

MEN AND WOMEN IN A PARTS OF CITY ACKNOWLEDGE RAFFLES GAVE THEM SLIP

Mysterious One Traveled All Over Town, Visited Stores, Placed Orders, Conversated With Clerks and Now Gives Fact to Prove the Truth.

By "Bunny."
Horrors! Whoever in the world would suspect a filthy appearing morsel of humanity, with an unshapen overcoat and the semblance of a moustache just budding into life as being the person with \$500 for you in his jeans? Furthermore, Raffles had no real right to carry that dirty old rug on his arm.

Therefore, I have the authority of Miss Beatrice Kingsley of the Hotel Portland for saying that "he is a mean old thing."
While several thousand slythful sleuths peered out of their weather eye yesterday for a well dressed stranger within hiding behind a curtain of hirsute foliage, the wily Mr. Raffles made several calls on old friends, all of whom rudely refused to have anything to do with him.

Raffles awoke me early yesterday morning with the burlesque remark that if his old time friends were too proud to speak to him on the streets, after he had grown so used to hopping over sidewalk trap gratings, he would call on them personally.
"I think," deliberated he, "that I will disguise myself as Sheriff Stevens without a beard."
"I gasped, fearfully, in that the county court will get you in that rug. Anyway, I'm too tall to be your Archie Leonard."
"Well, then," said Raffles, "I'm going out disguised as an Aberdeen baseball player," which suited me; but we found that he had no wig with long enough hair.

Raffles a Carpet Cleaner.
Raffles—he is past help! Just when I had everything fixed for him to fool the natives as Lou Wagner, he changed his mind and decided to call as a carpet cleaner. So he put on some dark clothes, with a pair of baggy trousers and a misshapen blue serge coat and a cap. He had on an overcoat with a ragged rug he had picked up somewhere.
When he went to work upon his face I became interested. He commenced darning his upper lip with something black.
"What's that?" I asked. "Putting on a high school fuzzy."
"Now," retorted the wily one, "this is only a baseball moustache—nine hairs to a side."
One of the first places which the mysterious stranger visited was the Masonic Temple grocery, 350 Yamhill street, owned by Gus H. Hinnenkamp. It was about 7:30 o'clock when he entered and ordered a bill of goods. This is what he asked for: one dozen, one package shredded wheat biscuit, six cans best corn, three cans best tomatoes, three cans evaporated cream, two pounds prunes, 25 cents' worth of the bit of quaker, two dozen, one package shredded wheat biscuit.
"Where shall I have this order delivered?" asked Mr. Hinnenkamp, who waited upon Raffles.
"Just ship it up to Mrs. Edine Selfar (spell it M. Selfar) at Maxwell Hall, 297 Fourteenth street," ordered Raffles, carelessly.
"—and send it in the back way, too, please, and get it up before noon," he added.

Grocer Completely Fooled.
I called on Mr. Hinnenkamp later yesterday and told him that Mr. Raffles had called on him. He suspected that something was wrong, for the bill of goods sent to the hall had been returned.
"He fooled me completely," averred Mr. Hinnenkamp. "When the goods returned from Maxwell Hall I naturally suspected something was wrong, but I was not sure. I thought I think of it being Raffles."
"It was the best joke played on me in years," he went on, "and I am interested in the stunt and have studied the pictures of Mr. Raffles carefully; now that I think of it, the man who called on me resembled him very much."
"If I remember rightly, he was wearing loose trousers, black pointed shoes, a black coat and glasses. I don't remember his hat, but it seems to me he carried an overcoat over his arm. He had a springing moustache, and I am satisfied. I am a subscriber of the Journal, too, and I'll kick myself all day for not tapping him on the

shoulder and repeating the mystic words."
Fred P. Holmes, United States mail carrier Mr. G. was the next whom Raffles greeted.
"About 8 o'clock, while I was going over my route," declared Mr. Holmes, "I was stopped by a little, slight fellow wearing, I think, a brown suit. He had on glasses and his upper lip was dotted with a few anatomic looking bristles."
"—You told me," he asked, "where I can find the Selfar Cleaning Co., 401 Morrison street?"
"I don't know," I said, "I remarked, 'because there is no such number.' I told him that I knew of no such cleaning company. He thanked me and walked up the street. I noticed a rug hung over his arm, and he was carrying an overcoat, black, I believe."
"—You told me," he asked, "where 'Selfar' backwards he immediately realized that it was Mr. Raffles. He had met and that he had allowed \$500 to slip through his fingers."

Dr. P. L. A. Wilson's drug store—formerly Riley's—at Jefferson and Thirteenth streets, next received a call.
"Handerson told me," he asked, "that he sold a little fellow, wearing glasses and carrying an overcoat and rug over his arm 10 or 15 cents' worth of insect powder. He also recalls the fact that a woman, carrying a suit case, off which she had broken the handle, entered the store and retailed her troubles while the seedy looking young man was buying the powder."
Not to discriminate against one pharmacy in favor of another, the man of mystery called at the Park Street pharmacy, 255 Morrison street, and purchased a 15 cent writing tablet from Ralph Delano, one of the clerks. Mr. Delano, told of the visit of Mr. Raffles, remembered it all.
"There was something queer about that fellow who purchased the tablet," he told me. "But never for an instant did I think of him as Mr. Raffles. When I saw his picture in the Journal last night I noticed the resemblance."
"When Raffles pulled off the two big stunts of the day," he said.

First, he called on Mrs. Lillian J. De Keeter, 345 Taylor street, who strangely holds a year's subscription to the Journal, which, if she had tapped the mysterious one on the shoulder and repeated the mystic words, would have entitled her to the \$500 reward.
"It was early yesterday morning," she declared, "that a young, mousy-looking fellow came to the door and rang the bell. I was entertaining a friend from Chicago, and when the bell sounded I went into the front hall and looked through the glass panel in the door.
"The peddler," I announced to my friend, "and one of the dirtiest I have ever seen." He rang the bell several times and went away. Soon, however, he returned. My friend went to the door.
"But isn't this 345 Yamhill street?" persisted the peddler.
"This is the reply," this is 345 Taylor."
"He apologized profusely for disturbing us, and started to leave, returning, however, to give my friend his card.
"If you have any carpet cleaning to be done, I would like to have you call on me," he said.
"The card read:

RAFFLES CLEANING CO.,
Telephone Main 7173.

"When I was told that it was Mr. Raffles who called, I felt sure I did not know what to do. I had let \$500 slip through my fingers.
"I called on Mrs. Raffles for certain. His pictures look a deal like the man who called to clean carpets yesterday. I am satisfied that they are one and the same. He is the cutest thing I ever saw."
I told Mrs. De Keeter that the "Main 7173" was the Journal number and

called her attention to the backward spelling of "Selfar."
Then the big stunt. The Colonial, a boarding house at 167-165 Tenth street, was the scene and Miss Maude Perkins, a maid, and Miss Caroline Hankinson, one of the guests and a teacher of shorthand at the Portland Business college, those who failed to capture the reward. Raffles, with the rug under his arm, and looking dirtier than ever, appeared at the door, and was admitted by Miss Perkins.
"He was a soiled looking person," Miss Perkins told me yesterday. "He asked if we had any carpet cleaning to be done, and I told him I would ask the business portion of town for about 45 minutes and returned to my room for noon lunch."
Got It On Rodgers.
Well, how's our old friend Rodgers, the proprietor of one of the finest barber shops in the north-west, situated in the Corbett building. Mr. Rodgers met me a challenge at through the Journal, stating that I could not come to his shop, without being recognized. Well, this is the first time I got into on my arrival in Portland. Here I had a shave by one of his best barbers who I think will remember me for having made some foolish remark about the sidewalk. It is a very easy matter for me to get into a large shop like this, where there are no less than 12 of the best barbers employed, for here is where the business men of Portland get their work done, and it is a busy place. I was there on Tuesday of this week, and was waited on by Barber Danford—who is an artist in his line. I shall be a visitor at this shop a number of times while in Portland, for I must have the best of work done in the barber line. But the next time I shall be a visitor at this place will be very careful, for while there I noticed three pretty young ladies who seemed to be manufacturing arts and they sized me up in good shape. Now I am willing to take a change with my friend Rodgers, and if these young ladies get after me I will not have much of a chance. Mr. Danford told my manager that he had not had a square meal since he came to town, and who was waiting every day looking for Raffles.

At Postoffice.
My visit at the postoffice yesterday was short and sweet. I suspected the door was not quite a few minutes before the hour—went upstairs and strolled around for awhile. Shortly after 5 o'clock I stepped in the elevator and rode down to the first floor and walked out, passing two ladies near the door, one of whom I recognized as the lady I saw at 425 Taylor street—but I did not give her much time to look me over.
Raffles at the Grand Theatre.
Well now, the way you went after me at the Grand last night shows me that you have some plans to your work. However, I managed to get in all right regardless of the bunch of sleuths lined up on the outside, all looking for me to look me over.
I wear my carnation hanging on the end of my nose you know. Neither did I shout, "Here I come, here, get ready," but just like any other old gentlemanly gentleman, I purchased my ticket and quietly passed inside, apparently with the other fellows that went in at the same time. I could see several carnations in the audience and at once knew that my manager was working a little bit, by passing out a few of the pretty red flowers at the door. But say friends, really did you think I would put mine on the front lapel of my coat like all the rest of you? Well I declare, I am ashamed of you. Surely you did not think I would do that. No, this is only one way that I strive to outwit you. I wore my carnation all right, but as I did not agree to the special liberty of wearing it tucked snugly on the inside of my coat and my coat buttoned up, I wore it on the lapel. But say, the fellows who had theirs in plain sight had lots of fun and were laughing at me. I was taken from the center aisle just before the second show started, seemed to take it good naturedly when he was hailed out by the man in gray and taken to the office of the Journal amid the applause of the large audience.

Watched It All.
While all this and more was going on I sat in the left side aisle taking it all in.
Going on I sat in the left side aisle, taking it all in, feeling confident that my manager would not be penetrated.
"Say, you fellow on the bicycle, you said 'Here is one trick that Raffles will never do.' No, I don't think I will—I stand enough chances of getting my head cracked as it is—your trick is a dandy and you deserve great credit for

Tricks Ladies.
(Continued from Page One.)
some rugs?" I asked. "No, I did not," said the lady. "Well, isn't this 425 Yamhill street?" I asked.
"No, this is 425 Taylor street," she said, so I saw my mistake. I also gave her my card and requested a call later on.
"Thanks, dear lady, for letting me go so easily. Just spell the word on my card backwards, please, and keep your eyes open hereafter, for I know you well and will watch out for you."
At "The Court," Eleventh and Yamhill, I saw three or four other gentlemen standing in the entrance. I started as if to go up the steps, with my sample rug under my arm, and stood and looked up for a moment very awkwardly, which caused all the parties to rubber me very conspicuously. Then I started up the street and was followed, or seemed to be followed, by one of the ladies. I thought it was all off with me, so I quickly turned the corner and lost myself.

Raffles Robs the Colonial.
At Tenth and Morrison street I met the lady at the door of the Colonial apartments, and as she went to see the landlady she invited me in to "take a chair," but as the chair was too large for me to take, I looked around and saw a putter ash tray that looked good to me—so I took that instead.
I left her my card—same kind—and requested her to call me up when she wanted rugs cleaned.
The putter tray I stole from this house I delivered to the Journal office, and within three hours from the time I took it it was returned to the lady by a reporter for the Journal, and my manager. By the way this is the home of several newspaper men.

Buys Flea Powder for Dog.
Why did not the tall gentleman clerk who waited on me at Riley's drug store, corner Thirteenth and Jefferson streets, have his wits about him when I came in carrying the rug on my arm. But just as he handed the flea powder to me a young lady who rushed in the store, exclaiming, "Oh, I've just had a terrible accident. This man was under my umbrella in the street, the handle caught off and the clerk had to go out in the street and get it and fix it for the poor girl before she could go on down town."
If the clerk will look under the post card case or rack he will find my per-



Scar on Raffles' Arm the Positive Mark of Identification—Photo by Dufresne.

sonal card—"Edward F. Girard, the Mysterious Mr. Raffles."
Calls at Park St. Pharmacy.
I later called at the Park drug store, asked the young man for some chewing gum. "What kind?" he asked. "Oh, never mind the chewing gum, just give me a writing tablet. This is a High-Land linen Bond, price 15 cents. I then asked him for a newspaper to wrap my rug up in and he gave it to me, after which he made my get away, left my rug in a safe place and in my same garb and disguise, representing a young man wearing glasses, I walked around the business portion of town for about 45 minutes and returned to my room for noon lunch.

Gives Card to Maid.
When I returned and told him we had no work, he gave me his card, asking that we call him up if we had any work in the future.
The card bore the same words as that given to Mrs. De Keeter.
"But after he had left," continued Miss Perkins, "I noticed that one of the ash trays, which had been filled with insect powder, was missing. Ashes were scattered all over the floor. I became suspicious."
When I called an hour later with the ash tray, which Miss Perkins positively identified as the one stolen, she was on the point of reporting its loss to the landlady.

Miss Perkins' description coincided in all particulars with that of the man who had been seen by Raffles called yesterday.
Miss Hankinson remembers seeing the soiled carpet cleaner, with a rug hung over his arm, standing in the hall talking to the maid.
Raffles told me yesterday that Miss Perkins, when she went to see the landlady about work for him, told him to take a chair.
"The chair was too large," he said, "so I took the ash tray."
In passing, it might be mentioned that all the guests at the Colonial are a-frightened and a-buzzing. No conversation is complete without mention of the mysterious one's visit.

Le. R. Gilbert of 484 Morrison street was one of those caught yesterday for Raffles and taken to the Journal office. Raffles told me yesterday that Miss Perkins, when she went to see the landlady about work for him, told him to take a chair.
"The chair was too large," he said, "so I took the ash tray."
In passing, it might be mentioned that all the guests at the Colonial are a-frightened and a-buzzing. No conversation is complete without mention of the mysterious one's visit.

Crowd Pursues Runner.
R. V. Belmont of the Y. M. C. A., a Marathon runner who participated in two recent races in Portland, and a former member of the Grand theatre, was seen for him as soon as he entered the big crowd awaiting at the entrance, all repeating the magic formula.
Belmont thought it was a put up job—a joke, he said—and ran madly down Seventh street with three policemen and a large crowd following. After running nine or ten blocks he sprinted into the front entrance of a lodging house and out the rear doorway, eluding all.

Between 5 and 6 o'clock at the postoffice last night hundreds waited the man of mystery, which was the same he did. Men, women and children thronged the postoffice square and the streets nearby in the city center. At the Grand theatre last night a larger crowd than on any preceding night waited for Raffles.
Scenes of the wildest excitement were enacted in the theatre, and not upon the stage, either. Just before the second show started, Mr. Raffles, wearing the Mysterious Mr. Raffles, appeared on the stage and made the announcement that the baffling one was in the theatre and that he "wore a red carnation."
Immediately the theatre was all astir. One woman ran over and touched him on the shoulder and repeated the verbal formula. In another part of the house a man had been seen carrying a putter ash tray that looked good to me—so I took that instead.

Tricks Ladies.
(Continued from Page One.)
some rugs?" I asked. "No, I did not," said the lady. "Well, isn't this 425 Yamhill street?" I asked.
"No, this is 425 Taylor street," she said, so I saw my mistake. I also gave her my card and requested a call later on.
"Thanks, dear lady, for letting me go so easily. Just spell the word on my card backwards, please, and keep your eyes open hereafter, for I know you well and will watch out for you."
At "The Court," Eleventh and Yamhill, I saw three or four other gentlemen standing in the entrance. I started as if to go up the steps, with my sample rug under my arm, and stood and looked up for a moment very awkwardly, which caused all the parties to rubber me very conspicuously. Then I started up the street and was followed, or seemed to be followed, by one of the ladies. I thought it was all off with me, so I quickly turned the corner and lost myself.

Raffles Robs the Colonial.
At Tenth and Morrison street I met the lady at the door of the Colonial apartments, and as she went to see the landlady she invited me in to "take a chair," but as the chair was too large for me to take, I looked around and saw a putter ash tray that looked good to me—so I took that instead.
I left her my card—same kind—and requested her to call me up when she wanted rugs cleaned.
The putter tray I stole from this house I delivered to the Journal office, and within three hours from the time I took it it was returned to the lady by a reporter for the Journal, and my manager. By the way this is the home of several newspaper men.

Buys Flea Powder for Dog.
Why did not the tall gentleman clerk who waited on me at Riley's drug store, corner Thirteenth and Jefferson streets, have his wits about him when I came in carrying the rug on my arm. But just as he handed the flea powder to me a young lady who rushed in the store, exclaiming, "Oh, I've just had a terrible accident. This man was under my umbrella in the street, the handle caught off and the clerk had to go out in the street and get it and fix it for the poor girl before she could go on down town."
If the clerk will look under the post card case or rack he will find my per-

sonal card—"Edward F. Girard, the Mysterious Mr. Raffles."
Calls at Park St. Pharmacy.
I later called at the Park drug store, asked the young man for some chewing gum. "What kind?" he asked. "Oh, never mind the chewing gum, just give me a writing tablet. This is a High-Land linen Bond, price 15 cents. I then asked him for a newspaper to wrap my rug up in and he gave it to me, after which he made my get away, left my rug in a safe place and in my same garb and disguise, representing a young man wearing glasses, I walked around the business portion of town for about 45 minutes and returned to my room for noon lunch.

Gives Card to Maid.
When I returned and told him we had no work, he gave me his card, asking that we call him up if we had any work in the future.
The card bore the same words as that given to Mrs. De Keeter.
"But after he had left," continued Miss Perkins, "I noticed that one of the ash trays, which had been filled with insect powder, was missing. Ashes were scattered all over the floor. I became suspicious."
When I called an hour later with the ash tray, which Miss Perkins positively identified as the one stolen, she was on the point of reporting its loss to the landlady.

Miss Perkins' description coincided in all particulars with that of the man who had been seen by Raffles called yesterday.
Miss Hankinson remembers seeing the soiled carpet cleaner, with a rug hung over his arm, standing in the hall talking to the maid.
Raffles told me yesterday that Miss Perkins, when she went to see the landlady about work for him, told him to take a chair.
"The chair was too large," he said, "so I took the ash tray."
In passing, it might be mentioned that all the guests at the Colonial are a-frightened and a-buzzing. No conversation is complete without mention of the mysterious one's visit.

Crowd Pursues Runner.
R. V. Belmont of the Y. M. C. A., a Marathon runner who participated in two recent races in Portland, and a former member of the Grand theatre, was seen for him as soon as he entered the big crowd awaiting at the entrance, all repeating the magic formula.
Belmont thought it was a put up job—a joke, he said—and ran madly down Seventh street with three policemen and a large crowd following. After running nine or ten blocks he sprinted into the front entrance of a lodging house and out the rear doorway, eluding all.

Between 5 and 6 o'clock at the postoffice last night hundreds waited the man of mystery, which was the same he did. Men, women and children thronged the postoffice square and the streets nearby in the city center. At the Grand theatre last night a larger crowd than on any preceding night waited for Raffles.
Scenes of the wildest excitement were enacted in the theatre, and not upon the stage, either. Just before the second show started, Mr. Raffles, wearing the Mysterious Mr. Raffles, appeared on the stage and made the announcement that the baffling one was in the theatre and that he "wore a red carnation."
Immediately the theatre was all astir. One woman ran over and touched him on the shoulder and repeated the verbal formula. In another part of the house a man had been seen carrying a putter ash tray that looked good to me—so I took that instead.

Tricks Ladies.
(Continued from Page One.)
some rugs?" I asked. "No, I did not," said the lady. "Well, isn't this 425 Yamhill street?" I asked.
"No, this is 425 Taylor street," she said, so I saw my mistake. I also gave her my card and requested a call later on.
"Thanks, dear lady, for letting me go so easily. Just spell the word on my card backwards, please, and keep your eyes open hereafter, for I know you well and will watch out for you."
At "The Court," Eleventh and Yamhill, I saw three or four other gentlemen standing in the entrance. I started as if to go up the steps, with my sample rug under my arm, and stood and looked up for a moment very awkwardly, which caused all the parties to rubber me very conspicuously. Then I started up the street and was followed, or seemed to be followed, by one of the ladies. I thought it was all off with me, so I quickly turned the corner and lost myself.

Raffles Robs the Colonial.
At Tenth and Morrison street I met the lady at the door of the Colonial apartments, and as she went to see the landlady she invited me in to "take a chair," but as the chair was too large for me to take, I looked around and saw a putter ash tray that looked good to me—so I took that instead.
I left her my card—same kind—and requested her to call me up when she wanted rugs cleaned.
The putter tray I stole from this house I delivered to the Journal office, and within three hours from the time I took it it was returned to the lady by a reporter for the Journal, and my manager. By the way this is the home of several newspaper men.

Buys Flea Powder for Dog.
Why did not the tall gentleman clerk who waited on me at Riley's drug store, corner Thirteenth and Jefferson streets, have his wits about him when I came in carrying the rug on my arm. But just as he handed the flea powder to me a young lady who rushed in the store, exclaiming, "Oh, I've just had a terrible accident. This man was under my umbrella in the street, the handle caught off and the clerk had to go out in the street and get it and fix it for the poor girl before she could go on down town."
If the clerk will look under the post card case or rack he will find my per-

A. B. Steinbach & Co.

IF YOU HAVE BOYS TO CLOTHE



It will certainly prove to your advantage to visit our Boys' Section. You'll find there a wonderful gathering of excellent clothes for Boys of all ages. Double service clothes; two-piece bloomer suits, all wool fabrics in smart patterns, serges, fine worsteds, rough mixtures. Special values at \$3.65, \$4.00, \$5.00 and up to \$10.00

Special Half Price Sale of Boys' Straight Pant Suits in ages from six to sixteen years

After enjoying the show, which seems to be more and more interesting each night, I passed out with the large crowd and made my way to the Perkins hotel and lost the bunch of trailers for the night, and as I retired I offered a little prayer for forgiveness for being such a bad Raffles all day.

A Few Pointers For Raffles.
Now just a few words to the wise. On Saturday I am going to give you a 10 to 1 chance to capture me, but I want it distinctly understood that you must show me your Journal when you say, "You are the mysterious Mr. Raffles of the Oregon Daily Journal."
Don't carry your paper in your pocket or down in your stocking, and don't wrap it up in some other paper, like you were ashamed to let me see it. I have no X-ray eyes and can't see through your clothes, and I will not acknowledge your salutation unless I see a Journal.

BIG HERD WILL MIGRATE SOUTH
The Elks met 1000 strong at the club rooms, Seventh and Stark streets, last night to boost for the grand lodge, which convenes next month at Los Angeles. Enthusiasm was such that the committee appointed to secure members to make the trip south on a special train found their work easy. Portland will be well represented. Arrangements were made to entertain all visiting delegations of Elks on their way through Portland to Los Angeles.
After a short executive session the herd devoted the rest of a delightful evening to an impromptu entertainment. Moving pictures, songs, musical specialties and monologues by members appearing in the various vaudeville houses of the city made up the improvised program.

A Store of Quality
THE MASONIC TEMPLE GROCERY
We Handle the Best Goods

SPECIALS FOR SATURDAY
Best Brands of Canned Pineapple, Peaches, Pears and Apricots, regular 25c per can
Special 20c
Half-gallon cans of Karo or Sunset Drip Syrup; special 25c
Lipton's Teas, No. 1 blend, 1/2-lb. cans 30c, 1-lb. cans, No. 1 blend 60c

THE MAN OF MYSTERY WILL VISIT OUR STORE SATURDAY BETWEEN THE HOURS OF 6 AND 8 P. M. BUY YOUR SUNDAY GROCERIES AND IDENTIFY HIM

NOTICE To every purchaser at this store during Mr. Raffles' visit a clothes pin apron or a kitchen reminder will be given, free.
The Masonic Temple Grocery GUS H. HINNENKAMP
PHONES—MAIN 5521, A-3737. 380 YAMHILL ST., COR. W. PARK

RAFFLES THE MAN OF MYSTERY
HAS ACCEPTED AN INVITATION TO VISIT AT THE
PEOPLE'S MARKET & GROCERY CO.
FIRST AND TAYLOR
HE WILL VISIT HERE TOMORROW (SATURDAY), BETWEEN THE HOURS OF 1 AND 3 P. M.
Your attention is called to display advertisement on another page of Journal, where some very rare bargains are offered.

Conditions Governing the Capture of the Mysterious Mr. Raffles
RAFFLES WILL AT NO TIME DENY HIS IDENTITY if shown the latest copy of The Journal and addressed with these exact words, "YOU ARE THE MYSTERIOUS MR. RAFFLES OF THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL." Lay your hand on his shoulder at the time, and he will at your request go with you to the office of The Journal for complete identification, where the management of The Journal will identify Mr. Raffles, who in real life is known as Mr. Edward F. Girard.

- The first person who approaches the mysterious Mr. Raffles, having in their possession the latest copy of The Daily Journal, and saying these exact words, "YOU ARE THE MYSTERIOUS MR. RAFFLES OF THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL." will receive \$100 in gold.
- \$200—Or the first person who approaches the mysterious Mr. Raffles, having in their possession the latest copy of The Daily Journal and a one month subscription receipt for The Daily Journal, dated later than May 1, 1909, and repeating the magic words correctly, will receive \$200 in gold.
- \$300—Or the first person who approaches Mr. Raffles, having in their possession the latest copy of The Daily Journal and a three months' subscription receipt for The Daily Journal, dated later than May 1, 1909, and repeating the magic words correctly, will receive \$300 in gold.
- \$400—Or the first person who approaches Mr. Raffles, having in their possession the latest copy of The Daily Journal, and a six months' subscription receipt for The Daily Journal, dated later than May 1, 1909, and repeating the magic words correctly, will receive \$400 in gold.
- \$500—Or the first person who approaches Mr. Raffles, having in their possession the latest copy of The Daily Journal and a 12 months' subscription receipt for The Daily Journal, and repeating the magic words correctly, will receive the maximum reward of \$500 in gold.
- As Mr. Raffles must have some place to sleep and rest, he will be positively exempt from capture at any of the several places of residence he will occupy while in Portland, and no reward will be paid for his capture by any one connected with or stopping at such places.

The official photographer, Mr. Dufresne, and those employed at his studio, and the special automobile people and attaches of the Grand theatre, as well as all employees and families of employees of the Journal, are positively barred from participating in the capture. We take these necessary precautions to protect the interest of the general public who are in the chase for the golden reward.

The Oregon Journal is sole judge of any dispute arising over the reward or the interpretation of these rules and its decision on any point connected with the Raffles contest must be accepted as final.

A copy of Wednesday's Journal will be considered as being "the latest copy of The Journal" up to 6 p. m. Thursday evening. Thursday's Journal will be effective up to 6 p. m. Friday. Friday's Journal will be effective up to 6 p. m. Saturday, etc.