

AROUND THE CORNERS AND SQUARES.

By Jim Howe.

H. D. Townsend, special assistant to Attorney General Bonaparte who has been preparing the bill in equity against the Oregon & California railroad in the famous land grant case, spent last winter in Washington, D. C. He had apartments in the New Willard hotel and was not far from one of the finest billiard rooms in the house. While he was there, Buffalo Bill, Fritz Ruffell, J. Pierpont Morgan and various other notable figures visited him.

Jan Kubelik, the violinist, had the suite in question while Mr. Townsend was at the Willard, and he says that times even after dark there was a steady stream of women all with children going and coming from the hotel, each of them being a mother who was each of them having the great musician hear her child play.

Kubelik was a mighty busy man keeping out of the way of these fond mothers, each of whom was of the belief that if he ever heard her boy play, she would play another musical prodigy would be discovered.

Finally the fond mothers became so numerous that Mr. Kubelik was compelled to change his apartments to another part of the house.

There was a new office boy at the headquarters of the Portland Railway, Light & Power company last week. The first morning he was on the job a Journal man called.

"Is Mr. Josselyn in?" asked the reporter.

"What department does he work in?" was the way the office boy came back.

"Very often he's in there," said the reporter, pointing to a door labeled "Private."

"Oh, no, indeed, he can't be in there,"

said the boy. "That's the president's office."

So the reporter went away without seeing Mr. Josselyn, but he did have the nerve to tell the youngster just breaking in on a new job of his mistake.

But the reporter is still wondering how the new office boy felt when he found out which department Mr. Josselyn is really in.

Poor, little, old, wrinkled up, opium-scented Josh Lee-ong Sue, having lived all the years of his usefulness, has gone home to China, to die.

But Chinatown does not mourn. Chinatown, in fact, is just the same, promiscuous and takes things in the matter of fact way that it usually does.

Chinatown does not mourn the loss of one of its old timers because Josh Lee-ong Sue was a n'er do well. He was sort of careless, worked a good deal, was liked, hit the pipe with the others, laughed and was stoical at times just like other Chinamen, but with all this he didn't get along very well.

Old Josh, that's what they called him, came to the United States during the exclusion act went into effect. For years and years he was a wanderer and during the time that he traveled he saw the principal cities of this country. Eventually Sue settled in Portland. He didn't have any business or any money but he washed and did other odd jobs from time to time. Old Josh soon became well known in Portland. But he didn't get along very well.

Age began to tell on the little dried up fellow some years ago. Old Josh, it seems had hit the pipe too much, a great deal too much, in his younger days. Josh's friends figured that if they could induce him to go to Arizona or some other country where the atmosphere was real airy, it would only be a matter of time before he would dry up altogether and just blow away.

Josh Lee-ong Sue didn't want to go to Arizona or any other place in this country. If he left Portland he said it was his one wish in life that he go back home to China where he would be allowed to die in peace and his Chinaman's wishes in his old age are always respected by his fellow countrymen.

Not long ago the money to take old Josh back to the land of the poppy was raised in Chinatown. Last week old Josh sailed away. And oh, how the poor old man hated to leave his friends in Portland. And still how he longed to die in the land of his birth and to be buried out on the hills among the millions of others.

So old Josh's one wish is to be gratified—he has gone home, to China, to die. And so he is happy.

Portland is to have a new ladies' suit store, Drake & Swan are to be the proprietors. It is stated that they will handle druggists' suits as well.

But this won't be the only firm in Portland the name of which attracts attention on account of their unusual connection.

Just for instance, there is the firm of Neer & Parr. These are the names of all the wagons of the concern and invariably attract the attention of visitors. Portlanders have been seeing the signs on these wagons so long, however, that they seldom notice them any more.

At another time Wascher and Dresser were in business together in Portland and got their share of attention for the time being.

Harry A. Robb of Nampa, Idaho, well known in Portland, is a clothing merchant. When he first went to Nampa five years ago he was about to form a partnership with William J. Steele, also from Iowa. Mr. Steele decided that the firm name, Neer & Robb, and Steele & Robb wouldn't look at all well in print, so he backed out. Mr. Robb is still going, it shows, and he is in Rockford, Ill., there is a firm of Savage & Love.

Do you remember the time when you began work as a boy and when on the first day you were sent on some wild goose chase and when you came back without the goods you were given the "brush" or did you escape this humiliation which befalls every apprentice in every trade experience? Or have you ever had to work for a living?

The memory of his first day's work is cherished by every man. And the apprentice who has never forgotten it, will send the boy out to search for a left-handed mallet, a screwdriver, a printing business the new boy was formerly sent to some other print shop for the distributing business. From one printing house he went to another. This was when all type was set by hand and if there was anything a boy hated it is to distribute type.

Linotypes did away with all this and

nowadays the new boy is sent to borrow a new "arm" for one of the typesetting machines. Of course the boy comes back without it. He is given the same old laugh. And then he waits and waits until he will be old and experienced enough to try the same trick on some other youth.

A youngster with overalls on and not much larger than Tom Thumb used to be puffed and pushed and had a hard time generally with a great big hand



truck in Washington street one day last week. On the truck was a baby's bathtub. The boy was a plumber's apprentice. The task of delivering the tiny bathtub to a supposed home on Portland Heights had been assigned him by the boss earlier in the day.

It would have been an easy matter for the boy to have taken a streetcar with the bathtub on his shoulders. But the boss had said to take the tub out by means of the hand truck. A boy the very first day will do anything the boss tells him to do.

So, the boy started. Every half block he rested. Some one asked him where he was going with the load.

"To Portland Heights," he replied.

"When the questioner asked him why he hadn't taken a streetcar."

"Cause the boss said the truck, and I guess he knows what he wants," answered the youngster.

"This morning," said the boy.

Then the man went on his way. He understood. The incident brought back fond recollections. But he is still wondering if the tub was ever delivered. And where.

"Here comes a man who wants paper money—his an ostener," said a Portland bank cashier the other day. The man got his check cashed in bills by request and went merrily on his way. Then the cashier continued:

"I can tell the cashiers because they all want paper money. It is a habit with them. They don't care for gold or silver. This I attribute to the fact that in eastern cities there is very little gold or silver in general circulation."

"One-dollar bills are used to a great extent in the east in the place of silver dollars. Our here one sees very few dollars, except in the banks. Men and women, too, set in the habit of carrying big rolls of bills in the east and it comes natural with them even when they get out west where we use gold and silver almost altogether."

"They do say," though, that it feels mighty fine to have a nice, fat roll in

one's pocket and not to notice the weight of it at all. But the majority of the easterners soon forget the paper money habit after a while and are soon carrying around gold and silver like they had been accustomed to it all their lives.

"There are some, however, who always want paper money and will ask for it every time."

So saying the cashier went back to his money counting and of course assuming that dignified air which most persons reverence so profoundly.

"You may watch old Wall street and your clearing house associations to see how business conditions of this country are changing, but let me tell you that the real barometer of the financial affairs of this land may be sized up better from behind a counter in a pawnshop."

A Portland pawnbroker said the other day.

"Last fall, even before Wall street intimated that there was anything doing in a financial way, I knew that there was something in the wind. It was all brought about by the way the people began coming in with watches and things to pawn. They had only been coming a day or two when the news came from the east and all over the country that banks were going under."

"People kept on coming with things to put up for real cash, and the numbers increased as the panic spread. Why, some of the articles of jewelry that I took in last fall hadn't been out of trunks or other places of concealment before in half a century, or perhaps longer in some instances. And during the scare I must admit that I got hold of some excellent bargains."

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Blonde colored persons in the south years ago were seen quite often, consequently. It seems that the change was brought about by a certain acid in the hair straightening preparation which had such a great sale for a time.

Hair dressers for the white women are as common as barber shops nearly, and there the white women gather to have their hair fixed in any shape or changed to any color that they may desire. Or they may get new hair of their wish. And beside, now and then there have a little gossip, it is said.

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But something new for the benefit of the colored women arrived in Portland not long ago. She is a hair dresser, too. But she advertises herself as a "hair straightener," is already doing a good business and is so successful that she is being talked about by all the colored residents of the city.

Heretofore when the colored women wanted to straighten out their hair they were compelled to go through a good deal of trouble. They had to have their hair straightened by a white hair dresser, and that was a very expensive matter. But now they can have their hair straightened by a colored woman, and that is a very convenient thing.

If there is a colored woman in Portland who has been to the "hair straightener" it is because she doesn't know she is here. And most of them do not know just where the hair dresser is located.

There is great rejoicing among the property owners of Burnside in the Stratford-Sydney addition—Thirty-fourth street is being graded absolutely free of charge.

The street grading is being done by brick plants and converted into bricks. Eventually, if all goes well, some of this earth will be returned to Thirty-fourth street in the shape of bricks and a pavement. Incidentally a few brick sidewalks may be put down.

But the paving, of course, will cost the property owners something.

"If you want to have your house look different from that of your neighbor and have a finer finish than any of those around, get it with buttermilk," said a Portland real estate dealer yesterday.

Then he went on to explain. It seems that the painter's fond of buttermilk as a drink. He didn't say just how he made the discovery but here is the way he says how to use buttermilk as a house paint.

"After your house has been completed, that is if it is a frame dwelling, you take a big can of buttermilk and mix it with a brush and begin the regulation oil and coloring," continued the real estate man.

"Go over all the boards thoroughly. Allow the first coating to dry. Then give the house another dose and still another if you have the buttermilk to spare. Don't forget to allow each coat to dry thoroughly. Then finish up with a coat of white paint. Your house will be the glossiest and the noblest in the paint line to be found anywhere. People will want to see the finish."

"The butter in the milk, it seems, soaks into the wood and fills up the cracks. The oil in the butter preserves the material. That's all I know about it. I tried it myself and it worked beautifully."

The why is the sea so close to the shore? question that is so old that it is almost new had them all going along the waterfront during the last few days.

Steamer captains left their post of duty and tried to figure out an appropriate answer. Matees and engineers and stewards, too, all joined in the discussion.

And the stevedores. They were strong on the proposition. It was hard to get stevedores to work during the week simply because they preferred to discuss the sea shore question.

"Why is the sea so close to the shore?" That's easy," said one stevedore. "It's simply because the water is ever driven shoreward, one half the time by a seething, surging, tumbling tide—the other part of the time by an irresistible on-shore wind."

That settled the question so far as the waterfront was concerned.

Itching, brittle, chafing, chapped skin healed healthy by Satis skin cream, 25c.

Colored women are just as anxious to have straight hair as the white women are determined to have curls and fluffs, and all that sort of thing. There is nothing new about the colored women having had these desires. They got in the habit soon after the white women began to curl their hair years and years ago. It all happened so long ago that even the oldest old timers have forgotten the date. It was old in fact about normal again. Last fall nearly every one who came in had something he wanted to look. Now it is the reverse—nearly everyone who comes in wants to buy."

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CONSULS AND BORES

What Some of Our Foreign Representatives Have to Stand.

"In order to know the grandest achievement of which bores are capable, it is necessary to enter the American consular service."

So declared a United States consul, who has long been stationed in one of the large European cities, in the course of a recent interview at the Hotel Imperial on his return to his post from a visit to his home in this country. He was speaking at the time of the trials and tribulations that go with the office of an American consul, especially in Europe.

"At this season of the year," he continued, "when American tourists are spreading themselves all over Europe, the bores among them—and there is a surprising number of them, I assure you—seem to take particular delight in infesting the American consular offices."

"Whenever an American, you know, rises to eminence in his profession he must beg him to excuse me. At the same time I asked if there was anything I could do for him. He reflected for a moment and answered: 'Well, Mr. Consul, just at this moment I can't think of anything that you can do for me, but I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll go home and have a talk with my wife and if we can think of anything that

you can do, why, I'll call around here tomorrow and let you know.' Nothing short of a 42-caliber bullet can make any impression on that type of bore."

The American consul stationed in a town in the north of Germany, where the cold is severe in winter, told me that he had gone through one winter without any fire in his office in the vain hope of freeing visiting bores. But, he added sadly, it didn't work. The bore would button their overcoats and wrap their legs with my newspapers, and then talk for the next two hours on the superiority of American methods of heating offices."

"The bore who haunts our American consular offices is truly the most malignant and persistent of his kind. What pains me as much as anything is the fact that he has always heaps of money to travel around."

A Modern Romance.

From the Kansas City Journal.

"Why don't you marry?"

"Family objections."

"As if a real man couldn't overcome those?"

"It's not always so easy. His wife won't agree to a divorce."

Wedding Notes.

From the Brooklyn Life.

The Bride—Just think of it, dear, just fifty years from yesterday will be our golden anniversary.

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