The Oregonian

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Eureka, Cal.—Call-Chronicle Agency. Norfolk, Va.—Potts & Roeder; American News Co. Pine Beach, Va.-W. A. Cosgrove. PORTLAND, SUNDAY, AUG. 11, 1907

The theory of Mr. George Roberts formerly director of the mint, that "if the man who conducts a newspaper has the true spirit of his profession money-making feature will be subordinate and incidental, his heart will be in the concerns to which he denewspaper men worth the name are ambitious to realize. Hearing Mr. Roberts talk so airily about it, the uninitiated might think it the easiest, as wel as the most holy, task in the world, Experience, however, proves that it is beset with some difficulties. For even money-making base as money-making is, is necessary, also in this lofty call-

The newspaper must catch the spirit and reflect the spirit of the time, or it will not earn money enough to enable it to live; and to publish a comprehensive newspaper takes a great deal of unfortunately and often, is crooked, perverse, awry, causing immense loss total destruction, to the newspaper that tries to combat it. Many a newspaper has found it necessary to "conform," in order to live-sacrificing ideals, for the time, to the necessitles of existence. It will be said, of course that this is cowardly; but the bravest man in battle, if he have also sense and judgment, will not try to carry ar Impregnable position by direct assault. He will wait on events and bide his

A newspaper may ignore or comba petty interests; it may stand unshaken amid the ordinary or common fluctuations of opinion, contending for what It tory of every newspaper times come when it must yield something, or even or folly, or suffer immense loss, even to the jeopardy of its own existence Many newspapers have taken such risks, and perished. Others have man broken and shattered-the work of a

The Oregonian never greatly cen sured newspapers that yielded to the silver craze in communities where that craze was uncontrollable, for they had shook some of the most powerful newspapers of the country, causing them mense loss. The Louisville Courier Journal defied the folly and combatted it. lost a large proportion of its bustness during several years, and immense sums of money. Similar was the experience of The Oregonian, whose fight for the gold standard reduced its circulation one-half, and its advertising business greatly, till the popular fury excited by the silver fallacy exhausted The Oregonian's fight for the hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and only the defeat of Bryan and recovery of public sanity saved the paper from

only through his imagination, doubtless thinks these things easy triffesbecause "the money-making feature is, or should be, "subordinate and incidental." Yet some attention must be paid to money by the newspaper whose cash outlay for publication runs stead-

No newspaper can be independent of the thought and purpose of the community in which it is published. fluctuations of opinion, where experience has settled the main lines of action, there is less difficulty; but in new communities, where opinions and polipertaining to life and action, show newspaper can no more be expected to days. By conferring with attorneys ignore and defy the customs, interests for the various criminal leaders.

pulpit and church notoriously and in factory and the schedule could be anhas made them. That is the reason why so many immoralities and cruel-ties have been practiced in the name of newspaper that has a position in journalism, or hopes to make one, will compromise its prospects by taking noney for "jobs" or by favoring terests" that seek advantages, whether of a public or private nature.

Chief of all the conservative forces of society is the self-respecting and self-supporting newspaper. Such homilies as that of Mr. Roberts are not necessary; and, moreover, they are insulting in the indecency of their suggestion that the journalism of the ountry is actuated by mercenary motives, and falls below its obligations.

But too much must not be expected from the newspapers of the country. They never can be much better than the conditions that surround them alow them to be. In our country all movements or projects of a public nature are carried into politics and engage the attention of political parties. Then comes the debate whether this or that is right, or not .- in connection in Denver—Hamilton & Kendrick, 206-012
Seventeenth street; Pratt Book Store, 1214
Fitteenth street; H. P. Hansen, S. Rice.
Kansas City, Mo.—Ricksecker Cigar Co.,
Ninth and Walnut; Sosland News Co.,
Minneapolls—M. J. Cavanaugh, 50 South
Third; Eagle News Co., corner Tenth and
Eleventh; Yoma News Co. almost every case with the question the first. For politicians, and the people, too, object to the "dictation" of the newspaper, and have been known to go over to the opposition party merely because powerful newspapers of their own Astor party had opposed them and shaken off their influence as party bosses, or helped to do so.

On the question of expediency there always is liability to endless debate, with every variety of opinion; and things that are possible and practicable at one time are not so at another. The newspaper must meet all these conditions, and a thousand more. In every case the question of "motive" is raised against it; and this question, though falsely raised and not having the least to do with the matters at issue, will often outweigh all the newspaper's ar-Newspaper men of experience, therefore, do not descant much on "the the imagination of sentimentalists, controlled by "bookish theoric," and to neophytes of journalism, who have yet their experience to obtain. It is a mistake, therefore, to imagine

'run" the country. Newspapers are directed by men, who differ from each other as much in thought, feeling, purpose, as other ents as to what is expedient more so. Moreover, it is through the disagreements of journalism, more than in the votes his pen," is a principle that all well dispense with the wisdom of the pundits and the sophisters who essay to preach to them about their opportunities and their duties.

NORMAL SCHOOL SOLUTION.

While it may be true, as the opinion of the Attorney-General holds, that the Oregon Normal School board of regents has power to accept donations of funds for use in maintaining the institutions at Drain and Monmouth, it would not be good policy for the board to receive such aid if the acceptance carried either a legal or moral oblipay the money. The last session of the Legislature left the Drain and Monnouth schools without appropriations. Should the board of regents proceed now to create an indebtedness for these institutions, either expressly or by implication, it will exercise, for all practical purposes, a legislative power, which it has no right to do.

The proposal that funds shall be supplied by people locally interested in the schools is but a repetition of the methods by which the Normal Schools became state institutions. Originally founded by private enterprise, a co cession of the use of the name of the state was secured and later came the plea for an appropriation. The normals have never stood upon their merits, but have procured appropriation by indirection, crafty scheming and legislative trading. The request that the board of regents conduct the schools with funds contributed by private parties is but an attempt to create a basis for demand for appropriations at the next session for repayment of the money donated. Such procedure would be unbusinesslike if not illegal. lifetime lost, and power of recuperation If private parties wish to run the chools, let them do so. Let the board of regents lease the buildings to the local authorities at a nominal rental. to be conducted as private enterprises and without imposing any obligation on

the state. Oregon needs no donations. It has no debt and has plenty of resources. When it wants Normal Schools it can build and decently maintain them where and when it will. The sooner I abolishes forever the custom of accepting private donations for public insti-tutions, the sooner will the Normal school system be placed upon a business basis, where it will command respect at home and abroad. Let's have an end of mixing private and public funds and private and public business.

NOTICE TO LAWBREAKERS.

Since the plan has been adopted of giving gamblers ten days or two weeks' has captured the carrying trade of the notice to cease violating the state stat- Pacific. The fault is entirely our own utes, criminals generally may be dis- and the remedy is in our hands without posed to claim their rights under that section of the constitution which guarantees equality under the law. If gam- the promotion of the public welfare in blers are given ten days of grace, in stead of the advantage of private greed. which they may continue to violate the But can we expect that Russia would laws unpunished, why shall not break- be more hesitant than Japan to profit ers of other laws be granted the same by our fatuity? She might not see her likely that all criminals will insist upon covite official mind is noted rather for a fixed period of time. In order to be granted immunity like the gamblers, see it she would not be slow to seize they would undoubtedly consent to the upon it; and what Russia once grabs establishment of a graduated scale of she never releases.

Immunity periods. Thus it might be Captain Rodic po Prosecuting Attorneys would give no- of our unfortified harbors upon the cies are still unsettled; where morals tice that robbers must cease their cific Coast. Perhaps she could, but and morality even, in a thousand things operations in nine days, blackmail- what would the army do after it landmore or less innovation and departure seven days, murderers in five days each other by hundreds of miles of from the older guides of experience, the and automobile scorchers in four

than the principle involved, for, since judicial system, there appears to be no law as there is for those who obey.

WAR WITH JAPAN.

Captain Ignez Rodic, of the Austrian General Staff, has published a pamphlet on the prospect of war between the United States and Japan. He believes that war is imminent, that Japan is concealing the most hideous designs against us under a flimsy pretense of friendship, and that we are extremely foolish not to provide ourselves with a huge standing army, on the European plan, to defend ourselves. A translation of the pamphlet is published in the Military Service Journal for July, where everybody who likes may read it and

form his own opinion of its wisdom. There are several reasons why the feudal militarists of Europe would rejoice to see war break out between this country and Japan. In the first place, to make a scientific study of the art of it more expert. To them a war is like a vivisection experiment'in a hospital to the young surgeons. They hall its advent with rapturous delight from purely professional motives.

Again, although professional soldiers are hired to kill one another, there is a fraternal sympathy among them the world over, as there is among lawyers who are hired to demonstrate each other's mendacity; and, since a new war offers chances of promotion to the members of the craft in the countries actually fighting, it is welcomed with kindly benevolence elsewhere. But there are still stronger reasons why feudal Europe, where every starving peasant carries an idle soldier on his back, would reloice to stir up war be tween us and Japan if possible. The hate both of us, for one thing. They hate the United States, and always have, because our institutions are standing reproach to their own system guments, and the right of the matter, of legalized and apotheosized robbery of the common people, and our freedon from religious and political superstition power of the press." They leave that to is a perpetual incitement to their own brutalized populations to break their chains. They hate Japan partly be cause it has never adopted what, delicate irony, these immemorial plunderers of the poor call "Christianity." that the press of the country could and partly because it is today the mos progressive Nation in the world.

If there is anything that your thorough-going feudalist, particularly the Austrian feudalist, abhors it is prog-Even their judgments of what is right i sess and the new ideas that underlie is will be at variance, and their judg- To an Austrian, an idea which is not at least two thousand years old is most terrifying thing in the world. The European feudal militarists also hold it consensus, that results are to be had against Japan that she has put their conducive to the welfare of the country. Men who know what newspaper sians, and has shown how much better work is, who know from experience its use an enlightened, non-Christian pec possibilities and limitations, can very ple can make of their vaunted strategy than they can themselves. If they could induce the American people t pull their chestnuts out of the fire by naking war upon Japan they would dance with delight openly, and secrety despise us for being such fools.

War between the United States and Japan could not benefit either of the belligerents in the slightest degree Neither of them could gain anything o importance, and both must necessarily lose enormously. The most valuable thing that each would lose would be the friendship of the other, to be replaced hatred. If the United States were depounce upon Brazil, for which the Kaiser's mouth has watered ever since he spread his vainglorious wings upon his throne; and the rest of South America would be partitioned among the other European nations. For, if Japan desires an outlet for her surplus population and products, as Captain Rodi argues, her desire is mild compared with Germany's, and she has an indefinite area for expansion on the Asiati continent, while Germany has nonnearer than Africa. All the principal European powers are hungry for colonies and all of them have their ever upon South America. Let the arm of the 'United States once weaken, let us become involved in war with a power of the capacity of Japan, and our firs reverse would be followed by a descen of feudalism, with its inveterate curse upon this hemisphere. doubt this are invited to remembe what happened to Mexico during the calamities of the opening campaigns o the Civil War, though at that time the and hunger of Europe and the international rage for markets had scarcely

begun. be little better. We could not conque and hold her territory, but Russia After we had destroyed he fleets and annihilated her armies the forces of the Czar would at once re sume their descent upon the Asiati coast. Through our good offices the power and prestige of that cancerous tyranny would be re-established in the Orient, and thenceforward forever we should be confronted across the Pacific not by a nation bound to us by every tle of kindred aspiration and traditiona friendship, as Japan is, but by deadly malignity and Satanic policy of Russia. Would not Russia desire the supremacy of the Pacific as eagerly as Japan? Would she exercise more science and neighborly forbearance in

Taking advantage of our tariff fetich and our rulnous shipping laws, Japan the necessity of a resort to war. We have only to direct our legislation to emporary immunity? But it is not advantage so quickly, for the Muscruelty than celerity, but when she did

Captain Rodic points out that Japan satisfactory to the classes interested if could land an army at almost any one ers in eight days, burglars in ed? These harbors are separated from automobile scorchers in four country almost impassable for troops:

By conferring with attorneys they are cut off from the interior by two chains of mountains whose passes

the pulpit and the church can; and the | what periods of time would be satis- | bodies of soldiers. In a territory where them, stripped them naked and made they could not move, with a hostile and every age have been just what the age nounced publicly. The amount of time armed population all around them. what would become of the Japanese army after it had landed? Never in all men are created equal and all laws the history of the world has a conquest church and religion. Among the forces were enacted by the same legislative been effected under such conditions, of human life there is not much that power, and are administered under one Captain Rodic thinks the Japanese could traverse the Coast ranges and reason why, an immunity period should find a hospitable retreat in the interior not exist for one class of criminals as where they could maintain themselves indefinitely without reinforcements. be equality for those who disobey the Such an opinion is not worth refuting. With five continental railroads pouring troops into their rear and every village in arms against them, the invaders would vanish like a mirage of the desert. We have nothing to fear from Japan, and much to hope. We have nly to treat this rising power with decent courtesy and common justice to preserve her friendship and to share in the benefits which her energy, her enlightened spirit and her enfranchised courage are destined to confer upon the world.

Shakespeare hadn't much to do with geography, and when he spoke geography, he usually made a mess Bohemia, or talked at large "the new map with augmentation of Milton, much later, had any war whatever always delights knowledge little more accurate. He them, since it affords an opportunity had all the learning of his time, yet his geography was still ptolemaic, and so butchery and devise expedients to make was his astronomy. His cosmology, or osmography, was just a little in advance of that of Dante, who was two and a half centuries earlier. Knowledge got ahead slowly, in those times, Nobody was particular about chron-

ology. Shakespeare makes Hector Aristotle. Milton makes the Almighty himself argue like a Puritan pulpitee or schoolmaster, on matters supposed to have transpired unnumbered ages earlier than the Puritan regime; and he makes Eatan, in those unknown and unnumbered early ages, before the fail, dispute in the terms of theological contention common in the period known as our Middle Ages ..

It all makes great poetry; but no poetry like that, or comparable with that, can be written now, or any more It is a question whether knowledge sleuder as it still is, and uncertain and inexact as it still is in our day, ye is not now too exact or accurate poetry, which, to be impressive, must deal with the emotional and mysterious sides of our nature. It raise a doubt whether there ever will be any

more great poetry. Our system of education teaches the exact sciences. It separates the actual from the possible, and turns down myth and fable in every direction. The common schools begin it, and the acadamies and the colleges carry it on. You must study accuracy, to do anything these days. Imagination is reduced to smallest limits. Poetry suffers, and the poetle spirit, which has done so much to keep alive and to propagate resolute religious beliefs fades out too. We get on wonderfully in the ways of material progress, but is here the goal of human life? Yet the anothegm is that knowledge is power. Perhaps it is. And yet perhaps

THE ATOMIC THEORY.

The New York Tribune announces with a certain gusto, that the atomic of matter has not yet been disproved. For authority it quotes Lord used to be Sir William Thompson before his transfiguration. One may well believe that the atomic theory has not been disproved. In the sense that it explains some phenomena and fails to explain others, it stands pretty nearly where it always did, but not quite.

for. The propagation of light is one prudent. feated and weakened Germany would example; the laws of value in chemistry It has always been a sheer absurdity Of late years the investigations of Curie, and their colleagues have greatly increased the number of facts for which the atomic theory offers no ex-

planation. Long after Galileo had shown that the earth rotates on its axis, there lieved that it stood still, and even after the voyages of Columbus, multitudes held to the venerable opinion that it was flat. Very likely no amount of mere evidence will ever convince a respectable minority of those who were taught the atomic theory in their school days that it is impossible. Death alone will change their minds, and perhaps not even that; for the nearer some of them come to death the more tenaclously they cling to their errors.

No scientist of repute ever taught that the atomic theory was demonstrable. At best they have conceded to it the status of a working hypothesis, and they have always known that it was not a very good one. The new theories do not deny that there are molecules and atoms; but they hold that the atoms are very complex, instead of simple and indivisible. They are probably composed of smaller units of some primitive substance. The properties of the different atoms, like those of gold and zinc, depend upon the number of units they contain. Since it is conceivable that this number may be changed in any given case, perhaps we may sometime learn how to change gold into zinc, if we care to do so. Thus the latest scientific speculation revives the dreams of the alchemists.

A WRETCHED TALE OF MOROCCO. The desperate outbreak of savage fanaticism, which the French are trying to quell in Morocco, recalls the adventures of James Riley in that miserable country in the year 1815. In the century which has elapsed since his shipwreck near Cape Bojador and his enslavement by the wretched natives, the condition of Morocco has not changed for the better. tants are just as filthy, dishonest and murderous, and withal just as plous, as they were then. Much like our trust magnates, they preceded each outrage with an invocation to Allah, and followed it with thanksgiving and prayer

ton, was east away on the Morocean coast in 1815. With great difficulty Riley and his men reached short through the breakers, taking with them water, food and a tent for shell ter. The next day a mob of the villainous inhabitants drove them aboard the foundered ship again, murdered one their number and stole their supplies. To escape drowning they set out down the coast in a leaky boat without provisions, hoping to meet some vessel They were disappointed. Hunger and thirst drove them ashore in a desolate and prejudices prevailing about it than Prosecuting Attorneys could ascertain could be held impregnably by small spot, where another robber band seized low the Oregon plan.

and they do the same now.

them slaves

The Arabs, who rode camels, now made for the interior, and Riley, with his men, were forced to follow. The sharp stones of the herbless desert cut their bare feet to the bone; the blazing sun blistered their naked skins. At night no shelter was given them. They lay shivering and groaning on the flints. Food there was none, either for Riley or his captors, except a little milk now and then. squalld savages had no dependable source of supply. They were constant ly wandering up and down the desert, begging, stealing, murdering and pray They raised no crops; they carried on no industry. They lived in constant peril of starvation and perpetual fear of death from other miscreants like themselves.

Finally, after a journey of 300 miles, one of the most horrible ever recorded. Riley and some of his companions wer sold to a couple of Arabs who expected to make a profit from their ransom. A mass of sores, their bones protruding, half dead from incessant beating, they were now dragged back over substantially the same route to the coast again. Like their former owners, the new ones were always hungry, always thirsty, always in fear for their exist ence. But, since these wretches had money invested in Riley and his men. they took some slight pains to keep them alive. Finally, after unheard-of sufferings. Mogador was reached and the captives were ransomed by the British Consul.

Riley recorded his adventures in narrative which was once widely popular, but is now almost unknown. It is interesting and valuable still, for his case is by no means singular. For hundreds of years the Moroccan savages have been murdering shipwrecked martners or reducing them to slavery more dreadful than death. Their country is worse than a pirates' den. It is the plague spot of the earth. It is marvelous and shameful that civilized nations have tolerated the prolonged existence of a pretended government which shelters crimes so hideous. Now France has a decent excuse for cleansing Morocco of its miseries, it is to be hoped that she will make the job a thorough one. No petty jealousy should be permitted to stay her hand.

Standard Oil is in trouble with the City of Indianapolis. It has been selling there at retail measures of oil which people were led to believe contained one gallon each. Every one of them is a pint short. Now the City Council is after the fraud with a sharp stick, and the robber's attorney an swers that the company doesn't call these vessels gallons, but merely "containers," the same as paper bags, in which a grocer puts small lots of goods, and which may be of one size or an other! The subterfuge is not deemed an answer. Of course the vessels were made to deceive and swindle buyers by leading them to think they were getting gallons. Doubtless this trick is practiced in many places, perhaps in all. What with rebates, short measures and other favorite devices, this robber has been fairly thrifty.

The people of the West are warned by Western railroad and state officials to look to it that their coal bins are filled early and full. To be forehanded in this matter is to meet the probability of a severe Winter with confidence and While householders object serenity. usually to laying in coal in advance of the season, for the reason that it slacks in the bins and becomes dusty and dirty to handle, all will agree that partially spent coal is better, in the event of a cold snap, than no coal at all The prudent man will foresee the evil There have always been facts which coal bin, providing, of course, that he as to be mistaken for another. by an undying heritage of international the atomic theory could not account is financially forehanded as well as

Hear Standard Oll's moan: "Shouldn't the law treat all alike? Nobody ever was fined so much before." But no body was ever so great a culprit. The only doubt in the matter is whether the penalty is up to the magnitude of the offense. This robber has been in business more than thirty years-even this fine is only about one-half the annual dividend of booty during most of this time.

Cannon and Hughes would trot as a great team in the election next year; but it is doubtful whether Hughes would march in the rear rank. If he should consent he would expect, per hans to succeed Cannon. It's never safe to nominate a man for the Vice-Presidency with expectation of shelving him. Old Tom Platt could give a reminiscence on that subject.

"We are servants, not masters." Thus says Rockefeller. Does he think the American people are idiots? Maybe he needs the service of a commission usually appointed by the County Judge.

When a Scattle Constable levies on debtor's wooden leg, it may seriously be asked whether a man's wig or a woman's percelain teeth are sacred to the minions of the law. President Roosevelt had no comment

to make upon the decision fining the Standard Oll Company \$29,240,000. Evidently Judge Landis left nothing to be

John D. says he is harnessed to a cart in which the people ride. Mark Twain should yield to him the title of prince of American humorists

It must have grieved Rockefeller

when he read about Pierpont Morgan's

\$10,000,000 collection of paintings that he didn't furnish the oil. Rockefeller's declaration that he is working for the interests of the whole country may be classified as unau-

thenticated news. One disclosure made by personal differences at St. Paul is that the Great Northern has had a first vice-president on the payroll.

quite as effective if Rockefeller had hired Chancellor Day to stand for that Interview. Mr. Bryan is not a very steady old

warhorse these days. He backs and

fills like some four-footed equines we

It would have been more modest and

have seen. Curiously, the richest man in the world is silent on the subject of violating an important Federal statute.

In his devotion to the Republican party Senator Foraker is going to fol-

OREGON EPISODES RETOLD

F peace officers could always exercise the powers of a Sherlock Holmes, the life of a criminal would be so hazardous that few would attempt such a ca-In fact, the career of the criminal would be cut short, however persistent his attempts in defiance of officers possessing such rare detective skill. word "rare," as used here, is not inappropriate, for, though in the popular mind the Dovle stories have no counterpart in actual life, yet there have been instances. even here in Oregon, of work of which a Sherlock Holmes might well be proud. National Bank Examiner Claud Gatch tells of a case which he thinks belongs in the Holmes class, or perhaps above it, and Harry Minto, several years ago Chief of Police of Salem, was the hero.

Gatch was cashler of the Ladd & Bush Bank, and one evening found the cash \$360 short. He worked all night and most of the next day, trying to account for that \$300, but could not solve the mystery. He studied another day and then called in Minto. After stating the fact of the loss Gatch explained that he had not even a suspicion where the money had gone, for he felt confident that no employe of the bank had taken it. In the hope of getting some sort of clue, Minto inquired whether anything out of the ordinary had happened in the bank the day the money was lost. "Nothing that I remember," replied the cashier, "except that some one left this pair of gloves on

Minto took the gloves, looked them over, put them in his pocket and went out. Half an hour later he was on a streetcar bound for the State Fair Grounds. Arriving there he went to the racehorse stables. Hunting up a horseman with whom he was acquainted. Minto showed him the gloves and asked if he knew to whom they belonged.

"Yes, they belong to Mr. Blank," naming a well-known and well-to-do horseowner of high standing in sporting circles. but a stranger to Minto. The chief had Mr. Blank pointed out to him, and when an opportunity offered he approached and addressed the sportsman carefully watch. ng his countenance as he spoke;

"Mr. Blank, you cashed a check at the Ladd & Bush Bank last Tuesday," and Minto paused an instant, "and you got \$300 more than the check called for. I came out to get the money," and he dis played his star. The horseman acknowledged cashing a check, but denied getting \$300 too much. "That's all right," said Minto, "but I want that \$300," Mr Blank persisted in his denial, and grew indignant at the charge of theft, but when Minto informed him that it would be nec essary to arrest him, the man broke down, confessed that he got the money and begged that he be not exposed. He assured the officer that he had never been guilty of such a thing before, and that under ordinary circumstances he would not have taken a dollar to which he was not entitled. When he saw the money ounted out to him and knew he had \$300 too much, he was selzed with the impulse to keep it, and did so. He wrote a check in Minto's favor for the amoun and a half-hour later the bank books tallied with the cash in the vaults.

Here was the way Minto figured it out: That was an expensive pair-of-gloves. The nan who owned them might very likely be cashing a large check, and he overlooked them because he left the bank in hurry or under excitement. Examination of the gloves showed that they had been used by an expert horseman. This led to the fair grounds race track. When Minto mentioned the cashing of a check he could tell by the expression on Mr. Blank's face that he had the right man. Subsequent investigation showed that the \$300 was paid on a check in which one and hide himself behind a well-filled figure had been written in such a manner I. L. S.

> make a fool of himself, but it becomes exasperating when he does so in a public manner. A stranger who was staying at a hotel in Oregon City a few days ago will probably spend some time kleking himself for the ludicrous spectacle he presented before a crowd that gathered in the hall in front of his door It seems that one morning he awoke late, and after dressing could not find the key to his door. He knocked and counded, but he could get no response, and finally opened the window and called A guest in the room below responded by sticking his head out of the window, at the same time that a crowd began to collect on the sidewalk. "Some one got into my room during the night, took the key and locked the door on the outside, shouted the victim. Then the crowd rushed to the hotel office and, led by the landlord, mounted the stairs. Just as they reached the stranger's room he opened the door and explained that he had found the key on the floor where it had dropped. . . .

AN INTERESTING athletic contest took place at Stayton recently, when, at the opening of a new bowling alley. Lee Brown, aged somewhere in his 80's, defeated Mayor Kerns, the present incumbent of the office. Kerns is a young man. Lee Brown was the first Mayor of Stayton, and though he had not bowled since he left Indiana, many years ago, he has not forgotten the game. An active life has kept him young in spirits though old in years.

NEWSPAPER accounts of the recent escape of Charles T. Duke from the penitentiary describe his achievement as 'clever." While working in the brickyard he stepped behind a tier of cordwood, put on a farmer's overalls and hat, picked up a measuring pole, and, after pretending to measure the pile of wood, calmly walked past the guard and down the road to freedom. Thus far the re ports agree, but some papers give the information that Duke was formerly a reporter, while others say he was a printer. While either a reporter or a printer is 'clever' enough to carry out a trick like that, there is reason to believe that the man was a reporter. If he had been a printer he would have written an order on the prison authorities for the amount due on the wood and then used it as collateral upon which to borrow \$19 from the guard as he went out.

Washington Herald.

The President's at Oyster Bay Resting. He chops a cord of wood each day Resting. He takes a ten-mile run each morn, And then he hoes a field of corn, Oh. he is busy, sure's you're born, Resting.

The President has lots of fun Resting.

He sweats and awelters in the sun Resting.

He is the last to go to bed.

The first to greet the morning red.

Oh, where is he who can beat Ted Resting?

VERSES OF THE DAY

Contradictions Atlanta Constitution.
Man wid de money
Groanin' wid his load;
Man wid de patches
Singin' on de road!

Fool you mo' en mo'; allop fum de rich man En take up wid de po'! Yit ter git 'um up ter heaven Dis story must be told. 'Streams er milk en honey dar, En sniny streets er gold."

Happiness a strange one-

The Secret. Helen Eay Whitney, in Harper's Monthly, I have a little brook in the deeps of my heart,
What does it matter if the day he chill of colored like a tourmaline, and winged like a dart. Votered like a rightingale, it sings all the

Small bright herbs on the banks of the stream,
Moon-pale primroses and tapestries of
fern;
This is a reality, and life is just a dream—
Iridescent bubble that the moon-tides

Footsteps. By Eva M. Martin in London National Re-There is a footstep in the house tonight.
I hear it, sometimes distant, sometimes I hear it, sometimes distant, some near, Reaming the lonely corridors at will. and ever as it passes by the room Where you and I sit waiting, bark! it stops, And for a breathless space halts at the

door,
As the one stood there listening; then
starts
Upon its schoing pligrinage again.
Come close to me, dear heart. I am afraid.

Sit so that I can see your well-loved face.

And watch the changing lights thrown by
the fire Playing about your firm, compassionate And gleaming in your sorrowful deep eyes.

I am afraid, beloved! I can hear
The footsteps drawing nearer. Hush, O

They pause outside the door, as the one fain
Would enter. Ah, not yet: It is too soon.
Listen! The steps pass on, and die away
in the yast silence of the sleeping house.
A little longer respite has been gained—
A little time in which I still may hear
Your voice, and see your face, and touch
your hand.
You think my nerves are overwrought tonight. That my st. things, sick fancy conjures up strange

But I know well that what I say is true I know, sweetheart, when first you brou me home, me home,
That Death lay waiting for me in this nouse. I heard him wand'ring restlessly at night Through the dark passages and empty did not tell you? No, such things as those me tells not even to one's best-belov'd . . .

You be not even to one's best-belov'd ...
Do you remember how six months ago
You brought me on a radiant Summer day
To this, your childhood's home, a happy
bride?
Was ever happiness like ours before?
We flung all thought of sorrow to the
winds. Joyed in the present, drew up fairy plans For the glad future. All our pathways led Thro's maze of sunshine, sweet with scent Yet even then at times my heart grew cold,

For often when alone I heard a step Approaching from some distant corridor; But looking o'er my shoulder hastily, Saw no one there, and laughed my fears away. But when the Summer days had passed, and Our Summer flowers were faded, and the irees.
Put on their blazing robes of red and gold. Then in the darkining evenings we two sat In the old hall beside the fire, and I would hear the footsteps roam through distant rooms.

And creeping in dumb terror close to you. Would hide my face and cover up my ears, Saying I could not bear to hear the wind Howling around the house so certly. You kissed, me for my folly then, and called Me names of tender ridicule, but now Your eyes are troubled and you do not seek To drive away my fears with laughing words.

Come closer still, belov'd, and let me lie with face turned to the door, that I may know The moment when it opens. Listen now! Down the long corridor the footsteps come—insistent footsteps scaling to the door, And waiting, waiting, waiting! . . Look not sad!

I have no thought of sorrow. Just to ite

not sad.

I have no thought of sorrow. Just to lie Resting my head upon your shoulder, so, To hear and feel you there, is perfect joy Altho: the hour of parting draws so near. For how Death's time has almost come. I

He must be tired of wandering all night

He must be tired of wandering all night
Through the dim passages and silent rooms.
Come closer still, sweetheart! I am afraid.
Yet is this fear? Ah no! How could I be
Afraid to meet e'en Death with you so
close?
My fear is gone . . . only . . I wish that
Death
Would wait a little longer! Just an hour.
One little hour would mean so much to us.
But he is weary and will wait no more.
My eyes are heavy. If I close them, you
Will waith the door and rouse me when
Death turns
The bandle, will you not? He waits there
still.

I cannot hear his footsteps any more - . . This rest is sweet. Why do you speak my name So grievingly? Your voice sounds like a From magic places very far away,
And I must answer when you call me so.
See how I struggle back to you from worlds
Of mighty alone, worlds of deepest sieep.
Breathless I come, and spent, like unto one
Tired with long running. Now at last my

Unclose and I can answer you. But O, you slid not fell me Death was in the room! How sliently he must have entered. Stay. Stay near me, my beloved. It is dark, I cannot see you, thou' I feel you near—But not so near as Death. Look, now he lifts. The vell that shrouds his face—and O. his How beautiful! How deep and sad his eyes! He bids me follow him. Dear, I must go. He has been kind and waited long for me.

Roaming through coupty darkness all alone While we two lived with Love heside the fire. O call me not again, below'd for Death Calls from the other side. Your voice Calls from the faint—
A muffled cry across a misty sea—
A muffled cry across a misty sea—
But his compelling tone brooks no delay.
He turns to go I hear his well-known step
Fade slowly down the dim-lit corridor—
He calls—I cannot wait. Good night!—
Good-by!

The Liner of Tomorrow.

(As viewed by two old salts, Neptuns and avy Jones, during a siesta in Davy Jones

Said Davy Jones, "I plainly see,
We're losing of our grip;
A trolley-car just whized by me—
She tumbled off a ship,
I dassen't hardly upward float,
These great ships make me flinch;
Why, when they launched the last big boat
She raised the seu an inch!"

"A mammoth ship went past just new,"
Said Neplune in dismay:
"She had a golf-links on her bow,
With eighteen hoies to play;
And as I drew a breath to dive,
While she was runhing by,
Some duffer golfer sileed his drive,
And plunked me in the eye."

"An auto jumped the steamer's deek,
And dove into the sea,
Without one warning 'houk,' by heck!
And nearly flattened me."
Said Davy Jones, with anger swelled,
"The goggle-eyed machine!
I wondered why my locker smelled
So rank of gasoline!

"In land and sea the troiley scare!
Red autor break our bones!
I guess we'll have to live in air,"
Said doleful Davy Jones.
"But even that will hardly do,"
Cried Neptune, in distress,
"For steamers carry air-ships, too!
You've got another guess!"

Outclassed.

Outclassed.
Washington Star,
Everybody's kickin'.
Kickin' bout the heat:
Kickin' bout the prices
We pay for things to eat.
Kickin' bout the railroads
An' the Government;
Kickin' bout the railroads
An' the way they're spent.
Kickin' bout the autos
An' the pace they set;
Kickin' bout the grafters
An' the puic they get
Old mule leoks dejected.
Says in tones deimure.
When it comes to kickin'
I'm an amachoor!"