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BABE RUTH HAS RIVAL

(International News Service.)
ROSEVILLE, Ill., June 3.—With the score tied "Bombino" Stork made his seventeenth "home run," bringing the male representative into the lead. The latest tally was made at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Noah McBride, where a ninth son now resides. Stork is making no predictions as to what his

total will be, but a record mark is expected.

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R. M. JENNINGS, Manager.

Love's Masquerade

A Dramatic Story of Love and Romance
By Idaho McGlone Gibson

DORIS' EMOTIONS

"Margaret Earle in Europe? That is news," answered Doris Glendening in surprise. "Harry mentioned that she was in town a few weeks ago. I am sure he did not know she was going abroad or he would have said something to me about it."

"I wonder if all people are as ignorant of the inner thoughts of their friends and relatives as Doris is," Davis commented inwardly. His meditations were interrupted by Doris saying:

"Oh, John, what shall I do to pass the hours away? I almost wish that I were some kind of a dope fiend and then I could just take enough to go to sleep and sleep until I could go to Harry."

"Come, come, my dear," rejoined Davis, fearful of a collapse. "Surely you are going to have courage enough to meet this trouble bravely. How would you like to go for a ride? I think it would do you good. I have my machine at the door."

After a momentary hesitation Doris acquiesced, and without thinking much about direction, Davis turned his motor toward one of the suburban roads. Presently he found himself headed toward a cemetery. He was telling himself that he was an ass not to have chosen some other road as the tops of some of the monuments on the wide hill of the "city of the dead" came into view.

"I'm glad you came out this way, John," was Doris' surprising comment. "My mother lies out there, and I almost believe that it was my mother that I wanted this morning. If you don't mind, I think I will go over to where she is lying. I was very fond of my mother. It almost broke my heart when she died, but I am really glad it happened before today."

"And, oh, John, I could be wishing now, if it were not for Harry's sake, that I was lying there beside her."

"I am rather sorry I wrote you that story, John, even though only you have read it, for when I think of it I am sure what I wrote was colored by my hurt pride. I am glad you did not read it to Mr. Claverling and Dr. Milton, for my views and ideas have changed. I am sure I shall never think like that again."

Doris said no more until Dave drew up in the road before her mother's grave. Then she gave way to her grief, and, throwing herself upon the sod, she sobbed and wept as though she would never be able to stop.

At last, after half an hour—a half hour in which Davis, with rare understanding, stood aside and let her cry—she turned her swollen face toward him and said:

"John, you have been good to me; very good. I am ready to go home now."

Calmly she entered the machine, having found solace in tears as women will. When they arrived at the apartment it was found that Doris had been summoned to the coroner's inquest to be held the next morning, so that all that was mortal of the American Beauty could be buried in the afternoon.

"I don't want to go, do I have to go, John?" Doris asked tearfully. "I didn't see that man kill his wife. I know nothing about it."

"I am afraid you have to go," Doris said. "When the law commands, most of us have to obey. Try to get a little rest. I think you can sleep now, can't you? I will call for you tomorrow morning."

"Are you sure that I can do nothing more for you before I go?" Davis was anxious to get away, for he, too, wondered just why Doris had been summoned.

Upon intervening the corner, he found that she was to be questioned as to whether her husband had ever confessed his infatuation for Mrs. Adams, and whether he had ever expressed any fear of the vengeance of the American Beauty's husband; and why he was carrying the gun which was found upon him when he was taken to the hospital.

Davis learned from his inquiries that Adams would be indicted for murder of his wife, and that the grand jury would await the outcome of Glendening's wound before they accused him on a second charge.

From things that he heard among his friends he was sure that Adams' defense would be that he had accidentally killed his wife by shooting at Glendening in self-defense.

At the hospital Davis found both Milton and Claverling. Milton looked as though he were unable to stand much more as he was being taken down the corridor from Glendening's room in a wheel chair.

Glendening was still delirious, and the other physicians, after consultation with Dr. Milton, had come to the conclusion that there were brain injuries.

"Thank God Harry will not be well enough to have his deposition taken for the inquest," remarked Claverling after he and Davis had listened to his ravings about Margaret—always Margaret.

"You see, Dave, that unless Harry is perfectly sane he is sure to refer to Margaret before the coroner, and if he does, I really think that Milton will finish the shooting job."

"Has anyone called Margaret yet?" asked Davis.

Tomorrow—The Inquest.

View of Washington Through the Lens of A Woman's Eyes

(EDITORS NOTE—Alice Louise Lytle enjoys the distinction of being managing editor of the Columbia Sentinel, of Thomson, Georgia, which is published by United States Senator "Tom" Watson. Miss Lytle has been spending much time lately in Washington. She has been a frequent visitor to the senate and house galleries. Herewith are presented some of her impressions of Washington in general and senators in particular.)

By ALICE LOUISE LYTLE.
(Written for the International News Service.)

WASHINGTON, July 3.—Washington, in the spring, is enough to fill all the poets' corners in all the little weekly papers with rhapsodies and poems—tribute to her beauty.

But the trouble with Washington's spring is it doesn't stay put. Just when all the official hostesses have taken down the winter draperies, put the priceless rugs in moth-storage; placed furs in the refrigerators for the summer—along comes a cold wave, casting all and sundry to shiver and "cuss" till the cold wave passes and spring promises to be good and stay.

The angust body known as the United States senate feels the call of spring no less than the feminine members of the official families. Evidence is given when a riot of new cutaway coats, striped trousers, beautiful neckties and noticeable waistcoats breaks out on the senate floor.

A picturesque figure of the senate is Senator Shortridge (Short-ridge, affectionate nickname), from California. Tall, well built, bald as an eagle, agile and good-natured, Senator Shortridge holds a strong place in the estimation of his conferees.

Owing to lack of seats on the republican side of the chamber, Senator Shortridge has had to take a seat on the democratic side, which causes much confusion to the galleries. He, too, has been affected by the call of spring, and has blossomed out in a happy-looking suit of what a woman would call "near plum-colored." It is wonderful in hue, fashion in fit, and the senator from California does noble credit to his tailor.

Senator "Tom" Heflin, of Alabama, is another of the well-groomed. While running a bit to overweight, and not having as much hair as he had when he first came to congress, he is classed as one of the picturesque figures in the senate and is a favorite with the galleries.

All this dressing and tailoring isn't for the senators alone; it's for the galleries, the special gallery where

the senatorial and cabinet ladies sit and where the special friends of the senatorial households are taken when they visit Washington.

Dignity is, of course, supposed to be the keynote of every session of the senate. Sometimes the keynote is there, all right, and again it isn't visible to the naked eye.

The days of debate on the Four-Power Treaty were fraught with worrisome anxiety on the part of the senators; there were some whose vote was a foregone conclusion and there were others who were doubtful. Comments from the floor floated up to the gallery, and one of the most dignified of the entire body (who thought his tone was "alto voice") asked another member, when a third "came to inquire": "What the hell does he want to bring that up for now?"

Temper were near the breaking point, and at a night session, when Senator McNary was in the chair and Senator Reed was delivering the most effective speech he has delivered during the entire session, the empty seats on both sides of the senate were mute evidence of the feeling of the senate. Senator McNary is a stickler for form, and at a burst of "subtle laughter" from the cloak room, the official gavel was near to the breaking point by the vigorous rap the chair gave.

The laughter ceased, but the empty chairs bore no returned members. In direct contrast to the air of the senate is that of the house. Pep and energy, minus the heavy dignity, pervade this active body, and it sometimes seems to be anybody's speech when an interesting topic is up for debate.

In the senate, if the galleries grow enthusiastic and venture to press themselves, the fat old men who keep the doors fly down the steps and rap once on the back, with the admonition to "get out that noise or get out of the gallery."

It's different in the house; here a friendly spirit prevails that finds its outlet in the hand-clapping when a good point has been made, and the members look their pleased recognition of their efforts.

The two outstanding figures in the house are "Uncle Joe" Cannon and "Miss Alice" Robertson; each in its way is pathetic—Uncle Joe, because he will soon be named with the traditions of the house, and Miss Alice because a woman always looks pathetic when trying to do, alone, the work of a man.

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RENOWNED AS GREAT RULER

Roman Emperor, Trajan, Spread the Boundaries of the Empire and Governed Justly at Home.

The Roman emperor, Trajan, whose full name was Marcus Ulpius Trajanus, was born about the year 56 at Italica in Spain, which was then a Roman province. He was trained for a military career and gained distinction in the Parthian and German campaigns, and after holding two civil offices was adopted by the Emperor Nerva, whom he succeeded on the imperial throne in the year 98. The greater part of his time as emperor was spent in the field commanding his troops. His first campaign was carried on beyond the Danube against the Dacians, whom he conquered after a long struggle. In the conquered country he planted a Roman colony, and the descendants of those colonists are the Roumanians of today. Trajan's next war was carried on in the East. He made Armenia and Mesopotamia into Roman provinces, but suffered defeat at Ctesiphon, not far from Kut-el-Amara, where a British force was cut off and compelled to surrender during the World war. In his rear the Jews of Cyrus and Cyrene rose in revolt and made fearful massacres, and disorders also arose in the West. Trajan returned to the coast and took ship for Italy. His health was broken and while on the journey he died at Selinus in Cilicia, Asia Minor, in August, 117. Trajan found time to accomplish much in the internal improvement of the empire. He beautified Rome; he constructed canals, great military roads, and harbors, and built up towns. Law was enforced and justice fairly administered.

FISH MISTAKEN FOR VESSEL

Peculiar Appearance of Swordfish Gave Rise to Many Strange Stories Concerning It.

In the warm waters of the Indian ocean there lives a strange marlin, who is the cause of many tales among the natives of the nearby coasts. They tell of a wonderful sail often seen in the calm seasons, when not a breath disturbs the water, and the sea rises and falls like an immense sheet of glass. Suddenly a sail appears, apparently driven along by a mighty wind. This sail glimmers with rich purple and golden hues. On it comes, quivering and sparkling as if covered with gems; then, suddenly, it disappears as quickly as it came!

Many travelers have listened with unbelief to this strange tale, until, one day, this beautiful craft passed directly under the stern of a passing vessel, and it was seen to be a gigantic swordfish which is now known as the "sailor-fish." The sail was really an enormously developed dorsal fin, over 10 feet high, and richly colored with blue and iridescent tints. As the fish swam along near the surface of the water this great fin waved to and fro, so that from a distance it was easily mistaken for a sail.

Father of Three Kings.

Charles Bonaparte, father of the great Emperor Napoleon, was a humble lawyer, with no very extensive practice, in the sleepy little town of Ajaccio, in the Isle of Corsica. He seems to have been a most affectionate and exemplary parent, and as the father of three sons who became kings (Joseph, king of Naples and Spain; Louis, king of Holland, and Jerome, king of Westphalia), and a fourth who became the greatest military commander, monarch and king-maker of modern times, he holds an unique place in history.

There were thirteen children in the family, Napoleon being the second. Charles Bonaparte, although hardly well-to-do, strove to give his sons the best possible education, and had he not decided to send Napoleon (then aged ten) to the military school at Brienne, the whole course of the world's history might have been changed.

Word "Lot" of Puritan Origin.

The use of the word "lot" to designate a field or plot of land, is universal in the United States. It had its origin among the Puritans, and was the product of their strict adherence to Biblical customs.

Among the early settlers of New England the extensive salt-marshes from which the salt-hay was cut, were owned in common, every man helping himself to as much hay as he wished. As the population increased this condition could not prevail with general harmony, and it was agreed to divide the marshes equally among all the families. This was done by the Biblical fashion of lot and the portion which fell to each man was known as "his lot." In a short time the word came to apply to any piece of land, and finally reached the meaning of any great quantity.

Survival of Old Roman Custom.

The custom of appointing prominent citizens to act as a guard of honor at a great man's funeral is the survival of an ancient Roman custom. The name "palbearers" also descends from the old days in the "City of the Seven Hills."

"Pall" comes from the Latin word "pallus," the long sweeping robes worn only by priests and men and women of the highest standing. When a great personage died his "pall" was thrown over his coffin and a number of his distinguished friends were permitted to "bear the pall" to the grave and to act as guard of honor to the dead.

After the Fourth

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Two Prisoners Are Released

Bad Moore, of Yoncalla, yesterday paid his fine and was released from jail. Moore was arrested some time ago when a raid was made on the home of John Jordan where a large still was found. Moore was given a heavy fine which he refused to pay, after serving out a part of his time, however, he decided to pay the balance, and so procured the money Saturday. John Jordan, who was arrested with him is blind, and the jail confinement, it was feared, would prove detrimental to his health, and the officers recommended his parole. Justice Brown, at Yoncalla, after considering the recommendation of the officers, allowed the parole, and Jordan was also released.

NO MEALS JULY 4th.

No meals will be served at the Deardorff hotel, at Oakland, Oregon, July 4.

Booze Runner Changes Plea

Charles Kampfer, of Reedport, who was recently arrested on the charge of having possession of intoxicating liquor, changed his plea from not guilty to guilty, late Saturday night and was fined \$100 and sentenced to 30 days in jail. Kampfer was arrested with an auto loaded with liquor, said to be due for the Reedport celebration. His companion, Harold France, received a sentence of \$50 and 10 days in jail. Kampfer at first entered a plea of not guilty and said he would fight the case, but after reflection decided to change his attitude and so he was arraigned again.

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July 4th

Is a day of celebration. Every one should be free from worry in order to have a good time. What is a 4th of July to children without fire crackers.

"AWFUL IS THE ALARM OF FIRE: WORSE TO THOSE NOT A POLICY BUYER."

Many Roseburg families will spend the 4th away from their homes, but will they leave their home unprotected.

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