

The Oldest, The Largest, The Most Dependable Mercantile Establishment in Clackamas County



EASTER OPENING

Easter Sale of Ladies' Suits

Our daily increasing assortment of the Palmer Garment Suits has secured for this store perfect confidence in quality, style, and finish and our prices are equal with those at The Palmer Garment Home in Chicago.

Ladies' Suits \$15, \$20, \$25 to \$35.

New Features in Ladies' Men Tailored Suits

You may select your own cloths from our handsome selection of New Spring Suitings and we will make your suit to your measure in three days at the same price as suits of equat material in stock.

NEW NOVEL SPRING MILLINERY

Ladies' Spring Hats fresh from the hands of expert designers just opened for our special sale. Tables full of new hats for ladies' and children at the Adams Millinery Department.

Adams Department Store

- | | | |
|---------------|----------------|------------|
| Dress Goods | Men's Suits | Furniture |
| Domestics | Boy's Suits | Stoves |
| Ladies' Suits | Men's Furn'h'g | House Rugs |
| Millinery | Men's Shoes | Chinaware |
| Notions | Hats and Caps | Wall Paper |

Easter Sale of Men's Suits

In our Clothing Department distinctive feature in the most up-to-date styles, the Hart Schaffner & Marx all wool high grade suits \$20 to \$30.

The Herman Wiles Best Make Suits for Men

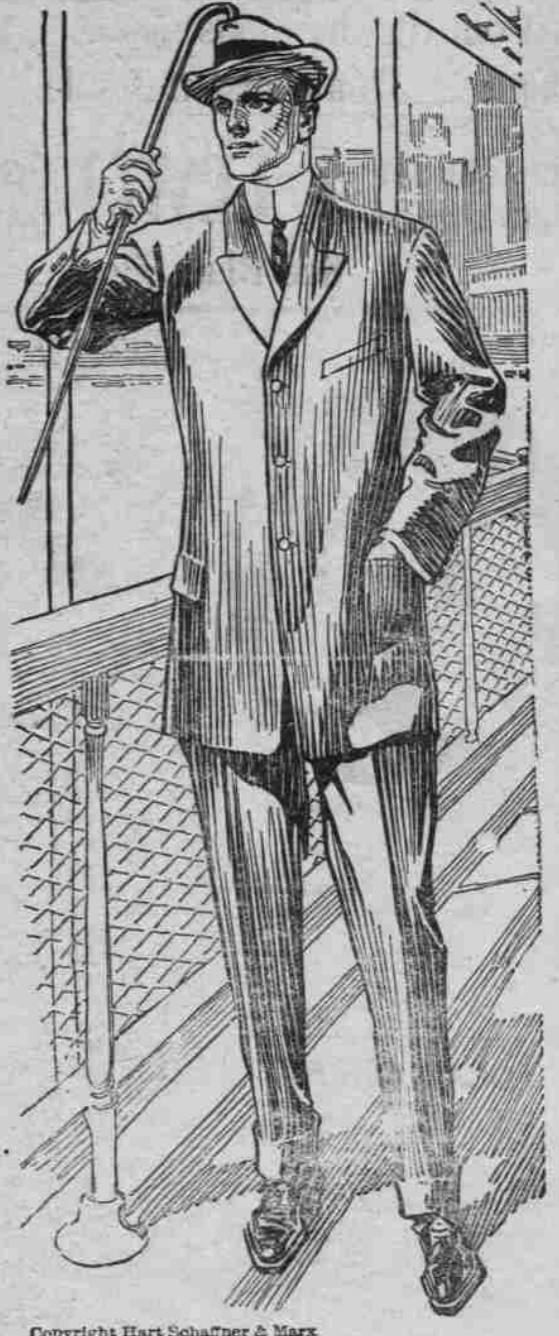
in navy, brown, and gray mixtures distinctively designed to satisfy the most critical taste in range of price to suit all from \$12 to \$20.

Boys' Suits for Large and Small

made from the nifty spring styles of suitings in handsome variety of patterns at moderate prices, \$2.50 to \$10.00.

MEN'S FURNISHINGS FOR EASTER

New Easter Neckwear, Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Handkerchiefs, Half Hose, Underwear, Dress Gloves, Work Gloves, Hats, Caps and working men's clothes at the Adams low prices.



Copyright Hart Schaffner & Marx

Ladies' Fine Shoes

- Patent high or low
- Nubuck white or canvas
- Patent button white top
- Nubuck white sandals
- Satin or velvet sandals
- Russet sandals or oxfords

L. ADAMS

Oregon City's Big Department Store

ASK FOR RED TRADING STAMPS

Men's Fine Shoes

- Patent dress shoes
- Cadet or gun metal
- Russets button or lace
- Low tans or black
- Boys' fine dress shoes
- Boys' strong play shoes

AN ODD MEETING

With One Who Had Been in a Different Position

By MILDRED LOUISE DODGE

The social world is a boiling pot. That which is under goes to the top and after whirling about awhile sinks again. The loss of fortune among the aristocrats of Europe produces disastrous effects on the losers. There is little or no hope of its recovery, and they must drop to a lower scale. They can't bear to live among people who have considered them far better than themselves.

There is now an American colony in every capital in Europe, and those who are financially able to entertain and be entertained have an easier entrance to the one main social circle presided over by royalty than any other nationality, for the reason that since we have no titles in America no rank is expected of us. Some years ago a wealthy American gentleman named Tracy spent a month in Rome. His wife and daughter, Henrietta, had always moved in the upper circles of America, and, having friends in the

independent financially and did not seem inclined to join the throng of her suitors.

But the lady was not sure that indifference was the cause of his standing aloof, though she did not know. There are young men who are either too proud to enter into a competition for the hand of a girl pursued by fortune hunters or too sensitive to pay attention to such. But this young man, Luigi Brandini, was not a pauper and no such motive could be attributed to him, though his estate was said to be involved in a law suit of many years' standing.

Nevertheless Brandini showed Miss Tracy every attention he could without indicating that he was likely to become a suitor. The last time she saw him at a social function was a ball given at the Quirinal palace, where he was her partner more than once during the evening. He seemed gloomy, and Miss Tracy could not help wondering if her departure, which was to take place the next day, had anything to do with his depression. When she was leaving the palace the young man bid her goodnight and goodby with a far away look in his eye that boded some impending calamity.

That was the last the Tracys saw of Rome for some time. From there they went to Berlin, thence to London and finally sailed from England to America.

Two years passed. One day Miss Tracy entered a restaurant in an American city with a party of friends for luncheon. When they were seated a waiter advanced with a napkin on his arm to serve them. Looking up at him Miss Tracy met his eye. The hot blood rushed to his cheeks and an expression of mingled pain and mortification showed itself in every feature of his face. The man recognized her as she recognized him. He was Luigi Brandini.

He turned and went away, and she saw him no more. Presently another waiter came and took the party's orders. It is needless to say that the luncheon had been spoiled for Miss Tracy. The face of one she had last met as a guest in the Quirinal palace in Rome changed to a waiter in an American restaurant was appalling.

Being ignorant of what had caused this downward course in the social scale on the part of Brandini, she wrote a friend who made Rome her residence and who had recently come to America for a visit. In reply she was informed that soon after her departure from Italy an important suit of many years' standing between Luigi Brandini and a cousin had been decided in the court of last appeal against Brandini and made him a pauper. He had disappeared from Rome, and no one knew where he had gone. Rumor had it that he had enlisted in the French foreign legion; that he had committed suicide; that a bandit who was terrorizing a province in Sicily under the name of Catania was Brandini. For awhile these wild rumors went from mouth to mouth; then the poor man was forgotten by the social world as completely as if an ocean had closed over him.

Miss Tracy read the information imparted, and her sympathies went out all the more to her former acquaintance, especially at learning that his fall was not attended with disgrace. It was hard for her to understand that helplessness under which gentlemen of Europe who were not born to work experience when they are thrown out upon the world. It does not exist—certainly not to so great an extent—in America.

What could she do for Brandini? Nothing. The pride which had caused him to flee from such help as he might have received from his friends would prevent his accepting assistance from a woman he had known in that exclusive circle. One of the unseen abysses that beset the way of those who tread roseate paths had been suddenly exposed to her vision.

The only effort Miss Tracy felt herself in a position to make in Brandini's behalf was to inform her father of her meeting with the Italian with a view to learning if anything could be done for him. Mr. Tracy was disposed to help one who had contributed to his and his daughter's pleasure in a foreign land. He went to the restaurant where Henrietta had seen Brandini, described him to the proprietor and was told that a man answering that description had left his service on the day Miss Tracy had met Brandini. The proprietor did not know where he had gone. That ended the matter for the time being and possibly forever.

But fate, who delights in arranging all sorts of complications for us, was working the matter in his own peculiar fashion. Many a man's career has been determined by some slight incident such as missing a train, falling into a river or running up against some one turning a corner. In this case the agent through which fate worked was a newspaper. Some eighteen months after Miss Tracy's meeting with Brandini in a restaurant she advertised for a chauffeur. Receiving several replies, she appointed a day and an hour when the applicants for the position might present themselves for inspection. When she entered the room where they were assembled and cast her eye over them whom should she see among the number but Luigi Brandini. His mortification was apparent in his scuffed face. He made a movement to retire but changed his mind. It was too late.

Miss Tracy questioned the men one after another, dismissing them as soon as examined until she came to Brandini. The two stood alone together Brandini looking as if he would like to escape. Miss Tracy looked as if she would like to prevent him from doing so.

For a moment she hesitated whether to speak to him as a former friend or as an applicant for the position of chauffeur. She decided on the latter course.

"Your name?" she asked.

"Giovanni Ricodonna."

"How much experience have you had in running automobiles?"

"None whatever, signora. I am sure I would not suit you. I should not have answered your advertisement."

"Nevertheless I like your appearance and think that, after a little practice, you will be able to drive my auto very well. You are engaged?"

"Pardon me, signora. I am quite sure I should not be able to"—He

stopped, bowed his head and fixed his eyes on the floor.

"Signor Brandini," said the lady. "you are among friends."

There was no reply to this. He did not even raise his eyes.

"You Romans," she continued, "were very kind to us when we were in Italy. My father, my mother and I were indebted to you among others for a very pleasant sojourn in your Italian capital. Perhaps my father may be able to help you out of this quagmire into which you have fallen."

He raised his eyes to hers.

"I wish you would consult him in reference to your affairs. He would consider it a favor if you would permit him through you to return some of the favors received from your countrymen while we were in Rome."

"There is nothing he can do for me, signora."

"You mean that your ancestral pride will not permit you to accept anything at his hands. In that you are wrong. Indeed, you are absurd. You need some one to throw a switch to turn the rails of fate and place you on the main track."

"Signora, you are apt at condensing the expression of ideas."

"Give me your address."

He acceded to her request, and she secured a promise from him to answer any communication that might be sent to him. Then she permitted him to depart.

That was some years ago. Now Luigi Brandini is a member of the Italian parliament, and his wife, formerly Miss Tracy, is prominent in Roman social life and, possessing a fortune, can afford certain important charities. The Romans have often tried to learn where Brandini passed those years that he was lost to Rome, but have never succeeded. Of all concerned the Tracy family are the only ones who know that the legislator once swung a napkin in an American restaurant.

leads to his home, about a block from the road and across the railroad track. Between the track and the road, however, is a clump of trees. W. B. Simpson, a laborer on the railroad, lives with his wife in a small tent house. Mr. Crane and Mr. Simpson both heard shooting. Mrs. Crane was asleep and was not awakened but her husband distinctly heard one shot. He went out on the front porch, soon afterward, but hearing no further sound went back in the house.

"I heard only one shot," said Mr. Crane. "I heard the automobile at the same time and thought naturally that the noise was made by the auto. At first I thought the sound came from some distance south."

"I was awakened by what I took to be one shot," said Mr. Simpson. "At the same time I heard the hum of the auto's motor and concluded it might be the exhaust. I didn't know there had been a shooting till the police came out."

There was a party at Mr. James' home. Mr. James said that he hid not hear the shots, and thought none of his guests did. The first intimation they had of the murder was when the detectives came to the house at 12:30 o'clock just as the party was breaking up.

Women living along the White House road in this vicinity are timid about tramps, for many pass along the road and some times beg for food.

Thursday Mrs. Crane's attention was attracted to two rough looking men, one of whom wore a khaki coat that came nearly to his knees, and corduroy trousers. They stopped at the mailbox just in front of the house and she heard them swear at something several times. They stayed there so long that she became frightened but finally they left. Mrs. Crane did not see their faces for their backs were turned toward her.

George Hastings, better known as "Bub" Hastings, was 24 years of age and was born in Portland, July 28, 1888. He received his early education in the Portland public schools and later attended the Portland High school. There he made a fine record in athletics as well as in his studies and was captain of the football team one year, playing halfback.

From the Portland High school he went to the Oregon Agricultural College in 1908 where he was again prominent in athletics, playing quarter, end and halfback for the college team. The next half year he attended Stanford University and in 1910 he returned to O. A. C.

Returning to Portland he took up further studies in the University of Oregon medical department. He was doing excellent work and was very popular among his fellow students. He was a member of the Alpha Kappa Kappa medical fraternity. He was also a prominent M. A. C. member and played with that team last fall.

He lived with his mother, Mrs. Jane Hastings, at the St. C. rox apartments, 170 St. Clair street, his sister, Laura, and a brother, Arthur, who is in the employ of the Portland Flouring mills. Another sister, Miss Ada Hastings, and a brother, Fred, of 915 Thurman street, are the only other members of the family. His father, Frederick J. Hastings, has been dead for some years.

The family are heart broken over his sudden death and it is feared the consequences will prove serious to his mother, who is advanced in years. Up to last night she had not been informed that the accident had proven fatal to the boy who was her young-

est and best loved.

Donald McCloud Stewart, son of Charles Stewart, 233 East Third street North, was 29 years of age, having been born in Tacoma, October 21, 1881. For four years he has been employed by the Balfour, Guthrie & Co. but was making plans to take over his father's business. His father is a prominent grain dealer in the board of trade building.

Stewart secured a portion of his education in the Tacoma schools but came to Portland with his parents 12 years ago. He was a student at the Holmes Business college and was regarded by his employers as one of their most promising clerks. Stewart was a member of the Multnomah club and an honor member of the "Phi Chi" fraternity, having been made a member through qualifications and not by being a college student.

His parents, two brothers, Charles Jr. and Fred, and one sister, Mrs. E. Huestis, survive him. The remains were taken to the Holman undertaking parlors.

never owned a steamer, merely chartering vessels to keep overflow business from going to the independent companies.

JAGGAR, IN DEBATE, RAPS SINGLE TAX

(Continued from page 1)

tax things that can be concealed, he asserted.

One point which did not seem to please the audience was the admission by Mr. U'Ren that the Clackamas County Single Tax Bill would abolish the saloon licenses. In Oregon City alone, this would decrease the municipal revenue about \$16,000 a year.

Mr. Jaggar indulged in pleasantries at the expense of Mr. U'Ren by stating that they were as different as day and night and would probably never agree until they were both good Indians. In launching his argument, the Road Builder said that the idea of not taxing labor sounded good, but questioned as to whether or not that was the issue at stake.

The trouble is not with the law at present he said, but with their non-enforcement. If the present laws governing taxation were enforced, the state would be much better off. One big trouble said Mr. Jaggar is that all our homes, buildings, stocks of merchandise and, in fact, all personal property, is protected by law by the expenditure of taxes which are realized from them so why should they be exempted? asked Mr. Jaggar.

The speaker said emphatically that he was never in favor of changing laws unless the people would be greatly benefited thereby.

The man who is never wrong, is never right, he said Mr. Jaggar wants to be shown.

"In exempting the personal property from taxation, we would be making a radical change which would affect the very vitals of our governmental system and before so doing we should go over the subject with care and thought," declared Mr. Jaggar.

In refuting Mr. U'Ren's argument concerning the holding of timber for speculative purposes, Mr. Jaggar contended that the single tax bill was not the proper cure for the evil. If the timber were all forced upon the market at once, the slump would injure the state.

The land owner, Mr. Jaggar thought was entitled to a return on his original investment, which he is now realizing from the increased value of the lands included in the grant given him. It was a poor corporation which did not make money at first he said but surely was entitled to something for their gamble on the future prosperity of the Oregon country.

When Mr. Jaggar came here in 1872 it cost seventy-five cents to make a one way trip between Oregon City and Portland on the boat. Now a ride twice as long, from here to St. Johns, may be made for twenty-five cents. This is because the corporations have efficient management and are consequently able to give good service at slight cost, he said.

During his rebuttal Mr. U'Ren paid his opponent a high compliment by saying that he believed if Mr. Jaggar voted against the single tax bill, it would be because he honestly believed the right thing to do.



HE WAS LUIGI BRANDINI.

Eternal City to introduce them, they soon found themselves in the swine there.

Henrietta Tracy was much sought after by Italians, who would have been glad to marry a beautiful American with a fortune. Her only object in accepting their attentions was a natural desire to see the world in Rome. One young man she fancied, but he was supposed to be mysteri-

DRAGNET IS SET FOR HIGHWAYMAN

(Continued from page 1)

get a good look at him.

The place where the shooting occurred is about a half mile north toward Portland from the bridge at Wilsonia station, at the north end of the Oswego city limits. Curiously enough, he could hardly have chosen a worse spot for a holdup for the place is right near a little cluster of houses. A few hundred yards on either side would have been ideal for a holdup, as the road is dark and lined with trees.

On the left hand side of the road, going towards Portland, the Elkrock hillside rises abruptly. It is covered with trees and undergrowth. The murder is supposed to have fled up the hillside. On the other side are the houses. The road itself does not begin the main descent of Elkrock for 200 or 300 yards farther north, and is almost level here.

A little path leads from Mr. Crane's mailbox about fifty feet down a good slope to his house. At the other and southern end of the horseshoe is the mailbox of E. H. James and a path