CALHOUN CASE HANGS ON ELECTION

If Heney Loses District Attorney, It Means End of Graft Trials—Ethel Barrymore True to Frohman—New Cars to Haul Fruit Crop—Slot Machine Craze.

BY HARRY B. SMITH.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 26.—(Special.)—Few cases that have been tried in California have reached the magnitude in interest that has been attained by the Calhoun trial, on a charge of bribery, that was ended the first of the week by the dismissal of the jury, which stood ten for acquittal, and two for conviction and could not agree. While it has been the general opinion for weeks past that the jury would fail to agree, this did not lessen the feeling in any degree. San Francisco seemed divided into two camps. The general public was either for or against the prosecution with no middle ground.

Some surprise has been expressed that in view of the $50,000 that has been expended by the county in the trial of the case Judge Lawlor dismissed the jury before it had been discussing the case for 24 hours. Early Rogers, one of Calhoun's counsel, remarked in the courtroom that had the jury been ten for conviction, the Judge would not have discharged it as promptly as he did.

This is not believed by thinking men, however. Evidently the jurors were settled in their convictions. The ten were fully satisfied of the innocence of Calhoun and the other two, both Germans, were evidently convinced, beyond any chance of changing their minds, that the railroad president was guilty. The jurors had already suffered no little loss of their business affairs as a result of the close confinement to which they had been subjected and were appreciative when Judge Lawlor told them they could go.

Politics Now for Heney.

Even though there was not a vote of acquittal, it is regarded as a victory for the defense, because of the way the jury stood. It is hardly probable that the case will be up for retrial, at least for some months. Judge Lawlor has stated that the case is on the calendar as if it had never been tried. Mr. Heney, however, will desire to devote all of his attention to his candidacy for the District Attorneyship of San Francisco and will welcome a rest.

If Mr. Heney is elected, it is possible that he will force the case to a second trial. If he loses in the political campaign, nothing more will be heard of the Calhoun case. Among all classes, however, it is believed that the disagreement has lessened the chances of the prosecution to such an extent that Calhoun is practically immune from a conviction.

Ethel Barrymore's Denial.

The publication of a story a few days ago in a San Francisco morning paper to the effect that Ethel Barrymore was about to desert Charles Frohman and become one of the Shubert stars has brought about a vigorous denial from the actress in question. The story was played up as a first page sensation. It was declared that the representative of the Frohman interests and also the lady's husband saw to it that the actress could not be seen for an interview. It was this exclusiveness that raised the suspicion that she might be of a mind to jump her contract. In a general letter to the newspapers, however, Miss Barrymore quiets these fears. She says:

"The report that I am contemplating leaving the management of Charles Frohman for that of Messrs. Shubert is absolutely false. I am proud of being under Mr. Frohman's management and would rather remain in the service of that manager, even in the chorus, than to receive the highest honors possible under the direction of any other man or firm in the theatrical business. In view of the publication of this malicious and ridiculous rumor I would esteem it a great favor if you would give my unqualified denial the widest possible circulation."

Two Shubert Attractions.

Two of the Shubert attractions, or rather two attractions that play Shubert houses, have been in opposition for a week past and will wind up in San Francisco this week. One is "The Blue Mouse," a Shubert attraction with Shubert stars in the cast, and the other is Mrs. Fiske, who plays under the management of Mr. Fiske. Mrs. Fiske has an understanding with the Shuberts by which she can play their houses or other independent houses if she desires. In some manner she was booked into San Francisco for the same period as "The Blue Mouse," and they say that she has been getting the worst of the deal so far as drawing capacity is concerned.

Mrs. Fiske is playing at the Valencia, a house that was built by Mr. Green, the local bilboard advertising man, and which has been used as the home of a stock company. The Valencia, in the slang of the profession, has had a hoodoo hanging over it ever since it was first opened. It is a handsomely equipped theater, but to tell the truth is too far out. It is on Valencia street, near Fourteenth, too far away from the business center of San Francisco and not close enough to the Mission.

"The Blue Mouse" has been playing at The American to packed houses. It is a farce, pure and simple, but the theatrical critics give it the highest praise. "The Blue Mouse" is a bit risque, which doubtless lends interest, but it is far subdued from the German version, say the actors who have seen the original production.

San Francisco is the only city in California where the Shuberts have a theater at present and consequently the only place where "The Blue Mouse" will be shown. From here the company goes to Seattle, and then to Portland, which will about wind it up on the Pacific Coast.

Rushing Tea Into Country.

Fear of the enactment of a heavy tariff on tea is causing huge importations of that article. A cable has been sent to the steamship Asia, due here July 1, to "cut out" Honolulu and come direct to San Francisco from Yokohama. The cable added that the Asia was not to waste any time in making this port, either. Three thousand five hundred tons of tea are expected to arrive within the next few weeks.

The tea importers are still guessing about the tea tariff, but in the midst of their speculations they are not taking any chances of having to meet a tax. While the tinkering of the tariff is still in progress they are cabling correspondents in the Orient to hurry up all the tea that can be secured and get it within the United States as soon as possible. Nearly all the available space in steamers headed this way has been engaged for tea shipments. The Manchuria, which arrived a few days ago, had on board 1200 tons of tea. The Chiyo Maru has a cargo of 1300 tons.

Is Mrs. Baldwin Engaged?

Los Angeles society has been given at least a momentary sensation by a report circulated that Dr. Elbert Landome, faddist, child culturist and otherwise known to fame, is engaged to marry Mrs. Lillian Bennett Baldwin, widow of the late E. J. (Lucky) Baldwin. There were persistent statements from friends of the couple that the formal announcement of the engagement would be made within a few days. Dr. Landome and Mrs. Baldwin were found together by a newspaper man at a musical tea and each briefly denied the engagement. They were apparently not surprised at the report, however, and both were wreathed in pleasant smiles at the suggestion of their romance.

That the business of fruit-raising in California is on the increase is best illustrated by recent railroad news. It was given out this week that the Southern Pacific and other Harriman lines on this Coast, their adjunct, the Pacific Fruit Express Company, the Western Pacific Railroad Company, Santa Fe and Harriman's Pacific Electric Railway in Southern California have ordered for immediate delivery 7361 freight and passenger cars and locomotives at an aggregate cost of $10,951,500.

The Southern Pacific officials state that business is improving to such an extent that the Harriman lines need more rolling stock. Included in the order are 2000 boxcars, 55 steel passenger coaches, 30 steel baggage cars, 10 steel postal cars, 10 diners and seven observation coaches. The order also includes 30 consolidated freight engines, 20 passenger locomotives and 10 switch engines. Steel coaches cost $15,000 each, while the cost of freight locomotives is $18,500 apiece. The seven new observation coaches cost $16,500 apiece and the passenger locomotives $14,000 each.

Mr. Harriman also sees the need of 1500 more refrigerator cars. There are 6000 of them in use at the present time. When it is called to mind that the Santa Fe has 5000 or 6000 refrigerator cars of its own, the size of the green and citrus fruit business in California can be readily appreciated.

The Western Pacific is being rapidly completed as a new overland line, an extension of the Gould system from Salt Lake to this city. As it will be ready for operation probably in September, the officials want to have on hand a lot of new equipment.

Mint Makes Money.

The annual housecleaning of the San Francisco mint has proved a valuable asset to the Government. Thus far the walls have produced eight ounces of gold, which was swept off the plastering. The ratings on the inside of the widows were cleaned by the removal of 20 ounces. The carpets of the adjusters' room in which the women worked, netted 60 ounces of gold and another one in process of renovation, is expected to give up as much more.

A surprise was in the cleaning of a silver tube that passed from one room to another. It had not been used for a year, but, upon being scraped, quite a quantity of silver was recovered. The workmen are going over every spot on the walls and floors with a suction sweeper and the dust collected will be subjected to the refining process.

The largest results are expected when the crucibles are crushed and the gold taken from them. It is expected that about 15,000 ounces will be taken from the inside of the mint and from the tools, retorts and crucibles.

Two Big Palms Moved.

An especially difficult feat of landscape gardening that has taken the time of six men working for two weeks has been completed this week, when the 30-foot palm that stood on the H. E. Huntington grounds at California and Taylor streets were finally loaded on freight cars to be transported to the South. The palms are destined for Mr. Huntington's new place, Los Robles, just outside of San Gabriel in the southern part of the state.

Fairly large palms have been moved before, but none so large as these. Mr. Huntington, who is determined to have on his place the finest collection of palms and plants in America, valued these two particularly because they had lived through the fire. At that time they were burned to stumps and the new foliage has come out in the last three years. They were planted 20 years ago and at that time cost Mr. Huntington $100 apiece. They must now be worth $300 each and the cost of transplanting them will equal their value. Each palm, when boxed, roots, earth and all, weighed ten tons.

Last Week of Slot Machines.

The town is slot machine mad. At the end of this month this form of gambling ceases in San Francisco, so thousands are taking their fling at the fascinating game. There are 6000 of these machines. This is known from the tax collector's records. Many are in places that keep open all night, while most of them are in stores or stands which keep open from 12 to 14 hours. Several of the shrewdest gamblers in the city have been making a close study of the form of gambling. In their opinion, never in its history has San Francisco seen gambling on such a large scale is going on with the nickel-in-the-slot machines. Hundreds of the cigar stands today make no pretense of selling cigars. They do not have any time for it.

The gamblers in question say it is a reasonable estimate that $160,000 in nickels are passing through the machines daily. This means $10,800,000 for the month of June. They base the calculation on observations to the effect that 20 men on an average play each machine daily and that each one will average $3.

What will happen when July 1 rolls around and the ordinance enacted by the Supervisors becomes a law is hard to say. A large number of the stands will go out of business. The others will be forced to cut down their force of clerks and work for smaller profits. San Francisco has been known to the trade as the biggest consumer of high-priced cigars in the United States. But with the machines out of commission, the cigar merchants will be looking for a cheaper brand of goods.

Janzi Rigo, the gypsy violinist, who came to San Francisco under contract to Techau Tavern, a local restaurant soon to open, is having a remarkably good time at the expense of that institution. In fact he is much of an incubus on the hands of the tavern people. They have him on their hands and don't know what to do with him. They can't get their restaurant nnished for the opening before July 1, and here are Rigo, his wife and his band, and their salary began to run the middle of May. That means about seven weeks of idleness and the contract calls for $600 a week—$4200 for nothing. The tavern people wanted to farm out the gypsy to Los Angeles and get back part of their outlay, but he wouldn't stand for it, insisting that his contract was to play in San Francisco and not in the Southern city.

Tramping Across the Cascades

For a Summer's Outing, There Is No Country to Equal It.

BY B. A. CHILDERS.

If one wishes to enjoy an outing lasting three or four weeks, there is nothing to excel a trip across the Cascades. Any one of four routes may be selected. The Barlow Road, leading out from Portland and crossing the summit within 10 miles of Mt. Hood's snow-capped peak, will afford the despondent dyspeptic all the exercise needed to give him an appetite, insistent and insatiable. By the time he reaches the bunchgrass country he will be able to enjoy a meal composed entirely of bacon and beans, topped off with a cup of black coffee.

I have crossed the Cascades 12 times, the first trip being made in 1869, over the Barlow Road. At that date that road was something fearful. Laurel Hill was a holy terror then and all travelers dreaded it, from hearsay or experience. My dread was produced by stories told by others who had gone over that famous hill and the pictures I drew of its difficulties were verified by experience, with slight variations.

* * *

On the 12th of May, 1869, three of us, all young fellows and full of vim, agreed to drive a band of 1000 sheep to Boise, for a man named De Young. We had no shepherd dog, and it is left to the reader's imagination to picture the trouble we had with those sheep.

Sheep are the most obtuse animals that ever happened. I am thoroughly convinced from personal experience, that their heads are solid bone. I am fully satisfied that there was not an ounce of brains in that whole aggregation of cussedness. If the leader jumped at the fluttering of a leaf, every sheep, when it reached the spot, promptly sprang into the air.

On one occasion this jumping proclivity led to dire results. We were fording a stream—there were but few bridges in those days—when, towards the tail-end of the band, a fool sheep sprang over the bank and landed in about four feet of water. Promptly, and without hesitation, all the tail-end followed, until between 200 and 300 were in the water. It took us three hours to fish them out, and only 30 were drowned at that. I never fully realized the significance of the line, "We all like sheep have gone astray," until after that episode.

Talk about "the blind leading the blind." It is not in it with a lot of idiotic sheep that will not see. Their motto seems to be: "Whithersoever thou goest I will go," and they live up to their religion, too. That is more than can be said of some men.

* * *

Our troubles had been many, but the culmination was reached at Laurel Hill. There everything combined to make life one continuous howl of misery. The "pack," which weighed 300 pounds, turned nine times before we reached the summit. The last time we cinched it we squeezed the horse's stomach so tight against his spine that we made a bump in his back like a camel's. The old man afterwards sold him to a tenderfoot, who thought he was buying a new variety of dromedary.

Whenever the pack turned, the sheep, true to their instinctive cussedness, scattered. By the time we had them straightened out again the pack was under the horse. And so it went for three long hours. I never realized until then the limitations of the English language in regard to cuss-words. I felt the need of an unabridged dictionary composed entirely of expletives. What made it more strenuous for me was having to swear for Walker Hinton as well as myself. Walker was inclined to be pious, but whenever I blew off an extra torrent of cuss-words he always took off his hat and made faces. I could see a look of relief steal over his face like a full-fed baby after nursing time.

The sheep part of this sketch is purely a digression, but it has been pestering me for 40 years, and if I do not get rid of it now I am doomed to carry it to the far end of life's rugged road, and, perhaps, take it across the Laurel Hill of eternity with me. This I am unwilling to do, as I shall be encumbered with enough things without a lot of bally sheep bleating in my ears and distracting my attention from more serious business.

* * *

My second trip across the Cascades was made in 1873, over the military road, leading out from Eugene City. This road traverses some of the most picturesque mountain regions of Oregon. It passes close to Diamond Peak, where the eternal snows reign in all their pristine beauty. Occasional glimpses of the Three Sisters are had, and, far to the south, Mount Shasta, snow-crowned and majestic, lifts her crest into the realms of eternal snow.

Three of us left Eugene on July 5, determined on having a good time, and, incidentally, exploring the Deschutes and Bear Creek countries. We were building air castles filled with sheep, and were looking for a location suitable for the business.

We had a 4-year-old mule, "wild as the wild deer and untamed," which we packed. Owing to some peculiar sinuosity of that mule's mental makeup, a pack did not strike him as a desirable acquisition, and he promptly proceeded to scatter its contents over about 10 acres of vacant land. We repacked and he rebucked, until we reached Butte Disappointment, where I decided to change places with the pack. I knew it would take less time to collect me than our scattered outfit, and I had it in for that mule, anyway.

Through sympathy for the reader, and to preserve a semblance of veracity, I shall draw a veil over the subsequent antics of that mule. It may be well to say, however, that a change of loads did not lessen his bucking proclivities. When I was not getting "on" to him, I was getting "off," and always in an undignified position. I really believe that mule knew more different ways to buck than the man who invented the art, and he had less regard for a man's feelings than a Summer girl at a seaside resort. Several times he had me imbued with the impression that I was a bird, but the illusion always vanished when I hit the ground. And yet, in a way, I have always liked that mule. He certainly had the courage of his convictions, and, if being shown was any criterion to his nativity, he was from Missouri.

Near Butte Disappointment is a shaft of solid rock, 500 feet high. Its base is about 25 feet, with a gradual swell to the height of 50 feet, where it has a diameter of approximately 60 feet. From this point it tapers rapidly, ending in a beautiful spire. It sways and teeters in the breeze, but the center of gravity is so low there is no danger of overturning.

* * *

We reached Rigdon's, the last house in the mountains, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. It was nine miles to the Beaver Dam Camp, and we decided to press on to that point. We were told of an immense cougar that lurked along the road and caught full-grown cattle. They warned us of the danger to be met in going through the dense timber so late in the day, but we scoffed at their warning and rode on unafraid.

About three miles from Rigdon's the unexpected happened. The road ran through a forest of towering firs, so dense that it was dusky at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. I was bringing up the rear, mule-fashion, when I heard a terrific crashing on the left, behind me. I turned my head, thinking a deer had been feeding which did not see us until we passed.

I was horrified to see a cougar as big as a horse, coming straight for me. The boys both had guns, while I had only a revolver and a wild mule. I drew the revolver, determined to take a shot at the animal as it made the last leap. Then I knew it would be up to the mule, the cougar and me.

I never took my eyes off that brute, as he came at me with the fury of hell in his eyes, but I kept saying, "Shoot, boys! Shoot! Shoot!" Not a shot broke the stillness, and I could not turn my head to see what my companions were doing. I was too busy.

* * *

The last spring the animal made he landed within 10 feet of me, then whirled suddenly and sprang for the dog, that had stopped, petrified, about 30 yards behind me. I shuddered to think what would have happened to that cougar if he had not changed his course. I should have certainly landed on him in beautiful shape. I had fully made up my mind to fill him full of lead, although I noticed afterward that I had forgotten to cock my revolver.

The instant the cougar turned I sprang from the mule and ran to the nearest man for his gun. He was sitting there, a frozen picture of horror, his face whiter than it will be in death. The other man was in the same condition. Both were paralyzed with fright.

Seizing the gun, I started after the dog and cougar, who were having the race of their lives. The dog was, anyway. For one hundred yards the cougar would be up in the air over the dog, but before he could get down the dog would be gone. And, yell! Lord! I never heard a dog make so much noise in my life.

Finally the big cat gave it up, and before I could shoot, sprang into the timber and disappeared. I tried to get the dog to chase him, but, like myself, he had lost no panther of that size.

The boys—both full-grown men—admitted they were scared to death. They declared, however, if the animal had caught me they would have seen fair play. "No other bloody cougar," said they, "would have been allowed to interfere." For this assurance I have always felt grateful, but I have had my doubts.

* * *

The road leaving Albany and meandering the Santiam presents many desirable features. At Fish Lake, on the summit, is splendid camping ground. During the early part of the season the lake is full of trout. Later the lake becomes dry, and a luxuriant growth of swamp grass covers the ground where the water of the lake stood.

Two miles from Fish Lake is located Clear Lake, which is the clearest body of water in the world. Trout can be distinctly seen near the bottom, 100 feet below the surface. The eastern part of the lake is bottomless, and its waters are icy cold, with a strong current, although no outlet is visible.

John Murphy, of Monmouth, and I fished the lake one whole day, catching three little fellows. Just before sundown I noticed the east side of the lake, which seemed to be boiling. On rowing over there we found that all the commotion was caused by millions of trout, feeding.

Between sundown and dark we caught 37, the smallest being 16 inches long and the largest 26 inches. When darkness fell they quit biting. In all my experience I have never met such voracious trout nor finer specimens.

* * *

Beyond the mountains and near the summit is Blue Lake. It is the home of myriads of trout, three men catching two bushels in one day there with hook and line. These rarely reached a foot in length.

The last road crossing the Cascades from the Willamette is the McKenzie. It starts from Eugene and follows the stream from which it takes its name well into the mountains.

This road passes through the widest lava beds of any of the roads crossing the Cascades. For many miles the ring of the horses' shoes is heard as distinctly as steel striking steel. But few stunted trees grow in this vast area, where not a particle of soil is visible. Down between the clefts in the lava the roots thrust themselves and gather sufficient nourishment to sustain life.

The fishing and hunting on the McKenzie are unexcelled in Oregon. Lafe Williams killed 128 deer along the river on one hunting trip. This was accomplished by simply watching the trails as the deer came down in the Fall.

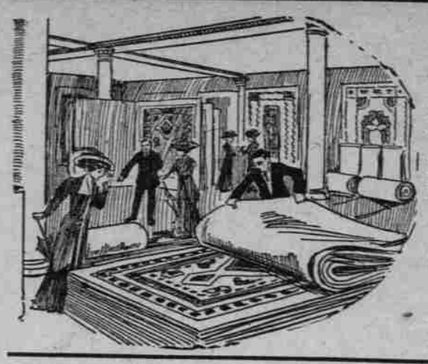
Petty Fraud Is Forgery.

PARIS, June 26.—(Special.)—Two brothers, named Pierre and Gaston Garric, are being tried at Abeyron for a curious crime. Six years ago Pierre, who was then only 17, fell in love, and as his marriage at that age was illegal, he borrowed his elder brother's birth certificate and was married in his name.

A few months ago his older brother, who had forgotten all about this little fraud, got married himself, and when told that he was married already was surprised into a confession.

The penalty which the two brothers may incur is a serious one, for the use of another man's birth certificate and the signature to his name of a marriage contract is looked on as forgery, and Gaston is charged with being an accomplice.

Regularly prepared manuscript sheets were circulated as newspapers in China, Rome and Venice long before the invention of printing.



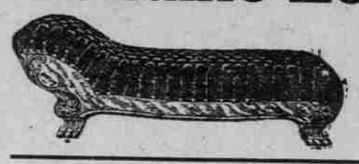
Bigelow Axminster Carpet $1.49

This is one of the great specials we are offering in our Carpet Department this week. Over 1000 yards of the finest Bigelow Axminster in two-tone greens, red and tans, blues and tans, etc., regular $2.25 values in any carpet house in Portland, on special sale (and as much of it as you want), for only—the yard $1.49

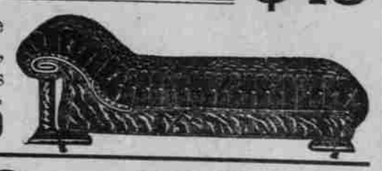
Great Axminster Rug Special, $25.00

Ask to see our Special Axminster Rugs, 9x12 feet in size, $33.50 values, selling this week at only $25

Genuine Leather Couches $50-$70 Values $45



Twenty-five styles to choose from. Genuine leather-covered couches, full spring construction, diamond tufted, quartered oak frames; values from $50 to $70, on special sale this week at only $45



"New Method" Gas Ranges

The "New Method" Gas Range has a patent burner that acts as a gas-saver. The manufacturers guarantee that these burners consume ONE-FOURTH LESS GAS than the old style gas range burners. They are made of polished key steel and aluminum instead of pig iron. This is a feature worth investigating. Allow our salesmen to explain their principle to you. Prices from

$10 to $50

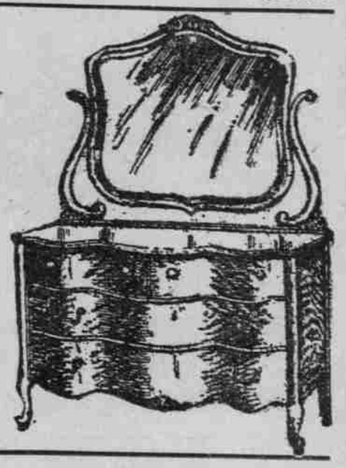
Easy terms if desired.

Plain Couch $3.75

Not tufted, but covered in plain green denim, size 3x6½ feet; worth $6.50. Special Monday and Tuesday $3.75

Fine Dressers

Quartered Oak,
Birdseye Maple,
Tuna Mahogany,
Dark Mahogany.

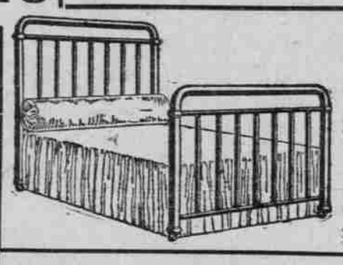


There are 50 fine Dressers in this lot perfect in every detail, in many models; equal to any $35 dresser in the market; on special sale all week at only $22.50

"Alaska" Refrigerators

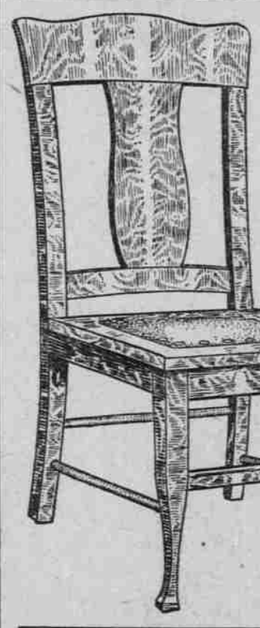
The old reliable charcoal-filled refrigerators. A full line in stock. There is no equal to the "Alaska." It is a perfect food-preserver at a minimum cost of ice. Inferior refrigerators will cost you as much as the "Alaska."

NO. 21—This size (11x11x16 ice box) has a food compartment 15x18 inches, with two galvanized iron shelves, suitable for family use. **PRICE $16.00.** Other sizes as low as **$8.25**; $1 down, $1 a week.



This Brass Bed Special at $35

No. 16061—Made just like the cut of heavy 2-inch brass tubing, by Simmon's patent electrical process, which guarantees that the brass will not tarnish; in bright or satin finish.



Another Big Shipment

Another big shipment of these popular Dining Chairs arrived just in time to be included in this great June Sale. The last shipment was exhausted within 10 days.

A $5 Chair for Only $2.50

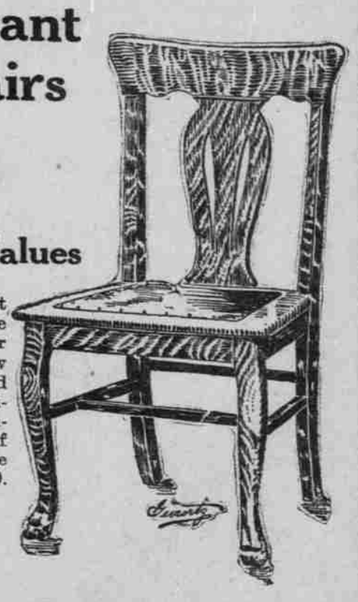
NO. 151—Solid Oak Box-Seat Diner, made just like the cut. Genuine leather-covered seat—well made and will last for years. Very neat and attractive design, **$15.00** a set, or **$2.50** each. We are not often able to offer such bargains in high-class diners. Ask to see style No. 151.

JUST LIKE THE CUT

These Elegant Dining Chairs

$4.50

Regular $6.50 Values



NO. 892—These Chairs are just like the cut, which was made from photo. Genuine leather seats, full box; carved claw feet. Made of finest selected quarter-sawed oak, polish finish—the product of the Indianapolis Chair Co., makers of high-grade chairs. An article that sells regularly for $6.50. On special sale at

$4.50

CUT MADE FROM PHOTO

Lady's Desk

Golden Oak, mahogany, birdseye maple, weathered oak; regular $16 vals., for only **$13.00**

$1 down; $1 a week.

№ 279.

Why Gevurtz Sells the Cheapest:

We Buy in Immense Quantities & Ship in Full Carload Lots

LOW PRICES — EASY TERMS

GEVURTZ & SONS