

SEASON IS OVER FOR TRACK MEN

Review of Work of the University of Oregon's Great Team of Athletes.

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.) University of Oregon, Eugene, June 1. The victory over Idaho and Washington in track at Eugene May 30 ended the season for the Oregon track team. The team this season has been far the best in the history of the university, and even in the history of the northwest. The team is heralded by various northwest papers as being the strongest college team in the United States and the records made conclusively prove that the Oregon track men could compete and push very close any team in the United States.

Record Breaking Begins. On May 17 in a meet with the Washington State college the Oregon team began its career of record breaking. The meet McKinney, the Baker City weight man, established a new northwest record of 120 feet, 8 1/2 inches. He also broke the record in the shot put for the Pacific coast, showing out for the 16-pound weight 110 feet, 1 1/2 inches. McKinney also established a new record for the low hurdles on a curved track of 35 3/5 seconds.

Hug also broke the state and northwest record in the hammer throw on the same day, when he put it out 146 feet, 1-1/2 inches. In the 220 dash Kelly tied the world's record for curved track in the time of 31 3-5. At Corvallis a week later Zacharias broke Hugs' record in the hammer by a magnificent cast of 150 feet, 1 1/4 inches. Captain Moores at Corvallis also tied the world's record and established a new record in the low hurdles on curved tracks of 35 2-5. At the tri-state meet at Seattle Friday the track was in such condition that no record breaking runs were made. McKinney tied the collegiate record in the United States and made a new Pacific coast record for the shot by putting the lead exactly 46 feet. Zacharias then also threw the hammer for a northwest record of 155 feet, 3 inches.

CHEMAWA INDIANS WIN FIRST FIELD MEET

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.) Chemawa, Or., June 1.—McMinnville college went down to defeat in a field meet held on the Chemawa field this afternoon. The final score was 75 to 59. A large crowd witnessed the events, this being the Indian school's first field day. They were an unknown quantity, but they made good, much to the surprise of the visitors, who anticipated an easy victory.

Rosebuds Defeat Vernons.

The Highland Rosebuds defeated the Vernon team yesterday by the score of 3 to 1. The lineup: Highland—Mittell, catcher; Brill, pitcher; Gandy, first base; Bateman, second base; Clarke, third base; Spady, shortstop; Heinal, left field; Clois, right field; Harvey, center field. Vernons—Woodward, catcher; Crump, pitcher; Hayes, first base; Finley, second base; Hays, third base; Eastman, shortstop; Miller, left field; Weston, right field; Baty, center field.

MAYOR CAUFIELD TO MAYOR LANE

Relay Race Riders Present Compliments of One Executive to Another.

OREGON CITY'S HEAD LAUDS ADMINISTRATION Mayor Caufield Sincerely Hopes That Portland Voters Will Show In-terest by Reelecting Mayor Lane for Another Term.

Thirteen miles were sprinted in a closely contested relay race by representatives of the grammar schools of Portland yesterday in the fast time of 1 hour 19 minutes and 25 seconds, a reduction of 10 minutes in the time made on the same course year ago. There were 13 relays each one mile in length of which the representatives of the Hawthorne school won 12 and finished ahead of all other competitors. The course lay over the country roads between Portland and Oregon City. The winning school becomes custodian of the R. L. Gilsan cup for one year and the winners of the respective relays were each awarded a magnificent relay pennant as a memento of individual work performed.

Before the start at Oregon City each boy was handed a small pasteboard roll containing a packet and message from Mayor Caufield of Oregon City to Mayor Harry Lane of Portland. The winner presented the letter he bore to Mayor Lane upon arriving first at the Y. M. C. A. building in this city. The message from mayor to mayor reads as follows: Mayor Harry Lane, Portland, Oregon.—Dear Sir—Congratulations on the record made during your term of office in the effort to give Portland a clean, honest and business-like administration by reelecting you to another term. Your effort to improve the moral and material conditions of Portland and rid her of the many places of vice, a constant menace to the rising generation, deserve for you the earnest support of every parent. Your firm stands for the protection of the rights of the public against the greed of corporations and others, should bring for you the active aid of all citizens who believe in preserving, as far as possible, the people's rights and securing to the present and future generations all that franchises or other concessions given are worth. Sincerely hoping that and trusting that the voters of Portland will endorse your administration by reelecting you to another term. I remain, your another supporter, E. G. CAUFIELD, Mayor.

In the near future more attention is to be given southern states by the American Federation of Labor, which is planning to build up a stronger labor movement in that section of the country.

MOVEMENT TO MAKE GRAND OLD COLLEGE BETTER AND GRANDER



Albany College and Tremont Hall.

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.) Albany, Or., June 1.—The friends and patrons of Albany college of this city are anxiously laboring to secure an endowment fund of \$25,000 in Oregon. The Presbyterian synod of Oregon has decided to back the institution, and hereafter the strength of the church will be thrown in its support. The work is progressing satisfactorily. The outlined plan is as follows: The city of Albany and vicinity, \$10,000; Portland churches, \$10,000; the rest of the state, \$5,000, making the total desired. The synod of Oregon has decided that this amount should be raised before assistance is asked from parties outside. Parties in the east have assured the friends of the school that as soon as sufficient interest is shown by the people of Albany and the state at large they stand ready to augment the endowment fund thus raised by such sum as will place the school on a solid financial basis.

Trustees and Board Officers.

The board of trustees as elected by the synod of Oregon is as follows: Rev. H. H. Brown of Marshfield, Rev. E. L. Allen of Irrigon, Samuel E. Young of Albany, Rev. Edward M. Sharp of Portland, J. K. Weatherford of Albany, F. W. Redfield of Albany, Rev. W. F. White of Albany, C. Sox of Albany, Rev. Edwin B. Hays of La Grande, Rev. H. T. Babcock of Salem, Rev. George T. Pratt of Glendale, C. E. Brownell of Albany, Rev. H. L. Reed of Auburn, William Fortmiller of Albany, A. C. Schmitt of Albany, Rev. H. N. Mount of Eugene, Rev. Henry Marcotte of Portland, Rev. W. S. Holt of Portland, E. N. Steele of Albany, Judge H. H. Schmitt, secretary; Carl E. Sox, treasurer; synodical committee of visitation, Rev. George Gillespie of Mill City (chairman), Rev. L. S. Mochel of Summerville, Rev. J. S. Dunning, Ph. D., of Portland, William Clyde of Ashland, James Crawford of Chualar, synodical committee on colleges, Rev. H. T. Babcock of Salem (chairman), Dr. H. A. Ketchum of Baker City, Rev. S. L. Clark of Monument, Rev. H. H. Pratt of Portland and T. P. Cramer of Grants Pass.

Local Ten Thousand Raised.

The officials and the committees above are all working for the success of the endowment fund, and the general scope of the list insures publicity for the school in every portion of the Oregon country. In Albany the \$10,000 assigned the local church and friends of the school has practically been subscribed and the Presbyterians of the city stand ready to back with their means anything that will result in the betterment of the school. The early history surrounding the founding of the institution will be of general interest to the state at large. Rev. Edward R. Geary, D. D., whose name is an honored one in the annals of the Presbyterian church in Oregon, came to this coast under two commissions, one from the board of domestic missions, to found and maintain churches, and the other from the board of education, to establish an academy.

The New Muse. Note—President Roosevelt and several other government experts are endeavoring to answer the question: "What is whiskey?" Whiskey? What is whiskey? Oh, Land where the tasseled corn blooms blow, Land where the fertile soil gives up The sap of its soul to fill the cup Of golden glamor, of heart's desire, Of dreams strung on a tangle wire About the necks of bottled bluen. Whose lips await the famished kins Of such a thirst as makes one cry To feel again that fervent dry; Land of the juice of pure delight, Land of the swallow's heavenward flight, Land of the oil of happy news, Land of the Bourbon blossoming boons, Land of the Blue Grass honey dew, Answer the question. It's up to you.

God bless the kicker.—Speaker Cannon. Why bless the kicker, Uncle Joe? Though blessings may fall thicker On him than Vallombrosa's leaves, He's still the same old kicker. American girls are keen, but crude.—Mrs. Randall of London. Of course, they're keen, but not so keen As England's thrifty haste. To get them while they're crude enough To suit the titled taste. Nothing in this world is beyond all doubt.—Judge FitzGerald in charge to Thaw Jury. If this be true, O sapient judge, The dictum you give out Must in the logic of itself Be taken with some doubt. So if there be no doubt of doubt In everything, how can, sir, There be a doubt of doubt that doubt? Oh, say, judge, what's the answer? W. J. L.

Some of the British trades unions are taking very great interest in the higher education of the workman. For the past three years some 100,000 workingmen, members of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, have made level of a penny each to help on the work of Buskin college at Oxford. This levy produced over \$1,500 a year, and by means of it six engineers are maintained for a year's course of study at the college.

New Books And Their Publishers

"WHAT I Have Done With Birds," by Gene Stratton-Porter. Few subjects have attained more prominence or sympathetic study the past few years than ornithology. The scientific term, however, does not come as nearly expressing the real study as to call it a study of the birds, for it is becoming less scientific and more humanitarian all the time, and the day has almost gone by when a beautiful bird must be killed to be studied. If one needed proof that the world was growing better, kinder, more loving, it might be found in Mrs. Stratton-Porter's book, and in the lesson she teaches, to which almost the ear of the world is becoming attuned, that life is sacred whether in bird, beast or man.

The present book makes its appearance at a most auspicious season of the year, when every hill and dale begins to echo with the voices of these little feathered friends, and about whose schools are closing and the small boy begins to walk abroad with his air gun and other implements of destruction. As a child the author had a peculiar love and tenderness for birds, and early became their friend. In all my years of field work not that such studies can be made as are here presented of old and young, male and female. I am not superstitious, but I am afraid to mistreat a bird, and look for its aid in the indulgence of this fear. In all my years of field work not one study of a nest, or of any bird, has been lost by dealing fairly with my subject.

The author then goes on to relate in something over 250 pages her methods, and experiences in the study of birds and their treatment of her subjects. It is one of the most illuminating works that has ever been written on the subject, for the reason that, throughout, the author brings her readers in closer touch and warmer sympathy with birds than almost any of her predecessors has been able to do. It is further characterized by sincerity and real love of birds that is rarely evident in the work of scientists. Technical terms have been discarded except where it was deemed necessary for classification, and then the familiar name has been used as well.

Almost all the well known birds are treated, and in the most intensely interesting manner, while there are about 100 exquisite illustrations, 13 of which are colored and full-page size, all made from photographs taken by the author, with explanations of how they were prepared. The book itself is a masterpiece of the bookmaker's craft. It is printed in bold, clear type on heavy paper of rich ivory tones, and has a pretty and appropriate cover design. Bobbs, Merrill & Co.—Price \$3.00.

"The Slim Princess"—By George Ade. Time, the great destroyer, does not seem to have commenced his work, as yet with the inimitable humor of Ade, if the present story is any indication. Indeed when George Ade's slang and original humor first broke upon the public it is a question whether, in its freshness and first flush, it had the genuine fun and real wit of the present production.

It is the story of the two daughters of Count Selim Malagaaki, governor-general of Morovenia—Kalora and Jenka by name. In their country the author says: "The generation of males which has been extricated itself from the shackles of orientalism has not devoted much worry to the condition of women. In Morovenia woman is still unliberated. She does not dine at a palm garden or hop into a victoria on Thursday afternoon to go to the meeting of a club organized to propagate cults. If she met a cult face to face she would not recognize it. \* \* \* Woman had two important duties assigned her. One was to hide herself from the gaze

of the multitude and the other was to be beautiful—that is, fat. A woman who was plump, or buxom, or chubby, might be classed as passably attractive, but only the fat were irresistible. A woman who weighed 300 pounds was only two thirds as beautiful as one weighing 300. Those grading below 150 were verging upon the impossible. Now Jenka was gloriously fat and fat was the younger of the two and according to the laws of the country the younger girl could not marry before the older. Then there were other worries for the poor count all on account of his slim princess, who would persist in athletics, sailing picnics and other disagreeable things and, worst of all, would not take her deficiency seriously. Into the situation is introduced a party of Americans, and out of this material anyone who is at all familiar with Mrs. Ade can readily imagine the farcical tragedies and holier-than-thou comedies which would evolve. And yet it would take a lively imagination to come at all near to what the story really is.

It is well sustained and has no thin places, as so often occurs in a continuous story of this kind and it is, together with the worth reading. The book is elaborately illustrated.

"The Mayor's Wife"—By Anna Katharine Green. The name of the author of this book is becoming an inseparable part of the thought of the detective with the thought of Holmes and she has earned her reputation quite as rightfully as Conan Doyle ever did his, and each story she puts forth places her higher in the rank of this class of fiction writers. The mayor of the present story has political ambitions, and he also possesses a very beautiful wife, who is the leader of society and a most brilliant accessory to an ambitious man. A chance, however, comes over the spirit of her dreams, from which nothing seemed to be able to arouse her; life lost its interest, and her world seemed changed without any visible cause. The husband decides something must be done to relieve the wife, who seems in great distress, and he sets in motion certain plans to discover the cause of her worry; and her keenest and brightest detective faculties, and in unwinning the mystery of the mayor's wife unearths a ghost story, hidden treasures, secret passages and all the "shivery" things that contribute to thrill of fear and that excite the imagination with sensationalism or unhealthy excitement, but is snappy with incidents and one is never allowed to grow weary or tired for a moment. It is the kind of a book that is always tempting the reader to look at the page to see how it turns out. Bobbs, Merrill & Co. Price \$1.50.

"A Bath in an English Tub"—By Charles Battell Loomis. The book derives its title from the first story which is a delightfully humorous account of the manner in which the author took his first "bath" in England. He first acknowledges that he was born in Brooklyn, and says: "I belonged to that stratum of society that puts cleanliness in fact over with cleanliness in name, and insists on the fact of cleanliness. Mr. Loomis relates his encounter with the English bathtub, which he describes as "a shallow pan three feet in diameter and quite round in shape. I wondered what it was, and finally came to the conclusion it had been left in my room on its way to the attic and was probably the dish of James I of sacred memory." He was undeceived, however, when the English maid appeared to prepare his "bath," and then his description of how he dived into his inch of "bath," cavorted, shook himself free from all the water he had used up, and dived again, and finally dried himself on a washcloth, is all told in Mr. Loomis' inexpressible humorous style, and which invariably clothes a truth.

The stories were all originally written for the New York Sun in 1906, during the author's visit to England. They are all humorous and entertaining, but stroke she describes the triumph of character over circumstance. The scenes of the book are laid in Colorado and the plot is original in every detail. The title, which is from a familiar Shakespearean quotation, well describes the hero, Paul Menendez, one of the strong-

The Baker & Taylor company, the publishers of "The History of Architecture," by Mr. Russell Sturgis, report that they have been obliged to undertake a second printing of the first volume. In view of the size, importance and expense of this work, it is gratifying to note that the publication meets with an increased demand. The second volume is to appear in the late summer and is to contain several hundred illustrations. It opens with a treatment of the architecture of India, China and Japan and other oriental nations, and includes also that Mohammedan architecture which arose out of the Byzantine style, and finally the great Gothic school of central and northern Europe. This brings the history to about 1400 A. D.

"The Whirlwind"—By Edouard Phillips. "The new Adam Bede" is the way reviewers are describing Mr. Phillips' new hero, and the comparison is a happy one. For, like George Eliot's famous character, Daniel Brendon, Mr. Phillips' latest creation is a sturdy son of the soil, simple-minded and honest, who through the jealousy of his wife comes face to face with a great tragic problem. Mr. Phillips traces his literary descent from George Eliot, who first began to describe the English peasant in fiction, and Thomas Hardy was his immediate successor in the field. There are many today who consider Mr. Phillips the peer of Thomas Hardy, and under his art the Dartmoor country and the Dartmoor people are seen vividly, sketched with color and force. McClure, Phillips & Co. Price \$1.50.

"The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter," by Ambrose Bierce, collaborating with G. A. Danziger. The foundation of this narrative, says Mr. Bierce, "is an old manuscript belonging originally to the Franciscan monastery at Berchtesgaden, Bavaria. The manuscript was obtained from a peasant by Herr Gerhard Voss of Heidelberg, from whose German version this is an adaptation. It is a very strong and delicate little outcast, Benedetti, whose mother is dead and everybody shuns because of her father's dreadful trade; the fair child in her crimson dress, who frightens the circling birds away from the gibbet; the innocent maiden whom people brand to public shame, her poor old broken father at her feet, and how the young monk, Ambrosius, first pitying the child for its own sake, then loving the woman for her own sake, loving her not in "the holy way," but with the good human passion so infinitely above the "holy way," the human way which is the holy way; loving her with a love which rises to full acknowledgment, then penance, then jealousy, then tragedy and death—it is a very delicate and beautiful story, worthy in every way of the noblest of the great Mr. Bierce has given it. Neale Publishing company. Price \$1.

"Friselina Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther." This is a new novel by the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," which the Scribners will publish in June. It is a love story told from the side of the girl and placed against a most amusing background of life in a little German town. The same charming sentiment and graceful, appealing style of "Elizabeth" and "The Princess Friselina's Fortune" fill this new novel with a glow of pleasant and quiet humor. The various eccentric characters drawn with great skill and sympathetically keen understanding, the very attractive personality of the girl herself, the highly entertaining problems of the little town, and the progress of the love story make a charming book of a very rare and unusual quality.

Another newspaper woman has joined the ranks of successful authors—Hattie Horner Louthen, whose "This Was a Day" has just been published by the C. M. Clark Publishing company of Boston. It is a really great story and the author has given to literature the most powerful study of heredity and environment ever written. With a master stroke she describes the triumph of character over circumstance. The scenes of the book are laid in Colorado and the plot is original in every detail. The title, which is from a familiar Shakespearean quotation, well describes the hero, Paul Menendez, one of the strong-

est and most consistent characters of modern fiction. William Stearns Davis, whose historical novel, "A Victory of Salamis," is published this week, is undoubtedly the leader among the younger generation of American authors in this class of fiction. Although he is still under 30, he has no less than six books to his credit. Mr. Davis seems to be the legitimate successor of General Lew Wallace and Stenwick. His stories are equally remarkable for their correctness of detail and the genuine spirit of romance that runs through them. "A Victory of Salamis" opens with a description of an athletic contest in ancient Greece, which is not less vivid and exciting than the famous description of the chariot race in "Ben Hur." And the opening chapters do not belie the book; indeed, if the scene of the story were modern, America instead of ancient Greece Mr. Davis might have laid himself open to the charge of writing a genuine "hooker," so closely has he packed his pages with action and adventure.

WORKED TO DEATH

Rebuilding of San Francisco Kills Thousands of Them. The horse is having his day in San Francisco even though the day must inevitably close with his death. The cry of the California metropolis might have been for sympathy, not for money, but for horses, horses—and more horses! Into the foundations of the new city is going the life blood of 15,000 superb horses, the 15,000 draught horses are being worked to death.

Removal of debris and hauling material are jobs let by contract. The contractor has all sorts of premiums for time saved. The contractor reaps the premium by driving his horses to death. Half an hour's walk from Market and Kearny streets at any hour of the day will lead you to a dead horse—dead in the harness—worked to death. The vans that carry off the carcasses are busier than the vans which carry premium men to the races.

And the men whose business it is to bring in new horses to replace those who go out in the struggle are growing more and more desperate. The California corral and the Oregon and Nevada ranches have been depleted of their surplus, and the states farther eastward are called upon to yield horses and more horses. There is no fine quibbling over the price. The horses must be had. They are shipped to the San Francisco horse market, which, after the arrival of a fresh consignment, looks like a busy day in Wall Street. There are 7,000 debris teams in the city now, but these 14,000 horses are insufficient for the task, and it is believed that 3,000 more teams will be added to the force before summer comes.

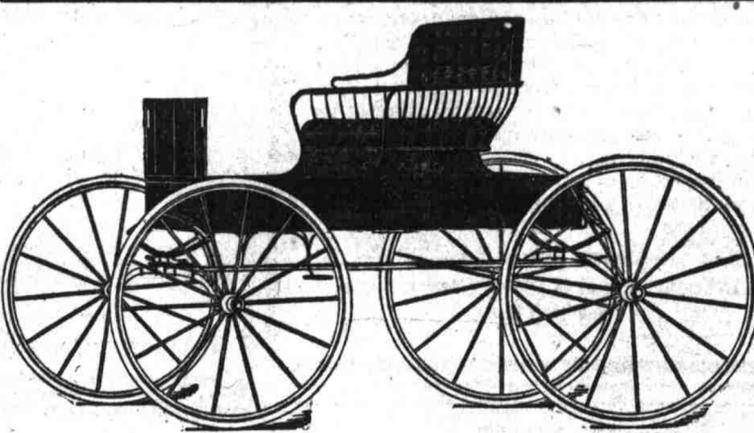
Medora Wins the Beauty Contest.

By Horace Seymour Keller. There's sunshine on the farm today; Medora's gone and done it. She sent her photograph away—The beauty contest; won't it! Medora ain't no gay gazelle; She kicks the scales, one-way. At milkin' time she rings the bell, A ladder then an' sporry.

There's a hurrer on the farm tonight, An' we can cut up a esper. Medora's in the paper! Her picture's in the paper! Medora's face! Land sakes! An' I Can't hardly keep from bustin'! The winner on the sneak. She's shy, An' says: "Now, quit that fussin'!"

Hurrar! Hurrar Medora's got Her picture put in printin, They've put her in straight as a dot— But they've cut 'er out her squintin! Hurrar! Hurrar! Medora's in— My, don't she look a winner! They've cut away her double chin, As sure as I'm a sinner!

There's the tidy on the stool She won—ain't it a corker! It must have cost ten cents, The fool Who sent it a New Yorker. But, whoop! She won in the contest— It cost her dollars seven To enter. Say, she is the best Of milkers numb'r'n' seven.



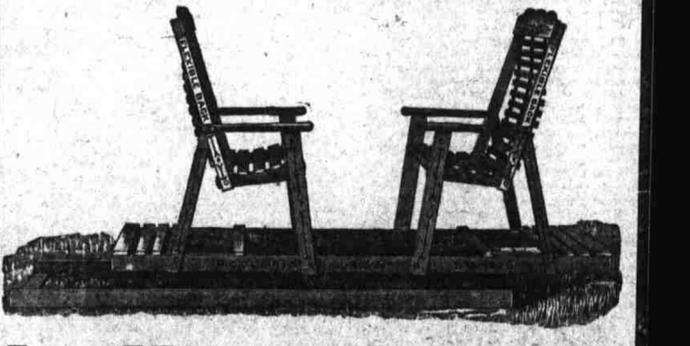
Vehicles of Quality

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