

LAUGHS AT DEATH

Murderer Wade Jestis While Dalton Prays.

ONE FEASTS—OTHER FASTS

Dalton Faces Gallows With All the Confidence Religion Gives—Wade With the Airy Bravado of an Unbeliever.

"I shall walk to the gallows in full strength and power and in the presence of God," said William H. Dalton, one of the condemned murderers of James B. Morrow, yesterday. "I shall never ask any one to sorrow for me. The sympathy of earthly people I do not want. To God alone I look, and were I to be burned by fire and still retain consciousness, I should never mourn, because I should think I was performing a religious duty to my fellowmen."

"Had I to get salvation behind the bars, I should go without it," cheerfully remarked Jack Wade, his fellow-murderer.

Wade and Dalton spent yesterday— which was, according to judicial proceedings so far, their last day on earth. As usual, they spent the day in different ways. Dalton always clasped or read his Bible. Wade joked with all who passed, and only a nervous stirle up and down the steel cage of the County Jail betrayed an emotion which a powerful will was not willing to let to any one who passed. In the absence of visitors, he chatted with Jailer Mitchell and Watchman Green. He talked lightly and jestingly, as though he wished to ease his mind of the heavy load. He talked engagingly about newspapers, and he said a reporter would call to see him.

When a reporter called, he was introduced to Wade and Dalton.

"New man?" said Wade, inquiringly.

"Old," said Jailer Mitchell and Watchman Green in answer.

"Now to me," replied Wade, surveying the reporter's face meditatively.

Dalton pressed his face to the bars with a Bible clamped in his hands. He had evidently been reading it, and the arrival of a visitor had disturbed him. "Good day," he said, calmly, to all three.

Wade Springs Condemns.

Wade gave his callers a reception of a different sort.

"Now," said he to the reporter, "you find me looking just as well as I ever did. I'll give you a condemnation. You reporters are wise fellows and you ought to guess it easy—You know Niagara Falls? Well, how much water flows over the falls to the quart?"

"Two pints," was asked hesitatingly.

"You've got me," said Wade.

"I'll bet Green told you—You didn't, Green? Well, then, I'll try him on another."

"What did you have for breakfast, Billy?" inquired Wade, solicitously.

"Tea," Jack said, "and I had a barrel weighing 10 pounds, with what would you fill it to make it weigh six?"

"Holes," was ventured.

"Got me again. No, I'll give you no more. I'll find an easier person," and Jack stepped away.

Dalton Wants One Last Speech.

"Now, I have one thing to say to you," said Dalton, pressing his face against the steel bars. "I have just one thing to say to the public. If the people will not place me behind buildings and blocks and put me before them, I will say to the public that I am a man who do not believe in the Lord that the same influence which saved me will save them. All I ask is one favor. It is probable that the community will never have another man (slapping the Bible upon the rails of the steel stand). It is the last Sabbath I shall ever spend in the jail. Let the people then read me to pieces. To the few who have persecuted me, I say, God bless them. There is quite a lot that I could say, but I shall never say anything to offend a person or create false feelings. (Looking at Wade.) I can say that there are thousands walking the earth today— (Pauses)—and I am one of them. I shall make myself an example to them. They may take this body of mine, now dead, and tear it piece-meal, and I shall never mean—nor it, if they allow me the privilege of this single speech."

Wade Feels Well as Ever.

"Tea?" asked Wade, smoking quietly and then leaving the bars.

"Oh, yes," said Wade, in answer to a painful pause. "I feel well—just the same as I did when I was arrested. I never feel any other way. In a matter of fact, then he strode and skated up and down the cell in a way that betrayed a state of nervousness, suppressed in part only by a powerful will."

"Ah," he went on, "I am ready to over his cigarette, 'if a man has to be locked up behind the bars in order to get religion (looking at Dalton) they'd better have got me first."

"God's will be done!" ejaculated Dalton, his eyes turned towards the heavens which the ceiling prevented him from seeing.

"For being behind the bars I am the better off. I shall get salvation (fervently) I get new life, and life everlasting."

"Ah!" exclaimed Wade, as if he had made a great religious discovery. "Ah!" he repeated, as he squatted in a corner of his cell, stretched out his legs, pulled his cigarette and looked the picture of a boy in receipt of a Christmas gift.

Dalton's Religious Reverie.

Dalton apparently did not see him. With his eyes turned toward heaven, with left hand extended and his right clasping the Bible, he went on:

"The men of earth do not save us. The precious blood of Jesus Christ saves us." He paused and turned his gaze from the ceiling to the windows through which he could see the falling snow.

"Yes," he said in such a solemn, earnest tone, that one might almost think he saw a vision of the Redeemer through the dropping flakes. "Salvation behind the bars!" he exclaimed, recalling to his earthly feelings. "Better salvation behind the bars than no salvation at all."

"No Religion For Me," Says Wade.

"I'll not take it that way," observed Wade, cocking his feet upon the bars and looking at Watchman Green.

"No cold feet on me," Wade remarked, after a pause of three minutes.

"I'd rather go before my Maker with cold feet and an easy mind than come before men with a brave heart," and Dalton continued to look skyward.

Wade in his recumbent position smoked his cigarette. Dalton's words did not affect him, and Dalton, judging from his composure, did not mean his words to hurt the feelings of his fellow prisoner.

"I do not care for the people of this earth," Dalton resumed. "If they could save, all could be saved," resting his head on his left hand and looking sadly through the window. "I shall do anything to save the souls of this earth," he continued in a voice of sepulchral hollow-ness. "Thank God (earnestly) for giving me the strength to say so. All I want is the privilege to speak. If he be denied—well, the day may come when on their dying bed the people who denied me this privilege will remember the prayer of the poor prisoner."

which, he had been informed by Sheriff Frazier, would not be extended to him.

Wade Eats—Dalton Fasts.

"Dinner!" announced a waiter suddenly.

"Chicken on the brain," cried Wade, leaping to his feet and pulling a box, which served as a stool to the tray.

"My dinner," said Dalton, coldly, "you may give to old Baldy, around the corridor."

"Better eat," advised Wade, passing a dish of chicken and delicacies to him.

"No," said Dalton, waving it aside in much the same manner as the early saint might be supposed to have done with the tempting grapes.

"You had better take it," said the waiter anxiously.

"No, I won't," and without setting his eyes on the dishes Dalton went on quietly and in an explanatory way:

"It is the last sabbath I shall ever spend on earth, and I think too much of our Blessed Savior to take my thoughts from him."

"I'll eat," interrupted Wade, "because I have a long road to travel, and he set aside his thoughts to work."

Dalton Moralizes While Wade Feasts.

"Eat, Jack, but I won't. I think too much of God. People," turning to the reporter, his hand still clasping the Bible, "come to see us as they would the figures at a circus. The minds of such persons seem to be impressed by the sight of any one in extraordinary circumstances. These same people may be better than me on earth, but they are the same in the eyes of God."

"Come, partner, and have some dinner with me," interjected Wade, who was munching the chicken.

"Chicken, nothing," said Dalton, coldly. "Give me chicken," replied Wade, and he made another attack on the leg.

"Tomorrow, Jack," said Dalton, "I shall eat with you and eat heartily. But this is the last Sunday I have on earth."

"Who said chicken?" interrupted Wade, winking at the reporter and leaning at Mr. Green.

Dalton did not heed the question, and went on:

"Some people (referring to Wade) do not believe in eternity, but when the last hour comes they will think different. Many persons come to us, talk to us and say they are sorry for us. Their sorrow is from the mouth, not the heart. They leave us and go away laughing."

"Is a livin' easy," laughed Wade, still at the chicken.

"No Sympathy for Me," Says Wade.

"Here," said Wade, suddenly becoming serious and dropping a wing, "I do not want any one to sorrow for me; I don't want any sympathy."

"I," said Dalton, the Bible still in his hand and his eyes fixed on the falling snow, "do not sorrow, nor do I expect anyone to sorrow for me. I look (in a tremulous voice) to God. I'd deceive my own father, mother, sisters and brothers before I should depart from God."

Dalton passed, Wade turned on the box that served as a stool and looked at him. The mention of home had awakened recollections in his mind, and for a minute he sat transfixed. Dalton's eyes were raised.

"Yes, I'd deceive and leave my parents, sisters and brothers before I'd leave God. But (sorrowfully) I've never known the comforts of a home. I was raised as an orphan. But I shall (happily) go to a home where tears of joy will be shed. Oh, I could tell you much more."

Tea for Dalton's Breakfast.

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OLD, WORTMAN & KING

BUT NINE DAYS REMAIN for enriching yourselves by patronizing our

=Twenty-Fourth= Annual Clearance Sale=

Every item in our store is a bargain. Some extra ones for this week told of in the Sunday Oregonian that true economists will hasten to share.

OLD, WORTMAN & KING

SLIEGH BELLS JINGLE

CUTTERS AND SLEDS BROUGHT OUT BY THE SNOWFALL.

Weather Man Says It's Not Much of a Storm After All—Total Precipitation About 2 Inches.

TODAY'S WEATHER—Continued cold, with gradually moderating temperature; light snow probable.

From 1 A. M. to 10 P. M., January 26, by E. A. Beale, Forecast Official:	
1 A. M.	15 degs.
2 A. M.	15 degs.
3 A. M.	15 degs.
4 A. M.	15 degs.
5 A. M.	15 degs.
6 A. M.	15 degs.
7 A. M.	15 degs.
8 A. M.	15 degs.
9 A. M.	15 degs.
10 A. M.	15 degs.
11 A. M.	15 degs.
12 M.	20 degs.
1 P. M.	20 degs.
2 P. M.	20 degs.
3 P. M.	20 degs.
4 P. M.	20 degs.
5 P. M.	20 degs.
6 P. M.	20 degs.
7 P. M.	20 degs.
8 P. M.	20 degs.
9 P. M.	20 degs.
10 P. M.	20 degs.

If the snow storm that appeared yesterday has any idea it will be dignified by receiving mention as a snow storm in the records of the Weather Bureau, the vagaries of which it was a good example. It was not a storm, but a fall of snow occasioned by a local condition. It came from nowhere and, according to reports, drifted nowhere, which makes it a vagabond, the vagaries of which the Weather Bureau refuses to father, or in any way be responsible for. It was caused by cold air coming in contact with moisture in the upper regions, and snowfall was general over the Willamette Valley and Puget Sound country. Though sufficient to make good sleighing and good skating, it wasn't so much of a snowfall after all. Weather Bureau records show precipitation for 24 hours up to 5 P. M., yesterday, to have been only 0.18 of an inch, which in rain would hardly be sufficient for a respectable shower of short duration. In snow the precipitation made two or three inches of the sort that packed easily, and made good going for cutters, and impromptu sleighs. Also it made trouble for street-cleaning men, and it was necessary to call into service the track sweeper, which made frequent trips over different lines during the day and night.

Forecast Official Edward A. Beale said last night that indications pointed to a moderation of temperature, and that it was not probable the cold spell would last much longer, unless an unheralded storm should blow in from the ocean and play havoc with predictions and calculations. It is quite likely, said Mr. Beale, that the thermometer will be but little below freezing by night. The sky should be partly overcast with clouds and light flurries of snow may come without departing from the letter of the official weather prediction. The coldest place, from which report was received at the local office yesterday was Bismarck, N. D., where the mercury reached 10 degrees below zero. At Helena it was 3 below, from which it ranged upward to 33 degrees, the recorded maximum temperature at Roseburg. Seattle apparently has escaped from the storm king's grasp, the report showing maximum temperature there yesterday at 32 degrees, against 24 maximum in Portland. Trains over all lines were more or less delayed yesterday, and in the majority of instances the cause was traceable to the storm and its effects. The Northern Pacific train from the north was three hours late; the O. R. & N. was delayed two hours 15 minutes; and the Southern Pacific was 25 minutes behind schedule time.

By 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon paved roadways were in fair condition for sleighing, and cutters began to appear. The musical jingling of sleigh bells heralded their approach. Livery stables were unable to meet the demand for snow vehicles, and those who were fortunate in securing rigs enjoyed the day and early evening to the limit. Skaters flocked to the lakes and ponds, and despite the disadvantage of new-fallen snow managed to get much pleasure out of the sport. Sidewalks were put in excellent condition for coasting, and youngsters were there in numbers. It still remains considerably colder in the Eastern section of the state than nearer the Coast, and while light snow or rain is predicted for Western Oregon the districts in the opposite direction are promised a continued one of present conditions, with probable moderation, but not sufficient to bring about a general thaw.

The Ants Are Small Potatoes.

New York Journal of Commerce.

In the long run there can be no doubt that any nation gains greatly by possessing power and compelling respect among nations. A mere hint from the American Minister would accomplish results under present conditions which could not have been accomplished except

at heavy cost under old conditions. Those anti-imperialists whose bewildering logic turns at once from the highest ethical arguments against our rule in the Philippines to the sordid contention that control of the islands "will not pay" fail to take up with the business of the problem. Fastening their eyes exclusively upon the public budget, and even there ignoring the seed which every civilized state sows for future generations to harvest, in river and harbor improvements, orderly government, and the education of the masses, they close their eyes completely to those wider National benefits which are derived from unquestioned power at the control of the nations. The people of the United States, in their National character, their inventive genius and their capacity for hard work, deep thinking and great achievement, were developing before the Spanish War the qualities and the resources which were to give them a commanding place. The full realization of these qualities and powers has dawned only lately upon our sister nations, and is bringing its benefits to the Nation as they come inevitably after a youth of preparation. The individualism of genius and capacity for achievement.

LEAVES FOR THE NORTH.

E. A. Morck, former Portlander, Starts Out for White Horse.

E. A. Morck, fuel agent of the White Pass & Yukon Railway Company, who has been visiting friends in Portland for the past month, left yesterday for White Horse, where his headquarters are. Mr. Morck is an old Portland resident, having been for 10 years purser of the steamer Mascot, but for the past four years has been in Alaska filling his present position. His business is to contract for the fuel supply for the 15 large river boats which the company operates between White Horse and Dawson in the summer season. The season during which the river is open to navigation covers about five months, and the steamers consume about 20,000 cords of wood. Good wood is obtained from the spruce and fir, which grows along the Yukon and on islands in that river. The company pays the Canadian Government 50 cents a cord royalty on all the wood cut. No tree over 12 inches in diameter is allowed to be cut, the larger ones being reserved for timber. The company has 30 to 40 camps of woodcutters located along the 400 miles of river between White Horse and Dawson. The wood costs from \$5 to \$5 per cord, or \$10,000 for a season's supply.

As soon as Mr. Morck reaches White Horse he will start out with a good team of six or seven fine dogs, and, running light, will spend three to four weeks visiting all the wood camps along the river. The trail from White Horse to Dawson was formerly along the river, but now it is built away from the river, and cuts off the bends as much as possible; in one place between Lake LeBarre and Five Finger rapid, shortening the route 70 miles. The company operates a stage line from White Horse to Dawson in the winter season, carrying mail and passengers. It has 15 relay stations on the line, and about 100 horses, 25 of which were bought in Oregon last October. The stages run on schedule time and make the trip in four days, and as there are plenty of fur robes, the passengers travel in comfort, and those who make the trip by river trail a year or two ago find a great difference in the style of travel.

Mr. Morck, however, prefers a dog team, as he is able to make long detours in places to reach the wood camps on the river, and in that country he says he prefers dogs to horses for traveling, as they keep up their "dog trot" all day long and can get over the ground faster than the best horse teams.

The company also operates a transportation line between Atlin and Atlin by steamer from Atlin up to Tahs Arm, portage railroad 15 miles to Lake Atlin, and by boat across the lake to Atlin, a distance of 10 miles. They have two steamboats on the river and one in the lake.

White Horse has about 1000 inhabitants, and there are good coal and copper prospects within eight miles of the town. The 15 boats which run between White Horse and Dawson are commanded largely by Columbia River men, among whom are Captain L. B. Sanborn, port captain; Captain George Haney, George Shaver, Joseph Lee, Harry Baughman, Captain Turner and others. There are also a number of pilots from the Mississippi on the river, and the boats are well equipped. Mr. Morck says, are all large and well filled as any on the Columbia.

Captain James T. Troup, well known here, is port captain of the steamer Atlin, operating on the Lower Yukon below Dawson, where he has his headquarters. He is also spending his winter vacation in this city, and probably most of the winter will be here. The "dog side" waiting for the time when navigation will reopen.

SMITH'S DANDRUFF POMADE

Positively cures dandruff, itching scalp, eczema, and stops falling hair. Price, 50c, at all druggists. Sample free. Address Smith Bros., Fresno, Cal.

WHAT SHALL WE HAVE FOR DINNER?

This question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it today. Try Jell-O, a delicious, healthful, and economical dessert. No boiling; no baking; simply add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors: Orange, Raspberry, and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocer's today. 10c.

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Last week in which to buy John Brown Linens at Clearance Prices. Buy your Carpets and Lace Curtains this week—(Third floor.)

Last Week of the Great Clearance Sale

Only six days more in which to take advantage of the wonderfully low prices prevailing on every article in this mammoth establishment—Shrewd buyers won't put off purchasing another moment—There's economy at every turn.

MEIER & FRANK CO. MEIER & FRANK CO.

HOW THE BEARS LIKE SNOW

THEY THINK IT'S TIME TO HIBERNATE, BUT DON'T KNOW HOW.

City Park Pets Feel Like Taking a Nap, but, Then, What of Meals?—Animals Well Cared For.

Mr. Ernest Seton-Thompson has been called on to advise a doubtful, puzzled band of bears of varied age and size. Who want to do the proper thing, just what they do not know, but which relates directly to the recent fall of snow. They grow restless and uneasy in the bear pit at the park. So the grizzly called a conference, which met just after dark. The cinnamon and two black bears were plainly sore perplexed, and speculated on the woe which would befall them next. By reason of his 19 years the grizzly took the chair. And explained to them the purposes for which he called them there. "We bears," quoth he, "are out of date, or surely we would know. The customs of our forebears at the coming of the snow. We were youngsters when we came here; we'll be dead when we go out. And the life is not exciting; you abhor it, I've no doubt. Still we should keep up traditions—we've neglected to do so. I hereby move the bunch of us proceed to hibernation." But how to go about it, was another nut to crack. They debated and discussed it without getting on the track. Until the grizzly's voice was heard amid the loud uproar: "We're Seton-Thompson; I didn't think of it before. As Kipling is to tigers, Seton-Thompson is to bears. He has tracked them in the forests, and sketched them in their lairs; and his wisdom is astounding; at least I've heard folks say. If he only knew our troubles he could surely find a way. I'll write him directly when I find where he is."

On the hibernating customs of a bear-pit fat.—BALLADS OF THE UNHUNTED.

"Best beloved," began "Old Grizzly," the patriarch of the bear-pit, at the City Park, "best beloved, I have asked you to come to my apartments to discuss a vexatious problem. In depths of vast forests bears, fashioned even as we are, are fashioned, with great hairy coats to keep them warm, room at will, unrestrained by iron poles, fences, and unknown to the small boy's habit of flinging a stone, when one expects an apple. They are free, my comrades, except from hunters who shoot them, and writers, who photograph them. When winter settles upon the woods they retire to inner recesses of great caves, or to hollows in great trees, and sleep until the warmth is again in the earth, and it is good to live. "Old Grizzly" was addressing the other three bears in the pit, and a reporter, who happened to be near thought he understood, as Mowgli did the wolves of the pack. There are four bears at the park, and "Old Grizzly," because of his 19 years, is the boss. "Pete," the cinnamon, is 9 years old, and Katie and Jessie, the two black bears, are 7 and 5, respectively. They were each captured wild cubs, and from the six-months old period of bear babyhood have been in captivity. The quarters set apart for them are bedded with warm, clean straw; each day they are fed, and when sick the keeper dispenses nauseous doses of physic in tempting morsels, and so, they are well again. As one side to make long detours in places to reach the wood camps on the river, and in that country he says he prefers dogs to horses for traveling, as they keep up their "dog trot" all day long and can get over the ground faster than the best horse teams.

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