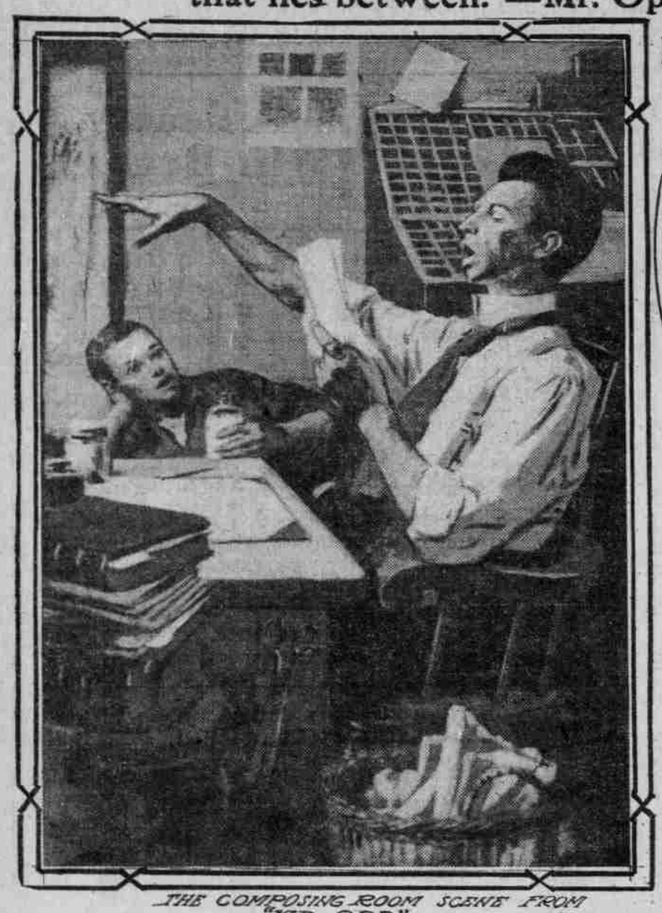
BOOKS

"My paper is going to be a voice that hears all sides of a question; it's going to appeal to the aged and young and all them that lies between."—Mr. Opp.



THE COMPOSING ROOM SCENE FROM "MR. OPP."

B. C. BUBB.
ILLUSTRATOR OF "SONGS O' THE OLYMPICS" ETC.

Mr. Opp. By Alice Hegan Rice. Illustrated. $1. The Century Co., New York City.

American novel readers—and in a larger sense, all those who read English—are under a debt of gratitude to Alice Hegan Rice for the real literary treat she gave and the new humor and new human nature shown in her previous story, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." The latter has been one of the great book successes of a decade, and is now a classic.

Now comes "Mr. Opp," a modest little story, which is at present nearing its finish as a serial in the Century Magazine. It will at once take a permanent place in the affections of its readers, because it has a heart-touch, is midway between the smile and the tear, and tells about the ache and fun of real living. In brief, it is the story of an inoffensive, undersized, but heroic newspaper man named D. Webster Opp, who might be labeled a business failure and living hoodoo. Yet, he is a genuine, true-gold character such as Charles Dickens might have been proud to create.

D. Webster Opp, of Cove City, Kentucky, a country town 18 miles distant from railroad communication, is 35 years old when we first make his acquaintance. He had at an early age left Cove City for the greater world outside and had even lived in Chicago, to find that he could not, somehow, succeed in any trade or occupation which he wooed in the hope that it might yield him a living. As his friend, Jimmy Fallows, says: "If there is one person in the world that's got a talent for missing things, it's Mr. Opp. I never seen him that he hadn't just missed gettin' a thousand-dollar job, or inventin' a patent, or bein' hurt when he had took out a accident policy. If he did ketch a train, like enough it was goin' the wrong way. . . . I never seen anybody in the world that stood as good a show of gittin' the fool prize as that there D. Opp."

In short, Mr. Opp had achieved failure as jack-of-all-trades, and was generally rushing to begin a new one because he had a fond belief in his own lucky star which would shine brightly in the end. He was a Napoleon in spirit, but a Micawber in doing.

Mr. Opp's stepfather died, and Mr. Opp left his forming of trusts and his promotion of other big financial deals, to hasten home to Cove City. The funeral over, he awakes to the stern fact that his sister, Miss Kippy, is as weak-minded as ever and must be cared for by him. So, Mr. Opp gives up his big plans of world conquest to settle down to humdrum existence in Cove City. He had not any particular trade, so, like the generality of the unemployed, he becomes a newspaper editor, starting the periodical which afterward became known to fame as "The Opp Eagle." This was his thought: "He would edit a paper, comprehensive in its scope and liberal in its views. Science, art, religion, society and politics would all be duly chronicled. Politics! Why, his paper would be an organ—an organ of the Democratic party."

Mr. Opp's personal appearance: "His pock-marked face, wide at the temples, sloped to a small, pointed chin, which, in turn, sloped precipitously into a long, thin neck. It was Mr. Opp's eyes, however, that one saw first—for they were singularly vivid, with an expression that made strangers sometimes pause in the street to ask him if he had spoken to them. Small, pale and red of rim, they nevertheless held the look of intense hunger—hunger for the hope or the happiness of the passing moment."

A youth named Nick was Mr. Opp's only assistant in getting out the Opp newspaper, and its opening messages of unconscious humor were:

"We will boom this, our native city, if possible. I hope to get the streets cleaned up and a railroad, and mayhap in time lampposts. . . . 'The Opp Eagle' will, moreover, stand for temperance and reform. We will hurl grape and canister into the camps of the saloonatics until they flee the wrath to come. Will also publish a particular statement of all social entertainments, including weddings, parties, church socials and funerals.

Pastor Joe Tyler is holding divine service every second Sunday in Cove City. He has had 30 conversions, and on Saturday was presented with a $20.00 suit of clothing from and by this community, and a barrel of flour, which fully attests what a general church awakening will accomplish in the direction of good. No one should think of endeavoring to rear their children or redeem society without the application of the gospel twice per month.

A new and handsome Show Boat will tie up at the Cove the early part of next week. A fine calliope will be on board. . . .

Mr. Jet Connor had his house burnt last month, it being the second fire he has had in ten years. Misfortunes never come single.

Jimmy Fallows came near getting an undertaking job at the Ridge last week, but the lady got well.

The Opp Eagle' has organized a club called the B. B. B. Club, meaning the Busy Bottle-Breakers Club. A handsome prize of a valued nature will be awarded the boy or girl which breaks the largest number of whisky and beer bottles before the first of May.

Miss Guinevere Gusty will visit friends in Coreyville soon.

Miss Guinevere Gusty is a pretty girl who has been absent from Cove City, attending school, and when Mr. Opp informs her, in timid accents, that he loves her if her ma has no objection, it's about settled that she will soon marry the editor. Mrs. Gusty, however, refuses to consent to the marriage of her daughter, unless Miss Kippy be placed in the nearest insane asylum. What! Her daughter live in the same house with a crazy girl? Never!

Here the pathetic element enters into the story. Mr. Opp is torn between two emotions. He wants to marry his lady love, but declines firmly to turn out of doors his demented sister.

A real newspaper man, Willard Hinton, visits Cove City, and he and Miss Gusty fall in love and eventually marry each other.

The sinking of oil wells gives temporary excitement to Cove City, and the characters of Mrs. Gusty—a woman of furious tempers—Aunt Fish, a negro mammy, and several other worthies are drawn skilfully and with practiced art.

But above all, shines the little but commanding figure of Mr. Opp. This is a glimpse of his fighting spirit—the man who preferred life-isolation with his invalid sister to a real home with the girl of his heart:

According to my notion or understanding, it's well—what you might call, in military figures, a fight. Of course, there's some that just remain around in camp, afraid to fight and afraid to desert, just sort of indulging in conversation, you might say, about the rest of the army. Then there is the cowards and deserters. But a decent sort of a individual, or rather soldier, carries his orders around with him, and the chief and principal thing he's got to do is to follow them. What the fight is concerning, or in what manner the General is a-aiming to bring it all correct in the end, ain't, according to my conclusion, a part of our business.

Financial misfortune, however, overtakes "The Opp Eagle," and Mr. Opp sells the plant to Willard Hinton, who recreates the Opp newspaper into "The Weekly News. Mr. Opp becomes managing editor of the new sheet, and like the natural optimist that he is, beams with new hope. Cove City citizens tender him a banquet, and when he is called on for a speech, he inflates his weak chest, puts forward one foot, says: "Ahem!" and begins:

Valued brother fellow-beings, I come before you tonight to express that which there is no words in the English vocabulary to express. Whatever you may have to say concerning me, or my part in the awakening of this our native city, I shall listen at with a grateful heart. I believe in a great future for Cove City. We may not live to see it, but I believe that the day will arrive when our city shall be the gateway to the South, when the river front will be not dissimilar to Main street, New York. I predict that it reaches a pivot of prominence of which we wot not of. As for Mr. Hinton, one and all we welcome him amid our mongst. "The Opp Eagle" strikes palms with "The Weekly News," and wishes it a lasting and eternal success.

Mr. Opp—hero!

Is Shakespeare Dead? By Mark Twain. $1.25. Harper & Bros., New York City.

Once a professional humorist had to appear before a large audience, handicapped because he was suffering from toothache. However, determined to do his best, he stepped on the platform and said: "Ladies and gentlemen: I would gladly amuse you if I could, but the fact is I am suffering from the effects of an ulcerated tooth, and—" The audience at once broke into roars of laughter and the more the humorist explained about his toothache the more the audience laughed. It persisted in laughing at every word the poor man uttered, and estimated his most earnest utterance as a joke!

Now comes Mark Twain with his newest book, in which he doubts that the plays commonly attributed to William Shakespeare were written by Shakespeare. Is Mr. Twain laughing at us, or is he serious? One wonders. Anyhow, Mr. Twain's message is one of importance, although it is dressed in the garb of fun. He certainly shows that Shakespeare, of Stratford-on-Avon, didn't write the plays attributed to Shakespeare. In this wise:

In the assuming trade, three separate and independent cults are transacting business. Two of these cults are known as the Shakespearites and the Baconians, and I am the other one—the Brontosaurian. The Shakespearite knows that Shakespeare wrote Shakespeare's works; the Baconian knows that Francis Bacon wrote them. The Brontosaurian doesn't really know which of them did it, but is quite composedly and contentedly sure that Shakespeare didn't, and strongly suspects that Bacon did. So far as anybody knows and can prove, Shakespeare, of Stratford-on-Avon, never wrote a play in his life. So far as anybody knows and can prove, he never wrote a letter to anybody in his life, and wrote only one poem during his life. This is it:

"Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbeare
To digg the dust enclosed heare;
Blest be ye man yt spares thes stones
And curst be he yt moves my bones."

With this alleged poetry Mr. Twain compares the matchless verse in Shakespeare's plays, and goes on to show that while the man who wrote these plays was an accomplished traveler, man of the world, linguist, mariner and lawyer, that Shakespeare of Avon was none of these.

The world may say "What of it?" Mr. Twain devotes 450 pages, one or two of them somewhat blow-your-own-trumpet, showing that the Baconians have a strong case, and that there's something wrong in our continuous Shakespeare worship. Or, in the darkness, do we hear a Twain chuckle?

Songs o' the Olympics, Love Never Faileth, and the Prophecy of Yah-Ma-Sun. By Alice Harriman, Rev. J. D. O. Powers and Olive Verne Rich, respectively. Illustrated by B. C. Bubb. The Alice Harriman Company, Seattle, Wash.

More than the usual amount of interest is felt in the success of these three books, for they are the products of a new publishing house in a neighboring city, and the authors are also neighbors. In illustrations, bookmaking and general typographical arrangements, the books have an attractive appearance, and can stand the closest inspection. Indeed, in a purely business sense they are as good as any of their class published in Eastern cities.

"Songs o' the Olympics" is the most ambitious of the three. It is an artistic-looking volume, presenting 43 poems, the latter being a collection of many moods and each poem possessing a beauty particularly its own. The quality is equal to that displayed in the verse of high-class magazines. Mrs. Harriman always writes gracefully and well, and her poetic thought has ever an uplifting quality. It is a pleasure to welcome a woman of her business and artistic sense to the ranks of the real poets of the Pacific Northwest. For genuine pathos, I like best "The Village Funeral," and for humor "The Reunion." The illustrations are by B. C. Bubb, lately of The Oregonian's art department, and in this volume he has displayed fine appreciation of artistic beauty and touch. The frontispiece is "Bringing a Wreath," and tells a lighthouse story, the incident being drawn with boldness and masterful action. The other illustrations are 16 in number, and all please. The book covers are in two designs, and are highly creditable to the workers who made them. One cover is a study in mottled marble effect, with colors of brown, green, gold, etc., with the title of the book in neat gold letters. The other copy has a book cover of Indian significance, with representations on it in color of Indian heads, pipes, tomahawks, beads, birchbark, etc. The binding is first-class, and is as good as was ever put out from a bindery of more pretentious name. The price of the leather-cover edition is $2 and for the fancy binding cover $1.50.

"Love Never Faileth" is the title of a booklet in gray of 18 printed pages, with decorated margins in green, the printed message being in the nature of a friendly, helpful sermon by Mr. Powers, who is minister of the First Unitarian Church, Seattle, Wash. The book belongs to the "Puget Sound Friendship Series," which is now being issued, and Mr. Powers' argument is that our fundamental work is not to save men for some future heaven, but somehow to get heaven in men here and now. "The Prophecy of Yah-Ma-Sun" is printed on green paper and tells in dramatic prose the prophecy of an Indian seer of the long ago that the white race would displace the Indian, particularly in the Puget Sound country. Each of these paper-covered books is sold at 50 cents, and the whole three ought to appeal to the tourist trade as being just the gifts to send back East.

Well done, woman publisher.

Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy. By Wallace Irwin. $1.50. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York City and the J. K. Gill Co., Portland.

A new series of these letters is now appearing in The Sunday Oregonian, so that all who care to—and may their number be as the sands of the seashore—may bask in their humor, a humor that is absolutely new in American authorship. I should like to make liberal quotations from this book of 370 pages, so that you could at this very minute share a sample of the fun of Hashimura Togo, a Japanese schoolboy, who is 35 years old, but the regular letters now appearing in these columns will suffice.

The letters which make up the handsome-looking volume under review first appeared in Collier's Weekly, signed Hashimura Togo, and their fun was so genuine and made so many people laugh, people who had rarely laughed before for the fear of upsetting certain dental arrangements, that the cry arose: "Who is this new humorist?" Wild guesses were freely made that "Hashimura Togo" was none other than Elihu Root, John D. Rockefeller, or Carrie Nation. Indeed, one shrewd guesser made the statement that the mysterious unknown was none other than Theodore Roosevelt, who used the nom-de-plume so that Emperor William of Germany might not suspect him of lack of dignity. A hint was also dropped in Mark Twain's direction, and just at the right time, when judicious advertising was at its height, the coy announcement was made that the mysterious humorist was none other than Wallace Irwin, a San Francisco boy. All his fellow Americans said, immediately: "Well done. Shake!"

It may be so. But at the present moment, I have not got rid of the vague impression, even at this late day, that Mr. Irwin may only be lending his name to save Theodore Roosevelt from the reproach that he is a humorist. You know, it has been stated that no humorist can ever hope to be elected President of the United States, and it is said that Mr. Roosevelt has hopes.

"Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy" contain the greatest fun there is going at the present time. I understand that Mr. Irwin complained bitterly because an abbreviated review of his fun-book appeared recently in a California newspaper. Mr. Irwin—please imagine that this appreciative review covers one page of The Oregonian. Can you?

Self-Control and How to Secure It. By Dr. Paul Dubois. $1.50. Funk & Wagnals Co., New York City.

Dr. Paul Dubois is the noted professor of neuropathology at the University at Berne, Switzerland, and is also the author of "The Psychic Treatment of Nervous Disorders" and "The Influence of the Mind on the Body." He is recognized as one of the greatest world experts on diseases of the nervous system culminating in mental debility or "psychasthenia."

The present book is a translation by Harry Hutcheson Boyd into English of the author's "L'Education de Soi-Meme." It provides in easily understood language, so simple that all who read English can comprehend, a direct discussion of what self-control may accomplish, and tells how it may be secured. Side by side are given interesting anecdotes and learned but really charming quotations.

Some of the subjects written about are: "The Conquest of Happiness," "Thought," "The Act," "Egoism and Altruism," "Indulgence," "Moderation," "Chastity," "Sincerity," "Kindness," etc. The opinion is given that each one of us has some defect due to heredity. The lessons of such a wise book, if read and pondered over, will make happier many a life and sick-room, and save physicians' bills.

The Mascot Bears. By Clara Cogswell Ingham. Illustrated. 25 cents. Frances E. Gotshall, Portland, Or.

A well-told story by a Portland authoress, making an appeal to boys and girls from 8 to 10 years old. It tells about the 16 baby bears that were sent from Aberdeen, Wash., to the 16 battleships of the American fleet visiting this Coast last year, and the fun of it is that each bear was immediately christened after the battleship which became his new home. Sad to relate, however, 15 of these gift bears have since died at sea, and the bear named Virginia is the only survivor. Mrs. Ingham has written very interestingly and sympathetically, and presents just the kind of alluring story-telling that "gets" children. The black-and-white pictures of the little bears have added charm, and are drawn, Mrs. Ingham says, by one of the best-known artists in this country.

Cherub Divine. By Sewell Ford. $1.50. Mitchell, Kennerley, New York City.

Mr. Ford's one specialty is very rich, but idle young men in fiction, and his idea pays. His newest one is "Cherub" Divine, who has more money than is good for him. Result: A smart, society novel about love, girls and $$$$$.

The Hand-Made Gentleman. By Irving Bacheller. $1.50. Harper & Bros., New York City.

Good, clean fiction. The author pictures the adventures of Jacob Ezra Heron, better known as Cricket, and also paints in attractive style rural life in New York State just before electricity became an everyday servant, a half-century ago.

Virginia County Names. By Charles Massie Long, Ph. D. $1.50. The Neale Publishing Co., Washington, D. C., and New York City.

Written with insight and sympathy, these excerpts from 270 years of the history of the State of Virginia are very welcome for their intimate, trustworthy reflections.

The Matter With Nervousness. By H. C. Sawyer, M. D. Cunningham, Curtiss & Welch, San Francisco, Cal.

Written for those sufferers who are up to the snapping point. Wise, kind advice firmly delivered by one who seems qualified to lead and does lead toward an inevitable cure.

Our Village. By Joseph C. Lincoln. Illustrated. $1.50. D. Appleton & Co., New York City.

A dainty volume, to read in or near a Summer garden, close to humming bees and fragrant roses. It tells of a quaint New England town, delightful people and home atmosphere.

Joys of Earth. By Henry S. Wilcox. $1. Wilcox Books Concern, Chicago, Ill.

Twenty-eight pleasant "homey" poems, which read well when it is considered that Mr. Wilcox is a Chicago lawyer and that this is his first attempt as a poet. His best verse is "Bessie and the Baby."

JOSEPH M. QUENTIN.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Century of the Child, by Ellen Key (Putnam's).

Machinery Book for Boys, edited by Joseph H. Adams, $1.75; and Little Busybodies—lives of crickets, ants, bees, etc., 75 cents, by Jeannette Marks and Julia Moody (Harper's).

Ralph Ransomb, Banker, by Theodore W. Nevin (Neale Pub. Co.).

Norah Conough, by Walter George Henderson, $1.50, about a new field, describing ranch life in Australia, well told (Outing Pub. Co.).

These books were received for review through the courtesy of The J. K. Gill Co. of this city: The Century of the Child and Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy.

HERE IS A BOY WHOM A SPANKING DOES NOT HURT.

JOHN WILSON WEBB, PITTSBURG, 34 MO OLD WEIGHT 120 LBS.

JOHN AND HIS MOTHER

PITTSBURG, May 1.—(Special.)—John Wilson Webb's feelings are deep-seated. That is why a spanking reaches him much as the joke reaches the Englishman—long after it is administered. When Mrs. W. T. Webb, of Pittsburg, takes her little boy—or so much of her little boy as she can accommodate—over her knee, and castigates him, John Wilson is silent. Some minutes afterward the sensory nerves having conveyed their message to the brain, John Wilson sits down and weeps bitterly.

John Wilson Webb is probably the biggest boy in the world. He weighs 120 pounds, though he is only 34 months old. His mother weighs 200 and is fortunately strong enough not only to chastise John Wilson when he needs it, but to carry him across the street when she goes shopping. Any automobile which ran against John Wilson would get a good deal of a jolt.

SERMONS IN SONG

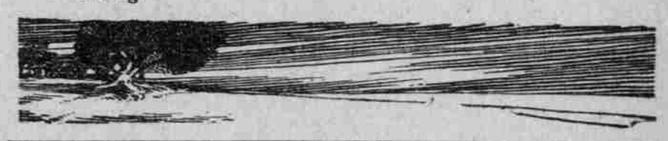
The Old Faith

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

As a man who is travel weary, as a man who is travel worn,
Who carries anew the galling loads he over the road has borne,
Who carries anew each burden when counting them o'er alone,
While trudging his way through bog and fen and stumbling on bruising stone
As a man who is travel weary remembers the first fair way,
So a man goes back to the simple faith that was all his own one day.

The simple faith he cherished; the faith in the grass and sky,
The faith that he held in innocence with never a doubting "Why?"
When valley and hill and forest and everything that is
Was wondrously rich with a breathing truth, and all of that truth was his;
When twilight and dawn were peaceful, and his were the dreaming stars—
The faith that he held unconsciously ere ever his soul had scars.

As a man who is travel weary, he stands on a lonely height,
And longingly looks at the stretching way that ends in the fading light,
And yearns for the pleasant pathways as once he sought out their end—
The faith that he held in an honest hold as one does a faithful friend.
He turns to the unforgotten, the years when he wrought no wrong
And seeks for the faith that once was his—all simple and sweet and strong.



Notes of Portland High Schools

Lincoln.

AFTER a week devoted to examinations, the members of the Lincoln High School have settled down for the last lap of the school year. The February '10 class organized Thursday. J. Marvin Howes was chosen president; Edith Shapirer, vice-president; George Schaefer, secretary; Sadie Williams, treasurer; Everette Peterson, sergeant-at-arms. There are 44 members in the class.

The athletic event of the week was the game with Portland Academy. After leading throughout the game, the High School lost in the ninth inning. They proved good batters and fielders. Turk, McAlpin and Thompson put up the best game for the Cardinal. Thompson struck out 16 men. McAlpin got two hits, one a three-base hit, as did also Gleason. The team plays next Wednesday with the aggregation from the Washington High School.

The societies met as usual. The Adelphians studied the problem of school enthusiasm. Helene Pearson showed how school enthusiasm manifests itself. Ruth Stone showed how the present flourishing condition of the Adelphian Society was due to the enthusiasm of its members. Jessie Young spoke on the kind of enthusiasm a debating society needs. Althea Embree gave some practical suggestions for the increase of school enthusiasm. The programme closed with the debate, "Resolved, That the Adelphians Should Begin Their Meetings With an Adelphian Yell." John Bankus and Ruth Pawley, for the affirmative, won the decision over their opponents, Esther Olson and Bertha Young. At the ensuing business meeting officers for the term were elected as follows: Gustave Everson, president; Gertrude Ort, vice-president; Ruth Stone, secretary; Herbert Cudlipp, treasurer; Adolf Unna, sergeant-at-arms; Jesse Young, editor.

The Philolexians were treated to several talks, with a comic recitation by Edith Shapirer by way of variety. Audrey Rust spoke on the timely topic of how to spend the Summer vacations. Miss Goddard, of the English department, took up the rest of the hour with a talk on English cathedrals.

The To-Logeions postponed their regular programme to elect officers for the next term. Walker Peddicord was elected president; Herbert Stott, vice-president; George Schaefer, secretary; Scott Young, assistant secretary; Gus Apple, editor; Carlyle Geisler, treasurer; Paul Heslop, sergeant-at-arms. After adjournment the officers-elect showed their appreciation of the honors conferred upon them by treating their fellow To-Logeions at an ice-cream parlor.

Washington.

AMONG other preparations for Friday's game with Columbia were two well-attended rooters' meetings. One was held a week before the game and another the following Monday. George Frazier and Earl Robinson acted as head rooters and had no trouble in getting plenty of noise out of the crowd.

Twenty-five members of the Camera Club and some of their friends enjoyed a field trip and picnic on Saturday, April 24. A pleasant spot was found near the Columbia Slough on the Peninsula, and besides a very good time, the members secured some excellent pictures.

Miss Tingle and her cooking class gave a very creditable exhibition of their wares on Thursday after school. Good things of all kinds were on display. Cakes, pies, salads, cookies, biscuits, bread, meat, soup and all other products of the kitchen were shown, and to the delight of the visitors light refreshments were served.

The April Lens appeared this week and received its warm welcome. Between its covers are some good writings, the foremost being "Cathode Island," by Lance Read. The style with which this story is written and its general atmosphere make it stand far above the class of writing found in the majority of school papers. The Lens is doing well in its prose this month. Helen Cummins wrote a good story, "When We Were Seventeen," and Alma Jackson's "The Wonderful Baseball Game" was pleasing. Garcia did well on his essay on Mark Twain. There are some good poems this month, and the athletics and school notes columns are showing up well, while the "Under the Lens" column appears to be losing ground slightly.

The Eukrineon and Phrenodien debating societies both adjourned Friday in order that all their members could attend the game.

The Quillers lately decided to entertain their friends once a month with a literary programme and a display of their work, and on Thursday one was given. Some excellent stories were read: "The White Stag of the Haunted Mountain," written by a Quiller met with much approval. There were also two stories for the membership contest, and Lewis Wanzer's story won for him a membership. There were two reports given, one on Ruskin, by Edward Garcia, while Leland James reported on David Balfour.

Let the City Engineer Answer.

PORTLAND, April 27.—(To the Editor.)—I have been a resident of Portland less than two years, and having confidence in the future of this beautiful city, have acquired, with two friends, several pieces of real estate here. Shortly after we had title to two properties, we received notice from the City Engineer to replace the wooden sidewalks with cement, and we immediately complied. I have occasion frequently to work through the upper part of Washington street, where I find some miserable wooden sidewalks still remain to remind one of village days long gone by.

I have asked passersby why such outragous sidewalks are allowed on a principal street, but no one can answer my question. I therefore take liberty of addressing you, and perhaps you can tell me, through The Oregonian, by what "pull" or influence the old board walks remain on Washington street, north side, between Sixteenth and Seventeenth streets, also on the south side of that thoroughfare between Fourteenth and Seventeenth streets. I do not think it just that owners of such valuable property can retain their old, rotten board walks while owners of less valuable property must replace wood with cement.

J. L. MILLER.

BRIGAND BAND CAPTURED

Member Betrays Chief in Order to Save Own Life.

LISBON, May 1.—(Special.)—For a considerable time past the mountain district of Sierra de Antequera has been terrorized by a band of brigands. Yesterday a millionaire banker named Baudere received an anonymous letter threatening him with death unless he deposited in a certain cave the sum of 1000 duros.

Senhor Baudere at once informed the authorities and a strong force of civil guards was secreted in the vicinity of the cave. At the appointed hour, which was fixed at midnight, one of the brigands was seen to enter the cave. He was at once surrounded by the civil guard and captured.

The man confessed that he belonged to the band of the terrible Rejana, ex-lieutenant of the celebrated Brigand chief Vivillo. On promise of a pardon, the captured man consented to lead the force to the brigands' camp.

Though taken by surprise, the brigands offered a stout resistance, and it was only after several on each side had been injured that Rejana and eight of his followers were captured.

TO LECTURE TO FARMERS

Demonstration Train Will Visit Towns on North Bank Road.

SPOKANE, Wash., May 1.—(Special.)—Professors Thornber and Thatcher, of the Washington State College, at Pullman, have completed plans for holding a series of farm institutes at towns along the line of the Spokane, Portland & Seattle Railway, in May. Professor D. P. Ashburn, a crop expert of Nebraska, and his wife will aid. Meetings will be held at Attalia, Goldendale, White Salmon, Mount Pleasant, Vancouver, Stevenson, Amboy, Yacolt, Adna, Boisport and Grays River.

Books Added to Library

THE following books may be examined at the Public Library during this week and will be ready for circulation Monday, May 10:

BIOGRAPHY.

Calhoun—John C. Calhoun; by Gaillard Hunt. 1908.

Watson—"Ian Maclaren"; the life of the Rev. John Watson; by W. R. Nicoll. 1909.

West—Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill. 1908.

BOOKS IN FOREIGN LANGUAGES.

Bondeson—Styrismanden og hans brud.

Bremer—Hemmet eller familje-serger och fröjder.

Hillern—Hoher als die kirche.

Humboldt—Kosmos.

Jensen—Durch den Schwarzwald.

Kipling—Den nye jungle-bog.

Kloppenborg—En gammel soldats erindringer.

Landa—Americana.

Levertin—Die magister von Oesterax.

Rosegger—Erdsagen.

Vogt—Statsraad Colletts hus og hans saetid.

Zwilgmeyer—Kongsgaardguten.

DESCRIPTION AND TRAVEL.

Hind—Days in Cornwall. Ed. 2. 1907.

James—Through Ramona's country. 1909.

Workman—The ice-bound heights of the Mustagh; an account of two seasons of pioneer exploration and high climbing in the Baltistan Himalaya. 1908.

FICTION.

Grundy—Hilary on her own.

Lagerlof—Christ legends; tr. by V. S. Howard.

Mason—Pictures in black and white.

Robins—Under the Southern cross.

Wharton—The hermit and the wild woman, and other stories.

FINE ARTS.

Caffin—The story of American painting. 1907.

Clouston—English furniture and furniture-makers of the 18th century. 1906.

Fisher—The art of enameling upon metal, with a short appendix concerning miniature painting on enamel. 1906.

Laws of auction bridge. 1906.

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