

THE MEDFORD MAIL

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MEDFORD, ORE., OCT. 1, 1909

THE WRONG SPIRIT.

The obsolete practice of rowdiness which used to be practiced in some universities a few years ago, but which is now considered of the poorest form, is certainly not the spirit which is desired in any high school.

The true spirit, the spirit of the gentleman, is the spirit desired, and that spirit places high schools before clubs and does not allow conduct or deeds to bring reproach on his high school. To him it is the dearest and best place on earth, and for his school he is ready to make any self-sacrifice and to give his best and to bring out the best within him.

A tree is judged by its fruits, not by its looks; a school, not by its buildings, but by its products. In other words, its scholars and graduates. You, its graduates; you, its scholars, are the things which will place it on the accredited list of the business world or will place it on the list of the undesirable.

This district has paid a great deal of money and given a high school building. Not only to give a building, but to give you one of the finest in the state; and the school is straining every sinew and nerve to make this high school the best in the state, by placing over it the best teachers available and the most costly and up-to-date appliances.

Can you be counted on to do your part? Medford's future lies not with your parents, but with you—men, to whom this city has to look to for guidance in the future.

The world does not worry about the older generation. Time has proven them, and it knows what to expect from them by the past. You are untried; you are an unknown quantity, and the world watches you closely, for what you are, it will be; what you think, it will think. The destiny of our country lies in your hands, and rowdiness never climbs very high, but always lowers.

Our high school, building is the object of much interest of the town, of the recent arrival who is going to live here. Is it any use to build a beautiful building and then have its appearance spoiled because a few, having the wrong spirit of school life, are willing to detract from its beauty by painting unsightly figures on the sidewalks? It would not be so bad if the figures were neat and legible. But the same spirit that prompted the boys to place them there also prompted others to paint them out, making a large, unsightly blot on the walk—a stain on the character of the school.

The classes who placed these numbers there, if they have a true honorable spirit, that spirit which brings victory and credit to your school and makes it an institution to which every one points with pride and admiration, will immediately have their numbers removed and so improve the school's looks.

There is a law that deals with offenders who do this sort of work, and because you go to school you have no more rights than the other fellow. The law was made for both, and it will punish both.

A LAND OF OPPORTUNITY.

At Medford and vicinity during the past year building operations are said to have reached a total of \$2,225,000. It is a remarkable total for an interior city that ten years ago was a village and that 20 years ago was a chaparral thicket. It is a showing of moment, for \$2,225,000 expended in building activity in a single year cannot happen without affording signal opportunities for the talents and efforts of men.

In the ten years' growth of which this is the present climax, there had to be a wonderful career of community development. In this development there has been a tremendous advance in the land values wherein holders enjoyed very great profits. There has been work for unlimited hands that has afforded employment and heavy compensation to workingmen. There has been expansion of the business of merchants and in the output of artisans. There have been vast strides in every line of endeavor with accretions of profit for everybody, and a vast aggregate for all combined.

The value of the incident is that it is illustrative of Oregon opportunities and should be worth the reflection of tourists and home-seekers who may happen within the state. Though the Medford case is a greater growth than the average, the same expansion is everywhere in Oregon, and it is to continue. Water, its level, and so ultimately the population. The sparse settlements of Oregon cannot continue narrow while in the other states people are crowding, elbowing and jostling each other for room. The mere demand for fresh air and a breathing space is bound to bring down a stream of people from the overcrowded lands to the eastward and the broad acres of Oregon will receive many.

The growth of every town in Oregon, approximating to greater or less degrees the results at Medford, shows that the migration is on and that in Oregon the opportunities of yesterday will be greater tomorrow and still greater the day after. Oregon towns and Oregon people have reason to see ahead nothing but hope and abounding opportunity.—Oregon Journal.

THE STORY OF TODAY.

Advertising, when properly employed, when truthfully done and placed in the right medium—the newspaper—carries a man more safely and more certainly to the heaven of wealth than commercial genius.

Genius without advertising is apt to limp about on crutches in this age of enterprise if it should attempt to achieve a position of prominence and well written advertising copy.

No business can survive to any noticeable extent without publicity.

The little store of ten years ago, that did not advertise in some form, is the little store of today—doing business in the same crude way, making no progress.

The little store of ten years ago that did advertise is not the little store of today—it is a great establishment, growing, throbbing with life and activity—doing business in the modern way, keeping time with enterprising ideas and constantly forging ahead.

A business that does not grow is going backward. For the backward business there is but one safe and sane remedy—advertising done in the right way, in the home newspaper, whether its circulation be large or small.

The very fact that a newspaper exists is proof that it is read by some body, and these somebodies will read advertisements if they are in the paper.—Newspaperdom.

GOOD ADVICE.

Here are a couple of extracts from a recent address of Governor Hughes that are worthy of attention in every community. Following a tour of the west, and noting the general municipal loyalty shown in towns along the route, the governor says: "Every resident can do something for the betterment of his town. If he cannot improve property for lack of means or ownership, he can at least keep his own home neat and clean. He can have a clean yard, a grass plot or something to add to the appearance of the place, and above all, he can say a good word for the place at every opportunity."

"How much better this spirit is than that of the grumbler, who is sure that his town was the last place made, and was made of the leavings. How much better it would be for the grumbler to examine his home and his place of business to see if he is not contributing his bit to make his home town look cheap and untidy."

STREET CAR WRECK.

Every Passenger Hurt in Accident at Exposition Grounds

SEATTLE, Sept. 24.—Of 80 passengers on a big Wallingford avenue streetcar which was wrecked on one street car which was wrecked on exposition grounds shortly before noon today, not one escaped being cut or bruised or sharply shaken.

Frank Hull of Tacoma died an hour after being taken from the wreck. Many passengers made no report of their injuries. Others went home after their wounds were dressed, and tonight there are 27 patients in the four Seattle hospitals.

The Injured.

Mrs. Charles E. Hornada, Los Angeles, serious wounds in head.

Edward Winslow, proprietor St. Louis cafe, into which car plunged, badly bruised.

Miss Helen Cardwell, Portland, painful, but not fatal.

Mrs. C. J. Scholl, Oakland, legs sprained.

Charles Castle, Napavine, arm fractured.

M. Mayer, Uniontown, injured about head.

W. Mayer, Uniontown, injured about head.

Mrs. A. P. Schofield, Council Bluffs, Ia., head hurt.

Donna Houseman, Shelton, Wash., head hurt.

J. A. Houseman, Shelton, head hurt.

Mrs. Thornhill Walker, Dighton, Kan., head hurt, badly shaken.

Thornhill Walker, head and arms hurt.

Mrs. Theo. Schwind, Medical Lake, internal injuries; serious.

P. G. Jolly, Joliet, Ill., professional lecturer, head cut.

Charles A. Johnson, Portland, serious.

P. M. Henilton, Orlan, O., back strained.

FORMER RESIDENT DEAD.

Mrs. Michael Dillon returned Monday from Hot Springs, Arkansas, where she and Mr. Dillon went several months ago for the latter's health. Mr. Dillon's health was too much impaired, however, for medical skill or treatment, and he died a few weeks ago. He was a well-known landowner for years in this valley, and formerly owned the farm east of Medford which was purchased by C. H. Pierce & Son several months ago.

BURGLARS BOUND TO GRAND JURY

Enjoying their arrest and playing to the crowds, whom they thought would appreciate them in the role of bad men, burglars and villains of the deepest dye, the three young boys who had their preliminary hearing yesterday before Justice Canon for robbing the Deuel & Kentner store and showed a contempt for law and law-abiding citizens.

Justice Canon bound each one of them over to the grand jury with bail at \$500. As his decision is not final, none of the boys could be forced to plead as to being guilty or not guilty of the crime.

Talked Too Much.

Harold Mocke was called first, and at first it looked as though there was insufficient evidence to hold him, but in trying to make a detailed account of his meeting with the other fellows and having no knowledge of the robbery, he became confused and so contradicted himself on a few vital points, and although his account was more detailed than any, his explanation only served to bind him over.

Leonard Gaskins was called next, and after feigning and laughing and making flippant, light remarks to the questioners, he said: "I'll tell me tale to de gran' jury." He was then bound over.

Nicholas B. Rensford was called next, and although he denied several accusations and asked how a man could identify any of the articles as stolen, he was bound over. Rensford was by far the greater gentleman, and if any one planned the crime it is thought he was the one, as he showed he had a good brainy head.

Witnesses Against Them.

There were several witnesses against the boys. W. L. Morgan and W. C. Bartlett, two Southern Pacific employees at Ashland, testified that they were the three men who came into the depot at 11 o'clock on Wednesday night and inquired about the southbound train.

A. B. Reynolds, night ticket agent, testified that the men had asked him what the fare to Sacramento was, and also about checking the baggage.

H. C. Kentner and Basil Gregory testified the articles found on them and with them as some of the articles lost.

Incriminating Evidence.

Three things came up that proved bad for the boys:

First—A knife, the mate of which Mr. Kentner has at present, and both of which were sent as samples to him, was found on one of them. These knives were to be given with every suit of boys' clothing.

Second—If these boys are not guilty, why did they cut off all the marks of identification they could find on their clothes, as they did after they had been arrested?

Third—Why did they appear so anxious at Ashland to check their suit cases and go south, then, after finding they could not leave until the next noon, walk on to Siskiyou, if they were not guilty and were afraid of arrest?

These three things, besides the identification of clothing, make the case appear very strong.

OFFICERS ELECTED.

Board of Directors and Other Officials For Mining Company.

At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Siskiyou Copper & Gold Development Co., held in Medford last evening, the following board of directors was elected for the ensuing year: M. J. Love, W. M. Kennedy and A. P. Whitney.

Immediately following this meeting the directors met and elected officers of the company as follows: W. M. Baxter, president; O. M. Selaby, vice-president; C. W. Sharpe, secretary and treasurer.

Matters pertaining to the welfare of the company were discussed and a policy outlined which is believed will result in the best possible results during the coming year.

PAYS TO BE HONEST.

Former Highwayman Gets Pension for Being Good

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 24.—Does it pay to be honest?

If you would secure an answer to that question, visit the offices of Captain Seymour, head of the detective bureau of Wells Fargo & Co., in this city on the first day of any month between the hours of 2 and 3 p. m.

If you do you will meet a rather neat old man, say between 60 and 70 years of age, who, on entering the room, will walk up to the desk of the veteran officer who has brought grief to more express robbers than any man on the Pacific coast, and will exchange greetings and will be handed a package containing \$250 in crisp bank notes.

Just Keep Honest.

He ought to know what he is talking about, for for ten years past he has been receiving \$250 monthly from the big corporation and all in the world he has to do for the money is to keep honest.

This mysterious old man, if he could be induced to speak further, would tell you that his name is C.

E. Bolton. Rather an ordinary name, but should you succeed in getting deeper into his history he may be induced to admit that he is no other than "Black Bart, P-S," that when in action he is rated one of the most desperate highwaymen that ever waylaid an express agent, and that before he went on the corporation payroll he cost Wells Fargo nearly \$100,000 in express robberies.

\$250 Monthly.

He was finally caught, thanks to the efforts of the late Wells-Fargo detective, Captain Hume, but after his release the company so feared his future efforts that they sent for him, agreed to pay him \$250 monthly if he would rob no more express boxes, the agreement was promptly entered into and "Black Bart, P-S" has been drawing his salary ever since.

"Black Bart, P-S" owes his title to the fact that on every express box he robbed he placed this mysterious sign. Accompanying the mystic sign would always be a verse written in a hand that looked like copper plate:

"Here I lay me down to sleep to await the coming morrow, Perhaps success, perhaps defeat, and everlasting sorrow. But come what may for better or worse, This box of gold has filled my purse."

Smooth Robber.

While engaged in his robberies during the '80s, Bolton made his home in this city, and much to the chagrin of local detectives he developed after his arrest that he had reckoned them among his friends and had frequently discussed the "Black Bart" robberies with the flower of the local detective bureau.

DROPS OUT OF SIGHT.

Marshfield Stirred Over Disappearance of Woman

MARSHFIELD, Ore., Sept. 27.—Mrs. Zina Campbell, a widow of John Campbell of Gardiner, has disappeared from North Bend, and much mystery surrounds the case. Ed Patterson, her brother-in-law, of Scottsburg; Captain N. J. Cornwall and Warren Reed of Gardiner are endeavoring to find Mrs. Campbell and have asked the assistance of Sheriff Gage and Marshall Caffery of North Bend.

Mrs. Campbell is about 30 years old, August 13 she went to North Bend. She staid all night at a hotel and was called in the morning in time to catch the boat for the Gardiner stage, for which she purchased a ticket.

Mrs. Campbell was seen leaving the hotel with her grip, but between there and the boat landing only a few blocks in the business district, she disappeared and no trace of her can be found.

Another woman disappeared from North Bend several months ago, but her body was found later in the woods where it had been torn to pieces by a bear.

DIVORCE DAY RECORD.

Five Judges in Chicago Dispose of 251 Cases Saturday.

CHICAGO, Sept. 27.—All records for hearing divorces were broken by the Cook county courts Saturday when at the conclusion of the calendar, 251 mismatched couples had been legally separated.

Five judges spent the entire day listening to the tales of dissatisfied husbands and wives. A majority of the cases were for desertion.

Many queer causes for separation were given. The respondents were guilty of almost every unkind marital act from throwing hot coffee and beefsteaks at their mates to getting drunk and using weapons.

Decrees were granted in two-thirds of the cases.

Its a Top Notch Doer

Great deeds compel regard. The world crowns its doers. That's why the American people have crowned Dr. King's New Discovery the King of Throat and Lung Remedies. Every atom is a health force. It kills germs as cold and is a gripe vanisher. It breaks tough racked membranes and coughing trops. Sore, inflamed bronchial tubes and lungs are cured and hemorrhages cease. Dr. Geo. More, Black Jack, N. C., writes "It cured me of long trouble pronounced hopeless by all doctors." 50c, \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by Chas. Strang.

Less	500
Than	lb.
500-lb.	or
lots,	More
per	per
100.	100.
Davis Best flour	\$3.00
Pride Washington flour	2.60
Blue Stem flour	3.20
Heavy bran	1.65
Milled	1.60
Middlings	1.75
Wheat, No. 1	2.00
Rolls barley	1.85
White Oats	2.00
Gray Oats	2.10

MEDFORD FLOUR MILLS.

Medford Flour Mills

Letting Them Worry

A Case Where the Old Folks Were Entirely Too Willing

By LOUISE OLNEY

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Perplexed, he gazed at Sallie. Her blue eyes flashed welcome, but her words turned him down. All summer she had been refusing to be seen with him. This time it was the club dance. As they had been friends from babyhood, he asked for reasons.

"Sallie, what's the matter? If you really hate the sight of me I'll keep away if it kills me, but somehow I don't believe you do. What have I done? Or is it Tracy, or don't you care or what?" In the little summer house he faced her, his dark eyes snapping. She tossed her fair head, but her face was serious.

"Tracy, indeed? You ought to see he's crazy about Mary Trevor. No, you have not done anything, Robbie, only—She fingered her rose in embarrassment.

"Only what, Sallie? Tell me. I can't stand this much longer."

"Well, I should think you would hate it, too, this being—managed."

"Referring to our precious families' very apparent plot to get us married? That certainly is the limit!" He spoke coolly. She gazed, flushing with anger as he continued: "I don't blame you, Sallie. I hate it too. I—But she turned on him like a little tiger, leaping to her feet to face him.

"Why don't you go away then? Do you think that I—am you asking me everywhere because you think I—"

For answer he swept her suddenly into his arms, holding her face to his—a happy face, for she had always loved Robert Martin.

"Dear, you must know I want you now, always! But why couldn't you people be decently reluctant? It's all so horribly planned! We both have been maneuvered into marriage. Mother and father even if I look at Mary—sweet girl, but not you."

"And dad gets apoplectic at mere sight of Tom—Tom, who is everything dad and I don't want—but when he and mother greet me at breakfast with that repressed haven't you got something-to-tell-us air I could gleefully announce Tom as their future son. That would be real revenge. Not that Tom wants me." The two looked up just in time to see Sallie's mother carefully steering the children away from the summer house. It was maddening. Sallie stamped her foot.

"I simply can't be engaged to you, Bob, with the family smiling benignly and all the old puzzles purring over the fitness of the match! I can't!"

"Wait till you're asked," he retorted, grinning. "Sallie, we want each other, but we must let them worry. They simply must worry awhile! Did you know that poor old Tracy hates me because he thinks I want Mary?"

"Stupid boy! Anybody could see where her heart is by the way she hates me when I chasten dad by going after Tracy. Wonder why he asks me."

"To get even because I play Mary's little lamb to bother mother. You see, Mary's family goes no farther back than Adam. I suppose yours and mine antedate old Eden. I say, Sallie—"

But he saw Tom Tracy going past with his machine and ran after him with a shout. The two men talked a long time before Robert came back to Sallie.

"Get your veil and things and come for a spin. We'll stop for Mary, have lunch at some little town, have dinner at Baxter, call on my minister uncle John and get home by moonlight."

"And a chaparral? Though the four had always known each other, Sallie was going at least to question proprieties. Bob's wise eye twinkled.

"I think I can hunt up a young married woman somewhere," he remarked, but refused explanation till Tracy left the car to persuade Mary. Then Bob did his gallant best to make things clear. He succeeded. Sallie got in front with Tom, leaving Mary to an apparently all too devoted Bob, while they paraded past their respective homes, for he said that the Trevors and the Tracys had long wished Mary and Tom to like each other.

It was rather too late that night to please Sallie's father when Tom left her reluctantly at her own door. And Bob, mother questioned, said he had been motoring with Mary.

That was the beginning. During August the four were inseparable, and the parents worried. The only apparent comfort was that the couples remained together. How could they know that partners were changed the minute they got from under surveillance? The girls were airy, radiant, impetuous to the young men calm, impeccable to comment or question. Never passing the bounds of propriety, they still baffled home attempts to regulate their movements.

Tom was always with Sallie, Bob in the wake of Mary. The couples weren't matched to suit the elders; but from fearing they were engaged, they began to fear they were not. This was because the young people were beginning to excite social comment by reason of several escapades, obviously innocent, apparently accidental. They all came home one day dripping wet from overhauling their capoes and swimming out, and another night they walked home ten miles after the motor broke down—by arrangement. It was first one thing, then another. Finally as we all sat in the moonlight, "did you shut yourself up behind the blue door?"

"I was writing a book, and I wanted to be absolutely alone. The publishers had insisted that I finish it by October."

"And this," said Julia, "is the last of August."

She stood up and leaned against the porch rail. "And a man who can write books spends his time making snowdrifts and frolicking with young ladies."

"But," he excused eagerly, "I couldn't write after you came. I could see you from the tower, and you distracted my thoughts so that I couldn't put down a line. At last, in despair, I moved downstairs and went to work. But I couldn't write there. I kept wondering what you were doing. And then I began to plan ways and means of getting acquainted, and then Jack's letter came."

All this he said to Julia. "To fritter away your time this way. Go and write your book."

"But I want to be with you."

"Do you think," said Julia indifferently, "that I am going to be the cause of the world's losing a masterpiece? I have a perfect contempt for a man who will neglect his work for a woman."

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"So that is it?" he said slowly, and as he stood up they measured glances. "Well, I shall lock the blue door, and no matter what happens I won't open it until you ask me."

And when the key had turned in the latch Julia said somewhat forlornly, "Now we will have peace."

"You'll miss him," I prophesied. "You'll miss him."

One week passed, and two, and not a sound or sight of our neighbor. But one night there was no light in the tower, and Julia said, "If anything should be the matter?"

"He could telephone," I assured her. "There isn't a phone," she said.

When four more nights had passed and no light flashed from the tower Julia couldn't stand it.

"I've got to go over there," she said. "But you can't," I protested.

"I shall climb over the wall," said Julia firmly, "and you've got to help me."

I was getting a little worried, and when it was late enough so that there were no people passing on the road we carried our ladder over and set it against the wall.

Julia climbed up and looked over. "There is an apple tree on the other side," she said, "and we can step down on the branches."

Silently we crept through the bushes and over the neglected lawn. It was very ghostly in the darkness, and not a light burned in the house.

"I'm going to call," whispered Julia, and her voice rang out clearly, "Marion!"

"Somewhere in the distance an answer came back feebly. 'Julia!'"

We followed the sound of the voice and found him on a couch in the kitchen.

"I've had some kind of fever," he said, trying to smile, when we had struck a light.

Julia dropped on her knees beside him. "I knew something had happened."

When we had sent to town for the doctor and nurse and he was made comfortable Julia and I crept in.

"And the book?" Julia whispered.

"It is finished, and it is dedicated to you. I should like," he continued, "to write the dedication to my wife."

A twinkle came into his eyes. "May I, Julia?"

And when Julia, blushing, had promised we went home together through the little blue door.

Intelligence of insects.

The mental processes of the horse and the dog are those of man in much lower degree. In the view of Professor N. A. Harvey of Michigan, but the intelligence of insects must be of very different kind. The double nerve cord and ganglia differ both in structure and position from the brain and spinal cord of man. Insects' eyes are immovable and compound and perceive motion and color, but not form. Ants, bees, wasps and other insects have not seeing. Taste and smell cannot be identical with those senses in man, and feeling is a perception through touch hairs instead of the skin. But insects have very acute senses that we do not possess. A cecropia moth can perceive a female a mile or more away, although a man could not detect it under the same conditions at a distance of more than six inches, and ants, bees and wasps seem to have other senses, like this, in the antennae. Differing from man in general structure, with shorter lives and different living, the insects have intelligence that, though of a high order, is not easy for us to understand.—New York World.

Scotch Breakfasts.

Dr. Redgill, in Susan Ferrier's "Destiny," dwells on Scotch breakfasts with gusto. After proclaiming that Scotland in general is "a perfect mass of rubbish" and the cookery not fit for dogs, he adds: "But the breakfasts! That's what redeems the land, and every county has its own peculiar excellence. In Argyllshire you have the Lochline herring—fat, luscious and delicious, just out of the water, falling to pieces with its own richness, melting away like butter in your mouth. In Aberdeenshire you have the dun haddock, with a flavor all its own, vastly relishing, just salt enough to be piquant without parching you up with thirst. In Perthshire there is the Tay salmon, kippered, crisp and juicy—a very magnificent morsel. In other places you have the exquisite mutton of the country made into hams of a most delicious flavor."

The Minister's Tools.

No workman can do good work without sufficient tools. Books are the minister's tools. He must have them if he is to serve his people well. Yet many a minister's salary is so small that he is unable to provide the commonest necessities for his family and have enough left to supply himself with needed books. The church that makes it impossible for its pastor to buy books harms itself even more than it harms the minister.—Cumberland Presbyterian.

Etiquette.

In our republican atmosphere old fashioned etiquette has ceased to be necessary, but the word "etiquette" is suggested whenever one hears the phrase "that's the ticket," for "etiquette" is French for "ticket," and its present English signification sprang from the old custom of distributing tickets or etiquettes which contained the ceremonies, etc., to be observed at any formal event, exactly like our

Taft is not a phrase-maker. That thing was worn to a frazzle by T. R.

PRESIDENT ON CONVERSATION

SPOKANE, Sept. 28.—President Taft delivered here today his long-expected speech on conservation of national resources and outlined the policy of his administration on this subject of supreme importance to all the west.

Taft took the stand that, while the present administration is pledged to follow out the policies of Roosevelt, such a pledge does not involve him to any obligation to carry out these policies without congressional authorization. However, he will take every step and will exert every influence upon congress to enact legislation which shall best serve the purposes and requirements of the situation.

Favors Bond Issue.

The president created great enthusiasm when he announced he would urge upon congress the necessity of authorizing the secretary of the interior to issue \$10,000,000 in bonds for the completion of the irrigation projects in the west, upon which work has been suspended because of lack of funds, and the discovery that the projectors, in their enthusiasm, did not closely observe the limitation of the reclamation act.

Hardships were worked upon many settlers through the suspension of the work, and Senator Borah of Idaho and other Western senators and representatives have urged upon the president that a bond issue is the only way for justice to be done.

The president said he had been impressed during his visit to the West of the necessity of immediate relief.

Ballinger-Pinchot Affair.

It was in Spokane that the recent Ballinger-Pinchot controversy was first waited to flame, and today the president gave credit to both Ballinger and Pinchot for the work they have done in connection with national resources.

Referring to the withdrawal of water-power lands from entry, the president said it was only temporary to permit congress to act upon a recommendation he will make that the government be authorized to grant or lease power sites to private concerns, to be developed under general government control and supervision.

Taft placed himself in opposition to the suggestion that settlers be allowed a longer term than ten years in which to repay the government for water secured through governmental projects. He said a longer term would not conduce to thrift and would delay work on additional projects which should be undertaken.

Had Varied Day.

The president spent a varied day. He had breakfast here with Governor Hay and other prominent people, then went on a sightseeing tour of the city, made a brief address to a gathering of Grand Army veterans, reviewed a civic and military parade, luncheon at the Chamber of Commerce, visited Coeur d'Alene and Hayden Lakes, Idaho, had an all-game dinner at Rosanta Inn, across the Idaho line, and left here tonight at 9:30 for North Yakima, where he will arrive early tomorrow morning.

Secretary Ballinger received a telegram from the American mining congress at Goldfield, Nev., asking him to urge upon congress the establishment of a national bureau of mines. The secretary replied he would earnestly urge prompt action in his coming report to the president.

Mr. Peary says the "Roose