

COMPANY B IS SOMETIMES REFERRED TO AS "WEST POINT OF O. N. G."



—Photo by Parkin.

Left to right—Sergeant E. V. Woodson, T. Relia, G. Schiewe, L. E. Dillree, O. H. Henderson, A. Haas, E. Dunn, C. A. Olsen, Corporal F. Guerin, F. Merrill, R. H. Knight, E. Leonard, P. Shrader, Otto Weiss, Dan Newgard Jr., First Sergeant A. A. Schwarz, Sergeant C. H. Cartwright, M. McFarland, D. Pfund, M. H. Huxley, Ed Cutting, E. Stram, Arthur Tice, Albert Uno, Corporal L. D. Manciet, Robert C. Hester, H. Wood, A. C. Newgard, E. S. Haycox, G. C. Sunst, F. R. McCollough, A. Anderson, Corporal Carlton F. Bond, W. McIver.

THE SUN BABY

By Jack Lait.

MS. BUCK JAMESON was an honest, hard-working woman, a cook in a little, cheap hotel. Her husband was a loafer, who had long ceased to be part of the household calculation, financially, ethically, or physically. June was 4 years old, and was being raised as well as could be, with her mother away all day at work and her father away all the time in a calaboose or the barrel-house.

Buck lay asleep on a bench in the park one morning, huddled up and shivering. A policeman saw him, hot-footed him smartly and aroused him. Buck had gone to sleep on a quart of vicious whiskey. His eyes did not open, but he pulled in his whacked feet and, with



the brute instinct suddenly awakened, struck out blindly. His fist hit the policeman in the eye.

The policeman, feeling that his eye would be black, that he had been attacked, that the scales of justice had been spat upon, and that the majesty of the law had been dragged in the slime, drew his revolver and fired once. Once was enough. The shot went through the bum's heart.

The policeman made report, stating that Jameson had attacked him and executed a motion as though to draw a knife. The coroner's jury acquitted the policeman with pleasure and commendation. And the Sun printed a paragraph about it.

Mrs. Jameson was shocked and deeply grieved over the tragic end of the man whom she must once have loved, and who was the father of her daughter. She scraped up a few dollars and gave him a decent burial. She and little June followed the body to its grave. They came back on the street cars. They got back to the tenement building, and a washerwoman, who had always been sympathetic, offered to wash the body. Mrs. Jameson, necessarily improper, slung at the widow: "So, you're a thief, eh?"

The agent of the building was waiting on the upper landing. He made no preliminary remarks, but told her, tartly, that she would have to get out, and quickly and she served her with a five day notice, the shortest the law allowed. Only the across-the-hall neighbor, who had always been sympathetic, offered an explanation. She pointed to the paragraph in the Sun.

Under a one line headline, it said: "Officer O'Hare was acquitted by a coroner's jury. He made no preliminary remarks, but told her, tartly, that she would have to get out, and quickly and she served her with a five day notice, the shortest the law allowed. Only the across-the-hall neighbor, who had always been sympathetic, offered an explanation. She pointed to the paragraph in the Sun."

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New Strength for Lame Backs and Worn-out Conditions.

Dear Mr. Editor: I suffered from lame back and a tired, worn-out feeling. Was unable to stand erect and scarcely able to get around. It would usually come on at first with crick in small of my back. I took one box of Dr. Pierce's Anuric Tablets and my back commenced to get better soon after starting to take them. I did not have a walk doubled over as I did before using "Anuric." It is the best remedy I have ever taken for what it is intended to relieve. I hope those who are in need of such a remedy will give Dr. Pierce's Anuric Tablets a trial.

Yours truly,
A. G. DRAKE.

NOTE—When your kidneys get sluggish and clog, you suffer from backache, sick-headache, dizzy spells or the wings and pains of lumbago, rheumatism and gout. The urine is often cloudy, full of sediment, channels often



unworthy character of her husband, changed her whole life.

Word had flown through the tenement and its environs that the mysterious woman who was away nights was the widow of a criminal, desperado, and was hence a thief. There is no snobbery quite so distinct or nearly as cruel as the social ostracism of the slum-rutters. To be out in a mansion means neglect and snubs; to be scratched on Hogan's was meant bricks through the window and snub-water from the landings above upon the head below.

Mrs. Jameson was not a woman to fight against odds. She was frail and timorous. Her years of silent suffering had left her little stamina for resistance. The day after the funeral she was dismissed at the hotel. She bore for several days the invective and the slants of derision and profane jeers. But on the fifth day, having no money to pay for moving her few rickety properties, and no place to take them if she had, when a call was rung through her kitchen door by rowdy boys, egged on by their elders, Mrs. Jameson's sensitive soul shuddered and she leaped over the railing. She was picked up by the hand and tied with her feet, and she was carried to the editorial rooms and marched to the city editor's desk.

The busy boss of the local room looked in amazement at the visitor and his load. The policeman pointed to the note. "The editor motioned him to put the baby in the chair, and he unpinned the two papers. One of them he saw at a glance was clipping of the story in the Sun. The other was written on with a pencil, as follows: "Editor of the Sun—You called me a crook; who is been a hard-working and suffering woman all my life. I can't live no more now. By the time you see this I will be in the river. This here is my child. Her name is June Jameson. You made her an orphan. You raise her. MRS. BUCK JAMESON."

The editor snarped. He opened the paper with trembling hand and saw a pretty, touselled baby-faced girl.

He seized a telephone and called the police. He told them to man every house in town and try to prevent a suicide, giving them the circumstances as far as he thought necessary—and safe.

When he walked into the publisher's office and opened the door. He showed him the clipping and the note.

"What shall we do?" he asked.

"It was no light dilemma. That a moral responsibility, at least, had been incurred, was beyond doubt. The baby could not be shunted off without basest indifference to justice and right. And just then the police called and stated that a woman had jumped into the river from your building. The rents paid well. She soon bought another. By the time that June was ready for finishing school, her mother was well-to-do. When she returned from Vas-

her eyes. Then she looked long and sadly at the child, crouched in the angle of the wall, slumbering. Then she looked at the brass sign and she clenched her fist; then she sighed; then she breathed one sharp, hot breath, and then—

"What do you suppose she did? Stop here and recapitulate the facts and emotions of the situation. What might she do? What could she do? What did she do?"

Conclusion No. 1—She took from a pocket of her skirt a copy of the Sun containing the paragraph which had brought so much woe upon her. She tore out the portion. From the ground she picked up a bit of white paper and scribbled something on it. The note and the clipping she pinned upon the shawl of the sleeping girl. Then she leaned over and kissed June long and tenderly, but so lightly that she did not arouse her. Then she stepped down, looked each way, saw no one coming, looked once again at her little girl, and started swiftly up the street and was lost to sight.

A few minutes later a policeman saw the bundle in the corner. He examined it and saw it was a child. On the outside of the upper one was written "To the Editor of the Sun." The policeman picked the child up in his arms and carried her to the editorial rooms and marched to the city editor's desk.

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and dropped an impatient ejaculation or two, then raised his head and stated that it was plain—it was a most distressing situation, but the certainty was plain—the Sun would have to take it. The paper, the paper editor of the Sun, frequently referred to as the "West Point of the O. N. G."

Company B, Third regiment, Oregon National Guard, is one of the best drilled commands in the state. Its officers and men take keen interest in the work, and a snap and vim in their drill and military duties that is appreciated by the higher officers of the O. N. G. From its ranks have come more commissioned officers than from any other company in the regiment. It is frequently referred to as the "West Point of the O. N. G."

Its commander is Captain W. F. Daugherty, a veteran of the Spanish-American war, who has risen from the ranks, and is now senior captain of the regiment. The members pictured were those who attended volunteer drill Sunday last, in order to the better qualify themselves for the federal inspection held on the following Tuesday. First Sergeant A. A. Schwarz, an experienced veteran and a champion rifle expert of the United States, is shown in front of the line of men.

CLASS IN DRAMATICS IS ENTHUSIASTIC

The successful presentation of "Pygmalion and Galatea" by the Pacific university extension class in practical dramatics, under the direction of Professor W. G. Harrington, at the Lincoln High school auditorium March 15, demonstrated the possibilities in the way of dramatic interpretation by local amateurs. The play was presented for the benefit of the Franklin High school scholarship fund and probably will be presented at the Eleventh Street theatre in the near future.

The work of the cast was of unusual interest in that the typical mannerisms and faults of amateurs were conspicuous by their absence. The action was smooth and snappy and the strong climactic situations were well developed. The character work throughout was good and the stage business and tableau effects of a finished nature. The costumes of the Greek period were artistic and pleasing.

The work of Miss Kate Schaefer in the part of "Galatea" deserves special mention. Miss Lucile Wolcott also gave a strong interpretation of the jealous wife who knew no half truths and was either love or hate. Everett Newman Craig was a pleasing "Pygmalion" and Florence Bromberger, Gernell Kane, Emilie Michael and Dorothy Deering brought out the comedy situations that surrounded the love affairs of "Daphne" and her husband "Chryseos" and "Myrine" and her betrothed "Leucippe" with true perception.

The class in practical dramatics has been maintained by the Pacific university at the Portland public library during the past winter in order to afford adequate instruction in amateur dramatics. The aim in this course has been to study classics that are worthy of production, which at the same time afford the students an opportunity to develop their latent possibilities. The Pacific university in the northwest devoted to these needs and open to the public.

At the present arrangements are being made to present "Op O' My Thumb," in which Madame Adam will have her debut, and "Sunset," by Jerome K. Jerome, which was Daniel Frohman's favorite as a means of trying out his discoveries in the dramatic field. "Mice and Men" is to be presented as the final production of the class.

The class has been largely attended and enthusiastically supported by those interested in amateur dramatics.

Production of Pygmalion and Galatea to Be Followed by "Mice and Men"

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Young Hero Saved Thirteen of Fellows

Royal Humane Society Gives Cecil Ketherington Gold Medal for Gallantry When Freighter Is Sunk by Mine.

London, March 11 (By Mail, by U. P.)—When the Royal Humane Society handed over a gold medal to Cecil Ketherington, an 18-year-old Northumbrian lad today, it disclosed a hitherto unpublished story of bravery. Ketherington saved 13 lives besides his own.

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Babylonian Fight Rudely Interrupted

While Fate of Great City Hangs in Balance and Tower Was Burning, Somebody Turned in Fire Alarm.

Los Angeles, March 25.—While the fate of Babylon, fiercely besieged by more than 2000 doughty warriors, trembled in the balance, and a huge wooden tower used in the attack had been successfully fired by the Babylonians, the scene was rudely interrupted by the routing of the enemy, some unidentified person turned in a fire alarm and the filming of the most spectacular event in the greatest production of filmdom was abruptly interrupted by the charge of a Los Angeles fire truck into the picturesque scenes of battle at Griffith studio on Sunset boulevard.

For five minutes the firemen occupied the foreground of the picture while D. W. Griffith, 28 directors and more than 3000 other frantic individuals commanded, beseeched and implored them to get out so that the burning tower could be recorded on film in its otherwise historically correct environment. As a result of the incident, several hundred feet of film will have to be cut out and it is probable that the costly scene must be re-enacted.

Lives Insured for University Benefit

Every Member of Princeton 1916 Class Agrees to Take Policy Payable to Alma Mater.

Princeton, N. J., March 25.—[U. N. S.]—For the first time in the history of the world, so far as is known, the members of a college class have agreed to insure their lives on graduation in favor of their alma mater.

Every member of Princeton 1916 class has promised to pay premiums for 25 years, if he lives that long. The face of the policy goes to the university to insure the death of the member at the end of 25 years. The amount each man pays is small, but the class will turn \$60,000 over to the university in 1941.

Count fifty! Your cold in head or catarrh disappears. Your clogged nostrils will open, the air passages of your head will clear and you can breathe freely. No more sniffling, hawking, mucous discharge, dryness or headache, nor struggling for breath at night.

Get a small bottle of My's Cream-Balm from your druggist and apply a little of this fragrant antiseptic cream in your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage of the head, soothing and healing the swollen or inflamed mucous membrane, giving you instant relief. Head colds and catarrh yield like magic. Don't stay stuffed-up and miserable. Relief is sure.

Boy Kills Himself Because of Spanking

London, George Found With Revolver, Poisoned Himself, Began and Diagram of Body With Cross Marked on Heart.

Johnstown, Pa., March 25.—Lonnie George, 11 years old, shot himself to death at his home in Cherry Tree because his father whipped him for chewing tobacco. He was found by his parents.

Beside him lay a revolver, a biscuit covered with rat poison, a razor and two notes, one to his father and another to his mother, and a diagram of a body with a cross marked on the heart.

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Great Farm College Founded in Ohio

Ohio C. Barber, Millionaire Maker of Ketchup, Converts Famous 5000-acre Farm into Agricultural School.

Barberton, Ohio, March 25.—(U. P.)—Ohio C. Barber, millionaire maker of ketchup, now 74, plans to make "the greatest agricultural school in America." Barber is drawing plans today

Iron Is Greatest of All Strength Builders, Says Doctor

A Secret of the Great Endurance and Power of Athletes

NOTE—Nursed Iron recommended above by Dr. Bauer is not a patent medicine nor secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists and whose true constituents is widely prescribed by eminent physicians everywhere. Unlike the cheap iron tonics, it saves a healthy appetite, does not irritate the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is most potent in its action, and is a most potent tonic, and is widely prescribed by eminent physicians everywhere. Unlike the cheap iron tonics, it saves a healthy appetite, does not irritate the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is most potent in its action, and is a most potent tonic, and is widely prescribed by eminent physicians everywhere.

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