

ASTOR'S HEIR TO WED LADY VILLIERS

(Journal Special Service.)

LONDON, Aug. 12.—Society at first was disinclined to take any stock in the rumor of an engagement between young Waldorf Astor and Lady Edith Villiers, daughter of the Earl of Clarendon, but the fact that neither family will deny the report and the further fact that the young people continue to spend much time in one another's company has led many to the conclusion that after all there may be something in the story. The Lady Villiers has been receiving marked attention from a peer, who has no claims to the vast wealth of young Astor, and there are known to be several other suitors, so that the young American wins out he will have the satisfaction of knowing that he leaves a number of disappointed rivals on the field. The victory, if victory is won as now appears probable, may be attributed to those qualities which always places

America in the lead. For young Astor, unlike his sire, is a good American citizen. Notwithstanding the fact that he has passed the greater part of his youth in England and quite naturally has absorbed English ideas to a greater or less extent, it is said by his intimate friends that he cherishes the overseas owing likeness for the land of the stars and stripes. He is a good orator, a fine horseman and an enthusiastic huntsman. Recently he has become interested in politics and is a follower of Lord Rosebery. Upon the death of his father he will inherit the greater part of an estate valued at more than \$200,000,000. The Lady Villiers is not a great beauty, but she is clever and brilliant with a great dignity of bearing. Her father, who is Lord Chamberlain of England, has held many political offices, and is a great favorite with King Edward, as he was also of the late Queen.

NEW ROAD

Being Built to Open the New South.

(Journal Special Service.)

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Aug. 12.—The construction of the Kentucky Northern railroad through the northeast corner of Estill County to a connection with the Louisville & Atlantic has begun and will be pushed to rapid completion. The new road will assist in the development of some 8,000 acres of the most valuable coal and timber lands in the state.

NOTABLE MEET

Employer and Employee to Discuss Their Relations.

(Journal Special Service.)

ST. PAUL, Minn., Aug. 12.—The committee in charge of the local arrangements for the convention of employer and employee to be held here next month is in receipt of advices which indicate that the gathering will be one of the most noteworthy and important ever held in the country, both in point of character and of men participating and in the influence likely to flow from it. Heads of great manufacturing establishments will meet on the same plane with their workers and discuss in friendly spirit the questions which concern them both. Among the problems to be considered will be the question of the eight-hour day, that of making the home of the American laboring man more pleasant, strikes, lockouts, labor legislation and similar questions involving the relation of employer and employee.

BIG TENNIS TOURNAMENT

Northwest Enthusiasts Are Volleying Fast at Colorado Springs.

(Journal Special Service.)

COLORADO SPRINGS, Col., Aug. 12.—One of the biggest tennis tournaments ever held in this part of the country opened auspiciously today on the courts of the Town and Gown Golf Club. Among the contestants are the best players from Denver, Pueblo, Salt Lake, Cripple Creek, Kansas City and a number of other places. The tournament continues through the remainder of the week, and at its conclusion several handsome trophies will be given to the winners.

EWERT TO WED.

(Journal Special Service.)

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Aug. 12.—A number of guests are here from out of town for the wedding of Col. Theodore Ewert, assistant adjutant general, and Miss Nellie M. Bell, daughter of Captain and Mrs. John C. Bell. The ceremony will be performed this evening at the residence of the bride's parents, the officiating clergyman being the bridegroom's brother, the Rev. A. L. P. Ewert, of Jacksonville, chaplain of the Fifth Regiment, I. N. G.

TO RIVAL KLONDIKE

Nezina Creek Is the Latest Alaskan Eldorado.

(Journal Special Service.)

SEATTLE, Aug. 12.—More than \$1,000 was brought from Nezina Creek, Alaska, by E. W. Brown, and two men named Hubbard and Minch from Valdez aboard the steamship Santa Ana. Besides this amount \$1,000 came by express consigned to the First National Bank. The Santa Ana brought 50 passengers, 105 barrels of salmon and 20 tons of general freight. The men referred to believe that Nezina Creek will soon rival the Klondike. Brown has 15 men working on his claim and will take back an outfit. His rock broken by a passing train, a 12 lb dog, weighing 21 pounds, was picked up recently at Galgate, near Leicester, England.

A BIRD CAGE FOR A BURRO

A Deputy Sheriff Did Not Understand Colorado Synonyms.

H. C. Brown was detected at Valverde dancing on a bird cage and saying savagely to himself, "Brown canary with three scallops in the ear." Oh, Mr. Conley, let me get at you once.

It was a hot, sleepy morning, with dust storm attachments which didn't help sight when Mr. Brown set out. He had glanced at his papers when Conley gave them to him merely to get the address. For H. C. Brown—Deputy Sheriff—was bound to Valverde to replenish a "brown canary with three scallops in the ear," the property of James Murphy, whom James McFerran is suing. "Brown canary—value \$25—him, no cage," said H. C. Brown, who didn't own the hotel of that name. "Well, I can see myself bringing that bird home in me hat—I don't think." And he bought a pretty brass cage for temporary prison.

Now a man walking through Valverde with a brand new empty brass bird cage looks bad to begin with. The Valverde police thought so, anyway, and came as one man to investigate. "Who be you, whar ye goin', 'n what ye doin' with that?" he asked. "My name is Henry C. Brown," he replied that one, "and I am going to the house of James Murphy to get a brown canary with three scallops in its ear, value \$25." "Here—you'll fall out of bed in a minute," said the Valverde constable, who knows only of the other Henry C. Brown. And Brown's hardest blow was to come. He found Murphy all right, but—"Canary? Sure we have none," said Murphy. McFerran was hunted up. "Canary?" said he. "Well—yes, a Rocky mountain canary—twas the moke I meant—the burro there. Mr. Conley was having his joke, I guess." And this was where Brown, Deputy Sheriff, stamped his bird cage and said things into the pure air of Valverde.—Denver Post.

CAPTAIN PUTMAN BRADLEE STRONG.



The mad escapade of Captain Putman Bradlee Strong, who gave up a splendid promising military career to gratify a passing passion, is calculated to have a fatal effect upon his mother. The heart-broken woman is reported to be at death's door as a result of her son's shameful conduct.

No More Pemmanican.

Fifty years ago pemmanican was the shifting and scanty population of the Northwest what flour is in the present day to English-speaking peoples in most civilized portions of the globe—the staple and most common food of the country. Then it was always made from the buffalo, which covered the Western plains. The great fur corporation known as

the Hudson Obay Company bought hundreds of bags of the dark nutritious compound annually from the Indians for use at its trading posts scattered over the vast wilderness stretching from the Red river and Hudson bay to the Rocky mountains, and from the Saskatchewan to the Arctic sea, a region then designated Prince Rupert's Land. Pemmanican (or more properly simcekon) is a Greek word meaning a mixture of something made with fat. It was composed of buffalo meat, dried in the sun and pounded fine, mixed with melted fat, and was sewn up in sacks made from the raw hide of the buffalo, with hair outside. It did not rot in winter, but was in fact wholesome strong food, which would keep for years. If the buffalo was important to the fur trader, the ungainly animal was life itself to the red man, for it furnished him with everything his heart could desire, or with the means of procuring it. And as, owing to the migratory instincts of the herds, which took them first into the recognized territory of one tribe and next into that of an enemy fresh meat was not always obtainable, pemmanican was the form in which the Indian preserved and laid away his store of provisions against the day of scarcity.—Canadian Magazine.

BOER BOYS



These bright looking youngsters are the sons of famous Boer leaders, and if they inherit the patriotism and energy of their sires may play a leading part in the development of the new South Africa. The boy in the upper picture is Mathys Johann DeWet, nephew of the great leader. The other is Joubert Retsz, son of the Transvaal's former Secretary of State.

Wouldn't It Jar You?

Can a saw buck?—St. Joseph News. You bet! Can a horse fiddle?—Keokuk Gate City. Sure. Can a chimney swallow?—Chicago Tribune. Certainly. Ever hear a ginger snap?—Topeka Capital. Yep. Ever see a bed spring?—Kansas City Journal. Of course. Can a rail fence?—New York World. Yes, and wouldn't a fence rail at such stuff?—Portland Journal. To be sure. And wouldn't a railroad? How would a crash suit?—Baltimore American. First rate. But isn't the weather vane. Philadelphia Telegram. Rather. Was it a banana peel that made the night fall?—Chicago Record-Herald. And what was it that made the water fall and the cowslip?

Enormous Boneless Fish.

A York fisherman relates an experience he had the other day in capturing a curious specimen of the finny tribe which is puzzling everybody to determine exactly what sort of a sea monster it is. He was about two miles from Boon Island when he felt a tug on his six-pound line. He commenced to pull in, but found that he had tackled a hard job. He finally got the monster into the boat and brought it in. The fish is of a muddy color, over six feet long, and with a head that is fifty three-quarters of a yard wide at the widest part. It has a mouth resembling a shark and small teeth. The teeth are not hard as would naturally be expected in a fish of this size. Its eyes are about as big round as an old-fashioned copper cent. The fish weighs 200 pounds. One of the strangest things about the fish is the apparent absence of bones.

FAME'S PATHWAY.

President Roosevelt has still in his employ Alfred Davis, the old negro who drove Mr. Roosevelt to the polls when he cast his first vote. William J. Bryan is having constructed for his Lincoln home a mantelpiece made of bits of stone from every state which he carried in the last election. M. Raffalli, an impressionist artist of Paris, says he has discovered a system of painting with solid sticks of oil color, giving all the effects of pastel drawings and also solidity of texture. He claims that it will revolutionize the entire system of painting and greatly simplify the art.

The Journal Short Story

Smells of ether and iodiform pervaded the thick, hot atmosphere of No. 1. Some surgical instruments slid about on the operating table as the hospital auxiliary gave a steep and clumsy roll to starboard. The stricken officer moaned a little, for the dipping of the vessel had almost carried Merron off his feet, thus momentarily tightening the latching in the torn flesh. Straightway the staff surgeon dropped on his knees, and with redoubled care continued his sewing.

He growled: "My lord! I would to God they were here and under my hands, lying, too, in this stinking old tub! Hospital ships? Not a single one to be had after all their talk! Clarity as usual comes to the rescue and provides some stop-gap arrangements."

It was just after midday. The victorious squadron was gradually assuming its wonted form. Battleships were steaming in line abreast with tolerable regularity, the most of them towing their halt and shattered escorts, overmuch occupied with keeping their upper works above water. A cluster of prizes were in the rear between the squadron and the two big armored cruisers hovering on the southeast sea-rim for interception of some missing reinforcements of the enemy.

Merron finished the operation on his insensible patient. He gave a dissatisfied shake of his head. "It is no good, Bailey," he said, in a disappointed voice, putting down his dulled instruments. "The splinter is lodged too deep for us. Stitch him up, renew bandages round his thighs, and bring him to his senses. Poor soul! He may have some last message for his folks. I'm going off to wash and take a look round, and I'll be back in a little. Gently, Ryan, with him. His body's one patch of silk. The shell ripped him up from toe to toe." He stopped at the cabin door, and ran his eye over the dropped shoulders and unbraced body of the young surgeon. "Better take a spell off, Bailey, after you've given an eye to Lieutenant Prachett. If that internal bleeding doesn't cease very soon we will lose our man. But get a sleep. I'll wake you in an hour or so."

Bailey looked up, a faint smile on his haggard face. Like the rest of folks, he worshipped his "Chief."

"No, thanks, sir; I'm fit for some hours yet," was his prompt answer. "Bandages in Nos. 2, 3, 5 and 7 are to be overhauled again."

"You will go off, as I have said," Merron exclaimed, a shadow of approval on his gray face. "I will attend to the bandages. But keep Prachett in mind before you turn in. By-the-by, no identity slip came across with that officer. Any idea who he is?"

"The navigating officer of the Formidable, sir—the boat that fell in with us last night from the south. She's to stiffen the First reserve, I understand. The coxswain of the hospital launch said his name was Gilmour or Filmer. He's bringing the voucher with this next boatload, sir, from the Carthage of the secondary cases."

Merron approached the N. O., in whose eyes an appeal was plainly written. The staff surgeon bent down and put his ear close to the mumbly lips.

"Prachett. I want—Prachett," came in scarce audible words.

"Prachett?" said Merron, in his ear. "Prachett! Second of the Thetis. I want—him—now," was the burden of breath drawn swiftly home through clenched teeth. Then came the little hacking cry, "How long have I got?"

Merron shook his head. Only his kind, nervous eyes answered the terrible question. A flash of strange agony blinded all expression on the officer's face.

Merron's brows wrinkled themselves; in some perplexity he gazed down at him. The slightest movement of the body might work the splinter obliquely against the heart. Was it prudent to act in the matter?

The officer opened his eyes. He muttered in a tremulous voice, sorely shurt of breath:

"Have you sent for him? I must see him—put things straight—Prachett!"

"He can't come, I fear," Merron said soothingly. "You perhaps do not—"

"Come! He'd come a thousand miles to see me die—hates me," the officer gasped, breathless. "Prachett come? Oh, yes! And a horrid, derisive cackle fled out over the ghastly white lips. Then Merron bent down, towel in hand, and the next second came the belch of blood.

In time the stricken man became dimly conscious of people beside him to the left and the clatter of fine, delicate steel instruments being spread out alongside him.

"It's chance, nothing but a chance!" Merron said, wearily; "but the operation

B. P. O. E.



To The Most Popular Elk IN OREGON OR WASHINGTON WHO WILL WIN?

The Order of Elks is notably a progressive one. The Portland Lodge of Elks is especially so. For every enterprise of public interest they can always be counted on to carry out their part to a successful issue. A few years ago the order here planned and carried out with great éclat a society circus. In 1900 the Portland Lodge gave Portland its first street carnival, and now the lodge is pushing on another venture of the same kind: Benevolent Protective Order of Elks is what these antlered monarchs call themselves, but which they abbreviate, after the American fashion, to B. P. O. E. Some way once declared that these letters stand for "Best People on Earth." This isn't very far from the truth, either.

The Oregon Daily Journal believes that so progressive and popular an organization as the Elks must necessarily be made up of popular men. To settle the question as to which is the most popular member, The Journal will leave the public to decide. It has purchased a beautiful loving cup of silver which will be awarded to the Elk receiving the highest number of votes. Coupons for votes will be printed in The Journal. Fill them out and return them to this office. The contest will close September 13th. Now is the time to work for your friends.

The Most Popular Elk in Oregon or Washington is
Voter's Name
This Coupon not good after Aug. 17th. Contest closes Sept. 13th

- FIRST—Votes may be cast on coupons cut from The Oregon Daily Journal.
- SECOND—To be eligible the Elk voted for must be a member in good standing.
- THIRD—The Elk receiving the greatest number of votes will receive The Journal's beautiful Loving Cup, valued at \$125.00.
- FOURTH—Address all coupons to the Contest Editor, care of The Oregon Daily Journal. Contest closes September 13th.
- FIFTH—Voters may avoid cutting out coupons by prepaying subscriptions and receiving credit in the ballot as follows:

SUBSCRIPTIONS IN ADVANCE

One Month	60 Coupons
Three Months	180 Coupons
Six Months	360 Coupons
Twelve Months	720 Coupons

Remittances from the city or country by mail should be accompanied by letter or remittance coupon stating to which candidate votes are to be credited.

The Oregon Daily Journal Remittance Coupon.
The Oregon Daily Journal, Portland, Oregon:
Enclosed find \$..... for The Oregon Daily Journal to be sent to
Name.....
Address.....
Please cast..... votes for
Name of contestant.....

Votes will only be credited on paid-in-advance subscriptions or on coupons cut from The Oregon Daily Journal.

This beautiful Journal's Loving Cup, now on exhibition in the windows of Feidenheimer's Jewelry Store, Cor. Third and Washington Streets.

The counting of the ballots at the end of the contest will be conducted by a committee of Elks, to be named by five of the leading contestants for the cup.

BATTLE FLAGS FLY IN COUNCIL BLUFFS

(Journal Special Service.)

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Ia., Aug. 12.—Battle flags are flying in Council Bluffs today and the air resounds with martial music. Thousands of veterans, young and old, are to be seen about the streets and other outward indications are abundant that a great military gathering is on the tapis. The occasion is the third annual reunion of the National Society, Army of the Philippines, which was formally opened today and will continue through the remainder of the week. Many officers of high rank are taking an active interest in the reunion, among the number being Gen. MacArthur, Gen. Charles King, Gen. Irving Hale, Gen. Lloyd Wheaton and others. Today's proceedings consisted of addresses of welcome and responses and the work of organization. President Donald McRae,

Jr., and Secretary Summer Knox greeted the visitors on behalf of the Iowa veterans, and response was made by Gen. Francis Green, president of the national society. Messages of greeting were received from President Roosevelt, Senator Beveridge and others. The roll call showed a large attendance, particularly from Minnesota, the Dakotas, Iowa, Kansas and Michigan.

A parade, camp fire, sham battle, banquet and review are features of the three day's entertainment program. Much interest is manifested in the sham battle, which will be a typical Philippine fight. The soldiers representing the American forces, will cross a shallow lagoon on the shores of Lake Manawa to an island, where the soldiers representing the Philippines are to be hidden in the willows and rushes.

The final estimate of the wheat crop in India, for the season of 1902 recently given out by the statistical department of the government of India, gives the yield as 6,000,000 tons of 23½ pounds.

BIG BATTLESHIP IS STARTED AT NEW YORK

(Journal Special Service.)

NEW YORK, Aug. 12.—Active preparations already are under way at the New York Navy Yard for the construction of the new 16,000-ton battleship Connecticut. Immense piles are being driven to form the foundation for the cradle on which the vessel will be built. The officers in charge appreciate the fact that much depends upon their efforts, for upon the speed and effectiveness shown in the construction of the new man of war depend in a great measure the prospects of the establishment of a government shipbuilding plant at the yard. Every effort will be made by those concerned in the direction of the construction of the battleship to keep the manufacturers of armor and machinery strictly to their contract time. If it can be proved that battleships may be built as quickly and as well at the navy yard as at private shipyards the facilities for shipbuilding will, it is hoped, be much increased and made permanent.