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CAMPAIGN FOR THE PEOPLE.

To the newcomer there are many points of beauty in the City of Portland. With eager eye each note the graceful highways with their borders embowered with trees.

If the pavements are to be allowed to take care of themselves, as they apparently are doing in many parts of the city, they will not assist in the matter of giving a good impression.

Nor is this all. Wherever there are wooden sidewalks, too often broken boards are allowed to remain, to the danger of the passer-by.

The pedestrian, seeking to know the names of the streets upon which he is walking, looks up and sees what? A tin sign tacked to a telephone pole.

It would seem that it is high time that a vigorous reform was made in all these matters. There are a number of public-spirited citizens who are doing a great deal toward remedying these things.

The exposition directors' troubles have only just begun. More of the advertising fakers will be heard from later on.

If Mr. John Barrett can only be persuaded to forego his native modesty—and give the exposition directors a little of his advice—it would be ever so kind of him.

The Southern people are extending a true Southern greeting to their Chief Executive. President Roosevelt is among his friends.

Wonderful how it happens, but it is always the politician's "friends" that get him to run for office. He rarely comes out of his own volition.

The Journal takes pardonable pride in calling attention to its news service today. Its telegraph report has been largely augmented, and will be still further extended within a short time.

General Shafter is a candidate for nomination for Governor of California. He will find that when he gets into a battle with the politicians he can not lie in his hammock and order his lieutenants to advance on the firing line.

Doubtless the business men of the state will gladly extend aid to the Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition. This is not merely a Portland enterprise.

By order of the County Court, the bridge across the Mary's River at Corvallis is to be rebuilt.

Two tramps tried to burn up the Farmers Hotel at Corvallis. The evidence against them was insufficient to warrant holding them for trial.

Carl Johnson, of Necanicum, was put in jail at Astoria on the charge of insanity. He was Republican candidate for a county commissionership.

T. Thompson, residing two miles west of Roseburg, was thrown from his horse last Saturday. His left clavicle was broken.

Roy McClallen, of Roseburg, has a hen—a Langshan—that lays two eggs at once—once inside the other.

A Very Naughty Little Person. They say I'm very naughty, I almost expect I am.

Those little muddy footprints. All up and down the floor. They say they're mine—I don't believe I could have made them all.

'Cause Fido, he played with me, And don't you think he'd do me much with his four feet as I With my own little two?

Can you tell why shoestrings break And tie themselves in knots? And how it is my copy-books Are always full of blots?

It seems as if too many blots Lived in one pot of ink; But when they're wet and shiny, They're pretty, don't you think?

Why does my hair get tangled? What makes me talk all day? And why don't toys and books just try To put themselves away?

But now I'm asking questions (If ask them all day long), And crowd-up people seem to think That even that is wrong.

I think that prays I might be good, A little by-and-by; It's very hard, but sometimes I almost expect I'll try.

But now they say I'm naughty, And prays they're nearly true; There are so many naughty things For little folks to do!

—The Working Boy.

Good Headline. "I want a good head for this story about the destruction of that big factory that was struck by lightning," said the reporter.

"Let's see," replied the Snake Editor. "Lightning is the very embodiment of haste, so why not head it 'Haste Makes Waster'?"

A Long Way After. "I can't understand how you can refuse me after telling me I was a man after your own heart."

"So you are. But you haven't caught up with it yet."—N. Y. Herald.

Do not delay trying the Peacock Soup; you will never regret it.

HINTS FOR WOMEN

A Dainty Pink Luncheon. For a pink luncheon use a white cloth with wide bands of pink satin, covered with white lace, forming a huge shallow square, in the center.

After this a grape punch served in small glass cups, made from Malaga grapes cut in two, soaked in sweetened water and maraschino and put on the ice until frappe.

Then serve broiled chicken with peas and sweet potatoes cooked in Southern fashion, candied in brown sugar and water.

After this a salad of grape fruit served with French dressing; then ices in the shape of pink hearts, with small cakes frosted in pink, and pink candies.

Then the coffee, served with cognac and sugar.

THE POPULAR TRICORNE. The most popular hat of the year, and, in fact, many years, is the tricorne. It is different from anything women have been wearing.

Form does not predominate, tell, for while the shape of every piece is strikingly artistic, the beautiful soft coloring it is that brings a transport of delight when viewed nearer.

WHEN AND HOW. The notion of serving grape fruit with rum at the beginning of a luncheon is frowned upon by gourmets.

LIGHT MENU FOR A DAY. BREAKFAST. Fruit. Cream. Cereal. Liver and Bacon. Creamed Potatoes. Toast. Coffee.

LUNCH. Scalloped Tomatoes. Beef Croquettes. Apples Fritters. DINNER. Corn Soup. Beef Stew with Dumplings. Creamed Sweet Potatoes. Spinach. Wafers. Cottage Pudding. Coffee.

MANY TONED CHAINS. The exceptional beauties of the newest French jewelry, called art nouveau, are really only seen on close inspection.

WITH THE FUNNY MEN. With the funny men. T. Guce. HE WAS ONE. Actor—No, smoking doesn't hurt me. Seems rather to me good.

Friend—Wouldn't announce that fact if I were you. Actor—Why? Friend—Well, you know, smoking is good for hams.

THE DOTTING MAMMA. "Where's my stik hat?" "Your stik hat? Oh yes; George took it to put on the snow mass he made!"

"Yes; isn't it nice that he can entertain himself so easily?"

GOOD THINGS GONE WRONG. Rev. Mr. Goodman—Mr. Bllok, our Sunday school superintendent, is a tried and trusted employe of yours, is he not?

Banker—He was trusted, and he'll be tried if we're only fortunate enough to catch him.

A SEVERE COMMENT. "The artist who painted the 'Vampire' is in New York."

"What is a vampire?" "I dunno. Some kind of a bat, I guess."

"Say, any old thing in the foreign art line can work New York, can't he?"

ECONOMICALLY INCLINED. Wife—Huh! Been to see the ballet, eh? I'd just like to know why you went there?

Husband—Merely to encourage the idea of simple and inexpensive dressing, my dear.

THE BOSTON VARIATION. Bacon—They never say in Boston that a child is born with a silver spoon in his mouth.

Egbert—What do they say, then? Bacon—That it came into the world with gold-gimmed eyeglasses.

THE BOY'S DESIRE. The Hostess (in reply to Willie's whisper)—No, dear, you can't have any more cake. You've had enough.

The Guest—What a good little boy. And what are you going to do when you're a man, my son?

Willie—First off I'm goin' to buy myself too much of everything I like to eat.

London Vaudeville. "It is no fun doing stunts in London," says W. C. Fields, the juggler.

The custon-overs there is to play in three houses at once; they are arranged in circuits in that way. One goes first to one, does his turn, takes a cab to the next, performs and then goes on to the third, in order.

His appearances are timed, and he makes up once for all, every evening. But he generally only gets one salary for all three performances. That is because the houses are in circuit, and if he plays the entire circuit, which comprises about 20 of them, he can stay in London about seven months, as he has a month at each set.

"In the provinces it is different; there they generally have two performances a night; one lasts from 7 to 9, the other from 9 to 11 o'clock. This is because there is a tax on matinees, and so few are given.

They double up at night, and get two shows in the time we would give one. "But London and the Provinces, even the Continent, are full of American performers. There seems to be a dearth of good native talent over there; most of their performers are either strong men or acrobats; they seem to depend upon us for sketches, and especially humor; they have none. I saw bills over there last Summer not only in London, but in Berlin and other cities, nearly made up of Americans, and London fairly reminded me of New York, so many of us were there."

Discordant Notes. Mrs. Nixford's daughter, you know, is quite a lover of music.

Mrs. Newcomb Peppery—You don't say? Then that constant drumming on the piano in your house, must annoy her dreadfully.

SOME QUEER REMEDIES. Absurd Uses of Insects by Kentish Villagers.

In Kent, England, the village people use ladybirds to cure toothaches. The insect must be caught and placed alive and uninjured in the hollow of the aching grinder.

Another little-known use for ants is the collection of their eggs for food. During the late Summer a good many people make a living by gathering these eggs in the Surrey woods and selling them to London dealers.

Perhaps the strangest of all uses for ants is their employment as miners. A species of Rock Mountain ant builds its nest not of earth or wood, but stone, and prefers those most brilliant in color.

Miners often transport a whole nest of these insects to some spot where garnet abounds; and when they have built their homes all the best crystals within a radius of many yards are certain to be found in it.

A war of extermination is in progress against rats. They are denounced as the worst carriers of disease and infection, and rewards are everywhere offered for their dead bodies.

Even mice have recently found a use. A fire broke out in a colliery at Dvstart, and after it was extinguished the air below was in so bad a state that it was most dangerous to venture down.

The usual expedient is to lower a candle, and if it burns to consider the mine safe.

In this case, however, the depth was too great for such an experiment, so, after some consideration a cage of live rats was procured, and these were lowered down the shaft. They were pulled up alive from the first level, and the men supposed all was right.

Fortunately the overseer insisted on their being dropped to the lower level. They came up suffocated. Their lives undoubtedly saved a great many human lives.

Who Said No Soul? "I believe there are men in this city who virtually have no souls."—Extract from a sermon.

No soul. That's rough. And tough. On humankind. Imperialed. In every breath. In this old world. There's hid a heart. To throbb. And sob. To yearn. And burn. To mourn. Like you're. Bend low. And list. If you would know 'The music. This world is kind a lonesome for a simple smile; Open up yer eyes, reflect the joy a while 'The friendly look. Not studied ethics. Or learnin' by the book. Is great at reachin' Souls. As good as preachin', Life is not for useless strife, Or climbin' up. By knockin' down My creed. Well. Daily do a kindly deed. So brush the cloud from off the sky; Suppose you try, pard! Suppose you try!

CRANBERRY GROWING. Nearly \$1,700,000 Realized From the Bogs Last Year.

Cranberry growers of the United States had to their credit last year a crop of 1,000,000 bushels. Of the varied industries that have shown unusual results there are none with a more notable record.

These facts mean that the owners of the cranberry bogs will have received, when the crop is fully marketed, nearly \$1,700,000. Cranberry raising is an industry which, despite the popularity of the fruit, has commanded almost attention from others than those directly interested.

Capital is an absolute necessity to engage in it successfully, as a productive bog costs from \$300 to \$500 an acre to bring to a state of profitable bearing.

In September the cranberry harvest begins, although October may more properly be called the harvest month. When the section of the bog where the picking is to start is selected, it is divided into rows, the boundary lines being marked by stout twine running the entire length of the section. These rows vary in width

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COME AND SEE. Our pretty windows. See the class of merchandise we carry—compare our prices with others, who handle inferior goods—you'll be surprised to see how many times our prices are lower than theirs, notwithstanding the difference in quality. JOHN ALLESINA. TWO STORES—236 Washington St., near Woodard, Clarke & Co.; 209 Morrison St., near Meier & Frank Co.

AMUSEMENTS. MARQUAM GRAND THEATER. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday nights, April 7-9. Fred R. Hamlin's Matchlessly Beautiful Production of Augustin Thomas' Peerless American Play, "ARIZONA."

THE BAKER THEATRE. George L. Baker, Manager. Phones Oregon North 1075; Columbia 508. All this week, with matinee Wednesday and Saturday. See Zou Mathews and her pickaninny, Keefe and Murray. Let us Montague's troupe of trained cats, Craig and McGuire, Charles Stanley, Merrill Brothers, Leboe, Forrest and Callahan. Prices Matinee, 10c, 20c, 30c, 50c; night, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c. Next attraction, Ralph Stuart and his New York Company.

Cordray's Theater. Monday and Tuesday nights, April 7 and 8. MISS JESSIE SHIRLEY. And her own company, in the latest reigning Eastern success, Under Two Flags. JESSIE SHIRLEY AS CIGARETTE. SEE—The Darling Ride for Life. SEE—The Sand Storm in the Desert. Next attraction—Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday Matinee and evening, April 9-10-11-12, the "Realistic Comedy," TIM DENVER EXPRESS.

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MISS A. S. JORGENSEN. Importer and Dealer in Fine French Millinery. 291 Morrison St., between 4th and 5th. PORTLAND, ORE. Grundred Red. Uncle William—Yes, Willie, I have had my nose to the grindstone all my life. Willie—Is that what made it so red, uncle?—Philadelphia Record.

GRUNDRED RED. Uncle William—Yes, Willie, I have had my nose to the grindstone all my life. Willie—Is that what made it so red, uncle?—Philadelphia Record.

The Columbia Telephone Co. has its printing done in Portland. Are union men getting better prices for their work?