

OCCULT ARTISTS BUNKO A WOMAN

Mrs. Rose Would Be Priest-
ess but Finds She Is
Only a Dupe.

(United Press Leased Wire.)
Los Angeles, April 24.—O. R. Arnold, alias H. Dugan, is held here on a charge of embezzling jewelry valued at \$8000 from Mrs. E. L. Rose, a beautiful and wealthy San Francisco woman. Under the tutelage of Arnold, Mrs. Rose is said to have studied mysticism and the black art in an effort to become a full fledged priestess of the occult, and it is during this period of instruction that the valuable gems are said to have been stolen.

Arnold was captured in this city after an exciting chase across half a dozen states, during which he doubled on his trail several times, and was almost successful in throwing the pursuing officers off the scent. The police are trying to find Kamara Chaudhry, a Hindu mystic, who is believed to be implicated in the plot.

Mrs. Rose came here some time ago to take a course in occult science, and to learn the secrets of clairvoyance. She planned to complete her course by a trip into deepest British India. Her instructors are alleged to have defrauded her of her jewels.

BILL AGAINST JUNK ON WOMEN'S HEADGEAR

(United Press Leased Wire.)
Springfield, Ill., April 24.—Based on the supposition that the animal and vegetable junk that is now the decorative vogue in women's headgear furnishes a likely lurking place for germs dangerous to the public health, the bill regulating hair introduced in the Illinois legislature by Representative George C. Hilton attacks the present millinery evil in unique fashion. Hilton's bill is entitled, "A bill for an act to prohibit the manufacture, sale or use of unsanitary, dangerous or deadly headgear for hats, and to regulate the exhibition thereof."

Hats more than 18 inches in diameter are tabooed. Likewise are alpacas, feathers, pins and similar adornments protruding more than six inches beyond the crown. And the crown must not exceed a cubic inch in size, nor weigh more than five ounces.

Provisions for the protection of individual and public health are made in the clause which prohibits the use of "any dead body of any bird, snake, lizard or other animal, reptile or insect subject to decay and liable to become the breeding place for filth and disease germs."

Penalties for violation range from \$100 to \$200.

SHUBERTS AFTER TACOMA THEATRE

Tacoma, April 24.—J. J. Shubert is here arranging for a Shubert theatre in which to play his attractions. He is under consideration three plans. The Shuberts may assume control of the present Savoy theatre; they may buy the Star theatre property, or they may enter into a contract with John S. Baker to show their attractions in a theatre which it is understood, he is ready to build for them on a site adjoining the present Tacoma theatre on C street. Shubert declares he intends to play his attractions here even though he has to use a tent.

CHIEF TEABO STALKS OFF FIELD WITH MEN

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.)
Salem, Or., April 24.—Chief Teabo, captain of the Chemawa baseball team, called his players off the field in the fourth inning in a game at the campus of Willamette University yesterday afternoon with Salem high school. The redskin captain disagreed with the umpire. The score stood 2 to 0 in favor of the high school when the game ended, and the action of the visitors threw the game to the high school. Fred Fleming, formerly football coach at Chemawa, was the umpire whose rulings did not suit the Indians.

Successful Recital

A crowded house greeted the singers at their annual piano recital, given at their recital hall last evening. So great was the interest manifested in this event that the seating capacity was not sufficient to accommodate the crowd, and many were not able to gain an entrance at all.

The singers who participated were Mrs. Rose Courten-Read, contralto; Miss Kathleen Lawler, soprano; J. W. Belcher, tenor, and Dom J. Zan, baritone, with Louis P. Hirsch as accompanist. One of the hits of the evening was "The Daisy Chain" by Lina Lehmann, consisting of 12 songs of childhood. This was rendered by the four singers in exceptionally fine style, and was enthusiastically received. The treat of the evening, however, was the quartet from "Rigoletto." The audience had been rather impatiently waiting for this number, which was reserved until the last of the program, and the storm of applause which was accorded them was sufficient evidence that the audience was entirely satisfied with their efforts.

A number of piano solos were rendered by Earl C. Simpson in a very creditable manner. This recital was the last of the series of 1908-1909.

Knight Shoe Co. will be closed all day Monday, arranging for big sale at old store and opening of new store, at Second and Washington streets.

"Is a poor man indeed who can't afford a home in Gregory Heights. See ad. on page 5."

Pay your rent to Gregory. See ad. on page 5.

BAYOCEAN

What is being done right at the present time will surprise you. See tomorrow's papers.

GLEN HARBOR OPENING

Next Sunday, April 25, the Glen Harbor Realty Co. will offer for sale another addition to the beautiful tract of Glen Harbor. We have been forced to do this to accommodate those wishing to build homes in an exclusive West Side addition. Our first two additions are practically sold up.

Bear in mind our location, on West Side between Portland and Linnton and across from St. Johns; what improvements we install and our restrictions. Lots from \$225 to \$350, with improvements. Streets graded. Water and sewer systems installed free. Building restrictions. No saloons. No cesspools. Within four miles of city limits.

Take car at Chamber of Commerce building Sunday; 10c round trip. All cars stop at

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BORED LOG WATER PIPE DATING BACK TO 1859 IS UNCOVERED



Relic of Water System in Pioneer Days.

Workmen employed in digging trenches in which to lay the conduits for the Portland Railway, Light & Power company's underground cable system, have uncovered a piece of water pipe which once formed a part of Portland's first water system. The old log, for such it was, was found in a maze of iron pipes at the corner of First and Washington streets, where it had been since 1859, when Robert Pentland installed a system of pipes which con-

\$25 FOR A LETTER

CAN YOU WRITE ONE?

The Prize to Be Awarded in
a Letter Writing Contest
Open to Everyone in
Oregon

SPANKED BOY GETS SHOTGUN

Nine-Year-Old Kills Aunt's
Fiance, Who Made
Rough Jokes.

(United Press Leased Wire.)
Kokuk, Iowa, April 24.—Charles Alexander, 9 years old, yesterday shot and killed George Jones, who spanked him. Jones was a guest at the Alexander home and was to have been married today to Mrs. Lena Hammond, the boy's aunt. After teasing the boy for some time Jones threatened to spank him. Late yesterday afternoon he was romping with the little fellow and catching him he administered the threatened chastisement. Enraged at the spanking the boy ran into the house and got his father's shotgun. He found Jones in the parlor talking to his fiancée and without warning fired.

NEW SHINGLES FROM A VERY OLD TREE

(United Press Leased Wire.)
Seattle, April 24.—Shingles cut from a Washington cedar tree which natural history students claim was growing in the reign of Charlemagne were today sent as curios to many eastern lumbermen. The log from which the shingles were cut was lying on the ground when found and had 150 rings.

Many of these cedar trees fell ages ago and have lain buried in moss for generations. The moss on the log of the monarchs has provided a bed for the seed of other trees, and they have sprouted and covered the fallen trunk with their roots. A tree growing over the one found had 750 rings.

If it is a fact, as claimed, that each ring denotes a year's growth, these shingles are really from a tree that was growing in A. D. 800, or nearly 700 years before the discovery of America.

The log was cut up by the Page Lumber company of Buckley, and notwithstanding the great age of the timber the shingles are fine specimens.

Weds Yale Gridiron Hero.

Philadelphia, April 24.—A romance that had its beginning on the football field culminated today in the marriage of Miss Florence Newman Ayers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ayers of this city, and Edward Le C. Rooms of New York. The couple first met at the gridiron contest between Yale and Harvard in 1907, when Mr. Rooms was one of the heroes of the triumphant Eli eleven. The wedding this afternoon took place in St. Matthew's Lutheran church in the presence of a large and fashionable assemblage.

133,415—TH-TH-THANKS

The year we were eleven we fell in love with the nicest little girl you ever saw.

She had a beautiful influence over our life, and she had a big bow of red ribbon right on top of her head. She always made us want to do some big and grand and noble things. She had the kindest kind of a heart. There was only one thing she did we couldn't quite understand. Every time we tried to tell her how much we thought of her she made us stutter and we could feel our ears get red, if we stayed around long enough our hands got too big, there were too many of them, and we found, to our annoyance, every time we moved we were stepping on our own feet.

You can see from this how shy we have always been, and you can see when we found it such desperately hard work to tell one little girl we liked her—how much worse it's going to be to try to tell all of you grown-up ladies how much we think of you. We can feel our ears getting red again at the very thought.

We haven't got words to tell you what the reception you gave the new big edition of THE DELINEATOR means to us. We don't want to bore you with figures. No matter how good we feel over the rush of new subscribers, thirty-three thousand four hundred and fifteen more in one fortnight than for the same two weeks last year; no matter if our newsstand sales jumped one hundred thousand on the April number, we can't expect you to be as excited about it as we are. At the same time, we want you to know, because it is all due to you. We are trying our best to make the most beautiful and useful woman's periodical possible, and we are having a good deal of success, but without your approval the effort will be wasted. That's why we feel so good over the apparently unanimous approval: that's why we want to thank you, and bless you—even if we s-t-u-t-t-e-r while we say it.

To give you an idea of just how THE DELINEATOR in its handsome new dress was received, we reprint a letter from a lady who insists that she is old. When you have read it we think you will join with us in believing that she must be mistaken because

Her Heart Is So Young

"DEAR DELINEATOR, how beautiful you look in your new dress. You have been my daily companion for more than half my life. For thirty-three years you have comforted and amused and benefited me. You have been a good companion in bright days and dark days, sad days and glad days, in autumn chill and winter cold. We have passed many a dreary and sad time together, we have had many a jolly time too. And now you come to me more beautiful than ever, but with a joy of being able to serve me better than ever. As a young maiden I welcomed you, and as a wife and mother I welcomed you, and now with my grandchildren around my knee I am prouder of you than ever. Dear friend, I dare not look too far into the future, but hope that you will be my companion in the days to come as you have been in the past; and may the inevitable change that comes to us all improve me as it has you."

Lovingly your friend,

Here's a fragment of another letter, which contains a quaint complaint. She laid her magazine down for a moment, and some one found it so attractive as to be irresistible. She blames us. Her letter is addressed to "Whomsoever is responsible for the change in the size of THE DELINEATOR," and may with perfect propriety be called

A Lady-like Kick

"I have been a constant reader of your DELINEATOR for the last six years and was perfectly satisfied with the size of the magazine. It was easy to hold and adapted itself to a neat pile on the table. . . . The new number for April I bought as usual, but as it was too large to go in my shopping-bag I had it rolled and tied and had to carry it in my hand, consequently laid it down in one of the shops and some one took it and I could not find it afterward, so I had to buy another, which may be very good for the trade, but did not please me one little bit. . . . Now I have had the satisfaction of expressing my candid opinion to you, and we will see what happens next."

Sincerely,

When the worst complaint of THE DELINEATOR in its new size is that it's too big to be put in a shopping-bag, and too attractive to be left lying around without a guardian, we feel like including our critic with our friends and saying

Thank You! Thank You! Thank You!

Friends and foes may take our thanks as being addressed to them. Strangers are cordially invited to try THE DELINEATOR for themselves. The May number is now on sale.

15 Cents a Copy

\$1.00 a Year

THE DELINEATOR

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