

CIVIC PRIDE

What It Would Do for Portland - A Story by a Portlander in "The Club Journal," With a Theme of Live Interest - By J. D. Hassfurter.

"Here comes Aunt Kate now," said Edith, as she glanced down the street. Arthur came, book in hand, and looked over her shoulder. "She looks all wound up," he commented. "That usually means something interesting, where Katherine Alert is concerned," remarked their mother, Mrs. Beam, who was helping Arthur with his algebra. The subject of their conversation soon came in, and having left hat and parasol in the ante-room, sank into the first chair with a nod and the jaconet announcement that she was glad to get in out of the sunshine. "It's hot out, and I'm disgusted with the ways of men," she added. "Now, what have the poor men been doing, auntie?" asked her niece. "It isn't so much the things they have done, but the things they neglect to see to. If I wish women could run the towns; I'd die happy if I could once see municipal government controlled by good, sensible women for five years."

"But, Aunt Katherine, I thought you told Mother Dimity the other day you never bothered your head about voting, and did not waste your energies fighting for woman suffrage," cried Arthur, his eyes big with wonder. "My son, I was talking then to a crank, a fanatic on that subject, who considers the ballot in women's hands the unfailing cure for all human ills, follies and weakness. I want conditions where women will take an active part in all that pertains to the health, education and happiness of the community, and that brings me back to what I've seen and thought about this morning." She stopped and looked down, with a meditative air. "Tell us about it, Katherine," suggested her cousin, gently. "Oh, I was promading around, walking up and down and across lots, and peeping into alleys and by-ways, not exactly seeking whom I might devour, but taking a view of the food our grocers and fruit vendors spread for our approval and consumption. I saw on the sidewalks fruits and vegetables and pickles and various other eatables. "Not flat on the sidewalks, auntie," objected Edith. "Well, they were in boxes and tubs and miscellaneous receptacles, but sitting flat and low, though in some places there were little tables and shelves, but even they were objectionable. On this same sidewalk I saw disgusting pools of tobacco juice and other things equally objectionable. The sidewalks and crossings were filthy with accumulated dirt. People carried this onto the sidewalk with their feet. Little breezes dried up and blew it about, and much of it settled on the fruit and other eatables exposed in its vicinity. I saw—" "How disgusting; do stop talking about it," interrupted Edith. "No; let her tell us all she saw and thought," expostulated her mother and brother.

"I saw mothers buying of all this, and they took it home to their families, and I saw children and adults eating the fruit, unwashed and mostly unpeeled. I was reminded that the doctors are busy with dysentery and fever cases, and the little white hearse travels often to the cemetery nowadays."

"I think the grocers should not be allowed to expose their stuff to the dust and heat like that," proclaimed Edith, indignantly. Katherine Alert smiled at her. "Now you've said something sensible," she began. "Oh, but that's business; the laws should not interfere with a community's business interests that is a legitimate livelihood," interrupted Arthur. "So is healing the sick a business; why not let all the kids in town be exposed to scarlet fever or diphtheria, when one or two catch those diseases, so that doctors can all get rich," retorted his sister.

"But that's another matter, that would injure the whole community; one must always consider the good of the greatest number."

"Just what we are discussing under the head of sanitary foods, my dear boy," replied his aunt. "I am not sure that the grocers do as well as they would if they observed sanitary rules a little better," observed Mrs. Beam; "for instance, I was out shopping with Mrs. Brockman the other day, and after we were through in the department stores we came up the streets and looked around for some nice fruit to take home to the children, but all we saw was so dusty and sun-baked that we went to a confectioner's and after eating ices we bought ginger cakes and chocolates for the little ones. I think many are disgusted with the outside exposure, and use canned goods, more meats and made

dishes in preference to bad fruit and vegetables."

Edith next said: "I think it would be more businesslike to keep it inside, in a nice, cool room, arranged in nice, tempting rows and heaped with a little tinkling fountain near; people would step in to avoid the heat outside for a minute, and, seeing so much that was good, they would leave large orders on the spot."

"They could have those gay lithographs of cut-means and other insouciant friends in their windows for ads," chimed in Arthur.

"I tell you if the women in this town saw this matter as I do, they simply would not patronize grocers who do not observe sanitary laws and fall to consider the health of their patrons," continued Mrs. Alert. "I am reminded of a funeral I once attended when I was a young girl. There in a farmer's family a few miles from where I was spending some weeks in the country, all died of fever. There was a mother and two little children—six days were—and four boys were left. The neighbors talked a good deal about the sad affair; they and the village paper, together with the officiating minister, all agreed that it was a 'mysterious dispensation of Providence.' The next day I took a horseback ride to visit a distant and rather eccentric relative of mine. She was almost distraught from good society in the community because she never went to church, and it was whispered by some that she was an infidel. I remember the lovely old farmhouse—the flower garden, the orchards and clover fields and the air of peace yet—quite thrift that pervaded there. Aunt Vashli herself came out to the gate and opened it, so that I might ride to the front porch and dismount at the steps. She helped me unsaddle the horse and turn him into an adjoining clover lot. I liked Aunt Vashli very much; her independence fascinated me, while it held my respect. I lived in her farmhouse for a week, and I tried to copy her rugged features and wonder if she really would go to hell when she died, or if she would have a deathbed repentance. I secretly hoped she would not capitulate at the last moment, because I thought it a cowardly course of action. Well, she asked me the news, and I told her of the death of Mrs. Tyson and her girls, and she questioned me in a quiet voice as to people's opinions about it, for we had gradually discussed a little the mysteries of life and death. I gave her the paper to read, which I had brought with me, and after she had absorbed its contents she sat gazing down the orchard path for a bit, and finally said: 'Poor Providence, how many of humanity's sins of ignorance and selfishness are laid at your door.' 'Why, Aunt Vashli, don't you believe God thought best to take them to heaven?' I asked, fastening my eyes on her face. She turned to me solemnly. 'Katherine Good-nough, did you ever call around that Tyson place?' 'No, aunt; I never was there.' 'Well, the well water is just at the corner of the back porch, the ground south of the house towards the barn in considerable slope, and the Tysons have cows and laid right smart number of hogs. The pens are right alongside of the milkin' shed. Now, all the water from the barn and shed and piggins drain towards that well. Then Mrs. Tyson had her sloop barrel by the porch, so 'twould be handy, and it ran over and the water seeped into the ground. No, my dear, the Creator of men gave them eyes to see with and noses to smell with, and sense enough to see them properly if they would only do so. That Tyson well is chock full of fever bugs, and the rest of the family is all in; I'll warrant; it's a wonder they ain't all died off long ago.'

"That reminds me of Gussie Kline; you know she always says what she thinks, and when she was consoled over the death of her little cousins in San Francisco of diphtheria, a few years ago, and told that God loved to take the innocent children to His heavenly mansion, she said she believed that God would rather the street commissioners would stop stealing so much and put the money into decent sewerage and then children wouldn't die like sheep," said Edith. "It seems to me, as the women are the ones who keep neat homes and see that they are clean and wholesome, they are the ones to elect on city boards; they should take an active part in civil-improvements," declared Arthur.

"You are right there, my noble nephew," answered his aunt, "and if there is any real good accomplished in these matters it is the women who are going to get it and see that it is done. May the Good Powers speed the day."

South between Heleas and Adams by Kiekkitt Pass. There are immense stores of timber and minerals to come from that region."

LOW FIGURE TO COAST. O. R. & N. Makes Rate of \$3 for Round Trip During Elks' Carnival, Commencing September 1.

In order that visitors and others, during the Elks' carnival in Portland, may be given an opportunity to visit the Coast the O. R. & N. has decided to make the low rate of \$3 for round trip, commencing Monday, September 1, and including Thursday, September 11, tickets limited seven days from date of sale. Tickets will be interchangeable with other lines. For further particulars call on City Ticket Office, Third and Washington streets.

POCKETBOOK FOUND. S. D. Johnson, a Damascus, Clackamas County, farmer, on Monday lost his pocketbook containing a small sum of money, a check for \$72 and some private papers. He reported the loss at the police station yesterday and found that the purse and check had been left there to await the owner. The money had been extracted. The farmer left a bright new 50-cent piece as a reward for the finder and went away happy. He claimed that his pocket was picked.

AN UP-TO-DATE NEWSPAPER. Let the word go out that Portland hustles, and better yet, let everybody hustle. You know what hustling means, don't you? If you don't take "The Journal" only 10 cents a week, by carrier, \$4 a year, by mail.



Mr. Jack Marshall is in Seattle. Mr. Frank Stowe has returned from the East.

Mrs. Jet McCallum has returned from her outing. Judge Henry McGinn has returned from Foley Springs.

Mr. Fritz Herndon is a guest of the Hobart-Curtis. Miss Gate Wooley is over from Tacoma visiting friends.

Mr. Robb and Miss Robb are at the Hobart-Curtis. Miss Etta Laird, from Eugene, is visiting friends here.

Miss Fanny Isaac has returned from her trip to Victoria. Mrs. J. M. Cartwright, of Ontario, is visiting friends here.

Dr. R. W. Logan, of Moro, is spending a few days in the city. Mrs. E. H. Brooke and daughters are down at Gearhart Park.

Miss Minnie Williams has returned from a month's visit to Bandon. Major J. M. Buford, from Alabama, has come to Portland to reside.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Hexter have returned from San Francisco. Mr. Alfred T. ... city after a week's absence.

Misses Etta and Bertha Moore left Thursday for New York city. Mr. B. C. Ball is expected back soon from an extended Eastern trip.

Dr. F. M. Bell, from Kelso, has been a guest of Portland the past week. Mrs. Johnathan Carruthers and Miss Marguerite Hume are at Mehana.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cook left Thursday for a trip around the world. Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Simpson have gone to San Francisco for two weeks.

Mrs. Ella Harrington is visiting with Carrie Blako Morgan on the East Side. Mrs. T. Baldwin has been visiting friends in The Dalles for the past week.

Mrs. L. A. Freeman has returned home after a most enjoyable trip to Victoria, B. C. Mrs. S. Hirsch and Miss Leah Hirsch expect to spend the winter in San Francisco.

Frank S. Pields and family have returned to Mount Tabor after a pleasant outing. Miss Alice Andrews is back again from her delightful visit with Mrs. W. A. Knight.

Mrs. Sig. L. Cohn is visiting with her sister, Mrs. Jacob Rosenthal, at 446 Burnside street. Mrs. Anna Kleeman and daughter, Clara, have returned from a trip to Oakland, Cal.

Miss Susan B. Jones, of Victoria, B. C., is visiting relatives and friends on the East Side. Mrs. Kate Mercer has returned from San Francisco after a pleasant visit there with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. John Miles and daughter, Dorothy, are spending a couple of weeks at the Seaside. Mrs. Ben Campbell and son are guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Benson at the Hobart-Curtis.

Miss Sadie Sutherland, from Astoria, is the guest of Mrs. Walter B. Honeyman, 729 Hoyt street. The Misses Annie and Bessie Long, of The Dalles, have gone to Lake Crescent, Wash., for an outing.

H. A. Duff, Jr., has returned to his home in Washington after a week's visit with his parents and friends. Mrs. Carr Marshall has returned from New York city with a most beautiful collection of imported millinery.

Mrs. C. E. Cooper and daughter, who have been visiting relatives here, have returned to their home in Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. J. Clark have gone out to Butte, Mont. Mr. Clark being a delegate to the Miners' Convention there.

Mr. McGowan and Mr. Joe Burke, after many years in the service of Lipman Wolf, have gone into business at Coos Bay. Mr. Kendal will superintend the removal of the can factory, which he has so efficiently managed for several years, from Astoria to Portland.

Mrs. Lillie M. Hexter announces the engagement of her daughter, Esther, to Mr. Seligman Sternberg, of Spokane. The wedding will take place Wednesday, Sept. 10. Mr. and Mrs. Nathan W. Blanchard, from Santa Paula, will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hogue through September. Mr. Blanchard is an extensive lemon grower in Southern California, as we all know.

Rev. E. L. House and family, the new Congregational pastor of Providence, R. I., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fredrick Egger at the Hobart-Curtis until their residence, corner West Park and Jefferson, is ready for occupancy. Mrs. C. B. Upton and Mrs. Chapman, from Walla Walla, who have been visiting here, returned home last evening. Miss Chapman will be married on Wednesday to Mr. Benjamin Holt, of Walla Walla. Mr. Holt is a very prominent business man of that city.

Eight young society people enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Knight all of last week at their beautiful summer home on the Willamette. Every sort of jollity and amusement was indulged in and their guests were sorry when it was time to say good bye. Mrs. Lisbeth Curtis has gone to Cleave-

AMONG THE CLUB WOMEN.

One of the last committees to be appointed by the first Executive board of the Oregon Federation was that of civics, but having a very able chairman in the person of Mrs. Lillian Smith, of Pendleton, the work received a good start, and had taken definite shape at the convention in May. Mrs. Julia Marquam, of Portland, now assumes the chairmanship of this committee and she is to be congratulated that the work comes to her so well prepared. Owing to the recent activities of the National Civic Improvement League, many suppose it to be a new thing for club women to embrace; on the contrary it was among the earliest recommendations and work planned by the General Federation and urged upon the women of Oregon by their state president, Mrs. C. H. Wade who was the first member of the National League in the state. At the third biennial address by Mrs. Hall, of Montclair, N. J., created so much enthusiasm for the work it has found a prominent place in club life ever since. It is to be regretted that, as clubs, the Portland women were slow to see their opportunity and allowed an independent league to be formed, not that the work is not being well done, for we hear of these distressing billboards having war declared against them, vegetables and fruits being given a little less of the sidewalk and all those things that men have to pass in going to more important business, but when club women are at the helm, we hear less of the things obnoxious, "fold their tents like the Arab and as quietly steal away." But if the work of Portland is not in the hands of the club women it is hoped they will warmly support it, and in that way assist the state committee.

AN EARNEST WORKER. The most earnest and by far the earliest worker in the field of civics is Mrs. M. A. Shafford, of the Portland Woman's Club. Mrs. Shafford has been making the subject a study for years and on several occasions went to Dayton and Springfield, Ohio, for the purpose of studying the practical application of their advanced ideas. She is now engaged in bringing this knowledge before people—who can be most benefited by it, and has found a ripe harvest among the farmers and farmers' wives, at their various grange assemblies. A "rest room" for the farmer's wives when they come to town is one of the objects engaging her attention at this time.

MRS. HAILEY'S VIEWS. Mrs. John Hailey, Jr., of Pendleton, chairman of the State Educational Committee made the following statement, coincides with views expressed in the club column of this paper not long ago: "All thoughtful people are becoming

land Station, Seaside, for a short visit with Mr. and Mrs. Kendall. They will soon close their Crow's Nest cottage and take up their residence in Portland, occupying the house recently vacated by Bishop Cranston at West Park and Salmon street. The fire in the Mount Baker hotel, Vic-

toria, B. C., proved most disastrous to Mrs. Wesley Ladd, who had gone there on a pleasure trip together with Miss Olga Van Destinson. Mrs. Ladd lost all her jewels and clothing, while Mrs. Van Destinson was more fortunate and saved most of her wearing apparel.

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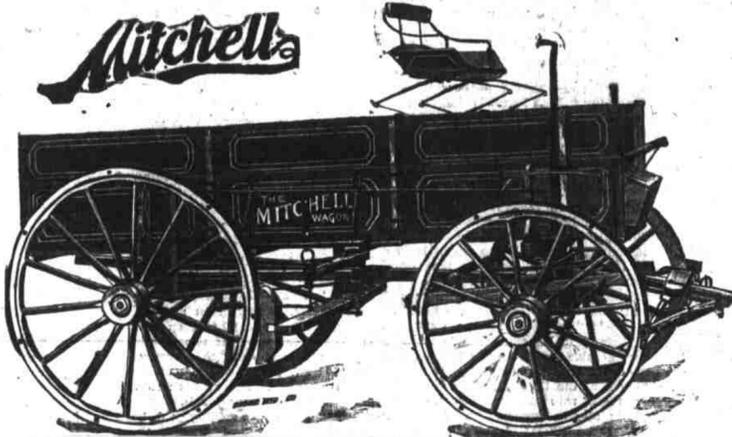
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