

PORTLAND JOURNAL.

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PORTLAND, ORE., JULY 2, 1902.

CRUX OF THE STRIKE QUESTION

The crux of the strike question is recognition of the union. The laborers contend for recognition of their unions according to their ideas. The millmen resist this demand, and assert in positive terms that they never will employ a man as a union member, but that personal qualifications shall be the determining element in all cases in which employer and employe come together.

Wages are not involved. Indeed, no just contention could be set up for higher wages. Portland laborers receive better pay than is given in the East; better, so it appears from close inquiry, than do laborers in other cities of the Pacific Coast.

When this is understood it will clarify the atmosphere. It will instruct many citizens to read the truthful statement that the leaders in the strike troubles on the part of the unions insist that no man who is not a member of a union shall be employed.

The millmen have taken determined ground. They have looked the situation in the face. They have cast their lots, and that lot is to refuse to recognize the union in the sense that only union men shall be employed. Unionism as a means for mutual improvement, as a method whereby the men shall be brought together to discuss betterment of their conditions, as a club that moves toward uplifting of its members, is pleasing to the owners of the mills. But as a compulsory organization, coercive of the laborers in compelling them to join, and of the millowners in compelling them to obey the union's behest, it is not to receive the indorsement of those who employ workers.

In stating these facts, The Journal is not for the moment taking ground for or against either party to the controversy. It is merely to place the issue squarely before the thinking people of the city, that they may predicate opinion upon no incorrect supposition, and draw conclusion from no illogical premises.

The issue goes to the very core of the whole labor and capital controversy. It is fundamental. It is basic. It is going to come up from time to time, until some settlement be effected, either as a victory for one or the other, or upon the basis of a compromise.

THE FAIR SITE AND THE FUTURE

In selecting the site for the Lewis and Clark Fair the directors should not forget to provide that the money be expended in a manner to permit the retention of at least a part of the buildings for permanent use. The Journal does not pretend to suggest what site shall be selected. There are arguments for each one of the 10 or more that are offered. Yet, in considering them, there are general principles that should be kept in mind, and one of them is that of investing the people's money so as to retain some of the value therein represented. And that may be done by providing that permanent building or buildings be planned.

Perhaps the historical idea may suggest the character of the permanent building. The Oregon Historical Society was largely instrumental in urging the Fair in response to the advancement of the project by certain citizens. And the Historical Society might be recognized in the provision that will be made for the permanency of the buildings to be erected. This would doubtless influence the action of the Legislature favorably to know that the money of the state was not to be spent merely for the uses of the few months during which the Fair is to run.

PROFESSION OF NURSING.

The Good Samaritan Hospital graduated a class of trained nurses last night, sending them out into the world to practice the arts of calling that may be dignified by denominating it a profession. The event directs attention to the fact that the occupation of nursing has developed into a something far greater than even Florence Nightingale anticipated when she inaugurated the movement that has resulted so beneficially to mankind.

The evolution of the trained nurse has gone along with the evolution of the hospital. The one created the necessity for the other. Hospitals could achieve their best results only by the aid of women who had learned something of medical science; who could attend intelligently upon the sick; who could act in emergencies; and who were in a large sense secondary physicians capable of carrying out the theory of treatment submitted by the directing physician.

It is becoming a matter of conception that many trained nurses are more valuable than many pretended medical scientists. Some persons would more readily entrust themselves to the care of a competent nurse than to some physicians. For the reason that the nurse serves to assist nature in her work of restitution of temporarily disturbed functions, whereas many physicians resort too much to medication.

The nurse has become a part of the economy of healing. She is essential. She knows what to do in situations wherein others, desiring ever so much to act rightly, blunder and harm when they would help.

DOOM OF THE AMERICAN TREE. Apparently, the American forest is doomed. It is going the way of all things material—to destruction and decay. The timber lands of the Pacific Coast States are now the object of attack by those who represent the lumber industry. This is said in no spirit of antagonism to the lumber industry. Indeed, all will gladly concede to the lumber operators an important position among the developers of the country. They employ large numbers of men, invest capital, distribute heavy dividends of profit to the communities in which they work.

Yet, in this day of eager seeking after timber lands by men from the Eastern States, and with gigantic enterprises on foot for the establishment of mills in many localities, one cannot forego the opportunity to observe that the forests of Maine and the other New England States first went down before the woodman's axe; that then those of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota fell, and that the forests of this region are doomed to suffer the same annihilation. There are significant changes in climate and other conditions awaiting upon the operations of the lumber men. Their work is not alone that of industry. They affect the future in more ways than one.

YOUTHFUL IMPERANCE.

"Be thou temperate in all things." is a good motto for young speakers. Temperance may be in moderate speech, as well as in abstinence from too much indulgence in drink or food. A young man stood before a Portland congregation the other night and spoke of conditions as he thought they existed in a missionary field in which he works in Eastern Oregon. He said in these exact words: "In every other house are children imbeciles. People are brutish, illogical, whether married or unmarried."

THROUGHOUT THE STATE.

A cougar was killed at Jasper, the other day, after it had killed a dozen or more chickens and had given the women a bad scare.

A young son of Rev. Mr. Childs, living at Eugene, got into a bad mix-up the other day in which himself, a horse that was being broken to harness, and a bicycle figured. The boy was badly bruised, the bicycle twisted into a bunch of wire and the cart to which the horse was attached was converted into kindling wood. It is possible that the horse may be running yet.

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He—Naturally. You see this one for nothing; it cost us a dollar and a half apiece to see one in the play.—Boston Transcript.

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He—I saw a beautiful smile illuminate your face as my arm stole round you. Tell me, darling, what were you thinking about?

She—About the gin in my dress.

Love and I threw dice one day; Love threw cinque and I threw tray; "Loaded dice!" I straightway cried; All my protests were denied. Love, in spite of all I said, Pocketed the stakes and fled. Useless further to complain— I had lost my heart again. And the play was false, 'tis true. Ah, I wonder if he knew With that intricate device I myself had coaxed the dice! —Smart Set.

Give me thy love, 'tis all I ask of thee; I want no gems, nor gold, nor gifts divine; Only thy love, my king, to make of me A queen 'midst women, knowing thou art mine!

Give me thy heart! I crave no rarer gift— I seek no higher honor at thy hands. Give me thy heart, my well-beloved, to lift My soul to thine, obeying love's demand! —E. H. S.

Her Revenge. He—I saw a beautiful smile illuminate your face as my arm stole round you. Tell me, darling, what were you thinking about?

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HINTS TO WOMEN

TO GLACE FRUITS. To make glaze fruits both color and brisak until it assumes a yellow color and brisak of short and crisp, when a piece is dropped in water. Remove the pan from the fire and drop the orange sections or grapes one at a time into it and remove with two forks. Place on an oiled slab to dry.

ARTISTIC CORNERS. There are always rooms in one's house having corners which for utilitarian or artistic purposes require screening. People of moderate means may, by the exercise of a little ingenuity, evolve something original in the way of a screen at very small cost. Frames may be had at any furniture shop and the covering done at home. Colored canvas or burlap makes a good covering.

SUMMER GOWNS TO BE LOW. Last summer nearly every girl who boasted arms anything sort of veritable horrors wore "her sleeves at halfmast." This year, if she accepts the most advanced models from Paris, she will expose her neck as well. The new afternoon gowns of batiste and other lacustrimmed fabrics, will reach just to the base of the neck. This leaves the neck delightfully free.

A DELICIOUS BROWN BREAD. Mix together one cup of rye meal, one cup of graham flour and one cup of oatmeal, one teaspoonful of salt, and sift in one rounding teaspoonful of soda; add one-half a cup of molasses, one pint of sour milk and one cup of raisins which have been seeded, cut into quarters, and mixed with a little flour. Then add enough water to make the batter thick enough to pour. Steam it three or four hours in a well-buttered mold.

LAYER CAKE WITHOUT EGGS. One cupful of sugar, quarter of a cupful of butter, one cupful of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two of cream of tartar, one tablespoonful of cornstarch made smooth in a little milk, two cupful of flour. Bake in thin sheets and put together with boiled sugar frosting, jelly, cocoanut or any other rich filling desired, finish the top with the boiled sugar frosting made by boiling together a cup of sugar and a cup of water until it will turn creamy white and thick on being stirred. This is quite a delicious as the frosting made from the whites of eggs.

TACTFULNESS. Henry Louis Nelson, in his article in the May Century, on Washington society, tells these anecdotes of the light and shade of official life: "Madame," said an old diplomat at his own table, "I have some bonbons here from Paris. They have medallions of the potentates of the world, and I have had your ruler's face stamped on one of them. Is it not a good likeness?" and he handed a chocolate to the woman on his right, who, for reasons of her husband's, did not like the new President.

Three of a Kind. There are three women who make a good study, taken collectively. The first one, lecturing the little boot-black, is a respectable, large personage, who talks a great deal in Humane Society and church meetings, about a "Mother's Law." Her children are fair to middling, but they think their maternal ancestor rather a bore. Come to think of it, those children are rather more than middling in their judgment.

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ELLEN TERRY

Gives Some Hints to Stage Struck Girls.

The menace to an American actress' future is often her haste to achieve distinction. You cannot force the growth of great talent, says Ellen Terry in Europe. You may aid it, encourage it, nourish it, if you will, but you cannot successfully force it. If forced, it will lose its soundness and sweetness, just as does hothouse fruit. I repeat: The growth of art is slow, and it is still.

It is not remarkable, however, that an American woman, brought up in a world of haste, where events from those of the household to those of the National capital and of the great trade centers, move with incredible swiftness, applies the methods of her own training to her special art.

This temptation is, perhaps, nowhere else so strong as upon the stage. To enter any other profession, a woman has, before, to go through careful training, often years of training. To be an artist, a musician, or a sculptor, she must have instruction and long practice before she thinks of submitting her work for public approval, but the woman who wishes to be an actress feels a great inner conviction that she is born so, and that sentiment arranges the matter to her own edification. Therefore, all she longs for is opportunity.

One Woman's Heart

She was very beautiful—that wicked woman—and if her record was less spotless than her cheeks perhaps it was not wholly her fault. Possibly the men whom she had known had something to do with it; but that is not our affair at present. That afternoon there was nothing of the hectic glitter with which nice girls with respectable papas and careful mammas surrounded her in their minds when they held their virtuous breath and thought about her.

She was lying back in an easy chair. The man standing before her was very ill at ease. "You tell me about that little girl, Jim," she said, gravely. "I didn't suppose you cared to know," he stammered.

"You ought to have done it," she replied. "I only found out today; I got this note." Then she held out this little stained mislaid, which, when Jim read it, made him feel even more uncomfortable. For it was a plea from his own mother, asking the wicked woman to cast the net of her allurements in some other direction and release her son.

She interrupted him: "I know what you want to say—I'm wicked. Yes, I am. That's what attracts you. But I'm not wicked enough to be robbing little girls of their sweethearts." Her voice was intense and smooth. "Come here, Jim," she continued. "Now listen, I want you to take your hat and coat and go away from me tonight, and not come back. Do you hear? I don't want you and I don't want your money. Go and make the little one happy. It must have humiliated your mother to write that letter to me. Shame on you for giving her cause. Good by."

He hesitated. She put up her arms and kissed him, and as she said "Good by" again her voice was wonderfully soft. He made a motion to dissent. She rose with blazing eyes. Without a word he turned and left the room. The little girl is happy. Jim says now that it was only an infatuation that he felt for the wicked woman.

She is not so beautiful now, but she is even wickered. Perhaps when she told Jim to go she shut the last gate on her own soul. For she loved Jim.

WITH THE JOKERS.

"Proud!" exclaimed the observant person. "Well, I should say so. He's as proud as a country boy writing his first letter on hotel stationery."—Los Angeles Herald.

He—I see Oldboy is pretty gay yet if he is aging.

She—Oh, yes; he's got one foot in the grave and the other in society.—Yonkers Statesman.

"Many women," said the philosopher, "can make their own clothes, but it is the excited few who can make them so that the others will not suspect it."—Indianapolis News.

"I called for boiled chicken; not an egg!" exclaimed the restaurant patron.

"The boiled chicken's inside the egg, sir," replied the waiter courteously.—Ohio State Journal.

I just laughed till I cried— Of the lesson pa taught me— I was laughing at pa Till it happened he caught me. —Philadelphia Press.

The clergyman's little boy was spending his afternoon with the bishop's children. "At the rectory," he said, "we've got a hen that lays an egg every day."

"Poh!" said Master Bishop, "my father lays a foundation stone once a week."—Tit-Bits.

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The Lesson That Failed

This is a sad, true story. The principals—a snobby-muscled son, a lesson-teaching father, and—alas!—a prize fighter.

The father is a well-known restaurant man of Chicago. Many of German persuasion dine leisurely each day in his place of business on Randolph street.

The son thinks he can lick anything on the globe. Moreover, he has reason for entertaining such a belief. He has licked the chef. He has licked the under-cook. He has licked the head waiter and he has licked all the other waiters. He has licked the dish-washers, the wagon drivers, and the porters. In fact, he has licked everything in sight but the lady-cashier, who is young and pretty, and the guests of the restaurant who might not understand George's imperishable ambition to be on top.

There is only one thing that George likes almost as well as fighting, and that is talking about it. His speech is as impressive as his fist. He hits the English-language as hard as he hits the German cook. He rocks out of the modesty of his personal statements any more than he does of the peculiar constellation of stars that greet the vision of a waiter whose tympanum he has caused to come in sudden and close contact with a hard floor.

When George is not licking anybody he spends his time behind the counter crowing. Like a knight of old he boasts of great deeds. "He puffs out his chest and bulges his muscles and the waiters scurry in great confusion. To hear George talk you would think he wore the champion belt of the world.

In fact, George has blown his own horn to such a trying extent that George's father grew weary of the sound of George's horn. George's father thought long and wisely, and finally a grand think entered George's father's head. The result was that he visited a place where fender young men go to get—ug, hard muscles, and learn how to smile each other scientifically, and when he came away from there he was plus a satisfied smile and minus a \$50 bill.

Was George's father going to learn how to lick George? Oh, no! Listen to the sad, true tale which follows: The fifty wait for the temporary hire of a husky gentleman of fistic fame who was to act as an innocent porter in the domain of the restaurant on Randolph street, and incidentally to encourage the doughty George to an encounter.

Thus was George to be taught a lesson. The next morning George eyed the charms of the new porter and smiled a gentle smile. The porter returned the smile. George took a long breath and began a horrible tale about his last licking of a man who was considerably larger than the porter.

The porter invited George to come out from behind the counter. George came. He dallied. He chaffed from right to left and he chaffed from left to right. Then he danced a German waltz around the porter. The porter was ready for him. What George knew about prize-fighting wouldn't dazzle an amateur. Therefore, when George made a rush the porter didn't know what was coming. George did. He grabbed that porter by the waist. He hoisted that porter into the circumambient ether. He threw that porter upon the ground with a crash that shook every dish on the restaurant tables and rattled the teeth of every waiter in the place. And about that time the porter-prize-fighter ceased to think.

Now George's father is out \$50. The prize-fighter has a sore head. And George continues to blow his horn 15 hours a day. Remember, this is a true tale. Is it not a sad one? Alas!

THE PORTLAND

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Will hold its SUMMER SCHOOL SESSION from JULY 1st to AUGUST 31st—open to Day and Boarding Students. School sessions during forenoon only; afternoons devoted to recreation. For particulars write to: DR. J. W. HILL, Principal, Hill Military Academy, Marshall and 24th Sts., Portland, Or.

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SAVE and crown sensitive teeth by our system of treatment. Porcelain crowns are a specialty with us, made undetachable from the natural teeth, and we guarantee them as reliable. Each department is in charge of experts, our equipment the most scientific known to the dental profession.

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