

# NOISE AND GLORY

## Rain Could Not Spoil the Celebration.

### PROGRAMME ALL CARRIED OUT

Crowds of Visitors Assist Portland to Observe Out a Holiday in Honor of the Nation's Birth.

**Programme for Today.**  
10 A. M.—Williamette River, between Morrison and Madison bridges. Agistic sports, open to all. Under management of W. L. Murray. 100-yard dash, swimming. Diving contest for form, each contestant three dives. Tub race. Diving for plates. Distance race. Exhibition dive, back somersault from top of Morrison-street bridge, by Al Vaughn, champion of America. 3 P. M., Irvington Park—Music by band. Under auspices of Riverside Driving Association. Admission free. Amateur horse races for prizes. Racing—2:40 class, mile heats, two in three. Racing—2:30 class, mile heats, two in three. Trotting—2:40 class, mile heats, two in three. Motor cycle race—Open for all. Racing—2:25 class, mile heats, two in three. Racing and trotting—Free for all. Running—One-half mile dash, weight for age. 8 P. M.—Open-air concert at Plaza blocks.

Portland's Fourth of July celebration was a tumultuous, explosive success. The patriotism of the populace was awakened at 4:51 A. M. by a sunrise salute which shook the foundations of the city like malarial, and it remained rampant until the last set piece on the Seventh-street terraces informed the gazing multitude that it was time to go home. Even after that, occasional rockets and Roman candles shooting skyward from the bosom of some family celebration lighted up the heavens with the appropriate blaze of glory, while dynamite firecrackers kept unkind the ravell'd sleeve of frayed nerves until past midnight. Altogether it was a great celebration. Everything came off positively as advertised; the city was full of people, and the reverboration of modern explosives filled the air from morning till night.

The weather was a feature of the day. A cool breeze blew up early in the morning, removing instantly all danger from sunstroke, and although the crowds in some places along the line of march of the parade were packed as thick as errors in a professional baseball game, no one complained of the heat. Dashes of refreshing rain fell at frequent intervals, laying the dust on the streets, making the air fresh and bracing, and sprinkling the garments of those who came to see the celebration till they shone and glittered like dew on a clover field at the break of a glorious day in June. It twinkled on the stiff khaki which uniformed the militiamen who marched in the parade; it ran up silver splashing rivulets down the golden tresses of the Goddess of Liberty; it refreshed the flowers on the floats and decorated vehicles, and poured in musical torrents from the gay decorations which nearly hid from sight the many form of Grand Marshal Shaw. The colors of the bunting which stretched from store to store and festooned over many arching doorways vindicated the assertions of those who said that they were fast, for they ran as never colors ran before. Even the red, white and blue, colors which proverbially never run, joined in the general exodus and mingled with one another in wild confusion as the rains descended and the floods came and beat upon them.

The crowds came early, and passed to enjoy themselves. Those who brought umbrellas viewed the boat races and the parade from beneath their sheltering shade; those who did not bring them borrowed them if they could, and those who could not borrow any at all, but enough said. Umbrellas were a prime necessity to enjoyment of the various outdoor events, and without them there was little to do or see, till a northwest wind came up toward evening and pushed the clouds away. The various sights around town not properly included in the celebration were seen and enjoyed by the visitors. Some of them went to the ball game and smiled at the discomfort of the local sports who had bet on the home team on the theory that it is a hard run of luck which has no turning. Others visited the City Park, where the snow-clad maidens accumulated beautiful yellow borders on the green sward, for the soil of the park is moved easily to mud when July falls into the error of thinking it is January. Still others stood about the street corners and listened to the clatter of the firecrackers, which was such as to surprise some people into a malady verging closely upon nervous prostration.

The literary exercises at the Marquam were well attended, so well in fact that a sardine would have had difficulty in wedging its city sides between any of the packed masses of humanity that filled the parquette, balcony and gallery. In the evening the various points of vantage surrounding the base of the Seventh-street terraces, where was given the polytechnic display with which the day concluded, were filled with people, some in overcoats, some with blankets, and all with chills gnawing at their hearts, for the weather became a trifle too polar at sunset even for the most enthusiastic of the patriots.

The ice cream soda trade, usually a crowning feature of a Fourth of July celebration, languished, for some reason or other. People seemed to want hot coffee, chocolate, or even something stronger, but none desired ice cream soda, and as a result the rustic swains who came to town with their gorgeously-gowned sweethearts were able to leave town considerably fonder of estimated expenses.

and several pedestrians were annoyed to find that the crackers which went off on their coast collars burned away part of their garment. But it was a good-natured crowd, taken as a whole, and if the instinct of Herod was kindled in any of the sufferers it was firmly suppressed.

Taken as a whole, the celebration was one which Portland may well be proud of, and which will not be forgotten, at least not before the Fourth of next July.

### CROWDS SEE THE PARADE.

Judges Award Liberal Prizes for Best Decorated Vehicles.

One of the most interesting features of yesterday's programme was the grand civic and military parade that came off at 2 in the afternoon. The prizes awarded by the judges for the best decorated vehicles in the parade were as follows: Double team—prize of \$50, to Mrs. W. L. Archambeau. Child's cart—prize of \$10, to Wayne and Earl Coe. Manufacturer's float—first prize of \$50, to Acme Mills Company; second prize of \$20, to Acme Oil Company.

Best civic organization—first prize of \$50, to A. O. U. W.; second prize of \$40, to United Ancient Order of Druids. Owing to the fact that many of these that entered the contests failed to make their names known to the committee in charge, the judges do not know the recipients of the various other prizes, and request that all those who entered call at the headquarters and identify themselves.

Despite the steadily downpouring rain, a large crowd of people thronged the streets and filled the windows of the many buildings that were situated along the line of march, so that the late comers were obliged to seek near and far before they could secure a vantage point from which to view the pageant.

Heading the caravan request of the committee, the various down town business men came out at the last minute with some very good decorations in the shape of bunting line. The people in the parade likewise did some very pretty decorating, as contestants for the various prizes, and those in charge offered for the best appearing vehicles.

The parade, under Grand Marshal J. P. Shaw, was divided into four sections, as follows: Military, floral, civic and manufacturers' display. In the first section was the United Regiment, O. N. G., which, owing to the nature of the day, won the most applause from the onlookers. Even the rain could not dampen the enthusiasm of the crowd, as line after line of the khaki-clad soldiers filed past, their guns glittering and their colors flying, keeping step to the patriotic airs furnished by the Regimental Band.

The second division, headed by Brown's Band, was devoted to the decorated displays, including the flower-covered automobiles, cars and teams. Mayor Williams and ex-Mayor Rowe also were driven along in carriages in this section.

The United and Ancient Order of Druids, the A. O. U. W., the letter-carriers and other band, the Woodmen of the World and other civic organizations were represented in the third section, under the guidance of E. House.

The fourth and last section, Howard Whiting, marshal, was devoted to the industrial interests of the city. At the prominent manufacturers were represented by well-decorated and managed floats, most of which were the joy of the small boys that visited the parade, on account of the "sawdust" which was bestowed on the following crowds of youngsters.

The objective point of the parade was the reviewing stand, located on West Park street, near Jefferson, and opposite the Park School. Mayor Williams, ex-Mayor Rowe, General Owen Summers and other prominent citizens, including the judges of the decorative events, occupied the reviewing stand, and as the parade filed by, the soldiers and the marching societies came to attention and saluted the many Mayor of the city, presenting an imposing spectacle to the reviewers.

After passing the stand, the parade disbanded. AT THE MARQUAM GRAND.

Immense Crowd Hears Exercises and Mr. Wood's Oration.

The Marquam Theater was never fuller than yesterday afternoon for the celebration exercises. Before the time arrived for the commencement of the programme it was necessary to close the doors and hundreds failed to gain admittance. When Mayor Williams, who was to preside, arrived with ex-Mayor Rowe, the doorkeeper did not recognize them at first, and they found some difficulty in getting to their places. It was a very good-natured and orderly crowd that packed the theater, and the exercises were listened to with marked attention. The stage was flanked with large American flags, and a portrait of George Washington stood on an easel at the right of the center. A profusion of red roses hung to the scenery at the left. Numerous flags were draped

about the proscenium, and portraits of Lincoln and Grant on the left and McKinley and Roosevelt on the right adorned the boxes.

General Summers, president of the day, introduced Mayor George H. Williams as the presiding officer of the meeting. Judge Williams spoke a few appropriate sentences introductory to the exercises, and then announced the programme, which proceeded smoothly to conclusion.

Miss Caroline Johnston sang "The Star-Spangled Banner" so acceptably that she won generous applause, and in response to the encore she gave "The Red, White and Blue," which was as well received. The invocation was by the Rev. Melvin D. McClelland, chaplain of the day. A beretone solo, "A Private in the Ranks," was sung so well by Bert Carl that he

was forced to respond to an encore. Principal Martin L. Pratt, of the Williams Avenue School, read the Declaration of Independence, prefacing the reading with a few words about the adoption of the instrument by the Continental Congress.

The Scotch folk-song, "Loch Lomond," was so charmingly sung by Miss Edna Klippel that it drew applause at the end of each verse, and there was a vociferous demand for a repetition. She responded with two verses of Eugene Cowley's pretty ballad, "Forgotten," which quite captivated the big audience. Then came the oration by C. E. S. Wood.

At once setting his subject upon the broad ground of patriotism, Mr. Wood referred to the historical basis for the observance of the day, and proceeded to a brief analysis of the movement that found expression in the Declaration of Independence. Colonial independence, he said, was not the achievement of a day; it was a growth, a stage in the struggle of mankind toward justice. He sketched the movement back to Cromwell, to Runnymede, to the Roman Republic and the Athenian democracy. He touched upon the development in England of the notion that the

Peterson, Munro and Ormandy, Mackie's crew, Gloss, King, Houghton and Mackie, won the junior fours from Laders and his men, although the latter led for more than two-thirds of the distance. In the singles, Gloss won from Lamberson without much difficulty.

The 100-yard swimming race between Mackie and Burckhardt was declared a tie. The senior and junior fours were for a mile and a half each, and the tandem race for half a mile. No records broken. The officials were: Commodore, Hunt Lewis; umpire, Charles Frazer; judge at finish, E. Jorgensen, R. L. Gillan and W. L. Brewster; timer, H. E. Judge; starter, Jack Newman.

### SWALLOW WINS YACHT RACE.

Skyhawk Takes Second and Coquette Third Prize.

The races of the Oregon Yacht Club yesterday were fast and exciting. Wolff's Swallow won the first prize of \$25; Todd's Skyhawk the second, which was \$15, and Kneale's Beebe's Coquette, the smallest boat in the race, won the third prize of \$10.

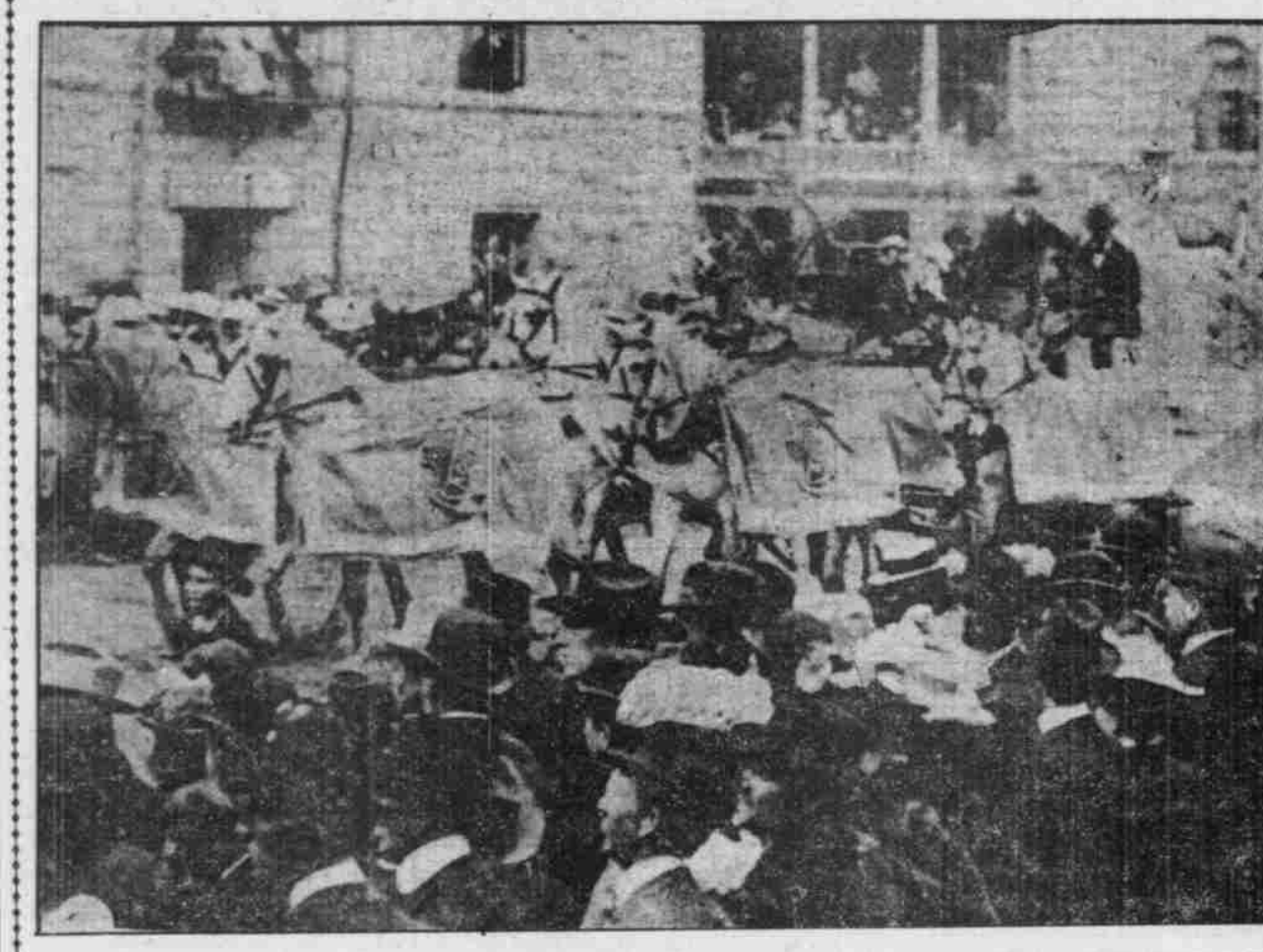
down double and triple showers of many colored lights and stars, and others exploded four and five different times. This aerial display, varying in many ways, sometimes being showers of gold and purple and blue, and at other times floating stars, lanterns and other gorgeous wonders, continued during the entire exhibit. The first set piece was entitled, "Welcome All," and was associated with innumerable fiery showers. Next came a magnificent revolving wheel, and the picture of George Washington in perfect likeness was the third number.

Pointing whirling and throwing myriads of colored sparks were sent up by another beautiful piece. The Lewis and Clark Centennial was not forgotten. The motto of this piece, which could be plainly read at a great distance, was "Let us all pull for the 1905 Exposition."

The last set piece was a waterfall. The crowd enjoyed the fireworks, which lasted for an hour and a half, and applause was frequently heard.

### Today's Swimming Races.

All entries for the swimming races today should be made as early as possible to Axel Moultsen, at the rowing club



INDUSTRY LODGE, A. O. U. W. FLOAT THAT TOOK FIRST PRIZE IN PARADE.

right to govern resides in the people and that Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, the Adamses and others of that venerated company that established our Government had but carried to application the principles that great-visioned Englishmen had suffered for declaring. Truth, he said, was not to be judged by temporary success or apparent failure; though Sidney went to the block for declaring that rebellion was lawful resistance to tyranny; that truth did not die, and it still lives.

Mr. Wood cited toleration of slavery as a flaw in the foundation of our Government that came near wrecking the whole magnificent superstructure. The land was drenched in blood, and the Nation reeled and groined in its mighty struggle to be rid of that evil. But we had to get rid of it before the Republic could continue its progress. National character must come, the speaker said, and they come through us decay or destruction of institutions that stand in the path of justice. He spoke of the tendency that still abides in the Government to favor the few rather than to protect the many, and appealed to his audience to pray for a more perfect realization of the idea that the source of political power is in the people. The address was plentifully punctuated with applause. At its close a quartet sang "America," and the audience was dismissed.

### GOOD SPORT ON THE RIVER.

Crews of the Portland Rowing Club Have Fast Races.

Notwithstanding the inclement weather of yesterday morning, the boat races of

the course started from the boat-house at the end of the Morrison-street bridge, from where three buoys had to be sailed around and the course had to be covered three times, making seven miles in all. There was a good breeze, and the club members express themselves as well pleased with the showing that their boats made.

The entries and time were as follows:

| Name.               | Owner. | Time. | Speed. | Corset. |
|---------------------|--------|-------|--------|---------|
| Swallow-Well        | Wolff  | 2:25  | 0.55   | 0.55    |
| Skyhawk-Todd        | Wolff  | 2:30  | 0.55   | 0.55    |
| Minerva-Johannessen | Wolff  | 2:35  | 0.55   | 0.55    |
| Wigwag-Woodward     | Wolff  | 2:40  | 0.55   | 0.55    |
| Wander-Taylor Bros. | Wolff  | 2:45  | 0.55   | 0.55    |
| Cowhite-Milne & Co. | Wolff  | 2:50  | 0.55   | 0.55    |
| Coquette-Bette, K.  | Wolff  | 2:55  | 0.55   | 0.55    |
| Ruby-Crichton       | Wolff  | 3:00  | 0.55   | 0.55    |
| Albion-Murphy       | Wolff  | 3:05  | 0.55   | 0.55    |
| Murphy-Beebe, C. F. | Wolff  | 3:10  | 0.55   | 0.55    |

### FINE DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS.

Big Crowd Sees Dazzling Exhibition on Seventh-Street Terraces.

The fireworks, consisting principally of an aerial display, were one of the most successful events of the celebration. The threatened rain held off, and nothing interfered to mar the enjoyment of the exhibition. The location on Seventh street was a most favorable one. The scene could be witnessed from almost the entire East Side, all points on the river, and the view was also good from many places on the West Side. The streets adjacent to the hill were thronged with people, including many in hacks, carriages and other vehicles, and the street cars did a thriving business. Extra cars were run by both the Portland and City

### ALBUM OF FRENCH PRINTS.

Portraits of Men Who Aided Us in War for Independence.

New York Sun.

The reception of the French delegation that came to this country for the unveiling of the Rochambeau monument adds interest to a fine album presented to the print department of the New York public library not long ago by William F. Havemeyer. It consists of 125 portraits of French personages, both civil and military, who actively or sympathetically contributed to the success of the war against England for American independence. This collection was formed by a Parisian amateur interested in Americana, and demonstrated the enthusiasm which was evoked for American liberty by different classes of French society.

The prints are carefully mounted, and each one is accompanied by a biographical note in manuscript, giving the reasons for its presence in the album. Many of the portraits are contemporary engravings, some are lithographs. Special mention should be made of the allegories on the declaration of war and the defeat of the English; the portraits of Louis XVI, Saffron, Menou and Neckar printed in colors; a proof before letters of Choffard's portrait of Admiral Rossel; a first state of Vangelista's "Du Couedie," with Rems instead of Rennes, and some very rare physiognomic portraits. The table of con-



Float of the Druids that took second prize.

the Portland Rowing Club were all that could be desired, each contest furnishing excellent sport for the spectators who lined the Morrison-street bridge and the wharves surrounding the course. The finish of the tandem canoe race was a close one, the contestants being well bunched at the finish line. Lamberson brothers came home first in this event, with Frank brothers, Carroll and Ormandy fighting hard at the finish, and Burckhardt and Clausen in last place. It was a pretty race, and the oarsmen were lustily cheered as they labored toward the finish.

In the senior fours, the main race of the day, Stiles crew won with ease from the Morton crew, finishing two lengths to the good. The winning crew consisted of Bill, Lamberson, Montgomery and Stiles. The Morton crew consisted of Morton,

& Suburban Railway Companies, and accommodations were therefore ample. The fantastic variegated display of fiery shoots and colors began with the ascension of an illuminated balloon carrying a blue star trailer, and this was followed by numerous cannon-sounding skyrockets as a warning signal to the immediate spectators and residents in the outlying districts commanding a view of the hill that the initial moment had arrived.

# GREAT DAY FOR MUDLARKS

HORSES FLOUNDER IN MIRE AT IRVINGTON.

Banner N. B. Makes 2:34 in the Pace on a 2:40 Track—Velox Wins Mile Run.

Just about a dozen horses tried to make records in the mud at Irvington Park yesterday and just about the same number failed to do anything in the exciting line. It was mud everywhere, and the horses on the track would have made better time had they been hitched to high instead of bicycle sulks.

The list of events arranged was more or less of an informal nature, but it comprised the names of some of the best known racers in the Northwest. In the pace were James Irwin's Starkey, H. H. Helman's Myrtha Whips and Cris Simp-

son's Alta Norte. The three had records of from 2:10 to 2:16 and there was some lively guessing as to the one who would get the honors. The first heat was easily won by Starkey in 2:34 on a 2:40 track. Alta Norte was lamed and was withdrawn, and Bonner N. B. was substituted in the second heat, and Simpson got behind his old stand-by, Bonner proved to be a better mud lark than the swift Myrtha or Starkey and he won in 2:34 with more than a length to spare. The third heat decided the race. There was nothing doing out of the usual run until the stretch was reached and then Myrtha kicked the mud in the face of Bonner and Starkey. Whip put the horses ahead of the flying clouds, and Simpson and Irwin came down together, with Helman a little behind. On the stretch, Bonner pulled ahead and hit the wire just about a length ahead of Starkey in 2:38. Myrtha Whips, which holds the record for the three, was driven in easily by Helman, after the others had crossed under.

### Free Races Today.

The entries for the races at Irvington today, admission to which will be free, are as follows:

Pacing, 2:40 class to carts; first prize, driving bridle—Gus Robie's b. g. Leonard, by Chas. H. E. Everding's blk. m. Greeting, by Babie Wilkes; P. Johnson's b. g. Paj. Mack, by Paj. Mack; Fred Hamilton's a. Oregon John (unknown); J. S. Crain's blk. g. Norte, by Del Norte.

Pacing, 2:30 class; prize, heavy color—A. C. Lohmeyer's g. g. School Boy, by St. James, by Alex. Button; T. M. Richardson's blk. m. Fern, by Montana Wilkes; Mark McLamar's b. g. Alta Boy, by Paulman Boy.

Pacing, 2:25 class; \$40 set of harness—Eugene Blazier's b. g. Rockford, by Caution; Mr. Helman's b. m. Adonis, by Bonnet Boy; Chris Simpson's b. g. William C. by Banner N. B.

Motor cycle, open to all; 12 entries—First prize, \$20 cash; second prize, \$10 cash; third prize, \$5 cash.

Running, half-mile dash, weight for age; prize, fancy saddles—W. L. Whittemore's Hank Long and W. W. W. C. Griffin's Hank Long, S. J. Jones, Eva N. A. J. Coffman's Nettie Norfolk, Ed McVillier's Sunset, V. S. Howard's Jim Budd and Bob Proud.

Trotting, 2:40 class—A. M. Cronin's b. m. Dancing Girl, by Adirondack; Richard Derkin's g. Springsteen, by Barnsteen; Dr. W. H. Saylor's b. g. Newa Boy, by Saylor Boy.

### NOAH NOT RESPONSIBLE.

A Critical Essay on the Why and Wherefore of Fleas in the Ark.

Boston Post.

Editor All Sorts:

Please tell me why Noah took fleas into the ark? Yours truly,

ANXIOUS INQUIRER.

Lynn, Mass.

It will give me the keenest pleasure, Mr. Anxious Inquirer, if I can somehow light on your query. I can passionately fond of dealing with such an abstruse psychological problem as the above, because the deep concentration of thought necessary to its solution serves to keep my brain muscles in good working order.

Before taking up the main question it will be necessary to look into the social standing and family background of the flea. It belongs to the genus pulex and is regarded by entomologists as representing the distinct order Aphaniptera, probably so-called from its playful habit of nipping. It is found largely in the United States and cheap hotels, where it soon learns to jump anything from a tired traveler to a board bill. The flea has two eyes and six legs. It might just appear that six legs would be more than the flea could use, but the facts in the case bear out the statement that the flea needs all its legs in its business.

Indeed, the most remarkable accomplishment which the flea possesses is its ability as a long-distance jumper. It holds the world's championship against all other athletes of its weight and size for the longest and highest standing jump on record. When a flea splits on its hands and leaps into space there's no telling where it will light, because it never looks before it leaps. No flea that is in love

with its art will potter around trying to find a soft place to "light before it doubles itself up and begins to throw somersaults into space.

The great objection to fleas is that they will bite. No amount of civilization has served to cure the flea of this vicious habit. Frequently a flea will lose its temper about something and bite an inoffensive person all night just for spite.

To return, however, to the main question, why did Noah take fleas into the ark? As a matter of fact Noah's log-book, where he recorded incidents of the voyage, shows us that he meant to exclude fleas from the ark, but failed in his effort.

His talked the matter over with his wife before the animals were driven aboard, and they decided to leave all fleas behind to a watery grave. It happened, however, that when Noah drove the two dogs aboard several fleas had camped on the dogs' backs, and in this way gained admittance to the ark, where they concealed themselves as stowaways until the ark was beyond sight of land. It was not until after the ark had sailed that one of the dogs kept the Noah family awake until morning that their presence was discovered. Noah himself caught several and threw them overboard as a rebuke to the deception they had practiced on him, but there were others.

When the ark landed on Mount Ararat the fleas said to each other: "Get on to the dog!" They did, and in this way managed to elude the custom-house inspectors and reach dry land, where they settled down and began to rear their families, the descendants of which are with us today.

### AMONG THE DRINKERS.

Blue Eyes Show When a Man Is in His Cups.

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"Speaking of the matter of drinking," said a man who lingers too long occasionally where the wine is red, "the fellow who has blue eyes has the worst of the bargain from the very beginning of the game. Blue eyes simply give the whole story away in a jiffy. The plain fact that a man is just a little in his cups seems to hang out the corner of his eyes. I cannot say that my observation will tally with that of other men along the same line. But for some time I have been making a rather careful study of the effect whiskey has on eyes of different kinds, and I have reached the conclusion that the blue-eyed man has all the worst of it. Why it is I do not pretend to say, but, of course, a man who has paid enough attention to the subject to make a long list of tedious comparisons must have reached some kind of a conclusion in regard to the subject.

"There does not seem to be any satisfactory way of explaining the fact that men with dark eyes can drink more than men with eyes of the lighter color. What we can understand is that blue eyes, or eyes in any of the lighter shades, will show the effects of drink quicker than eyes of the darker kind. This is a perfectly natural thing. Take a man who has a large blue eye, and whose eyes are wide and strongly inclined to white, and the first drink will tell on him. The small sharp blue or gray eye is not so bad, but even in the case of eyes of this kind drink will show more readily than it will in eyes of the more somber hue.

"The black-eyed man is lucky. A barrel of whiskey will have no effect on him so far as his eyes go. Black eyes never get that wild, fierce glow under the stimulating influence of whiskey which one may notice in the case of the man with light eyes. It would be interesting for some man to take up the different shades of eyes, the fifty-odd classifications, for instance, of Bertillon, and find just how the different eyes are affected by stimulants of various kinds. Why it is that there is such a marked difference in the external appearance of the eyes."

### Good enough for anybody!

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