

MONTE'S DIARY OF A WATERY WEATHER

HOW TO SAY "IT RAINED TODAY" IN 25 DIFFERENT WAYS—THE AMUSEMENT OF A SOBERLY MAN IN THE DRIPPING WOODS—ONE DAY IT ALMOST QUIT.

J. B. Johnston, a Portland young man, returned to the city this morning from a point down the Columbia river, where he has spent the past month living on his homestead. He was in an isolated spot and had no opportunity to converse with anyone or anything but nature. To assist in passing away the hours he concluded to keep a diary. The following is a copy of it in full:

February 1—The woods are damp; it has been raining all day.

February 2—This is groundhog's day, but he didn't see his shadow; it was cloudy and rainy.

February 3—I walked out without my umbrella this morning and got drenched to the skin. The rain is still coming down.

February 4—There has been a steady mist since daylight this morning, but there are some signs of the weather clearing up. I saw a flock of geese going south, which means a cold spell.

February 5—The skies are weeping copiously, and I find it impossible to take my accustomed walk.

February 6—A nice little shower is visiting this section and it may prolong its stay several days.

February 7—There is no likelihood of my land ever becoming parched by the sun. I don't think it ever felt that great luminary's warm rays; it is still precipitating.

February 8—There is something wrong with the clouds; they are leaking like a sieve.

February 9—The air has been charged with large drops of moisture all day. They made themselves felt whenever I ventured out, which was not often.

February 10—Moss is beginning to sprout on the roof of my cabin, although the budding is less than a month old. It is gently misting.

February 11—More water to the square inch sinks into my ranch. I actually believe, than any other equal area of land in the world. It has now got a sufficient supply to last it for 10 years, but it has been receiving more and more all day.

February 12—Since this is Lincoln's birthday I intended to go out and spit rails, but I can't on account of the rain.

February 13—It is still at it; there must be something wrong with the weather men everywhere.

February 14—St. Valentine's day, and I can't go to the postoffice, because this delightful rain would make me wet.

February 15—Today will add fully another two feet to the annual rainfall of this particular section.

February 16—Little drops of sparkling water have been beating down against my homestead since I rose from my fir bough couch early this morning.

February 17—If it would stop raining for a short time I would fix the roof of my house; it is leaking.

February 18—I had to don a rubber suit today and dig a ditch around my water-logged mansion—water was coming up through the floor.

February 19—While listening to the real article I sat and read "several pages" today about the gentle rain pattering on the window pane. It pattered all night.

February 20—It continues to patter.

February 21—The annual precipitation will be somewhat augmented by today's downpour.

February 22—I prepared to celebrate Washington's birthday by going out and chopping down a tree, but backed out the last minute for fear of getting drowned.

February 23—I remained indoors all day, because a flat tire and a broken spring today kept me in out of the rain.

February 24—I am going to Portland tomorrow, just to get in out of the wet for a brief period.

February 25—I am here and burn my skin for courage; it precipitates here occasionally, I observe.

The Popular Vote of 1904

Is Unanimously in Favor of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets—They Are the Nation's Favorite.

No article on the market, whatever be the purpose for which it was created, can be a phenomenal success and be universally popular unless it possesses great and untiring merit. Inferior and worthless articles may flourish for a limited time if their praises are sung by sufficient clever and catchy advertising; but their days are numbered from the start, and their finish is a foregone conclusion. This is an age of the survival of the fittest, and only articles of true worth endure.

TRAFFIC IN GIRLS FOR THE ST. LOUIS FAIR.

Portland, Feb. 26.—To the Editor of The Journal—The startling and distressing facts that are being brought to light, relative to the awful "traffic in girls," yes, organized, systematic traffic in girls is arousing the horror and indignation of all right-minded, humanly-loving men and women. The St. Louis Advocate sent out a stirring appeal to all country papers to warn girls to stay away from St. Louis. It says "the gateway of St. Louis is the great union depot which is beset with a thousand snares for unwary feet. Any young girl who comes through the gates into the Midway is at once spotted, and if it be possible the snare will be spread in her path that she cannot escape."

The many tempting advertisements are often mere baits for ignorance and innocence. It further says: "As a matter of course, the young man is almost equally exposed so far as moral or even physical safety is concerned. If the country papers will only keep these things before their readers they will serve God and humanity."

In a personal letter from a friend connected with one of the papers in St. Louis she pleads for the same work through the press. The press is a tremendous power and if its batteries are turned against this gigantic evil, eye crime, great "arrest of thought" would be the lever under this evil to pry it up and get it abolished.

Her what is said concerning this matter: "It has now developed that a syndicate controlling almost unlimited resources has been formed, and are sending out agents and advertisements all over the West for girls for the world's fair at St. Louis. The object is to establish an immense demi-monde district, where a great traffic in girls and their virtue may be carried on. In other words, an immense crib district, such as we have in Los Angeles, where all kinds of lewdness and vice may hold high carnival. Will the people submit to it?"—California Voice.

In still another paper we find the following: "A certain syndicate has entered into a contract with the world's fair commissioners under which it is granted the privilege of erecting certain buildings near the entrance to the exposition grounds. These buildings are now in process of erection. They are large massive structures and are to all outward appearances hotels, lodging houses and similar places for the entertainment of visitors to the world's fair. Now mark the conditions of the contract. In order to secure these concessions the syndicate agrees first, to pay the world's commission a stipulated sum of money; second, to provide 25,000 innocent girls to be used for the gratification of the brutal passion of the devils in human form who are capable of taking advantage of such a condition! Note the adjective, innocent girls. How are innocent girls to be obtained? There can be but one way. It means that they are to be kidnaped, and these buildings are being constructed and arranged with that special purpose in view."

"These facts have been published and hinted at but what is being done? The world held its breath in horror when the news of the awful disaster in the Chicago theatre was flashed around the globe, but calmly contemplates the fact that 25,000 pure girls are to be torn from their homes, outraged, ruined, body and soul. Think of it, fathers, mothers, you who have beautiful daughters of your own, think of it, Christian people; think of it, ministers of Christ's gospel, you who from your pulpits have access to the ears of millions; think of it, men of the press, you who send your messages wherever man is found; think of it, every man and woman in whose breast beats a heart to be stirred by such a tale of horror; think of it, and then arise in the pure and righteous indignation and declare that while God reigns this hell-born contract shall never be fulfilled."—Happ Home.

A letter received this morning says, cannot say whether it is true or not. Surely once the facts are thoroughly known something will be done, and Christian America with its twentieth century intelligence, culture, refinement, will work concertedly to stamp this hideous evil out of existence. L. H. A.

GAMING MASTERS PAY CITY "LICENSE"

Just \$1,225 was paid into the city coffers yesterday afternoon by the owners or representatives of seven of Portland's largest gambling houses. This money was paid as bail given for the appearance of the gamblers in the municipal court this morning. The men did not appear. They never do.

The treasure that was paid yesterday afternoon is the semi-monthly installment handed over by the gamblers, the other half being due between the 15th and 10th of next month. Yesterday's coin was received from white men operating games; the tribute paid by the Chinese will not be due until sometime between March 5 and 10. The men from the flowery kingdom only pay once a month, their burden being from \$50 to \$100 bail money.

Yesterday's collection was contributed by the following: For John Thomas of the Portland club, Peter Grant deposited \$275; "Jim" Smith of the Gem club, \$175; George Fuller of Erickson's, 15 North Second street, \$175; Fred Fritz, 1175; E. Blazier, 248 Third street, \$175; C. Burley, for J. Blazier, 248 First street, \$150; and A. Shair, 1000 Main street. The warrants for the arrests of the owners of the gambling houses were served by Patrolman C. R. Hellyer.

Along with the next payment of the "big white chiefs" of the game of "chance" and the operators of the Chinese fan-tan tables, the owners of the score of poker rooms running in the city will line up before Clerk of the Municipal Court Fred Olson and make their monthly offering sometime between the 5th and 10th of March. The poker men pay \$20 each every month. Last year at least \$50,000 was added to the city's funds by the forfeited bail money of gamblers.

STRANGE PELT IS PUZZLER TO EXPERTS

Mr. Nelson, formerly a deputy sheriff of Multnomah county, but now residing at Jarvis, owns a skin that no furrier in Portland is able to classify. Local fur experts all state that the skin is from South America; they can tell that much about it and that's all. South America is a very large country and more sorts of animals than two roam its hills and valleys. The skin is a small one.

Some time ago Mr. Nelson made a visit to Portland and brought with him the unknown fur. The pelt was given him a year ago by a sailor friend, and ever since the owner has been trying

WERE TOO MANY DOCTORS IN CASE

STATE BOARD OF HEALTH BELIEVES DR. LINKLETER FROM BLAME IN BROOKS CASE—WENT TWO DOCTORS AND EACH WAITED FOR THE OTHER TO REPORT.

After a careful investigation the state board of health has decided that Dr. Linkleter did his duty in the case of the Brooks family, afflicted with measles, and is not amenable to prosecution under the health law. It was reported to the county board of health that the physician failed to quarantine the family, or to notify the proper authorities of the development of the disease.

The whole trouble arose from a slight delay in making the report, due to an odd reason. Two physicians were in attendance and each hung back in making a report on the belief that the other had already done so. The family with measles lives across the line in Washington county and a physician from this side was called first. Dr. Linkleter being summoned afterward. The report was finally made to the Washington county board of health and in time reached the state board.

Four cases of smallpox have broken out just across the Washington county line. The report was made to the state board, which in turn drew it to the attention of Dr. Evans, the county health officer. An investigation showed they were across the line and do not come under his supervision.

The child who has contracted the disease at the Albion home, at Laurelwood, is reported to be making good progress and little danger of her death exists.

SCOOINERS IN DEMAND.

The schooner Robert R. Hind will carry lumber from Puget sound to San Francisco at \$4, with the option of Southern California at \$5; the schooner Maribel has a similar charter. The schooners John G. North and Kallua are fixed from Puget sound to San Francisco at \$4. The rate from Eureka, Coos Bay, Gray's and Willapa harbors and Portland to the Bay City is quoted at \$3.50 and to southern California at \$4.50.

A BIG BIRD.

Jack Smith, a rancher living on Sauvie island, shot and killed a gray eagle yesterday which measured seven feet in length with wings extended. The bird was brought to Portland last evening on the steamer America. It is one of the finest specimens ever seen in this locality. When he shot the bird it was attempting to carry away a young pig. The eagle was about 15 feet in the air, and the squirting rooster was making the air resound with its squeals, when Smith succeeded in fatally wounding the big feathered thief.

Eagles are said to be quite numerous on the island, and they are causing the ranchmen no end of trouble. During the winter they have killed a number of pigs and lambs. Several of the birds have been killed lately, but none of the others was so large as the one Smith shot.

ADDS MEMBERS.

The Multnomah County Colored Political club met at their hall Wednesday night, February 24, and arranged for another next month. Ten new members were enrolled.

THE ESQUIMO

eats lots of blubber, the North-woodsman eats lots of fat pork and the Norwegian fisherman takes lots of cod liver oil. They are all heat-producing foods.

Scott's Emulsion is the best protection against colds, grippe and pneumonia, because it is a heat and fat producing food of the highest quality.

COOLDS THAT HANG ON. So frequently settle on the lungs and result in Pneumonia or Consumption. Do not take chances on a cold wearing away or take something that only half cures it, leaving the seeds of serious throat and lung trouble. FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR. Cures Coughs and Colds quickly and prevents Pneumonia and Consumption. CONSUMPTION THREATENED. C. Unger, 211 Maple St., Champaign, Ill., writes: 'I was troubled with a hacking cough for a year and I thought I had consumption. I tried a great many remedies and I was under the care of physicians for several months. I used one bottle of FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR. It cured me, and I have not been troubled since.'

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