ATHLETES ABROAD CELEBRATE FOURTH

Drawings Changed So No Man From Same Nation Will Vie in Same Heats.

NEXT OLYMPIAD AT BERLIN

Points to Be Counted Three, Two, One, for First, Second and Third. United States Men Are in High Favor in Sweden.

STOCKHOLM, July 5.—A celebration in honor of the Fourth of July was held yesterday aboard the Finland, the quarters of the American athletes. More than 3000 persons crowded the ship.

The Olympic committee held a session at the Riksdag and the president of the committee, Baron Pierre de Coubertin, presented Crown Prince Gustave Adolph with the Olympic gold medal, thanking him for the interest he has displayed in the games.

Next Olympiad at Berlin.

The council unanimously decided that the next Olympiad should be held in Berlin in 1916.

The Swedish committee rearranged today the drawings for heats, so that no two men of the same country should compete in the trials. The Americans would have been the principal sufferers. It was also decided to place 12 competitors in each heat of the 800-meter trials, thus avoiding semi-finals, which would impose too great a strain on the runners.

England defeated Denmark this evening in the football contest, four goals to two. The King and other members of the royal family occupied a box and his majesty presented the medals to the winners.

Americans Warmly Regarded.

The Americans undoubtedly hold first place in the affections of the Swedish people. More American flags are displayed than of any other nationality. The troops and people show the warmest regard for the Americans and declare that, next to Swedish, American victories will be most popular.

The committee has decided that points shall be counted three, two and one for first, second and third, respectively, instead of five, three and one, as previously arranged. The scoring to date gives the United States a total of 26 points, England and Sweden each 25 points.

MILITARY SPORTS ATTRACTIVE

Vancouver Officers Entertain Thousands of Sightseers.

VANCOUVER BARRACKS, Wash., July 5.—(Special.)—It was estimated that 10,000 people surrounded the large athletic field in the post here today. They were lined up in places 25 deep; the grandstands were overcrowded, and the several thousand in the bleachers considered themselves fortunate in being where they could see. The throng was so dense that a short person in the rear could not get a glimpse of what was going on and it took a strong man to worm his way from the outer circle to a point of vantage. Everything moved smoothly, and the spectacular events equaled, if they did not excel, those offered in the Tacoma stadium by the soldiers at the military tournament, two years ago.

Many society people from Portland came over early and were guests of the officers. Every wall was filled, many trees swayed under the scores of boys and youths who clambered there to get a glimpse of what was going on, and some sat on the roofs of buildings, where they could see.

The company drill contest was won by the First Battalion of the Twenty-First Infantry, in command of Lieutenant Fairfax; second place went to the Third Battalion under Captain McLaughlin, and third place to the Second Battalion under Captain Stacey.

The wall-scaling event was spectacular in the extreme. A squad of men with a three-inch cannon, would dash 50 yards, dismantle the cannon, climb the wall, pull the gun over, assemble it and run 50 yards, firing a shot. The event was won in 44 1-5 seconds by F Company, Engineers; second place went to the First Battalion of the Twenty-First Infantry, and third place to the Second Battalion.

The shelter-tent pitching contest proved interesting and was won by the First Battalion of the 21st Infantry, in 3 minutes and 2 seconds; Second Battalion, second; F Company, Engineers, third.

The Roman race, one soldier riding two mules, was cheered loudly. It was won by D Battery; second, F Battery; third, E Battery, Second Field Artillery.

Bates, of L Company, 21st Infantry, won the equipment race; Uron, H Company, second; Loue, H Company, third.

In the 100-yard dash, Brock got first place; second, Mezerovski; third, Coffey, F Company. Time, 11 seconds.

The machine gun contest was won by the second section of the 21st Infantry; second, the first section. Time, 1 minute 7 seconds.

The half-mile hurdle race, three entries, each jumping eight hurdles, was won by Figley, E Battery, Second Field Artillery; second, First Sergeant Marquette, D Battery; third, A. H. Ern, F Battery. This was one of the most exciting contests of the afternoon

The Mountain Battery wall-scaling contest was won by E Battery in 1 minute 52 seconds; second, D Battery.

In the mounted wrestling event, men on mules tried to dismount their opponents. E Battery won the contest in 4 minutes and 15 seconds; second, D Battery; third, F Battery.

Coopridge, of F Battery, won the rough-riding contest, riding a mule that had never been ridden before; second, Proudlove, of E Battery; third, Rice, of D Battery.

F Battery won the packing contest in 1 minute and 30 seconds; E Battery, second; F Battery, third. Squads of men packed two sacks of oats on mules, ran 100 yards and returned.

The bridge building exhibition held the vast crowd until the last. At the signal, two double mule teams came on the field with two large wagons, containing the material for the bridge. A detachment of men lay down in front of the teams and kept up a continual fire while the bridge was being built. In an incredibly short time, the bridge, about four feet high, was built and the mules and wagons went across. A company of men also marched over and then dynamite was placed under the structure and with an electric wire from a distance it was discharged. A tremendous explosion shattered the timbers and plank in the bridge, hurling pieces high in air, and in a few seconds a gigantic cloud of smoke enveloped the shattered ruins, which were gathered up and hauled away.

Silas Christofferson, the daring young aviator who flew from a hotel in Portland to the artillery drill grounds here, at the signal of the explosion, rose from the field and circled the post several times. Several thousand persons had gathered on the field where he was flying to get a better view. He coursed over the parade grounds and was plainly seen by the thousands on the athletic field.

The Twenty-first Infantry band and the Second Field Artillery band furnished music during intervals.

The meet was given through the courtesy of Colonel George S. Young in honor of the Vancouver Commercial Club. It was in charge of Captain Matthew A. Reasoner, Medical Corps. He was assisted by Lieutenant R. S. Hartz, Captain J. H. Page, Lieutenants G. C. Rockwell and B. Lentz, Major E. F. McGlachlin, Captains E. H. Yule and W. F. Jones, Lieutenants W. R. Scott, H. G. Ford, V. Meyer, W. R. Taliaferro, G. M. Parker, M. Proctor R. S. Hartz, C. J. Taylor, J. C. Beatty, R. W. Wilson, L. M. Wheeler and R. R. Glass, who acted as judges, time-keepers, announcers and clerks of the course.

MAN WINS TENNIS VICTORY

Yale Star Defeats Washburn in Middle States Semi-Finals.

MOUNTAIN STATION, N. J., July 5.—A. H. Man, Jr., the Yale lawn tennis star, reached the final round of the Middle States championship here today. In his semi-finals he defeated W. M. Washburn, the Yale freshman, 6-2, 6-1. Previously he defeated C. F. Watson, Jr., 6-3, 7-5.

Wallace F. Johnson, the Pensylvanian and former National intercollegiate champion, reached the semi-finals by defeating G. A. L. Dionne at 7-5, 6-4.

In the third round of the doubles, Holcombe B. Ward and G. L. Miles defeated W. J. Clothier, of Philadelphia, and George T. Wrenn, Jr., 6-4, 4-6, 6-2, 6-2.

The women began their matches in the singles to bring out the challenger of Mrs. George Wrightman, formerly Hazel Hotchkiss, of California. Miss Hollis Sheldon won her way to the semi-finals by defeating Mrs. J. A. H. Hopkins, 6-2, 6-2, and Miss Seymoure, 6-3, 6-1.

Mrs. C. N. Beard, formerly of Chicago, won place in the finals, defeating Miss M. F. Pierson, 6-1, 6-1.

PUGILIST LIES NEAR DEATH

Heavy Blow Behind Ear Ruptures Artery of Chicago Fighter.

PEORIA, Ill., July 5.—Phil Harrison, a Chicago lightweight, who fought nine desperate rounds with Harry Donahue, of Pekin, here today, is now in Proctor Hospital, hovering between life and death.

In the ninth round it is thought Donahue caught Harrison a heavy blow behind the ear with his bare forearm. Harrison immediately became helpless, and a physician discovered a broken artery.

MAY SUTTON WINS IN SINGLES

California Woman Defeats Helen Ratterman, 6-0, 6-0.

CINCINNATI, July 5.—R. A. Holden, of Cincinnati, and Gustave Touchard, of New York, qualified today for the final round in the tri-state tennis tournament. In the ladies' singles, fifth round, Miss May Sutton, Los Angeles, defeated Miss Helen Ratterman, 6-0, 6-0. Miss Mary Browne, Los Angeles, defeated Miss Louis Moyes, Canadian champion, 6-4, 3-6, 6-2.

In the semi-final round Miss Browne defeated Miss Carrie B. Neeley, Chicago, 6-3, 6-2.

Soldier Elder Is Winner.

MEDFORD, Or., July 5.—Soldier Elder, the "white hope," was given the decision tonight over Walter Monahan. At the end of the fourth round Monahan claimed he broke his hand.

Ray Campbell, of San Francisco, and Herb White, of Stockton, fought a ten-round draw.

Negro Pugilist Defeated.

EL PASO, Tex., July 5.—Frank Moran, the New York heavyweight, received the decision over Dave Mills, a negro fighter, of Oakland, Cal., last night in the eighth round at the Juarez bull ring. Mills' seconds threw up the sponge as Mills had broken his right thumb in the second round. Tommy Ryan refereed.

NEW NATIONAL FLAG FLIES

Forty-eight Stars Now on American Official Emblem.

WASHINGTON, July 5.—The new National Flag bearing 48 stars, emblematic of all the states including the recently admitted Arizona and New Mexico, was flung from all Federal structures in the country and from the American Navy throughout the world yesterday.

Thirteen stars only will be permitted in the blue square of the flags that are less than five feet wide, to avoid overcrowding. The red field on the President's flag was changed to blue today, but because of the President's absence, only the regular flag fluttered above the White House.

SALEM MAN DISTINGUISHED

Passenger on First Albany Electric Rode on First Steam Train.

SALEM, Or., July 5.—Salem claims the honor of having an Oregon pioneer who was a passenger on the first steam train operating between Salem and Albany and one of the first to ride between the same points in an electric car.

H. A. Johnson is the man. He was a passenger on the train which steamed into Albany in the Winter of 1870, at which time the Southern Pacific road was just completed. He was also a passenger on the electric line Albany-bound today.

The Smoke Inspector.

Philadelphia Record.

A Chicago politician imported his cousin from the old country and had him appointed a smoke inspector. This was in the old days. He was turned loose to inspect without any instructions whatever, and this is the report he rendered at the end of the first month:

"I certify that I have inspected the smoke of this city for the 30 days past. I find plenty of smoke and apparently of good quality. Respectfully submitted."

The Ruling Passion.

St. Paul Pioneer Press.

The woman who had chased dust and dirt all her life finally reached St. Peter.

"Come in, you poor, tired woman," he said, and held the gate ajar.

"Tell me first," she said, "how often you clean house."

The saint smiled.

"You can't shake off the ruling passion, can you?" he said. "Oh, well, step inside and they'll give you a broom and dustpan instead of a harp."

Fire at Baker Does $3000 Damage.

BAKER, Or., July 5.—(Special.)—Fire of unknown origin broke out about 9 o'clock this evening in the residence of Mrs. Mary Delemeter in South Baker and completely destroyed the structure before the firemen arrived. The walls of the building had fallen in when the fire was discovered and all efforts to save it were futile. The loss will be about $3000.

NOMINEE DISCUSSES HEAD OF CAMPAIGN

Wilson Receives Call From Democratic Committeemen at Seagirt Home.

CHOICE LEFT TO GOVERNOR

Speculation Rife as to Whom He Will Select—Stand Taken by Osborne for Democracy Is Good News to Candidate.

SEA GIRT, N. J., July 5.—Thirty-five members of the Democratic National committee called on Governor Wilson at Sea Girt Thursday. They came up from Baltimore on a special train and on the way they talked of the selection of a seasoned manager for chairman to run the Governor's campaign. When they left Sea Girt two hours later, after friendly chats with the nominee, most of them declared that any one whom the Governor might name would be elected to the place.

As to, who this will be, whether William F. McCombs, Fred B. Lynch, Robert S. Hudspeth or any one of half a dozen others mentioned for the place, will have the preference, Governor Wilson had not decided tonight. The Governor will meet the committee July 15 in Chicago, stopping off en route probably at Indianapolis to take Governor Marshall, his running mate, with him.

Opinions Vary Widely.

There was much diversity of opinion on the way up from Baltimore, among the delegates as to who should be elected chairman.

Mr. Lynch, who managed the campaign of the late Governor Johnson of Minnesota, and Judge Wade, of Iowa, were frequently mentioned. It seemed to be the concensus of opinion that a man who knows the party leaders in the field would make an ideal leader. There was no idea of selecting a man today.

Not long after the arrival of the delegates Mr. McCombs, who was reported to be in Baltimore, appeared on the Governor's lawn. He had come on a later train. The Governor spied him and left the group with whom he was talking to shake his campaign manager's hand and thank him. They strolled across the lawn with hands clasped and held a low conversation. Before the Governor could return to his other friends he announced that Olie James, who was permanent chairman of the convention, would visit him tomorrow or Saturday to arrange the date and details for his formal notification of nomination.

Wilson Confers With Mack.

Governor Wilson held a long talk with Chairman Mack, punctuated by Mr. Mack's vigorous gestures and his own nods of assent. A little later Mr. Mack, after conferring with other committeemen, said to Roger Sullivan, of Illinois:

"We have just about decided to meet for organization in New York on July 15."

"Make it Chicago," suggested Mr. Sullivan.

"No," most of us want it to be held in New York," Mr. Mack said.

"Come out to French Lick for the meeting," insisted Thomas Taggart, "and let it all be at my expense."

"Chicago," repeated Mr. Sullivan.

"Better see, hadn't we, what he has to say about it?" Mr. Taggart suggested, indicating Governor Wilson with a gesture.

They acted on this advice, but no one save themselves heard the Governor's smiling reply. A new canvass of the committee was made and Mr. Mack announced from the Governor's porch that Chicago had been selected.

Hudspeth May Get Place.

There was a great deal of surmise as to Governor Wilson's choice for chairman. Mr. Hudspeth, who managed the Eastern end of the campaign in 1904 and 1908 and who is a close friend of Governor Wilson, was frequently mentioned.

Norman E. Mack, the retiring chairman, said that under no circumstances would he entertain a thought of reelection. "Governor Wilson's choice will prevail," he added.

"Woodrow Wilson is now the real leader of the Democratic party," he continued. "There is not a shadow of doubt that he will remain the leader during the next four years, whether he is elected or not. He has been the leader ever since William J. Bryan surrendered to him the leadership at Baltimore."

TOUR ON FIFTH AVENUE

New York's Principal Street Pleases Arnold Bennett.

Arnold Bennett in Harper's Magazine.

When I first looked at Fifth avenue by sunlight, in the tranquillity of Sunday morning, and when I last set eyes on it, in the ordinary peevish gloom of a busy sailing day, I thought it was the proudest thoroughfare I had ever seen anywhere. The revisitation of certain European capitals has forced me to modify this judgment; but I still believe that Fifth avenue, if not unequaled, is unsurpassed.

One afternoon I was driving up Fifth avenue in the company of an architectural expert who, with the incredible elastic good nature of American business men, had abandoned his affairs for half a day in order to go with me on a voyage of discovery, and he asked me, so as to get some basis of understanding or disagreement, what building in New York had pleased me most. I at once said the University Club—to my mind a masterpiece. He approved, and a great peace filled our motor car; in which peace we expanded. He asked me what building in the world made the strongest appeal to me, and I at once said the Strozzi Palace at Florence. Whereat he was decidedly sympathetic.

"Fifth avenue," I said, "always reminds me of Florence and the Strozzi. The cornices, you know."

He stopped the motor car under a store, and displayed to me the finest cornice in New York, and told me how Stanford White had put up several experimental cornices there before arriving at finality. Indeed, a great cornice! I admit I was somewhat dashed by the information that most cornices in New York are made of cast iron; but only for a moment! What, after all, do I care what a cornice is made of, so long as it juts proudly out from the facade and helps the street to a splendid and formidable sky line? I had neither read nor heard a word of the cornices of New York, and yet for me New York was first and last the city of effective cornices! (Which merely shows how eyes differ! The cornice must remind you of Italy, and, through Italy, of the Renaissance. And is it not the boast of the United States to be a renaissance? I always felt that there was something obscurely symbolic in the New York cornice—symbolic of the necessary qualities of a renaissance, half cruel, and half humane.

The critical European excusably expects a very great deal from Fifth avenue, as being the principal shopping street of the richest community in the world. (I speak not of the residential blocks north of Fifty-ninth street, whose beauty and interest fall perhaps far short of their pretensions.) And the critical European will not be disappointed, unless his foible is to be disappointed—as, in fact, occasionally happens. Except for the miserly splitting, here and there in the older edifices, of an inadequate ground floor into a mezzanine and a shallow box (a device employed more frankly and usefully with an outer flight of steps on the east side), there is nothing mean in the whole street from the Plaza to Washington square.

A lot of utterly mediocre architecture there is, of course—the same applies inevitably to every long street in every capital—but the general effect is homogeneous and fine, and, above all, grandly generous. And the alternation of high and low buildings produces not infrequently the most agreeable architectural accidents—for example, seen from about Thirtieth street, the pale pillared squat structure of the Knickerbocker Trust against a background of the lofty red of the Aeolian building. . . . And then, that great white store on the opposite pavement! The single shops, as well as the general stores and hotels on Fifth avenue, are impressive in the lavish spaciousness of their disposition. Neither stores nor shops could have been conceived, or could be kept, by merchants without genuine imagination and faith.

And the glory of the thoroughfare inspires even those who only walk up and down it. It inspires particularly the mounted policeman as he reigns over a turbulent crossing. It inspires the women, and particularly the young women, as they pass in front of the windows, owning their contents in thought. I sat once with an old, white-haired and serious gentleman, gazing through glass at Fifth avenue, and I ventured to say to him, "There are fine women on Fifth avenue." "By Jove!" he exclaimed, with deep conviction, and his eyes suddenly fired, "there are!" On the whole, I think that, in their carriages or on their feet, they know a little better how to do justice to a fine thoroughfare than the women of any other capital in my acquaintance.

I have driven rapidly in a fast car, clinging to my hat and my hair against the New York wind, from one end of Fifth avenue to the other, and what with the sunshine, and the flags wildly waving in the sunshine, and the blue sky and cornices jutting into it and the roofs scraping it, and the large whiteness of the stores, and the invitation of the signs, and the display of the windows, and the slippery sinuousness of the other cars, and the proud opposing processions of American subjects—what with all this and with the supreme imperialism of the mounted policeman, I have been positively intoxicated!

And yet possibly the greatest moment of the life of Fifth avenue is at dusk, when dusk falls at tea time. The street lamps flicker into a steady, steely blue, and the windows of the hotels and restaurants throw a yellow radiance; all the shops—especially the jewelers' shops—become enchanted treasure houses, whose interiors recede away behind their facades into infinity; and the endless files of innumerable vehicles, interlacing and swerving, put forth each a pair of glittering eyes.

Come suddenly upon it all, from the leafy fastnesses of Central Park, round the corner from the Plaza Hotel, and wait your turn until the arm of the policeman, whose blue coat is now whitened with dust, permits your restive chauffeur to plunge down into the main currents of the city. . . .

You will have then the most grandiose impression that New York is, in fact, inhabited; and that even though the spectacular luxury of New York be nearly as much founded upon social injustice and poverty as any imperfect human civilization of Europe, it is a boon to be alive therein! . . . In half an hour, in three-quarters of an hour, the vitality is clean gone out of the street. The shops have let down their rich, gathered curtains, the pavements are deserted and the roadway is no longer perilous. And nothing save a fire will arouse Fifth avenue till the next morning. Even on an election night the sole sign in Fifth avenue of the disorder of politics will be a few long strips of tape paper wreathing in the breeze on the asphalt under the lonely lamps.

SWELLS CAPSIZE CANOES

Steamer Joseph Kellogg Rescues Five Teasing the Rolling Waves.

Tempting the havoc of the swells from the Steamer Joseph Kellog, five young canoeists probably were saved from drowning after their canoes had capsized Thursday when the steamer turned around and made the rescue.

The steamer was arriving on its daily trip and was pushing ahead at a good speed. The two canoes, one with three occupants and the other with two, were paddling off Linnton. They were teasing the swells, which from the steamer were quite large. When these swells struck the light river craft they were both capsized.

The steamer captain turned the vessel and dragged the shivering victims to safety, later depositing them at the Linnton lumber mill.

Although there were many boats on the river yesterday, there were no drownings and no serious accidents. Whenever a boat capsized or the fractious spirit of the occupants became too great for perfect equilibrium, fortunately the saving grace of being able to swim prevented any tragedies.

RICH MAN HURT IN MINE

Julius Stine, of Walla Walla, May Die and Miner Is Killed.

BAKER, Or., July 5.—Julius Stine, a wealthy resident of Walla Walla, was probably fatally injured by a cave-in at the Boulder Creek mine, in the Cornucopia district, last night. Stine who was owner of the property was on a visit of inspection. He followed an unfamiliar path in the tunnel which gave way under his weight and he was buried beneath heavy rocks and earth. He was removed to Halfway, Or., where at last reports his condition was precarious.

John Kennebeck, a miner, was killed by a premature blast at the Union mine in the same district at about the same time.

PONY DASHES INTO CROWD

Youth's Skull Fractured and Girl's Leg Broken at Vancouver.

VANCOUVER, Wash., July 5.—A pony ridden by "Dude" Waite in the pony race on Ninth street here Thursday afternoon took fright and bolted into the crowd of spectators. B. A. Wuoolsey, aged 19, son of B. O. Wuoolsey, of San Francisco, was knocked to the ground with such force that his skull was fractured. It is feared he will die.

Pauline Anderson, aged 6, was also knocked over and received a fracture of the right leg below the knee.

Both injured persons were taken to St. Joseph's Hospital.

Such enormous quantities of fish are obtained from the Caspian Sea that promoters in Baku are to attempt supplying Russia with all the fertilizer it requires from this source.

T. R. OUTLINES FIGHT

Colonel Intends to Appeal to Farmers and Laborers.

DIXON TO LEAD CAMPAIGN

Roosevelt Insists Platforms of Both Old Parties Furnish Him With Plenty of Material With Which to Work.

OYSTER BAY, N. Y., July 5.—A campaign along novel lines was sketched in bare outline last night by Colonel Roosevelt. As candidate of the new progressive party for the Presidency, Colonel Roosevelt intends to make an appeal largely to the farmer and the wage worker on the ground that neither the Democratic nor the Republican party is attempting seriously in this campaign to deal with the fundamental economic and social conditions which confront the country. Particular attention will be paid to the high cost of living.

Colonel Roosevelt said that Senator Dixon of Montana, who managed his campaign for the Republican Presidential nomination, in all probability would be his campaign manager in his fight at the head of the new party.

The Senator's headquarters probably will be in New York, where he has passed most of the time since the Chicago convention. This programme has been agreed upon as definitely as possible in advance of the National convention in Chicago next month.

Colonel Roosevelt has been engaged in a study of the platform adopted in Baltimore this week and of the Republican platform and he believes he has found in them valuable campaign material. He said neither of these platforms showed the slightest understanding of the social and industrial movement which is under way in this country. They have taken up, he said, the old policies and the battle cries of other years.

ENJOY SIMPLE PLEASURES

This Will Form a Basis for Permanent Satisfaction.

Woman's World.

Now this secret is not one reserved for only a few chosen souls; it is for everybody, free as air and water.

And the first thing to lean is to find your happiness in the Simple Things of life.

These are with you always, they surround you every minute. To get the knack of enjoying them is to lay the foundation of all satisfaction.

There is air. Did you ever turn your mind upon it, and try to appreciate it? When in the morning you go from your close bedroom into God's outdoors and draw great draughts of that sweet liquor into your lungs, don't take it as a matter of course, and go on worrying over your troubles; try to taste and realize how good it is.

There is water. What infinite moments of pleasure it has given you, sparkling in the glass, or reviving your dusty throat, or splashing cool and life-giving upon your face! Think how you have neglected the kisses of this simple lover of mankind!

And how good are bread and butter, and milk and all the simple creatures that rejoice the body's natural wants.

And have you learned how to draw pleasure from Nature's beauty? There is joy for you wrapped up in every flower, every tree, in the clouds of evening, in the stars of night, in the river and mountain. Practice finding this kind of pleasure. Better learn to love Nature than learn to love champagne or tobacco.

When you have once got in the way of tasting and liking life's simple things you will discover that you have found the truest culture. You will be not a false but a real "superior person," for you will have an inward fountain of refreshment "the world knows not of."

Keep away from the immoralities. The wisdom of mankind, after ages of experiment, has settled it that those things we call immoral embitter and destroy life.

Don't make any experiment here. You don't have to be bitten by a rattlesnake to know that it will kill you. Take other people's word for it.

It is not to be denied that there is a certain pleasure in doing wrong. The boy doubtless enjoys stealing apples. There is something enjoyable evidently in lying, cheating, gambling, swearing, and uncleanness, or people would not keep doing such things.

But the trouble with those forms of gratification is that they do not last, and they destroy our capacity for enjoying the things that do last.

As Balzac says: "These pleasures are like certain drugs; to obtain continuously the same effects one must keep doubling the dose; which means death or brutality."

I do not speak here of the religious side of the case, but appeal merely to plain horse-sense. Only in the habit of quietly and steadily choosing the right, decent and good is abiding contentment possible for any son or daughter of man. If you think otherwise, I will not call you a sinner; you are worse; you are a fool.

It ought to be borne in mind, too, that happiness, like most other human affairs, is very much a matter of habit.

Complain, fret and stew, go into the dumps and brood, when things go against you, and the habit will grow upon you.

On the other hand, deliberately resist the impulse to look on the dark side of matters, and you will find that the disposition of cheerfulness becomes stronger every day.

Really have you not known people that have so gotten into the rut of whining that even when they come to a sunny spot in life they had forgotten how to enjoy it?

WITH WOOD BUTCHERS

Itinerant Hucksters of Kindling Who Follow Building Wreckers.

Joe Mitchell Chapple, in Joe Chapple's News-Letter.

Cutting through a side street in the uptown district of New York the other day I came across still another of the many unusual occupations of a great city. Half a dozen poor men, on every one of whose faces the ravages of drink told a tale, were engaged in breaking up the refuse lumber from a row of old brownstone fronts that were coming down.

A good deal of this wood might have been put to better uses, as the genial "boss" admitted when asked about it. "I've driven them away a dozen times," he said, "but they always come back. It's the only way some of those poor wretches have of turning a penny, and it's a fact that scores of men all over New York make a living at 'butchering' old wood the year around."

It costs them nothing but the labor of breaking the wood up into kindling lengths. Their "hatchet" is a heavy stone which they lift and drop, keeping a hold on it for balance. Strangely enough, this does the work far quicker and better than any tool ever invented for the purpose. The product is gathered up into flour sacks that originally held 50 pounds. These are packed and heaped over and the whole is secured by a string. Such a fagot of excellent dry kindling contains fully ten times as much as the average bundle of kindling that fetches two cents at the corner grocery.

A poor old tramp, one who is not too far gone with "rheumatis" or consumption, and who is still reasonably active despite whatever disabilities he may possess, can break and pack one of these bagfuls in 15 or 20 minutes, so that where pickings are reasonably good, and the building boss is not a despot, he can earn quite $1.50 a day.

But it is a highly itinerant occupation, full of vicissitudes, and his work seldom averages anything like this. On wet days, of course, he cannot work at all, at many places he is repulsed before he has fairly begun his foraging and at others his "find" is often preempted by others of his kind and occupation who arrive on the ground almost simultaneously.

But the "wood butcher" is never driven off by his own kind. There is a crude honor and even kindliness among these unfortunates, and it is a Medean law that they must share to the utmost whatever they happen upon. Hundreds of modicants make this wood butchering a regular occupation. There is a steady demand for their "product" from the cheaper class of boarding and lodging-houses of the East and South Sides, and also from the tenement-houses.

Some of the wood butchers have established regular routes of customers. One husky fellow to whom I spoke about his occupation informed he with a cheery countenance as he lifted his stone to crush a bit of two-inch scantling, that he was still filling Saturday orders, and this was the following Monday.

BAH!--GERTRUDE ATHERTON

"I'd Smoke Cigarettes Whether I Really Liked Them or Not."

New York World.

The South Shore Country Club, of Chicago, is wrought up because Gertrude Atherton, the novelist, smoked several cigarettes in public after dinner. This was her comment:

"I most certainly do smoke a cigarette when I feel like it. I would smoke, as a matter of fact, whether I really liked it or not, just as a protest against the ridiculous prejudices against tobacco, as it concerns women. In Europe a woman may smoke without occasioning comment, not alone the aristocracy, either, but the women of the middle and lower classes, if they want. No one cares or notices.

"In America a woman may drink a cocktail and nobody murmurs. And a cocktail really hurts one. When she lights a harmless, innocent cigarette there is a storm of clatter. Bah! It is most ridiculous!"

Putting Them Off.

Boston Record.

"His doctor recommended warm baths."

"So?"

"Yes, and he's going to Europe to take them."

"He was always that way. Even as a boy he would put off taking baths as long as possible."

CAN YOU BEAT IT?

Not outside this store.

It's unusual to cut the price on "staples" such as blue serge suits, but we enjoy doing the unusual, so here go fine quality of blue serge suits—the $30 kind at $20; the $25 kind today at $16.45; the $20 kind today a $13.35; the $15 kind today at $9.45. Hats, shoes and furnishings also at deep cut prices.

LION CLOTHING COMPANY

Third Street, Near Morrison.

SHE SUFFERED TEN MONTHS

Mrs. Blankenship Tells of Her Restoration to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Elliston, Va.—"I feel it my duty to express my thanks for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I was a sufferer from female troubles and had been confined in bed over one third of my time for ten months. I could not do my housework and had fainting spells so that my husband could not leave me alone for five minutes at a time.

"Now I have been restored to health and it has come from taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Whenever I see a suffering woman I want to tell her what this medicine has done for me and I will always speak a good word for it."—Mrs. ROBERT BLANKENSHIP, Elliston, Va., Montgomery Co.

Was Helpless—Now Well.

Trenton, Mo.—"About two years ago I had female trouble and inflammation so bad that I was literally helpless and had to be tended like a baby. I could not move my body or lift my foot for such severe pains that I had to scream. I was very nervous and had a weakness.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has helped me to such an extent that I think there is no medicine like it for female troubles. I am up and able to do my work again and I give you full permission to publish my letter for the sake of other suffering women."—Mrs. W. T. PURNELL, 320-10th St., Trenton, Mo.

CAUSES MUCH DISEASE

Advice About Stomach Troubles and How to Relieve Them.

Do not neglect indigestion which may lead to all sorts of ills and complications. An eminent physician once said that ninety-five per cent of all the ills of the human body have their origin in a disordered stomach.

Our experience with Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets leads us to believe them to be among the most dependable remedies known for the relief of indigestion and chronic dyspepsia. Their ingredients are soothing and healing to the inflamed membranes of the stomach. They are rich in pepsin, one of the greatest digestive aids known to medicine. The relief they afford is very prompt. Their use with persistency and regularity for a short time tends to bring about a cessation of the pains caused by stomach disorders.

Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets help to insure healthy appetite, to aid digestion, and thus promote nutrition. As evidence of our sincere faith in Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets, we ask you to try them at our risk. If they do not give you entire satisfaction, we will return you the money you paid us for them, without question or formality. They come in three sizes, prices 25 cents, 50 cents and $1.00.

Sold only by the Owl Drug Co. stores in Portland, Seattle, Spokane, San Francisco, Oakland, Los Angeles and Sacramento.

SOLID CAKE—NO WASTE

SAPOLIO

Cleans when others fail and requires less effort

NO DIRT CAN RESIST IT

Saturday Is Men's Day

—AT—

Lennon's

GLOVES HOSIERY UMBRELLAS

Men should watch our center show window for the good things we offer on Men's Day.

FOR TODAY

Men's Elk color Wash Ties—white with purple stripes, 25c Ties—2 for ..... **25¢**

Men's beautiful Wood-Silk Ties, new colors, beautiful combinations, including Elks' colors, 50c values ..... **25¢**

Men's Plaited Silk and Pure Silk Hose, black and all colors... **25¢**

Men's Onyx Silk Hose, heavy and light weights, the regular 50c Hose, 3 pairs..... **$1.25**

Portland agents for men's and women's Phoenix guaranteed Silk Hose.

Headquarters for Royal Rosarian, Gloves, Ties and Hose.

Morrison St., Opp. Postoffice

Lennon's

Gloves. Hosiery. Umbrellas.

CHAS. F. BERG, Mgr.

Great Sale of Talk Machines

AT VERY SUBSTANTIAL DISCOUNTS, GIVING OPPORTUNITY TO GET IMMENSE NUMBER OF LATEST RECORDS FREE

Sale Starts Today, Saturday

The rules of the several Talk Machine manufacturers prohibit advertising the names of machines at cut prices, hence this general announcement can only be made. But come and see! The machines in this sale are not strictly brand new, but most of them are latest types, many of them received in part payment of our wonderful little bungalow player pianos, the autopianos and player pianos de luxe from homes where two instruments were not wanted. Others, again, have come to us in part payment for the great $200 and $250 machines. Still others have been out on sale in dealers' hands who have gone out of business.

Every machine in this great sale is in perfect order and so guaranteed.

This will be the greatest sale of modern talk machines ever held, for in addition to the greatly reduced prices specially easy terms of payment, strictly confidential, will be arranged with any buyer not wishing to pay cash in full at time of selection. Ask also about our liberal exchange privileges extended to every buyer during this sale.

EILERS' MUSIC HOUSE,

Eilers Bldg., Alder St. at 7th. The Nation's Foremost Dealers.