

WALLPAPER BY ST. DALSHIMER



WITH MY LETTER TO YOU

MARKING THE PLACE

DO NOT GO MR CLAY YOU

WILL MAKE ME FEEL THAT I HAVE DRAWN YOU AWAY

By S. T. Dalshimer.

A REGULAR ballroom beauty! Who would have thought of finding a face like that out here in these wilds? And she has no vanity, too, why, it's quite a romance—or might be—and I feel like a fellow in novel!

"Oh, you needn't, Gerard," laughed Raymond Duncan, "the lovely girl is not calling forth any of your gallantry. Her interest seems to be in another quarter."

"What care I how fair she be, if she be not fair for me," murmured the professor, which remark caused a shout of laughter from the two young men.

"Why, professor," exclaimed the first speaker, Gerard Whitcomb, "has the situation enthralled you, too?"

"And why not?" was the reply. "A man should never be too old or too absorbed by other matters to be impressed by a beautiful woman, and this young woman is certainly beautiful, and she has a charm of manner, too. But despite my recognition of this, I believe I am most impressed by our good fortune in securing such comfortable quarters after our long journey—so, but better than the camp we had planned, isn't it, boys? I am too tired even to be kept awake by the thought of this rare vista we have found, so I am off to bed."

"I fancy that is a wise move. Let's follow the professor's example, for, despite my enthusiasm, I am about worn out," said Duncan, with a yawn.

"Oh, do wait a little, Raymond. Here comes Clay. He may be able to tell us something interesting about this girl. He is the only one of us who has been honored with a tête-à-tête. How did it happen, old man?" said Gerard Whitcomb, turning to the newcomer with more cordiality of manner than he had yet bestowed on Stanford Clay. Somehow, this young man did not readily become intimate with the two first speakers—Clay belonged to a different social set, and was not an university man; he had no jeweled pin on his coat, no college lingo at his tongue's end, and, indeed, had been as serious a member of the party as Professor Hendry himself.

In fact, it was at the invitation of the professor that Clay had come out into the heart of the Blue Ridge mountains to do some photographic work to illustrate the article which the professor was preparing for the *Journal* on the government of the school for Indians recently established here. Clay was as yet only an amateur photographer, but he was seriously interested in the work, and had had some success with his pictures, which led him to hope that he might use his knowledge of the art in some practical and pleasant way. Having this end in view, he had not been the most expansive of the gayest companions for the two Harvard men, who were merely on "pleasure bent," and was a little unprepared for Whitcomb's question.

"I say," repeated the latter, "how did you manage to monopolize the beauty this evening? Raymond and I were pinning for a word with her, but never a one did we get—while you were having everything your own way on the porch. Just think of the luck—moonlight, the girl, and all the accessories, as the dramatists say. Do tell us about it. Is she a princess in disguise?"

Now, Stanford Clay had no mind to discuss this subject at length or lightly with his comrades, and he replied somewhat brusquely:

"If you refer to the fact that Miss Strong spent a few moments on the

porch where I was sitting, I must tell you it was entirely an accident. She did not know I was there, and when she discovered it she was too courteous to withdraw and leave me to feel that I had driven her away. Therefore, we both remained—that is all there is to tell." And Clay turned toward the sleeping apartment as resolutely as had the professor, although with not the same resolution as to his rest being undisturbed by the vision of this girl, who had just come into his life. It seemed rather soon to think of her as "in his life," yet she was there, and already it seemed as though she had always been a force to be reckoned with, even though he had only known her a few hours.

He had noticed her immediately on his arrival, and had been surprised when she was introduced as one of the teachers—it seemed so incongruous to think of her in the capacity of teacher to the semi-civilized Indian—this slender, lovely girl, with the glorious southern eyes and, as Gerard Whitcomb had truly said, "the grande air." After the first formal greeting she had left the room and was only seen again at the early supper, at the conclusion of which the teachers and their guests had repaired to the small reception room, although Clay soon sought the quiet of the moonlit porch. In a few moments the muslin curtains of a long window had been parted and Dorothy Strong had stepped out.

Clay rose at once, as though to return to the house, but on discovering his intention Dorothy had said with sweet simplicity and gracious cordiality:

"Do not go, Mr. Clay, you will make me feel that I have driven you away—of course, I did not know anyone was here, and if you prefer to be alone, I will go. But as our guests, you know, and with a little laugh, 'we must give you full possession of the house in true southern style.'"

"On the contrary," said Clay, "I feared I always come here for a few moments, and I am so glad to see you here that I was just feeling selfish in monopolizing this beautiful view—"

"It is beautiful," the girl assented—"so beautiful and calm and peaceful that I always come here for a few moments before the day quite ends; it somehow rests me and helps me to get ready for the work of the morrow." So, naturally enough, they both remained and drifted into the idle stream of talk which is so easy for young men and women in surroundings such as these seems to give to every trivial utterance an added charm. To the young man lying awake in the darkened room that hour which is so full of memories, it is a life. Perhaps it was due to the panorama of the hills and mountains, which

stretched before him in the summer moonlight, crowned with "wreaths of mist like hands the pathway showing"—perhaps it was the picturesque forms of the dark-hued Indians who slowly and in single file moved to their own quarters—perhaps it was the subtle magnetism conveyed by the distant murmur of the cow bells which floated up from the valley like the insistent "tinkle of the cabal bell" in the far east—but, most likely of all, the whole charm of the scene was due to the mere presence of the girl beside him.

Moved by a sudden impulse of friendliness for the grave and silent young man who seemed so different from his gay companions, Dorothy told him of her life as a teacher in this isolated Indian school, 20 miles from the nearest railway—she spoke frankly of her hopes of helping in the great work of civilizing that savage, and neither she nor her companion detected the magnitude and the undertaking of which she spoke so confidently or the difficulties which must beset the path of all who labor in such a field. It was, no doubt, an ordinary enough occasion, and one which might have come into the lives of hundreds of other young people—nay, which has come into the lives of countless numbers since the world began, but to Dorothy Strong, as well as to her companion, this evening seemed marked by unusual interest, and the days that followed were never to be forgotten ones in the lives of both.

The coming of these strangers proved a charming break in the monotony of life at the Indian reservation school. Dorothy had accepted this position as teacher to these somewhat troublesome citizens with the same sort of enthusiasm as that which shows itself in the settlement work done in our large cities and as well in many kinds of charitable

and humanitarian movements everywhere. But at times it was more lonely and harder than the girl had anticipated, and she often missed the bright, wholesome life of youth and social diversion from which she had voluntarily separated herself. In this meeting Stanford Clay and his companions, therefore, there was an element of romance which seemed born of the conditions surrounding them. Be that as it may, the work planned by Professor Hendry proved to require more research than he had at first imagined, and the time allotted for it lengthened out into weeks before the task was completed.

During these summer days both Dorothy and Clay created for themselves an atmosphere so full of subtle interest and unexpressed emotion that when the lumbering stage finally whirled away those who had been the strangers of so short a time ago, it was to leave behind a void in the girl's life and an undefined ache in her heart which it seemed impossible to believe she had ever been without. There had been mutual promises of letters, but Dorothy and Clay, but no word of the future beyond that—even the letters were to have a sort of warrant in some picture taken of Dorothy, which were to be sent to her for her approval. Almost before it was possible for letters to reach her from the far off land beyond the mountains Dorothy began to watch for the arrival of the semi-weekly mail with feverish impatience. But also for the romance of summer's day, neither the promised letter nor the pictures came to the waiting girl. A note was received from Professor Hendry thanking the teachers of the school for their courtesy extended to "himself and his friends," but nothing else was heard from these same "friends."

Slowly the months passed, as even long, dreary winter months have a way of doing, and again it was summer in the mountains. The winter had been a trying one for Dorothy, but she kept bravely on with her chosen work, despite dark days and many a heart ache.

She welcomed the return of the mild weather, for it enabled her to indulge in her passion for long walks among the silent solitudes of the hills. From one of these she was returning just at sunset one memorable day, and was wondering once more why she had never had a line or word from her companions of the previous summer. When her long waiting had proved so futile she had blamed herself for ever having really expected the promised letter—she had told herself as thousand times that she had misinterpreted Clay's manner; that his earnest glances and quick appreciation of her had meant nothing more than the polite attention and pretty speeches of the other members of his party.

If she had not been attracted to Gerard Whitcomb nor to Raymond Duncan, and had insanely cherished every word of Clay's, why that was her own fault. She had only herself to blame, and she would dismiss the whole matter from her mind. On this particular afternoon she was asking herself this question with acute self-reproach, for she realized how miserably she had failed in her brave resolutions to forget. Slowly she approached the house along a wood-path; the protecting mountains towered above her; the thread of a river flung its silver gleam in the valley below, and the far-off murmur of the cow-bells floated up to her just as they had done in the summer moonlight of that first evening with Clay—all seemed unchanged, except the face of the girl herself.

She had taken off her light summer hat, and yet there was a shadow on her calm brow. Was it merely the result of the waning light or did the towering mountains throw a deeper shade across those mobile features? These thoughts crowded into the restless mind of a young man who hurried toward her from the highway—but so deep in thought was the girl that she did not hear the rapid footsteps, and the sound of her name spoken eagerly by a well-remembered voice must have been merely an echo of her own reflections, for she did not seem at all startled when, on glancing up, she beheld the earnest face of Stanford Clay.

"Miss Strong," he exclaimed, "do say that you are glad to see me here again—I have lived for months on the hope of this meeting."

"But why did you not write?" asked Dorothy; "were the pictures a failure?"

"A failure—no, indeed; they are the loveliest things—almost as lovely as Dorothy," written her a letter and enclosed both letter and prints in the same envelope; sealed and addressed it, leaving it with a number of others on his desk to be mailed. In due time the replies came from the other correspondents, but not a word from Dorothy. He had hoped and waited—that he soon convinced the listening girl—but you cannot imagine how I felt, as the weeks passed and no word came to me from you," he continued tenderly.

"Are you sure I can not?" asked his companion, and then she quickly probed: "but why did you not write again—so many letters are lost, you know?"

"I had about cut myself off from writing again," replied the man. "In my letter I said that if you didn't like the pictures, or for any reason regretted that you let me take them—why, then you need not answer at all, and when I got no letter—"

"Of course," interrupted Dorothy, sympathetically, "you thought it was intentional silence on my part."

"Yes, I did, and had enough I told about it, too. But let me tell you about the letter. I had been studying up on light when I printed those pictures, hoping to get the best results on yours, and must have left a big textbook open on my desk—and, oh, Dorothy! Just a few days ago I took down that book again and the pages fell open at that same article with my letter to you marking the place and here it is!" wouldn't trust to the mails again, but I brought it myself. Dorothy, are you glad?"

"Glad!" she murmured, and for once instead he caught a glimpse of her radiant face before she turned away.

"Dorothy," continued the young man, for he evidently wanted no more uncertainty; "Dorothy, you know that I have loved you from the very first; everybody saw it last summer, even Professor Hendry. I dared not tell you so then; I was afraid of my answer, but I hoped to begin a correspondence which would lead you to know me better and might help me to win you in time. But that plan has been denied me, and now I must tell you first and win you afterward, if need be. Dorothy, my beloved, will you be my wife? Remember all the misery those first negatives of yours caused me; don't my darling, don't give me another now."

And woman like the girl murmured, "I don't," which being true, he never loved her rightly and rapturously accepted as an affirmative.

Shall Women Vote in Oregon?

An Enact to Womanhood.

Portland, May 29.—To the Editor of the *Journal*—The opponents of equal rights for women have flooded Oregon with cards bearing a picture of a petticoat with the words, "No petticoat government in mine." Raymond and I were pinning for a word with her, but never a one did we get—while you were having everything your own way on the porch. Just think of the luck—moonlight, the girl, and all the accessories, as the dramatists say. Do tell us about it. Is she a princess in disguise?"

Now, Stanford Clay had no mind to discuss this subject at length or lightly with his comrades, and he replied somewhat brusquely:

"If you refer to the fact that Miss Strong spent a few moments on the

able and impracticable, therefore it is nothing but delusion and a snare. It has been tried in several states and in every case has proved a gigantic failure. She seems to be somewhat agitated because I do not give my name for publication. I have no desire for this sort of notoriety, do some women who are advocating woman suffrage. One who contributes to a worthy cause and withholds his name from the public may be considered unselfish and a true friend to his fellow-men. But the person who makes a contribution and sends with it his or her name for publication does it as a rule, though selfish motives, and for self-praise more than for public good.

A FRIEND OF WOMEN.

Answer to D. M.

Portland, June 1.—To the Editor of the *Journal*—I notice an article in the issue of the twenty-sixth instant, signed D. M., mentioning women as inferior to men. I consider that women would cast a more intelligent vote than does the average man of today if admitted to the polls.

I do not question the judgment and wisdom of Almighty God in the least. In sending his son (not a daughter) as the savior of the world, knowing that man, at that age of the world, would be a woman's enemy, any more than some of them will today. But D. M. forgot some noted men. Was it not man who betrayed Christ, and named him to the cross? And are not men betraying their political trusts at nearly every turn? I think D. M. admits so much when he speaks of the dirty pools of politics. I think the opposition of woman suffrage weakening, as noticed in the list of those opposed that a certain firm was mentioned, then the firm by the manager, then the manager by person, thereby causing the one to appear three times, and several others twice. Respectfully submitted,

S. J. H.

suffrage. Permit me to challenge their statements.

"What facts do they present to prove that granting suffrage to the women of Oregon would result in lasting injury to our beloved state? None. If we turn to those states where women do vote and ask their commercial men, those that are guided by the land experience, what effect woman suffrage has had on the financial and social interests of those states, we shall find that they can give facts and figures to prove that the result, in all particulars, are favorable to the uplift, progress and development of those commonwealths.

"Second—As a woman wage-earner, who is endeavoring to do her share of the world's work, a taxpayer in two counties of the Willamette valley, I ask them on what authority do they base their statement that a majority of the women of Oregon do not want the ballot? On the authority of 18 society women of Portland? I most earnestly desire the right of suffrage and I represent scores of other wage-earning women who likewise desire it. It has been said that where 25,000 women oppose it 200,000 are for it.

Not long ago the business men of Portland went up and down our beautiful valley with the slogan "Oregon United." With zeal and enthusiasm did we return the cry, "Oregon United."

Brothers of Portland, on June 4 the women of Oregon expect you to do your duty toward them—do not let them down. Give them the ballot, the daughters of the "Hardy few that early came. Do not let them die in tears and blood and flame.

So stripes might stream and stars might soar."

ask of you simple justice. Let the women of Oregon do as they wish. Oregon, where the men and the women work together for all that makes for the progress and betterment of our commonwealth.

HELEN V. CRAWFORD,
President of the Equal Suffrage Club of Corvallis, Oregon.

been purifying nor of great benefit to that portion of the United States, else some suffrage writer or speaker would have told us of it. If the men of Oregon believe in "equal rights to all, special privileges to none."

PIONEER QUERIST.

Asking Justice.

Drain, Or., May 29.—To the Editor of the *Journal*—The limit will soon be here when we shall see if the men of Oregon believe in "equal rights to all, special privileges to none."

When the women of Oregon demand the power to vote, they ask only justice, and every unprejudiced man will be willing to grant them this demand.

"Why should a mother's power be limited, while drunkards and gamblers and ignorant men of every shade and nationality are allowed to say what our laws shall be?"

Those women who do not take enough interest in our state to care to vote need not do so; in fact, it will be just as well if they do not vote; but for my part I want the chance to help elect the right men to office and to help to prevent the wrong men getting in power.

Oregon is one of the best states in the Union; let her take this forward step and she will be the best, and it will be only a few years till she is the Union's pride.

The Republican papers say the eyes of the whole country and President Roosevelt are turned this way. Then let the whole country see that Oregon's men have faith in their women and let the president know that Oregon's men believe in a "square deal."

Men of Oregon, vote for justice.

R. B.

Take Issue With D. M.

Portland, June 1.—To the Editor of the *Journal*—We have been much interested in the discussion for and against woman suffrage and think that the suf-

fragants have the better of the argument. We had not thought of taking a hand in the discussion until D. M. in last Saturday's issue, provoked our pen to the defense of woman and equal suffrage. D. M. says: "It is generally conceded by all well balanced minds that women are not as strong naturally as men, either physically or mentally." Which shows his ignorance of the capacity and ability of woman. Practically woman has kept pace with man wherever given the opportunity and privilege. He says: "God made man in his own image." We admit it is so recorded. But man soon lost that image, and went out into the world a free, moral and somewhat self-conceited animal. It is very strange that while men say they are in the image of God the great creator, they still continue in the works of the devil. Yet we believe there are good men who have the betterment of humanity at heart, but they are in the minority and need the help of all good women, and that help cannot be better given than at the ballot. Doubtless if it were not for personal selfish motives, suffrage would go through.

JULIA MAXWELL.

the Corvallis public school will be held. The ninth grade program is as follows: Recitation, Otto Morgan; essay, Viola Gardner; instrumental solo, Vera Chubb; recitation, Ruby Fovall; recitation, Harry Cady; vocal solo, Zeta Johnson; recitations, Dean Knox and Josie Holmes; instrumental solo, Clara Baker; recitation, Helen Baker; class play, Anna Holmes; solo, Inez Johnson; valedictory, Elsie Rice; presentation of diplomas, music, orchestra.

The eighth grade pupils will give the following program: Music, orchestra; recitation, M. & Bush; instrumental solo, Gertrude Nolan; salutatory, Harry Belknap; recitations, Maybel Farmer and Phyllis Sargeant; vocal solo, Jean Kent; recitations, Earl Heckard and Madge Ashby; solo, Bertha Wilson; class prophecy, Anna Fitzmaurice; presentation of diplomas, Superintendent Denham; music, orchestra.

In the ninth grade there are 35 graduates in the June class and seven graduates in January. In the eighth, the June class, there are 25 graduates and there were 7 in the February class. The commencement exercises always draw a large crowd and the programs for tonight will be no exception.

STOPS ANY ITCHING

Doan's Ointment Cures Eczema and Itching Piles — Portland People Recommend It.

One application of Doan's Ointment stops any itching. Short treatment cures eczema, itching piles, salt rheum—any skin eruption or skin itching. It is the cheapest remedy to use, because so little of it is required to bring relief and cure. Here is Portland testimony to prove it:

Jacob Heasong, farmer, living at the corner of East Twenty-eighth street and Keely avenue, Portland, Ore., says: "In recommending Doan's Ointment to those who suffer from hemorrhoids I can only repeat the statement I made some three years ago. I had suffered from this trouble for some years, and in hot weather it was a great worry to me. I could not sleep at night. Other preparations having given me little or no relief I finally began using Doan's Ointment and it required only a few applications to bring soothing and healing relief. The facts above stated are true. I told them just about my first use of the remedy. I think just as much of the preparation today."

For sale by all dealers. Doan's Ointment Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

MR. HENRY WALDO COE

No Desire for Notoriety.

Portland, May 31.—To the Editor of the *Journal*—In Saturday's *Journal* was an article by Esther Segalla criticizing what I said in a previous article on woman suffrage. She wants to know why I do not come out face to face with those advocates of woman's rights and make my statement frank. In the first place a statement in writing is stronger than one given orally. Besides, I have no desire to meet those women for the purpose of discussing the question. They have nothing new to say. They repeat in parrot-like manner the same old story which they have committed to memory, and which the public cares nothing for. She says every reform was an ideal before its realization, which is true. But we cannot place the woman suffrage question in the category of reforms. Any movement along reasonable and practicable lines having for its object the betterment of humanity is large may be termed a reform movement. Woman suffrage is unreasonable.

A POSITIVE PROBABILITY.

Having to lay up my bed for 14 days from a severely bruised leg, I only found relief when used a bottle of Ballard's Snow Liniment. I can cheerfully recommend it as the best medicine for bruises ever sent to the afflicted. It has now become a positive necessity upon myself. D. B. Byrnes, merchant, Doversville, Texas, 316, 5th and 11th. Sold by Woodard, Clarke & Co.

Death From Lookjaw

never follows an injury dressed with Bucklin's Arnica Salve. Its antiseptic and healing properties prevent blood poisoning. Chas. Oswald, merchant of Rome, N. Y., writes: "It cured Beth Burch of this place of the ugliest sore on his neck I ever saw." Cures Cuts, Wounds, Burns and Sores. 25c at Aldridge Drug Co.

EASTERN EXCURSION RATES

June 4, 6, 7, 22, 23, July 2 and 3, August 7, 8, 9, September 2 and 10.

On the above dates the Great Northern railway will have on sale tickets to Chicago and return at rate of \$11.00, St. Louis and return \$7.50, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth, Superior or Sioux City and return, \$6.00. Tickets first class, good going via the Great North, returning same or any direct route, stopovers allowed. For tickets, sleeping car reservations or any additional information call on or address H. Dickson, C. P. & T. A., 122 Third street, Portland.

SCHOOL GRADUATING EXERCISES TONIGHT

(Special Dispatch to the *Journal*.)

Corvallis, Or., June 1.—Tonight, at the opera house, the graduating exercises of the eighth and ninth grades of

ILWACO CLASS OF FIVE GRADUATES FROM SCHOOL

(Special Dispatch to the *Journal*.)

Ilwaco, Or., June 2.—At commencement exercises of the public school, the address of the evening was by H. J. Hockenberry of La Grande, father of the principal of the school. He spoke on "The Elements of Success." Judge Brumback, on behalf of the board, presented the diplomas to the graduates, a class of five boys.

As the boys on a fine school building had just been wiped clean of the work of the school will be enlarged for the coming year. Twelfth grade work will be taken up and a sixth teacher added to the staff, while the salaries of teachers will be increased.

JOHN CARROL, AGED PIONEER, IS DROWNED

(Special Dispatch to the *Journal*.)

Walla Walla, Wash., June 2.—John Carrol, an aged milkman, who was reported missing from his home south of this city Wednesday evening, was found dead in a drift in Garrison creek near