

HARTMAN'S FOUND

Missing Detective Returns to Police Headquarters.

FAILED TO GET TELEGRAM

Declares Chief's Message Was Not Delivered to Him on Train and He Journeyed on His Destination.

This lost has been found and the prodigal son has returned to partake of the father's calf, for at 10 o'clock last night Detective Lou Hartman, who has been officially missing from police headquarters for the past two weeks dropped off the Chicago-Portland special at the Union Depot and made his way to the central station. An hour later he was closeted with Chief of Police Gritzmacher, telling his superior how it all happened.

"I never received the telegram sent me by the Chief, telling me that my man had been released and ordering me to come back to Portland," said Detective Hartman. "If the conductor says he delivered it to me in Iowa, therefore, I continued my journey to Chicago, arriving there Tuesday night, several hours late because of a washout the train encountered in Nebraska. I did not go to police headquarters in Chicago that night because I arrived at such a late hour, and suppose, therefore, that they did not know I was in the city when the Chief asked whether I had been at headquarters there. I discovered the next morning that my man had been released on a writ of habeas corpus, and was warned by the police not to attempt to arrest him again. I took exception to the state of affairs and sent my papers on to Springfield to Governor Deneen. Then I set out to attempt to locate and capture my man, hoping to get him, get my papers honored and sit out the night with him without the police or Sheriff of the county finding out what I had done. I spent several days attempting to locate and arrest the man, and did not wire the Chief my actions because I expected to make a capture every moment, and besides did not want the Chicago police to discover what I was doing. When my papers were returned and I got instructions not to arrest the man unless I had the warrant with me, I gave up the case as a hopeless one and returned to Portland."

DROWNED IN WILLAMETTE

F. J. Johnson Meets Accidental Death in the River.

F. J. Johnson, a young man about 22, familiarly known as "Frix," was drowned soon after 4 o'clock last night in the vicinity of the Eastern Lumber Company's dock at the foot of Twenty-second street. He was employed on the night shift of the log boom, and while going to work accompanied by Foreman Mark Walstead, with whom he had resided at University Park during the past two months, went on ahead while Walstead stopped to smoke at the corner of La Fall. He was last seen alive by G. P. McLaughlin and Gus Anderson, employees of the lumber company. Walstead found Johnson's hat and dinner pail floating in the water at the end of the skids, and gave the alarm. His body was recovered soon after in about 30 feet of water, and removed to Coroner Finley's undertaking establishment. No inquest will be held, as it was a case of accidental drowning, it being apparent that Johnson missed his footing on a narrow plank running from the foot of the skid to a floating boom alongside the wharf. The parents and a sister of the dead man reside at La Crosse, Wis., and they were at once notified by wire of his tragic end, the presumption being that they will make some disposition of his remains. Papers found on his person indicate that he was a member of the Y. M. C. A. of that place. A peculiar feature of his death existed in the fact that his watch was still running after being submerged fully half an hour.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Edward Mills, of the firm of Mills & Hagdon, San Francisco, is at the Portland. The engagement is announced of Miss Gertrude Kahn to Mr. Isaac Baer, of Baker City. General Livestock Agent C. J. Mills, of the O. R. & N., is on a business trip in Eastern Oregon. Miss Josie Miller, of Green Bay, Wis., is a guest at the home of R. C. McDaniels, 1231 Minnesota avenue. General Passenger Agent W. E. Corman, of the Southern Pacific, is in the southern part of the state looking after passenger traffic to the Fair. A. J. McManis and G. W. Minor and their families are camping at McIntire's place on Salmon River, where they are fishing and hunting. L. G. Clarke, of Mount Tabor, who recently sold his house on the East Line Tabor, is preparing to make a tour of Europe with his family. C. M. Levey, third vice-president and assistant to President Elliott, of the Northern Pacific, is at the Portland on one of his periodical business trips. Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Deidler, their daughter Mabel, and Miss Emma C. Deidler, of McAlister, Indian Territory, are at the Oregonian, Third and Couch streets. Louis and William Stone, sons of A. L. Stone, and Charles Scott, son of Rev. W. T. Scott, all of Fairview, have just returned from the Forest Lake College, where they had been for the past year. J. D. Abrams, a prominent merchant of Juneau, Alaska, is in the city on a visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Abrams, 561 Jefferson street. Mr. Abrams expects to remain about two weeks. J. H. Brown, formerly a merchant of Yintian, China, who recently purchased the dwelling of L. G. Clark at Mount Tabor, is now fitting up the house with furniture, much of which is from China, and unique. Among the arrivals at the Portland yesterday were N. B. Nelson, a leading merchant of Seattle, his wife and P. D. Stratton, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Ross, leaf and Miss Talby, who came in a party to see the Fair. James B. Dill, of New York, is en route via Bann in the Pacific, and con-

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At the Theaters

What the Press Agents Say.

MATINEE TODAY.

Kolb and Dill in Musical Burlesque

A special matinee will be given this afternoon at the Marquam Grand Theater, when the merry musical comedy burlesque, "I. O. U.," will be presented by the funny German comedians, Kolb and Dill, and their excellent company of people. This is the fifth week for these clever artists—by far the longest engagement ever attempted in Portland with a comedy burlesque. The company is so extraordinarily good, and the play so ex-cruciatingly funny that it leaves no room for wonderment at the crowded houses accorded this cool theater the past four weeks. "I. O. U." will be the bill tonight, at 8:30 o'clock, continuing all next week, for which the advance sale of seats opened yesterday morning. Today's matinee will begin at 2:30 o'clock. If you are looking for a good, hearty laugh, and want to hear some catchy music sung by pretty girls, see "I. O. U."

"Naughty Anthony."

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Fall of Port Arthur.

With the famous stage and capture of Port Arthur by the Russians, the Japanese still fresh in the minds of the people, a large attendance is looked for at the opening performance of the reproduction of "The Fall of Port Arthur," to be given by Messrs. McGuire and Hill, with a company of 20 men and women, at specially prepared quarters at Twenty-second and Union streets, at 7:30 o'clock this evening. The company has been drilled nightly and the members of the troupe do excellent work. At a cost of \$2000 the production is being put on near the entrance of the Fair grounds.

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Belasco Stock Company Will Be Seen in Dramatic Version of Opera.

For the first time in this section of the country, the dramatic version of Bizet's famous grand opera, "Carmen," will be seen at the Belasco Stock Company. It is a drama of tremendous heart interest, and it gives each individual member of the company a glorious chance to do his best work. Do not fail to witness one of the "Carmen" performances. Remember that they begin Monday night.

Overcrowding of Cars Again.

PORTLAND, July 27.—(To the Editor)—I have just read in The Oregonian the protest of "Mount Tabor" against the scarcity of cars, and the discomfort of overcrowding. I wish to add my testimony to the inconvenience and unpleasantness of the car situation. Last Sunday evening, with two young people, I went to the opera. My car was packed with passengers, and I was unable to get to my seat. I was forced to stand for the entire performance. I was very uncomfortable, and I was unable to enjoy the play. I am sure that many other people have had similar experiences. I hope that the city authorities will take prompt action to remedy this situation.

Packages on the Consolidated.

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DAYLIGHT DOWN COLUMBIA.

On "T. J. Potter," Queen of River Boats. Don't Miss It.

T. J. Potter sails for Astoria and North Beach as follows: July 2, 9 A. M.; July 12, 11 A. M.; July 22, 11 A. M.; July 31, 11 A. M. Don't fail to see the Lower Columbia from decks of this magnificent boat. Particulars and O. R. & N. Summer book by asking C. W. Stinger, city ticket agent, Third and Washington streets, Portland.

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MIDSUMMER FICTION NUMBER

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

9 Complete Short Stories. ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS MARY E. WILKINS RICHARD LE GALLIENNE GEORGE HIBBARD JAMES BRANCH CABELL ALICE BROWN Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc.

The Slave Trade of To-Day

By HENRY W. NEVINSON

In October, 1904, an expedition under Mr. Nevinson was sent by HARPER'S MAGAZINE, to Africa to expose the evils of the slave trade of to-day. In this number is printed the first of his papers, written from Loanda, in which he vividly pictures conditions as he finds them, and prepares the way for the most dramatic of his revelations. The expedition is still in the interior of Africa.

"The Mistress of the House"

A GROUP OF EIGHT PAINTINGS IN FULL COLOR By ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN

Articles by W. D. HOWELLS, Professor SIMON NEWCOMB, Professor THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY, ETC., ETC.

Travel, Literature, Science, Language, Discovery

PICTURES IN COLOR by HOWARD PYLE, W. D. STEVENS, N. C. WYETH, LUCIUS HITCHCOCK

MYSTERY OF ETHER.

An Entity Whose Properties Puzzle Modern Science.

C. W. Salsbery in Harper's Magazine.

Certainly, though no sane person doubts the existence of the ether, we are sorely troubled when we are asked to describe it, for we are almost forced to give it properties incompatible with one another. This you will see when I enumerate all the functions which this utterly mysterious entity discharges. It conveys the force of gravitation. It has the power of vibrating from side to side, and these vibrations, according as they are fast or slow, have the most varied results upon us. They all travel along at the same speed, which is that of light—186,000 miles a second—but the waves may oscillate from side to side as they go, either two or three times a minute (or less), or even a million times a minute (or more). When the waves are very slow, we call them electric waves. When they are a little faster we call them Hertzian waves, and telegraph across oceans with them. When a little faster we call them Blondlot rays—a new discovery which almost needs an article to itself. A little faster, they are called heat rays, or radiant heat. A lit-

tle faster, they are called red light, then yellow, and so on to violet. They then become invisible again, as they were before, and we call them ultra-violet light. Then, a little faster, we call them Becquerel rays, and the fastest we know of yet we call Roentgen rays. I have missed out more than I have named, and there are many gaps yet to fill, but you will agree with me that the entity whose vibrations cause electricity, heat, light and Roentgen rays, besides conveying the force of gravitation, must be a very remarkable substance. And, more than that, it is supposed that all ponderable matter is really made out of the ether. By ponderable matter we mean matter which is subject to gravitation, and, therefore, has weight. The ether itself, which conveys the gravitation, is conceived of as being without weight. It comes to this, then, that in the ether modern science recognizes the most profound of all its problems, except that of consciousness. By gravitation it makes the universe one, by its movement it makes the universe alive, and it is the stuff of which the material universe is made.

Sponges Prepared for Market.

Harper's Magazine. As soon as the sponges are brought aboard they are thrown in heaps on deck near the scuppers, where the barefooted sailors tramp and work out the cones; then strung on lines, they are soured over the side and trail overboard some ten hours during the night. To break and separate from them shellfish and other parasites they are beaten with heavy sticks on deck or on the reef rocks off Tripoli; and after being well soaked in the sea against many are bleached by being immersed in tubs of water containing a certain solution of oxalic acid, from which they emerge a yellowish color, care having been taken to avoid burning them. Often great strings of sponges bleaching and drying in the sun cover large portions of the standing rigging of deposit boats when in port. When dry they are worked up in sand, then packed in boxes ready for shipment; a quarter to a third of the crop is sold direct from Tripoli, mainly to England and to France and Italy; the bulk of the crop, unbleached and unprepared, is taken at the close of the season to the islands from which the boats came, where long experience, manipulation, and cheap labor prepare them for the European market.

Hen With a Wooden Leg.

Anaconda Standard. In Massachusetts, at the town of Ware, there is a hen with a wooden leg. While there is a hen with a wooden leg, the owner thereof had a wooden substitute fitted, and on this the hen has stumbled about the farmyard. She uses it as a means of defense, and can easily stand on it while scratching for food with the whole leg. At night, when roosting, she allows the wooden leg to hang down behind the perch.

CUBANIOLA CIGAR—5c. There is only one kind of straight 10-cent cigar that is good enough to be passed to you across the counter with the Cubanola. And that is the 10-cent cigar made always in just one way, by the same workmen, and from leaf grown especially for that one cigar. CUBANIOLA CIGAR—5c. All the tobacco that goes into the Cubanola filter is produced and prepared under one control, and the cigar itself is a typical product of the American Cigar Company's great system of plantations, warehouses, stemmeries, factories and humidors. Every operation is conducted on an immense scale; not only the cultivating and harvesting of the leaf, but the curing, fermenting and blending, and the rolling of the cigars. That is why you pay only 5 cents for the Cubanola instead of passing over ten cents and calling it an extra-good ten-cent smoke. In stock wherever good cigars are sold. The A on a cigar-box always stands for perfect cigars, whenever the brand name may be. It is a mark that means science, system and cleanliness in every process, and better quality for less money. Delivered to the dealer in perfect condition, direct from the humidors—every box separately sealed in a dust-tight, weather-proof, paraffine wrapper. Trade supplied by MASON, EHRMAN & CO., Portland, Or. Cubanola 301 San Francisco

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