THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN, PORTLAND, MAY 5, 1907.

Threatened with Total Blindness

and forms links Mr. Murphy's phenomenal in career Murphy watches the career of his sons with deepest interest. During the politi-cal campaign in Pennsylvania last Fall.

HOUSE OF MR AND MRS FRANCIS MURPHY

"THE SQUEAK IN THE ENGINE" BY HELENA SMITH DAYTON

Seeing Things With Googan Girls

"It is a knock." repeated Tilly. "Wasn't it Socrates who said a knock was as good as a boost?" demanded Lilly with elaborate indifference.

Tilly had already opened the door and given a comprehensive glance at the shy ligure that stood without.

'No, we don't want to buy any feather dusters, collar buttons or china silk

shawls," she said preparing to close the "I came to take lessons in automobiling," explained the mellow-eyed, planis-

simo-volced young man, "Don't you think you'd like the flute

better?" asked Tilly. "There's a lovely teacher on the floor below." WAS But he shook his head.

when his son, Robert S. Murphy, was elected lleutenant-governor, he spent a number of weeks about the headquarters "It is the Arts and Accomplishments number of weeks about the headquarters in Philadelphia, and takes great delight in contemplating the elevation of Robert. Edwin Murphy, the youngest son, is an attorney in Philadelphia; John is man-ager of the Murphy & Mercer Iron Com-pany in the same city, and William is living on a farm in West Virginia, hav-ing removed there from Wisconsin last year. that I wish to give up-and learn to man-Ibat 1 wish to give up-and team to man-age the automobile. Alas: You behold in me a disappointed and unappreciated poet." He sank into a chair with a dra-matic sob and hid his face in the paims of his hands. "I am Noëi Dibson Spotts!" "Please don't feel so badly." begged the Googans, now all sympathy. "We'll see what we can do to help you." • His eyes, floating in grief, turned upon them gratefully. "Oh! To make enough to supply the

Mrs. Francis Murphy, to whom the great reformer was married in 1800, many years after the death of the mother of

years after the death of the mother of his children, has traveled with him and shared his labors since that time. Mrs. Murphy is a daughter of ex-Judge J. R. Johnston, formerly of Pittsburgh, but now residing at Fairoaks. Cal. Before her marriage to Mr. Murphy she was a well-known platform speaker and or-ganizer for the Women's Christian Tem-perance Union.

His eyes, floating in grief, turned upon them gratefully. "Oh! To make enough to supply the sordid necessities." he murmured. "It may be cowardly to give up the fight-but starving in a garret isn't as fashiouable as it used to be! It is the day of the millionaire poet-banker novelist-financler artist. Ugh! It was not so when the immortals lived and suffered!" "And so." encouraged Lilly. "you've decided to desert Pegasus and your wagon hitched to a star, for a motor car?" "The world does need more chauffeurs just now than it needs poets," added Tilly. "But make a chauffeur of that? Why, he's nothing but a squeak in the engine!" "Still." argued Lilly, "we are motor-ing Robin Hoods, who rob the rich and help the poor. I never saw a poorer man nor a poorer poet than Neel Dibson Spots. It's up to the Googans.".

"Good morning, scholars!" greeted the Googans, as their pupil in motoring pre-sented himself for his first lesson. "Is my motor costume correct?" asRed

"Is my motor costume correct." asRed the poet abxiously. "Well," admitted the Googans, "every-one couldn't wear it, but it certainly suits you. But now about those curis?" Lilly toyed with the shears. That Fauntle-roy effect is rather dangerous when you poke your head around busy machinery." "Sacrifice my hair! Never!" he cried tractedly.

"Sacrifice my hair! Never!" he cried tragically. "Don't be too hasty about it, Lilly," pleaded Tilly. "He may be a failure as a driver and have to go back to poetry, and without his hair he could no more versify than a Chinaman can return to his native land queueless." "Then let us on our way!" ordered Lilly crisply. "Melords, the car waits below." Once in the machine with Tilly at the

Once in the machine, with Tilly at the wheel, they soon were far from the thor-oughfares of town, the open country and unconstructed road stretching before them. On the way out Lilly had ex-plained many things about the car to the poet, but Noel Dibson Spotts couldn't

(Copyright, 1907, by W. G. Chapman.) "D D some one knock?" asked Tilly Googan. "Some one is always knocking." assured Lilly without glancing up from her book. It had been a duil afternoon at the Googans' studio and the sisters were enjoying the novelty. "It is a knock?" measured Tilly. "It is a knock?" measured Tilly.

"He must stop cloud-gaping or learn to run an alrebip." snapped Lilly. "Here I've taiked to him all the way out, and all be really has grasped about the machine is the lamps and the number-the Alpha and Omega-but hardly enough informa-tion to get a driver's lbcense on." "Mr. Spotts, commanded the Googans sternly, "explain the carburetor." Mr. Spotts, attention parachuted back to carth. He looked blank for an instant then he broke forth into the following: "Carbureter?" Carburetor? What oh who, could 'ere forget her? Dearest little Spanish maid? Colls and colls of midnight hair, Ah, but Carburetor's fair:" Tilly und Lilly looked at each other without a word.

without a word. "Do you hear the Song of the Engine?" asked Mr. Spotts rolling his eyes. "It's running in perfect meter." Lilly



The Nine Tailors Had Done What They Could for Noel Dioso Spotts, But There Was Still Work for the Googans.

eplied. "But the words are rather indistinct from where I'm sitting."

"It's the tale of a breaking, throbbing "It's the tale of a breaking, throbbing heart?" Informed Noel Dibson feelingly, "A spirit raging against its prison bars." "It's a very happy and contented en-gine," contradicted Tilly. "The more it throbs and rages the happler it is." "It's only the squeak in the engine that's unhappy," assured Lally. They both looked at Noel Dibson Spotts and laughed. But now that the engine had become a

But now that the engine had become thing that live and suffered. Noel Dib-son showed a keen and intelligent inter-est. He usked innumerable questions, to the relief and satisfaction of bis in-atructors, and quits a mechanical appre-

structors, and quits a mechanical appre-ciation was discovered in the ex-poet. "We must lead him by the flowery route of fancy." suggested Tilly. "If his interest fags on make-and-break-ignition we'll have to recite "The Lady of Shalott' or 'Charge of the Light Brigade." Next time we must bring along our vest pocket edition of the 'World's Best Poems!"" Indeed, in the days that followed, it took time and Googan patience to make a practical driver of the flighty Noel Dibson Spotts. Had he not been such a source of amusement to the girls it is doubtfall if his motor edu-cation would ever have been per-fected. fected.

And then, again, his gratitude for all they were doing for him was a toucn-ing and beautiful thing to see. It's a fine feeling to know you are doing a nee feeling to know you are doing sometaing for humanity! "We've been making so much money lately I've felt we ought to be-gin handing out libraries or some lit-tie thing, and if is lan't lifting the lit-erary standard of the universe to re-strain Noel Dibson Spotts then I don't know anything about poetry!" was strain Neel Dibson Spotts then I don't know anything about poetry" was Tilly Googan's explanation. "Well." mused Lilly, "I don't know whether we're turning Noel Dibson into straight prose or whether he is putting us into blank verse. I can't crawl under the car to make a repair that I don't begin to compare it to a wounded bird or a soul in distress. I cateh myself trying to make words rhyme, and this morning was quite annoyed because vaseline was the only word I could get to associate with gasolene in the same verse. We must loss Noel Dibson pretty quick or while we're making a good chauffeurs." Several days later Mr. Spotts left town to fill the position of driver for Mrs. Laura Golden. a wealthy widow. He wepr like a child when taking leave of the Googans and swore cternal gratitude. "If only he doosn't go moon gazing between two troiley cars running be-bind exchedule" acid the Googans know anything about poetry! WHE between two trolley cars running be-hind schedule!" said the Googans earneatly. . . .

Francis Murphy, apostle of temperance, retires to his California. Home - - -

OS ANGELES, Cal., April 29.--(Spe-OS ANGELES, Cai., April 23-(Spectra Content of the characteristic of the sector of the content of the sector of th

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preaching the gospel of temperance to the civilized world for 37 years, and securing the signatures of 16,000,000 people to his pledge, he is to end his life deprived of his sight. But Francis Murphy is the same happy, cure-free, courteous Murphy of old, who probably numbers more personal acquaint-cure of the same happy, and I accepted his verdict and went with the Fifth."

today

Reveling midst the beauty and fragrance of roses; basking in the perpetual unshine of Southern California; tenderly watched over by a loving, tactful, accom plished wife and most charming hostess; surrounded by children and grand-children, who worship at his shrine; sought and admired by hundreds of life-long and new-found friends: cheery, gracious, tender, hubbling with Irish wit and redelent with tourning pathos; thus shim-mers out, like the last golden rays of an

mers out, like the last golden rays of an Astumn aun, the last soft nurmur of the ocean's breath, the joy-crowned years of glorious, summy Francis Murphy. With outstretched hand, smiling face, gracious manner: with brotherly love in-concelvable, we see this laurel-crowned victor over self, this conqueror of the af-fections of men, standing at the threshold of his love-mahrined home, his roze-embowered fortress where every guest is a prince to whom the host and hostess pay homage, with courtly grace bidding you a cordial welcome. It is a fitting climax to the life-work of the most famous temperance advocate

of the most famous temperance advocate, in history, the miracle-made orator and

where of peacemakers, that his sun hould find its setting amidst such joyous urroundings of peace, quiet and prospierity. Francis Murphy still bubbles with very

loy, notwithstanding he seems doomed by Providence to spend his remaining days in total blindness, due to cataract, and his physicians have insisted upon his retiroment Never was there a better exemplifica

Never was there a better exemplifica-tion of his now famous pledge than in the Hfe of ils creator. "With malice toward none and charity for all," has led this once simple, uneducated Irish lad to the top of the ladder of fame, and has been the motio that opened to him the hearts and homes of rich and poor allke. In Los Angeles during these recent years, he has been the recipient of every hortor at the hands of her citizens; has been at speaker at almost every public

lionor at the hands of her citizens; has been a speaker at almost every public function--military, civic and religious; has preached in the most prominent pulpits by invitation of the pastors, though not an ordained minister, and has been the almost constant gnest of honor at the tables of the most exclusive circle, as well as in the bomes of the humblest citizens.

Enamored of the Sun.

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Francis Murphy came to Los Angeles in the Spring of 1903, having just re-turned from Australia, where he made one of his famous campaigns for the

He had never before been in Southern He had never before been in Southern California, and when he came here had no intention of breaking his well-known tule of making a spirited campaign of a law weeks and then moving on. History repeated liself: the largest halls were everflowed, tipplers flocked to his stand-ard, ministers joined hands in his gos-pel of temperance and love; capitalists and leading business men came to his suppart; there seemed no place to put on the brakes. It was determined by philanthropic pee-ble that there was work in Los Angeles to keep Francis Murphy busy the rest of his life, and plenty of money to support

with "Chaplain" Murphy, and I must do that first.'

"So we went out under a big chest-nut tree, and he says: "Take off your

Murphy was with the regiment dur-ing all the months it laid in camp at Chickamauga, nover having been sent to the front, and was mustered out at the close of the war. With royal graces and beaming face, he wears on his lapel the hadge of the Loyal Legion, combined with his own "Murphy Blue."

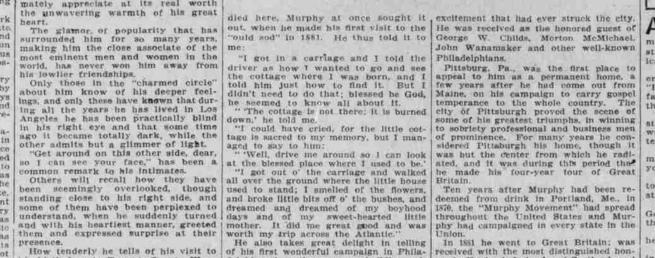
Miracle to Him.

Sitting alone with him in his room. we talked over the past, and with tears streaming down his face, he said: "When I look around me and ace the beautiful carpets and the fine furni-ture, and the good clothes I wear, and think what I used to be, it just breaks my heart. God only knows how it all came about. I feel so grateful to God for it all that I just can't help but ory."

Much has been said and written about Francis Murphy, but the humil-ity, tenderness and patience of this re-warkable man is understood by the few. Only those who know him inti-mately appreciate at its real worth the unwavering warmth of his great

heart. The glamor, of popularity that has surrounded him for so many years, making him the close associate of the

resence. How tenderly he tells of his visit to his birthplace in Tagoat, County Wex-



and broke inthe bits off o the busines, and dreamed and dreamed of my boyhood days and of my sweet-hearted little mother. It did me great good and was worth my irip across the Atlantic." He also takes great delight in telling of his first wonderful campaign in Phila-delphia, where there was no building suf-indentic large to accommodate people

marveiling in New York at the strength of the labor unlons of Amer-"Now that I grasp the size and pow-er of these unions," he said, smillng, "I see the point of a story that I failed to understand coming over on

In 1851 he went to Great Britain; was received with the most distinguished hon-ors in England, Ireland and Scotland, and

the boat. the boat. "An American woman told me this story. She said that a young bride was found, one afternoon, crying bit-terly in the smoking-room of her club. "Why, my dear,' said an elderly "'Why, my dear,' said an elderly matron, 'what is the matter with

WHAT WE MAY

COME TO

A LEXIS ALLADIN, the leader of the Russian Douma's labor party, was

"'Oh,' solbed the bride, 'I am going to leave George. Dear me, I am going straight back home to mother.' "'What!' exclaimed the matron; 'has

"No,' she said, her shoulders shaking with grief. George is a dear. He is perfect. But that brute of a Henry Simmons has refused to buy Mrs. Sim-

a Fashionable Crime.





life, and plenty of money to support

him. He had himself become enamored of the perpetual sunshine, and gave ear to the hint, though he expremed many misgiv-ings. The five years that have passed have proven the wisdom of the determi-nation to cease his roving, though during that period he has evangelized almost every hamlet in Southern California. In the City of Los Angeles he has maintained a regular Sinday night meet-

In the City of Los Angeles he has maintained a regular Sunday night meet-ing in a centrally located hall, where he has been uniformly greeted by audiences that overflowed the house. Two years ago he built for himself a beautiful and ideal California home, where he has lived a life of ideal happi-ness with Mrs Murphy. His two daugh-tors Mrs, Wayland Trask and Mrs. Jo-sephine Holmes, both widows, formerly of New York City, finding that their father had determined to reside perma-mently in Los Angeles, also removed here and purchased homes near his. They and their children have brought a new ray of sunshine into his life and have added immensely to the joy of his latest years. STERET

The Murphy home was built to catch the surply found was bench to call the surply and is surrounded with roses, shrubs and beautiful flowers, for Murphy is tenderly fond of the fragrant blos-soms. Who has not heard him say: "Twe no hankering for flowers after T m

the no handling for howers are handled. If you have any bouquets, please throw them at ms now. I don't have any use for people who can think of nothing good to say about a fellow when he's liv-ing, but as soon as he is dead they come around and took at him, shove out a bunch of postes and say, 'Smell o' these,' "

the walls of his favorite "den" On hang the pictures of his childron and grandchildren, and one other-a large por-trait of Governor Daniel H. Hastings, of Pennsylvania, now deceased.

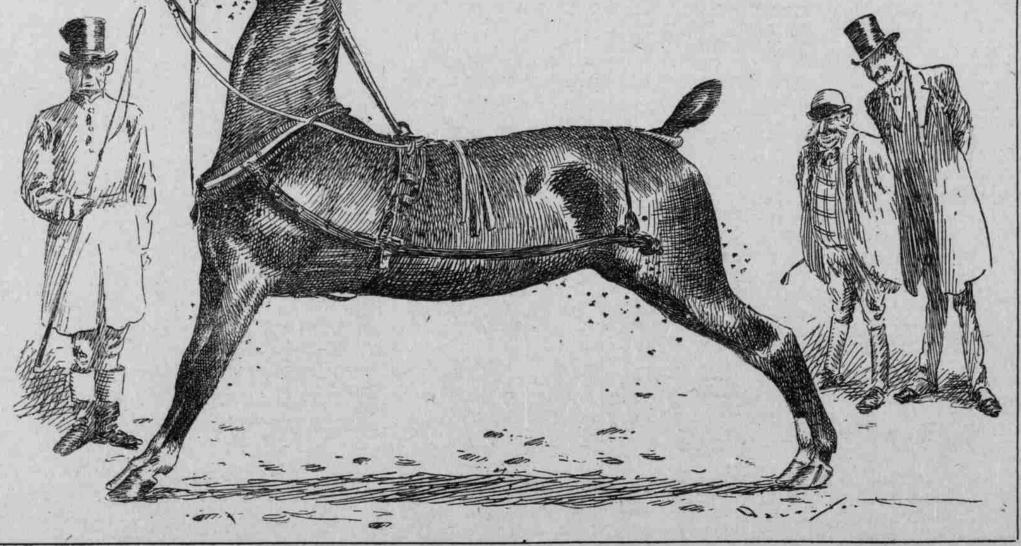
Ordained for War.

Murphy was very fond of Governor Hastings, and only the other day told me with much relieb and elaboration of Trish humor how the Governor circumvented the army regulation that requires every chaplain to be an ordained minister of the

rappant to be an ortained initiate of the gespel. Years before Murphy became a temper-ance advocate he had served for three years as a private in the Ninety-second New York Infantry during the Civil War. He was then a husky Irish lad, only a few years an American ettizen, but in-temnely loyal to his adopted country, a characteristic that has marked his uiter-ness on the oldform during all his life on the platform during all his life

since then. When Governor Hastings called for treeps during the Spanish-American Wa receips during the Spanish-American War and the Fifth Regiment was about to ze-to the front. Murphy was in Pittsburg-His soldier blood got heated and he wrote to the Governor offering himself for any service the latter might wish. The an-secr came a few days later, in the form of a telegram requesting Murphy to meet the Governor at Bedford Springs.

The Governor at Heddord Springs. "I was there the next day." said Murphy. "The Governor met me with his carriage and we drove to the ho-tel, where a lot of people were waiting to see him. He put them all off and thally said to the last fellow: Twe got important business to strend its ortant business to siteod to to but a slight improvement.



they now teach him to stand with his ern bench shows. With the modern of today. Hitched to that coach are they are almost perpendicular over hind legs far from his fore legs, spread show horse of today, harnessed as he beautiful blooded horses, with long their withers. Homer Davenport in New York Mail. hind legs far from his fore legs, spread out like a lean-to shed. This seems to have reached the highest point of development where a certain class of men think they have improved on na-

HERE is no question whether man in his fads and follies, more especially the idle or fashionable lass, has ever improved on nature. Nature has created the horse as near

I ture. Any man knows that a horse which stands with his feet under him shows that he is a good horse. But a horse standing with his forward feet thrown away out in front, and his hind feet similarly thrown back, will permit of the head being drawn further back. Owing to this fact, horses trained thus to stand are nonular though they reture perfect as it is possible to get him, and when we have harnessed him sen-sibly and shod him with care to pro-

sibly and shod him with care to pro-tect his feet, the horse, in return, has accomplished much for mankind and civilization. It was not till long after he had cleared up the ploneers homes, changing the rough wooded lands to fields, and when men had less to do that they began to chop off his tall and pull out his mane, and bit him with his head high up in an unnatural position.

All of this wasn't enough; it seemed

ern bench abows. With the modern show horse of today, harnessed as he is, it ceases to be a question of how many miles be can travel in a day, and becomes a question of how long can he stand the agony of traveling under the bitting and shoeing, and ar-tificial gaiting of the present time. His action has been developed so high now that it is difficult for him to travel in his once natural gait. His

high now that it is difficult for him to travel in his once natural gait. His has standing with his forward feet thrown away out in front, and his hind feet for similarly thrown back, will permit of the head being drawn further back. Owing to this fact, horses trained thus to stand are popular, though they reprogressing the out is a suspension bridge more than a horse. If you want to see how rapidly we are progressing in our important a horse. In a few years' time horses bred for this purpose, mainly to show, will degrerate the same as our dogs under So the breeding and scoring of the mod.

beautiful blooded horses, with long flowing tails, heads carried gracefully and necks naturally arched; some with-out checks at all, and others with mild check rems. The bits in their mouths are not punishing the horses in the least.

mouths are not punishing the norses in the least. Today, showing the improvement that the modern "horseman" has made over nature, we see four strained, miserable, fretting norses, with their talls cut short, and their lengthened toes heavily shod. The increased weight on some shoes is 12 or 15 ounces. So that the horses in their effort to lug them will lift their knees extraordinarily bigh. Instead of standing with their feet under them, they stand like stove-up horses, with their the body at each end—their acads are pulled up till

"Don't you know me?" smilled too dandy who entered the Googan studio without even a warning tap. "Well, my good ladies, 'fis not so strange after all. I am hardly the same Noel Dibson Spotts you once knew!" The Googans were so completely floored they slid right out of their chairs! "I have returned to thank you for

'I have returned to thank you for all that you did for me," he contin-ued. "Oh, I can never, never forget! But for you I should be writing verses a garret - unknown, unappreciated

ated--" "Instead of doing some useful work," completed Lilly. "I'm so glad you made such a success of chaufyou ma feuring.

"Chauffeuring." cried Spotts indig-nantly. "Why, I have just had my first volume of poems published, and it was to present you with an auto-graph copy that I called today. I knew that with your beautiful and unmertaneous

Mrs. Golden, who has deep apprecia-tion for my work -- indeed. 'twas Laura who had these little gens col-lected in this pretty gold and white booklet.

booklet." "So he's now the poet Laura-ate," giggled Tilly. "No telling what a squeak in the en-gine may develop into after this," marveled Isilly.

In speaking of Victorien Sardou's deco-ration with the grand cross of the legion of honor, the Herliner Trageblatt may that the dramatist's biographer failed to make mention of the fact that "Sardou is a spir-tualist and a fract-class medium."