

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" 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-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 condi-

tions, 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.

Two types of the "dishpan" hat are shown in pictures No. 1 and No. 2. In one of these is shown the condemned combination of heavy velvet and weighty ostrich plumes. The other shows the slightly less objectionable combination of velvet brim with a wreath of velvet and silken flowers. What is known as the "compromise" hat (the largest and heaviest of which the physicians give their endorsement) is shown in No. 2. This shows the smart, backward dip ruthlessly bobbed off, and the condemned backward tilt remedied by several degrees.

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.

company of whites would have been cut off. 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 Ore-

gon, 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 functions 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 de-

stroyed 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. Mr. Matthieu was married to Miss Rose Osent, on French Prairie, in 1844, and removed to his present place in 1846, as already stated. He has been the father of 15 children, eight of whom are now living. Besides these, there are 46 grandchildren and four great-grandchildren. Mrs. Matthieu died February 12, 1904, aged 73 years. Mr. Matthieu took the first degree in Masonry in 1855 in Multnomah Lodge No. 1, Oregon City—the first Masonic Lodge instituted on the Pacific Coast, which in the beginning was known as No. 4, under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Missouri—and the second and third degrees in Champeog Lodge. In recognition of his long service as a good citizen, the Masonic Grand Lodge of Oregon, at its annual meeting on June 13, 1901, made Mr. Matthieu an honorary past grand master—a distinction bestowed in Oregon for the first time. The spirit of independence which has characterized Mr. Matthieu throughout

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.

Notwithstanding Mr. Matthieu's advanced age, he is deeply interested in the events of the day, and there is no apparent breaking down of his mental faculties. In all of his experiences on the frontier in the westward march from ocean to ocean, beginning 70 years ago, the severest trial he has had, aside from the losses by fire of members of his family, he is now undergoing, in that he cannot read any more on account of failing eyesight. While this is true, he accepts the situation with composure with a feeling of thankfulness that his eyesight has been spared so long; and his last words to me were: "Give all my friends a Happy New Year; greeting, and tell them that we are going to have the best celebration we ever had at Champeog on the second day of next May." GEORGE H. HIMES.

MISSION OF A NEWSPAPER A Subscriber Voices His Appreciation of The Oregonian. ANACONDA, Mont., Jan. 3.—(To the Editor.)—It has long been a cause of joy to me to play the Oregonian, the plain common people have one great newspaper that is sincerely devoted to their interests, and is also sane in judgment and fearless in the expression of opinion necessary to be expressed, if the public is to be illuminated and instructed, and not merely flattered and exploited by certain "yellow" newspapers. How necessary that word "sane" has become of late, to express a meaning that no other word will quite satisfy. It is very suggestive. Conditions are becoming such that only those who are utterly fearless, as our fearless and strenuous President is so fond of saying, are fit for positions such as are occupied by certain newspaper editors. He who speaks to the public with the prestige which a great public organ or high position gives incurs now, it seems to me, a greater responsibility than ever before. A more responsive and more critical attitude of the public doesn't release him (the editor) from responsibility and give him license to play the demagogue, faker or clown. It increases his responsibility and exalts his position. It is glorious to instruct, enlighten and lead manly, self-reliant, critical men. A more brute can lead a submissive clientage. The sincerity, toleration and sanity of The Oregonian commands my profound respect, and the industry, comprehensive knowledge and breadth of view evinced in its daily articles abundantly testify to the high character of the paper. The Oregonian has not only kept abreast of the times, but it is especially characterized by one quality that I fall to notice in such a striking degree in any other of our great dailies—growth of the right sort coming to the paper that is fearless.

SEATTLE NOW HAS A HANDSOME NEW THEATER

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



F. X. Matthieu, Pioneer of 1842.

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 Blithen, 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 Blithen-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.

WHERE IS HIS LICENSE?

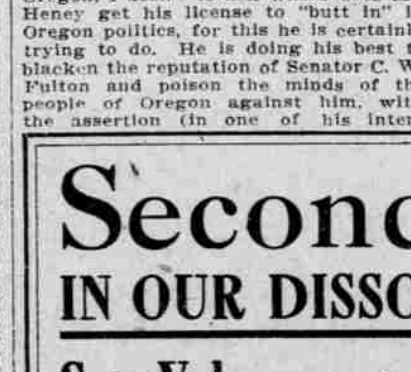
W. H. Barry Asks Why Henry "Butts In" in Oregon Politics.

PORTLAND, Or., Dec. 30, 1907.—(To the Editor.)—Recently I have noticed among the news items in your paper articles headed "Henry Opposes Fulton" and "Henry 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. Henry 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-

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Blue Room Good for Nerves.

Indianapolis News. Blue surroundings, the doctor also declares, are good for nervous affections. Patients placed in a blue room, where light, hangings, furniture, and all are blue, are soothed from nervous tension, and pass into a pleasant slumber. The expression, "a fit of the blues," thus loses its meaning.

INDIANS DO NOT GET LAND

Errors in Survey Necessitate Reallocating Allotments. OREGONIAN NEWS BUREAU, Washington, Jan. 4.—Complaints innumerable have come to Congressman Jones from time to time from settlers on lands in the north half of the Colville Indian Reservation that they were unable to get title to their lands. This was because of the fact that owing to defective surveying originally and in allotting lands to the Indians entries did not correspond to the land upon which the entryman was located. To correct this the Land Office has been for a year or two reurveying and reallocating the allotments to the Indians and at various times during this period Mr. Jones has accelerated the naturally slow action of the office by several well-directed prods. He has again taken up the matter and has been assured that the office hopes to have the whole matter adjusted within a very few weeks.

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