

HERE IS SAD NEWS: THE DISHPAN HAT IS DOOMED! PHYSICIANS DECLARE AGAINST IT IN NEW YORK AND THE MILLINERS HAVE BECOME MELANCHOLY



TWO TYPES OF THE CONDEMNED "DISHPAN HAT" No. 1 - AND No. 2 - AND THE COMPROMISE "HEADACHE'S" HAT No. 2 -

THE "dishpan" hat is doomed. The great sweeping brim of velvet, its weight of drooping ostrich plumes tumbling over its inverted, down-the-back rim, has been declared against by physicians in New York, the great distributing point for fads and fashions imported from the continent, and the society women and fashion leaders of Gotham have reluctantly given way to the edict, regretfully returning their expensive and alluring "dishpan" hats to the banbox.

Ordinarily the woman who is the fortunate possessor of a \$75 or \$100 "perfect love of a hat" does not hasten to heed the frown of the physician, and the whim of a mere medical man usually counts little against anything alluringly ornamental; but this time the doctors win, for not only is the heavy, backward-hanging, down-pulling "dishpan hats" declared to be merely injurious to the health, but in addition, produces conditions, such as eye-strain, St. Vitus' dance, and a tendency to hysteria, which constitute a menace to facial beauty and endanger the lines of the figure. Against such threats, even the most becoming and most enticingly luxurious of feminine adornments must be ignominiously rejected, and so the great, sweeping brims of velvet, with their fetching down-the-back dip, are being doffed and reluctantly laid away.

Incidentally, the milliners are sad. The physicians, they declare, are nasty, mean things, bent upon ruining business and quibbling over inconsequential trifles. In every velvet inch of the faring "dishpan" hat there was beauty—and profit. That is why the milliners are so melancholy. The making of hats, and the manipulation of a few yards of velvet and a mere handful of \$20 ostrich plumes, so that the result is almost universally becoming, the milliners declare, is a work of art (and incidentally fine for business), and now comes Mr. Saw-Bones, and spoils it all! What if the hat is a little heavy on the head, and what if it does pull down a trifle hard at the back? Who would not suffer these trifles for the bewitching effect of the great velvet frame about her face, and the perfectly darling droop of the great, uncurled plumes over the brim at the rear? So argues the milliner, but in vain. The "dishpan" chapeau has met its Waterloo, and gone down. The ache at the base of the brain, the consequent eye-strain, and the bad shoulder-lines that come of a heavy, down-pulling weight worn at the back of the head, are not conducive to beauty, and when the family doctor told the nerve-racked wearer of the "dish-

pan" hat that it was the cause of all her troubles, all the artfulness of the Gotham milliner was wasted. "She laid the hat away, and told all her friends about it; they laid theirs away, or took them back to the milliner to be ruthlessly bobbed off at the back and unballed. They put heads together, and found that, when all by reason of the down-dragging rear of the heavy hat, been walking with their shoulders drawn together, and their chest and lungs hunched up, so that they could not breathe properly; some of them had contracted a little, hacking, disagreeable cough; others had acquired bad shoulder lines; the complexion of still others had faded under the strain, and nervousness of the eyes were complained of generally.

So passed the "dishpan" hat in New York. Now the news is spreading Westward, and Western milliners are vexed. Splendid creations of velvet and plumes, in the richest of shades and of the most enticing variations, must lie on their shelves untouched, or perch vainly on the stands in the display windows. Many of the milliners' customers, too, are sad, or soon will be, for they have already made their midwinter purchase and been proud in the possession of the widest possible velvet brims and the largest heaviest possible of ostrich plumes. Now these must be discarded.

views, self-sought, most likely that "what he knows about Fulton will come out in the Hall trial." It seems to me that if he had anything against the Senator he would have broken his neck to bring it out at the trials last year, when he was putting forth every effort to "land the big one."

I will admit that Mr. Heney has been a tireless worker in breaking up the land ring in Oregon and putting out of office men who had anything against the Senator he would have broken his neck to bring it out at the trials last year, when he was putting forth every effort to "land the big one."

But, nevertheless, he did not select "somebody" to prosecute the land-fraud cases. Just lucky, that is all. He did no more than any of our clever criminal lawyers could have done if they had been given the support, morally and financially, of the people at Washington that Heney received, together with an army of sleuths to gather evidence and bulldoze witnesses.

Ever since the newspapers dubbed him the "Great Prosecutor" he has been strutting around like a peacock. Reporters interview him and write up stories of his early life, his great ability as a prosecutor, etc., until they have him so swelled up over his importance that he thinks he is the savior of the whole Pacific Coast.



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New Year's Day With F. X. Matthieu

George H. Himes Has Interesting Chat With Veteran Patriot Who Helped Save Oregon Country to United States.

PORTLAND, Jan. 4.—(To the Editor.) It was the good fortune of the writer to be able to spend New Year's day, 1908, with a notable pioneer of 1842, Hon. F. X. Matthieu, at his hospitable home, near Butteville, Marion County. The squatter's right to the 640 acres he now owns was acquired in 1846, and the title was confirmed to him as a donation land claim under the provisions of the act of September 27, 1850, and this place has been his home for more than 61 years. Mr. Matthieu has now entered the last quarter of his 90th year, and aside from failing eyesight, which affliction did not begin to be noticeable until a few months ago, he is a remarkably well preserved man. He is a remarkably well preserved man. He is a remarkably well preserved man.

The first person that Mr. Matthieu met after arriving at Oregon City on the date above given was Rev. Alvan P. Waller, who was doing missionary work there in the interest of the Methodist Church. After a few preliminaries, the minister invited Mr. Matthieu to dinner; the latter, being roughly clad, declined at first, but finally accepted the invitation, after repeated and most pressing renews. This was the first time that he had had the privilege of being seated with a family, or even in a boarding-house, for more than two years; and as he looked over the table laden with nicely cooked food, particularly a large dish full of steaming baked potatoes, none of which he had seen for more than two years, his desire to eat became almost uncontrollable, and he nearly forgot the formalities customary at a clergyman's table. After an unusually long blessing upon the meal, as it seemed to him, Mr. Matthieu appeased his appetite as only a man can who emerges from years in the wilderness. At length he felt "satisfied," and endured with great composure the prayer which followed the dinner. After the lapse of more than 65 years in Oregon, Mr. Matthieu looks back upon that September day at Oregon City as one of the brightest spots in his long life.

As may be remembered, Mr. Matthieu was present at Champeog, May 2, 1842, and his vote, with that of Etienne Lucier, gave the victory, by a majority of two, to those who were in favor of establishing American civil government on the Pacific Coast—the first in what is now the territory of the United States west of the Rocky Mountains. Of the 102 persons present on that memorable occasion, he is the only survivor.

In the organization of the provisional government, Mr. Matthieu served for a time as a justice of the peace. In this capacity he performed all the duties of a justice of the peace, circuit and supreme judge, and from his decision there was no appeal. Once a man was arraigned before him for making "blue ruin," a vile intoxicating drink distilled from the poorest Hudson Bay Company's molasses. The culprit was convicted, fined heavily and his plant destroyed. Before many months it was found that he was in the distilling business again. He was accordingly arrested, again, fined heavier than before, the plant destroyed the second time, and the following was the parting admonition of Judge Matthieu: "The next time you are arrested, brought before me and convicted, I'll order you hanged." That settled the business of making "blue ruin" for that time, as the guilty party left the country and was never heard of again. Such summary proceedings might improve some of the conditions that people have to endure nowadays. There were but few lawyers then.

his long life, was manifested when he first took the degrees in Masonry: He was waited upon and reconstituted with by the Catholic priest of the parish in which he was then living and informed that to join secret societies was to violate the rules of the church. After listening patiently for a time to the representations of the priest, Mr. Matthieu said: "I have joined the Masonic fraternity with my eyes open, and know very well what the rules of the church are in the premises. All I have to say is this: If you do not like what I have done, you may expell me from the church." But he has not yet been expelled.

Mr. Matthieu was born in Montreal, Canada, of French parents, April 2, 1815, and on this account it has been supposed by some that he came to Oregon as an employe of the Hudson's Bay Company. On the contrary, he was a French rebel, and made his way to the United States across the Canadian border in 1837-'38, when it would have been decidedly uncomfortable for him had he been caught, and he first made himself known in the United States at Albany, N. Y. Here he worked at the carpenter's trade

for awhile. He went to Chicago in 1839, and soon afterwards to St. Louis. There he formed the acquaintance of the elder Pierre Chouteau, head of the American Fur Company, and was employed as a clerk for three years on the frontier in charge of parties of trappers and traders among the Indians of the plains, notably the Sioux, the Cheyenne, and the Comanche of the native races west of the Missouri River.

Being instinctively a fair-minded man, with a willingness to give every one a "square deal," an Indian as well as a white man, Mr. Matthieu had no difficulty in securing the confidence of all the tribes he met, and this insured to the benefit of the company which employed him, in large measure. And not only that—when he decided to leave the American Fur Company's employ, early in the Spring of 1842, his fair treatment of the Indians was of great advantage to the company of 100 or more immigrants bound for Oregon under the leadership of Dr. Elijah White. In fact, judging from the opinions expressed by different members of that company to the writer many years ago, it is quite probable that had it not been for Mr. Matthieu's knowledge of the Indian dialects in the country through which the westward-bound homeseekers were traveling, there would have been serious difficulties at least, with a strong probability that the entire

WHERE IS HIS LICENSE? W. H. Barry Asks Why Heney "Butts In" in Oregon Politics. PORTLAND, Or., Dec. 30, 1907.—(To the Editor.)—Recently I have noticed among the news items in your paper articles headed "Heney Opposes Fulton" and "Heney Takes a Fling at Fulton," and as a high private in the rear ranks of the Republican party in Oregon, I desire to ask where does Mr. Heney get his license to "butt in" in Oregon politics for this he is certainly trying to do. He is doing his best to blacken the reputation of Senator C. W. Fulton and poison the minds of the people of Oregon against him, with the assertion (in one of his inter-

SEATTLE NOW HAS A HANDSOME NEW THEATER



THE MOORE THEATER AT SECOND AVENUE AND VIRGINIA STREETS, WHICH WAS RECENTLY OPENED.

SEATTLE, Wash., Jan. 4.—(Special.)—With the opening of the new Moore Theater, at Second avenue and Virginia streets in Seattle, on December 28, this city now claims the ownership of the finest theater on the Pacific Coast. Incidentally the attraction to which the new showhouse threw open its doors was distinctly a Seattle play, "The Alaskan," which was seen in Portland last November, and which was written by two Seattle men—Joseph Blothen, son of the editor of the Seattle Times, and Harry Girard.

The handsome new edifice is the fruit of years of planning on the part of John Cort, the veteran theatrical manager of the Northwest, who two years ago prevailed upon James A. Moore, one of the wealthiest Seattle lumbermen, the need of a new and more elaborate theater than possessed by the Puget Sound metropolis. The erection of the new theater was undertaken about eight months ago. E. Houghton, the architect who designed and built the new playhouse, has formulated the plans of a large number of the newest skyscrapers in Seattle, notably the New Arcade and Lowman buildings. The cost of the building is \$400,000.

While the finishing touches had not yet been placed on the new theater by the opening night, it was nevertheless a most attractive and cozy appearing house of amusement. The Blothen-Girard play was received most enthusiastically by a representative Seattle audience of a trifle over 2000 people. Society was out in force, and from behind the footlights the gathering presented a most brilliant appearance. Governor Albert E. Mead, of Washington; Mayor William Hickman Moore, of Seattle; John Cort, manager and lessee of the theater; Calvin Hellig, president of the Northwest Theatrical Association, and James A. Moore, builder of the handsome home of theatricals, each made short and appropriate addresses commemorating the occasion.

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