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PORTLAND, ORE., JUNE 26, 1902. AN OCEAN PORT.

Can Portland use the seaport at Astoria without injury and with benefit to her commercial supremacy? This is the question that Sidney Dell has been discussing in a series of strong and clean-cut articles for two weeks in The Journal.

That Harriman will not make Portland his principal terminus on this Coast until his cars can meet the 3,000 ton ships needed in the Oriental commerce; that a sea dredger can soon enable him to do this at Astoria; that a common point on exports for Astoria, needed for that purpose, cannot hurt Portland, except to the extent of the loss of the trade of the grain ships, a loss that is offset by the gain in the added value to the wheat product in the region tributary to Portland's merchants; that the focusing of the railways on Portland with Astoria as the shipping point will prevent Astoria from becoming a commercial rival of Portland, because of the resulting differential on local freights; that this use of Astoria's seaport will secure the Oriental trade for Portland, will focus immigration on this basin; will develop the manufacturing trade with the Orient at Oregon City, and, in a word, will give Portland the benefit of a double port with assured commercial supremacy on this Coast—these in brief, are the propositions made by Mr. Dell in his articles.

The Journal would like some one or more Portlanders, competent to the task, to take up these letters of Mr. Dell's and show their fallacy, if fallacious they be. If he is correct, Portland is standing in her own light not to take the position that the mouth of the Columbia is her own seaport and not merely Astoria's private snap. Let some one take up this discussion with Mr. Dell. He has challenged the discussion. His views, as presented, deserve attention. The Journal has published them to elicit a full discussion of what seems to be a most important problem for Portland. Who will speak out?

THE VOTE FOR SENATOR. Governor Geer's majority for United States Senator in the state is about 12,000, nearly as much as Mr. Crawford's and more than Mr. Whitney's. He received a larger vote than did Mr. Furnish, although the friends of other senatorial candidates did not vote for him. Indeed, the leaders of the opposition to him, in Multnomah County, especially, openly voted for Mr. Wood, an actual and confessed scuttler.

Mr. Wood's vote in Multnomah County was 676, which was more than that cast for either Raley, Wann, Blackman, Sears or Bonham. He ran ahead of every candidate on the Democratic state ticket save only Mr. Geer, whose vote exceeded his by about 500, and yet the Governor carried Multnomah County by 547 majority.

A few days before the election our esteemed morning contemporary declared that the Governor hoped to get more votes for Senator than Mr. Furnish would for Governor, but added that he would not get them. After the election the same paper said the Governor's vote was "indeed quite large, but it is without significance." If Mr. Geer's vote had been "quite small what a lot of space would have been necessary every day to show that it was very significant, as showing where the Governor stood in the estimation of the people.

The Journal is not advocating any man's election to the Senate, but with this immense vote for the Governor, freely given according to the law passed by those who have been opposed to him, and which will be declared to the assembled Houses before beginning to vote for United States Senator, it will be interesting to see members who profess to have a high regard for the popular will, flounder about for excuses to justify votes for some man who has been selected by the usual legislative methods.

Awful Punishment. "How did you queer yourself with the French girl?" "I asked her to go to the German with me."

Convincing Proof. May—"I had no idea before last night that Mr. Fisher was a man of such lofty ambitions and exalted ideas." "How did you find it out?" "He proposed to me."—Harper's Bazaar.

FOR TARNISHED PURSES. The disadvantage of the beaded purses and bags is that they tarnish so easily and become shabby and rusty looking, especially if exposed to sea air.

BOILED ASPARAGUS. Two or three bunches of fresh (or one can) asparagus, six slices or toast, one-half cup butter, two tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one lemon sliced, four or five brittle leaves of lettuce, salt and pepper to taste. If the asparagus be fresh, it should be slightly boiled, if canned, allow it to drain for an hour before using; toast the bread a light brown and butter well. Place the asparagus in the old-fashioned toaster, or the charcoal pan, and broil a deep brown (it must be watched carefully); when browned, place on the toast, cover with drawn butter, garnish with lettuce and lemon.

DEATH OF LADY HODGSON. There is a note of keen pathos in the news of the passing of Sir Arthur and Lady Hodgson, after their 68 years of life together. Lady Hodgson, who lived at Clifton, in Stratford-on-Avon, a few days ago, was a daughter of Sir James Dowling, who was Chief Justice of New South Wales for a long period in the latter half of last century. Arthur Hodgson, a son of the Vicar of Rickmansworth, had served for a few years as a midshipman on the old Canopus, when Sydney struck him as a good place at which to say good-bye to the sea. In 1811 he boldly married the Chief Justice's daughter and carried her away with him up through the then wild bush, up the Hunter Valley, over the Moony Ranges, through the passes of "New England, and out on the Darling Downs in Queensland, where the young couple made a home among the blacks.

Eton Vale, called after Sir Arthur's old school, soon became one of the best-known pastoral properties on the famous Darling Downs, and its owner was a power in the land long before Queensland was cut away from New South Wales and erected into a separate colony in 1859. Sir Arthur was sent to the new Parliament at Brisbane as a matter of course, and held ministerial office on several occasions before he gave up work and returned home to settle down with his wife at Stratford-on-Avon. He went to London in 1882 to represent the then infant colony of Queensland at the Universal Exhibition. For five years in succession he was Mayor of Shakespeare's town, and six years ago was appointed high steward of the town, an office that he still holds.

The story has already been told of Sir Arthur Hodgson's encounter with bush-rangers in the early days in Queensland. The gang that stuck the popular squatter up on his way home to Eton Vale from Brisbane did not know who he was at the time, and they relieved him of his pocketbook, watch and the thoroughbred that he was riding. When the chief of the bush-rangers heard of the affair he ordered immediate restitution, and one morning Sir Arthur was gratified to find his horse quietly grazing in his home paddock, with pocket-book and watch found his neck, and a handsome apology attached. The seasoned bush-rangers regarded it as likely to bring them bad luck if they did any harm to the hospitable owner of Eton Vale.

WITH THE JOKERS. Now, as to the Panama hat. Be comforted by the sober Reflections that it will be out of style before the month of October. —Chicago News.

EXCLUSIVE. First American Boy—My papa lives like a Prince. Second American Boy—That's nothing. My papa lives like the President of a trust.—Detroit Free Press.

EXCLUSIVE. Ping—Are Mrs. De Style's entertainments very exclusive? Pong—Well, I should say so! She has just made application to have the conversation of her guests copyrighted.—Baltimore Herald.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS. "So you want to marry my daughter? What are your expectations?" "We expect to elope if you refuse your consent to our marriage, and we expect forgiveness when we get back. Then we expect you to make us an allowance."—Pearson's Weekly.

A DAY LATE. Employer—You are not satisfactory, Johnnie, and I give you notice that I will discharge you at the end of the week. Office Boy—Aw, why didn't you say that before the ball game yesterday!—Ohio State Journal.

TO FOOL HUBBY. Mrs. Gay—But I told you to itemize the bill. The Miller—The bill I sent you on the first was itemized; every item was there. Mrs. Gay—Gracious! You don't understand me. I want you to send only one item each month, or my husband will never pay it.—Philadelphia Press.

Some Southern Sarcasm. The Southerner is growing sensitive over Northern criticism of his treatment of the negro, as the following bit of sarcasm—which is none too mordant, by the way—from the Southeast Missourian, of New Madrid, will demonstrate: "Whereas, in the city of Chicago, Ill., a few days ago, some negro workmen who were quietly pursuing their vocations, were set upon by some brutal avocates and nearly beaten to death; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the citizens of New Madrid, Mo., in mass meeting assembled, do hereby denounce these outrages as inhuman and brutal, and do hereby appoint a committee to solicit funds and subscriptions to employ counsel to assist in suing the said city of Chicago for damages on account thereof. Be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Southeast Missourian, and to the Chicago papers, and that this town pray for the enlightenment, uplifting and salvation of Chicago." One of Depew's. Senator Depew, who left yesterday for Europe, told a good story before he departed. According to Mr. Depew, there was a stuttering citizen of New York who announced his intention of entering the ministry.

"How can you expect to be a successful preacher with your stammer?" he was asked by a friend. "The Lord will," said the friend, "the Lord may put them in, but He will have to send somebody to pull them out."—Washington Post.

FOR TARNISHED PURSES. The disadvantage of the beaded purses and bags is that they tarnish so easily and become shabby and rusty looking, especially if exposed to sea air. The following recipe is said to be a restorative for dingy or rusty gold or steel beads, and is also magical in its effects when applied to gold or tinsel embroidery: Burn alum, pound it fine and sift through coarse muslin. Apply with a soft brush, dry.

BOILED ASPARAGUS. Two or three bunches of fresh (or one can) asparagus, six slices or toast, one-half cup butter, two tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one lemon sliced, four or five brittle leaves of lettuce, salt and pepper to taste. If the asparagus be fresh, it should be slightly boiled, if canned, allow it to drain for an hour before using; toast the bread a light brown and butter well. Place the asparagus in the old-fashioned toaster, or the charcoal pan, and broil a deep brown (it must be watched carefully); when browned, place on the toast, cover with drawn butter, garnish with lettuce and lemon.

STORIES OF THE HOUR. Alexander Stephen Toomey, of Pueblo, Colo., recalled to a party of Western friends the other evening, in the Imperial Hotel cafe, an incident in the campaign of State Senator Sullivan. The Senator gave an account of his stewardship at a large open-air meeting, and then invited his constituents to a barbecue at the place on the 10th of September. One little Irishman in the crowd dissented vigorously to the proposition. Senator Sullivan expressed surprise, and asked why he objected. "Well, sorr," he answered, "I would remind you that the 10th of September falls on Friday, and the lift of the Democratic party don't eat mate on a Friday."

Appleton Morgan, president of the Shakespeare Society, is fond of saying "as slow as Philadelphia." Recently a friend from the Quaker City took him to task in this fashion: "You have no right to say that, for with the possible exception of New York, Philadelphia is as lively as any other city in the country."

"You don't say so?" exclaimed the man who can cite the renowned William on any and every subject. "Here is a personal experience to prove to the contrary: Over a year ago I read an advertisement of a Philadelphia bookseller who offered a rare French volume which I desired. I sent him the price without delay and waited anxiously for the book. At the end of a week I sent a postal card of inquiry. Two weeks passed, and still no book. I wrote again, but received no answer. Finally I gave up in despair. Imagine my surprise last week when there came a letter from the bookseller. 'Your money and postal card received,' he wrote. 'Sorry to keep you waiting, but a friend of mine is reading the book. You shall have it as soon as he gets through.'"

A conductor on a Broadway car had refused to take a transfer the other day on the ground that it was too long after the hour punched. The passenger was politely told that under the rules he could not accept the transfer, and that he would have to pay his fare or leave the car. "I'll not pay and I'll not leave the car," said the passenger savagely. "I'll pay for you, then," said the conductor, ringing up the fare. "I'd rather lose 5 cents than wrangle with a passenger."

This would doubtless have closed the incident had not the irate passenger seen "Abe" Hummel sitting opposite him. To him the irate one appealed to know if he was right or wrong in refusing to pay his fare. "Do you wish my legal advice?" asked Mr. Hummel, with a show of gravity. "I do."

"I never give legal advice without a fee." "Well, here's a five-dollar bill," said the passenger, peeling off a bill from a big roll, and handing it to Mr. Hummel, who promptly accepted it. "My advice is—pay your fare or get off the car."

"Is that all?" "No," replied Mr. Hummel. Then, calling the conductor and handing him the bill, he remarked: "It is certainly worth that much money to find and reward a gentlemanly conductor."

HINTS TO WOMEN. THE NEW HOSIERY. The new hosiery is very elaborate with hand embroidery and inset designs of lace which some women are clever enough to do for themselves. Black stockings with white lace inset are very smart for evening wear, but the swell thing is to have the stockings match the gown. Embroidered rose buds scattered over the entire stocking is one variety.

TAKE INTEREST IN THE CHILDREN. Take time to listen to the children, and take time to be "at home" to them as to the friendly caller, and praise as often as you can; speak cheerfully and firmly; take interest in the little things that interest them; remember them when away from home with some little letter, and with a token of remembrance when you return.

DO YOUR OWN MARKETING. Too many women leave the marketing to others less interested in the expense account of the house than themselves. A trial of personal marketing will speedily show two results that will offset any temporary inconvenience; one, a better supplied larder, and the other, a lessened monthly expenditure account. A routine menu, consequently, one of a distasteful character, follows ordering from the kitchen, for many of the market's offerings are overlooked by the woman who allows herself to lose personal acquaintance with the changing season's supplies.

THE DAINTY GIRL. Miss Dainty is spick and span from her well-kept, shining head to her well-shod feet. She would not be seen with a pair of run-down heels or knotted shoestrings when the heels may be straightened for a few pennies and fresh strings be purchased for a dime.

Her belongings are always perfection. She keeps her gloves spotless with gasoline, which, being a sensible woman, she uses with discretion.

A WAY TO SERVE BANANAS. Bananas are good enough in their ordinary simplicity, but some persons there are who like bananas made into a sort of scallop in this way: Cut half a dozen bananas into half-inch slices. Cut some bread into small pieces and place a layer of these in the bottom of a pudding dish. Add a layer of bananas, two tablespoonful of sugar and one tablespoonful of lemon juice. Put over the top of a tablespoonful of melted butter and sprinkle lightly with sugar. Bake half an hour in a quick oven.

effects when applied to gold or tinsel embroidery: Burn alum, pound it fine and sift through coarse muslin. Apply with a soft brush, dry.

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THE JOURNAL SHORT STORY

A room in India—in the Madras Presidency, to be exact. Unmistakably a bachelor's room, and in it a tall, good-looking young fellow in the act of filling his pipe from a bowl on the table. "Stop that, I say!" a voice rang out sternly, imperiously. "Leave that tobacco alone!"

Ralston raised himself from his stooping posture over the table and turned toward the doorway. "Oh, say, Martyn, I'd smoked half a pipe, and thought you'd not mind my helping myself," he said, half slyly, half apologetically. "I've been waiting for you for the last hour or more."

Martyn walked into the room, a genial smile on his usually rather stern face. "My dear old chap!" he exclaimed; "you're welcome to all the contents, if you wish them, of the 'boxey tin over there on the shelf, but the tobacco in this jar is mixed with cobra poison, and I had you better stop at once to prevent your touching it. I was only just in time, for you've no plaster on that cut you gave yourself the other day, and I've no fancy for your sudden death, to be laid on my account!"

"Cobra poison!" ejaculated Ralston, askance. "Why the dickens do you mix tobacco with it?" "Well," replied the elder man, slowly, "it's the other way about. I mix my tobacco with cobra poison. To tell you the truth, ever since I came out here I've been possessed with the idea—perhaps it's a presentiment—that some day I'll be bitten by one of those hideous brutes, and a few moments ago my punkah-wallah—that intelligent cove he's—told me that if you smoke tobacco mixed with cobra poison you will then perfectly immune from their sting. At least, that's what he assured me was the case. The result is I've been smoking it ever since."

"Jolly good thing for you if he's right and you ever do get bitten," Ralston remarked. "But I shouldn't care to try the dodge myself." "I say," he added, "I came round with a message from Mrs. Murray—just been there, you know. She wants us both to dine there tonight. I accepted for you as well as for myself, as I knew you'd nothing on. I thought you wouldn't mind."

"Well, of all the—," the young fellow rattled on, in no way belying the nickname of "Chatterbox," by which he was known among his intimates. "And I say, Martyn, Murray's youngest sister and a friend arrived yesterday. She's an awfully pretty girl—the sister, I mean—golden hair and big blue eyes, and all that sort of thing, don't you know. Would never have guessed an ugly chap like Murray would have a pretty sister, would you? And the friend is not bad looking, either; now I come to think of it," he continued, "in the dark, stately style, don't you know. Her husband's Major Scott of the 51st, and was ordered to the front last month—lucky beggar. Funny thing, rather, for her to have come out here just now, don't you think? Would have thought she'd have gone to the Cape if she'd been so eager for a trip. She won't get the news half so regularly, or if she'd remained in London. Wonder if they're on good terms?"

"There, Chatterbox, do shut up!" cried Martyn, good humoredly. "If you don't look out, old man, you'll end by developing into a regular garrison scandal-monger."

Harry Ralston flushed hotly. Guy Martyn leisurely dressed himself, and before long was being introduced by his fair hostess to a fair vision of white in muslin, the while he mentally indulged Harry Ralston's remarks upon the surpassing beauty of Miss Murray, whose golden hair and blue eyes formed a quite startling contrast to the saturnine plateness of her ugly but good-hearted brother, the popular surgeon of the 22d.

"The clock within chimed the hour, and she turned a white face in the direction of the sound. "Listen!" she whispered, with white lips; "by the time it strikes the quarter you will have to leave me forever."

"Winifred, my dear love," he cried, triumphantly, "look at me: don't be afraid. Cobra poison cannot affect me. Thanks to my punkah-wallah, I've inoculated myself against it. My life is all before me. Tell me what you will make it worth living—that you love me."

The sun was setting in a flood of golden light, the cloudless sky full of a glory that seemed to be reflected in the faces of the two lovers as they stood together on the shaded veranda, supremely happy in each other; silent at first with the shadow of the terrible "might have been" hovering over them.

"Are you quite sure you are safe, Guy?" Winifred had asked, tremulously, "trusting, when he had explained how he had become inoculated to the poison, Dr. Murray was telling me only last night that there is practically no hope of saving life after a cobra sting."

"The best proof is that I am alive now," he laughed, "and never felt better in my life. But it was only after the clock within had chimed forth the quarter that she felt she might indeed lay hold of her new found happiness with both hands, and that it would not slip from her grasp."

The clock chimed the hour once more: as the last stroke died away a dull look suddenly crept into Guy's gray, keen eyes. "I feel rather tired, dearest," he said, as he sank down in the low chair in which she had been writing her Cape letters—was it weeks ago?

"It has been a foretaste of heaven," he muttered; "too good to last—the cobra punkah-wallah wrong, and the words died away in a whisper as the numbness of death enveloped him. When the others returned from the club later on, the evil-looking cobra, with its neck broken, the dead man lying back in the low chair, the girl kneeling at his feet, fallen forward in a merciful unconsciousness—all told their own tragic tale."

he stopped for a moment to greet her. "Such a pity, Winifred had too had a headache to come," the girl went on. "I left her in the side veranda with the blinds drawn down."

Ten minutes later, saw Guy walking round to a side veranda of Dr. Murray's bungalow. He turned the corner of the bungalow with some hesitation, but was rewarded with the sight of partially drawn blinds, and within, seated in a low chair, Winifred Scott, busily scribbling letters on a writing board. She lifted her head at the sound of his footsteps, a glad light leaping into her eyes.

"Why, Mr. Martyn, how is it you are not doing duty at the club?" she asked gayly, leaning back and looking up at him as he approached. "I heard you had a headache," he responded, rather lamely, "and I was wondering if it were better."

"Then you have seen him? Thank you," she smiled, "the headache is nearly a thing of the past, and I've just been trying to make up for lost time," glancing at the half-written pages on her lap. "It is mail day, tomorrow, and I must finish my African letter tonight, as we are going to ride early in the morning, you know."

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Golf Tournament.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., June 23.—Representatives from all the leading golf clubs of Minnesota were present today at the opening of the state championship tournament on the links of the Minnetonka Club. The play continues three days. The large and representative attendance and the prominence of officials and players displayed in the opening round give promise of one of the most successful meets ever held in the West.