

LIFES LITTLE JOYS AND GLOOMS AS BRIGGS SEES THEM

AIN'T IT A GRAND AND GLORIOUS FEELIN'?

WHEN YOU COME HOME ON A WARM DAY AND GO INTO YOUR BEDROOM AND UNDRESS PREPARATORY TO ENJOYING A NICE BATH



-AND YOU SNEAK DOWN THE LONG HALL TO THE BATH ROOM



AND YOU HOP INTO THE TUB AND SWASH AROUND IN THE WATER



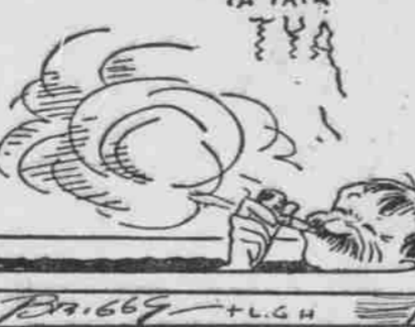
-WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN YOU HEAR THE WIFE COME IN THE HOUSE WITH SOME LADY FRIENDS AND YOU REALIZE YOU'RE TRAPPED



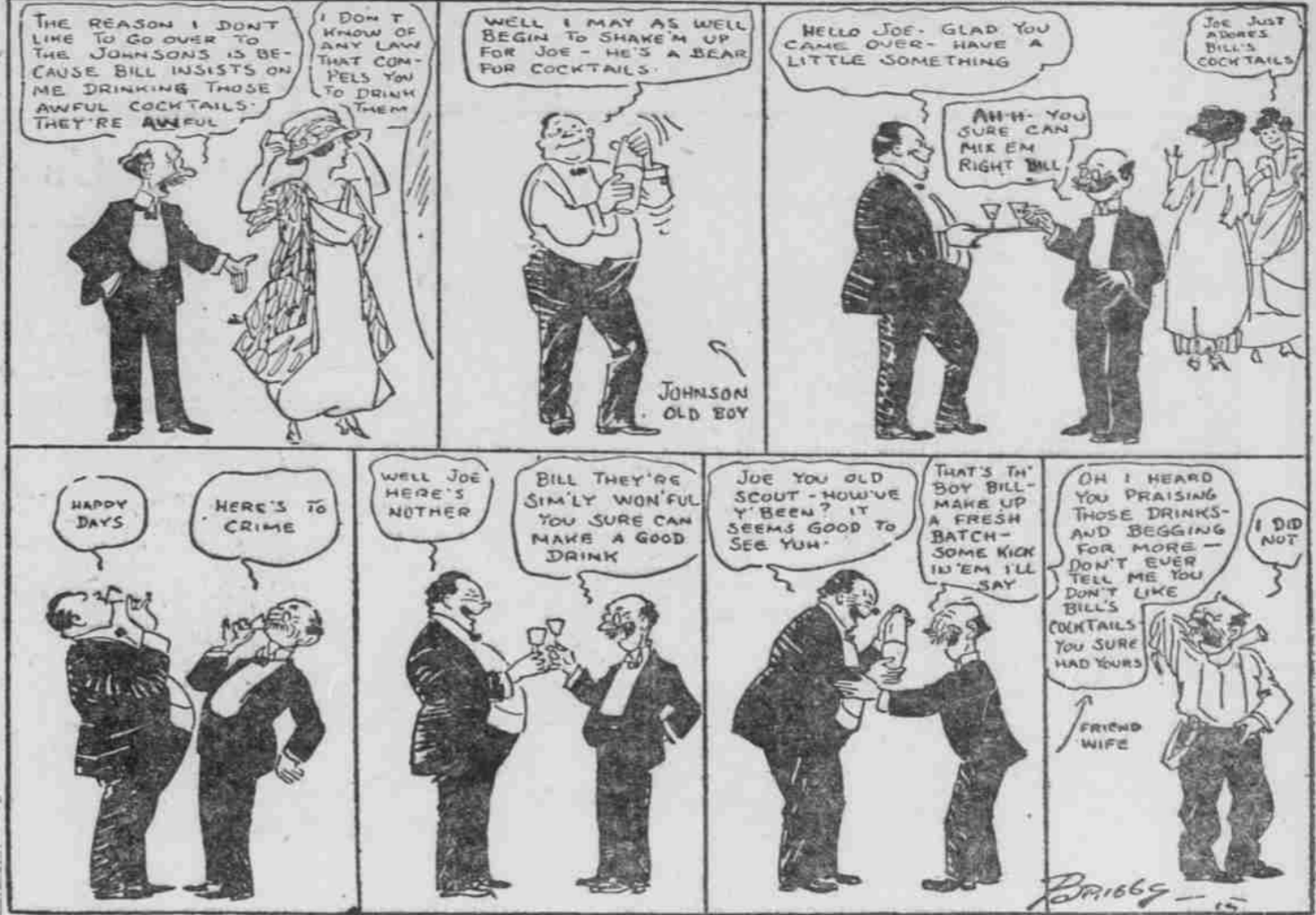
-AND JUST AS YOU BEGIN TO WONDER HOW LONG THEY ARE GOING TO STAY - YOU SEE YOUR PIPE ALL FILLED ON THE WINDOW SILL



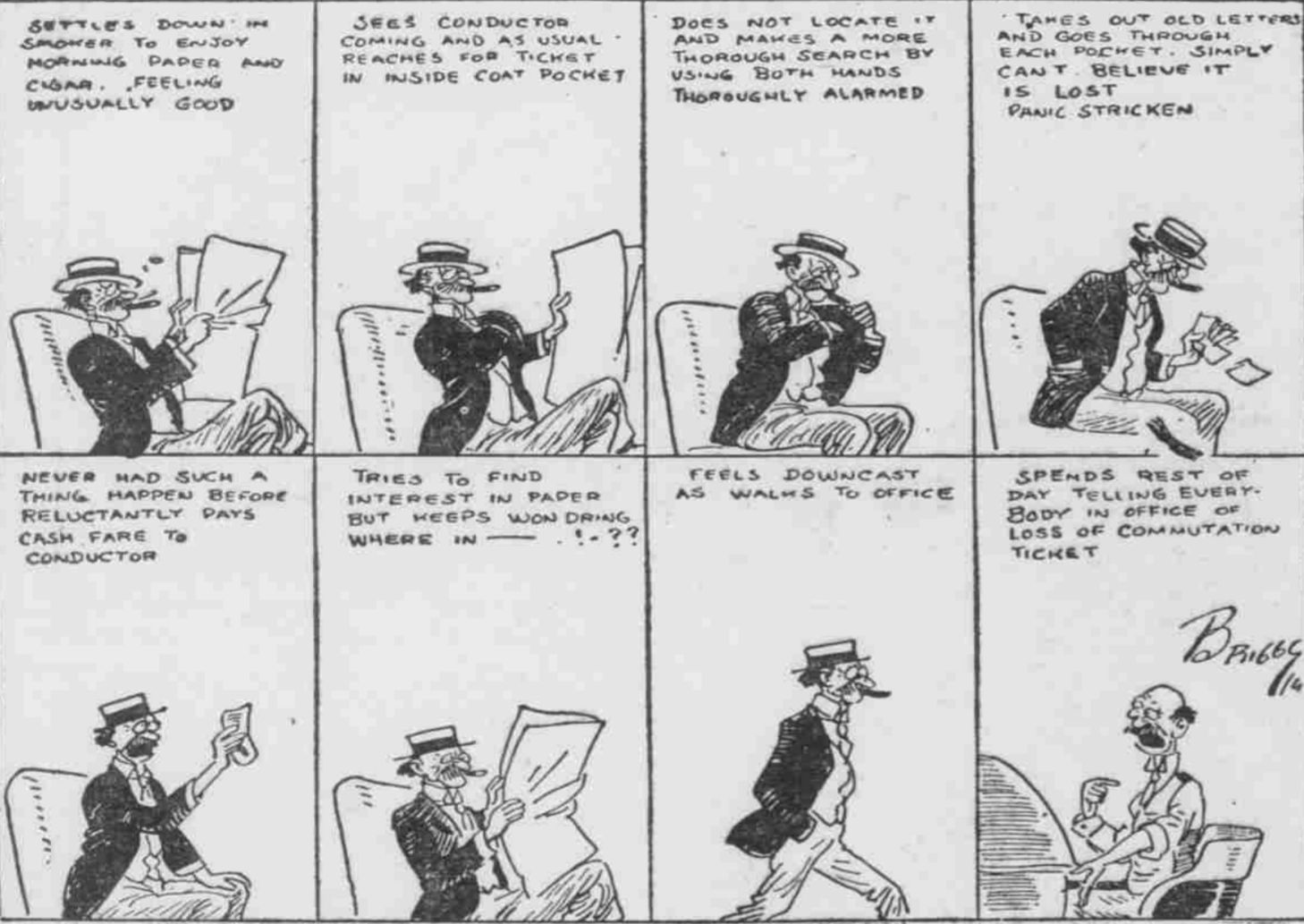
-AND THEN YOU DON'T CARE - OH H-H-BOY!! AIN'T IT A GR-R-R-AND AND GLOR-R-R-IOUS FEELIN'?



IT HAPPENS IN THE BEST REGULATED FAMILIES



"MOVIE" OF A COMMUTER WHO HAS LOST HIS COMMUTATION TICKET



WONDERFUL FAIRY COLONY FOUND IN PORTLAND

Among Decaying Grandeur of Pioneer Days Resides Horde of Fabled Beings Seldom Seen by Mortal Eye.

(Continued From First Page.)

sports a balcony that is an unusual feature. As you stand in the doorway of 50 First street inspecting the facades of the buildings opposite you're right under the most exact and faithful reproduction of a griffin imaginable, not one, but four of the medieval monsters, one on each of the supporting pillars. The building directory confronts you here, every space a blank, as if no one did any business there any more. Try to conjure up the dead past, when every office had its busy tenant and the now deserted corridors echoed with the footsteps of clients transacting all manner of important affairs that had so much to do with the future of the city.

There are all manner of odd city characters who make their homes in this region and whom nothing could induce to leave. They look askance and with scornful eye on super-modern improvements and detest the wireless installations that place antennae above their roofs and refuse to gaze on airplanes speeding overhead. Apparently they do not envy their more fortunate brethren who reside in the hotels and apartment houses and are reconciled to the transition of their district from opulence to poverty. The moldy atmosphere, teeming with precious associations, suits them far better than modern comfort and the march of progress troubles them not one whit. Several old restaurants yet cater to their trade and they are the most loyal of Portlanders, every thought and action being for the good of their home city, and they seldom stray from their accustomed environs.

When they built the Reed block at No. 53 (now occupied by the Standard Machinery company), the architect in charge evidently made a courageous decision and departed from the accepted style for decoration when he had the front trimmed with colored mosaic tiles. The result is rather acceptable even at this late day, and smacks of the modern. Proudly rearing its, at this time, magnificent height this building, when it was first built dominated the business center of the city. Right now, with a number of ornate window boxes and the bright mosaic inlaid tiles as fresh as the day they were placed, it yet makes a first-rate showing.

Belles Bought Lee Corner Here.

Once again at the corner of Washington street reflect back and romance. On a hot summer's day nearly 50 years ago, right on this busy corner you would see the elite of the then small city, for it was here that the young ladies and gallants at that time made their rendezvous, for it was here in

the building on the southwest corner that Mrs. C. Lovell later married and yet a resident of Portland, kept the first millinery store in the city. At that time the building was but a two-story one, and after the young ladies purchased their millinery they could stop in at Buchtel & Caldwell's photograph gallery and have a daguerrotype taken. And right across the street in the then huge Dekum building, now occupied by Gadsby's, Frank Dekum in his ground floor shop began the ice cream business in Portland. At that time the boys and girls had none of the gustatorial delights compounded by the ahead-of-the-moment type of dispensaries that are so plentiful now, but had to be satisfied with the tame garden-variety of ice cream or for real sport an occasional ice cream soda. It doesn't seem possible that folks were so behind the times then.

Next door to the old Dekum building in Stark street is the comparatively modern building until recently occupied by Ladd & Tilton's bank. The delicate filigree work about the windows in intricate tracery resembles nothing so much as some ancient hand-worked lace. On the opposite side of the street and just a block away is the comparatively recent old home of the First National bank, with the carved shield above the doors showing that even staid old financial institutions have such a thing as style, for see their present homes, all of a type of a modern school.

Now occupied by the Portland Railway, Light & Power company at First and Alder streets in the Green building, another of the old familiar landmarks. The facade of this rather intricate example of construction art of that period bears in a most prominent place the replica of one of the most famous women figures shown on any building thereabouts. Right across the street is the old Gilman hotel building which was in its day, with the Emond and similar hostilities, to Portland what the Portland, Benson, Multnomah and Imperial are today. Many of the political battles of old Oregon were fought out in their lobbies and many a business deal that meant a great deal to the future of the state was consummated here.

Down at No. 91, where the Fairbanks Morse company and the Diston and Second Saw companies at present have their stores is one of the largest structures of the old business center, especially well guarded by legendary monsters and artistic carved examples of female beauty, for there are no less than 11 gargoyles on the First street side and the structure extends the full block along Stark street to Second.

with a horde of the examples of the Turks who are plentifully besprinkled along its entire expanse. Here there are some very tasty profiles of women as well as a complete set of malevolent lions on guard along the cornice supports. This was called the Union block by the builders, and it has another of those ornate balconies.

Ugly Turks Watch Crowds.

This district, from Oak to Morrison street along First, was the main business center and is consequently the most liberal in yielding examples of the architecture of that day. Closely watching the crowds that gather for the Oregon Electric cars in the Oaks, Oregon City and other points at First and Alder streets from the heights of the building on the northwest corner are seven gentlemen from Turkey, each wearing in his turban the crescent and a fixedly gazing towards the east, in all likelihood with ear attuned to catch the chiming of the minaret being called the faithful to worship Mohammed in the Mosques. These swollen-faced old Turks lewdly leer at the passersby from their vantage points and evidently speculate on the condition of their harems, and there is little doubt but that an occasional one comes down from his lofty perch on certain days and mingles with the crowds. Right below them is another set of seven dough-faced men of the east, and it is a matter for conjecture if they would appear so secure if they could know the present fate of Turkey.

With its hands festered with cobwebs and the mellow bell sent that up to a very few years ago used to ring out the hours for this district, the clock in the belfry on the Oddfellows' building is now silent. Think of the many who have set their watches by the old clock in the tower now still, the place being used by birds for nesting.

Next door, at 148, are four cleverly sculptured foxes, marvelously true as to detail. It takes but a faint stretch of the imagination to imbue them with life and think of them as scampering through the grass, leading the huntsmen a merry chase with the bounds in full cry behind. Above them are yet two more larger replicas of the same animals of a different type.

At 151 a moon-faced girl occupies the place of honor in the keystones support position over the door's arch. On this building a quartet of swollen-faced old satyrs closely inspect each pedestrian with a loose and vapid smile.

On up First street at 211, which must have been owned by a musician, is a violin complete with bow, covily nesting in a mass of laurel on one side of the red brick front and opposite of the red brick front and opposite of the guitar in the same position. One can

Cold Cream Will Save From Bad Case of Sunburn.

Summer Sun Can Brown Fiercely Bright Through Silk Hose.

A JAR of cold cream—even a modest tube of it—may save you from a bad case of sunburn; if you remember to slip the cold cream into your bathing routine along with all the other paraphernalia that a woman now considers indispensable for a bath-house toilet. Vanishing cream—so-called—a light cream which, rubbed into the skin makes face powder adhere and which does not show when rightly applied, will serve if you have no other; but the best choice is an ordinary cold cream with more oil in its make-up than is put into the invisible vanishing cream.

It is the oil in the cream that, worked into pores of the skin, prevents the drying and burning up of the natural moisture in the skin—in other words, sunburn. Rub the cream well into the pores, going back over neck and arms thoroughly. Neck and arms will burn more readily than the face, which is more or less insured to the weather. Afterward wipe off the excessive oil with a soft cloth and then use talcum powder freely.

Thus protected, you should escape serious sunburn, but if you stay on the beach a long time in the blazing sun, retire to the bath-house now and then and repeat the application of cold cream and talcum, for a summer sun soon dries up all moisture of the skin and gets at its burning process. If you wear silk stockings with your bathing costume, apply the protecting cold cream also on the limbs, for the summer sun can burn fiercely right through silk hose, as many a woman has discovered the day after a morning spent on a sunny beach.

Historic Fiesta Planned

Rise and Progress of New Mexico to Be Shown at Santa Fe.

SANTA FE, N. M.—Resplendent with the pomp and ceremony of old Spain and impressive with the simple grandeur of the red man, the "Fiesta of Santa Fe," a three-day celebration depicting in pageantry the past, present and future of New Mexico, will begin here September 11.

A thousand years of the section's history, its accomplishments of today and its aspirations for tomorrow will be represented by living figures. The first day will be Indian day, the second Spanish and Franciscan day and the third will be devoted to symbolizing New Mexico's ideals for the future. Incidental to the fiestas there will be held the fifth annual exhibit of the Taos Society of Artists.

Germany calls herself an imperial republic, characteristically obtuse to the inconsistency.—Providence Journal.

Petrified Wood Puzzles

Geologists Wonder What Conditions Existed Years Ago.

SAN BERNARDINO, Cal.—Petrified wood, found by well-borers hundreds of feet underground in the San Bernardino valley, is causing local geologists to speculate as to the condition of the district in prehistoric times.

A piece of the root of a tree, a foot long and three inches in diameter, was recently taken from a depth of 400 feet from the surface in the Lytle creek wash, west of San Bernardino.

From the same well, at a depth of 620 feet, other petrified wood, having the characteristics of pine or hemlock, was taken.

League Dream, Says Mexican.

MEXICO CITY.—Luis Cabrera, secretary of the treasury, is quoted by El Democrata as saying in an address before the Chamber of Deputies: "The league of nations continues to be a dream, for there is not one nation that cares to renounce a part of its sovereignty as a sacrifice to the good of the rest."

Sport Capes of Tan Wool Jersey Are Shorter.

Lovely Little Frocks for Mornings Wear Are of Tinted Dotted Swires.

SPORT capes of tan wool jersey are shorter than the full-length formal wrap, which demands a silk frock, distinctive hat and dainty footwear as its accessories. The sports cape is a jaunty affair coming to the hip and fastening with a buckled belt across a panel waistcoat crossed with lines of silk cord. It looks well with a short sports skirt and low-heeled shoes, yet

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Manufacturers are falling over themselves to reproduce the ultra smart tulle blouse in all sorts of fabrics. The latest is a tulle of white organdy with sleeves short of the elbow and a round neckline finished with hemstitching. To even the most unimaginative person this garment is painfully suggestive of a nightgown worn in public, and one can scarcely fancy a young woman of perfect taste exploiting it on a summer hotel veranda. Very smart and attractive, on the other hand, are tulle blouses of tan linen, with bands of heavy chuney, or blouses of crepe de chine made in the loose, cool and becoming tunic style.

Children wear their socks rolled over at the top this summer, and with the cool, childish, socks are worn buttoned boots of white buckskin or black kid. Buttoned footwear is the standard of distinction for both little and big girls when it comes to dressing up in one's formal best.