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PORTLAND, ORE., JULY 11, 1902

HAWTHORNE PARK'S GOOD POINTS.

There are advantages and disadvantages in the City Park as a site for the Lewis and Clark Centennial. The advantages have been set forth at length in the Journal, by the publication of the report of the sub-committee—Messrs. Mills, Dresser and Wessinger—of the directorate of the Fair Association, last Monday.

Two questions have been asked that must be answered before the people will accept the City Park as the final decision. Those points are: Water for fire protection, beautifying and irrigation; transportation of people and freight into and from the grounds. Especially as to transportation has there been no answer that satisfies. It is not yet demonstrated that adequate transportation facilities can be provided at the City Park, and it is understood that there are almost insuperable difficulties in the way.

In view of these considerations, the advantages of Hawthorne Park appear to be worthy serious attention. The announcement yesterday that sufficient of Ladd's tract could be secured by the paying of the taxes, to add to Hawthorne Park, and give abundant room for the Exposition, materially altered the situation, and should cause those who have the matter in hand to hesitate before endorsing the report of the subcommittee that favored the City Park as the site.

Ladd's tract comprises 130 acres, and Hawthorne Park 2 1/2 acres. By adding to Hawthorne Park enough of the Ladd tract to make from 90 acres upward, according to the needs of the Fair, the location of the Fair there would be better than at the City Park.

All of the surface lines running across the river are so laid as to make it easy to give access to the Hawthorne Park site. Again, boats could be run to transfer over the river, and accommodate an immense number of passengers.

Water is there in abundance. Its former use as a regular water supply proves that this is true. Its beauty is conceded by all. The scenic advantages of the spot are known to all who have been there.

In fact, there are such arguments favoring the Hawthorne Park site as to cause the people generally to wish the directorate to hesitate long before finally deciding to locate the Fair in the City Park.

It is apparent that the great majority of people are not favorable to the City Park. Perhaps the supporters of that site may be able to remove the serious objections in part and to present arguments to convince the people that the City Park is the best in the city. But those arguments have not yet been advanced, and there remain such objections as weigh heavily against it as the place in which to have the Lewis and Clark Fair.

chapter into law. It is a local measure that does not call for the expenditure of money collected outside this county, and therefore is of interest only to the residents and taxpayers of this county. But the needs are great enough to warrant the expedient to which it is now proposed to resort, and therefore there should be no lack of support.

Furthermore, it is desirable that there be no delay. Lack of a fire tug endangers life and property all along the water front. This danger has been imminent ever since the city grew beyond the proportions of a village. It is wise to take steps to provide against the contingencies that may at any time arise.

TIME FOR MUCH BUILDING.

With the resumption of building operations assured, there will be a revival of life in Portland. Much injury has been done to the city by the stoppage of the plans that had been formed for the construction of many buildings. But there remains yet considerable time during which much may be done.

Those who have not been in touch with the internal issues of the strike, or who have not been particularly observant, do not realize the intense pressure for dwelling houses. People are coming to Portland from all quarters. Influx of population is unprecedented. Never before has there been so great a demand for homes. Agents testify to the truth of this.

It was necessary that Portland construct a large number of dwelling houses this year to accommodate the new arrivals. Indeed, it was in the knowledge that this pressure was so great that the labor leaders decided to inaugurate the strike at this time. They argued that to strike during the dull winter months, when there was little building, anyway, would not give them the power they would exert if the strike came during the season when all available men and material were needed to rush to completion the structures planned. The greater the pressure, the greater their power. The greater the desire to build, the greater probability that their employers would submit to the terms laid down by the strikers.

This was the philosophy of the strike, and it was sound. It would be to invite defeat to strike when everyone was indifferent to whether or not there were workers to do the work. But, happily, building may now be resumed, and the remainder of the season will witness such activity as will arise from a desire to make up for lost time. Men and lumber will command good values from this time on until the winter rains put a stop to outdoor building operations.

INTELLECTUAL STATUS OF MISS WILLARD.

The activity of the W. C. T. U. women at the Chautauqua Assembly at Gladstone Park brings to mind the greatness of the organization of which they are a part, and the wonderful genius of the woman who established the movement, today not less great than any other that marks modern civilization.

Frances Willard possessed a combination of qualities of heart and mind that stamped her as one of the figures of the nineteenth century. She was able to organize the hundreds of thousands of earnest women who compose the W. C. T. U., and to organize them along lines of permanent effort. Hers was no mere task of exciting enthusiasm for a noble cause. It was a work of construction. It demanded qualities of mind that make statesmen great. It required prevision, prophecy of coming conditions, ability to utilize the resources at hand in a manner to build upon permanent foundations, and to outline plans that might be carried out by those who were to come after her.

The intellect of leadership was Miss Willard's. It was of a kind with that which enabled Napoleon to organize his armies and lead them to victory. But hers was in one sense even greater than Napoleon's, for she wrought not selfishly, but for the good of the race. It will be presumption for anyone of slight but giant intellect to assign a less distinguished position to Miss Willard than indicated here. Her work appeals to thinking men as something sublime. It makes for good to society. It is practical, withal, and calculated to last while time lasts.

The American people have produced few characters entitled to rank with Miss Willard. In the class in which she belongs are written very few names.

LINCOLN AND THE SOUTH.

The most significant feature of the appearance at Gladstone Park of Henry Watterson, editor of the Louisville (Ky.) Courier-Journal, is the fact that he spoke on "Abraham Lincoln." The selection of his theme was more noticeable even than the mastery analysis of the character of the great President. For Mr. Watterson is a Southerner of Southerners. He is loyal to the region that gave him birth. He stands for the traditions of the land of Dixie, although he represents the New South as well, and its demonstrated possibilities.

Time was when even the broad-minded Watterson could not have addressed a Northern audience with happy results. Near to the Civil War such a meeting would have been certain to cause scenes that would be in sharp contrast with the

felicitous occasion when he faced an admiring concourse of people yesterday and today, and found perfect agreement with his sentiments.

It all means that Lincoln has become the loved of the South as well as of the North. They who vowed to uphold the Confederate States know now as well as do lay others that the great heart of the martyred President beat not for the North alone, but for humanity, for the good of all, and that he was pursuing the course that led to the happiest issue from the terrible times of internecine strife and hatred of brother for brother.

As Watterson reveres Lincoln, so does the South reverence him, for Watterson speaks for the people who live in the southern half of our land. He speaks with authority. He speaks that which he knows.

PAY YOUR FAIR ASSESSMENTS.

Assessments for the Lewis and Clark Centennial should be paid at once, regardless of where the Fair is to be located. This goes without the saying. It is only by following such a policy that the proper spirit of co-operation may be aroused, and the Fair directors be not embarrassed at the inception of the great enterprise.

There is going to be a Fair. It is going to be the biggest thing ever undertaken in Oregon. It is going to bring returns far in excess of the cost. It will advertise Oregon and Portland. It will make this state known in the East, where now many people do not know whether or not Oregon is in Washington or California. The advertising alone will justify the expenditures.

Then, let the debate as to the best site for the Fair go on to its end, and let every one who desires offer his reasons for this or that site, but let all who hold stock in the corporation pay their assessments promptly, regardless of the decisions that are likely to be made. Let Portland pull all together, and strong together, and long together. Such pulling is needed just now in this city.

WHY NO REGATTA AT ASTORIA?

The people up here are wondering why Astoria has no regatta this year. They have been accustomed to await that event with anticipations of pleasure and give it their loyal support. Portland is disappointed that there is to be no gathering of the oarsmen and yachtsmen to meet in contest. Astoria has denied what had become an auspicious occasion for Astoria, Portland and scores of other towns in the Pacific Northwest.

The regatta was the connecting link between these two cities. It attracted many from here, and afforded opportunity for the residents of both places to meet in friendly intercourse each year, and that, no one will deny, is of benefit.

Perhaps Astoria is too busy, too prosperous. Perhaps the people there are too full of affairs. Yet the regatta is something they cannot afford to neglect, or so it seems to those who see it from the standpoint of Portland.

Astoria has the location, the water suitable for the sports of the regatta, and the spirit of hospitality—essentials to success. Portland is anxious to lend her support.

Henry Watterson, the Kentucky editor, who spoke at the Gladstone Chautauqua yesterday, and who speaks there this afternoon, belongs to a class of American editors in which there remain only as many as may be counted upon the fingers of one hand. Indeed, they may be counted upon the fingers of the hand of a man who has been in a railroad accident, and lost most of it. By the force of a personality, brilliance in writing and speaking, by the power of an intellect that entitles him to stand at the head of the school of journalism as its president emeritus, Henry Watterson occupies a distinguished position. When he ceases his career as an editor, there will probably be none left of the old school journalists who made America famous during the past 50 years.

It is suggested that some of the shacks that stand where good business structures should stand might be condemned by the Fire Commissioners. In view of the apathy on the part of the owners of some lots that are in the center of the city and next to palatial mansions of commerce, it might be a wise move to look into the powers of the Fire Commissioners.

Mayor A. A. Ames, of Minneapolis, has been indicted for corrupt acts. The people of Minneapolis could not have expected to see any other result from electing such a profligate to the office of chief magistrate. Dr. Ames has been a moral blemish upon the Falls City for many years.

They are saying that Tracy is insane. If that be true, then let all criminals who intend to escape take a course of instruction in some asylum for the insane. Insanity seems to be a good thing for those who desire to elude officials.

Westward Takes Its Way.

"Well," asked Uncle Hiram, "how was the circus?" "Fine!" answered Uncle Sil. "It was so hot in the tent that the sweat poured out of me, the narrow board on which I set made my bones ache, the red lemonade gave me a headache, an' me shoes hurt so that I thought some one was burnin' my feet with hot irons."—Indianapolis Sun.

NEW YORK LIFE.

Some Warm Weather Stories Related by the Wits.

The owner of a small yacht has in his employ a Finn who acts in the double capacity of cook and deck-hand, and whom he had always regarded as a single. The other day the Finn admitted that he had a wife and two boys in Finland, for whom he proudly boasted, he recently purchased a \$900 house out of his earnings as a sailor.

"Why doesn't your wife live over here?" asked his employer. "Well, sir, she don't agree with the climate!" was the response.

In the summer this man, a Southerner, living in New York, ties himself to a small town in Jersey and revels in its imaginary bucolic life. The other day he engaged a very respectful colored man to cut the grass in front of the cottage.

That night, upon returning from the city, he paused to watch the colored man gathering up his tools in lazy fashion, and asked him where he came from. "F'm Richmond, sah, an' I doan like it up heah at all."

"Why not?" the suburbanite asked. "It cos' too much. I doan know how I'd ever a-got on ef I hadn't sent home fer things. I gits 'em to do all my washin' down there. Las' year my washin' cos' me 50 cents. I sent it home three times in a bar'l, deed I did."

Slowly he gathered his mower, scythe and sickle and when he was about moving off he stopped abruptly and said: "My folks down 'ere know I'm a-cuttin' grass up heah, 'deed they doan; they think I'm in some big bis'n'."

When one sits down to a meal for which he himself is responsible through his skill as a huntsman or fisherman, the joy of "mere vulgar eating" is supposed by many to have reached its pinnacle. For those who are not too inquiring, a form of enjoyment approximating the real may be had at a certain restaurant here in New York.

The diminutive man was determined to follow the precept of the song and "get his money's worth." The moment he reached the luncheon counter he grabbed a piece of cheese—grabbed it the word—from the dish placed there for those who eat cheese with sweets. Then he grabbed another piece, then two pieces, and they were gone in an instant. He took the cheese with a fine flourish, as if he did not care who saw him. Soon he got his tongue sandwich and a glass of milk, and this was indeed his opportunity.

Again he fell upon the cheese dish, tooth and nail, this time with rurtive glances to right and left, because at least one man was watching him with great amusement. But this did not deter him in the least. He went on devouring cheese, piece after piece, utterly neglecting his sandwich.

Finally he broke the sandwich in two, and using one-half as a safe deposit, proceeded to hide beneath it all the cheese he could take out of the dish. Then he got to slipping the yellow cubes beneath the rim of the plate. Certainly he must have eaten a pound of cheese, suffering much discomfort the while, because he sneaked the pieces toward him, glancing about in the most guilty way. How he had room for the sandwich and milk is a mystery.

There is, or rather was, a new slot machine. It appeared in a Bowery "museum," but is now laid up for repairs. The inscription was: Drop a Penny in the Slot, Press the Button, and See a Wild, Mad Dance.

A typical East Side "spiegler" was the first victim of record. He produced the copper coin, dropped it into the slot, gave the button a vigorous push, and promptly executed a "mad dance." There was a stout needle concealed in the center of the push button, and the pressure on this button, besides sending the needle into the finger, exposed a mirror in which the victim could see his contortions.

The "spiegler" kicked the machine to pieces, and threatened to bring "de gang" and "clean out" the place, if the proprietor resented its destruction. "If you were in the vicinity of the general Postoffice and wished to go to the Zoological Garden in the Bronx how would you set about making the trip?" was asked of a candidate for appointment as patrolman, in the course of the official civil service examination. "I'd ask a policeman," the applicant naively recorded his reply.

A self-appointed instructor in civics, 9 years of age, was rehearsing the greatness of the President, when he was interrupted by one of his hearers, a little girl of 5, who said gently, but with a certain air of reproach: "God made the country; he only let's President Roosevelt run it."—New York Post.

A HORSE DID IT.

How the Young Missourian Got His Appointment to West Point.

One of the recent graduates of West Point tells this story: "I fell in with an old Army officer after the exercises. He looked me over and asked me a good many questions. Among others, he asked how I came to be appointed, and I told him that it came about in the usual way."

"A recommendation does not necessarily mean merit," he said. "I assented to this. 'I do not think that passing an examination always means merit,' he added as a crusher."

"I said I supposed not. I had resolved that I would not violate any of the rules by getting into an argument with an old regular, now on the retired list. 'I knew a young man who got here,' he continued, 'just after the Civil War, because he was mentioned by the commanding officer in an engagement, for bravery, and the youngster never intended to be brave—he did it because he did not know what he was doing, or because he could not help it. He is dead now, and I do not mind telling you about it.'

"He was at headquarters in the Army of the Potomac, and, as he was a good sort of fellow, he got in with a General or one of the divisions who lived pretty high. He and this young man went on a bat on one occasion. Not to speak disrespectfully of the dead, the young fellow got as drunk as a sailor on shore leave."

"While he was in that condition the division got orders to go to the front, and this young fool was put in the saddle and told to go in the other direction. But the engagement came on quickly, and the horse on which he sat, being like Job's war charger, smaller the battle, and turning, dashed into the thick of the fight."

"The young fool who rode him had just enough sense to hang on and the horse plunged and neighed into the fray. It was a miracle that horse and rider came out of it alive. 'The commander of the division witnessed what I related, and in his report to Grant he made special mention of the daring fellow. The result was that the fellow was appointed a cadet. He was a graduate, I believe, of the Missouri University before he went into the Army, so he was able to pass here."

"But what I want to impress upon you, young man, is this, if this fellow had not been drunk he would have kept his horse from being so reckless. And in that case he might not have been mentioned for bravery, and, consequently, he would not have been appointed a cadet."

"He was a good fellow—peace to his soul—but he owed his education by the Government to his horse. 'And to getting drunk,' I added. 'Well,' said the old regular, 'you know what Lincoln said when somebody told him Grant got drunk.' 'And with that he turned away, evidently satisfied with his lecture.'—New York Sun.

FAME'S PATHWAY.

Mrs. Joseph Cook has just presented a large bust of Scipio Africanus to Oberlin College. John W. Abercrombie, a native of Alabama and relatively a young man, has been elected to the presidency of the State University.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Prime Minister of Canada, will be the recipient of special honors at the hands of King Edward. He is to be made Earl of Athabasca. William Watson's poetic feet might be considered as swifter than those of the English laureate, Alfred Austin. The former poet had his coronation ode published first.

John D. Rockefeller, it is just announced, gave Smith College of Northampton, Mass., \$100,000 on the condition that an equal sum should be subscribed by friends of the institution. The gift was made a year ago.

The Judge's Advice.

A young man bashfully approached a popular official a few days ago and said: "Judge, I have come to ask your advice. You have always been like a father to me, and I have now come to you in a very important matter. I am thinking of getting married."

"Well, young man," interrupted the judge, "if you are thinking of getting married go do it right away. Don't wait, because the girl might not be willing this time tomorrow."

"But you see," protested the youth, "I'm afraid I'm not able to take care of her."

"Tut, tut," deprecatingly retorted the judge. "Why, when I got married I was 21 years old and \$100 in debt."

"Is that so?" exclaimed the other, with happy encouragement gleaming from his eye. "And I suppose you must now be worth about—"

"And now," concluded the judge, "I'm only \$3000 in debt."

Sap as a Conductor.

Experiments on the electric conductivity of the sap of plants lead to results some of which are as follows: First—Vegetable juices are relatively good conductors, and this is largely due to the mineral substances held in solution. Second—The conductivity of the juices of the roots is always notably less than that of the aerial parts. Third—Generally speaking, the conductivity is proportional to the relative amount of ash (mineral products) found, after incineration, in different parts of the plant.

Not Guilty.

"Do you recognize the prisoner at the bar?" asked the magistrate. "No, your honor," replied the witness. "I don't patronize saloons."—Omaha News.

Famous Horse.

Indistinctly, the famous horse of the Roman Emperor Caligula, was actually consecrated as a priest, had a manger of pure ivory and was never given a drink from anything but a gold pail.

Juvenile Critics.

Beasie-I don't see how people can call grandpa a "wise old saw." Tommy—Nor I. In the first place, he has no teeth.—Chicago News.

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