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PORTLAND, ORE., JUNE 27, 1902

DRAW THE LINE WHERE?
Every rational person inveighs against the anarchists, and desires that they be eliminated from our social body.

WITH THE JOKERS.
FACTS IN THE CASE.
Mrs. Gayboy (who is not a prize beauty)—A friend of mine says you only married me for money. Is it true?

ON THE VERANDA.
"I know your mouth is so sweet," said the young man, gazing in rapture at her pretty red lips.

COULDN'T FOOL HIM.
Old Gayboy—Thomas!
The Butler—Yesir.

VERY USEFUL.
"Ye," remarked the chief of detectives, "I think it is a good thing that there are such things as dime novels and cigarettes."

THROUGHOUT THE STATE.
John Hosen, the 17-year-old son of John Hosen, of Green Point, near Oregon City, was kicked by a horse and suffered frightful injuries, his face being crushed beyond recognition.

REMOVE THOSE OIL TANKS.
The agent of the Standard Oil Company urges that there is no particular danger from the presence of immense tanks of oil and oil products in the center of the city.

MILK SHOULD BE INSPECTED.
The question is not as to the exact details of the proposed milk inspection ordinance, whether they are ideal or not. The question is as to the inspection of milk according to SOME ordinance.

When Sylvia Sprays the Lawn.
When Sylvia in the morning takes the spouts garden hose

Reason Enough.
What reason is there for the notion that it is especially unlucky to marry in May?

CLEVER AMERICAN WIFE.

Romance in the Life of Chinese Minister at Paris.
More than one evidence has been given in recent years that China is at last emerging from the isolation of oriental tradition. Western men and women have carried western ideas into the empire, and the work of occidentalizing it has made rapid strides.

For the wife of the Chinese minister is the daughter of a Yankee father and a Chinese mother, and his children speak English in preference to Chinese, yet he is still held in high esteem by his government and has not suffered in any way for his union with foreign blood.

They are thoroughly westernized and have even been given American names. During the recent strained diplomatic relations Yu Keng and his family appeared very little in public.

They amused themselves with excursions, amateur photography and private theatricals. In the theatricals the children proved themselves unusually clever.

Before his government sent him to Europe he was minister of war during the unpleasantness with Japan and was afterward ambassador to the Flowery Kingdom.

Lady Yu Keng is the daughter of Mr. Pearson of Boston, who lived in China for years and married a Chinese lady of high family.

The table, dress, speech and entire mode of life of the Yu Kengs is now thoroughly western.

The Chinese costume is worn only on public occasions. The son is his father's private secretary, and when, on official duty, he is forced to wear oriental dress, he has to resort to a wig to complete his "make-up."

WITH THE JOKERS.

FACTS IN THE CASE.

Mrs. Gayboy (who is not a prize beauty)—A friend of mine says you only married me for money. Is it true?

Gayboy—Certainly not, dear. It may seem improbable, but I really and truly married you for love.—Denver Post.

ON THE VERANDA.

"I know your mouth is so sweet," said the young man, gazing in rapture at her pretty red lips.

"And why?" she whispered.

"Because your teeth are preserved." And for the compliment she gave him an even dozen kisses.—Omaha News.

COULDN'T FOOL HIM.

Old Gayboy—Thomas!

The Butler—Yesir.

Old Gayboy—If my wife asks for me this evening tell her I'm detained at the office!

The Butler—Yesir. But in case anybody else should ask, what will I tell them?—Chicago News.

VERY USEFUL.

"Ye," remarked the chief of detectives, "I think it is a good thing that there are such things as dime novels and cigarettes."

"You do?" asked the surprised caller.

"Yes, because if it were not for them we would have some trouble in attributing the cause of youthful degeneracy."—Washington Star.

THROUGHOUT THE STATE.

John Hosen, the 17-year-old son of John Hosen, of Green Point, near Oregon City, was kicked by a horse and suffered frightful injuries, his face being crushed beyond recognition.

Recently the four-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Rorick, residing near The Dalles, met with an accident that cost him the loss of two fingers.

Mr. Rorick was unloading hay with a derrick fork and the child, who was playing near by, got his hand caught in the rope, mangleing is terribly.

Emory Ingham, aged about three years, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Ingham, of Eugene, while playing on the porch, fell to the ground, a distance of about eight feet, and sustained serious injuries. Doctors found that the collar bone had been torn loose from the breast bone, and that it had been fractured in the middle.

Miss Adella Le Roy, a weak-minded daughter of J. Le Roy, was adjudged non compos mentis Tuesday afternoon at Astoria and ordered to be sent to the insane asylum. She is 40 years of age.

When Sylvia Sprays the Lawn.

When Sylvia in the morning takes the spouts garden hose

And flutters to the verdant spot in front.

She has a monstrous sun-hat set to shield her piquant nose

While busy with that world-refreshing stunt.

Then woe to the pedestrian who doesn't watch and dodge

When Sylvia sprays the lawn in front of where she's known to lodge.

When Sylvia holds the nozzle pointed out toward the street.

And looks at the geraniums near by, There's danger on the sidewalk—O you never saw the beast!

For Sylvia has a wondrous wandering eye.

Then dodge like all creation when you pass the pretty place

Where Sylvia sprays the verdancy with such consummate grace?

O many a stenographic job has fallen to the lot.

Of that particular angel who records the sin that is most common when humanity gets hot—

The habit of employing naughty words—And all because Sylvia, with her careless little way

When she takes out the garden hose and lets the nozzle play.

—E. W. Gillian, in Los Angeles Herald.

A SURGICAL CURIOSITY.

George Burns, aged 23 years, who lives in New York, and is now visiting a brother in Buffalo, is a living curiosity of surgery. He is a veteran of the Civil and Mexican Wars.

Mr. Burns entered Bellevue Hospital, New York, January 6, 1901, and submitted to operations, being discharged March 11 of the same year. The operations to which he submitted have left him with but a small portion of the bones with which nature endowed him.

Loss of the entire bony vault of the skull, the top of his head and the entire left side down to the ear being covered with a silver plate. Five ribs were removed by the surgeons from the left side, and a portion of his right hip has also been removed.

Mr. Burns appears to be robust and healthy and is tall and stout. A curious thing about him is in relation to the missing knee cap of the right leg. It is shifted around and is located on the calf of the leg.

Mr. Burns says that he never complains of anything and he never worries, no matter what the doctors say they have got to take out of him. He can walk unassisted, but he uses a cane.

He entered the Navy in 1864 and went on the old schooner Hartford. He also served on the new Hartford and the Keewauque and other vessels. He was Chief Engineer of one of the ships of Admiral Porter's Mississippi squadron in 1864, during the Red River expedition.

He was sent to Washington, and from there to Philadelphia, where Dr. D. Hayes Agnew fringed the skull in the University of Pennsylvania. He was 17 months in the hospital and spent seven months on a rubber mattress before he recovered. He had previously been in several engagements, and at Shiloh he received the bullet in his breast. He left the United States navy after serving about 20 years, and afterward became a member of two Arctic expeditions, one of which started out on the search for the Jeannette.

Off the Canadian shore about six years ago he met with an accident and was crushed in machinery, and 37 pieces of bone were taken from his body. In spite of all his misfortunes he says his health is good. Two years ago there was a slight parting of two of the plates of his skull and then he suffered epileptic fits. In the postoffice in New York he fell in one of these fits and he knew nothing more till he came to consciousness in Bellevue hospital. The plate in his skull was broken and a new plate had to be made for him.

HINTS TO WOMEN

TO REDUCE THE FLESH.

The best remedy for obesity is a system of diet and exercise, for it is a system entirely devoid of danger and does not depend for success upon the use of drugs.

It is necessary, however, that the regimen of reduction should be faithfully and uninterruptedly followed, and it requires more time and patience than many persons are willing to give.

Little food should be taken, no more than is absolutely necessary to health and comfort, and all fat-making and sweet foods should be entirely avoided.

Walking, bicycling, horseback exercise, swimming and gymnastics should be indulged in as much as possible.

TO CLEANSE THE PORES.

A thorough steaming of the face is good occasionally, say once in ten days. The method of procedure is as follows: Hold the face over a basin of hot water and keep in the steam with a towel which covers the head and basin, forming a sort of hood.

After steaming for five or ten minutes, wash the face well with warm water. The soap and warm water do the work of cleansing; cold water closes the pores and gives tone so that the skin is not too sensitive to the effects of heat or wind.

GARDEN PARTIES AGAIN.

Garden parties are one of the revivals of social distractions this season, and they have a wide significance in the fashion world, as they demand special costumes of a very dressy order.

They are not a genuine revival, perhaps, as they have never gone out of fashion; but it is certain already that they are to be reanimated, so to speak, and inspired with new life and interest, which will multiply the needs for artistic summer gowns to a marked degree.

ASPARAGUS SALAD.

As a salad asparagus is considered by many in its best guise. In this way it may be either simply served with a French dressing or combined with shrimps, with green peas or potatoes. As it is not particularly nice when warmed over, any that is left from a meal should be utilized in this way.

Maintained while still warm with a simple French dressing, and when cold packed in ice and salt and frozen, it will be found very cooling.

TO CLEAN BLINDS.

To clean window blinds spread on a table and rub all over with bread crumbs. If the blind is very generally grimy and not really very badly soiled or stained, this treatment will make it look quite clean and fresh again, and it will not be pulled out of shape, as blinds often are in the process of washing or ironing.

THE LATEST FAD IN GLOVES.

A novelty in hand coverings this season is lace thread gloves with portrait tops. The glove is usually a white one, and the portrait appears near the edge of the glove top, leaving a margin of white. The photographing is well done, and the effect is odd but attractive.

THE JOURNAL SHORT STORY

BY ROLAND BEVERLY HALE.

"How do you do, Katy? Is Miss Mary at home?"
Katy thought she was, but was not sure. She would go and see. While she was gone David Carpenter sat down and thought over for the twentieth time the good fortune which had come to him that day. He felt like a boy who had won a pocketful of marbles.

"Well, Mary, I've got my wooden bowl at last!" he cried, as Miss Owen came into the room.
"What do you mean?" Mary paused half way between him and the door.
"I mean that I'm corporation counsel for the B. & F., with a salary of \$1,000 a year."

"I'm sorry to hear it," said Mary.
David's smile disappeared. He felt that he had asked for a fish and had been given a stone.

He tried to smile again, and looked vexed instead.
"That's a kind thing to say," he observed.
"Whatever I mean in this," said Mary, her large grey eyes looking steadily at her old friend. "There's no fear that you won't succeed in time. You're the most talented man I ever saw, except Edward Calthorp, whom you affect to despise so much. But I don't think you've had trials enough yet. Why you'll never know what it is to struggle with poverty any more; that's a pity, a great pity. You see, I'm perfectly frank."

"I certainly don't think you've been over anxious to spare my feelings," Mary smiled. She had large features and very expressive ones. When she smiled it was as much as two ordinary smiles.

"Nonsense," she said. "What good does it do to spare each other's feelings? We were put into this world to help each other along, not to tell each other we'd gone far enough already."

"You don't approve of a kindly slap on the back once in a while?"
"Yes, when a man's down. But you're up."

"I'm not up now."
There was a pause. The pleasant light was gone from David's rather dangerous looking eyes.

He had a face that looked as if it had been chiseled out of granite. As he leaned forward and spoke to Mary, a child might have seen that the B. & F. would get their money's worth in a man like that.

"To tell you the truth, Mary," he said, after looking at her in silence till she wondered if she could look at him any more, "my eyes were so stern. I think you've been talking to me for a long time here happy as a boy, and wanting my old friend to wish me the joy of my new place, and in five minutes you've got me back to my hard old matter-of-fact self by saying something which you think rather fine, and which anyone can see is extremely unkind."

"I'm seldom in good spirits, and when I am I shall know where not to go. I'll tell you one of my rules of business: it's this: Don't say anything unless good is going to come of it. What good could come of your remark is something which I'm glad I haven't got to find out. You're one of my best friends, Mary, and I think you're really attached to me; but when I want sympathy I should as soon think of going out in front of the house and confiding in our old stone post."

The tears came into Mary's eyes. She was silent.
It was at this moment, perhaps, an opportune one, that Mrs. Owen came into the room.

"What, Mary, not ready for the theater yet?" she said. "It's almost 8 o'clock. Why, Mr. Carpenter, I am so glad to see you! I'm sorry we haven't an extra ticket. It looks so inopportune," and she rattled on.

Mr. Owen came in, too, and Mary went up stairs to put on her things. When she came back Mrs. Owen was still talking. David pretending to listen, and Mr. Owen reading the evening paper. Then the three theater-goers went out with more apologies, and when their footsteps died away David went out after them.

He tripped on something at the threshold and fell down the front steps, tearing his clothes. When he got up he laughed dimly at this unnecessary excess of misfortune.

"Don't be hasty in your refusal, I beg of you," said David nervously. "I'm not one of those fools who will be dancing round you after you've said you don't want me. This is once for all, Violet."

"Once for all."
David shook hands with her.
"God bless you, Violet," he said. Then he put in his hat, picked up his stick, and walked out on the street.

He felt like a drunken man who has suddenly had his head put under a pump. He was decidedly uncomfortable and yet had an indefinable feeling that good was coming of it all.

His character, stern as it was, was not one of those which are hardened by bad luck. His nature sloped toward the right. A shock, always, affected him for good, as an earthquake always sets the boulders on a mountainside rolling the same way.

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