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PORTLAND, ORE., JUNE 18, 1902

THE MEANING OF IT.

Assuming the sincerity of the originators of the act of 1901, providing for a popular vote on the United States Senate, we can look to the act itself to discover its purpose. The preamble recites that, "Whereas it is desirable that the people should have an opportunity to instruct their Senators and representatives in the Legislative Assembly as to the election of a Senator in Congress, from Oregon, therefore," and then follows the law providing that a vote shall be taken upon nominations made in the manner provided by law. This looks very fair. The law received the support of the Legislature, without, we believe, any opposition.

But the originators were not sincere. They did not believe it was desirable for the Legislature to be instructed by the people when they controlled the Legislature. The preamble was Peckaniffian. The act was a piece of political buncombe. It was to be used by them if the exigency required, but it was not foreseen that it was capable also of being used against them. Hence when a popular vote has been taken in strict accordance with the law framed by themselves, it is discovered that the vote is a farce.

The point is that Mr. Geer, if he has done nothing else, has uncovered the fraud. He has compelled the parents of the law to disown and discredit their own offspring. He has disclosed to public view the hypocrisy of the little crowd that mean to run the politics of the state, without regard to any "farfical" popular vote. He has shown to the people that in the view of the machine the people are a farce.

Machine men like these are not in favor of the election of Senators by the people. When they say so they are as sincere as they were when they said in their preamble that it was desirable that the Legislature should be instructed by the people. When they get the Legislature they don't need any instructions. They won't accept any, nor tolerate any. To venture such instructions is "colossal conceit." To accept a nomination in pursuance of a law of the state and to receive substantially the unanimous vote of the party as an instruction to the Legislature is interfering with the prerogatives of the machine, which reserves the right to itself to name the United States Senator without instructions or suggestions from anybody else.

Mr. Geer's vote is, however, giving the machine some trouble. That is evidenced by the perpetual scolding he is getting. But what has Mr. Geer done that draws upon him this tirade of abuse? He is a candidate for United States Senator. But there are others. He did not make speeches for Mr. Furnish. But Mr. Mitchell, the darling of the ring, fought the regular party two years ago, and by the votes of Democrats whose election he secured sits in the Senate today.

We are not advocating Mr. Geer for the Senate. Our purpose is only to draw attention to the fact palpable from the circumstances, that the object is to kill him off in the interest of the candidate of the ring. Any other person who shall have the temerity to be a candidate will be attacked in a similar manner. The ring means to clear the field of rivals.

When the ring asks for bread it will not be pleased with a stone. Now we are advised, at least in part, who is the stone. The question is, Who represents the bread? Whom indeed would the ring be pleased with? It knows. Nobody else does.

THE AVERAGE MAN.

The average man is the balance wheel of the world. He stores the superfluous energy of the social machine and pays it out steadily and safely. He is midway between radicalism and conservatism, and checks the one while he energizes the other. It is his sense we speak of when we speak of common sense.

In religious matters he corrects the credulous. He saves one system from mysticism and another from materialism. He is not a skeptic who must prove all things, nor yet credulous to accept all things without proof. He has that safe logic that halts before it becomes absurd, and that reasonable faith that mounts where the senses falter. In business, he ventures some, without

losing caution. He is neither a boomer nor a moomback. He does not cripple his private fortune for the public welfare, nor refuse to society his just contribution. He is not forward in speech nor altogether silent. He is prudent but not stingy. In politics, he is the savior of his country. He is partisan to a limit and independent beyond that. Neither politically hide-bound on the one hand nor politically erratic on the other, he is the arbiter of elections, and the giver of the laws.

His instinct is inborn. Much learning does not make him mad, nor the want of learning impair his judgment. He is criticized by those who go too fast, and distrusted by those who go too slow, but he keeps the even tenor of his way, and, unhasting, unrelenting, he attains the goal which others overstep or never reach.

He is the man to cultivate. There are more of him than of others. His support is the essential of success and his opposition the equivalent of disaster. He makes the ship sail and the car go, steadies the markets, conserves business, tempers society, sweetens religion, and runs the government.

He is, therefore, The Journal's pattern and patron. We want him on our books—multitudinous numbers of him—at the regular advertising and subscription rates.

The bill for pensioning the Indian war veterans, which passed the Senate yesterday and goes to the President for his approval, is a tardy recognition of a class of men to whom civilization owes a large debt. It comes too late to the many who have passed the Great Divide, but will come to the survivors as a late benediction of their country. The pension itself will hardly be appreciated as much as the recognition it involves of the value and patriotism of the services rendered long ago by these hardy soldiers of the frontier.

If the kindergarten were only a place to wash children's faces and wipe their noses, the vote defeating it was right. But this kindergarten is a school, and its place in the scheme of education is so little understood and has for so long been misrepresented that the vote is not surprising. Perhaps in time, the true nature of the question being better understood, a different result will follow.

Men may come and men may go, but the convicts go on forever. The good citizens of Washington might rise en masse in the path of this triumphal march as they would in front of an invading army. Washington's campaign has hardly been more successful than Oregon's, which makes the honors even.

Dr. Bernard Daly, who ran for Congress on the Democratic ticket two years ago, has just been elected County Judge in Lake County. That is evidence that Dr. Daly has the confidence of his constituents where political questions are not involved.

Idea precinct, in Gilliam County, held no election this year. It is not an ideal precinct.

The Squire Met His Match.
 Men, as a rule, are more indifferent and uncommunicative concerning the inroads of age than women are, but the most amiable woman can generally find a pertinent remark to make when approached impudently on this sacred theme. "Old Squire Jones doesn't speak to me now," said a gentle faced, silver-haired lady, "and I don't blame him; he has excellent reasons for not wanting any conversation with me. Several months ago I was sitting in our carriage, near the city library, waiting for Helen, when I saw the old squire drive up near me. He always has something unpleasant to say about how old we all are, so I pretended not to see him. He came nearer, however, and accosted me.

"Isn't that you, Mrs. Brown? How'd you do, Mrs. Brown?"
 "I turned around and greeted him: 'How do you do, Squire Jones?'"
 "My goodness, Mrs. Brown, the bluff old fellow went on, 'how you have looked. I never would have known you.'"
 "Why, Squire Jones, said I, 'I was just going to say the same thing to you. I never did see a man age as fast as you have. What on earth has made you all so rapidly? I never would have known you.'"
 "The poor old squire sank down in his buggy seat and smiled. He looked half his usual size and ten years older, and drove off without saying anything further. It was wicked, really, to deal the poor man such a blow, but if elderly gentlemen want to receive compliments," the silver-haired lady laughingly concluded, "they must go about distributing them."

She Runs an Engine.
 In the city of Cleveland lives the only woman engineer in the country—Mrs. Marten, who understands the business thoroughly and gives excellent satisfaction. She recently took the place of her deceased husband and has been faithful in every requirement of the place thus far.

AROUND THE STATE.

China Sing, who was known in Lakeview as Hong Dye, the restaurateur, and who went to San Francisco and married an Americanized Chinese girl, bringing her to Astoria, is the father of a bouncing girl. This is the first Chinese baby born in Modoc County.

Ray Tolt, in endeavoring to herd a swarm of bees last week at Medford, got the mosquito net protector worn about his head mixed up with the flames of the smoke kettle he was using and the netting caught fire, as did also his shirt. He ran to a barrel of water standing near and thrust his head and arms in it, but the flames in the meantime had burned one side of his neck and face.

Mike Strolsky, who resides near Boon's Ferry, had a lively runaway the other day. He used a horse to move a sled and boxes from place to place in the hopyard while he was tying up vines. Somehow the horse got frightened and started off. Mr. Strolsky fell from his high perch, while the horse made a bee-line for home, clearing a wide road through the hopyard and finally came to a stop in the orchard, where the singletree caught in an apple tree.

While running the horse-power at the city water works at Condon last Thursday afternoon, Earl Palmer, son of Rundle Palmer, met with an accident. Through some cause the boy let his foot into the running gear and it was badly cut at the heel. He was carried to the physician's office by Frank Armstrong, who was at work nearby, and who heard the boy shout for help, and the wound was stitched.

Austin Craig, Postmaster at Whitby, has brought suit against the Bank of Sumpter and A. P. Ross, president of the bank, for \$20,000 damages, for defamation of character, growing out of his arrest last winter on the charge of embezzlement of the bank's funds.

The largest crop of wool ever produced in Baker, Grant, Malheur and Harney Counties has been clipped this spring and is now coming to the warehouses. The crop is not only large, but the quality is far superior on the average to that of many years past.

Five thousand eight hundred and thirty-nine eastern brook trout were shipped from the United States Clackamas Fish Commission section on Saturday to the Oregon Fish and Game Association. They were consigned to the care of Joseph Paquet. Only 200 more Eastern brook trout have been allotted to the state association by the United States Fish Commission.

Tim Townsend, who has been confined in the Grant County jail for several months awaiting trial on a charge of horse-stealing, was let out on bonds last Wednesday.

Mrs. O. R. Thomson of Astoria, chairman of a committee of the Woman's Club, assisted by Mrs. O. B. Estes, Mrs. W. J. Barry, Mrs. Z. Greenough and Mrs. D. M. Stuart, have made arrangements to secure two desirable lots in the city for the purpose of starting a permanent playground for boys. It is the intention of these ladies to make the grounds all that is desired. Parallel bars, rings, etc., will be secured for the summer months so that the boys will have a place to amuse themselves instead of playing on the streets.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

One of the most difficult pieces of engineering on record was successfully completed with the recent opening of the great Aspen tunnel on the Wyoming division of the Union Pacific Railroad. The geological formation through which the "tunnel" was cut is of a fibrous nature, chert, in the first stages of work unusually hard rock was encountered, then shale, and finally a curious formation that has been named by the excavators "sacking ground"—and right there the real difficulties of the work began. This ground, says a writer in the Engineering and Mining Journal, was very much of the nature of an old-fashioned pot of yeast, or it might be likened to an asphalt bed. As soon as air was admitted to the tunnel it swelled after the manner of quicklime, irresistiably. It was at first thought that Oregon pine beams 12 inches square would suffice; but these were literally smashed into kindling wood. Then 15 by 6 inch steel girders were tried; they were bent like wire by the enormous pressure. The action was no sudden that the men had often to run for their lives, the effect being almost like an explosion, the ground swelling up and entirely closing the tunnel. Considerable trouble was also caused by the occurrence of oil and water in the shaft. An explosion of the former caused the death of three men in 1890. The greatest depth of the tunnel below the surface is 456 feet and its highest point is 726 feet above sea level.

Dwarf plants are reported by a German chemist by a process altogether different from that of the Japanese. A secret fluid is injected near the root, the effect being to stop growth, although the plants continue unchanged and flowers are produced as usual.

The atmospheric pressure upon the surface of an ordinary man is 22,000 pounds, or over 14½ tons. The ordinary rise and fall of the barometer increases or decreases this pressure by 200 pounds.

The German government offers three prizes of \$1250, \$750 and \$500 for the three best types of wind pressure gauge. There are certain technical conditions which must be fulfilled.

For bad cases of smallpox P. Pietri, a surgeon of Nice, recommends five or six tablespoonfuls of beer yeast daily. It has proven effective without disfigurement.

Sodalite, says the Engineering and Mining Journal, is one of the deepest-colored blue violet minerals known, and is frequently mistaken for lapis lazuli. It is found at Litchfield, Me., and also occurs in some abundance in Duncannon township, Hastings County, Ontario. It is a new and promising ornamental stone, admirably adapted for mosaic work, inlaying and similar specialties.

HINTS FOR WOMEN

HOW TO TELL PERSIAN RUGS.

A great many people flatter themselves that they are able to tell a genuine Persian rug from a spurious, machine-made one by touch, but in this they deceive themselves. The best and surest way to tell a genuine from an imitation Persian rug is by the following:

If one will look closely, he will observe that in the genuine Persian rug the intricate and complicated pattern or design is not altogether symmetrical, the corresponding flowers, vines or geometrical figures of one side being a little out of line, larger or smaller, or not meeting and joining with figures on the corresponding detail on the opposite side of the rug. This is owing to the fact that in hand weaving it is impossible to obtain perfect symmetry of patterns, especially when the designs are as complicated as they are on Persian rugs. On the other hand, let one examine closely the machine-made rug, and he will find the most perfect symmetry of pattern, so much so, in fact, that the design looks positively rigid and harsh. This is a pretty safe guide, and if observed one will seldom mistake an imitation for a genuine Persian rug.

PLEADS FOR GIRL WORKERS.

The work of women and young girls in tin can factories was vividly pictured by Delegate R. A. Hart at the weekly meeting of the Chicago Federation of Labor.

"The loss of a finger or two, or sometimes a hand," he said, "is a common occurrence. Girls are daily turned out of the factories unfit for any vocation, because of their injuries. When they go out in company they keep their hands hidden, as they are ashamed to show the way they are maimed."

Mr. Hart said they rarely received any compensation for their loss and bitterly commented on people who were willing to see women treated in such a way without protest.

Resolutions were passed calling on the next Legislature to prohibit the employment of girls to run dangerous machinery. The industrial committee of the Federation of Women's Clubs will be asked to co-operate. The places where women are employed in such work were said to be:

The American Can Company, which controls the factories of Norton Bros., Maywood; the Illinois Can Company, the Hoopston factory, and at Liberty, McNell & Libby's.

President William D. Mahon of the

STREET CARMEN'S UNION

denounced local conditions among street car employes as "inhuman, a disgrace to civilization, and intolerable to American workmen." The federation pledged support to the new Street Carmen's Union.

THE NEWEST COTTON GOWNS.

The cotton gowns were never so truly lovely as this season. In Louisiana cotton, a leading model is in apple green strewn with little pink flowers. These poses are of the faintest hue.

The waist shows clusters of thinnest tucks edged with very narrow valenciennes lace. The sleeves are made with fine tucks edged with the lace to the elbow, where the fabric falls into a drooping puff.

A TASTY DISH.

Bananas fried in cream. Take as many bananas as are required and peel them. Do not cut the bananas, but leave them whole. Sprinkle them lightly with salt and then roll each one separately in flour. For six bananas put a gill of cream in a medium-sized frying pan over the fire. When the cream bubbles put in the bananas, and as soon as they are slightly brown on one side turn them and let them cook till a light golden brown all over.

SALADS.

Remove the tops from six green peppers and scoop out the seeds; roll the cavities with grape-fruit pulp, finely-chopped celery and English walnut meat, using two parts of grape-fruit to one part of celery and three halves of walnut meats to each pepper. Equal quantities of grape-fruit pulp, finely-chopped celery and chopped apple also make an excellent salad. Toss lightly together, mix with mayonnaise and fill into halved grape-fruit skins.

FOR THE NERVES.

Never go to bed faint and hungry if you are exterminating wrinkles. A cup of tomato bouillon, a cup of hot lemonade or some toast and hot lemonade will send you to sleep comfortably, giving your nerves something to work on throughout the night.

In place of taking three meals a day it is often better for them to take five. The English fashion of 4 or 5 o'clock tea is very sensible. Two of these five repasts should be very light ones.

GOSSIP FROM WASHINGTON

WASHINGTON, June 15.—By sleeping in a private car every night Senator Chauncey M. Depew is able to lead a dual, and almost a triple, life. When the Senator retires at midnight it is not in the old Corcoran home on H street; but it is in a very comfortable and commodious bed in a very luxurious and well-appointed private car on a sidetrack near the Pennsylvania railroad station. That is where his coachman drives after the dinner or theater engagement. He wakes up in New York, a 10-minute drive from his office. Nine o'clock sees him answering the mail and attending to the business of C. M. Depew, railroad man and lawyer. If there is a vote on the Philippine bill or a debate on forest reserves or election of Senators by the people, the junior Senator from New York is in his seat in the afternoon. He can be there by 2 or 4 o'clock, which is quite sufficient for the occasion. Then there is time to dress and partake of a light repast, and the affable, engaging dinner-out and raconteur, Chauncey M. Depew, is ready to frivo and to crack jokes as if society were the only thing in the world. Then the train, then the office, then the Senate, and then the dinner again. A busy man is the Senator.

A horrible blow at the summer resorts is contained in a pamphlet just out by the Agricultural Department. Our learned friend, Professor L. A. Howard, main bugologist for the Government, has taken a crack at country life in the summer, which is nothing more nor less than a "sockdolager." He says when it comes to typhoid and malaria there is no place for it like the country. The farm, with its rich, fresh milk, and its found air, is a hotbed of germs and the breeding-place of disease. That very milk, so prized by dwellers in town, is just alive with the wigglers that get into one's insides and make merry until the funeral.

And worse than the milk with its typhoid, is the rural mosquito. For the malaria mosquito dwells in the country. The city mosquito is a comparatively well-behaved individual; he is out for blood like his country cousin, but he does not make war with poisoned weapons. In the country, and a Culex comes humming round, and succeeds in jabbing his proboscis into one's cuticle, one might just as well lie down and begin to take quinine, for the beast has vaccinated his victim with the

STILL THERE.

Million Dollar Mines Not Abandoned by Owners.

"I had a lot of old mining stocks in the house," said a Detroitor, who invests in most anything to oblige a friend, "and when I went West last fall I took along a list of them. One day in a Nevada town, I asked a real estate man if he had ever heard of the Red Bird mine.
 "Certainly—I used to own half of it," he replied.
 "What became of it?"
 "Well, it's the well in my back yard today, and a good one it makes. There was no extra charge for it when I bought the place. It's the only \$2,000,000 well in town."
 "And what about the Lone Tree mine?"
 "The Lone Tree? Oh, that hole has long been used to bury dead Chinamen in. Makes a \$3,000,000 tomb for them, and the critters are almost glad to die."
 "And the Blue Hill mine?" I continued.
 "The Blue Hill? Let me see? Why, I believe some saloon keeper over at the Hills is using it for a cellar. It keeps his beer cool the year-round without ice. Makes a nice little cellar for a million dollars."
 "There is one more, I want to ask about the American Eagle mine. Per-

haps you have heard of it?"
 "You have come to the right man, sir. That was my \$4,000,000 pet mine. Yes, sir, I helped to sink that shaft myself, and it was honest work. We put it down at least six feet while floating the stock."
 "Ever raise any ore?"
 "Not an ounce."
 "And no dividends were ever paid?"
 "Not a penny."
 "And what finally became of the mine?"
 "It's right back of the livery stable over there, and the man keeps his feed in it. The Colcoanda is up the street and is used for a dump, while the None Such is down the street, and is used for a town loquat. The Nonpareil is over on that hill, the Monte Christo just to the left of that grove, and the Bottom Dollar."
 "But I had heard enough," said the Detroitor, "and I came home and traded all my shares for a rat trap with two doors, and made a big bargain at that."
 Detroit Free Press.

His Profession.

Coakley-Benders seems pretty prosperous. Apparently he has no difficulty in making both ends meet.
 "Coakley-Benders and it's all because of his ability to do it so well."
 Coakley—Do what so well?
 Coakley—Make both ends meet; he's a contentmentist.—Philadelphia Press

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Gems From New Books.
 A thousand times better are the men who do than the "wastings" who only know—"God Wills It."
 Nature works, not for man's enjoyment, but for her own satisfaction and her own glory—"Our National Parks."
 Time has kinder uses for his scythes than cutting short human lives. His chief use of it is to cut off the tops of human memories—"The Usurper."
 It is as bad to slave at work as to slave at pleasure. But God may forgive what people cannot help—"Lasarre."
 Lovers of love are not lovers only. They are artists in emotion, always in quest of a still more subtle sensation, a joy more intense, a grief more bitter, and are unable to remain faithful to a monotonous fidelity, a tender constancy—"The Screen."
 To really enjoy the holidays one should have money, uncounted money, in a cool suitcase, let us say, with a convenient little fire-shovel close at hand—"The Last of the Knickerbockers."
 I've burned out the candle of the Lord's mercy, and I'm blown the ashes in his face—"The Sign of the Prophet."
 Martyrdom, the apotheosis of resignation, comes more naturally to women than to men, more hardily to men than to women.—Count Hannibal.
 The object of all government is to destroy the necessity of any government by developing such a public conscience that no other force than that of conscience will be needed to protect the rights of man—"The Rights of Man" (Lyman Abbott).
 In some matrimonial waters are the kind of fish that swallow the bait but leave the hook untouched.—By Brub Allen.
 If you would have a noble son, be a noble father.—"144 New Epigrams."
 A woman never does care for her own soul so much as she cares for the man she loves. But if she is good she cares for his soul more than for his happiness.—"The Alien."
 France is afflicted with a new vine disease, caused by the Coepophagus echinops, which has heretofore been confined to California, Chili and Australia.

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