

SENATOR GORMAN GETTING ACTIVE

Story of Political Manueverings in Maryland and the East in Preparation for Democratic Convention.

Close Figuring Between Mill and Bryan Factions, by the Adroit Senator Who Is Also a Gold Man.

(Journal Special Service.) WASHINGTON, July 21.—Senator A. P. Gorman has sent word to the faithful in Maryland that he will start back from Europe August 25, in order to look over the field carefully before the Maryland state convention meets in the middle of September. It is practically assured that Mr. Gorman will cause to be adopted by the Maryland delegates a platform that will be a compromise between Bryan and Eastern Democrats of the Hill-Cleveland type. None of the Maryland aspirant's friends or followers claim ever to have been enamored of the Western silver leader or his principles and it is probably true that if Mr. Gorman did not give the word stopping such action, they would throw the Nebraska overboard at the Baltimore convention. It is believed, however, that the Senator from Maryland is too "foxy" to be caught in any such trap as this. He will not repudiate Mr. Bryan, whom he supported in two campaigns in a manner that was pleasing neither to the Eastern Democracy nor to the Western. However, the position of defiance and at least made some show of support should hold the followers of Mr. Gorman from bolting Gorman should the Senator be the standard-bearer for the Democracy in 1904. In addition, it might cause the Nebraska leader to lose the support of the Western believers in the ratio of 16 to 1 to support Gorman on the stump.

Mr. Gorman a Gold Man. It is well known in the East that Mr. Gorman himself is a gold man and they might be willing to support him, and if he did not make the silver plank and the Kansas City platform in general. The fact that Senator Blackburn, of Kentucky, who in 1890 was a devout and vociferous follower of Mr. Bryan, has come out openly for Mr. Gorman has greatly encouraged the Marylanders supporters at home, and his lieutenants are using this to good effect in the quiet campaign they are conducting for him in his absence. Since the assassination of Governor Goebel, Senator Blackburn has had very good control in Kentucky and if he maintains his grip upon the Democratic machine in that state, he may be able to deliver the Blue Grass delegation to Gorman at the convention next year. Senator Bacon and Senator Clay have also signed in Kentucky in line for Gorman. The recent visit of Judge Alton B. Parker to their state may make the job somewhat more difficult than it would have been otherwise.

A New Story. A new story of Senator Gorman's political rise is being told by the Gorman biographers. They maintain that the Gorman political methods. The fact that he started as a page in the Senate and rose rapidly in that august body until he became one of the members and one of the most dexterous leaders, holding various positions mentioned in the preceding Senate postmaster is well known. But how he came first to be elected to the Senate is just now being told. For years, while a subordinate officer of the Senate, Mr. Gorman was one of the lieutenants in Maryland of Pincney Whyte, who was accused in his day one of the shrewdest political managers in the country and who represented his state in the Senate a number of terms. When the Democrats gained control of the Senate for a brief time in 1878, Mr. Gorman who had already been postmaster for that body, aspired to be its secretary. Accordingly he asked his political chief, Senator Pincney Whyte, for his support for that office. "You are not qualified for that office," stormed Whyte, who belonged to the old imperious school of Senators. "Then I here and now serve notice on you," said Gorman, "that I will wrench your seat away from you and occupy it myself."

That was in 1877. Two years later Gorman went before the people of Maryland and later before the Legislature and defeated Whyte for the Senatorship. Not content with the humiliation of his erstwhile master, Gorman drove Whyte completely out of politics. Although the aged statesman is still alive nothing is ever heard from him.

MAY BE A SUICIDE IN THE WILLAMETTE

Late this afternoon a coat and vest were found on the bank of the Willamette River, near the Standard Box Factory, and taken to police headquarters, where it was found from letters in the pocket that the property evidently belonged to J. M. Montgomery. The clothing was found by E. H. Wright, who notified the police.

From the location of the clothing it is thought a suicide has been committed. A Masonic pin was fastened to the vest. The police have no record of any one by the name of Montgomery as missing.

One of the letters was addressed: "In case anything happens to me, notify Gertie Montgomery, 2314 North Sixtieth street, Seattle." He had also written a letter to this address, telling his wife that he had been sick and was out of work. The letter had never been mailed, though written two days ago.

SUIT AGAINST RAILROAD

The trial of the case of Le Roy S. Davidson against the Astoria & Columbia River Railroad Company was begun before United States District Judge Bellinger this morning without the intervention of a jury. The taking of testimony will probably be completed by tomorrow morning, and then the arguments will be made. Davidson sues for \$3,500 for injuries sustained from a fall from a plank along the company's right-of-way in the City of Astoria. He alleges that the company had improperly relaid the plank along the route granted it by the city and that he was injured by stepping off one of these "nightfalls."

HE KNEW A GOOD THING

According to J. W. Wallace in the Spatula, ice cream has been in existence since 1545. Indeed, this writer thinks he discovers ice cream in the Bible, and quotes the text: "And Isaac brought forth the milk of the goat, cool with the snow of the mountains, and said to Abraham, 'Eat and drink, for the sun is hot, that thou mayest be cool.'"

MAY HAVE BEEN A QUANTRELL BANDIT

Strange Tale of a Traveler Concerning Chance Meeting in Oregon City.

"Once I stayed five whole days in Oregon City," remarked F. G. Bennett, a traveling man of San Francisco, between cigar puffs last night.

"Spending your honeymoon, I presume?"

"No, I have never married."

"Then fishing? That is the next best guess I can make."

"Wrong again. I suppose now you will want to know how I came to make such a prolonged stay in your old town," continued the commercial agent, noticing the puzzled look of his interrogator. "Well, I went there for business, but I stayed out of curiosity. The night I got there I met an old acquaintance, at the hotel. I had met him in Denver in the latter '70s, when Colorado was fairly wild, when Tabor was not a millionaire and when Cripple Creek was unheard of. We played a little card game together and he incidentally mentioned the fact that he had traveled with Jesse James and that the Younger boys were old acquaintances. But that has nothing to do with the story. He treated me nicely, invited me to take a cigar between games and accidentally displayed a pair of six-shooters. Whereupon, I failed to hold winning cards."

"But to make a long story short, I bumped into this man at Oregon City, four years ago. He was old and peaceable, and while we sat over a game of cards the James boys and the Youngers and the six-shooters were forgotten. In fact, the ex-Guerrilla had nothing to say except when I stirred him up about the old times. Then he would live up and tell me that Jesse was a good boy and Cole Younger would have made an exemplary citizen if he had not been driven to desperation by the federal secret service men, but further than that I could learn nothing from him, although I stayed in the town five days trying to pump him."

"Who was the old bandit?" was asked.

"I could never learn his identity, although I fired him with questions for five full days," said Mr. Bennett. "He would never say anything about his past, excepting what I learned from him in Denver."

"You might have learned more from him then, when men gloried in reputations such as you say your Guerrilla had."

"I might have, but reputations such as his were then so common in Denver that we paid no attention to them. I should never have remembered the man only for his display of guns in Denver and my unexpected meeting with him in Oregon City."

"Have you any idea who he was?"

"None. I spent five days trying to discover his identity, but I could learn nothing about him. I suppose he was one of Quantrell's Guerrillas who found the Mississippi country too hot for them after the war and drifted out here. Anyhow, after my fifth day in your old capital he vanished and I have never been able to satisfy my curiosity as to his identity. Have you any idea who he was?"

"I'll have to confess my ignorance," was the reply.

"Well, I'll have to plead guilty to the same charge," said the traveling man, "if I could learn nothing about him, and I shall place him in that mysterious category assigned by Sir Walter Scott to the rascals who sought his fate in America."

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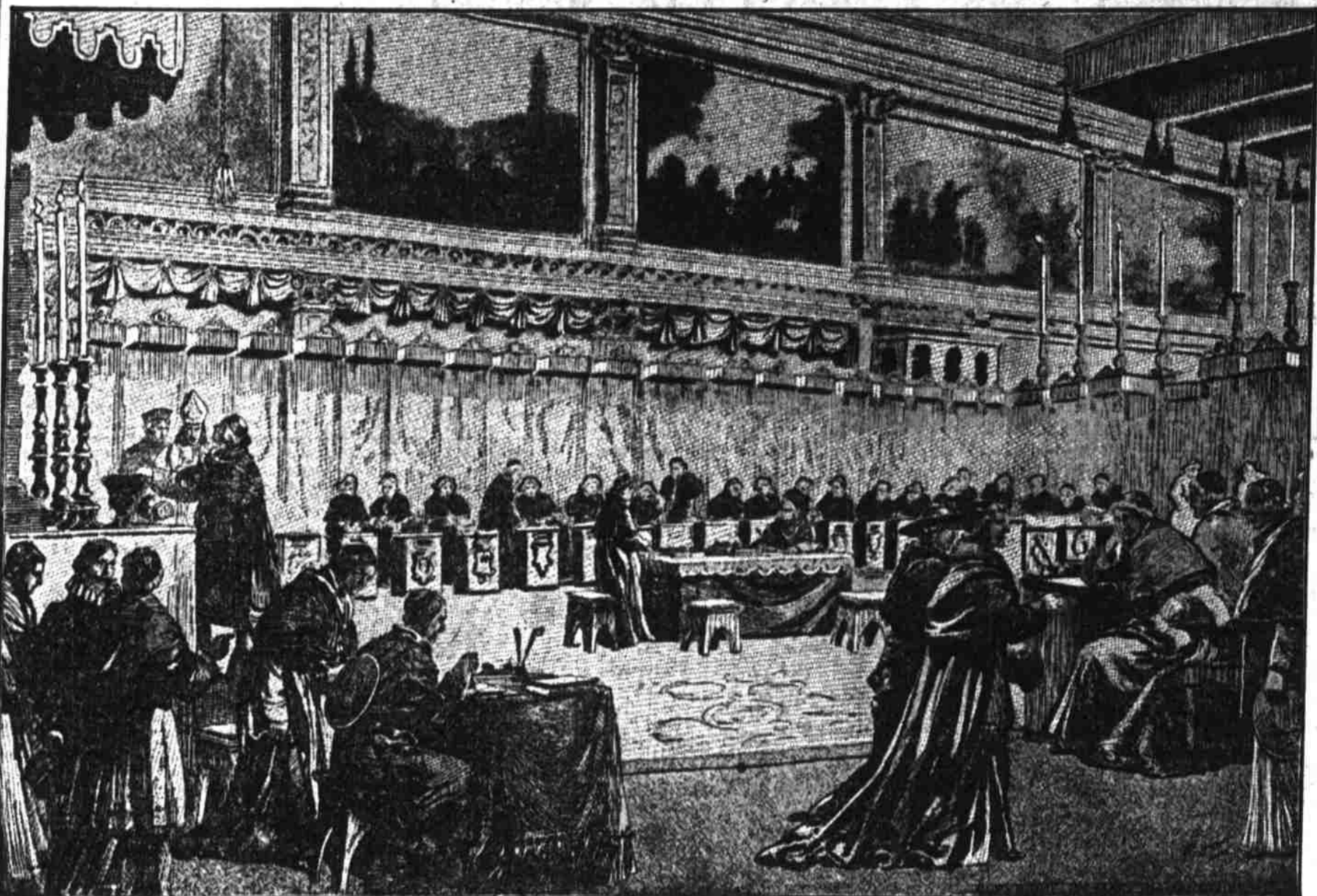
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ELECTING THE NEW POPE.



Above is faithfully reproduced in full detail the scene that will take place in Rome when the Sacred College of Cardinals sits in solemn conclave to select from among themselves a successor to the late Pope Leo. While the cardinals remain closeted within this stately chamber, the whole world outside awaits breathlessly the announcement of the name of the dignitary who has been elected to sit in the chair of St. Peter.

SUPREME LODGE NOW IN SESSION

Delegates of Oregon Branch of the A. O. U. W. Are Gathered in Portland in Annual Convention.

Grand Master W. H. Miller and Other Distinguished Visiting Officials of the Order Are Present.

The Supreme Lodge A. O. U. W. of the State of Oregon held the first day's session of their twenty-sixth annual convention in this city today. The attendance of delegates is unusually large, fully 200 being present, and while there is no regular program the session will cover three or four days in routine proceedings.

The most interesting feature of the day's order of business was an address by Grand Master W. H. Miller of St. Louis, who will be here during the remainder of the convention. His talk was principally on lodge business.

In addition to the regular delegates from this state there are present as visiting delegates Grand Master Hitt, Grand Recorder J. H. Hemer and Past Grand Master O. S. Jones of Washington.

The proceedings today, excepting the address of Grand Master Miller, was confined to routine matters. The program for tomorrow has not been arranged.

WANTED HIS NEPHEW COMMITTED TO JAIL

Unusual Request Made of Judge Hogue by Uncle of A. Heller, a Young Boy.

Judge Hogue in the Police Court this morning used strong language in denouncing the efforts of a man to have his young nephew sent to prison because the boy had failed to return every article which he had stolen.

Several weeks ago the lad, whose name is A. Heller, was caught stealing from his uncle. Following his arrest the boy returned nearly all the articles and was finally sent to the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society. Under the pretense of desiring to have the boy assist him in locating a stolen razor in a pawn shop, the uncle took his nephew from the home Monday night. Then he turned him over to the police.

In court the unnatural uncle explained that the boy had failed to return a jack knife and razor which he had stolen and therefore he wished the youthful offender sent to prison. The boy explained that he had pawned the razor and had given the knife to a companion and consequently he was unable to find them for the owner.

The determined attitude of the uncle to have the youth sent to prison aroused the righteous indignation of the judge who roundly criticized the unforfeiting attitude of the relative. The judge refused to take any such action as was suggested by the uncle and after severely castigating the uncle, sent the boy back to the home.

"Mamma," queried little Florence, "should I say pants or trousers?"

MILES OF WEDDING RINGS IN NEW YORK

There have been made and sold in New York in the past year enough wedding rings to reach, if placed one before the other, from the city hall along Broadway to One Hundred and Twentieth street, a distance of about 7.1 miles. This is the estimate of a manufacturer.

According to his calculations there have been sent out in the past year some 600,000 wedding rings. Of these he has manufactured more than 200,000, and in their making he has used an even ton of pure gold. The rings sell from \$3 to \$15, but where they all go is a mystery to him.

"There are only about five wedding ring manufacturers in the city," he said, "but these five are kept constantly busy with orders from all parts of the country, every month in the year. It seems as if everybody in the United States must have been married and purchased one of my rings since I have sold several million. This is equally true of my competitor up the avenue."

The Two Classes. "Many people might suppose that the \$15 ring would be the one purchased by the millionaire to present to his bride and that the \$3 ring would be bought by the workman, but the case is exactly the reverse. The workman seems to want the wedding ring that will cover his wife's entire hand, while the wealthier purchaser wants a small ring, so as to allow room for a finger full of diamonds and other gems."

"How do you account for the difference?" he was asked.

"Well," he said smiling, "when a man buys a wedding ring he usually means business, and when he buys an engagement ring, well—he may mean anything. And where one man buys a dozen engagement rings usually one wedding is enough for him. How this overplus of engagement rings compares with the breach of promise suits I cannot say."

SHOULD BE EXCITING SPORT

A gentleman in England who has an irascible temper and a shotgun, has advertised that he purposes to shoot the next chauffeur who scots athwart him with a Red Devil or a Blue Blaze, in the case may be.

There is no room for thinking that the hunting of the wily chauffeur would not be a healthful and pleasant sport. Pottling an elephant or a grouse or a hare in the wilds of Africa, or along the shores of the Umbogo River may be interesting to a few people, but when a man may have all the comforts of home and at the same time utilize his ammunition there should be no choice.

The chauffeur can climb trees, and is as reckless and unreliable, also, when properly mounted, as unwieldy as the biggest kind of big game. The day may come when the ladies will wear hats trimmed with chauffeur plumes and the men carry grips made of chauffeur hide. If they survive the effort to put the chauffeur.—Chicago Tribune.

ANDREW CARNEGIE STORY

Andrew Carnegie tells a story of an American in Scotland that illustrates well the imperturbability of the Scottish temperament.

The American, a bicyclist, came to the shore of a lonely lake and saw in a boat a man examining the depths of the water with a water telescope. The man conducted this examination languidly. He would pause every little while to light his pipe and to converse on the weather or some such indifferent subject with a friend who sat upon the bank, now reading a newspaper and now tossing pebbles idly into the stream.

The American got off his bicycle to rest, and, in an interval of silence, he said to the man seated on the bank: "What is your friend looking for?"

"Oysters?"

"No. My brother-in-law," was the reply.—Cincinnati Post.

GET THERE JUST THE SAME

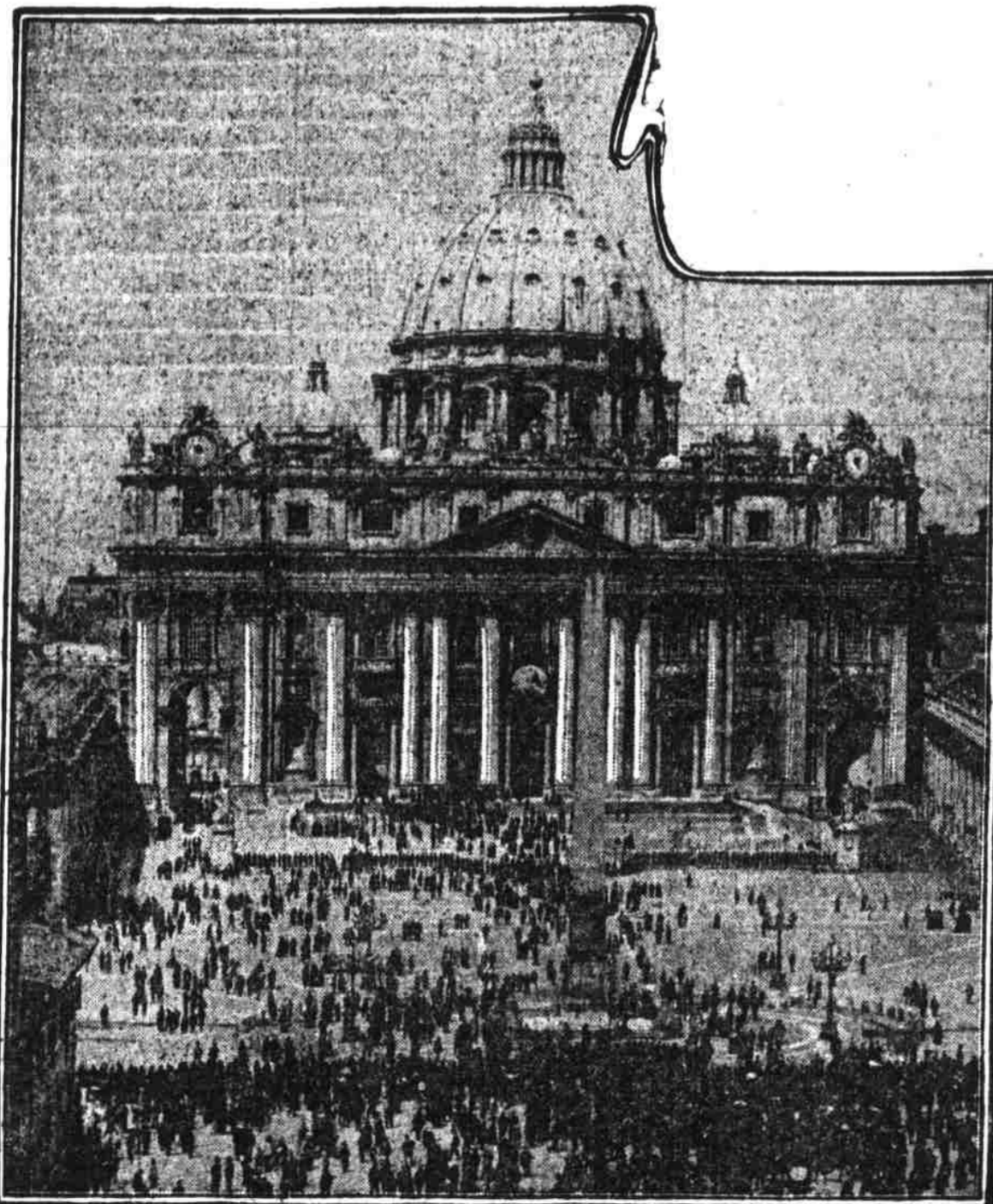
Dr. Dampwolf of Berlin announces that he has found an aquatic insect which preys upon the anopheles mosquito. He is cultivating the creature artificially, with the expectation of destroying the mosquito and the host of germs which inhabit its body.

"They've found the bug that eats the bug that fights the bug that bites us; They've traced the germ that kills the germ."

That chews the germ that smites us. But still these bugs—microbic thugs—in spite of drugs combat us; And send these germs—described in terms Inspiring squirms—get at us! —W. B. Nesbit in Life.

The right kind of girl doesn't find it necessary to give the right kind of young man any encouragement.

ST. PETER'S AT ROME.



The death of his holiness, Pope Leo XIII, and the resultant interesting ceremonies and proceedings to elect a new Pope from among the College of Cardinals, brings the world-famous Cathedral of St. Peter's, of Rome, the scene of the great event, prominently within the focus of the world's gaze. In the above snapshot may be seen the dense crowds that have thronged the Plaza of St. Peter since the Pope first fell sick.

HAWAII RUNS FAR BEHIND IN MONEY

Two Sessions of Legislature Appropriates Over \$8,000,000—Death of Judge Wilcox.

(Journal Special Service.) HONOLULU, July 21.—Two sessions of the legislature lasting 120 days appropriate more than \$8,000,000 to pay which the present revenue amounts to \$4,600,000. Borrowing against future taxes is already being arranged. Treasurer Kepoika says a month's income amounts to \$50,000, which will be absorbed by salaries.

Judge W. Luther Wilcox was buried yesterday. He died from the effect of cutting a troublesome corn and gangrene set in. He was noted for his almost perfect knowledge of the Hawaiian language.

THREE MEN AND A SPREE

They Were Raising Hot Time in Saloon, and Paid for It This Morning.

Officers Gibson and Baty arrested Tom Tallison, W. Allen and Fred Murray yesterday evening in the "dead town" district. The men had pawned a watch to a second-hand dealer and were acting somewhat queerly when the officers wandered by. They were arrested as suspicious characters and taken to the station, but as nothing could be proved against the strangers they were let go. Later in the evening the men were arrested in a downtown concert saloon where they were holding a celebration in such a manner as to greatly annoy the other customers of the house. All were drunk and Officer Gassett took them in tow. Allen was found to have a large open knife in his pocket, but he did not attempt to use it on the officer.

This morning Judge Hogue heard the evidence and informed the knife man that his fine was \$30, while the others got let off with \$20 each.

NOW, DON'T

If your neighbor's affairs do not suit you, Don't meddle; If the people next door have a scandal, Don't meddle; You'll be better off if you stay in your cot. And remember that, whether he's guilty or not, The "innocent bystander" always gets Don't meddle. —Cincinnati Post.

LOVE'S FLEETING DREAMS

A little kiss, A little bliss, And two in one are blended. A little jaw, A little law, And lo! love's dream is ended. —Cleveland World.



M. E. Corey, the new head of the United States Steel Trust, who succeeds Charles M. Schwab, has, by the important position he has stepped into, become a figure of world prominence.