

**Colonel Roosevelt and Senator Dixon, His Campaign Manager**



Photo by American Press Association

It was matter of gratification to Colonel Roosevelt when the direction of his campaign for the presidential nomination was entrusted to Senator Joseph M. Dixon of Montana. He was the ex-president's choice for this highly important post, but it had been rumored that sickness in his family would make it impossible for him to assume the duties of a pre-convention manager. A warm friendship existed between the colonel and Mr. Dixon before the latter was elected to the senate. The senator is a North Carolinian by birth, but removed to Montana when a very young man and went into politics almost immediately. He has been there ever since and has a reputation for getting pretty nearly any office he wants. He is said to be the most popular man in public life in his state. His friends attribute his uniform success to his amiability, his unassuming manners, his sterling honesty and his knack of seizing opportunities. The illustration shows the ex-president and the senator returning to their New York offices after having taken luncheon together.

**KIDNAPED**

One Story Leads to Another

By SILAS ARMSTRONG

"Mark," said Mr. Chandler, "here's a cent; go get me a paper."

It was 6 o'clock in the evening, and day and night were mingling. A boy, who was ten years old, started for the paper. The walk before him there and back would require about ten minutes. Twenty minutes passed and he had not returned. His mother began to grow anxious. Her husband laughed at her. Dinner was announced, and still no word from Mark. Mrs. Chandler insisted that the father should go to the newsstand and make inquiries. He consented and learned that the boy had been there, bought a paper and gone away with it in the direction of his home.

This is what happened to Mark. While walking home a carriage drove up to the sidewalk beside him, two men alighted, seized the boy, put him into the carriage, got in with him, shut the door and were driven away. There

was not a person near to see what had been done.

Mark Chandler was a very bright boy. He was a boy's boy, not a girl's boy by any means. He had no use for indoor playthings, except that in the garret of his home he had a workshop and various electrical contrivances. He knew nothing of electric theories, but had played with batteries to turn miniature mills, ring bells and make tiny lights so often that he had become quite conversant with the adjustment of wires. His other amusements were baseball, football and in winter skating. Altogether Mark was as well calculated as any boy of his age to take care of himself.

He knew he was being kidnaped, and from the lingo in which his captors conversed he judged they were Italians. Of course he was terribly frightened, but it didn't take him very long to recover his equanimity sufficiently to notice the direction in which he was being taken. He had been about the city more or less and knew some locations. But he was not driven in a straight course and soon lost his bearings. It was in the spring of the year, the length of the twilight had considerably lengthened, and the boy could see landmarks if he only recognized them. Presently he passed a rink where he had skated. After this the carriage turned down a broad avenue, which he distinctly remembered, but did not know its name. The lamps were lighted, and he saw the names of the streets crossed. Bogart street was one of them, and into this the carriage turned. Not far from the corner of the street and the avenue the carriage

**E-1 and E-2, Navy's Newest Submarines, Burn Crude Oil**

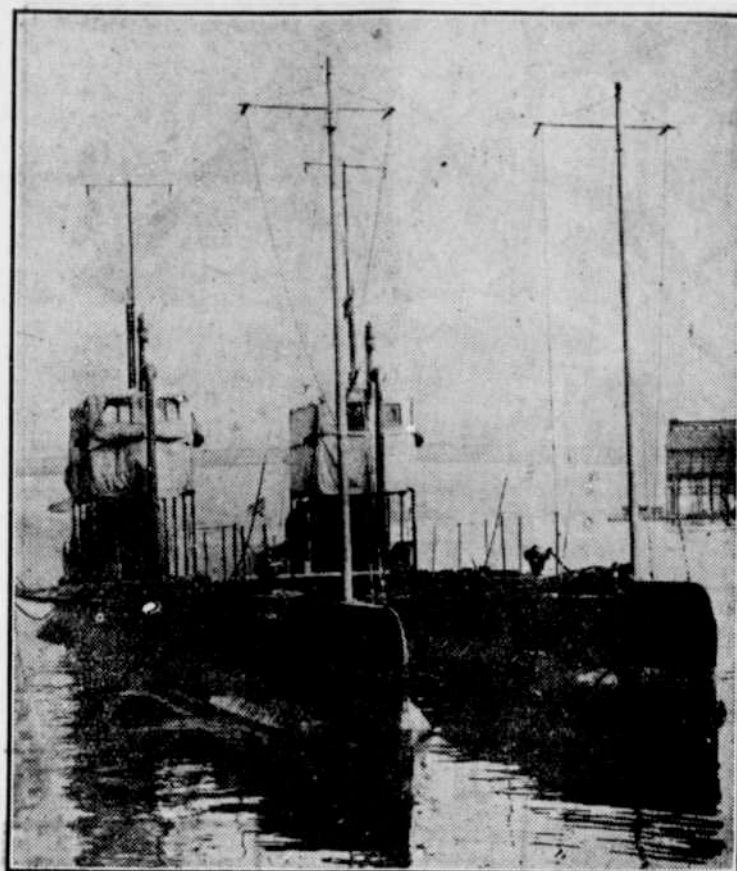


Photo by American Press Association

SUBMARINES with masts are a new thing in the navy. The E-1 and E-2 are the first so equipped, the masts, which are about thirty feet high, being for wireless use. The two new boats are also the first of their kind to use the crude oil burning engines, which are expected to save money for the navy department, since they burn oil costing 3 cents a gallon instead of the gasoline used in other submarine engines, which costs 10 or 11 cents a gallon. The boats, which are shown as they appeared at the New York navy yard just before they started for Norfolk, are 135 feet long and are equipped with four torpedo tubes each. There is little room inside them for anything but the machinery and the 5,000 gallons of oil which they carry. Each has a crew of eighteen men and a mascot. On ordinary voyages submarines have tenders on which the members of the crew sleep, but the New York-Norfolk trip was made without these. When the boats are sailing on the surface of the water the navigating bridges are surrounded with canvas

stopped at a large house. It stood alone and had the appearance of being unoccupied. Mark was taken into it by a back door, but there were no lights, and after passing through a basement hall and up a short stairway he found himself in a handsomely furnished room in which a gas jet was burning. Besides the two men was a woman, a veritable hag, and, though he understood not a word of their talk, he knew that the men were turning him over to her as his jailer. After a brief consultation the two men went out of the room, followed by the woman, who locked the door after her.

Mark threw himself on a lounge and cried till she came back with some bread and a little butter and sugar on it. She told him in Italian-English not to cry, giving him to understand that he would be well treated. This helped him to recover his equanimity, and he ate the supper she had provided for him. Then she took him upstairs to a large bedroom, in which the gas jet was turned low, and told him to go to bed. The kidnapers were evidently either caretakers of the house or, knowing that it was vacant, had forced an entrance and appropriated it to their use. Mark didn't consider this. He was too young. But he did consider means of escape. His father had once locked him in a room for disobedience and shortly after found him playing baseball with his boy companions. Mark had slid down a drain pipe. As soon as the woman left him he began to make investigations. He raised a window so stealthily as not to make a sound that could be heard and looked out. He was on the third story in the rear of the house and nothing near by which he might get down. He noticed a telephone wire leading into a room below and wished he might get near it long enough to send a message. But it

was not likely that his captors would permit him to do so.

He longed also for the battery he had at home and wires to connect it with the telephone wires, thinking he might send a message. But he was perfectly safe where he was, and at last, giving up trying to devise means of escape, he threw himself on the bed. There he fell to thinking how anxious his father and mother would be about him and cried himself to sleep.

Early in the morning the woman awakened him and took him out of the room he occupied. She had no idea of letting him stay in the daytime where he might attract the attention of those outside and communicate with them. She took him downstairs to the kitchen, where she gave him something to eat. After that she compelled him to remain there with her while she did certain chores.

The door of the kitchen closet stood open, and Mark could see that on its shelves were certain remnants of stores that were not likely to have been bought by his captors. They had evidently been left there by those who had occupied the premises before it had been closed. One thing Mark saw put an idea into his head. It was a lemon. His grandfather, who had been a soldier in the civil war, had been captured and imprisoned. He had communicated with friends without by writing letters which would pass inspection, but on being heated the real message, that had been invisible, would appear. Mark had often heard him tell the story of how by this means he was assisted to escape, and it occurred to him that if he could get hold of that lemon he might write a note to his father. The idea was very vague in his mind, but one thing he determined on, to steal the lemon. He was permitted to walk around the

**IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, FOR MULTNOMAH COUNTY.**

In the Matter of the Estate of HENRIETTA KERN, Deceased.

CITATION.  
To J. J. Kern, Albert E. Kern, George F. Kern, John M. Kern, T. J. Kern, William Kern, Tabitha Kern, Meta De Moud, William Struve, John Struve, Letha, Veda Kern and Delbert Kern, and all other known and unknown heirs and devisees of Henrietta Kern, deceased: IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON, you are hereby commanded to appear before the Honorable County Clerk of the State of Oregon, in and for the County of Multnomah, at the Court House in the City of Portland, on the 15th day of April, A. D. 1912, at the hour of nine o'clock A. M. of said day, to show cause, if any exist, why an order of sale should not be made of the following described land as prayed for in the petition of A. E. Kern, administrator, with the will annexed of the estate of Henrietta Kern, deceased, hereinbefore filed, to-wit:

Lot numbered three (3), in block numbered three (3), in Columbia Heights Addition to the City of Portland, and also lots numbered twenty-three (23), twenty-four (24), twenty-five (25), twenty-six (26), twenty-seven (27) and twenty-eight (28), in block numbered thirty-seven (37), in Peninsular Addition Number Three, to the City of Portland, all in the County of Multnomah and State of Oregon.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court affixed this 11th day of March, A. D. 1912.

F. S. FIELDS, Clerk of the County Court.  
By T. F. NOOKAN, Deputy.  
(Seal of County Court, Multnomah County, State of Oregon.)

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room, and watching his opportunity when the hag's back was turned to him while she stood at the sink, he pounced upon it and put it in his pocket. That was as far as he got for some time. Nevertheless, his little brain was at work, and finally he hit upon a plan. He said to the woman:

"Please let me write papa to come and take me away."  
"Hush!" grunted the woman. "You no write anybody."  
"I'll tell him to pay you a whole lot of money."

The woman's eyes brightened at this, but she made no reply. When one of the men came the same afternoon Mark heard him and the woman discussing something, and evidently he was the subject of their discussion. When it was finished the man went into another room and returned with pen, ink and paper.

"You write your father to send \$10,000 and I take you home."

Mark sat down at a table to write without having the slightest idea how he was going to use the lemon juice. Indeed, with the two watching him it would be impossible. He wrote a letter and on reading it over found that he had left out certain words. He laid it aside and wrote another. While writing the second letter it occurred to him that he might have use for the first and he should secure it. But his captors were watching him every moment. When he finished the second letter and they were both eagerly reading it he found an opportunity to put the first in his pocket. Then when they returned him his letter they had read that he might enclose and address it, he read it over, tore it up and began to write another.

The Italians gave him a sound cuff for what he had done, but he did not mind that if he could only follow a plan he had in view. He wrote another letter, which he purposely spoiled; then another, in which he wrote the amount of the ransom wrong. Then he said he had changed his mind and wouldn't write to his father after all. Since his captors were now bent on his doing so, they endeavored to force him to write another letter by repeated thrashings. But he only said "Tomorrow," and at last they desisted.

When Mark was put to bed—this time in a room with the windows nailed up—he wrote in lemon juice with a match a description of the house in which he was imprisoned and its location, so far as he could give it. The next morning, when alone with the hag, he told her he would write the letter. She gave him the writing materials and he wrote while she did her chores. Finally he handed her a letter in an envelope. It was the one he had first written, with a postscript, "Burn up this letter when you have read it."

When the man who had been there the day before came again the woman showed him the letter. When he came to the postscript Mark saw that he was talking to the woman about it. They finally seemed to agree to let it stand, probably considering it, if of any importance, rather an advantage to them. The man replaced the letter in the envelope and took it away with him.

Meanwhile the Chandler family were in a continued agony. One afternoon, on entering his house, Mr. Chandler found Mark's letter that had been slip-

ped under the door. With it were instructions as to how to pay the ransom. The postscript arrested Mr. Chandler's attention at once. He surmised that Mark had been forced to write the letter and the postscript. At any rate, he had no idea of burning the letter. But in time he began to wonder as to its meaning. Then he remembered his father's story of how he had used lemon juice to effect his escape from prison. He held the letter before a hot fire and the problem was solved.

The same night, with a force of police, Mr. Chandler broke into the house and made a thorough search. They found nothing and hope was beginning to desert them when they entered the basement. Hearing them, Mark began to shout. Mr. Chandler raised the lid of a stationary washtub, and Mark jumped into his arms.

The police took care of those they found in the house, and Mr. Chandler took the boy home to his mother, who smothered him with kisses.

"How did you happen to think of the lemon juice racket, Mark?" asked his father.

"I wouldn't have thought of it if I hadn't remembered grandpop's prison story."

There was no use in the kidnapers putting in a defense, for Mark identified the woman and the man who had taken his letter, and they are now serving a term in state prison. The other man was never found.

Why She Drew Up.

Nell (reading from novel)—He kissed her on the forehead. The proud beauty drew herself up. Belle—I suppose that was to get her cheek up to the proper height.—Boston Transcript.

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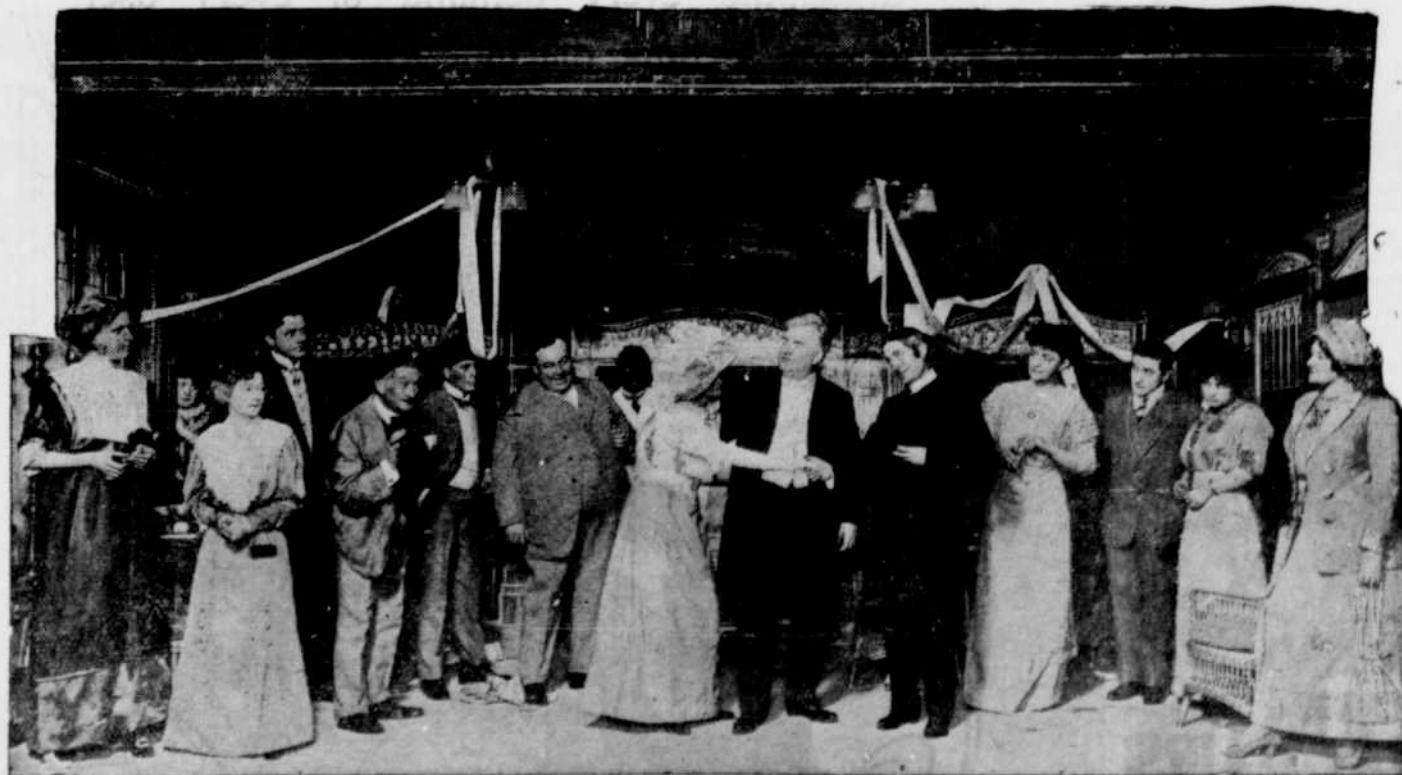
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