

THE LINES OF A BUSY DESK

If we shut our eyes and try to remember as far back as we are able—the very first thing—probably like a sweet, gracious memory—comes the conviction that the earliest sound we heard was mother's voice, and that as we first started our trembling steps on the walk of life, it was mother's hand and mother's gown who were with us. Cradle songs by mother smoothed our first wallings.

What instinct is it that gives the gift of song to mothers? Scorn of the liveliest kind would greet you if you said to a mother: "My dear madam, had you not better take singing lessons from the Italian maestro around the corner, before you presume to sing cradle songs to your infant?" Whether the mother is a contralto or soprano, whether she has had the benefit of singing lessons or not, she is about the only person on earth who can crown softly, and hush to sleep a particularly lively baby who insists on keeping awake. Did you ever hear of father's cradle songs? Certainly not. It was pleasant to feel the pressure of his mighty grasp, when he came home from toil at night; and when older, to experience the delight of being tossed in the air by the same strong arms. But just as the little hands sought their nests, and darkness stole over the earth, it was mother who took up her baby, and began the preparations for bed-time. She it was who sang those mysterious songs that sounded so comforting between waking and sleeping. Did pain strike the little one, during the watches of the night, mother's watchful ear heard the feeble cry, and was up in a minute. Father was tired with working all day—he couldn't hear. Of course, if the ailment was so bad that it meant an hour's ceaseless tramp over the floor, that was where father came in strong.

After we were able to walk a bit and had the benefit of awakening intelligence, we gradually began to understand that although mother was queen of home and a sure comfort to go to in time of childish woe, that somehow the house could not hold together if father did not bring the money home. Gradually the impression deepened in our minds that father was not such a bad fellow, and that he brought "things" home, particularly on Saturdays. But father was the stern, the stern eye, and the heavy frown, the stern eye, and the heavy frown. He was not the soft-voiced comforter.

In the outer world it is the same. Everywhere kind of words are said, and you will find that the songs that are received with roars of laughter are such bits of satire as "The old man's blue eyes," "say, old man, the old man's blue eyes," "Did you ever wear a pair of boots?" or "The night pa whacked me." But mother, wait a minute. The gallery is still laughing hysterically at the jokes about the old man, when a woman singer with a smoothly flowing, expressive voice steps on the stage and sings the opening bars of "Mother, Dear, I Feel Your Presence." There is a hush in the gallery, and the singer is encircled. She sings "I believe it, for my Mother told me so." The gallery applauds with mad fervor. Other songs about mother then are treated to. "A Flower From Mother's Grave" and "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother."

Go into any saloon in Portland where free music is heard with beer, and you will notice that the blundering with the baritone voice who appears nightly at enormous salary, makes her greatest hit when she sings about mother. All the crowd listens respectfully. Boy struts and who have grown to be old men before their time feel their eyes grow dim. The repertoire is conscious of a curious shuffling sensation in his heart. But if the singer were to warble about "My Pa's Angel Whiskers," the crowd would probably fly to strong drink and laughter.

It is impossible for a single woman or a single man to know and really understand what fatherhood and motherhood mean. A single woman can lead an eminently useful life and be of value to her day and generation, without knowing anything of the responsibility of marriage. But she will grow into a perfect woman, and all the good placed in her being for a nearly divine purpose by the Creator will manifest itself in the life of the woman of home and rule, the hearts and affections of husband and children. Then little folks will be wavy and sad when she is away, laughing and happy when she is near. Eyes will brighten at her approach, and little hands will be held out to welcome her. She is a mere woman no longer. She is mother, dear mother.

Clean Newspaper Men.
NOT so very long ago there appeared in a literary magazine published in the East what purported to be a collection of seven stories illustrating the life of newspaper editors and reporters. Printers were mercilessly passed by. In five of the stories, the hero was a reporter who was either a hopeless drunkard or a morose, and in two cases the principal actor committed suicide. Not one story had a happy ending, and the newspaper people who lived, spoke and worked in the series seemed to be persons who were always destitute of ready money, or had an unhappy faculty of getting into trouble. The reading was a morbid collection of Tolstol-Hall Caine-Sarah Grand.

Unfortunately it is from such channels of information that the general public gets its conception of the modern newspaper worker, and if we answer that the latter generally speaking, is not a drunkard, a freak, a hypochondriac, a person without decent clothes or money to buy them, the public says: "But we read about those things in the papers!" That is where the difficulty lies. Ten or 15 years ago, the Bohemian newspaper worker, the man of the third-rate coat, the whiskey breath, always anxious to borrow two bits or more, undoubtedly flourished in the larger cities of this country—notably in Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Chicago. These Bohemians knew every bartender on their beats, they were on terms of intimate friendship with the local clerks, and were popularly supposed to be able to light gas jets with their breath. When a man came drunk to work, or when he failed in the performance of his duties, or as it is called in the trade, "fell down on an assignment," he had many eager apologists who said: "Poor fellow, forgive him, for he is a bit of a genius in his way. And then, you see, he's a Bohemian."

The time came, however, when newspaper proprietors grew weary of shiftless young men who were not decent in their work, appearance, or behavior. Brandy noses and hobo clothes were frowned on. A rule was made in many newspapers of firing at least once a month, and wear clean collars and cuffs. With the spread of moral unionism came the knowledge among educated newspaper workers that drunkenness and debauchery was a crime. Gradually a higher standard was insisted on, and college men came into the profession as editors and reporters. They brought with them the culture of college life, the breeze of the campus, the joy of clean living. At first they were disposed to insist on enriching their articles, as they called them, with details showing how Helen made mud pies in ancient Troy, or the precise manner in which the cook of

Alexander the Great served eggs, but after the old editor—with the spectacles and white hair—had talked to them once or twice, as to what news he, the college man began to turn into newspaper men. They have helped the profession and have swelled the ranks of ambitious, clean, able workers.

Noted as a newspaper man has no business to go about wearing a shabby suit of clothes, or standing in a pair of boots from which the toes have departed. He is a Bohemian no longer. He must lead a fairly sober life, and must look well-groomed and as well-dressed as the man he is going to interview. Nobody expects him to be a sort of patron saint, but his morals must be past reproach. Also he stands in danger of losing his position, just the same as if he drank to excess or took what did not belong to him. In short, a newspaper man should not be the shabby-looking man in any crowd of well-dressed, well-mannered citizens, for he earns a salary like other workers. Too many of the "boys" get careless of their personal appearance, because of the life they lead, and the work they do. During the night into day and too often far removed from home influence. They do many things differently from other people—their work when the average citizen is asleep, and when the person is awake, his newspaper man is scratching his six hours' slumber. Pleasant home gatherings are not for them, and friends at home are only seen occasionally.

A critic once wrote: "The woman who marries a newspaper man must love him better than the majority of women love their husbands engaged in other lines of work. The newspaper wife, if she has a hand in the newspaper, must have the pleasure of his society, at home in the evenings. She sees very little of him."

Once upon a time, there lived a reporter who enjoyed a lucrative position on a morning newspaper in the city of Chicago, but he had to work very hard, early and late. When he got through work in the evening and returned home, his two little children were asleep, but his faithful wife was there to welcome him, with a cheerful little supper. Sunday, the man was allowed to spend at home, and this day he devoted to his family, and his wife and children. But he found he did not know the little tots as well as he wished. One afternoon, his wife and her two children were passing along State street, and he was hurrying past on the other side, unaware that all he held dear in life were so near him. The children saw him, but the tired mother did not. "Oh, mamma," cried the smaller girl, pointing to her father's retreating form, "Look over there. He's the man who gives us pennies on Sunday!" The moral of which is, that provided you have the ability to find news, know news when you see it, and write it in shape for publication, you must not expect an easy thing when you become a newspaper man, not journalist. If you think in that capacity you will get free cigars from half the men you meet, free drinks at every saloon in the neighborhood, and complimentary tickets for theater performances, you will find it to your advantage to try some other line of endeavor.

"Be Good, Sweet Maid."
CHARLES Kingsley's famous lines have acted as an inspiration to make life better, truer, happier, wherever girls of the Anglo-Saxon race are found, the world over. Good girls are as welcome as the dew on the thirsty grass and add spice to living. We could not very well exist without them.

Some girls, however, are not of the kind of whom Kingsley wrote his charming verse—they do not try to spread happiness around them, but with the same intensity that a rose sends out its fragrance, they are selfish and prone to attacks of ill temper, and the first thing they know is that wrinkles appear on their brows and crow's-feet under their eyes. The girl who cultivates the spirit of contempt and sarcasm will very soon find that her face is slowly but surely reflecting the mind within. Her eyes will be red, and her eyebrows will be drawn together at the nose. The chances are that her face will be pale, with no complexion to speak of. She becomes the prey of the massage operator and the beauty culturist.

It is no longer correct to say that a girl is good because she has a good father and mother. Every girl rules her own destiny, and makes her own heaven on earth if she will. A sweet disposition and a character that knows no evil, are better to a girl than mere beauty of feature. A lovely face and a dazzling complexion may be destroyed in one night by smallpox. Fortunately, it is not always the prettiest girls who are the most admired, or who turn out to be stars in the eyes of the world. Many a girl who has no incentive to make themselves agreeable, when they know they will receive homage. Consequently, this type of girls is empty of ideas, and the average girl is more or less uninteresting.

The other evening a young man took a pretty young girl to dinner at the house of their mutual host, and she evidently did not consider that she ought to waste her charming voice by talking too much. To her companion's remarks she first answered "No," and then "Yes," at numerous intervals. That was all she said. The young man finally grew tired of this sort of thing and said: "I beg your pardon, but are you an American girl?"

Facial massage and cosmetics are unnecessary to a girl who has begun life the right way. The really good girl needs none of them. Better is the glow of health on her cheeks. She is natural, and nobody can improve on nature. Before long she will mold other lives and hold other people's happiness in the hollow of her hand. May she prove worthy of the trust.
MACKNOCKER.

BIDS FOR SPUDGEAR.
Port of Portland Examines Offers of Local Contractors.

Bids for the repairs to and the spudgear for the 26-inch dredge were opened by the Board of Port of Portland Commissioners yesterday afternoon. Only three bids were received and all were from local firms. They were as follows: Williamette Iron Works, for the alterations, \$15,000; Columbia Engineering Works, alterations, \$13,695; Spudgear, \$7571.

Portland Iron Works, for alterations and spudgear, \$23,250. Each of the bidders declined to accept the clause requiring the completion of the work by June 1. They gave as their reason that much of the material will have to be ordered in the East and the date of its delivery is uncertain. As the dredge will be needed early in June, the Commissioners decided to postpone action on the bids until next Wednesday. Meantime they will inquire into the matter and see whether the repairs can be made within the time prescribed.

"Gendron" Carriages and Go-Carts—40 styles to select from—The best baby carriage made—(Third floor.)

Meier & Frank Co.

New Carpets

The new Brussels, Axminster and Velvet Carpets are now being shown in our third-floor carpet store—Prettiest designs and colorings, and many styles to select from.

Meier & Frank Co.

Men's Clothing

Spring styles in Suits and Overcoats of the celebrated Hart, Schaffner & Marx manufacture now ready—(Second floor).

Curtain Samples

We place on sale tomorrow morning a great lot of manufacturers' samples of Nottingham and Brussels Lace Curtains. Samples in the very best patterns—1½ and 1½ yd. lengths—Your choice

Brussels.....41c each
Nottinghams.....21c, 31c
(Third floor)

Infants' Wear

Department is resplendent in Spring attire—All the new dainty things for little folks are now being shown—Dresses, Slips, Petticoats, Kimonos, Caps, Robes, Shawls, Sacques, etc.—(Second floor.)

Boys' Clothing

Spring styles in Blouse, Norfolk and Sailor Suits—The sailor suits in particular are very handsome, showing the very acme of elegance in style and trimming—New Vestee Suits, new Waists—There's no place in town where the boys' can be so well pleased as in our second-floor clothing store.

E. & W. Collars and Cuffs now on sale in our Men's Furnishing Goods dept.

New Wash Goods—Welcome

Temperatures only momentarily bedim the brightness of wash goods display—You cannot be unmoved by this wealth of beauty which stretches down the center aisle over 125 feet in addition to 100 feet of center counter space—We'll claim for it, without fear of contradiction, first place among all displays of wash goods. Portland has ever known—Marvelous what strides are being made in weaving cottons—Who would have dreamed a dozen years ago, yes, even five years ago, of what has been accomplished—All honor to designer and weaver, but what would their work accomplish without such a distributing agency as this store—Again, in this opening display of wash goods, our gathering system is emphasized—France, England, Scotland and America vie with each other for your favor—Some of the foreigners were only through the custom-house Friday—Come and get acquainted.

Embroidered Swisses
French Ducks
French Gingham
Cotton Grenadines

Scotch Gingham
Dimities
Embroidered Mohairs
Percaloes

Novelty Oxford
Dentelle de Soie
Windsor Papillions
American Gingham

Madras
Piques
Waist Patterns

Great Bargains in Silk Waists and Petticoats

Some remarkable pricings in Silk Waists and Petticoats for tomorrow, Tuesday and Wednesday. Values unprecedented in all our experience.

Odds and ends in taffeta Silk Waists, plain colors or figured. Tucked, corded and lace-trimmed styles in all the good colors. Some slightly mussed from handling. Values up to \$12.00. Your choice.....\$4.89

50 Silk Petticoats, in assorted colors; plaited, ruffled and double ruffle styles. \$12.00 and \$12.50 values at.....\$7.45

French Flannel Waists, in assorted colors and styles. Side pleats, tucked or stitched. Some button in back. \$5.00 and \$5.50 values at.....\$3.85

Golf Vests In very large variety of styles, and all the very best colors. See window display.

Silks, Dress Goods



The new Spring Silks and Dress Fabrics arriving by every express—The clinging fabrics will be more popular than ever for dresses—Wash Silks, as usual, will be in great favor.

6000 yards of Challies, plain or silk striped effects, in immense variety of patterns and colors 35c, 50c

Thousands of yards of Wash Silks in the best effects we have ever shown, at.....50c yard

New fancy Silks for waists, very large variety of new styles.....\$1, \$1.85 yd

See the new "Pompadour" Silks, the very latest in novelty silks for waists.

IN BLACK GOODS we are showing new Etamines, Cheviots, Soliels and Grenadines, as well as a full assortment of "Priestley's" famous Black Goods.

Cloak Department



Has many of the new Spring Suits, Skirts and Costumes to interest you—Eton Suits in Oxford gray mixtures trimmed with heavy black silk braid; and lined with silk throughout.

10 Novelty Suits in various styles.

New Serpentine Skirts in venetian and chevrons, leather trimmed.

Each day's express brings new additions, so come in, we're at all times pleased to show you the new things.

Visit the "Food Fair"

On your next store visit. It's on the third floor and includes 25 practical demonstrations of all the well-known foods and cereals. You are invited to taste all the good things, and get all the samples you want—Food Fair is open daily from 9:30 A. M. to 5 P. M.; Saturday 9:30 A. M. to 9:30 P. M.—During the Food Fair we are offering 200 great bargains in staple and fancy Groceries—Also selling 20 pounds of granulated Sugar for \$1.00, and 100-pound sack of Western dry granulated Sugar at \$4.75—Phone Private Exchange 4 and order will be properly taken care of.

Meier & Frank Company Meier & Frank Company Meier & Frank Company

The board also decided to require of Mr. Lang that he instruct a dockmaster whom it shall name in the workings of the dock, and of the contractors that if the superintendent of construction whom they shall send out be unsatisfactory to the board they shall recall him upon receipt of a written request. These requirements will be sent to the contractors and patentees in the form of a letter.

Two proposals regarding the new dredge-tender were received. One was from the Williamette Iron Works and the other from the Columbia Engineering Works. The board decided to award the contract to the Williamette Iron Works.

Designing Engineer Lockwood spoke of the plans which he had prepared for the tender at the invitation to the board. This design provided for a boat suited to local conditions, and was in accordance with the best practice and based upon actual experience with tugs. The length of the tender would be 90 feet, beam 21 feet, and depth of hold nine feet. The boat would have Scotch marine boilers and compound engines and would have a speed of 14 miles an hour. Complete, it would cost between \$20,000 and \$25,000.

The matter will be brought up again at the next meeting. A letter was received from Lloyd's Bureau, stating that Captain L. Vesey had been appointed resident surveyor for Lloyd's at this port. The news was particularly gratifying to the board, for heretofore when the services of a Lloyd's surveyor were needed one had to be called down from Seattle.

Bids for the purchase of 300 pounds of brass and 15 tons of old cast iron and steel pipe were ordered advertised for. The sale of this old scrap will net the port about \$200 to \$300.

CROWDS OF PUPILS.
East Side Schools in Need of "S. R. O." Sign.

Some relief will be afforded the crowded condition of the Stephens Schoolhouse by the proposed class of 25 pupils and the transfer of about 25 pupils to the new Central building. Still with all this, by which nearly 50 pupils from the Stephens are removed, the building is still crowded to its utmost capacity. Some of the pupils who are to be transferred to the Central building live to the southward and will have to walk past the Stephens to reach the Central Schoolhouse. At the rate the big new Central building, with its 15 classrooms, is filling it will soon be filled. Only three of the rooms there are not occupied, and it is expected that these will fill up before the end of the year. This indicates somewhat what the growth of Central East Portland is. It was supposed that 18 rooms in the Central Schoolhouse would provide facilities for several years, but

at the opening of school next year, the present rate of increase, it will be crowded, as are all the other buildings on the East Side. The board of the Brookline district that the best way to relieve the strain on the Stephens, Brooklyn and Clinton Kelly buildings is to add a new building to the Brookline building, and then enlarge the territory covered by the school. Moving the dividing line between Brooklyn and the Stephens from Division street several blocks north would take from Stephens about 75 pupils. By moving the boundary line between Brooklyn and Clinton Kelly further east, it would relieve the latter building. None of these changes of lines can be made without enlarging the Brookline at least four rooms, for the building itself is now overcrowded. This is one of the many problems of providing more room for the children of the city.

RAILROAD AS GRASSGROWER.
Report in an Eastern Paper of Work on the O. R. & N.

The O. R. & N. Co. has recently carried out some extensive and successful experiments in the matter of restoring grass to the lands in the country tributary to its lines, which have been rendered barren by overuse for grazing purposes. An interesting account of the work is given in the following letter from R. C. Judson, industrial agent at Portland, Or.: In the Spring of 1898 the O. R. & N. Co., realizing the necessity of regaining the range of grazing lands belonging to the Government, and which were almost devoid of native grass, and that the same would be destroyed unless something was done to regrow them. The chief problem for the management to determine was how much of the range to devote to the growing of grass, and how much to the carrying capacity of the range was 40 per cent less at the beginning of 1897 than it had been in 1880.

The money value lost by ill treatment of our ranges is hard to estimate. I would hazard the opinion, however, that it would reach \$20,000,000 in the State of Oregon alone. To make it more clear: If the natural pastures or ranges in Oregon were now covered with as luxuriant growths of grasses as they were 15 years ago, the additional number of livestock which would be carried there would be worth upward of \$50,000,000. The regrowing of overstocked lands is in the interest of the individual stockowner, the commonwealth and the railroad company. The small losses sustained by each one become in the aggregate a sum which materially affects the welfare of the whole country. The range owners agree that the better grasses have been run out by overstocking during years of drought, and at the present time but very little grass remains; and it is a fact that on the ranges of the semi-arid districts, as they are at present, it will take a large number of acres to keep one steer. The amount of money invested in the cattle and sheep industry of Oregon alone is reckoned by the millions of dollars, and the outcome of every dollar of that value is absolutely dependent on the subject of forage.

It was determined to take steps at once to bring about the desired end, and for that purpose to institute upon land belonging to the railroad at Walla Walla, in the State of Washington, a series of experiments to determine what grasses and forage plants could be grown without irrigation. A plot was set aside and

130 varieties of grasses and forage plants were put in during the month of May, 1898, testing the same under different conditions. It was found that out of the number sown some seven varieties only would do well on the ranges. The next Spring 25 acres of land at Telicourt, in Eastern Oregon, at an altitude of 2000 feet above sea level, and having an average annual rainfall of 13.84 inches, was secured; the same was fenced, plowed and seeded to a home grass (bromus inermis), an English wheat grass. It proved a great success, and the estimated yield was 3½ tons per acre. The plot was opened in the Fall and fed down to the ground by range horses, and the result was that it made no diminution in the yield, thus demonstrating that it would grow and that also that the seed was not too heavy for the soil. Another plot was put out at Hialeka, on sandy land, 71 feet above the Columbia River, with only 10.40 inches of average annual rainfall, and a mean temperature of 52.06. On this plot was put alfalfa, the seed being obtained in Utah. This seed was not irrigated. The alfalfa came up finely, and the yield was enormous, the first cut, which was saved for seed, yielding four tons per acre and standing four feet in height. Another small plot was put in on the high plateau back of Hialeka, some 150 feet above the river, where the soil was light and friable, and that also did fairly well, demonstrating that alfalfa could be raised on the semi-arid lands along the Columbia. A plot was put in on the railroad right of way near Baker City, and that also proved a success.

Since then the bromus grass has been tested along the line of the railroad in Eastern Oregon from Huntington to Pendleton, average altitude over 3000 feet above the sea, and up Butter Creek, 10 miles southward from Pendleton, on alkali lands, the yield being fully as heavy as on the high lands. Alfalfa has been tested at five points on the semi-arid lands with perfect success, where properly fenced and put in at the right time of year.

The past season the company has fenced in a tract of 40 acres of semi-arid lands along the banks of the Columbia, 65 feet above the river, and distant from Portland 165 miles. There is being tested on this plot alfalfa, flax and four different kinds of rye. It will also be determined, at this station, the best time to sow alfalfa, as the plots were put in at different times, and I trust that the next season will determine that point.

Youthful Fendits.
ST. LOUIS, Feb. 15.—As the result of a feud between West End boys, Willie Lodger, 16 years old, was shot and instantly killed last night by Fretwell Shock, a 20-year-old lad in knickerbockers. Shock is a prisoner at the mounted district station. He admits that he killed Lodger, but says he shot at one of Lodger's companions in self-defense. "That fellow had me down and the gang of them would have beat me to death if I hadn't shot," said Shock. The boys of both factions are the sons of well-to-do and respectable parents.

Seen From Outside.
Aurora Borealis. If no money were used on all sides at the primaries, the Senatorial fight would be more interesting in observing the different generalship displayed. What helps Simon is that he has control of the machine in Portland. He will first move his organized force with as little expense as possible, depending considerably on his influence and the impression formed that he is an astute politician. But all this will not insure the battle, even at the primaries, without a big sack. It is reported that he has the bundle and will use it, legitimately, of course, in a

Spring Is Hurrying Along

And so we make these swift-flying February days of interest and profit to you. PRICE has been made the powerful impulse that will clear remaining stocks, and never were prices more tempting. SPECIAL VALUE IN

SILK MOREEN PETTICOATS

All colors in silk moreen petticoats, well made, the proper thing; regular price \$5.00, now at

\$2.75

When you think of FURS, we want you to think of this store. Send for Price List of Raw Furs.

Silverfield Fur Mfg. Co.
LARGEST AND LEADING FURRIERS OF THE WEST.
283-285 MORRISON STREET, PORTLAND, OREGON.

G. P. Rummelin & Sons
MANUFACTURING FURRIERS
126 SECOND ST., NEAR WASHINGTON
Fur Coats, Fur Collarettes, Fur Capes, Fur BOAS, OSTRICH FEATHER BOAS, Alaska Sleeping Robes, Fur Overcoats, Caps, Gloves, Mitts, Etc. at lowest prices.
Highest cash prices paid for raw Furs.

liberal manner, but the man being what he is, he will not throw it around promiscuously. He will place it where it will bring larger returns. Though small, Simon is not a child. One thing in his favor is the break in the ranks in 1900; Portland will not desire to again send a Democratic delegation to the Legislature. That he played Mr. Corbett at the Legislative session, when he was elected in stead, and also remained inactive when he could have materially assisted Mr. Corbett last Winter, we thoroughly believe. Whether these facts will impair his chances next time remains to be seen. It may be that the anti-Simon men are not exactly paralyzed.

LOOK ON THE BACK.
Of the skirt binding you buy for the trade mark S. H. & Co. is your guarantee that you are getting the best made—Adv.