

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

Fire Drill in the Big Printing Shop



The word was passed around among amateur firefighters of the government printing office one afternoon recently. The fire brigade is said to consist of about a dozen laborers.

Really there was no fire about the big printing office, save in the engine room furnaces and under the smelting pots.

Some one high in authority at the printing had read a newspaper account of a disastrous conflagration in the west. The story of the blaze put the notion in his head to resurrect a "general order" of several years standing which provides for a fire drill at intervals.

It was near to the hour for closing down "the works," 4:30 o'clock, when the edict went forth that the fire brigade was to assemble quickly and from the new building attack an imaginary conflagration in the old structure across the alley, which separates the new from the old.

Upon the receipt of the order from the front office the amateur firemen got busy without delay. There was a dragging forth of hose and other apparatus for fighting "the red demon." A tall man, who seemed to be in supreme command of the firemen, gave the orders in cool, confident tones.

"Con" Men Find Virginian Easy Mark



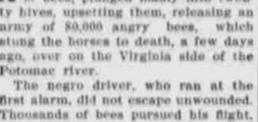
"Come to New York with me," Davis told him, "and I will see that you get a job."

Soon a second man, a red-haired individual, who said he was an Englishman, appeared and was introduced. A drink was suggested. The men had one in a saloon on Pennsylvania avenue.

Davis said he would go back to Richmond and draw his money from bank in order that he might have funds enough to see him through his trip to New York. Accompanied by Smith, the man who first accosted him, Davis went to Richmond, drew his money and returned the next day. The red-haired man and a friend met them and the quartet went to the hotel where the alleged swindlers had taken a room.

A game of matching quarters was indulged in and Davis lost what silver change he had. It was then necessary for him to get out his roll of bills. It was the first time Lawrence and Hopkins, as the two "con" men were known, had seen the roll. At the suggestion of one of the men, Davis handed his roll to Hopkins to hold. Lawrence then said he wanted to get a check cashed, and it was while he was pretending he was looking for a man to cash it that those in the party became separated.

Army of Bees Sting Horses to Death



about 50,000 in all.

These bees immediately attacked the horses, stinging them so badly that both animals died within an hour.

Dr. Munson has long been an enthusiastic apiculturist. His hives are located in the yard at one side of his house.

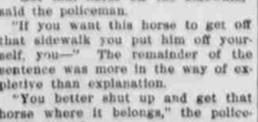
The coal wagon, driven by George Low, drove up in front of the place about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Low was a little dubious about venturing inside. He could plainly hear an occasional buzzing that was not altogether music to his ears.

A black swarm of buzzing bees immediately flew toward the horses and Low. The latter went scampering down the road with his hands up to his face, brushing away a thousand or more of the insects which had gathered about him.

The frightened horses were almost instantly covered with the insects. They started to turn toward the road, but sank limply in the traces, whinnying wildly with pain.

The entire neighborhood was instantly aroused. A crowd collected at a safe distance to watch the unusual event. No one dared at first to go to the rescue of the horses.

Fervid Vocabulary Cause of Arrest



was being charged with profanity—and lots of it, varied, variegated, lurid, personal and original.

The southern gentleman kept it going to some extent even while he was being examined at No. 1, but he did quit in time to let them know that he was not the owner of the horse.

About this time a hatless, breathless real estate agent rushed out of the District building.

"Somebody's run off with my horse and buggy! Where did they go?" he shouted.

Meantime No. 1 had managed to cool the southern gentleman to a state where he would disgorge \$5 as collateral, the price of his profanity.

It was not until the frantic, hatless real estate agent had reached No. 1 on the telephone did it become known that the horse and buggy were his.

"Well, how did you come to get in it?" asked the policeman who had effected the capture.

"You see, it's this way, sah. In my town, sah, when we see a horse and buggy standin' like this was, sah, outside the co'house, why, we natchally suppose that the drivah is inside, and a tourist, sah, like myself, sah, gets into the vehicle and waits for the driver to appear, sah. I was about to offer the driver a dollar, sah, to drive me around, sah, when you interferred, sah, with my personal liberty, sah. Good-day, sah."

ROSE'S LOVER

By NELLIE A. GROTTON

All Rose's girl friends told her that she would have trouble when she became engaged to Rex Henrik.

"Before you came back from your visit," said one girl, "he flirted outrageously with every girl in the neighborhood."

But Rose only smiled and said: "That is all right. I was not engaged to him then, you know."

Rose had her own personal enemies. A pretty girl generally has more or less enemies as she is apt to arouse more foes than friends. Rose was a charming little blonde with bright winsome ways and she had won the most desirable young man of the neighborhood.

At the death of his uncle, Rex Henrik had become heir to a large farm in Monroe. He had settled down and astonished the friends of his youth by his skill in farming, and his engagement to pretty Rose Brown. Rose had one acquaintance who was far from friendly toward her. Helen Bray had always been jealous of her, and did not try to cover or conceal her feelings.

"I have a plan," she said suddenly one day to several girl friends, as they stood at her gate, chatting. "I have a cousin who is three years older than I. She is a handsome brunette and I guess with a good deal of coaxing I can induce her to come and make me a visit. If I can," she said determinedly, "Rose Brown wants to watch her cousin. Iola Davenport will flirt with him in spite of her." She gave her head a toss and laughed lightly as she turned and walked into the house.

The girls watched and waited for the coming of Helen's cousin one night when she arrived, and appeared at a dance that was being given by the young folks in the Town hall. She was very pretty in her white silk

gown with a bunch of big red roses upon her bosom, but no one there made her more welcome nor praised her beauty more than Rose Brown.

"You will spend the summer here with us, of course?" asked Rose almost immediately after her introduction to the beautiful brunette.

"That depends," laughed Iola Davenport lightly, "on how well I enjoy myself."

"I am sure we will all try to make your visit pleasant," returned Rose readily. "We want to make you feel that you would like always to stay with us, here." She smiled sweetly as she spoke, while some of the others, knowing what she did, wondered at the way in which Rose received her rival.

Always, Rose planned every pleasure for her friend, Miss Davenport, who received them with her usual graciousness. Never before were there so many parties and dances as were planned during that short summer, and Rose was as gay as her rival was gracious, and carelessly left Rex in the company of the charming Iola.

"It seems strange that Rose cannot see that Rex is actually becoming quite attentive to Iola Davenport," more than one of Rose's friends was heard to remark.

Iola Davenport soon saw the situation herself. "She either does not care, or she feels sure of him," she thought, and as the short summer days fled swiftly, she still lingered among them. "I might do worse than marry Rex," she said musingly as she stood before her mirror, admiring her own dark beauty in the reflection. "He has money enough, so they all say, but I could not and would not mope my life out in misery here in this town. We will go to the city to live. I never was intended for a farmer's wife, anyway, and I don't intend to be long!" she added decidedly, as she began to arrange her hair.

At home in her room, poor little Rose Brown sat gazing out of the window with tearful eyes and heavy heart.

"I hope that I have not done wrong in placing them together so much," she said softly to herself. "I merely wanted to test Rex. I am afraid that I have lost him now, forever, and it seems as if my heart would break. I love him so, but I want all his love or none of it, and that is why I did it." Choking back her sobs, she tried to forget.

Rex Henrik stood in the open door of his big farmhouse and looked away over the wide spreading fields, ripe with ready harvest; but his thoughts were not there.

"Confound it!" he muttered meaningfully to himself. "I don't see what makes Rose avoid me so much and leave me to that Iola Davenport! I cannot stand it any longer, and I shall speak to her about it if she goes with us on the ride tomorrow. I like Iola well enough, but Rose is the only woman

I want for a wife, and she ought to know that I would like a little of her company occasionally." As he spoke, he sighed, and went off to his work with a heavy heart.

This ride was a regular event with the young folks every summer when the first touches of autumn were in the air. With lunch spread out beneath some grand old trees, beside a babbling brook, they sat and talked and made merry.

The following day was favorably fair, and they started off in great spirits, with Rex Henrik driving his pair of big bay horses hitched to his buckboard, and with Iola Davenport sitting chatting beside him. Rose Brown contented herself with a seat behind. Rex kept the reins with an effort that she carried on an indifferent conversation and laughed as lightly as any one about her, while Rex, unknown to her, was mildly cross with the brunette beauty beside him, for having usurped the place he intended for Rose. He hardly heard her constant chatter, nor saw her gracious glances meant only for him.

At last they reached the end of their ride and were soon busy spreading out their lunch on the grass after they had eaten all that lay before them. They scattered and strolled about the woods and fields for an hour or so before the return homeward.

With heavy, aching and anxious heart, Rose managed to slip stealthily away by herself, and sitting down upon a big mossy log beside the brook, she covered her face with her hands and cried softly to herself. She was startled suddenly by a step beside her, and glancing up quickly she saw Rex standing on the grass after they had eaten all that lay before them. They scattered and strolled about the woods and fields for an hour or so before the return homeward.

With heavy, aching and anxious heart, Rose managed to slip stealthily away by herself, and sitting down upon a big mossy log beside the brook, she covered her face with her hands and cried softly to herself. She was startled suddenly by a step beside her, and glancing up quickly she saw Rex standing on the grass after they had eaten all that lay before them. They scattered and strolled about the woods and fields for an hour or so before the return homeward.

With heavy, aching and anxious heart, Rose managed to slip stealthily away by herself, and sitting down upon a big mossy log beside the brook, she covered her face with her hands and cried softly to herself. She was startled suddenly by a step beside her, and glancing up quickly she saw Rex standing on the grass after they had eaten all that lay before them. They scattered and strolled about the woods and fields for an hour or so before the return homeward.

With heavy, aching and anxious heart, Rose managed to slip stealthily away by herself, and sitting down upon a big mossy log beside the brook, she covered her face with her hands and cried softly to herself. She was startled suddenly by a step beside her, and glancing up quickly she saw Rex standing on the grass after they had eaten all that lay before them. They scattered and strolled about the woods and fields for an hour or so before the return homeward.

With heavy, aching and anxious heart, Rose managed to slip stealthily away by herself, and sitting down upon a big mossy log beside the brook, she covered her face with her hands and cried softly to herself. She was startled suddenly by a step beside her, and glancing up quickly she saw Rex standing on the grass after they had eaten all that lay before them. They scattered and strolled about the woods and fields for an hour or so before the return homeward.

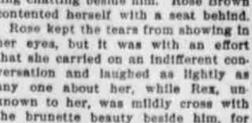
With heavy, aching and anxious heart, Rose managed to slip stealthily away by herself, and sitting down upon a big mossy log beside the brook, she covered her face with her hands and cried softly to herself. She was startled suddenly by a step beside her, and glancing up quickly she saw Rex standing on the grass after they had eaten all that lay before them. They scattered and strolled about the woods and fields for an hour or so before the return homeward.

With heavy, aching and anxious heart, Rose managed to slip stealthily away by herself, and sitting down upon a big mossy log beside the brook, she covered her face with her hands and cried softly to herself. She was startled suddenly by a step beside her, and glancing up quickly she saw Rex standing on the grass after they had eaten all that lay before them. They scattered and strolled about the woods and fields for an hour or so before the return homeward.

City Items in Terse Form

Metropolitan News of Interest to All Readers

Some Woes of Diet Treatment Victim



NEW YORK.—Three weeks on a limited diet in an endeavor to repair the internal damage done by a runaway appetite couldn't obliterate the memory of three-inch steaks and milk-fed clams and all the while that James McGowan sat in front of a mirror in the Memorial hospital at Orange watching his waistline assuming Poldra proportions his mind kept reverting to menu cards he had met. He talked constantly in his sleep, the burden of his oratory being "with mushroom 20 cents extra, and 'diabes marked X are ready."

Try as he would he could not erase recollections of times when he had compelled the cook to beg for mercy. He read whole reams of anti-fat fiction and did everything possible to discourage his appetite, but it wasn't any use. For breakfast, luncheon and dinner he has been allowed a walnut, a sprig of lettuce and ten drops of diluted water. He tried hard to convince himself that he was overeating and begged the hospital authorities to cut the menu to one course.

But his dreams were haunted with sides of beef, acres of French fried potatoes and showers of gravy. He stood it as long as he could, but yesterday morning at precisely a quarter of four o'clock, after the last of a regiment of savory squabs had marched directly under his nose, each squab carrying a Julienne potato for a mascot, he sat up in bed and in clarion tones demanded that the nurse bring him two yards of porthouse steak, half a peck of French fried potatoes and such vegetable brack-brack as might be necessary to accompany the steak on its journey.

"Nothing doing in the steak line," said the sleepy nurse. "Go back to bed and I'll give you another walnut."

"I'm done with walnuts," said Mr. McGowan. "I've eaten so many I'm beginning to feel like a squirrel. It's James for a little broiled cow and fixings."

The nurse assured him that it was against the rules to allow diet patients to break training. She left the room just then and her patient embraced the opportunity to take himself by the hand and make a dash for freedom and regular food.

Policeman McManus and Almond saw the white-robed figure and sneaked up behind it with drawn clubs. Believing it to be the ghost of some misguided commuter, they were getting ready to sock it on the head when Mr. McGowan saw them.

"Gentlemen," he pleaded, "have pity on me and get me something to eat."

"What you need is something to wear," said McManus. "What do you mean by frightening two honest policemen out of a night's rest with your night-shirt drill?"

Lawyer's Odd Plea Sets Negro Free



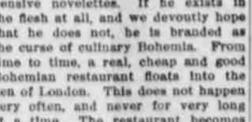
NEW YORK.—M. Bourke Cockran's eloquence won the acquittal in the case of general sessions of Victor Nelson, a negro, accused of the murder on March 28 last of Claude Humphreys, another negro. Cockran was assigned to defend Nelson by Judge Malone. The jury gave its verdict at 8:45 p. m. All its members requested Mr. Cockran to give them a copy of his address in defense of his client.

"I can scarcely expect you to treat this negro like a peer. Then treat him like a dog," said Cockran in his summing up of the case. "Yes, treat him like a dog, if you must. A dog that bites wantonly we kill, but a dog that bites in defense of his own master's home we protect. Men have given their lives in defense of such a dog. Give my client the same shift you would give such a dog."

It was the theme of Mr. Cockran's two hours of oratory in behalf of the prisoner. Nelson had shot and killed Humphreys in self-defense. The evidence shows that Humphreys had been killed by a bullet that entered his body and traveled in an upward course.

Mr. Cockran said that this fact absolutely proved the truth of his client's testimony that he had been kicked down three steps by Humphreys, and

Trials of Girl at the Music Counter



ST. LOUIS.—"Young woman," said a motherly individual, holding two small children in her weary arms, "will you play 'When the Roses Bloom Again' for me, please?"

The music counter young woman, perched on her stool, selected the piece mentioned among a heap of others and prepared to "reef" it off.

The shabby woman listened attentively until the last notes died out. She ogled the children in the meantime.

"Thank you very much," she said, and strolled slowly off.

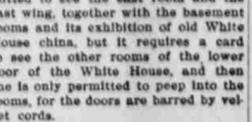
"There," grumbled the girl behind the music counter, "that is only one of the things that we've got to put up with. There are a hundred others, and as soon as I can get in the ribbons I'm going to get out of the music, once and for all. The work is twice as much as any other job in the store. People think that you are there to entertain the public instead of to sell goods. I feel safe in saying that fully 95 per cent. of the people who ask for a concert do not buy a single ten-cent

piece."

Large store managers realize that the people at the average music counter are busy, hard-worked individuals. There are so many things to contend with aside from the knowledge required of music lists, and the ability to play the piano. That is why the salesmen and saleswomen in this department average higher wages than almost any others in the whole store.

And it is said to be the most tiresome job imaginable. Young lady taking music lessons, imagine how it must be to play the piano all day and for other people, strangers, day after day, until you almost go wild. Wouldn't it like that sort of a job, would you? It seems a novelty to the uninitiated, but so sick of playing does the salesgirl become after she has had a week of it that she is only too glad to take a job any place else in the world.

Cubs' Mascot Tamed After Wild Chase



CHICAGO.—Bruno, a black cub bear late of Montana, mascot of the Cubs baseball team, was tamed a few days ago.

Bruno escaped from his cage home in the basement of the Monroe club, West Monroe and Green streets, and ran amuck on the West side, creating a panic among pedestrians and children, snapping at cats, growling at chickens, and attacking stray dogs.

Two baseball "fans" were in the midst of a heated argument over the merits of the Sox and Cubs when Bruno, running at full speed and pursued by a score of club members, pedestrians, policemen and children, rudely upset the Sox fan.

"Pretty good team we have, eh?" asked the Cub fan, the Sox supporter, who was brushing the dust from his clothes.

"Oh, I don't know."

"Well, that was our mascot. And the team is traveling about as fast as Bruno," added the Cub rooster.

"Then the team is going some," admitted the Sox fan as he turned and watched the bear mascot disappear in a cloud of dust.

Bruno, closely followed by the small army of pursuers, continued to fight everything that came his way, until, bleeding from a dozen flesh wounds, the animal fell exhausted at West Adams and Morgan streets.

The cub was penitent, and showed no desire to romp and play until one of the club officials had tied a red ribbon about its neck. Then Bruno brightened up, but did not try to escape again. The cub was to make its first public appearance at the West side ball grounds as mascot of the Cubs in the afternoon.

COLLIER & COLLIER
Lawyers
Rooms in Holbrook Building.
St. Johns, Oregon

JOSEPH McCHESNEY, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon.
Day & Night Office in McChesney bldg.
Phone Jersey 951.
St. Johns, Oregon.

Res. Phone Jersey 1571. Office Phone Jersey 921
ALBERT CAREY, M. D.
HOLBROOK BLOCK
Residence 908 Fessenden Street
Office Hours: 10 a. m. to 1 p. m., 3 to 6 p. m.
ST. JOHNS, OREGON.

Daniel O. Webster, A. B. M. D.
Residence, 697 Dawson Street
Office, Plitor Block.
University Park, Portland, Oregon.

DR. RAMBO
DENTIST
Office Phone Richmond 51
First National Bank building.
ST. JOHNS, OREGON.

DR. W. E. HARTEL
DENTIST
Phone Richmond 201
Holbrook Block - St. Johns

Phone Jersey 921 Holbrook Block
DR. J. VINTON SCOTT
DENTIST
Open Evenings and Sundays by Appointment.

Office Phone Woodlawn 703
Res. Phone Woodlawn 1653
D. E. HOPKINS
DENTIST
Office Hours: From 9 to 12 m., 1 to 5 p. m., 7 to 9 p. m.
682 Dawson street, University Park

Phone Jersey 1571 Hours: 2 to 6 p. m.
ST. JOHNS PIANO SCHOOL
Conducted by
Mrs. Lillie Wells Carey
902 Fessenden St. ST. JOHNS, ORE.

H. S. HEWITT E. S. WRIGHT
812 5th St. 504 S. Hayes
HEWITT & WRIGHT
CONTRACTORS and BUILDERS
Estimates and Plans Furnished
Houses For Sale. ST. JOHNS, ORE.

J. R. WEIMER
Transfer and Storage
We deliver your goods to and from all parts of Portland, Vancouver, Linn County, Portland and Suburban Express Co., city dock and all points accessible by wagon. Piano and furniture moving a specialty. 109 E. Burlington; phone Richmond 61.

LAUREL LODGE
No. 186 I. O. O. F.
ST. JOHNS, OREGON
Meets each Monday evening in Odd Fellows' hall, at 8:00. Visitors welcomed.
W. J. Casey, N. G. C. F. Gata, Secretary

HOLMES LODGE NO. 101
KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS
Meets every Friday night at 7:30 o'clock at I. O. O. F. Hall. Visitors always welcome.
A. C. NELSON, C. C. E. C. HURLBERT, R. R. S.

DORIC LODGE NO. 132
F. and A. M.
Regular communications on first and third Wednesdays of each month in Odd Fellows' hall.
Visitors welcome.
E. S. Harrington, Allen R. Jones, Secretary. W. M.

CAMP 773 W. O. W.
WOW
THE GIANT OF THE WEST
Meets every Wednesday evening in Bickner's Hall
J. A. Cole, C. C. W. Scott Kellogg, Clerk.

Central Market!
HOLBROOK BLOCK
See us for the choicest cuts of the Best Meats Obtainable.
Order Filled and Family Trade Solicited.

T. P. WARD, Proprietor.

St. Johns Sand and Gravel Co.
JACKSON & MUSGROVE, Props.
General Contractors.

We are prepared to do any and all kinds of excavating for street work and other purposes. We also handle sidewalk and building material.

Newton and Fessenden Streets, St. Johns, Ore.
Phone Richmond 1871.