

John Chambers Seeks Government Locks Job
Locktender on Duty For The Last 45 Years
Results of Free Tolls Beneficial, He Believes



FAMILIAR VIEW OF THE OREGON CITY LOCKS.

Forty-three years lock-tender of the Oregon City locks without a complaint against him is the proud record of John Chambers who now seeks the same position when the ship passage is turned over to the United States. Both Mr. Chambers and his son, George Chambers, have taken a government examination, the latter for assistant locktender. The boy has acted as assistant to his father for several years and was born in a house within a few feet of the canal. "He was raised on the locks," explained the father Wednesday. Mr. Chambers is a young man at 63. His small garden in the rear of his house at West Linn and his interest in his family of nine children have given him the spirit of youth rather than old age. Only one boy, George, the assistant locktender, is at home. Other children are: Mrs. Bertha Dav- enport and Mrs. Mary Ford, of West Linn; Mrs. Caroline Myers, of Port- land; Mrs. Rose Shannon, of Sellwood; Mrs. Hattie Wilkerson, of Vancouver;

Mrs. Agnes Silver, of Oregon City; Mrs. Marguerite Miller, of Clatsop county, and Stephen Chambers, of West Linn. Stephen Chambers is a foreman in the Crown Willamette mills here. John Chambers is not only the first and the last locktender but he was a foreman when the locks were built. Mr. and Mrs. Chambers moved to Oregon City early in 1871 and he had charge of the heavy rock work of the two years before the canal was opened. In January 1873 when the first ship was taken through the canal, John Chambers was there to operate the locks the same as today when the most modern river steamers are taken through. He was on constant duty during the disastrous flood of 1899 when Oregon City and Portland were swept by high water that covered many streets and did great damage. Two of the lock locks were swept away and the canal itself was filled with debris. The home of the Chambers family, located on the west shore of the canal, was destroyed with all the personal belongings of the family. John Chambers has known practically every captain that took a ship up the Willamette river from pioneer days to the present. While in reality a conspicuous figure in the pioneer history of the Willamette valley, John Chambers is an active now as when he escorted the first craft through the ship passage. He and his son are the only locktenders and the result is that they are called out at night as well as day to let boats through to the upper river or down to the lower. Mr. Chambers believes that the transfer of the locks from private to public ownership and the consequent free tolls will increase the use of the river as a means of transportation. He is awaiting the reconstruction of the locks and expects to take as prominent a part in the work as when, a young man, he directed the original work.

The first intimation Anders had that there was anything wrong came at 8:30 this morning when H. H. Herdman Jr., principal of Washington high school, delivered to him the terse message, "Your services are ended until you have seen Mr. Alderman." Anders went at once to the courthouse where Alderman has his office. "You have been guilty of insubordination, Mr. Anders, and your services are ended so far as I am concerned," declared Alderman according to Anders. "A letter of dismissal will be furnished you. The school board will hear you at their convenience." According to Anders, Alderman asserted that he, Anders, had been seen in the Washington high school at 7 o'clock Monday morning. He declared that it was at that time that Anders wrote the letter which was spread broadcast about the city. A Specific Against Colds. "If there is such a thing as a specific against colds, it is to be found in the sleeping porch or the open bed room. Next to that comes the cold sponge bath in the morning," says the Youth's Companion. Be as careful as you can you will occasionally take cold and when you do you will find Chamberlain's Cough Remedy a great help in enabling you to get rid of it. Try it. Obtainable everywhere. (Adv.)

PORTLAND SCHOOL TROUBLE AT CRISIS

WASHINGTON HIGH SCHOOL TEACHER IS SUSPENDED BY SUPERINTENDENT.

INSTRUCTOR DENIES ALL CHARGES

Edwin Anders Retains Attorney and Declares He Will Fight the Case to Highest Court.

PORTLAND, Ore., Mar. 24.—Charging that Edwin Anders, head of the history department of Washington high school, wrote the circular letter which was circulated last Monday casting reflections on his management of the city's schools, Superintendent L. R. Alderman this morning suspended him. Anders absolutely denies the allegation and has retained Attorney John F. Logan to fight the case for him. The matter will be taken to the highest court both Logan and Anders assert.

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The Black Box

(Continued from page 5.)

Together they carried the sleeping girl out of the room into a larger apartment. A single electric light was burning on the top of a square mirror fixed upon an easel. Towards this they carried the girl and laid her in an easy chair almost opposite to it. "The battery is just on the left," Laura whispered. Quest nodded. "Give me the band." She turned away for a moment and disappeared in the shadows. When she returned, she carried a curved band of flexible steel. Quest took it from her, attached it by means of a coil of wire to the battery, and with firm, sure fingers slipped it on to Lenora's forehead. Then he stepped back. "She's a subject, Laura—I'm sure of it! Now for our great experiment!" They watched Lenora intently. "Lenora," Quest said, slowly and firmly, "your mind is full of one subject. You see your mistress in her chair by the fireside. She is toying with her diamonds. Look again. She lies there dead! Who was it entered the room, Lenora? Look! Look! Gaze into that mirror. What do you see there?" The girl's eyes had opened. They were fixed now upon the mirror—distended, full of unholly things. "Try harder, Lenora," he muttered, his own breath laboring. "It is there in your brain! Look!" For a single second the smooth surface of the mirror was obscured. A room crept dimly like a picture into being, a fire upon the hearth, a girl leaning back in her chair. A door in the background opened. A man stole out. He crept nearer to the girl—his eyes fixed upon the diamonds, a thin, silken cord twisted round his wrist. Suddenly she saw him—too late! His hand was upon her lips, his face seemed to start almost from the mirror—then blackness! Lenora opened her eyes. She was still in the easy-chair before the fire. "Mr. Quest?" she faltered. He looked up from some letters which he had been studying. "I am so sorry," he said politely. "I really had forgotten that you were here. But you know—that you have been asleep?" "Can I go now?" she asked. "Certainly," Quest replied. "To tell you the truth, I find that I shall not need to ask you those questions, after all. A messenger from the police sta-

der bruised, his head swimming a bit. Suddenly a gleam of light shone down. A trap-door above his head was slid a few inches back. The flare of an electric torch shone upon his face, a man's voice addressed him. "Not the great Sanford Quest? This surely cannot be the greatest detective in the world walking so easily to the spider's web!" "Any chance of getting out?" Quest asked laconically. "None!" was the bitter reply. "You've done enough mischief. You're there to rot!" "Why this animus against me, my friend Macdougall?" Quest demanded. "You and I have never come up against one another before. I don't like the life you led in New York ten years ago, or your friends, but you've suffered nothing through me." "If I let you go," once more came the man's voice, "I know very well in what chair I shall be sitting before a month has passed. I am James Macdougall, Mr. Sanford Quest, and I have got the Ashleigh diamonds, and I have settled an old grudge, if not of my own, of one greater than you. That's all. A pleasant night to you!" The door went down with a bang. "A perfect obolite," he remarked to himself, as he held a match over his head a moment or two later, "built for the purpose. It must be the house we failed to find which Bill Taylor used to keep before he was shot. Smooth brick walls, smooth brick floor, only exit twelve feet above one's head. Human means, apparently, are useless. Science, you have been my mistress all my days. You must save my life now or lose an earnest disciple." Quest felt in his overcoat pocket and drew out the small, hard pellet. He gripped it in his fingers, stood as nearly as possible underneath the spot from which he had been projected, coolly swung his arm back, and flung the black pebble against the sliding door. The explosion which followed shook the very ground under his feet. For minutes afterwards everything around him seemed to rock. Then Sanford Quest emerged, dusty but unhurt, and touched a constable on his arm. "Arrest me," he ordered. "I am Sanford Quest. I must be taken at once to headquarters." They found a cab without much difficulty. It was five o'clock when they reached the central police station. Inspector French happened to be just

"Our friend," he said, "is going to be mad enough to walk into hell, even when he finds out what he thinks has happened." "It wasn't any of Jimmy's lot!" Sanford Quest shook his head. "French," he said, "keep mum, but it was the elderly family retainer, Macdougall. I felt restless about him. He has lost the girl—and he was married to her, by the by—and the Jewels. No fear of his slipping away. I shall



"You've Had a Rough Time, Lenora."

have him here at the time I told you." "You've a way of your own of doing these things, Mr. Quest," the inspector admitted grudgingly. "Mostly lucky," Quest replied. "Take a cigar, and so long, inspector. They want me to talk to Chicago on another little piece of business." . . . It was a few minutes before midnight when Quest parted the curtains of a room on the ground floor of his house in Georgia square and looked out into the snow-white street. Then he turned around and addressed the figure lying as though asleep upon the sofa by the fire. "Lenora," he said, "I am going out. Stay here, if you please, until I return."

He left the room. For a few moments there was a profound silence. Then a white face was pressed against the window. There was a crash of glass. A man covered with snow sprang into the apartment. He moved swiftly to the sofa, and something black and ugly swayed in his hand. "So you've deceived me, have you?" he panted. "Handed over the jewels, chucked me, and given me the double cross! Anything to say?"

Macdougall leaned forward, his white face distorted with passion. The life-preserver bent and quivered behind him, cut the air with a swish and crashed full upon the head. The man staggered back. The weapon fell from his fingers. For a moment he was paralyzed. There was no blood upon his hand, no cry—silence inhuman, unnatural! He looked again. Then the lights flashed out all around him. There were two detectives in the doorway, their revolvers covering him—Sanford Quest, with Lenora in the background. In the sudden illumination Macdougall's horror turned almost to hysterical rage. He had wasted his fury upon a dummy!

"Take him, men," Quest ordered. "Hands up, Macdougall. Your number's up from the mob." "Say, you've been in trouble!" the inspector remarked, leading the way into his room. "Hit of an explosion, that's all," Quest replied. "I shall be all right when you've lent me a clothesbrush." "The Ashleigh diamonds, eh?" the inspector asked eagerly. "I shall have them at nine o'clock this morning," Sanford Quest promised, "and hand you over the murderer somewhere around midnight."

Quest slept for a couple of hours, had a bath and made a leisurely toilet. At a quarter to nine he sat down to breakfast in his room. "At nine o'clock," he told his servant, "a young lady will call. Bring her up." The door was suddenly opened. Lenora walked in. Quest glanced in surprise at the clock. "We are slow. Good-morning, Miss Lenora!" She came straight to the table. She laid a little packet upon the table. Quest opened it coolly. The Ashleigh diamonds flashed up at him. He led Lenora to a chair and rang a bell. "Prepare a bedroom upstairs," he ordered. "Ask Miss Roche to come here. . . . Laura," he added, as his secretary entered, "will you look after this young lady?" A few minutes later Inspector French was announced. Quest nodded in a friendly manner. "Some coffee, inspector?" "I'd rather have those diamonds!" Quest threw them lightly across the table. The inspector whistled. "And now, French, will you be here, please, at midnight, with three men, armed?" "Here?" the inspector repeated. Quest nodded.

Sanford Quest was naturally a person unaffected by presentiments or nervous fears of any sort, yet, having advanced a couple of yards along the hallway of the house which he had just entered without difficulty, he came to a standstill, oppressed with the sense of impending danger. "Anyone here?" he asked, raising his voice. There was no direct response, yet from somewhere upstairs he heard the half-muffled cry of a woman. He gripped his revolver in his fingers. He took a quick step forward. The floor gave way beneath him. He was falling into blackness. . . . The fall itself was scarcely a dozen feet. He picked himself up, his shout-

ton has been here. He says they have come to the conclusion that a very well-known gang of New York criminals are in this thing. We know how to track them down all right." "I may go now, then?" she repeated, with immense relief. Quest escorted the girl downstairs, opened the front door, blew his whistle and his car pulled up at the door. "Take this young lady," he ordered, "wherever she wishes. Good-night!" The girl drove off. Quest watched the car disappear around the corner. Then he turned slowly and made preparations for his adventure. "Number 700, New York," he muttered, half an hour later, as he left his house. "Beyond Fourteenth street—a tough neighborhood." He hesitated for a moment, feeling the articles in his overcoat pocket—a revolver in one, a small piece of hard substance in the other. Then he stepped into his car, which had just returned. "Where did you leave the young lady?" he asked the chauffeur. "In Broadway, sir. She left me and boarded a cross-town car." Quest nodded approvingly. "No finesse," he sighed.

CHAPTER V. Sanford Quest was naturally a person unaffected by presentiments or nervous fears of any sort, yet, having advanced a couple of yards along the hallway of the house which he had just entered without difficulty, he came to a standstill, oppressed with the sense of impending danger. "Anyone here?" he asked, raising his voice. There was no direct response, yet from somewhere upstairs he heard the half-muffled cry of a woman. He gripped his revolver in his fingers. He took a quick step forward. The floor gave way beneath him. He was falling into blackness. . . . The fall itself was scarcely a dozen feet. He picked himself up, his shout-

W. E. Green et ux. to H. R. Smith et ux. tract 20, Willamette tract; \$10. C. H. Elston to Douglas A. Gillies et ux. lots 7 and 8, block 28, Oregon Iron & Steel Co.'s 1st addition to Oswego; \$10. Moses P. Miller to Christian J. Honrick, 39 acres, section 1, township 5 south, range 1 east of Willamette meridian; \$1950. Addie M. Hunt et vir. to Harvey S. Rodebaugh et ux., tract of land in sec-

tion 16, township 4 south, range 1 east of Willamette meridian; \$10. William F. Jantz et ux. to D. A. Osborne, lot 12, block 1, Dover park; \$13. E. T. Mass to J. R. Friel, tract of land in section 24, township 2 south, range 5 east of Willamette meridian; \$1875.50. Joseph Schultz et ux. to A. J. Halback, tracts 5, 7, 9, block 10, Bolton; \$1000. William F. Miller et ux. to R. J. France et ux., tract of land in section

Lambert-Whitmer Co. to S. D. Penney et al., lot 5, Willamette Park; \$400. James H. Graham et ux. to R. A. Minkler, 80 acres in section 31, township 5 south, range 2 east of Willamette meridian; \$5000. C. H. Elston to Douglas A. Gillies et ux., lots 1, 8, block 28, Oregon Iron and Steel Co.'s 1st addition to Oswego; \$10. Lambert-Whitmer Co. to Tillie Penney, lot 11, Willamette Park; \$500.

KAUFF WILL STICK TO FEDS.

Crack Outfielder Turns Down Offer From New York Giants. Benny Kauff, outfielder of the champion Indianapolis Reds and king batsman of that league, will not desert the outlaws to cast his lot with Johnny McGraw's Giants, as has been intimated in reports from alleged reliable sources. It is unlikely that the Federal



JUDGE Wm. W. LAMBDIN

league would allow O. B. to outbid it for the services of so bright a star—the very brightest, in fact, in the out-law circuit. Benny is the Ty Cobb of the Federal league and recognized by his employers as such. Could the Federal league put up enough money to win over the great and only Ty? Perish the thought!

Not Seen Dead. Mrs. Styles—This paper says eagles and parrots are among the longest lived of the birds. Mr. Styles—Come to think of it, I guess that's correct. I never see 'em on women's hats."—Yonkers Statesman.

WILSON REWARDS HIS GEORGIA FRIEND WITH NEW FEDERAL POST



JUDGE Wm. W. LAMBDIN

SAVANNAH, Ga., March 18.—William Wallace Lambdin of Waycross has been nominated and confirmed as the additional federal judge for the southern district of Georgia. He will divide the work in the district with Judge Emory Speer, who recently was under fire and exonerated by congress of charges threatening impeachment. Judge Lambdin was one of the most prominent advocates in south Georgia of Woodrow Wilson for the presidency.

CUT THIS OUT NOW If you don't want it today, you may next week. Send this advertisement and 5 cents to Foley & Co., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You receive in return three trial packages—Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for coughs, colds, croup and grippe; Foley Kidney Pills, for weak or disordered kidneys or bladder; Foley Cathartic Tablets, a pleasant, wholesome and cleansing purgative, just the thing for winter's sluggish bowels and torpid liver. These well known standard remedies for sale by Jones Drug Co. (Adv.)

FEDERAL DEFICIT ESTIMATE CUT BY SENATE CHAIRMAN

SENATOR SIMMONS SAYS LOSS IN 1915 WILL NOT BE OVER \$29,000,000.

Conditions in Europe and Mexico Are Blamed for Falling Off in Revenue—Income Tax Relied On.

WASHINGTON, March 20.—Chairman Simmons, of the senate finance committee, took issue today with prophets of a large treasury deficit, in a statement, saying his investigations at the treasury have convinced him that the deficit will not exceed \$25,000,000.

Senator Simmons said there had been probable deficit, some as high as \$139,000,000, that he decided to ascertain the "real facts." "During the past week," he said, "I have been investigating this matter closely in conference with officials of the treasury department, and, as a result of the investigations and conferences, I feel safe in saying that the probable deficit will not, if any, much exceed \$25,000,000.

"Of course this does not include the expenditures on account of the Panama canal. These expenses are otherwise provided for by law and are not required to be paid out of the current funds of the government. "The receipts from practically every source," he added, "have fallen below the estimate, due to depressed business conditions on account of the war in Europe. Although the revenues derived from internal revenue tax probably will be increased by the emergency revenue act over the estimates by about \$20,000,000, there was on March 15, 1915, an excess of ordinary expenditures over receipts of approximately \$55,000,000, against a deficit of \$34,000,000 on the same date last year.

"The estimated receipts for the remainder of the fiscal year totals \$256,000,000, while the ordinary disbursements will amount to \$207,000,000, an excess of receipts over expenditures for the remainder of the year of \$59,000,000, showing a net deficit of \$26,000,000 at the end of the fiscal year. "The increases are due in part to the normal growth of the government and part are due to conditions arising out of the European war and the abnormal conditions in Mexico."

Deliberate. "Cobsworth never does anything without first thinking it over." "That's true. I've known him to acquire a three days' growth of whiskers while meditating a shave."—Brooklyn Citizen.

FEEL BLUE—OR JUST STUPID?

Sluggish bowels and torpid liver usually go together and it does not take long for constipation to produce a bad condition—a feeling of languor or lassitude—the "blues," headaches, palpitation or other malady. Indeed, when in this condition the system invites more serious illness and is not able to throw off disease. Foley Cathartic Tablets are a wholesome laxative and cleansing cathartic. They act without inconvenience, griping or sickening. Jones Drug Co. (Adv.)

PASTEURIZATION

The name pasteurization has its derivation from the French doctor Louis Pasteur (born 1822, died 1895), who was especially successful in proving the part played by microbes in fermentation and decomposition; but it was Professor Storch of the Royal Experiment Station, Copenhagen, Denmark, who introduced the pasteurization in the dairy industry—about 30 years ago. Since then it has been extended all over the world for improving dairy products. Pasteurization consists in heating milk or cream to such a temperature and for such a length of time as will be sufficient for destroying all the harmful disease germs, without affecting the food value and the good taste of the product. A pamphlet from last month (prepared by Doctor Charles E. North for the New York Milk Committee) shows us that a temperature of 140 degrees Fahrenheit applied for 20 minutes (or a slightly lower temperature applied for a longer time) will kill all the common disease germs in milk and cream. Dr. North points out in his small book numerous cases of infant death, septic sore throat, typhoid fever, tuberculosis, scarlet fever and diphtheria, which was caused of and traced back to raw (unpasteurized) dairy prod-

ucts. Under those conditions it is no wonder that Dr. North recommends private families to pasteurize their milk at home. If they are unable to buy pasteurized milk from their milkman; but the doctor offers no remedy for using butter made from raw (unpasteurized) cream, so the only way to solve that problem seems to be by leaving such butter alone. At the Dairy Convention in Ames, Iowa, a few weeks ago, the main speaker pleaded for a federal law, compelling the pasteurization of all cream made into butter. Such a law has been enforced in Denmark for nearly 20 years with the result that you cannot in the whole kingdom buy a pound of butter made from raw cream. However, the butter consumer in this nice country need not suffer by eating butter made from raw cream, whether or not a federal law will be passed on that subject, as more than three-fourths of all the creameries are making butter from pasteurized cream. When the consumers avoid the common dairy butter, and also butter from creameries, which do not yet pasteurize the cream, they may feel reasonably safe against above named diseases as far as the butter is concerned.