

READY WIT AND HIS IRON NERVE BROUGHT PROMOTION

"Old Hen" Rogers, Pioneer Wyoming Wool Grower, Tells How Young Army Officer Won His Spurs in Frontier Days.

"OLD HEN" ROGERS, of ancient renown on the Wyoming sheep ranges, and who is more formally known as H. C. Rogers, was in Portland yesterday. The grizzled old-timer looked about the streets that he had not seen for a quarter of a century with eyes still as keen as they are gray, in spite of over two score years of alkali dust from the Wyoming plains.

"Great camp this," he said to an old friend, "and it grows like a cream-fed lamb. Shows what man can do when he wants to. And even one man all by himself can do a lot sometimes," he added, with a grim smile.

"How's that?"

"Well, I don't know that it has much to do with this home ranch, but I remember when I said that of how one young Irish lieutenant once in Cheyenne did what a whole company of regular cavalry couldn't do. You see it was this way:

"The boss horseherd of the plains in the late sixties was a three-fingered chap named Musgrove. Ever heard of him? No? Well, that is pretty long ago for you youngsters, but our Oregon trail riders remember him at the cost of many a horse and mule. Musgrove had about 300 men under him strung out the way along the base of the Rockies from Canada to the Rio Grande. He would pick up a bunch of stock on the old Mormon trail, run them south into Santa Fe or El Paso and sell them. Then he would run north another bunch and sell in Denver or Cheyenne. Ran a good business on other people's brains.

"But one day he rounded up a bunch of thick Sam's mules near Cheyenne and started off with them, thinking that there were too few soldiers in the fort to come after him, the Indians being pretty bad just then. Only about 20 well men in the post, by the way. But as good luck would have it a Government train with a company of cavalry was within a day's ride of the fort, and to make a long story short they took right after Mr. Musgrove and brought him back in trons, stock and all.

"Now, the court was in Denver, over 300 miles away, where he must be tried. How to get him there was the question. Just as soon as the court got out that Musgrove had been corralled his men began to gather and in no time, as fast as horse flesh could bring them, they began to get a trifle trifle around the fort and along the trail to Denver. We could not spare the men necessary, 50 at the very least, to take him to Denver. It was a hanging proposition. Musgrove and a life and death matter with a whole lot more of the biggest gang of horse thieves and cut-throats that ever operated in the West.

"The officers under the colonel were discussing what to do when up spoke this young Irishman with shoulder straps, 'Colonel, if you please, sir, I'll take Musgrove to Denver—and I'll do it alone.'

"The grouchy old colonel snorted his opinion of such a sure way of suicide when the nervous youngster told him how he would do it. 'I'll ride in a coach with Musgrove chained to the back seat and the curtains drawn,' he explained, 'and with no guard whatever,' said the driver. Only one gun in the outfit, and that will be this sixshooter of mine. Before we go I want to have Musgrove write a letter to his gang and tell them to guard that coach all the way to Denver, because if it is stopped I'll kill Musgrove.'

"And you?" asked the colonel. "They'll kill me," was the quiet answer.

"Go ahead, you d-d fool," growled

the colonel. "And if you come out alive it will be under a captain's bars. Idiots!"

"So the lieutenant explained his plan to Musgrove, who thought it wise to write that letter. Two days later they started, Musgrove chained to the back seat, the lieutenant riding on the front seat facing him with a drawn six-gun, the curtains down, and only the driver unarmored on the seat. Away out on the bluffs were a bunch of horsemen, and the coach started straight toward them. We watched through the glass and saw the coach roll by them and they took up a line of march on either side, but well back from the road. But the coach went on out of sight.

"Well, sir! That coach was the best guarded coach that ever rolled between Cheyenne and Denver. Musgrove's men were at every stage station, but no one bothered it for inside was a man who would shoot and Musgrove would get the first shot straight through the heart, come what might later. They rolled into Denver in triumph, I tell you."

"What happened next?"

"Oh! Nothing much. The lieutenant was made captain and Musgrove was

ant was brought to Oregon that Mr. Sutherland, who is an inveterate sportsman, has not been out with the rest shooting these game birds. The fact that he had to miss this year put him in a very bad humor for days.

R. B. Miller, general freight agent for the Harriman lines in the Pacific Northwest, has a record that few railroad men can boast of. Although he makes a dozen trips across the continent every year, in addition to hundreds of short trips over the territory during the year, he says he has never been in a railroad wreck or on a delayed train. As he has to travel over the O. R. & N. a great deal in his official capacity, this is going some.

Jess Moore, salesman for the Skidmore Drug Company, is entirely satisfied with the award of prizes at the recent Spokane bench show. The reason is not hard to discover. His 10-month-old bull terrier pup, Williamette Deimon, carried off first honors as the best bull pup exhibited. The dog is a splendid specimen of the terrier family.

MICROBES OPEN WINDOWS

Enlarged Reproductions Scare Women Into Getting Fresh Air.

LONDON, Oct. 12.—(Special).—A professor of hygiene has frightened the women of three Hoxton factories into a whole respect for fresh air. They were

down and country. It is much the lowest in the rural districts, and by far the highest in the "large-town" districts. Illegitimate births are 8.9 per cent of the total number. The detailed figures show that the proportion of these was greatest (9.02) in the "mainland rural" districts, and smallest (4.81) in the "insular rural" districts.

BETRAYED BY THE SLUMP

Trusted Stockbroker's Manager Turns Out Embezzler.

NEW YORK, Oct. 12.—George H. Brouwer, a former member of the New York Stock Exchange, who was arrested last night, disclosed the details today of the manner in which he used in speculation more than \$200,000 of the funds of James H. Oliphant & Co. Brouwer was manager of that firm's office. He said today that most of his losses were suffered in speculating in copper, smelter, Southern Pacific and the Interborough Metropolitan stock. He is now penniless. He said:

"Besides being the manager for Mr. Oliphant, I was carrying a separate account of my own. Jay F. Carlisle had a large account with us, and when my account was squeezed I would transfer some of Mr. Carlisle's holdings from the Oliphant book, or I would carry some of his account."

"It was very simple, the way I worked it, and it might have been years before



RESIDENCE OF G. W. BOSCHKE, LOVEJOY STREET, NEAR R TWENTY-FIFTH.

lynched the next day. Died game to the core, smoking a cigar. One man can stand off a whole lot when he has to and the reward is big enough."

all women, and an ignorant majority who suffered from the fatuous idea that fresh air meant colds refused to allow the windows in the factory were open.

The proprietors suggested what his services were wanted for and the professor brought with him a series of lantern slides showing on the screen microbes magnified as large as mice. The effect was instantaneous. A shudder went through the audience, and next day all the windows in the factory were open.

The girls in the other factories were entertained on the two following nights to the same lecture and the same lantern slides, and the results were identical—no more closed windows whatever the character of the weather.

The success of the experiment got noticed abroad, and other factory owners who found it impossible to keep the atmosphere passably wholesome are calling in the same professor to repeat his lecture on the evils of unventilated rooms.

SCOTCH MOVING TO TOWN

Race Suicide Prevails and Illegitimate Children Are Many.

GLASGOW, Oct. 12.—(Special).—Some interesting particulars about the population of Scotland are to be found in Dr. Dunlop's annual report to the Registrar General, which covers the ground up to the end of 1905. Scotland's population during the period under review was 4,676,000. Over two millions of these lived in "principal towns," and over 600,000 in "large towns," and the figures, spread over 15 years, show that the same migration toward the towns is taking place in Scotland as in England.

The birth-rate is decreasing both in

detection came. Had it not been for the demoralization of the stock market, I should be a rich man."

FEARS A GERM SPREAD

Parent Objects to Medical Inspection of School Children.

PORTLAND, Oct. 10.—(To the Editor).—Now that we are informed through the newspapers that Chief Justice Dr. Pohl, at the head of 25 medicals, armed with sprayers, syringes and other deadly weapons to exterminate disease and other unpleasant microbes, to be hereafter mentioned, is to charge on Portland's public schools, it might be well to invite public opinion represented by parental criticism as to the proposed onslaught. If this be reasonable, permit one pair of parents—for my wife and I are a unit on the situation—to express an opinion.

In the first place, if Dame Rumor is to be relied upon, the "poupaters" contemplate something even more radical than the extermination of latent germs, and that is the pursuit of patent parasites—incorrectly referred to above as microbes—in the curly locks of pupils. Now, while the fine-tooth comb may in some cases be mightier than the sword, its indiscriminate and public application would certainly be humiliating to the clean-headed or even to innocent sufferers of parental neglect, and a little quiet scrutiny by teachers followed by a line to delinquent guardians would best meet the emergency.

Then, too, it is suggested that molar are to be examined for vacuums and when found are to be turned over to a corps of dentists for treatment. Supposing this to be true, doesn't it save just a trifle too much of parental government, since parents sending their offspring to public schools do not understand that they are placing them in pauper asylums. Another onslaught is to

be made on arms and legs, as the case may be, to reveal the absence or presence of vaccine marks—which will not be a pleasing ordeal to students or sponsors.

Next, the order will be "all mouths open," and the children displayed will be examined for blennitis. All this may be very edifying as a corps drill, but most children, as well as adults, prefer a private reference for such investigations.

Seriously, it will be impossible to supply

private instruments for each individual case where hundreds are involved, and proper sterilization does not seem probable or even possible in the whole plan contemplated.

In fact, Dr. C. E. Hawke's declaration that the entire plan is not only absurd but harmful and outrageous, and that there was more danger in examining the children for traces of disease than in permitting them to go unexamined, is the only sane view that can be taken of the matter.

And then, cut bone? No germs might be found when the examinations are made. Yet in a day or a week, a school might be infested with them. It would seem that no advantage and a great deal of humiliation would be the only results of this fact, if carried to its fulfillment. By all means, the authorities should investigate the sanitary condition of the schools—some of them need investigation badly—but abandon the personal features. PARENT.

Personal and Pertinent

Gossip About Men and Women in the Public Eye

Frank Harrington, king of the Portland Hotel club, looked at a friend suddenly the other day and whispered: "Your hat is on the bum." His listener instantly removed his headgear and was examining it hastily when Harrington added: "It's not now, and then escaped out of harm's way."

It was a sight for the gods and a large slice added to the gaiety of nations when Bob Craken, who with his silk hat reaches nearly seven feet, was introduced yesterday in the Portland Hotel to the three-foot husband of Mrs. Tom Thumb. Alphonsus and Gaston were not in it.

"Summed up, just what is the newspaper business?" asked Senator Gearin of the hotel reporter recently. "The newspaper business is getting those into the paper that want to keep out, and keeping those out that want to get in," replied the reporter as he went on his way.

"I am not a midget," said Mrs. Tom Thumb recently. "A midget is a little person without good sense." And under this head no one would class one of the smallest yet one of the brightest women in the world.

County Clerk Fields has found a couple who wish to be married and kissed at the Gresham Grange and County Fair, the license to be issued free. He has not yet announced their names. He says the bride-to-be is very good looking, but notwithstanding has consented to accept a kiss from the County Clerk in the presence of the assembled multitude. The bridegroom she says, will have to consent willy nilly.

Judge Cameron is endeavoring to figure out the significance of a remark made to him the other day by an acquaintance. The Judge was approached on the street by his acquaintance who made this singular request: "Say, George, I want to ask a favor of you." "Well," answered the Judge, "if it is a reasonable one we will see what we can do. What is it?" "I want you to promise to pardon me out of the Penitentiary when you are elected Governor," said the man as he edged away.

Thomas Merry, one-time Sunday editor of The Oregonian, who is visiting in Portland, recalled an incident of the old days when he lived here. He and Judge Fago stood talking on a corner on First street back in the '70s when the elder Fago passed by. When out of earshot, Fago remarked to Merry: "Tom, there goes a man who hasn't a redeeming vice."

Harry Blaney and Mrs. Blaney, both Portland artists, were the recipients of handsome notecards for their efforts at the Elks' social Thursday night. Young Blaney, who is a sedate business man of Portland, and who was recently initiated into the "Best People on Earth," formerly was a vaudeville star in trick bicycling. His wife, who is equally clever in manipulating the machine, started for several years in New York and Europe. Both learned the art of bicycling on Sixth street, when that thoroughfare was first paved, about ten years ago.

The matter of employing children on the stage happened to be brought up in the presence of Mrs. R. E. French the other day, and the wife of the manager of the company now playing at the Star told of an incident in New York some years ago when the Gerry Society made

a campaign against the show places in the metropolis. An agent of the society came to the manager of a certain theater where a child's part was in the cast and complained at the employment of a child under legal age. The manager told the agent to go behind the scenes and interview the child actress. He did so and this is the conversation that took place:

Agent R. P. C. T. C.—Little girl, are you playing in this place?

Little Girl—Yes, sir.

Agent R. P. C. T. C.—Well, little girl, how old are you?

Little Girl—Little girl! Why bless your heart, man, I am a grandmother.

Councilman Michael J. Driscoll was the unintended victim of a practical joke at the Elks' social the other night, and the incident furnished considerable amusement for the audience.

Joe Day, who was noticed in the city papers desired a cigar, but was so amused by the programme that he did not wish to go to the clubroom, and requested one from his friends. Joe Day obligingly dug up a perfect that had been given him by Sig Wertheimer, and Driscoll lighted same, and was puffing serenely when a hidden spring in the tobacco gave way and the cigar was scattered in minute particles all over the adjacent brothers.

J. Walter Ransom, chief clerk of the local office of the San Francisco and Portland Steamship Company, has gone to San Francisco in response to orders from R. P. Schwerin. Mr. Ransom left for the Bay City on the steamship City of Panama last Wednesday.

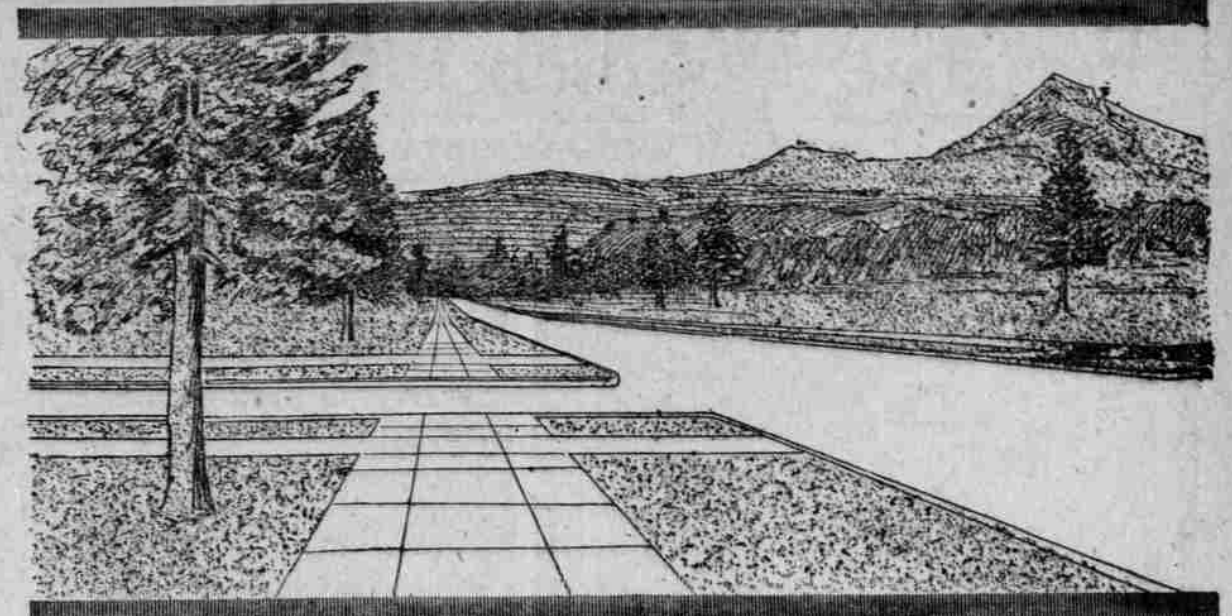
Thomas R. Wilson, of Salem, left Friday on a visit to his mother in Canada. Mr. Wilson will be absent three weeks.

Captain George Conway, superintendent of water lines for the O. R. & N. Co., has returned to duty at his office. Captain Conway has been ill for several weeks.

"At the annual meeting of the Oregon Forestry Association soon to be held I would like to see a paper presented on the subject of 'Timber Crisping,'" said Dr. King Wilson the other day. "Recently I was interested in a case that involved a distribution of some property and it was necessary to determine the amount of timber on the land. I secured estimates from two cruisers and was amazed to find that the estimate of one man was 10 times greater than that of the other. Now there was no excuse for such a discrepancy and it certainly would be interesting to the average layman to learn something as to how these estimates are made."

Now that the baseball season is over, "Doc" Anderson will be compelled to resort to the matlines or find other means of entertainment. Just as surely as a game of professional ball was played at the Vaughn-street grounds, "Doc" was to be observed in the grandstand, and he invariably sat in the same place. Although the Portland team for a number of weeks had undisputed claim to fourth money in the four-team league, Anderson's enthusiasm did not desert him and he attended practically every game that was played in Portland during the season.

Curtis G. Sutherland, confidential man to General Manager O'Brien, of the Harriman lines, wears a woebegone look all through the worst week of October. The reason was that it was impossible for him, owing to the rush of business, to get away on the first day of October, when the pleasant season opened, for a few days' shoot. There has not been a hunting season since the Chinese pheas-



ROSE CITY PARK

Colman Avenue, Eastern Extremity of Park, Showing Improvements All the Way

The Addition That Has Made Good

There is no man in the Northwest that can come to the front and truthfully state that the syndicate back of Rose City Park has failed to make its promises good for improving this beautiful tract of land and making it one of the most desirable places for the habitation of man. During the Summer, while most people were away at the seashore, taking life easy, this is what has been done:

FIVE MILES OF STREETS HAVE BEEN GRADED.
SEVENTEEN THOUSAND FEET OF CEMENT WALKS HAVE BEEN BUILT.
THE SAME NUMBER OF FEET OF CEMENT CURBS HAVE BEEN PUT IN.
OVER 8000 FEET OF SIX-INCH WATER MAINS HAVE BEEN LAID.
OVER 7000 FEET OF LATERAL WATER MAINS HAVE BEEN PLACED.
ELECTRIC LIGHT SERVICE HAS BEEN ESTABLISHED.
TELEPHONE CONNECTIONS HAVE BEEN INSTALLED.
TEN-MINUTE CAR SERVICE IS NOW IN FORCE, MORNING AND EVENING.
BEST BALLASTED ROADBED IN THE CITY OF PORTLAND.
FOURTEEN HOMES UNDER CONSTRUCTION OR ALREADY COMPLETED.
ONE \$5000 BRICK BUSINESS BLOCK NOW BEING BUILT.
SEVEN BEAUTIFUL HOMES NOW BEING PLANNED.

Truly Rose City Park is now more desirable as a place to live than ever it was before. It is the place for the day-weary man, the proper place to bring up the children and just the ideal spot for the wife. Rose City Park awaits the opportunity of numbering you among its permanent residents.

HARTMAN & THOMPSON

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

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TWO HUNDRED TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS FOR A PLACE TO LIVE

You may go as far as you like, look at as many different desirable places for locating in the City of Portland as you like, you'll not find as convenient and reasonable a piece of property as you will right in IRVINGTON PARK. The streets are all cleared; although they are not yet graded, they soon will be; there's city water at an excellent pressure; there's streetcar service to the center of downtown in 20 minutes; there is a building restriction to safeguard you against shacks and shanties; there is a magnificent 15-year-old growth of shrubbery, ready for training for your yard; and, TO CAP THE CLIMAX, you can purchase one of these lots for \$20 CASH AND \$10 A MONTH. You save enough money on the lot, in the first place, to make the first payment on a new home, and the payments are so small that you ought to be able to CARRY ALMOST A QUARTER OF A BLOCK. Think what that will mean for you a couple of years from now.

TWO HUNDRED TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS FOR A PLACE TO LIVE

F. B. HOLBROOK CO.
250 STARK STREET

Take Alberta Street car at 2nd & Washington to end of line and walk three blocks north

F. E. SCHWAN
EAST 30th & KILLINGSWORTH

Boost Bayocean Park and Bayocean Park Will Boost Your Bank Account

Inspection of that model in our office is the first boost for yourself.

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