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THUNDER MOUNTAIN.

If persons reading the sensational accounts of the Thunder Mountain, Idaho, gold fields will take into consideration the fact that the "discoveries" so often mentioned were made when there were, perhaps, five to ten feet of snow on the ground, caution will take the place of mad anxiety to reach that isolated region. A year from this time, Thunder Mountain is almost sure to be spoken of as a "good camp for rich men," and the hardships and privations of the prospectors now rushing in will be looked back upon with shivers of regret.

The Philippine Islands will not be abandoned by the United States, but the policy of "civilization" pursued by some of our army officers must be abandoned if we shall ever expect the white-winged angel of peace to settle down upon these untamed people.

The time has again arrived when the "labor vote" is the subject the political prospector is searching for. By careful retrospection it is discovered that every two years the laborer is the "whiter" man on earth.

The people of Portland have already learned that no single news association can monopolize the happenings of the world. The alert news distributors are the latest ones in the field. The Journal has the latest.

Miss Ellen Stone is already in trouble with a lecture bureau. Before she gets shut of these people she will say that the Bulgarian brigands were tender lambs.

Those fresh army officers who killed and tortured innocent Filipinos may get scolded by the President's investigating committee.

Really, that picture of Mr. Furnish shows, if it shows anything at all, that his clothes don't fit him.

Mr. Swigert may well say of those switches at Third and Yamhill: "We are here to stay."

SAID SENATOR VEST.

Great Missourian Had Happened to Fall in With a Germ Sharp.

A young man more or less intimately acquainted with affairs at the Capitol is a believer in the germ theory of disease and in the virtues of disinfectants. A few days ago he heard of a case of scarlet fever in his neighborhood, and he straightway went to a drug store and got a mixture of liquids with which to disinfect his clothes. He dozed the clothes liberally.

Shortly afterwards he was riding in one of the Senate elevators. Senator Vest came in, leaning on the arm of his faithful attendant, "Jim" Edwards.

The Senator elevated his Roman nose and sniffed the air. Then he said to Edwards: "Somebody is in this car is dead."

PRACTICES LAW AT 90.

James E. Sayers, the attorney of Waynesburg, was in Pittsburg yesterday on his way to Jacksonville, Fla., to the bedside of his father, D. M. Sayers, who was taken down with pneumonia there. Mr. Sayers fears his father, who will be 90 years old May 30, will not be able to withstand the attacks. His father is perhaps the oldest practicing lawyer in the United States, still retaining his vigor in a remarkable degree.

LILLIPUTIAN BUT MANLY.

He was a tiny little fellow, surely not more than 5 years old, and as he called for his afternoon papers at the corner of Twelfth and Market streets many people gazed at him with mingled amusement and pity. He had long brown curls, wet with the drizzling rain, and his shrill voice had a baby lisp. A very stout, elderly woman, apparently weighing close to 200 pounds, paused at the south side of Market street and looked askance at the miniature river of slush and water, and at the passing procession of wagons and trolley cars. The little newsboy was quick to size up the situation. Running up to her he exclaimed: "Don't be afraid, lady; I'll help you across. Reaching up his tiny little hand he clutched her by the arm, and together the ridiculous pair threaded their way to the opposite curb. Then the stout woman opened her purse, gravely handed the little fellow a coin and disappeared into the Reading terminal.—Philadelphia Record.

BROWNING'S CARE FOR HEALTH.

He never passed a day without taking one or more long walks; indeed, his pastime for most of his life was exercise, and the exercise he chiefly advocated was walking. "I get as nearly angry as it is in me to become with people I love when they trifle with their health—that is, with their life-like children playing with jewels over a board, or jewelry which, once in the water, how can we, the poor-looking, hope to recover? You don't know how absolutely well I am after my walking, not on the mountains merely, but on the beloved Lido. Go there, if only to stand and be blown about by the sea wind."—Century Magazine.

HINTS FOR WOMEN

Especially to the fore in household furnishing is leather and adapted to artistic effects as well as to practical uses. In many cases these leathers are reproductions of the old Cordovan, so long famous, and even the softness of tone, that in the Cordovan is the work of time, is faithfully copied with good effect.

A leading "upholstery leather" house is now fitting up several rooms in a new and beautiful mansion after the most fascinating fashion. The dining-room walls are to be covered completely with leather of a deep, rich, but dull red, illuminated with gleams of bronze. The leather is applied in squares fastened with large dull bronze-headed tacks. The trices is a stamped leather, somewhat more highly illuminated than the lower part and slightly brighter in tone. The overmantel is a large bordered panel of the same heavily grained leather used for the walls, with the family coat-of-arms carved in the middle with immensely decorative effect.

The dining-room furniture is to be of Spanish walnut, upholstered with a deep reddish brown leather, with the coat-of-arms on back and seat. For the library the prevailing color tone will be dim forest green, applied in practically the same way as in the dining-room, wherever the wall is exposed above the long, low book-cases that extend around the room.

A library table, massive and large, is covered wholly with leather of the same tone, richly embossed on edges and supports, but smooth on the top. The chairs are great, cavernous structures, entirely covered with embossed leather, and over the fireplace is to be a superb panel of illuminated, embossed leather, in lighter but exquisitely soft green, representing a monkish group poring over their missals around a table.

Simple shirt waists possess an inherent charm particularly their own. This smart model shows one of the latest designs. The fronts are tucked at the top and the full-

ness falls gracefully over the bust, and is confined at the waist in a graceful dip. The back is plain and the adjustment under the arm is perfect.

To restore the polish of marred and dulled furniture, vigorous rubbing with a piece of dry flannel in circular motion will usually effect a desired result. It should be followed with a similar treatment with chamomile. White stains on tables caused by hot dishes can generally be removed by mixing a little vinegar with the crude oil and rubbing the spot until the original color is restored. The acid should be thoroughly removed with a rubbing of crude oil, followed by the dry chamomile. Varnished furniture may be rejuvenated by a coat of piano or the finest furniture varnish. After the varnish is thoroughly dry, supplement it with a rubbing with crude oil and the dry chamomile. A dry day is the best for home attempts at varnishing.

For strong materials which have become mildewed or otherwise stained a piece of lyx the size of a walnut dissolved in a bucket of cold water makes a solution in which the article may be soaked over night. It should then be washed with a good white soap and boiled, lastly being run through weak blue water. This gives a peculiarly fresh and dainty whiteness. The objection that the lyx will rot the material is not sustained save in very delicate materials. A piece of duck will last several such soakings with no ill effects whatever.

- MENU. FOR AN INFORMAL LUNCHEON. Oyster Croquettes. Potato Salad. Baked Tomatoes. Breaded Lamb Chops. Escalloped Potatoes. Asparagus on Toast. Lettuce Salad. Celery. Pickled Beets. Coffee. Tea. Fig Pudding. Fruit. Rhubarb Pie.

MISPLACED LOVE.

Caused Benjamin Sultor's Suicide—Father's Effort to Save Second Son.

The inquest of the suicide of Benjamin Sultor, at Westport, developed the fact that the young man blew his brains out on account of his infatuation for a rich woman. He had left Westport and settled at Houlton, near St. Helena, and the young man became dependent. These facts are vouched for by Coroner Pohl.

Oregon Exhibit at St. Louis.

The subject of an Oregon exhibit at the St. Louis Purchase Exposition will be brought up at this afternoon's meeting of the Board of Directors of the Lewis and Clark Centennial and Board of Trustees of the Chamber of Commerce. Messrs. Reeves and Taylor, representatives of the St. Louis Exposition, will bring the matter up for discussion.

Road Work at St. Johns.

Road Supervisor Hart of the St. Johns district, states that he is going right ahead with the improvement of the roads in that section. A short time ago a delegation of citizens from St. Johns appeared before the board of County Commissioners and represented that their district had not received its share of the road

work. The board at once ordered the County Roadmaster to investigate the conditions and the result was that the improvements asked for were readily granted. The policy heretofore was to commence at this end of the line and work toward St. Johns. But now the work starts in at St. Johns and proceeds toward Portland. The Willamette boulevard will be graveled eventually, although there is some difficulty now in procuring the gravel. Thus far the work has been confined to grading the hill leading up from the flat at St. Johns.

Three Men Who Go to Prison.

The heavy penalties imposed upon the three Americans who prostituted their places of trust in Cuba into means of pillage will be approved by all their countrymen. No one wished to see Neely, Rathbone or Reeves punished if they were innocent, and, at first, the opinion prevailed that Rathbone's offense was caused more by negligence and indiscretion than by criminality. In this case, as in the others, however, dishonesty has been proved likewise, and the punishment of all is exemplary.—New York Mail and Express.

Defect in Title.

The city has been investigating the title to sixty-six hundredths of an acre of land adjoining the posthouse with the view of buying it, and has come to the conclusion that the property has no clear title. The taxes are said to be delinquent for several years. The owner offered the piece for \$25, but even at that price the Health and Police Committee members of the City Council say they don't intend to buy any bad titles.

WHAT THEY SPRING FROM.

Quinn—They say that money is the root of all evil. De Fonte—Yes, it is also the root of a good many family trees.—Chicago News.

COUNT AGAIN TOMORROW.

The Fair Site Contest Is Engaging Great Attention.

Another count of the votes will be published again tomorrow. The Fair Site Editor is getting interested in this friendly skirmish for the greatest attraction the state has ever known, and he wants to see the votes roll in in bundles of a thousand at a clip. When the Fair directors hold their meeting to select a site, The Journal would like to present them with 100,000 votes for their edification. The votes coming in today will appear in tomorrow's totals. Which place are you going to vote for? Wouldn't you better send in your coupon today? Clip it from The Journal, address "Exposition Site Editor," 239 Yamhill street, and get in tomorrow's count. Here it is as we have it now: Ladd's Field 10,122; Painesville 8,446; Sellwood 6,728; Cycle Park 322; City Park 294; Knox Tract 211; Fulton 219.

JOURNAL CONTEST

MY CHOICE FOR THE EXPOSITION SITE

Name: Address: (Form for journal contest)

The Theaters

THE BAKER—For the coming week at The Baker Theater the Ralph Stuart Company will start its second week at that popular playhouse with David Belasco's and Henry De Mille's adaptation and translation of "The Lost Paradise." The production will be complete in every detail and special attention will be given to the scenic effects and the staging of the play. "The Lost Paradise" is a comedy-drama dealing with the question of capital against labor. One of the most striking scenes in the play occurs in the second act, when a large sliding door is thrown back, revealing the workings of the iron mill, with its spore of men and quantity of machinery and the ringing of the hammers on the anvils. The matinee and evening performance tomorrow will be the last two opportunities to see "By Right of Sword" at the Baker. The play is one of the best seen here in years.

CORDRAY'S—Cordray's Theater is enjoying a good patronage this week and Ouida's play of "Under Two Flags" is as popular as ever. The fact that the business of the second week exceeds that of the first speaks volumes for play and players alike. The reason for this increase in business is apparent to any one who attends the performances; the play is strong and full of exciting interest from beginning and the company is clever, giving a production of it that is worthy of it; the scenic effects are on a scale of magnificence which has never been seen here. Miss Shirley has, in Cigarettes a character which is well suited to her and she invests it with a dash and vim which carries conviction with it. The entire company gives excellent support.

Hammam, Turkish and Russian baths. For ladies exclusively, 300 Oregonian Building, 9 a. m. to 9 p. m. Phone North 1296.

Castle Island Light.

In a Christmas storm the Claribel struck at night on the Pelican Shoal. But the keeper's wife heard not the guns and the bell's imploring toll. She died ere the gale went down. Wept by her daughters three—Sun-baked, yet fair, with their English hair, Nymphs of the wind and sea. With sail and oar some island shore At will their skirts might gain, But they never had known the kiss of man. Nor had looked on the peopled main. Nor heard of the old man Atlas. Who holds the unknown seas. And the golden fruit that is guarded well By the young Hesperides. Who steers by Castle Island Light May hear the seamen tell How one, the mate, alone was saved From the wreck of the Claribel; And how for months he tarried With the keeper on the island. And for each of the blue-eyed daughters Had ever a word or a smile. Between the two that loved him He lightly made his choice. And besting a chance ship took them off From the fisher's sight and voice. The second her trouble could not bear—So wild her thoughts he grew in. That she fled with a lurking smuggler's crew. But whither was never known. Then the keeper, aged like Lear, Left with one faithful child; But 'twas ill to see a man so young Who never sang or smiled. 'Tis said to hide with an old, old man, And between the wave and sky To watch all day the sea foam play, While lone ships hasten by. There came, anon, the white full moon That rules the middle year. Before whose silver the lesser stars Grow pale and disappear. It glinted down on a lighthouse tower, A beach on either hand, And the features wan of a gray old man Digging a grave in the sand. —Edmund Clarence Steadman.

BUILDING PERMITS.

E. Goff, 1 1/2-story dwelling, Oberlin and McKinnis streets, \$250. Captain Bailey, 2-story flats, Tenth and College, \$1,500. A. J. Weeks, repairs to house, Sunny-side, \$50. D. E. Janzen, 1-story dwelling, Twenty-seventh and Wilson streets, \$300.

THE FAME OF Mt. Hood Shirts

Is spreading throughout the land. From the Pacific Coast to the Atlantic seaboard, from Boston to Galveston the MT. HOOD SHIRTS are fast becoming a household word.

HURRAH FOR OREGON AND THE AMERICAN GIRLS WHO MAKE THEM

Are you aware that Mt. Hood Shirts are made in your midst—cut, stitched, soaped, lathered and ironed by American Girls? Mt. Hood Shirts stand on their merit. PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY.

FOR SALE ON A SMALL COMMISSION BY

McAllen & McDonnell Popular Dry Goods House. Cor. Third and Morrison

Willamette Iron & Steel Works

PORTLAND OREGON MANUFACTURERS OF Logging, Saw Mill, Power Transmission and Steamboat Machinery

LOOK IN YOUR MIRROR We can make your Complexion clear. We can remove Superfluous Hair, Moles, Freckles, etc., permanently and leave no scar whatever. Dandruff positively cured; Gray hair restored. NEW YORK ELECTRO-THERAPEUTIC CO. 702 MARQUAM BUILDING.

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—225 Washington St., near Woodard, Clarke & Co.; 20 Morrison St., near Meier & Frank Co.

A WORTHY CAUSE. The Visiting Nurse Association held a business meeting yesterday at the residence of its newly-elected President, Mrs. Stephen S. Wise; the other officers elected being: Vice-President, Mrs. A. A. Morrison; Treasurer, Mrs. J. N. Teal; Secretary, Miss W. Wasserman; and Directors, Mrs. Helen Ladd-Corbett, Mrs. John Cran, Miss Henrietta Felling, Mrs. E. P. Hill and Mrs. A. Meier. Mrs. Morgan, a trained nurse, explained to those present what was needed to make this undertaking a success. The aim of the association as the newly-elected President expressed herself, is "to benefit and assist those persons who are unable to secure skilled assistance in time of illness, to procure cleanliness, and to teach proper care of the sick." Gifts of clothing will be thankfully received. This association is an entirely live affair as it will start work by the employment of one or two nurses who will be in daily communication with the Board of Health and School Board, as to children having infectious diseases. One of the members reported that she spoke to several leading physicians, all of whom, without exception, endorsed the object of this association. Dues will be \$2 per year, except to those who wish to pay more. Those wishing to join can do so by sending their names to any of the officers or to Miss G. Wasserman, at the Hobart-Curtis. Fruit Crop Late. (Journal Special Service.) THE DALLES, April 15.—Fruit growers of this section predict a full but somewhat retarded crop this season. On account of cold weather, trees on the high altitudes of the interior have not yet begun to bud out, but around The Dalles many are in blossom. However, the crop is not at all injured.

DR. B. E. WRIGHT DENTIST And His Associates are Now Located at 342 1/2 Washington Street, cor. Seventh Hours: 8 a. m. to 5 p. m. and 7 p. m. to 8 p. m. TELEPHONE NORTH 2191.

The JOURNAL SHORT STORY.

It was while he was studying for a nation subject that Bruce Patrick met her. It was at a dealer's shop in Paris, and the young American was swapping "pot-boilers" for frames when they came in. Mrs. Godkin knew him the moment she saw him, and held out her plump hand with: "Of all men, Bruce, I'm glad to see YOU. This is Miss Delazza," presenting the fawn-eyed creature at her side. "She lives in Cleveland now, came since you left. By the way, Bruce, your picture is fine; best thing we've got, and even papa is proud when he gets a chance to show it." Bruce had done a commission for the Godkins, and had been paid for it. He liked praise, but Mrs. Godkin's word of commendation was lost and belittled when Miss Delazza put out her tiny hand, and, holding his for a moment, murmured: "Mister Bruce, your picture is the finest thing in Euclid avenue. I have wished so often to meet you." That was praise indeed, and as he watched the brown fires in her big eyes he wondered if fate had not sent him an unexpected inspiration for his picture. "You must take us up to your place—your studio, Bruce," Mrs. Godkin was saying, while Miss Delazza, gazing and blushing in a strange, unnerving way, watched him through the long, drooping lashes that veiled her eyes. "You want to see my studio, don't you, Marie?" And Marie shyly looked again, answering: "Oh, yes! That's one of the things we haven't seen."

one now as no man ever did, but I can't afford—" "Afford? You don't mean to tell me that you have to pay them?" "Oh, yes. We have to pay. The Parisienne is even more mercenary than the New Yorker." "The ideal? Why, Bruce, we'll pose for you a beautiful, vivacious dowager, laughing. "Come, Marie, what do you say? Will you help him out?" She shook her shapely head till the brunette ringlets fell about her ears, but she laughed softly, too, and the artist felt upon his face the warm glow of her fertile gase. So they got into the omnibus and rumbled away in the sunshine to a little, dim street where the houses, hip-roofed and quaint, leaned upon each other's shoulders like old friends that needed help. Bruce Patrick led them into his squalid studio, tossed his frayed coat over the little oil stove in the corner and made places for them on the dingy sofa. But a young would not have it so. Mrs. Godkin fretted about the place, wondering at its outlandish furnishings, peeping through dusty screens and laughing at the little cupboard where Bruce kept his slight store of provisions. "Here's tea," said Marie, holding her skirts so high that he forgot to protest. "Here's tea." Then turning to him she asked demurely with a defiant little arching of her dark brows, "may we have some?" That settled it. Bruce plucked away his coat and made a fire in his groovy little stove. Miss Delazza pinned up her skirts, and the two women, chattering like children with a new toy, made tea while Bruce, watching them from the shadows, worshipped already, his heart stinging with hope and inspiration and his fingers tingling for a chance to paint her. When they sat down by the rickety little table, he yet lingered in the gloom, for the dull, red glare of the lamp was alluring across her face and the mass of ailing tangled hair was like a purple halo

that made her beauty look darkly luminous. "Isn't she beautiful, Bruce?" chirruped Mrs. Godkin when she saw him staring at Marie like a man entranced. "Terribly beautiful," he had said, excitedly, and then they laughed together till she promised she would come again and pose for him in that light. And she did come, wondering at his feverish activity, bored with his wordless worship of her, amused for a while with the romantic atmosphere of the old house and piqued and disgusted with the fever of his impersonal enthusiasm. The picture was but half done when she quit him. She didn't even say good-bye, but left him alone in an apotheosis of hope and incomplete ecstasy. He asked Mrs. Godkin about her; whether had she gone? Why had she not told him? Was there anything wrong. "She's gone back to America, Bruce. She's a whimsical girl—nobody back home could quite understand her. Who, there, was nothing wrong, but—well, Bruce, the truth is, she liked you at first, but she couldn't understand why you painted, painted, painted instead of talking to her. You foolish boy! You might have won her in half the time if she had taken you to paint her picture." And Bruce went back to his studio and struggled vainly to make of that picture something that might approach his cherished dreams of her. But the inspiration was gone, and when the finished but incomplete picture was rejected, the sting of his disappointment was dulled by gloomy anticipation. When he left Paris for home he took the canvas with him. He might have sold it a dozen times, but he clung to the hope that some day she would sit for him again, and out of the beloved failure might come at last some measure of protection. When he set up his studio in Cleveland and the Godkins and scores of others had come to look at his works, he began to discover that there was some mystery about Miss Delazza. Mrs. Godkin would not speak of her.

"Really, Bruce," she said, nervously. "I don't know what has become of her. I think she has gone to Chicago or somewhere. She was always a bit of a puzzle, you know." And Bruce fretted about the Marie he dreamed till one day a slant-headed fellow, bedecked with diamonds and offensively perfumed, strode into the studio with: "Mister Patrick, I want that three picture," pointing to the beautiful failure. "I want it and I'm willing to pay for it." "What do you want to do with it?" "I want to put it in my place—the Jockey Club Saloon—swellest place in—" "Well, that picture isn't for sale," growled Bruce, setting red. "I won't sell it at any price." The stranger sneered his way awkwardly out of the short conversation and departed. But the next day Marie herself came in. She was changed; the brown light in her eyes no longer slumbered, but was vivid and redder; her body was rounded and her face no longer pale. She called him "Bruce" as she sat beside him, and when her challenging glance came from the picture to his face, he saw and knew that the work he had done in Paris could never be improved. "Bruce," she said, laying her hand upon his arm. "I want that picture. Will you sell it to me?" "No, Miss Delazza," he said, looking away toward the gloomy window. "No, I swore I'd never sell it; but—" "Now, Bruce!" she cooed. "I'll give it to you," he snapped, walking away from her. "Where shall I send it?" "Oh, thank you, Bruce," she murmured. And drawing off her gloves she wrote an address on her card. He was glad when she was gone, but he had lifted down the picture and turned it toward the wall before he read the address she had written. It was: "Tim Madigan, Jockey Club Saloon." And there the picture hangs unto this day.