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PORTLAND, ORE., JULY 4, 1902

WE CELEBRATE LESS SOLEMNLY

Some there be who complain that the American people do not enter into the celebration of the Fourth of July, with the earnestness and gravity that one time characterized these events. The fact of the matter is, the American people are less solemn than once they were. It is not only so to the Fourth of July that there has been a change of sentiment on the part of the people of the country. Christmas and Thanksgiving, once filled with religious observances, are now more days of holiday sports and relaxation than occasions upon which the people gather to worship in the churches.

In the days when the New Englanders began to celebrate the annual recurrence of the harvest, and to assemble to give thanks at the altar of the church in solemn mien and decorous demeanor, there was strict avoidance of anything that smacked of levity. Deep gravity marked the occasion. There was sermon, hymn-sung, prayer. Children were kept at home. Older people worshipped according to the forms of the Puritans.

Nowadays, football games are more conspicuous than religious meetings. College men, with tousel hair and muscular development, strong and nifty, confounding upon the barred field against others as strong and nifty, have crowded the clergyman to one side, and Thanksgiving Day is no more a day of theological supremacy, excepting that the religion of health and physical vigor is exemplified by the athlete.

So with the Fourth of July, and the American people. They have decreed that relaxation shall be the object of the day. And relaxation from the worrying strains of twentieth century strenuous living may be so bad, after all.

At any rate, without attempting to analyze motives or preach a heavy sermon upon the causes and effects, let it be recorded as one of the demonstrated facts that the American people care not much for the solemn and grave upon their holidays, and nowadays demand relaxation. This they will have. Therefore, let the Fourth of July committees take note and supply what the people ask.

This, indeed, was the intent of the local committees, and that they succeeded must be conceded by all. Regardless of the discouraging weather conditions, there was ample provision for sports and amusement for all.

DON'T INSINUATE.

Every good citizen will hail the day when all law shall be respected; when the statute enacted by the people shall mean exactly what it says. All good people pray that the coming of that day shall not be delayed. It will be a better world in which to live. Property will be safer. Lives will be more secure. Virtue will have been enthroned, and vice and crime will have been relegated to the obscurity in which they should rest.

There can be no argument upon this score. Every man who deserves the name of man will add his influence to the end that this regime shall be inaugurated. A current local utterance in editorial columns casts broad insinuations against the present police force of Portland. It is intimated that there is a system of grafting carried on by the officers. This is grave. It would be nothing new, were it true. Nevertheless, it is grave, indeed, to make the charge in public print. It raises the issue. It forces good people to inquire more particularly into the matter.

Again, to one, newspaper or others, should make insinuations against public officials unless willing to back the assertions with substantial testimony. The insinuation to which reference is made was calculated to create in the minds of the people the impression that Portland's police force has been grafting. If this be true, let the matter be proved to the bottom. Let it be proven true or false. Let no one rest content until there be thorough sifting of the chaff of untruth from the wheat of fact, and then let who may suffer from the result.

It is not insinuation that is wanted. It is mainly telling of the truth, open changing, or else silence until there be reason to state in explicit terms what

means nothing and accomplishes nothing when uttered by insinuation.

Were all rumors attended to that come to The Journal, then would some high up in business and social life in Portland come under the ban of insinuation. But that is not The Journal's desire. It stands for open truth against base insinuation.

THE JUST EMPLOYER.

The man who treats his employees as they concede to be just and generous, suffers severely when strikes occur. Indeed, this is one of the considerations that cause sincere labor leaders to hesitate before calling out the men who depend upon them for guidance. Here may be a man who pays wages up to every demand of his employees; employs none but union men; in short, accedes to every essential demand that unionism makes upon him.

A strike occurs. His men are called out. They have absolutely no grievance against anyone. They have what they think to be their rights. They are content to work on under the authority of a man of just conceptions of their needs and demands. But, strike, says the labor leader, and this man, just and generous, suffers along with the others. Perhaps he loses heavily. Plants cannot lie idle without loss to the owners. Perhaps he reaches a moment of almost bankruptcy, because he cannot carry out contracts to the performance of which he has pledged his name and his business credit.

He has done his men no wrong. He has earned their personal regard. But all this counts for nothing, for, strike says the labor leader, and so strike his men do.

There can be no great reformation, no revolution, no radical change in social or industrial or political status, without suffering on the part of some who deserve no suffering. Readjustments of organized systems cannot take place unless some friction occur and some economic loss. Yet, though these things be true, those who direct the course of the laborers should look well to their steps and see that they lead toward justice for more than those to whom they cause injustice.

The sympathetic strike involves a principle vastly different from that underlying the ordinary strike. It is a dangerous weapon to handle. While it is potential in the extreme, it sometimes causes the laborer to forfeit support that otherwise would be his.

LEAVEN IN THE SENATORIAL LUMP.

The American people are sorely in need of a Moses to lead them out from the desert into which their Senate has led them. Or, to change the figure, they need a little leaven to leaven the Senatorial lump, which lump is in a very bad way, according to the pronouncement of some writers, who do or do not, perchance, aspire to become members of that distinguished body.

Recent instructive treatises have been written, calculated to inform the people that their Senate is about as bad as bad can be; that it is the limit of sinfulness; that it comprises most of the ruffians of the country; that none but ungentlemanly fellows make up its membership.

And, so, sorely do the people need somewhat of betterment in the status of their upper National house. A little leaven, as it were, to leaven the Senatorial lump. Where, then, shall this leaven be found? Where but in Oregon? Who shall be the human leaven, but the man that has discovered the awful conditions that infest the body of presumably grave and reverend senators who constitute that upper house?

The Journal looks upon the situation as critical. It is impressive that action be quick. Delay may destroy the very foundations of popular government. And, of course, the man of all men to accomplish this great work will consent to address himself to the task, if sufficiently urged. He is not a candidate. But, like Mr. Barkus, is willing. He could be induced to go to Washington and lend to the Senate the healing effect of his presence.

Whenever he has attached himself to a political movement that he did not purify the very air? When has aught that was reprehensible been ascribed to those with whom he was associated politically? Clearly, Oregon must furnish this needed leaven for the Senatorial lump, said lump being sorely in distress because that leaven has been so long in getting there.

It is a climatic arrangement—first the municipal pie was cut and given out to the faithful. Then comes the county pastry, which will be handed out on Monday next to those to whom it has been promised. And, to continue the pie-cutting, in January the Governor will offer his contribution cooked at Salem. And, last but not least, the people will think they give out a Senatorial shortcake when the Legislature meets. At any rate, someone will get the toothsome edible, if the Legislature be not held up.

Did Portland have so many fair ladies that it was impossible to make a selection for a Goddess of Liberty. Else, why dispense with that time-honored ruler of the gaffies of the National birthday?

Mayor Williams advises that Portland be beautified, that visitors may say truthfully this is the most attractive city in the West. That Portland may be the

most attractive city on the Coast is within the limit of possibility. Here are all necessary conditions—climate, soil, moisture, with enough sunlight to paint the most delicate tints or the most glorious colors ever spread over the surface of a rose petal. Portland need only awaken to her opportunities, to realize the excellent ambition of the Mayor.

Can the weather bureau give Portland any reason why it should continue to exist, with the record of such weather as has prevailed during the past week? This city is not at all satisfied with the quality of weather that has been furnished, and files its protest, a vigorous protest. Turn out the rascals!

Senator Beveridge exonerates Bailey from the charge of choking him. So that, after all, it was only a word battle, and that is nothing new in the Upper House. And most people will admit that the subject matter of the Bailey-Beveridge debate was up to the level of many of the verbal controversies that adorn the pages of the Congressional Record.

After a fire, discussion; after discussion, no fire-boat.

Who wants a fire-boat, anyway?

SPOONER'S CLOTHES.

Two ladies sat in the family gallery in the Senate and discussed the various Senators on the floor, to the evident interest of another lady who sat near them. "Who is that short man, with such lots of hair and a sort of a sarcastic smile on his face?" asked one of the talkers.

"The one all scrunched down in his chair with his lower lip sticking out?"

"Yes."

"That's Spooner. He's one of the big debaters. He's from Wisconsin."

"Oh, I thought that must be Spooner."

"What made you think so?"

"His clothes. Those queer garments couldn't have been made anywhere this side of Wisconsin."

After this dialogue the lady who had been listening went down to the Marble room and told one of the doorkeepers that she would like to see Senator Spooner.

He came out and was appropriated by the lady and taken to one of the big leather lounges.

"John dear," said the lady, "as your dutiful wife, I have to report that I heard two ladies talking about you up in the gallery."

"They said something pleasant, I hope," said Senator Spooner.

"Not so very pleasant," said Mrs. Spooner. "One of them remarked that she could tell that you came from Wisconsin because your clothes couldn't have been made anywhere east of there, and, John—"

"Yes."

"I hope you will take my advice now and stop buying your clothes in New York."—Washington Post.

Lariat Bill.

"Well, stranger, 'twas somewhere in '69, I were running the 'Prisco fast express; An' from Murder Creek to Blasted Pine Were high on to 13 miles, I guess. The road were a down-grade all the way, An' we pulled out of Murder a little late.

So I opened the throttle wide that day And a mile a minute were 'bout our gate.

"My fireman's name was Lariat Bill A quiet man, with an easy way, Who could rope a steer with a cowboy's skill.

Which he'd learned in Texas, I've heard him say; The coil were strong as tempered steel, An' it went like a bolt from a crossbow flunk.

An' arter Bill changed from saddle to wheel, Just over his head in the cab it hung.

"Well, as I were sayin', we fairly flew As we struck the curve at Buffalo spring.

An' I give her full steam an' put her through. An' the engine rocked like a livin' thing.

When all of a sudden I got a score— For 'thar on the track were a little child!

An' right in the path of the engine there, She held out her little hands and smiled.

"I jerked the lever and whistled for brakes. The wheels threw sparks like a shower of gold; But I knew the trouble a down-grade makes.

An' I set my teeth an' my flesh grew cold. Then Lariat Bill yanked his long lasso. An' out in front of the engine crept— He balanced a moment before he threw. Then out in the air his lariat swept!"

He paused. There were tears in his honest eyes.

The stranger listened with bated breath.

"I know the rest of the tale," he cried: "He snatched the child from the jaws of death!"

"'Twas the deed of a hero—from heroes bred— Whose praises the very angels sing!" The engineer shook his grizzled head, And growled: "He didn't do no such thing."

"He aimed for the stump of a big pine tree, An' the lariat caught with a double hitch.

An' in less'n a second the train an' we Were yanked off the track an' inter the ditch;

"'Twas an awful smash, an' it laid me out."

"I ain't forgot it and never shall. 'Were the passengers' hurt?" Lemme see—about—"

"Yes, it killed about forty—but saved the gal!"

—From an' old scrapbook.

A Mystery Indeed.

Stubb—There goes a man who is full of mystery.

Ben—You don't say!

Stubb—Yes, he just ate a bowl of chop suey—Chicago Daily News.

NEW YORK FASHION LETTER

(Journal Special Service.)

NEW YORK, June 30.—A tour of the shops of Gotham which cater to the patronage of fashion's elect has resulted in the discovery of many novelties.

One of the most delightful is an ideal summer hat. For uniqueness it surpasses anything yet introduced, for it combines an ever-elegant and popular style with a material so easily accessible that none are barred who enter upon a quest for the new design. The hat is Gainsborough in shape, flaring, slightly indented and picturesque. Instead of being made of straw, however, it is carried out in heavy linen duck. The brim is bound in white silk, which may be substituted for black if desired, and the only trimming permissible is a veil of white chiffon sprinkled with polka dots of black velvet about the size of a silver five cent piece.

NOVEL HEADGEAR. The ingenuity of milliners has been taxed to the limit this year to produce something novel in the line of headgear, but the variety is worth the effort, for almost as wide a latitude is allowed in "wash" hats as for cotton gowns. It is possible to launder all of the various millinery confections in pique, linen, duck and lawn and with a crisp, fresh lawn, nothing is more dainty.

English walking hats of butcher's linen stitched all over and trimmed with bands of polka-dot foulard are quite the smartest thing one could select for morning use. They not only go well with the morning gowns of heavy wash fabrics, but look natty with the cleanable china silk dresses that are seen almost everywhere. The latter, though invariably carried out in cream-white, are pretty in blue, pale rose and the champagne tints. If the cleaner is not called upon to make their acquaintance.

Though there is not the tendency to affect the separate bodice so much this season as last, there are some very elegant independent skirts of taffeta, net and satin seen. All are meticulously trimmed with lace and finished around the foot with gauged flounces of chiffon, or with ruffles of the same material embellished with ruchings of some of the light, duffy fabrics.

SHIRT WAIST SUITS. Have gradually climbed upward until they have reached the pivotal point of popularity's pinnacle. The smartest effects are in taffeta, plain or checked. Earlier in the season foulard was used for these gowns, but this material seems to belong so exclusively to dressier functions, that taffetas have replaced it for models for more general wear. In using the materials the order of things is reversed exactly, plain taffeta being used to trim suits of checked silk, and checked silk for designs in solid color. The bodices of all costumes show the broad-shouldered effect which prevails, and even for stout women this is becoming, because the lines curve singly into the waist, rendering the effect graceful as well as fashionable.

Ultra-smart hats for shirt waist cuffs are made.

ENTIRELY OF LEAVES. The crowns are flat, what there is of them and rather dome-like in slope, spreading into a drooping brim which narrows perceptibly at the back. Dull autumn leaves in satin finished are massed over the entire surface and the only touch of contrasting color is gained by a pale blue or pink bow at the back which has been falling below the shoulder—a la Du Barry.

It seems too bad that the coronation ceremonies were so sadly interrupted, for many things in summer fashions are distinctly English.

There is the Kitchener belt of black silk having an ornament in gun metal; there is the faming English red Kimona jacket for seashore wear; there are position belts, princings of stocks, English wrist-bags, ping-pong novelties—for the

WOMAN'S NEW HATS.

An outing hat of a soft quality of felt has attractions all its own for the advanced summer girl. The models thus far displayed are pretty and more varied than ever, and, as usual, the lighter colors prevail, though there is an attractive shade of dark blue much seen. A rather pretty idea is the introduction of two colors of felt in one hat. If, for instance, the crown and inner brim are of white or light gray, the brim edge will be in contrast—green, to be strictly fashionable, or perhaps black or a dark gray. A silk cord or band about the crown matches the darker color exactly and the effect is smart and pretty.

The Continental hat, which has had such popularity this season in the various straws, is reproduced in felt for traveling and general rough wear. The trimming is of the simplest, a silk cord about the crown, while the brim is edged with a deep silk binding.

Other stylish outing hats in white and the light colored felts, these with soft crush crowns, have a wide straight brim curling upward slightly at the edge. A band of white kid or suede hand-painted in some pretty floral design forms a simple but fetching trimming. The band is usually fastened at the left side with two tiny straps and buckles, these also white.

Coming back to the less expensive outing hats of the various wash fabrics, white pique, duck or natural color linen, the variety seems to be almost endless. White pique combined with black silk is rather smart, that is, a round hat of the wash material will have the brim faced with black, the silk extending to within an inch of the edge, which is then machine-stitched in several rows. The crown is draped with soft folds of the silk, which is gathered into a big pom-pom at the left side.

Sailor hats in the coarse white straws are sometimes decorated with large, round spots of black velvet, but the effect is not especially pleasing, fashionable as the velvet applications may be.

There are exquisite little fans to be had in white Japanese silk. A wealth of cherry blossoms, surrounding some little Oriental beauty, is the attractive design on some of these fans, which, by the way, cost very little over a dollar each and are well worth the money. In white gauze, with perhaps a design in sequins or a

game is English, you know—and dozens of other what-nots emblematic of the much-talked-of Anglo-American sentiment.

Fancy bodices show a trimming that promises to be much worn by the luxury-loving. It consists of a shoulder yoke of lace.

ENCRUSTED WITH JEWELS. The yoke being an extension of the stock, into which it is made as one piece and being simply wide enough to form an effective covering, for the shoulder seam. Narrow belts, graduated in shape, come with the lace yokes and the entire set costs something like \$50.

A vagary of fashion which comes up to the extravagance of its name is the frock and "trills" coat. This is a three-quarter affair made of taffeta and embroidered over the front in panel effect. In fact, the embroidery extends entirely around the lower part of the coat and forms also the garment for the loose flowing sleeve which is almost

HALF A YARD WIDE. The coat is lined with quilted chiffon, and the shirings of the chiffon are concealed beneath the narrowest ruchings of brilliant valencienne lace in ultra twine color.

Serries are very smart for summer wear, being light in weight and adaptable to the tailor-made lines. The newest varieties are closer in weave than any heretofore observed, and the finish is so soft and silky that it is almost impossible to tell the fabric from a satin faced cloth.

Fruit and fruit blossoms are seen on many of the summer hats, all varieties being used, from currants to apples and lemons. Combinations of

BERRIES AND BLOSSOMS. Are popular, and everything in the way of leaves is comme il faut, not excluding even the toothsome water cress.

Flower hats, although they are not seen in large numbers, are none the less fashionable. A design covered with June roses is one of the oddities of July, and a very charming one at that, for the roses are of the most delicate tint and are combined with ostrich plumes instead of leaves for the sake of variety.

One of the charming qualities of Dame Fashion is that she accommodates herself effectively to the fads of the moment. As the craze for automobilizing increases, she invents new things for the enthusiast, and each one seems to be prettier than its predecessor. An improvement upon the long, loose coat is a wrap of putty-colored impermeable cloth. It has a broad belt of dull black leather and a coachman's cape fixed with stoles of cloth piped with leather. Beneath this come large sleeves, slit up and fastened with

BIG LEATHER BUTTONS. Before being drawn into narrow wristlets. The distinguishing feature of another design is the utter absence of a neckband, the coat simply being cut very low and the front folded over in double-breasted effect.

Those who objected to the loose coat on account of the neglige back will find their tastes catered to in a band which buttons across from each of the under-arm seams and holds in place the fullness which we have grown accustomed to seeing hang perfectly straight.

Eton effects, except in tailor-made suits must necessarily be laid aside for the next two months, but these are replaced by all manner of

DAINTY FICHUS. And perlerines, composed of lace and chiffon. Net is also fashionable for this purpose, and instead of being trimmed with ruffles of lace, it borrows its beauty from a finer trimming composed of double ruchings of tulle in a darker cream shade. The contrasting of dead-white and cream is one of the fads of the moment, and there is certainly nothing more effective.

narrow edge of lace, there is an almost unlimited variety of fans offered just now at prices ranging from about a dollar up.

Exceedingly cool-looking and lightweight coats are of white pongee, and very stunning is one of the new models, full length and loose fitting, but made simply. The collar, deep turn-back cuffs and fronts, the latter made to flare back if desired, and each finished with several rows of machine stitching, this also in white. The coat fastens with large silk-covered buttons, which pass through loose extending down one side of the opening in front.

White brillantine is the material of another handsome coat, this a three-quarter length and semi-fitting. The lining is a red dotted white silk, which shimmers through in an altogether novel effect. The silk also appears as a facing for the high standing collar, which in front turns down in modish stole ends.—New York Mail and Express.

Lesson in Grit.

It was in a pleasant schoolroom in that happy land beyond the Delaware, and there was naught to disturb the serenity of the passing afternoon except the hum of suppressed voices and the twittering of the little sparrows outside. The pretty teacher—for all school teachers are pretty, save those who banged us over the head in the halcyon days of yore—was buried deep in a knotty mathematical problem and at the same time trying to figure out how she could buy all the candy in Camden County, and still board a sufficient quantity of coin of the realm to cut a dash at the seashore next summer. The youngsters were deep in the studies—some firing spitballs, others sponges, and a few preparing bent pins for the fishing season. Suddenly there was a snapping of fingers and a waving hand.

"What is it, Johnny?" asked the pretty teacher as she pulled herself from the mathematical and seashore problem. "Dimmie Green slapped me on the face, that's what he did," replied he of the fractiously waving hand. "Well, sock him back," was the startling rejoinder of the little school marm.

The next moment there was a flapping of wings like a rooster preparing to crow; then a sound not dissimilar to an exploding auto and a weird noise like the singing wind.

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