

# PITIFUL STORY OF LOVE

## Lulu Bowen, of San Francisco Postoffice, Steals to Give to Her Lover

A pathetic story of man's perfidy and woman's faith and trust comes from San Francisco. It is the story of Lulu M. Bowen, who now faces the criminal charge of stealing \$7,000 from the government. The San Francisco Chronicle tells the story as follows:

It is likely that before many days L. W. Baker, the Oakland printer for whom Miss M. Lulu Bowen, the branch postoffice clerk, is said to have stolen \$7,000 from the government, will be in the cells.

Baker was seen in this city Monday night, and all day yesterday and last night postal department detectives were hot on his trail. They declare that they will surely get him before long, whether he is still here or has left the city.

The unfortunate woman who sacrificed her honor and good name in order to help Baker out of his financial scrapes was taken before United States Commissioner Hancock at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon and formally arraigned on a charge of having embezzled \$7,070.23 from the little branch postoffice at Oakland.

A \$7000 bond was furnished by A. J. Snyder, realty dealer, and C. M. MacGregor, contractor and builder, both residents of Oakland. The warrant for her arrest was sworn to by Inspector R. W. Mackern, of the postoffice department. The hearing will occur Thursday morning at 9 o'clock.

The scene in the commissioner's courtroom was a most pathetic one as Miss Bowen accompanied by her sister Miss Lottie Bowen, and Mrs. Armstrong, a friend of the family, entered. The mother was too ill to be by her daughter's side.

### Miss Bowen's Appearance.

The little woman whose remarkable confession has caused a sensation in Oakland and is an all absorbing topic in almost every home both there and in San Francisco, seated herself quietly in front of the commissioner. She never lifted her eyes, nor did she speak a word to any one during the entire proceedings. A modest blue dress, a little grotesquely trimmed green hat and a very cheap fur hat only accentuated her plain appearance, and only the trim patent leather boots peeping from beneath the skirt showed any touch of fastidiousness. With hands clasped and with bowed head she listened while her attorney and the government representatives agreed upon the date of her hearing.

Only when she was taken into the commissioner's chamber to sign, with her two bondsmen, the document which meant her temporary freedom did she display any emotion. Then, while Commissioner Hancock slowly read to her the bond, did the once trusted clerk of the Oakland branch office show outward signs of her emotions.

### Returns to Her Home.

After leaving the general postoffice building Miss Bowen returned directly to her home in Oakland, where she was found last night an utter wreck of her once cheerful, energetic self. Lying on a sofa, her face pressed close to the wall, she refused to talk, even to her relatives, except once, when she is said to have vehemently declared that "come what may, she would exonerate the man she loved."

This probably means that Miss Bowen intends to shoulder all the blame for her speculations, is willing to brave prison bars and spend perhaps years of her life in dull prison garb in order that the man with whom she is infatuated may go scot free.

But— Uncle Sam does not intend that the dictates of the foolish heart of a simple minded young spinster shall act as a shield against justice. When the delonator L. W. Baker, church printer and avenue power, is apprehended he will be mercilessly prosecuted by the government.

### Stole to Help Baker.

For the first time Miss Bowen spoke for publication yesterday. And this is the remarkable statement she made while on her way to this city for arraignment:

"It would have been as hard for me to deny the request of my dying mother as to resist the importunities of Louis Baker. I stole to help him, and would have stolen more if he had asked me. But for the knowledge that he loves me I would pray for death."

This from the lips of a modest young blonde spinster, with a grotesquely trimmed green hat, and such a pathetically unprepossessing face and figure.

Baker's Oakland printing plant was attached yesterday morning by Mrs. Matilda Brown for the amount of the embezzlement. The Oakland Paper Company has placed a second attachment on the property for an indebtedness of \$900. Assistant District Attorney Everett Brown, representing his mother in the affair, was the early bird in the attachment proceedings and by getting up before breakfast managed to slip in the first official document.

It is estimated that Baker's plant is worth about \$5000, but from what can be learned the indebtedness is a great deal more than that figure.

The little sub-station at which Miss Bowen once presided is still closed. Miss Jennie Logan of the Alden branch office will succeed Miss Bowen. It is now known that Baker gambled on the races and spent much time and money on women of the underworld.

### From Our Religious Exchanges.

Salvation, in this view (of nature here), is found in obedience to law, in harmony with the divine will. The only right attitude for the individual becomes that of seeking the truth and of being ever obedient in spirit and in action to the vision that may be accorded. The means of knowledge of a saving, uplifting faith, are found in the convictions of truth which are given in the honest, reverent, seeking soul, likewise in the open pages of nature and again in the testimony of the experience of earth's best and noblest souls. The teachings of Jesus are revered because he showed himself worthy to instruct in that he truly communed with eternal truth. The Bible is revered, not as a mixture

of final announcement of all truth, but as a true record of the consensus of experiences of the highest thought of the best and noblest of our race in their efforts to know God.—Rev. Herbert K. Job in The Congregationalist.

Preparations for the anticipated and desired blessings of God includes the faithful use of what has already been given. The knowledge, the grace, the gifts and power within present possession or reach must be diligently employed before additional supplies can be obtained. "Whoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance." The moral ground of daily life must be cleared before spiritual blessings can be given. The heart must be emptied of its hatreds and prejudices or it can claim promised grace. Man's preparation for God largely consists in doing right and making things right.—The Watchman.

We sometimes classify the activities of life as "sacred" and "secular." We attempt to distinguish between the "divinities" and the "humanities." No doubt such distinctions may be

made, but let us be sure that the basis of distinction is sound. A man who lives for himself, who ignores God, who neglects the things of the spirit, may fittingly be charged with secularism. But for him who loves God, who lives in the realm of the spirit, whatever his activities, they are sacred. When the humanities are rooted in the life of God proceed from His impulse, seek His ends, they are divine.—The Standard.

It is the lack of confidence in God which causes men to attach so much value to creeds, forms, ceremonies, elevating them to an importance which they do not intrinsically possess. Exactly as in the past, when there was not full confidence felt in the absolute integrity and unalterableness of nature, reliance was placed in spells, incantations and sacrifices.—Rev. Thomas Van Ness, in the Boston Herald.

The new evangelism is manifesting itself in a spirit of unity among the churches such as has never before been seen, and the purpose to make each

church an evangelistic center, a powerhouse for righteousness, instead of a storage-house for the refuse of the religious whirlwind.—The Universalist

Purity of life is the grand item running through the whole Book of God. The provisions for it are prominent in every part of the sacred Scriptures.—Rev. J. A. Wood in the Christian Advocate.

It is an easy matter to make a profession, but a different thing to possess the spirit of love and tenderness which was manifest by our Lord throughout his entire ministry.—Pacific Christian Advocate.

No man is useless while he has a friend.—R. L. Stevenson.

You may say the right word in the wrong tone, you may preach the gospel as if it were a curse.—Joseph Parker.

Not what we give, but what we share—(For the gift without the given is bare!)

Who gives himself with his arms three— Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me.

The capacity to pray is not always in our power, but in the eye of God the desire to pray is prayer.—Lessing.

Sweet flowers are slow, the weeds make haste.—Shakespeare.

It is easier to go six miles to hear a sermon than to spend one quarter of an hour meditating on it when I come home.—Philip Henry.

To look up and not down, To look forward and not back, To look out and not in, and To lend a hand. Edward Everett Hale.

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