensing of all fishing appliances, whether traps, pound nets, seines or gill nets, in accordance with their relative destructiveness and the utilization of all the funds so raised in the establishment and maintenance of fish hatcheries on every stream to which salmon resort.

COLLAPSE OF A TRUST.

The collapse of the great steel rail trust which has for years held the price of railroad steel far above the market price for other steel commodities into the making of which no larger amount of labor went, has been the theme of many congratulatory editorials from all parts of the country.

The great railroad companies evidently did not believe that the collapse would be permanent, and hastened to place their orders before the pool should again be formed. For example, the Illinois Central, which requires annually about 2,000 tons of rails for repairs and renewals upon its vast system, took immediate advantage of the sudden drop in price by placing orders for two years' supply of rails at the cheap figures quoted, and other companies have done likewise. The sudden, but largely artificial demand for steel rails, and the heavy output which

will be necessary to meet the existing orders, is expected to largely stimulate business of all kinds, and by many authorities looked upon as giving the first stimulus to the long looked for return to prosperity. Hardly any newspaper which has discussed the subject has done so from any other standpoint than that of the breaking of the pool, the drop in the price of rails and the consequent boom in the rail business has been an unmitigated blessing.

There is another and a serious side to the question, which might have been seen in the sudden, reluctant and gloomy manner in which the employees of the great Illinois Steel Company in South Chicago went to work on the week after the collapse of the trust, and the taking of large contracts by the company at the heavily reduced price. By the terms of the agreement between the great steel companies and their men, wages of the latter are on a sliding scale, adjusted from time to time by the market price of the product. This is a perfectly fair and straightforward contract, in which it was difficult to see how the men could get the worst of it. But the drop of 11 per cent in two days in the price of rails fell with crushing force upon the men whose wages were based upon the price of that article.

According to the Chicago newspapers, of the 2,000 employees of the Illinois Steel Company, not a man escaped a reduction in wages. From the little boys who carry water up to the foremen of the departments, every one was made a victim of the reduction which went in force. Some workmen were reduced 10 and 15 per cent, while others will earn fully \$1.75 to \$2 a day less than when the pool was enforced. This is a side to the trust proposition which is little considered in discussing the matter. When by combination prices were kept up, even at an artificial level, the employees under their contract with the companies received a fair share of the profit, exorbitant as that profit may have been. Under unrestricted competition, the more bitter because of the previous long continued pooling of issues, the price has gone down to a point 7 to a ton less than the English price for the same quality of goods, and wages have gone down with the decline in price. As contracts have been made which will force the various rail plants to their full capacity for a year to meet at the lower price, there is no probability of an advance in wages for that time unless the workmen repudiate their agreement and enter upon a long and bitter strike for a readjustment of the wage scale.

THE NEED OF BILLS.

The legislative session is drawing to a close, and several bills of extreme importance to the state have barely received attention. There is a mass of crude and experimental legislation upon which valuable time is being wasted, while measures needed to carry on the county and municipal business lie unnoticed in committee. Months ago citizens devoted themselves to the consideration and suggestion of such measures, and candidates for office were then profusely zealous in promising support of them. Material interests all over the state appeal most earnestly to the legislature to give at least a part of each day to consideration of bills affecting the local machinery of government. Economy is absolutely necessary, yet without the intervention of the legislature it will be impossible to effect it, except within very narrow limits.

OPPOSED TO MACHINERY.

Representative Hansen, of King county, the especial champion of the bill to do away with pound nets and purse seines in fishing, has introduced another bill in the legislature of precisely the same character. This is a bill making the use of typesetting machines on public work illegal. From the Populist standpoint, this is an ideal measure, the only trouble with it being that it is too conservative. It is a matter of no particular importance how much the public has to pay for any work done for it. The main object of all legislation should be to provide employment for as many Populists as possible.

The trouble with typesetting machines, or rather the machines which have taken the place of typesetting, is that such machines enable one man to do the work which otherwise would require five. For a state government, supported by taxpayers' money, to adopt an economical device for the saving of money and the reduction of the number of its employees, is rank heresy from a Populist standpoint, and our state government is pre-eminently Populist.

But there is too much conservatism about Representative Hansen's proposition. In the state printing office there are a number of printing presses. On these presses, which are run by machinery and which only need one man to operate, sheets can be printed at the rate of 4,000 or 5,000 per hour. The Washington hand press, in universal use some fifty or sixty years ago, required two expert pressmen to manipulate, and its limit of speed was about 300 per hour. Each one of these power presses now in use, therefore, is taking the place of at least nineteen or twenty hand pressmen, and their use should be promptly prohibited.

Even this would be a conservative measure, when it is considered that in the absence of any printing presses at all, a perfect army of workmen might be employed in doing the work now done by printers. It would approach the ideal system, if the use of types and mechanical processes of all kind could be done away with, and the work of the state printing office could be turned over exclusively to the hand labor of penmen. One sole objection exists, which would necessarily vitiate this true reform. It would probably prove impossible to find in the Populist ranks a sufficient number of men familiar with the use of the pen, to furnish the force necessary, and resort would have to be made to the Republican ranks to find workers of the kind, which, of course, cannot be thought of.

There is a wide vista of reform to follow upon the measure introduced by Mr. Hansen. Typewriters should certainly go out of all public offices, because it is susceptible of demonstration that an expert operator on such machines can do more work in a day than two or three penmen. The use of plows and scrapers in street grading and road work is an abuse in the same direction, which is clamoring for reform. The use of electric lights and gas in public buildings is a direct blow at the interests of the farmers and stock raisers;

for it reduces the demand for tallow for candles, and the use of steam and hot-water heaters in such buildings is a blow at the stove trade, besides injuriously affecting the home-land and sons of those who chop out the wood for a living by reducing the demand for the product of their industry. Telephone dispatches, electric street car lines decrease the demand for horses, telegraph lines cut into the revenues of the government by decreasing the postal receipts. These are all quasi-public agencies which cannot exist without legislative consent, express or implied, and they should be promptly abolished by law. When going in for reform, there is no use of stopping at one minor abuse; the matter should be pressed logically all down the line, thereby Washington will be exalted among the states of the Union, and the names of Representative Hansen can go down to posterity coupled with that of Mr. Partridge, who tried to sweep out the rising tide of the Atlantic with her broom.

be great increase in number of paying mines about here, as many are being developed now. There are thousands and thousands of people engaged in this work that are large consumers of the farmers' products. Timothy hay is worth \$15 per ton. There are farms that are especially adapted for the production of this kind of hay, and it can be purchased for \$30 or less per acre, now in Timothy. There is so much land and so few people, that rather than the climate is not fully realized. Knowing this country as I do, its climate and the character of the soil, I believe that a man always has his chances here than in Ohio. A man always has work here; he can get \$1 per day any time of the month, and can prospect while doing so, and may get a mine of his own, as there are plenty of them yet.

We have very little winter here. Snow opens in February. It has been above freezing nearly all the time since November. The thermometer here in Spokane registers 23 degrees above zero at 6 o'clock this morning. It is said to be as healthy as any place in the world. We are on the Pacific ocean, with steamship lines reaching to all quarters of the globe. Six transcontinental lines, all railroads, will have four here in Spokane. The hotels are full of people; the banks are full of money, and more are being put there every day. There are no shrewd business men with capital, and they do not need to fear that they will lose it. There are so many things that come here, that a man can get a good thing here. It has a tendency to keep a person's feet warmer in damp weather. "A. D. Roberts, Chillicothe, O."

THE STATE PRESS.

Whatcom Revelle: Why is the Oregon legislature like Bismarck? They are both "tired but not sick."

Tacoma News: Preachers continue to discourse on the ideal newspaper. It will never be realized. Neither will the ideal preacher be.

Olympian: Wilbur Flisk Brock, Walla Walla's gifted writer comes out with a rhythmic appeal to his friends to elect him to the Olympia. That's just the way Senator Squire felt, but it didn't do the least bit of good.

Tacoma Union: It may prove unfortunate for justice that Butler, the multi-murderer, was taken in charge at San Francisco. If his case follows the usual course of murder trials in that city he may be summarily executed by the authorities. Had he landed in British Columbia he would doubtless have been on his way back to Australia before now, instead of being the lion of the hour in the California metropolis.

Everett Times: The tendency in the East is toward lower rates of interest and absolute security when loans are made. Ten per cent. interest has lost its charms for the average money lender. He very soon thinks there is something wrong or such a rate of interest would not be offered. Any one who has had any experience in placing loans in the money centers of the East knows that a 6 per cent. bond will bid buyers much more quickly than a 10 per cent. bond. The security of each may be equal, but the careful investor is afraid to invest in any security that draws an unreasonable rate of interest. The Populists and Unionists of this state may think they did a great thing last November, when they elected their state officers, but before four years roll around, they may find that their little temporary glory has cost them many millions of money. Moneyed men had great faith in Washington, but that faith has been badly shaken by the triumph of Populism.

COAST PAPERS.

San Francisco Chronicle: The ratio between the value of the gold and silver in the vaults of the banks is about 5,000 copies to one man.

San Francisco Examiner: Notwithstanding the beautiful coincidence of Mrs. Donnis, the chance that her royal robes will ever brush the collecting dust from the Hawaiian throne is regarded as remote.

Sacramento Bee: Two war vessels, the Wheeler and Marlette, are to be launched from the Union Iron Works at San Francisco on March 17. It is a wonder that some A. F. A. do not rise and enter a protest. However, they allow the Carrson fight to do honor to St. Patrick, they may give the overlook to this little naval episode.

LOS ANGELES TIMES.

One of the most striking lessons to be learned from the history of the Los Angeles Herald during the past few years is that the newspaper can be built up on a policy which consists solely in trying to pull another paper down. It must have honor, integrity, courage, independence and tell the truth; it must have business and editorial sagacity, and strive ever to be right. The whole science of journalism consists in being right.

BITS OF HUMOR.

It was rather surprising to hear one of his age asking such a question about women instead of making an assertion, but the younger neophyte inquired: "Why is it a beautiful woman never is intellectual?" "In all probability," replied the Cuminahed boy, "the beautiful woman gets in the presence of a repulsive woman he never has sense enough to know whether she is intellectual or not."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mother—You don't know how you worry me, dear; my hair is turning gray! Father—My, how you must have worried me. My hair is all white.—London Household Words.

"What a distinguished looking man!" "Yes; the last time I saw him he was on the bench." "What a judge?" "No; a substitute ball player."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He was watching his neighbor's troubles, some boy climb a tree, and had a look of painful anxiety on his countenance. "Are you afraid the lad will fall?" was asked of him. "Yes," he replied, "I'm afraid he won't."—London Tit-Bits.

NOTABLE PEOPLE.

An Auxerre, France, woman has had seven children within a year—four recently, three girls and a boy, all alive and well and thriving. Her name is Mrs. Drouet, and she is descended from the postmaster who stopped Louis XVI. in his flight at Varennes.

Mr. James Parn, according to "Great Thoughts," still remains an inveterate whist player, though he says he can no longer play. He has a card table in his club friends visit him twice a week regularly at Malda Vale and enjoy a rubber and a meal. Parn now does all his literary and journalistic work to an amanuensis.

"Minnie Hank," says the Aitchison, Kan., globe, "lived as a girl at the now deserted town of Sumner, three miles below Aitchison, and waited on the table at her mother's boardinghouse. She came to Aitchison to give a concert after she became famous, but did not attract much attention, except among a few of her mother's old boarders."

Prof. Francis C. Curran, known as "Brother Noah," died at Manhattan college, New York, a few days ago. Curran represented the Christian brothers at the Centennial exposition, and three years ago he was elected to the University of Pennsylvania. He was the author of several works on education, and was the author of a "Treatise on American Literature."

McKinley has been heralded as the adroit agent of prosperity in various directions, but not for the first time. The old daughter of the editor of the Pleasanton, Mo., Observer to find an entirely new way to get rich. The job was done by the editor was hurriedly summoned home through a cause not entirely unexpected. "The other day," says the editor, "my little daughter, who shouted with enthusiasm: 'Hurrah for McKinley and Hobart! We've got a little brother!'"

WONDERS OF KEY WEST.

Chicago Record. KEY WEST, Fla., Feb. 5.—The inhabitants of this interesting little town and two seasons—the dry and the rainy. There is so little variation in the temperature, there is that summer and winter are divisions of the season rather than of the climate. This is the dry season. Last Tuesday was the fourth or fifth consecutive day of steady rain. I lost track of the downpour, and today is so perfect that one would be very ill to leave the city. The misery of the north. The mercury was down to the shivering point, the cold rain was falling, and there was no place in the city where a stranger could find stove or fireplace to warm his hands or dry his clothes. The inhabitants charged the trouble to the north, and promise that it shall not occur again. But this does not explain why the last few weeks of the winter have been so perfect. The prospect is that the memory of a few days of brilliant sunlight over a blue sea, white dust covering everything, even to the greenery of the palms; then the days of rain, with the steam of a "blue Monday" washday or a muggy August morning in Chicago, rising when the rain was interrupted for an hour on the last day of the storm, and finally today. This pays for any discomforts that have passed. The sky is clear, there is a salt breeze blowing across the island, so that one is getting all the advantages and appetizingly free of the annoyances of the temperature in the shade must be about 65, and in the sun none too warm. All the gray dust has washed from the trees, so that they look wholesome again. And every one on the island is waiting for the mail steamer.

Key West is not only the most southerly point of the United States, except some islands a few miles out toward the straits from here, but it is also the most isolated place of its size or anything approaching its population. There are Western mining camps and Alaskan towns that get more frequently, but here is a city of nearly 20,000 inhabitants, with fine government buildings, great shipping interests, daily newspapers and manifold business affairs, the capital of a Florida county, and with mail from the United States but twice a week. The people do not rest content under it. All very well it might be, they say, for an antipodes town, but not for one within the limits of the United States. One result of the spasmodic mail service is that all business and much social life is arranged in harmony with it. The mail steamer is scheduled to arrive at 3 p. m. every Tuesday morning, having sailed from Fort Tampa at 10 the evening before. All Key West devotes its attention on steamer day to waiting for the mail, beginning that task about noon by watching the horizon for the first glimpse of the expected craft. Last Friday the boat did not arrive until nearly midnight, having been compelled to go around by way of the Dry Tortugas, on account of the storm, which made the regular channel unsafe, where the bars make it shallow and narrow. But with the boat nine hours late the population continued to watch, business virtually being interrupted for that time.

After the steamer is in public interest centers at the postoffice, where crowds wait for the distribution of the heavy semi-weekly mails. That occupies the remainder of the afternoon. At night the vessel sails for Havana, returning from the Cuban capital the following evening. Wednesday and Saturday are therefore steadily devoted to the answering of their mail by the citizens of the island, in order to be ready for the north-bound post, and to receive the mail, which is so important to the business of the island, that it is virtually impossible to transact business on that account. An irreverent stranger suggests that on Monday and Thursday the people are preparing to receive the mail, and recovering from the shock of what they have already received, but this seems to be a slender justification by the facts.

The voyage of a night and a day from Tampa to Key West is a delightful one, if the weather be as pleasant as it usually is. The steamers Olivette and Mascotte of the Plant system perform the service satisfactorily, furnishing comfort and safety to passengers, as well as speed. Unless a norther is driving, sea and sky are propitious when the traveler wakes, and the daylight ride is almost tropical. An hour before the boat reaches the dock half a dozen of the little islands, the Florida Keys, are in sight, to play the part of "first land," always interesting after a voyage.

It is not difficult to imagine a whole month of first impressions of the place, all to be corrected or revised after further acquaintance. The town is by no means obvious. Its stores are scattered all through the residence streets, so that there is virtually no business district. At the docks there gathers such a crowd of negroes to receive the ship for the first in handling cargo or guiding passengers that one might think the white population non-existent. And with local peculiarities of society and climate, the place, altogether different from anything to be found elsewhere in the United States, it is not strange that the casual visitor fails to even scratch the surface of the interesting things to be seen here.

The people you meet do not seem to know much about their own home, and an energetic visitor ought to be better informed concerning the picturesque history of the island, and its possibilities within one month than most of the men who were born here. Already I have told old residents about places three miles away that they have never seen. But they would visit the stock yards and the Auditorium tower their first day in Chicago, and be amazed to find that so few people who live here have ever seen the Auditorium tower. They are like prophets in their exemption from honor among their nearest neighbors.

A question of nomenclature offers a peculiarly vexatious problem. The pamphlet descriptive of the island of the author relates that it is named Key West because it is the westernmost of the Florida "keys," or small islands. The map would have told him that this would not have been the reason, for the Marquesas keys are twenty miles west of here, and the farthest of the Dry Tortugas three times that distance. But if he had looked at the map, he would have seen that the name of hundreds of years has been Cayo Hueso, "Bone Key," and Key West is but a corruption.

The Most Sensitive Part. Nine out of ten persons, if asked what the most sensitive part of the body will reply the tip of the tongue. This is a mistake. Those engaged in polishing billiard balls or any other substance that requires a very high degree of smoothness invariably use the cheekbone as their convenient device for detecting any roughness. An ivory article that may feel perfectly smooth to the touch, but when rubbed with the tip of the tongue, will often feel quite appreciably rough when applied to the cheekbone. Professional boxers, who ought to know which is the most sensitive part of the face, before a fight invariably rub well into the skin around the cheekbone a solution of alum and water, for the purpose of hardening their most vulnerable part.

The Everett Mining Record. The Everett Mining Record is the name of a new weekly published at the City of Spokane. It is a weekly paper of moderate size, and judging by the first number issued its purpose will be excellently carried out. The publishers, McNeely & Mitchell, say in their introductory: "We will endeavor to obtain and publish weekly all the information possible which will be of interest to those who are now interested in mines, and to those who may contemplate investing."

A new club is being organized in Chicago for the improvement of the state militia. One feature will be a course of military lectures for several months of the year.

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Hosiey Snaps for SATURDAY

FOR LADIES. FOR CHILDREN. An Extra Heavy Fast Black Ribbed Bicycle Hose, long and strong, double soles, heels and toes, sizes 6 to 30, were \$2 a pair, for Saturday, 20c.

New Laces. An immense variety, all sorts, all widths, Valenciennes edges and insertions, at from 2 1/2c to 40c a yard. See them in our corner window.

BAILLARGEON'S

THE BON MARCHÉ Nordhoff & Co. Nos. 1425, 1427, 1429 SECOND AVENUE, NEAR PIKE.

TODAY. SPECIAL.

Misses' and Children's High-Grade Fine Custom Finished Royal Gola, also Cloth Top, Kid Button Shoes, in B, C, D and E widths, size 11 to 2, worth \$2.25, today \$1.45 pair.

AMUSEMENTS. COMING SOUSA'S

GRAND CONCERT BAND FIFTY MUSICIANS The March King JOHN PHILIP SOUSA CONDUCTOR

Brilliant Assisting Artists Mrs. Elizabeth Northrop... Soprano Miss Martina Johnstone... Violinist

THIRD AVENUE THEATER. SEATTLE AMUSEMENT CO., Inc. W. M. RUSSELL, Manager.

THE CHARLES L. YOUNG COLUMBIA COMIC OPERA COMPANY. 45—People—45.

Every Evening at 8:15 This Week and Saturday Matinee. A double cast. A grand chorus of pretty and shapely girls.

REPERTOIRE. Wednesday, Thursday, SAID PASHA Friday and Saturday... ELMHIE

In spite of the size of this attraction, the management refuses to raise prices, the management of the theater, Telephone Pike 5.

All Next Week, Starting Sunday, Feb. 21. Fourth Annual Review. That Famously Funny Farce. THE Prodigal Father.

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