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THE BEST FAIR SITE.

It is a question of dollars and cents that must be considered in selecting a site for the Lewis and Clark Fair. The matter of scenic beauty is not to be considered as primal in this connection.

The points of scenic beauty will still be available, no matter where the Fair go. And Portland must have them to show to visitors, as well as the Fair itself.

Gate receipts, therefore, constitute an essential consideration and must be taken into account if the Lewis and Clark directors are to select wisely when they vote upon the important question tonight. Hawthorne Park offers the best facilities for the easiest getting to a fair grounds. Therefore, Hawthorne Park is the best site for the Fair. It meets the requirements of being where traffic may flow to it along the lines of least resistance.

The street car lines may carry people three one car per minute from, say Third and Yamhill, which would amount to 2000 per hour.

Cheap, but substantial ferries could be built, one to run each from the foot of Taylor, Salmon and Main streets, each making three round trips an hour, each boat carrying 2000 people a trip. This would carry 12,000 people an hour in that manner.

Thus, by street car lines and ferries, 24,000 people per hour may be carried to the Hawthorne Park, which would meet every requirement, as to transportation facilities.

Furthermore, a wrong impression has been in the minds of the people regarding the proposition to sell 50 lots of 100 by 100 feet each, for \$25,000 to the city as a permanent park. It has been thought that this was required by the Hawthorne Park advocates; but this is not true. Not one rod of ground need be bought. If the city does not want to buy it for permanent park purposes. The East Side people offer the 10 acres in any event, for permanent uses as a park, and part of Ladd's tract is available, so much as is needed, to give commodious grounds, free of cost, excepting the payment of the taxes, practically nothing.

Let it not be forgotten that it is essential to provide for the gate receipts being just as large as possible. And that scenic beauty in connection with the Fair should be secondary to the financial considerations. Furthermore, that in scenic beauty, the various other locations proposed will remain more attractive even than they would be were they effaced by the work of leveling incident to the construction of a great exposition.

EASTERN OREGON'S GREATNESS

Governor-elect Chamberlain, in his address at the Gladstone Chautauqua, on Lewis and Clark Day, said: "Until I had made an intended journey across the eastern half of the state, I had not realized the vast resources and great possibilities of that region."

Mr. Chamberlain in these words said what the majority of Western Oregon people would say were they to say what is true. The people of the Willamette Valley have not yet realized the certainty of the future that awaits Eastern Oregon and parts of Eastern Washington.

That is really a great region, great in its present productivity, and great in what it promises. Already, the grain that pours its flood through Portland each year adds materially to the wealth of the state, and forms a considerable portion of the bread supply of the country. There are immense quantities of live-stock annually sold to the packers. There

are trainloads of fruit. There are increasing dairy products. There are mines. There is timber. There is everything that Oregon anywhere has or produces.

Yet, as Mr. Chamberlain said, the people here are accustomed to look upon that region as given over to sagebrush and jackrabbits, inhabited by cowboys and Indians, and susceptible of development only by the legerdemain of some one who has not yet appeared to pronounce his exorcism of evil spirits and conjuring of the good ones.

Without Eastern Oregon, Portland would be sadly lacking in business with which to grow and become the great city it is destined to be. Without Eastern Oregon, Portland would not be a city of 100,000 people, with promise that it will become one of a half a million before many decades elapse. It is demonstrative of the breadth of observation possessed by the Governor-elect, that he has come to a realization of these facts. It indicates that he will broaden the scope of things at Salem, and permit his vision to range over territory larger than that comprised within the limits of the Willamette Valley.

ABROGATING AGREEMENTS.

As The Journal has frequently set forth, the Chicago strike of freight-handlers brought to the front the question as to the responsibility of the labor union. The after situation there is one that involves this very point. It is said that the employers are desirous that the sympathetic strike be done away, and that they reason that so long as it is used by the labor forces it will operate to induce the abrogation of agreements made by unions not directly concerned in the strike.

One cannot get away from this question, in the discussion of labor matters. It is crucial. If the union is to be the instrument with which the laborer is to fight his battles and fight them to success, there must be some sort of plan whereby the union is to be placed in a position of legal responsibility. The employer is so placed already. He may be sued. He may be called into court, and compelled to answer if he violate an agreement that has taken the form of a legal contract, written, verbal or implied.

Let it be noted—that one just cause for complaint against many corporations during recent years has been that they have been able too often to elude responsibility for disasters and losses of life caused in some instances by too great parsimony and inadequate facilities provided under a too rigid regime of cutting off expenses. Such instances are numerous, such as the New York tunnel horror, and a multitude of others.

But, in the main, the employer is legally responsible, and the union must be the same if it is to be the means whereby the laborers are to win their victory.

THE PROPOSITION IN CHICAGO THAT UNIONS SHALL RESERVE THE RIGHT TO ABROGATE AGREEMENTS WITH EMPLOYERS

in order to enable the joining with sympathetic strikes, is not to be supported. It is subversive of all justice and fairness.

OREGON BOYS FOR PROFESSORS

Charles A. Redmond, Oregonian, has been elected to the chair of history and economics at the Ashland State Normal School. He is a native of Yamhill County, is 26 years old, and is an alumnus of the University of Oregon, at Eugene. He is one of many bright young men who have been placed in professorships of Oregon institutions and who promise to honor their alma maters, their state and themselves.

There will be general indorsement of this plan of filling chairs in Oregon educational institutions with Oregon men. It will even be granted that oftentimes nativity shall outweigh slightly greater ability on the part of an applicant from another state.

However, there may be too radical an application of this, and it may operate to the detriment of the systems of education that are maintained here in this state.

It is not desirable that all teachers in Oregon schools be men and women who are native here. It is good that occasionally someone come from elsewhere, to infuse new blood and inculcate new ideas into the conduct of the schools.

Indeed, it is this very lack of provincialism that makes this Nation great. It is the lack of lines of demarcation to make state separate from state to too great an extent, that creates homogeneity, and makes for solidity. It will be by a compromise between the advocates of employing only Oregon-born people in the schools of the state, and those who would always be importing from the East or other Western states, it is only by such a compromise that the ideal results will be attained.

TRACY MUST BE CAPTURED.

Tracy must be captured, dead or alive. If law is to be respected, if outlawry is to be less than heroism in the eyes of the people, the convict must be brought to the gallows, or shot down as he attempts to escape from his pursuers. The exploits of the fellow as heralded in the daily newspapers, as talked upon every

street corner, as debated in every home on the Coast, with a marked tendency towards maudlin sentimentality, and sympathy with his bloody career, argue that the good of society demands his destruction.

It is amazing to hear at times and from people of refinement sentiments that are in palliation of the red-handed crimes now charged to Tracy. It is unthinkable that men and women of good morals will intimate that such a villain ought to go free.

Yet, such things are heard frequently, and from people who ought to know better.

Tracy's crimes and the pursuit thus far fruitless, have become paramount issues here upon the Pacific Coast. They call for determination on the part of the officers, and demand that executives exhibit no parsimony in providing funds to keep up the chase.

The very structure of human society is endangered by such incidents. Indeed, the Tracy affair goes beyond the mere incident. It becomes of vast importance upon the future of the Coast communities, which have progressed away from the primitive ideas of law and order that were born of the limitations met by the early settlers. Penitentiaries must be secure places in which criminals may be kept. And when men escape therefrom, they must be pursued to the end that they and others learn that law is higher than individuals, and he who violates law will suffer dire penalties.

GENERAL SMITH'S DISGRACE.

Let no man speak of the American Army any word that does not uphold its honor and indicate admiration and respect for the men who carry the flag. Let no man do aught that will smirch the honor of that organization that holds the love of the Nation.

Therefore, let General Jacob H. Smith, guilty of what was reprehensible, and what brought shame upon that Army, go from the service, and let his name be stricken from the rolls. Let his experience be a warning to all men that they must do nothing that will not uphold the honor and reputation of the defenders of the flag.

It was not less love for the Army that prompted the trial and censure of General Smith. Rather, it was deeper love and greater respect for the military that urged that practices should be stopped that were not calculated to dignify the Army in the eyes of the people here at home and in the archipelago.

It was fortunate that the decision of the court-martial was not rendered during the time Congress was in session, for then had some of the firebrands made further exhibitions of themselves, and brought further ignominy upon their names. It was good for the Democratic party that those few radicals had not the opportunity to exploit their detestable reflections upon the boys who have been carrying the Stars and Stripes over the plains of Luzon and through the swamps of Samar.

It is for the Army that General Smith was tried, and it is for the Army that President Roosevelt writes his name in signature of a document that dismisses from service an officer whose course was sure to lower the standard of humanity and bring upon the name of our people the never-dying hatred of the people of the Islands.

The dismissal of General Smith from the Army for wrong-doing as a commanding officer in the Philippines, proves that both the factions in Congress were wrong; that is, if we accept President Roosevelt's final action as founded upon just findings of the court-martial. It's another instance of a dispute over the pronunciation of either, and the Irishman coming in with "anyther." At any rate, it demonstrates that it is not all of wisdom to be a Republican leader on the floors of Congress, nor all of the opposite to be on the other side.

SONG OF THE CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY.

When I was a lad I managed to acquire in an office boy for a brokerage firm; I cleaned the rug and the cuspidor, and at last bought and sold things on the floor. I pushed along so successfully, that now I am captain of industry.

I watched the ticker and I took a chance. Now and then, on a slump or a sharp advance, Things happened somehow to turn my way. And I bought out the brokerage firm one day. Then I was the firm and the firm was me. I'd become a captain of industry.

I watched my chance and I gobbled blocks of what I knew to be gilt-edged stocks—I gobbled stocks wherever I could. And wrecked roads where it would do me good. The money came rolling in to me, and so I'm a captain of industry.

I've a marble shack on the avenue, and a brownstone cottage at Newport, too; I've a splendid yacht and a private car, and my fame's wherever the railroads go. I have pulled the strings so successfully that now I'm a captain of industry.

THE JOURNAL SHORT STORY

They had hauled him scuffling out of a coal bunk one morning where he had managed to stow away, and where he had lain curled up until the steamer was well clear of land.

Back somewhere at one of the South American ports—Rio most likely—he had sneaked on board at dusk, and crept ratlike to the security of the coal bunk. And now, dragged into the light of day—or, rather, such light as penetrated into the grimy darkness—he stood and grinned like a detected schoolboy at the little knot of fremen who had ferreted him out of retreat.

Old Peters, the boatswain, who had gone below to investigate, pushed his cap far back on his head and combed his grizzled beard with a meditative stroke of the hand as he regarded the stowaway. What should they do with him? The immortal Dick, if he had been present, would have decided promptly and emphatically, "Wash him!" For he certainly needed it. The layer of tan which had spread over his scraggy face was capped by an additional film of coal grime, and the whites of the fellow's eyes, as he looked around him with an affected, devil-may-care expression, were the only distinguishable marks in his features.

"I've 'arf a min to turn the hose on 'im," said the boatswain, as he regarded the object of interest that stood mute before him. But eventually he decided to take his quarry along to the captain just as he had been discovered. He was dragged up on deck—no, not dragged exactly, for there was some indefinable touch of distinction about the man despite his grotesque appearance that made itself felt to his rough captors—and they led him quietly, almost respectfully, into the captain's presence.

The interview turned principally upon the unknown's ability to work his passage, now that there was no means of getting rid of him until they touched at one of the West Indian ports. On that point the stowaway, speaking for the first time and with eagerness, gave an ample assurance. He knew all about machinery, he said, and if they wanted an extra hand in the engine room, why, he was ready to turn to with oil can or shovel that instant. His name?

"No, that is my own concern—nobody else's. I am a Welshman," he said, quietly. "My people are well known in Cardiff. Perhaps I could tell a tale if I liked. Perhaps I couldn't. It doesn't matter to anybody." And he looked at the captain with eyes that meant he had said all he intended to say on these points.

It so happened that they were short-handed enough in the engine-room that run, and the captain turned him over to the burly, growling Scotch engineer, who did not seem to regard him with any great favor. "Taffy," as he was called, disappeared below, and succeeded within an hour in completely reversing the engineer's opinion. The latter, who stood by to watch him, could see with half an eye that the man was quite at home among the throbbing, pulsing engine, and turned away with the growling comment, "He'll do."

They had a few passengers aboard that trip, and in the dusk of the evening, when Taffy stole up for a mouthful of fresh air, he noticed a dainty, little childish figure go skipping along the deck. He stood there, with his grimy head poked out into the softly changing twilight, watching her. Every time she turned and skipped past him his notable eyes slewed

round and followed her. And as he gazed wistfully after the merry innocent little creature the "apple" in his bare throat moved as if with a gulp.

Every evening after that he slipped away from the engine-room at the same hour, and looked anxiously out along the deck. The child was nearly always there. Sometimes she smiled up at the greasy watching face as she went past, and Taffy carried that smile below with him, wrapped up in some odd corner of his heart.

The steamer had run into St. Pierre, and was lying snugged up close to the shelving beach. They were to sail again next day, and it was a busy night on board. Cargo had to be unloaded and fresh freight shipped from the barges alongside. Taffy, being an "odd man," had been put on the donkey engine, which he worked steadily throughout the evening. Many a time, while waiting for the word to "heave," his eye turned restlessly to the distant summit of Mont Pelee, towering high up there in the darkling heavens. The huge mountain was growing and rumbling ominously, and there was a strange, lifeless lull in the air, like that which betokens an approaching thunder clap.

It was far into the night before he was released from his post and free to turn in for a few hours. Heavy and weary, he tumbled into his bunk, and was soon fast asleep. What was it that woke him? A strange moaning sound coming from the land broke on his ears. He sat up in his bunk. Something was about to happen. He felt the mysterious, unknown calamity coming.

The air seemed to shiver and then to stand still. A flash, more vivid and blinding than the lightning followed, and then it seemed to him as if all the machinery in the world—all that he had ever seen or handled—had been collected in one spot and had exploded at the same instant.

For one breathless second he sat there in his bunk, staring wild-eyed and open-mouthed. The next he was on the floor, as if he had been hurled there. He dashed up on deck, whence screams—agony screams—reached him! His shipmates, passengers and crew were running madly about there. And no wonder. Taffy ran also, but his eyes were searching frantically through the fiery deluge. The child—the child!

He found her—found her screaming and panic-stricken under the boiler with her little hand pressed to her nostrils to shut out the deadly, suffocating fumes. He picked her up, snuggled her to his breast, and ran again. The burning hall beat upon his bent back, the fire in the air scorched and shriveled him, but still he ran. Down he plunged—far down into the body of the ship, where the blighting fumes had not penetrated and the fire from the sky could not reach them. And there, in some dark corner, he fell.

When the intrepid rescuers who eventually saved the pitiful remnant of the crew explored the hold of that steamer they found a man—a man who had evidently been in his bunk when the fire smote the ship—lying dead there. But underneath that scorched and blackened body there was a living, breathing child. And so he perished. In the official list of those who lost their lives on board the steamer he was rated as "One Unknown."

Strange, But True.

One of the most important industries attaching to the cheap power now produced by Niagara is the electrical tearing apart of the molecule of common salt resulting in the formation of caustic soda and bleaching powder.

One of the "Peculiar People" in Holland recently broke his arm. He declined to call in doctor, and wrapped a leaf out of a bible round the small toe of his left foot. He declares that his gave him instant relief. He still walks about with a broken arm.

An outbreak of fire occurred under extraordinary circumstances at Aston, England. There were placed in the window of Mr. Salt's chemist shop "Six Ways, Aston, a number of bottles containing chemical solutions and rays of the sun were focused by the glass on to some celluloid articles behind which eventually ignited.

HINTS TO WOMEN

STILL IN HIGH FAVOR. White pique, duck and linen gowns are always popular, and this season, in spite of the myriad new styles in cotton gowns, are as fashionable as ever. It may not be so smart to wear shortwaists and separate skirts as to wear a gown the waist and skirt of which are of the same material, but with the white waists the fact that the skirts are different, provided the skirts are white, is never noticeable.

THE MORNING VEIL. The use of crepe for mourning veils is becoming less every day, and in summer the crinkly fabric is scarcely seen. For widows or other women wearing deep mourning it is the fancy at present to wear a short veil of fine granoline or gauze, falling in graceful folds at the back and draped on a bonnet frame of light weight edged with a narrow band of crepe. A bow of crepe adorns the front of the bonnet.

THE SUMMER CURTAINS. In the season's showing of curtain fabrics nothing presents more attraction for use in summer homes or cottages than the white or white and cream madras, a thin, scrim-like material having a closely strewn pattern over it that is done in fluffy lace, much like the snowflake materials. It may be had in cotton at a "mere song," and by the yard, a boon to housekeepers, since curtains may be made of any desired or necessary length. They are best shired over the window poles, whether these be of wood or brass.

SMART AND PRETTY. Pongee jackets are quite new and are especially attractive. An example in the natural hue is embroidered in black silk floss. It is made with a yoke incrusted with black lace medallions and a box-plaited body. The sleeves are flowing and are finished at the border with lace medallions. The jaunty, narrow turndown collar has the lace medallions and at the finish, at the front, are long streamers of black velvet ribbon, satin-faced, an inch and a half wide.

This Troublesome World.

"Tired Tatters—Don't you wish you was one um dem guys wot ain't got nothin' but coin? Weary Walker—Not enny, my boy. W'y, jest 'tink—some dem blokes has ter change dere shirts twic er week.—Dallas News.

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