



JAMES SPEYER PROPOSES "SETTLEMENTS" AMONG RICH.

At the exercises commemorating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the University Settlement of New York James Speyer created a mild sensation by saying that he wondered whether the college men and women of the east side institution "could not also do very good work by establishing a settlement near Central park and studying the conditions among the well to do and rich." They might, he continued, find that, while the east side families were too large for happiness, the uptown families were too small, and that, while the children of the very poor got into trouble because they had too few opportunities for play, those of the rich went wrong for the very opposite reason. Mr. Speyer has had abundant opportunity to know how both halves live, for he is a wealthy banker who has long interested himself in philanthropy. He is treasurer of the Provident Loan society, which lends money to the needy at proper rates of interest, and gave the Speyer school to Teachers' college, Columbia university.



FELICE LYNE, AMERICAN SOPRANO WHO MAY RIVAL PATTI

A NEW operatic star has risen, and again, as so many times before, the singer is an American girl. Oscar Hammerstein, who has given London the opportunity to hear grand opera in a splendid new building instead of in the dingy Covent Garden, has discovered, he says, "a second Tetrazzini" in Miss Felice Lyne. She made her first appearance in London as Glida in "Rigoletto" and scored an instant success, some of the critics predicting for her a future to rival Patti's and acclaiming her as the greatest Glida within living memory. Miss Lyne is an Allentown (Pa.) girl, who was born in Kansas City, Mo., twenty years ago. She sang in "Hans the Flute Player" under Mr. Hammerstein's management and has been a pupil of Mme. Marchesi and of Jean de Reszke. Her repertory during the London season includes the parts of Lucia, Marguerite and Juliet.

A FUGITIVE

By EDWARD STAGER

I lived in a brick row in the city in a comfortable house of my own.

The street against which my house backed was largely occupied for shops. The building whose rear confronted the rear of my house was occupied below for millinery goods, while girls worked above on the goods sold in the store. The third story seemed to be used for sleeping rooms for the girls who worked on the premises during the day.

One afternoon when I came home and stood looking through my bedroom window I saw in an upper window of the house back of me a young girl who differed entirely from those I had been used to seeing there. In the first place she was singularly beautiful, in the second she was dressed like a lady, and in the third her features seen through a pair of opera glasses were of a very refined type. She was evidently in a room by herself on the third story and was working at trimming hats.

Why was that high bred young woman there working in that fashion? She must have been educated, and educated girls when they occupy positions don't usually take up manual labor. The bee of curiosity had got into my head and kept a continual buzzing. I watched the girl till nightfall, when she shut her window, and the first thing in the morning I looked for her. She was there working again the same as the day before. For several days I kept feasting my eyes upon her, when one day, suddenly turning her face in my direction, she saw me looking at her through my glasses. Having her face in focus, I saw a frightened expression come over it. She withdrew from the window, and, though I often looked for her, I did not see her there again. I cursed myself for a fool in not keeping back where she could not have seen me.

Her disappearance showed me that if the bee curiosity had effected an entrance into my head an arrow of love had been shot into my heart. I was astonished at the loneliness that came over me. The night after my mother's funeral, when I found myself for the first time alone in the house, I had been oppressed by the solitude, but this sensation was different. Then there was something lost that I had no idea of regaining. Now that which had been shut off from my vision I felt must be restored to me.

In the financial center of the city I had heard rumors of trouble on the part of a certain wealthy man who had been speculating. Being a banker, the matter had come to my ears long before its publication, since the bank in which I was employed had made large loans to the speculator and was therefore interested in his getting out of his difficulty without a failure. His embarrassment was kept as quiet as possible. Nevertheless I learned that if he didn't pull through he would be prosecuted criminally. Meanwhile he was working night and day to bring about an adjustment.

One evening while dining with the cashier he told me that, while there was criminality in the case of this man who owed us money, it was not he who had committed fraud, but a member of his family, who had disappeared with securities that he was interested in keeping out of the reach of the law. But he added that the police had got on to the fugitive's hiding place and expected to make an arrest very soon.

What it was that induced me to put this information and the girl of the hat factory together I don't know, but I did. My romance would not permit me to think that she had run away with securities to which she had no right. I believed that she was acting with her relative to extricate him from his complications. At any rate, if the hat girl was this person the police were after I proposed to warn her. Leaving the cashier after dinner, I made straight for the building in which I had seen her.

I was received by the woman who ran the establishment. I asked to be permitted to see the lady who occupied a back room on the third story. The woman looked at me suspiciously and said there was no one occupying either of the back rooms on that story. This confirmed my suspicion that the girl I had seen was in hiding.

"When did the girl who has been working there at a window for several days go?" I asked, giving the woman a searching glance. I saw by her expression that she felt the game was up.

"Let me see her," I added in a confidential tone. "I have news for her in which she is greatly interested."

"Are you a friend of hers?"

"I would serve her."

She led the way to a salesroom, then went upstairs and came down with the girl in question. She was what I suspected her to be. Her father was in trouble, and she was helping him. I proposed to give up my house to her and the woman who was harboring her for another hiding place. The offer was accepted, and they went there at once, I going to my club. They had not been gone an hour before the police went to the millinery factory to make the arrest.

By this bit of financiering that was executed by the daughter the father pulled through, paid dollar for dollar and saved his good name. I now manage the estate he left, for I am the husband of his only heir.

Eating Bread and Honey.

Honey Sandwiches.—Cut bread in thin slices. Spread one slice with butter beaten to a cream and the other with honey. Press the slices together. Arrange on a plate and garnish with sprigs of mint.

Honey Cakes.—Cream half a cupful of butter. Add a cupful of honey, half a cupful of sour milk, two beaten eggs and a few drops of lemon juice. Sift two cupfuls of flour, half a teaspoonful of baking soda and a teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Mix and pour into buttered and floured cake tins. Bake in a moderate oven.

ABOUT CROWN GALL.

Crown gall is a disease of fruit trees that in some sections is causing a good deal of trouble. It is a fungous disease that makes its appearance in an enlargement and fibrous or hairy growth at the crown of the root. While many trees affected with the disease do not die, many others are practically ruined. The damage from crown gall may be reduced somewhat by a drenching of the base of the tree and adjacent roots with bordeaux mixture, but this only helps and does not repair damages. It has been found that the disease is contagious, may be carried from one tree to another with hoe or cultivator shovel and that it is not safe to set new trees in soil from which diseased trees have been removed.

REPAIRING TREE DAMAGE.

Doubtless more than one reader of these notes who has lately set out small fruit trees will find before spring that some of the trees have been girdled by mice or rabbits unless measures have been taken to protect the trunks. One of the best safeguards against damage by mice is a removal of all grass and weeds from about the trunk over a radius of two or three feet, for mice rarely do damage unless there be a shelter of some kind close to the trunk. In case damage is done, and the discovery of this should not be left until spring, it may be in part overcome by giving the wound a coat of linseed oil or white lead and tying on a poultice of moist clay or cow manure. If the tree is entirely or almost girdled it will be advisable in the long run to take it out in the spring or at once if conditions permit and set a new one in its place. With apple trees bridge or strip grafting may be done in cases where the girdling is complete, but one must be quite expert at such work to insure success.

IS BEARING FRUIT.

For the year ending Nov. 1 Iowa produced 2,783,084 pounds more butter than for the preceding year. In accounting for this increase Dairy Commissioner Barney attributes no small part of the gain to the work done by lectures and demonstrations on the dairy specials that were run over the main railroad lines of the state last winter. In these lectures emphasis was laid upon the need of testing each member of the herd for butter fat production, the importance of and what constitutes a proper ration and the necessity of grading up the dairy herd by the use of a first class sire. Much of this better dairy gospel work has been done in several of the states, and the practical good that has resulted it would be difficult to measure.

AN INDEPENDENT WORKING MAN.

(Continued from page 1.)

outside work and then do not want the outside to take up the work they throw away. The business element in Roseburg treats us very fair and good ex-

cept at one hotel where I requested board. But I found out later that the man behind the bar was what he calls a union fireman but still hangs on his job and pulls the car that a seab repairs and fires a seab engine. MACHINIST.

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