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THE PORTLAND JOURNAL.

In one month The Portland Journal has grown to be a well-developed journal... It is well edited with exclusive news features, and some quite noted scoops from various parts of the state have been found in its columns.

Mr. Judge Williams may be pulled off the ticket and Mayor Rowe substituted. There is both kindness and cruelty in this. It is kind of his friends to remove from the old gentleman the vexation and burden of a fruitless campaign.

Most men would rather shoulder an ax and cut cordwood than be deprived of their right of decent discussion of public affairs. Yet President Roosevelt denies that privilege to such men as General Funston, and is not content to merely reprimand the officer, but must publish it to the world.

What will the morning paper do about it now? If crime is so rampant, Mayor Rowe can put his foot down and stop it. And the Mayor is to be the Oregonian's candidate for re-election. This puts a funny phase upon the situation.

The street car men of San Francisco do well to conduct themselves as gentlemen. For this reason they are backed by public sympathy, and that is a powerful weapon whenever wielded.

It begins to look as if it will soon be necessary for army officers to get permission from the President to say their prayers.

Portland's building boom is the most substantial the city ever experienced.

Fruit trees look like banks of snow. The harvest should be prolific.

Beef goes up—before it goes down. Which is natural.

Broaden the Morrison-street bridge. Stop growling.

McGINN USED A DEAD MAN'S PROXY

The Capital Journal, of Salem, prints the following about Henry McGinn, the Oregonian's candidate for State Senator: "The Citizens' Hocket 'at' Portland has put up Dr. Harry Lane for Senator against Henry McGinn. He will, if he makes a canvass, throw a piercing spearhead on Portland politics, and, incidentally, some on McGinn."

"Dr. Lane should dig up Judge McGinn's speech in the State Convention of Republican Clubs three years ago, when he pilloried Jack Matthews as beyond compare the worst stuffer of club rolls in that organization."

It is a mistake, according to a well-known naval officer, to suppose that the sailors of our present navy are free from superstition. "I remember," he said, "only five years ago, when I was in the training ship Saratoga, that the old salts were as full of superstitious beliefs as any of their ancestors could have been."

"When at sea in a dead calm, the swaying of the masts in the motionless atmosphere sometimes causes a peculiar wailing sound like distant cries. This, the old salts assured us, was the moaning of sailors lost at sea."

"Another one of their pet beliefs is that all sailors that die by drowning are at once transformed into Cape Horn phantoms, or, as they are also called, Mother Carey's chickens. Officers are supposed to find their reincarnations in seagulls and mews, while the big, solitary albatross, following the wake of passing vessels, are the souls of captains who have gone down with their ships."

THROUGHOUT THE STATE.

An effort is being made in Baker City to establish free concerts during the summer.

A party of Easterners are buying up cattle in Eastern Oregon.

Stockmen in the vicinity of Ashland are vaccinating their cattle, blackleg being prevalent in the vicinity.

The telegraph facilities in Pendleton have been increased.

There were over 150 homesteads taken up in The Dalles land district during March.

Corvallis is in the midst of a building boom.

A man named Brown has been put in the pethouse at Astoria, suffering with smallpox. He came from a logging camp.

According to the Leader of Weston, wild beasts are numerous near that place.

Bicycle thieves are at work at Eugene.

Corvallis will hold a city election May 15.

Stevenson, Wash., has a smallpox quarantine.

While floating logs at Coburg, R. A. Duff fell into the water and a log crushed his head.

It is said that the Red Boy Company will build an electric road from Granite to connect with the railroad.

Mrs. Frank Epley of Jefferson was badly wounded near her home by a stray bullet fired by a hunter.

Was Only an Initiation.

Four pistol shots, fired in rapid succession yesterday afternoon about 4 o'clock in the Hardman building, corner Mulberry and Second streets, caused considerable excitement among those passing the building. Several policemen rushed up the stairway to the third floor expecting to find some one who had committed suicide, or else a murdered man.

Portland Symphony Concert.

The next symphony concert will take place on Monday evening, the 27th inst., at the Marquam Theater, at 8:30 p. m. This will be the fourth of a series of concerts that have proven to be the most successful in the way of rendering high-class music by local talent so far attained in Portland.

HINTS FOR WOMEN

SOME HELPFUL HINTS. To wash fine white waists, all lace and embroidery, without damage, shake them well, wet them in clear water, with a little ammonia added; then lay them in an earthen vessel, cover with strong white soapuds and set them in the sun for three hours—the sunlight takes out the dirt. Rinse in three waters, blue wash and starch. Iron on the wrong side, using a sieve board covered with flannel.

SHIRT WAIST BELTS. Belts play the most important part in adding the finishing touches to a shirt waist and the most effective and stylish ones are of black taffeta, with large eyelets in the back, through which taffeta ribbon is run and laced to fit the figure. The fronts of these belts are finished in a variety of ways. Some are clasped with a stunning buckle, others simply tied with a modest bow knot.

LOVELY SUNSHADES. What could be more ravishing or daintier than lady's parasol this season? Nothing, certainly, and modistes as well as shopkeepers exhibit with pride the exquisite little confections fashioned to go with equally lovely gowns. Finances are in the minority, while frills and ruchings are greatly in evidence and used in all manner of charming devices.

LIGHT MEALS FOR A DAY. BREAKFAST. Fruit. Cream. Baked Potatoes. Coffee. Cereal. Eggs. Milk Biscuit.

LUNCH. Escalloped Oysters. Sliced Tomatoes. Stewed Prunes. Coffee. Waiters.

DINNER. Split Pea Soup. Butter Sauce. Cress Salad. Charlotte Russe. Coffee. Broiled Shad. Stuffed Potatoes.

CHIFFON BRAIDING. A new fancy has just come into play

MINES AND MINING.

The 10-stamp quartz mill for the Matterson property at Hornbrook has been purchased and will arrive there in a few days.

Unless something unforeseen prevents, the immense dredge of the Empire Gold Mining & Dredging Company, which is in process of construction on the John Day river, about three-quarters of a mile below John Day, will be launched into the waters of that stream in a few days.

Reports come from Cottage Grove that the contract for the grading of 20 miles of the new railroad from that city to the Bohemia mines has been let and that the work will commence about next Monday, April 21, the work of setting the grade stakes being about finished. The Alexander & Campbell Company, a Cottage Grove firm, has the contract for a greater part of the 20 miles, a Portland company having the remainder.

A rich strike in the Belcher mine, in Alamo, owned by the Belcher Consolidated Gold Mining & Milling Company, of which A. H. Remington, a labor contractor on the Northern Pacific Railway, is president and principal owner, is reported from the snowy Greenhorn hills.

Below is the record made by some of the individual gold and silver mines of the United States: The Comstock lode of Virginia City, Nev., has produced in gold and silver the enormous sum of \$23,000,000. Most of the ore yielded but \$3 per ton in gold.

The Anaconda of Butte, which was sold for \$40,000,000 to the Rockefeller, paid that amount in dividends before selling.

The Alaska-Treadwell gold mine, with ore running less than \$2, has paid \$3,265,000 in dividends.

The Ontario of Utah has paid \$13,567,000 in dividends.

The Granite Mountain, Montana, \$13,000,000, the stock selling from 10 cents per share to 75 cents in two years and paying 20 per cent in dividends each month.

The Homestake of South Dakota, on \$9 ore, has paid \$3333 in dividends every day it has run, for the past 10 years.

SLIPS OF THE MIND.

To get rid of a bore give him advice. Truth may be as clear as a bell, but it is not always told.

Many a fellow who goes out for dust discovers that his name is mud. Luck is a good bit like lightning. It never strikes twice in the same place.

A St. Paul girl says she would only marry a man who could give her a carriage, because she has never yet been able to get a seat in a street car.

"George, dear, I don't believe you love me any more," sighed the tender maiden. "Why, my darling?" the youth protested. "Well," sobbed the maiden, "it only took you 15 m-m-minutes to say goodbye 1-1-last night!"

A Long-Distance Speech.

Chicago—Invited to attend a banquet in New York City, but receiving the invitation too late, Timothy W. Le Quatte responded to the toastmaster, over 1000 miles of telephone wire recently.

LOOK AT THIS, NOW

Ladd's Field People Are Making Things Hum.

Everybody seems to have "fallen down" to speak, in yesterday's count, except the friends of Ladd's Field.

Four thousand, one hundred and forty-six votes had been deposited since the count of Saturday, while the Peninsula shoved in only 82 and Sellwood a pitiful 156.

This won't do for the Peninsula and Sellwood. It's all right for Ladd's Field; all wrong for the other places. This is the count yesterday:

Peninsula 17,496 Ladd's Field 14,565 Sellwood 12,296 City Park 314 Cypis Park 111 Knox Tract 350 Fulton 284

JOURNAL CONTEST

MY CHOICE FOR THE EXPOSITION SITE

Name Address

SHIRTWAISTS FOR MEN.

Unable to Decide Whether or Not They Will Be Worn.

Shirt waists for men for the summer season of 1922 just now are trembling in the balance. "To order or not to order" is the question of the retail dealer, and until he decides, some time about May 2, "to make or not to make" will be the query of the manufacturer.

For nothing in the line of wearing apparel comes quicker from the bat of the manufacturer than does a shirt waist in many colors. It will not be made till men want it; men will not demand it until the mercury column is nearing the 90s; and when the 90s have been passed, when the shirt waist is the proper thing for another season, a hot summer is expected to keep hotel porters and even hired bruffers busy throwing the shirt waist man out of windows of the dining-rooms; provided the flimsy garment is not accepted as inevitable.

In this respect, however, the shirt waist for 1922 will find it possible to avail itself of the cumulative victories of a stormy past. When the first frosts of the autumn of 1921 sent the shirt waist to the ragbag, it had accomplished something in ethics—it had found a habitation and a name in civilization. A few men had martyred to it; a few lawyers had gained clients in damage suits against the managements of hotels because of it; and once, at least, as against all the muscular millions of a big Chicago hotel, a shirt waist had come into the dining-room and sat a meal out in conspicuous comfort.

Still it is a question if the shirt waist is to be an institution in the forthcoming summer; that last season a sudden hot spell made a sharp demand for this garment in the neuter gender, while a 10-degree drop of the mercury shut it off in an hour.—Chicago Tribune.

A Good Word for Friday.

"Don't you really think Friday is an unlucky day?" "No, indeed. Why, it was on Friday that my husband tried to board a street car and fell and broke his leg."

Horse Had False Tail.

It is safe to say that when Thomas Barry, known among the cabbies as "Foxy Grandpa," purchased a false tail for his horse "Rat Tail," he had no suspicion that this act of kindness would almost land him in jail.

WHY HE'S A GENIUS.

"I tell you that poet is a genius." "A genius? Why, his stuff is the worst I ever read."

COMPLIMENTARY.

Hostess—O, do, Mr. Basseau, oblige us with just one more song. The Singer—Really, Mrs. Footent, I'm afraid at this late hour I might disturb the neighbors.

SPRING POEM.

Ball. Bat. Glove. Mask. Boy. Shirks. Task.

THE SENATOR'S REPLY.

"What we want," said the earnest man, "is a ballot that is absolutely incorruptible."

"That's right," answered Senator Sordgham, "and the only way to secure it is to bring up a generation of voters who won't be forever tempting us politicians to buy 'em."

Special Boys' and Children's Clothing

TWO PIECE SUITS In Blue, Black and handsome mixtures, worth \$5.50 to \$6.50, at \$4.35. VESTEE SUITS In excellent designs and patterns, worth \$5.00 to \$6.00, at \$3.45. ODD and END SUITS A grand cleaning up of a few broken lots, all styles and sizes, 3 to 15 years... \$2.15

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The Size of Fairies. Readers of Elizabethan poetry are familiar with fairies who fashion coats from a bat's wing, fans from those of butterflies, coverlets from the skins of snakes, wage war with spiders, and make expeditions on the backs of flies. Writers have commonly assumed that such minuteness was the product of poetic fancy, which reduced these spirits to a size much below that admitted by popular belief; but this is an error. Folklore supplies with abundant examples of fairies who can carry no more than a single straw, who emerge from a mole hill, and make a thread bridge in order to traverse a keyhole. Concordant is the testimony of language, as when the foxglove passes for being a fairy cap.

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