

PORTLAND JOURNAL

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PORTLAND, ORE., JULY 1, 1902.

A RIVER OF WEALTH DAMMED

From out of Eastern Oregon and Washington will flow this fall such a river of wealth as never before came westward from the inland empire. The producers of that vast region that contributes so much to the greatness of Portland are just now harvesting a wonderful crop. They already have harvested a remarkable wool clip, sold or are ready to sell an unusual surplus of cattle, and have a great fruit crop to turn into the channels of trade. The largest degree of prosperity prevails east from the Cascades. That prosperity will communicate to Portland, unless it be that more and larger strikes afflict the social and business body of the commonwealth. This is the only cause that can be foreseen that can by any possibility intercept the most wonderful fall and winter that ever added to Portland's wealth and pre-eminence as a mart of commerce.

Portland must handle the bulk of these products that are offered to market in that inland empire. Portland roads must carry them. Portland merchants must buy them. Portland banks must furnish the capital. Portland laborers must do the work. And only the possibility of serious and more general strikes prevents all of this commercial prosperity from coming to this city.

Already the strike in the building trades has paralyzed realty values, injured the concerns that manufacture building material, lessened the volume of the retail trade, and in some manner affected every man, woman and child in this city. The people are anxious that justice be done to the laborers. They are desirous that the man who works receive what is due him. They will support now and always every movement looking toward the establishment of the right of the laborer to the portion of the return from industry that is his by right. They believe in the co-operation of laborers in unions. They have long ago accepted that as one of the demonstrated facts in our social development. But they are not willing that the laborer shall destroy prosperity nor that he shall expect that everything will be gained in a day.

In a spirit of friendship, in a spirit of fairness, in a spirit of sympathy with the man who labors for his daily bread, let the word of counsel be given not to go too far with the strike idea. Let some limit be set.

WHY NOT CUBA?

Senator Elkins, in his speech in the Senate on Monday, speaking of his resolution for the annexation of Cuba, probably voiced the sentiments of many other Senators who scarcely dare to say what they think. As a matter of fact, Senator Elkins has spoken for the whole country, and has told some truths. Cuba, as an independent republic, undoubtedly has the right to remain as she is for all time. She should steer her course along the seas of national life in what direction she chooses, and whither she will. Yet, when all the bearings of the case are considered, it is difficult to arrive at any conclusion other than that Cuba, existing as a constructive republic, will in reality be only a pretended free government with the United States actually governing her, dictating the essentials as to her relations with other countries. Deluding herself with the idea that she is free, she will be in very fact subject to the will of this country.

Perhaps the shadow of liberty is better than the substance of something else. Yet, would it not be better than the substance of something else. Yet, would it not be better that Cuba be a part of a free government than to pretend to be free and be subject to that other power? The drift, as Senator Elkins said, is undoubtedly towards larger nations, the merging of smaller peoples, in short, the centralization in government, the trust in nations, the harmony of interest idea, applied to all the countries of the earth. There are tendencies that are irresistible, and perhaps this is one of them. Perhaps Cuba is but one of many that will feel the inevitable trend.

Cuba should be welcomed to the states. She should be offered a place among us. But she should come only when she comes freely, without coercion. Cuba is

free. She has sacred rights. Let those rights be respected. Let no citizen of the United States suggest that they be infringed. But let the doors be invitingly opened; that the little republic may see inside the security and protection and greatness that await her.

BRUTALITY VS. BRAINS.

Condemnation of Joe Bailey, of Texas, for his assault upon Arthur Beyrbridge, in the United States Senate last night, will be pronounced everywhere. It should be. Whenever a man, with no grievance, in his blind fury that logic and reason offer him no excuse for the vent of his passion, uses his physical powers without warrant, he is as the brute. Yet, more accurately speaking he is not like the brute. For, be it said to the credit of the bruta, that he follows at least the instincts of nature, and offers violence only when violence is from his standpoint of existence or defense necessary. The Joe Baileys, McLaurins and Ben Tillmans should be where their talents fit them to shine—either as principals in the prize ring, or bruisers hired to eject objectionable characters from rough places. There need be no argument of reason, no excuse excepting that someone does not like a certain person to be in a certain place at a certain time. And that seems to be about all that must be in order that men of the Tillman and McLaurin and Bailey type mix up in flat fights.

THROUGHOUT THE STATE.

Mr. Booher, of Lexington, had the misfortune to get two ribs broken in a runaway last week at that place.

Work on the Lyle-Goldendale road is progressing rapidly. It is expected 200 graders will be put to work this week.

The Indians who have been picking strawberries have come to The Dalles with considerable money in their pockets, which is an inducement to unscrupulous people to sell them liquor.

Professor E. F. Farnot, of the Oregon Agricultural College at Corvallis, has gone to Washington, D. C., where he will do special work during the summer in the bacteriological laboratories in the department of agriculture. He is to be absent until autumn.

John Doerner and wife were riding after a young team of horses near Wardon last week. The horses became frightened and unmanageable and ran away. Mrs. Doerner was thrown out. Her right limb was badly broken just above the ankle, and some bones of the foot were shattered and the left thumb was dislocated.

RECENT LEGAL DECISIONS.

An interesting case has recently been decided by the Circuit Court for the district of Minnesota, involving the liability of a railroad carrying mail for the Government, for the loss of a valuable package. The case is entitled German State Bank vs. Minneapolis, St. P. & S. Ste. M. Ry. Co. (113 Federal Reporter, 416), and it is alleged that the mailing of a valuable package to the plaintiff and its carriage by the railroad company to its station where the mail sack was delivered to the company's agent, whose duty it was to safely care for the mail sack during his absence, constituted such lack of ordinary care on the part of the railroad as to make it liable for the loss. The package was registered and contained \$3000. Judge Lockren holds the railroad company owed no duty except to the Government; that it has no knowledge of the contents of mail sacks, nor as to who sent or who is entitled to receive letters; that it is not employed by such persons, and owes to them severally and personally no duty whatever.

A landowner who maintains on his property an unused building containing a water wheel is held in Ryan vs. Tovar (Mich., 65 L. R. A., 316) to be under no obligation to make the premises safe for children who have broken into the building or one who enters the building to rescue a child who has been caught and injured by the wheel.

A statute prohibiting bookmaking or pool selling at all places except upon grounds where races are to be run, and by all except licensed persons, is held, in State vs. Thompson (Mo.), 54 L. R. A., 350, not to be unconstitutional as a grant of special and exclusive rights and immunities.

A contract not to engage in the barber business in any manner in a certain town, made by the owner of a barber shop on the sale of his furniture, tools and fixtures, is held, in Pahlman vs. Dawson (Kan.), 54 L. R. A., 313, to be violated by his working as an employe in another barber shop in the town.

The Farmer's Lament. I'm gittin' weary, Molly, of our visit here in town. Though daughter's done her very best to keep homesickness down. With sixty years spent on the farm, the town don't seem to be. Fer all its gayety an' sitch, the fittest place fer me. It's true the girls is married an' the boys is gone away, An' home is sorter like ourselves—a bit run down an' gray, But still I want to git back there whar life flows slow an' sweet.

With bee-hums in the meadows an' the patridge in the wheat. I've read the volumes, Molly, my daughter's had me ready. I've gone about the city twice an' all its sights I've seen; But will you believe it—lookin' down there on the cold and slush, There comes a flood of memories an' a sort of solemn hush. I see the children rompin' round the premises once more, An' sproutin' songbirds in the yard an' roses by the door— An' then I somehow hear 'twixt me an' notes of the street, The bee-hums in the meadows an' the patridge in the wheat.

—Will T. Hale in New York Times.

HINTS FOR WOMEN

FOR THE TINY ONE. Dress them in white if your purse permits. White stockings are happily modish as well as hygienic. The simpler the hat the more effective it is. A covert cloth reofer is a convenience for cold days.

RECIPES FOR MAPLE FUDGE. Break a pound of maple sugar into bits and stir it into a pint of milk in a double boiler. Cook until lumps appear, then turn the mixture into a saucepan and boil, stirring steadily, until a little dropped into cold water becomes brittle. Stir in a heaping tablespoonful of butter, and, when this melts, pour the fudge into buttered pans and cut into squares.

TIPS ON COOKING FISH. Fish which are best suited for broiling when split open are mackerel, bluefish, shad, young cod, trout, and whitefish. Smelts, perch and small trout may be broiled whole, while halibut, salmon and swordfish broil well in steaks. Cod, haddock, whitefish, shad, bass, small salmon and bluefish may be baked whole, while the best fish for boiling are small whole cod, haddock and thick pieces of salmon, halibut and swordfish.

MESSAGE FOR THE HANDS. Scrawny hands are the sorrow of many a pretty woman and thin arms her greatest grief in life. For these message is recommended, and rest. Playing the piano is apt to make the fingers thin, and the pianist must reconcile herself to hard, bony hands. Of course, this does not apply to society players, whose hands are really improved by a little exercise, but only to those who are professionals and who spend all their time at the piano.

PINK PUDDING. Soak a package of gelatine for an hour in a cup of cold water. Mash a pint of ripe strawberries and turn upon them a cup of granulated sugar. Pour a pint of boiling water upon the gelatine, and stir over the fire until dissolved, then add the sugar and mashed berries. When the jelly is very cold whip the whites of five eggs to a stiff meringue and beat the jelly into them. Turn into a mold and set in ice to form. Serve with whipped cream.

FOR THE GIRL WITH RED ARMS. Many girls are troubled by the redness of their arms, especially at the back between the elbow and the shoulder, which is very damaging to the appearance when in evening dress. A good remedy for this is to soap the arms well every morning, using a soft flannel, and the evening to bathe them with a thin warm

BRET HARTE AS A STAGE DRIVER

Bret Harte's death recalls an incident which left its mark. Twenty years ago I was traveling in a Western stage coach very similar to that which Colonel W. F. Cody exhibits in his Wild West. My fellow-passenger had done his best to be agreeable and had succeeded. Late in the day he told me the following story: "I am afraid I have wearied you with so much talk. I confess it may have been selfish in me to have done so. But ever since a little experience I had in one of these coaches some years ago I have made up my mind to keep very much away when I have but one companion, as I have had today. "It was a stormy night that two passengers climbed inside of a coach like this, which pulled out of a California town. I was one of the passengers. The other was disposed to be sociable; but I did not meet him. I quickly discovered that he knew how to talk, and that he was no ordinary pilgrim. But I was tired. I had had little or no sleep for three nights. I took it for granted that we would be together the next day and I resolved that I would show him then that I could listen. "He seemed quite inclined, however, to be communicative. I fell asleep in the midst of several stories, which I knew were away out of the ordinary stage coach tales. But, in spite of this, I would fall asleep in the climax. When I would rouse myself my fellow-traveler would start an another story. While wondering how the previous one had ended, I fell asleep in the same way in each succeeding story. "Somewhere on the mountain road the storm passed, or we passed it, I don't know which. I remember I looked out and saw the snow was glistening on the mountain tops. Then I noticed that my companion was gone. In his place was another passenger. I recognized him at once as the driver, or he who was on the box when we left earlier in the evening. He seemed to be asleep, but I was now wide awake. I shook him. It required some effort to bring him out of his stupor. "What are you doing in here?" I asked. "He replied that he was trying to sleep, and did not know why he should not be permitted to do so. "Where is the passenger who got in here with me?" I inquired. "Drivin' up there; he knows the road," was the answer I got. "Does the company allow its drivers to turn over the reins to any passenger who comes along, and does it permit its drivers to ride in the coaches?" I asked, somewhat indignantly. "To — with the company," he replied. "The man that's out there in the box knows more about this country than the whole stage company. He's human, and that sort's scarce. Understand? When we stopped back yonder to tighten a nut he got out and gimme a hand. We'd been far yit, but fer him. When he falls to question' me, and when he finds out I ain't had no layoff in purty nigh to hours he says to me, 'Git inside that and I'll see that we git thar.' he says, 'Go in,' he says, 'or I'll leave you on the road.' So I got in. He got up. That's all that is to it. How do you like it? Ain't it skered, are you?" "I made no reply. I crouched down in my corner and closed my eyes. It was daylight in the mountains when I awoke. The sunnits were aglow with sunnshine. I was alone. They've pulled me an-

other wooden town, similar to the one we had left the night before. I got out and shook myself while the relay was being made. "Where's your partner who drove for you?" I asked the driver, who was biting off a section of long pipe. "He left me some miles back," was the reply. "Said he had to do some business for the state. Said to give you his—don't just remember what it was." "Compliments?" I inquired. "That sounds somethin' like it. Reckon you was. Said for me to give you this, when you woke up, if you ever did." "He handed me a card as he spoke. I did not recognize the name then, but I put the card away as a souvenir of the journey. Some years later, in looking over a bundle of papers, it turned up. The signature was a trifle dim, but there it was, written diagonally, 'Francis Bret Harte.' The card is under a glass paper-weight on my desk in my office in Los Angeles. Money couldn't buy it. But think of what I missed in not staying awake!"

FLUTTERING FANS. It is now a fad among fashionable women in town to own a number of small and inexpensive paper fans, hardly any of which cost over 50 cents. The principal outgo is taste, not money. In design they should be interesting and artistic, and harmonize well with the gown they accompany. The continuation of the fad is that every woman should notice and admire extravagantly the fans of her friends. The response in answer to this noble burst of enthusiasm is invariably: "It is yours." The fan should be detached by its owner from the chain and presented to the woman whose heart it has won. So at present numbers of these little fans are constantly changing their owners. It is as though a great wave of generosity has swept society. They are ubiquitous also, and are carried in the morning gloves as well as in the afternoon and evening.

Ladies are seen fanning themselves while shopping in carriages, and even in the street. Whether the well remembered hat of last summer, or a desire to ingratiate with American charm the Spanish woman's fascination with the fan, is the inspiration of this custom, still remains a question for individual settlement.

BOYS PLEASE DON'T. Carry tales among your young women acquaintances. Make flippant remarks about a girl to appear smart. Call upon a girl when you have been indulging in the rosy. Attempt to cast ridicule upon your alder for the fun of the thing. Talk on the ways of a man of means just to impress the girls. Practice a cosmography which no one can understand.

Carry around with you pictures which might offend a delicate taste. Ask questions regarding the financial standing of a girl's father when visiting her chum.

Try to be conspicuous when in company by loud talk or boisterous laughter. Philadelphia Bulletin.

Too Many Adjectives. Singleton—Congratulations, old man. I hear you are the proud and happy father of twins. Woderly—Well, I'm the father of twins, all right enough—Smart Set.

FREAK OF MEMORY

Aged Woman Goes Back in Delirium to Childhood Days.

An interesting and minute account of the freak of memory in delirium is given by a doctor in the Lancet. The patient was a woman 70 years of age, suffering from broncho-pneumonia.

This chief point of interest in this case lies in the delirium. From the night of March 7 until the evening of the 18th (when the temperature fell suddenly) she was sometimes wandering while awake and continually talking in her sleep, but when spoken to would be perfectly sensible and so long as she was engaged with one of the attendants or doctor would answer questions, etc. When the temperature fell on the 18th, she became quite delirious and remained so until the 22nd, when she gradually returned to her normal state. On the night of the 18th and on the 19th she was found to be speaking in a language unknown to those about her. It sounded as if she was repeating some poetry sometimes, or carrying on a conversation at others. She repeated the same poem-time after time. This language was found to be Hindustani. On the 19th, in the evening, the Hindustani had disappeared altogether, and she was talking to, and of, friends of a later date in English, French and German.

The patient was born in India, which country she left at the age of 3 years and landed in England, after a five months' voyage, before she was 4 years old. Up to the time she landed she had been under the care of Indian servants and spoke no English except, she eventually, on the 18th, went back in her delirium to her very earliest days when she spoke again the first language she ever heard. The poem was found to be something which the ayahs are in the habit of repeating to their children and the conversations were apparently with the native servants, one being recognized as a request that she might be taken to the bazaar to buy sweets. A lady who has lived much of her life in India and who speaks the language, translated some of the conversations which the patient carried on with her imaginary visitors.

Through the whole delirium there could be recognized a sequence. As time went on the friends she spoke of were of later date and she took events in their proper order. She apparently began at the beginning of her life, and went through it until, on March 18, she had reached the time when she was married and had her children growing up, boy and girl. It is curious that after a lapse of 55 years, during which time she had not spoken Hindustani, this language of her early childhood should be recalled in delirium. The patient now speaks English, French and German (one as fluently as the other), but although she knows a few Hindustani words she is quite unable to speak the language or put one sentence together. She says that she has no recollection (nor had she any before her illness) of ever having been able to speak Hindustani.

Bits From New Books.

"None of your new-fangled writers for me, my dear," she would protest, snapping her fingers at literature. "Why, they haven't enough sentiment to give their hero a title—and an untitled hero! I declare, I'd as lief have a plain heroine; and before you know it they'll be writing about their Sukey Sues, with pug noses, who eloped with their Bill Gates from the nearest butcher shop. Ugh! don't talk to me about them! I opened one of Mr. Dickens' stories the other day and it was actually about a chimney-sweep—a common chimney-sweep from a workhouse! Why, I really felt as if I'd been keeping low society."—Ellen Glasgow, "The Battle Ground."

The May Scribner has a story called "Indian Gift," by Cornelia Atwood Pratt, who, as a frequent visitor to St. Paul, has many friends in that city. The story is notably clever and well written.

Mr. Crockett has published a sequel to his popular novel, "The Raiders," called "The Dark of the Moon." It has been running as a serial in Harper's Weekly, where it has proved to be popular in its own way—that is, in Mr. Crockett's way.

Charles Major, who must have been surprised at his own success in "When Knighthood was in Flower," has written a new novel under the title of "Dorothy Vernon." It will be interesting to see whether the fickle public takes it up or not.

ODDS OF INFORMATION. More than 16 per cent of the population of Germany live in cities of over 100,000.

For \$129.31 first class, or \$69.71 second class, one can buy a ticket equal to a pass for a whole year on all the Swiss railways.

In honor of the forthcoming coronation the Vicar of Rye, Sussex, announces that marriages will be solemnized at his parish church without payment of the usual fees during the coronation month.

Prof. C. H. Eigenmann, of Indiana University, returned last week from Cuba, where he went to collect specimens of fish for classroom work and the museum. In his collection are 150 specimens of blind fish.

The medical laws of Australia, passed in 1901, admit to practice physicians who have taken a five-year course in medicine before a taking a degree. This debar from practice there all graduates of American medical schools.

The progress of the world is shown by the fact that the first assignment of ping-pong outfits has just reached Iceland. Now, croquet began its maddening career about 1890, and did not reach Iceland until 1891, but 20 years later.

A. Hyatt Verrill, who was recently successful in photographing the colors of fish and different tints of sea water of the West Indies, announces that he can make absolutely permanent pictures by the use of deposits of gold or silver on glass, metal, paper or wood.

A Waste of Breath. Miss Kullner—You can always tell a woman who has enjoyed the benefits of higher education, by the way she talks. Mr. Grable—Not much; you can't tell her anything; she thinks she knows it all. —Catholic Standard.

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