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WE GUARANTEE TO PLEASE YOU

L. L. PICKENS, Dentist, Weinhard Bld., Phones, City 1293, Farmers 121.

WORLD'S HORSE SHOW

International Society to Hold Annual Meets in London.

FIRST EXHIBIT SET FOR NEXT JUNE

Announcement Made at National Horse Exhibit in New York Shows That Most of Prominent American Exhibitors Will Back the Project by Personal Entries and Influence. Management to Be Anglo-American.

An international horse show to be held at London next June is an assured fact. A meeting of the prominent American exhibitors and representatives of the National Horse Show association and of the Hackney Horse association of England was recently held in Madison Square Garden in New York, when the plans for the exhibition were decided upon, says the New York Times. The show will be an annual one and held in London each year. The inaugural event is set for June 7 to 13, 1907, and will be held at the great Olympia of London. The prizes will aggregate about \$35,000, and the entries will close next May. Not only will the American exhibits meet the best horses in England, but entrants will be solicited in France, Belgium, Germany, Holland, Spain and Italy. Each of these countries will be represented on the board of directors.

The meeting was held at the instance of Frank F. Euren, secretary of the English Hackney Horse association, who came to New York to complete the details of the exhibition. He represented the English directors and explained the object of the new association, outlining its plan and scope. Among those who attended were Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, Reginald C. Vanderbilt, George Pepper, John L. Conaway, James T. Hyde, William T. Dulles and R. Penn Smith of Philadelphia, Alfred Godfrey and Adam Beck, M. P., of Canada, who occupied the chair.

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A CHRISTMAS SUGGESTION

The perplexing question of what to get for the boy or girl for Christmas is now confronting you and in order to help you out in the matter, we suggest that a

SAVINGS ACCOUNT BOOK

with a credit of a dollar or more will be far more appreciated than a toy, the novelty of which wears off in a day or two, and which is then cast aside. The opening of a Savings Account may be the means of starting the boy or girl on the road to independence.

A DOLLAR WILL DO IT

THE BANK OF OREGON CITY

SAVED BY MALE LION

Big Beast Drives Mate From Body of Prostrate Animal Trainer.

FIVE HUNDRED LOOKING ON

Audience at a New York Show See a Thrilling Act Not Down on the Programme—Woman Badly Bitten.

Mme. Emma Schell, a professional lion tamer, famed almost as much for her beauty as for her daring, stopped to wave a greeting to her cheering audience before she put her head within the jaws of a lioness at an animal show in New York city, and that second of delay saved her life.

Mme. Schell's appearance had been a drawing card at the show for two weeks. Several times each day she entered the cage to compel the lion and lioness to do the tricks she had taught them.

Before an audience of 500 persons, nearly all of them women and children, Mme. Schell entered the cage with nothing but a short whip to protect her. As she opened the door the female sprang at her, but she cowed the brute with whip lashes, closed the gate and began to put the lions through their paces.

Though both growled and roared at times, they obeyed the commands of the menacing whip, and Mme. Schell set her audience into a whirlwind of applause when she made both beasts, in single file, walk over her prostrate body, then leap back again to the corner of the cage, where they obediently stood upon their hind legs.

The climax comes in the finale, when the lion tamer drives the lioness into the center of the stage, opens its jaws with her hands and thrusts her unprotected head inside.

It took minutes of prodding by her assistant outside the den to force the angry lioness from her corner. Then she sprang out with a great leap and would have felled her mistress with a blow of her massive paw if a stinging blow of the whip had not subdued her. But even as she raised herself sulkily upon her rear legs she snarled savagely at her tamer, and the whip had to be used unsparringly before she was again brought into submission.

Then Mme. Schell opened the huge mouth with her hands, ran her fingers



THE BEAST LUNGED, WITH OPEN JAWS, along the two rows of glistening teeth and bent her head to thrust it between the menacing jaws.

She stopped to bow smilingly at the audience and wave her hand, as all performers do before attempting a hazardous feat.

The bow and the smile saved her life, for at that instant the lioness, with a fearful roar, thrust her paws down upon her shoulders and buried her teeth in her left cheek.

The woman shrieked and staggered back. The beast lunged, with open jaws, at her head again and tore her other cheek.

Then as it was about to spring upon her a third time she threw up her hands and fell unconscious.

Mme. Schell would have been torn to pieces, but the lion, who had been growling in his corner, sprang forward and attacked the frenzied lioness. While they fought, gnashing and claving at each other across the stage, women in the audience fainted, while even the men bolted for the street.

A moment later the tamer's assistant, revolver and prodding pole in hand, had thrown open the door and dashed in. He fired a dozen shots at the raging lions, jabbed with the pole and succeeded in forcing them apart and into different corners.

Then he carried the unconscious woman outside, and attaches of the museum (summoned a Bellevue ambulance, Mme. Schell was carried to the hospital, still unconscious. Surgeons put twelve stitches in the gaping wound in her right cheek and eighteen in the torn flesh of the other. They said she would recover.

WOMAN SAT ON BURGLAR

Harlem Wife Aided Husband In Fierce Fight With Midnight Marauder.

THEN RAN FOR POLICEMAN

"If You Stir I'll Blow Your Head Off," Was the Robber's Bluff, but Mr. and Mrs. Josephson Called It.

"Come, beatir yourself," said Mrs. Albert Josephson, wife of the superintendent of the fashionable Lenox Court apartments, New York, to her spouse in the early hours of a recent morning. "I think there is some one in the house."

"Tut, tut; you're just nervous. Let me sleep," returned the husband drowsily. But his nap was short. His wife was sure and, being sure, persistently shook him until he was wide awake.

"Oh, well, just to satisfy you I'll get up and take a look around," he said. Then a deep voice came out of the gloom from somewhere at the foot of the bed:

"Excuse me; you won't do anything of the sort. You'll lie just where you are, and you'll keep mighty quiet about it. If you stir I'll blow your head off."

Josephson, however, decided he wasn't going to keep still, so he sprang into the darkness and grappled with what turned out to be the biggest man he had ever encountered. They rolled about the floor, and the intruder cursed. Josephson didn't. He needed all the breath he could muster to take care of his man.

Mrs. Josephson in the meantime turned on the light, and when she saw the intruder about to get away she joined in the battle without waiting to dress. Finally she aided by sitting on the big man until her husband got a good grip on him. Then she hurriedly slipped into a dressing gown and start-



SHE SAT ON THE BIG MAN.

ed for a policeman. She found two of him in less time than it usually takes in Harlem, even when the need is not so great.

The bluecoats returned with her and handcuffed the big man. At first he was sullen. Afterward at the West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street station, the police say, he gave his name as John Kelly, his age as twenty-one and his address as 858 Second avenue. His occupation was set down as "laborer," and from his appearance when the police found him rolling about the floor with Josephson it was no misnomer. He had put in a laborious half hour.

In his pockets, the police say, they found a bunch of skeleton keys and a pair of gold cuff links, which, Josephson said, had been taken from his shirt. On the floor of the bedroom clothing belonging to the Josephsons was found bunched up ready to be taken away.

Faithful Dog Did His Duty.

David Conover, carpenter, entered his home on Trenton avenue, Chelsea, N. J., and discovered blood trails over the floor. He traced them to a door through which he entered with some trepidation and discovered his Newfoundland dog Tip in an excited condition. Conover went over the house and found that he had been robbed. There were signs of a battle between the thief and the Newfoundland, with clear evidence that the burglar had been severely bitten. But the thief, notwithstanding his wounds, carried off his loot.

Hung Hog's Head on Husband's Door.

Foti Huddin, a Mohammedan of Asbury Park, N. J., had his wife before Justice of the Peace Borden to explain why she hanged pigs' feet and a hog's head on his door knob and also called him a monkey. He admitted he had another wife in India, but declared when he married the wife against whom he is now complaining in New York about twelve years ago, when she was only seventeen, he told her of his wife in India.

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