



OLD STUFF

BY RALPH WATSON.

"When the state conventions meet next year," Polly Tician remarked casually but to T. Paer's evident surprise, "there won't be no boobs on the ticket, take it from me."

"You don't know what you are saying," T. Paer retorted, "I don't know what you are saying."

"Well," T. Paer responded, "I remember right it was something like the same feeling that was responsible for the primary law being passed in the first place, wasn't it?"

"I don't know," Polly answered disgustedly, "unless it was to put a crimp in politics and them that knew anything about 'em."

"I wouldn't be surprised," T. Paer grinned, "but you hit the real reason the first time, all right."

"Well it done it whatever the reason was," Polly mused, "They're not one of the old boys playing the game any more."

"Oh, they're playin' it all right," T. Paer corrected, "only they don't seem to hold the cards to win."

"It's a bum law," Polly declared firmly, "Any goop that thinks he's a statesman 'nd can scrape up enough kais to go on and get elected under the ticket and mess things up generally."

"It's about six one way 'nd half a dozen the other, ain't it?" T. Paer asked, "only in the old days the goops was all hatter broke to lead 'nd stand hatched."

"Don't see it," Polly argued, "they didn't get into the offices like they do now."

"Well, maybe they are a little different," T. Paer conceded, "Now-a-days the goops 'nd the gumps run for office in the old days the just run 'em."

"You talk like you was full of hop," Polly snapped, "I don't see how you get them ideas if you ain't."

"I know," T. Paer suggested, "you remember Jack Matthews 'nd Larry Sullivan 'nd some of the big fellahs back in the good old days don't you?"

"I know 'em well," Polly boasted, "There were the fellahs that knew how to play the game four ways from the deuce and the Joker wild."

"The Joker was in it all right," T. Paer mused, "only it never filled in with the deuces 'nd the treys the people had dealt 'em."

"They had good officers dealt to 'em," Polly contended, "Just look at you used to be in the legislatures them days and now."

"I don't want to," T. Paer assured her, "It hurts my eyes."

Rich Girl, Poor Girl

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN de WATER

CHAPTER 48
MRS. HOLLINGSHEAD fell asleep, holding her husband's hand after he had assured her of her daughter's safety. But she awakened at the end of an hour in a state of nervous excitement that neither of her attendants could quiet.

"I will stay with her. You telephone for the doctor!" Mr. Hollingshead said to Adelaide at last. "She is wearing herself out."

Adelaide hurried to the telephone. During the hour in which the invalid had slept the girl had gone to her own room and dressed as if for the day. She knew she would be busy later.

After summoning Dr. Carter, she took the husband's place at the bedside.

"I will stay by her while you go and dress," she said gently, "I am afraid you will catch cold sitting here in your pajamas and bathrobe."

"She felt almost as if she were the daughter of this stricken man. He looked at her now, dully.

"I won't catch cold," he protested, "You will be needed later by her."

"Her peace of mind will depend on you," she added in a whisper.

"What are you talking about?" Adelaide asked the question that Adelaide had so often heard her ask of her own child. She answered truthfully.

"I am urging Mr. Hollingshead to put on warmer clothing. You know I called him to come to you—and he did not want to dress."

"He must not leave me," the invalid whimpered. "He must not." "He must," the girl said gently, but firmly, "just for a short time."

The blind woman began to cry softly. The man looked helplessly at the attendant.

"Don't worry. I will see to her," she said to him in a low voice. "Go and dress. You will have to let the doctor in when he rings."

He obeyed as he had been a child. In five minutes he was back again, fully dressed. His wife was still crying.

"She will wear herself out," he murmured anxiously. "I wish the doctor would come. I know this will tell on her health."

"Not before Dr. Carter gets here," the girl soothed. "Talk to her and try to divert her thoughts. I will return in a few minutes."

She left the room. In 10 minutes she was back, carrying a cup of steaming coffee.

"Drink this, Mr. Hollingshead," she commanded.

Mrs. Hollingshead's sobs had ceased but her breath was choked. There was a pinched look about her features.

The girl did not call the man's attention to these symptoms. Instead, while he drank the coffee, she took her seat by the bed.

She was still there when the front doorbell rang. She listened while the master of the house went downstairs. She heard a murmured parley in the lower hall. She wondered how the father was telling the tragic news to the doctor.

However he told it, it took little time. For, before she could believe that the conversation between the two men could be ended, Dr. Carter stood at the side of the bed.

He bent over the patient and spoke to her soothingly as she started and moaned.

"It is I, Dr. Carter," he said, "I am going to give you something to make you sleep better. My head aches so," the patient complained. "It is all because of the trouble about Patty."

The physician glanced inquiringly at the attendant who answered his questioning look.

"Mrs. Hollingshead has been having painful dreams about her daughter," she explained aloud. "They have disturbed her rest frequently tonight."

"I want Patty to come in here now," the mother insisted. "I know you know that she came in here a while ago. But I want to speak to her again now."

The husband turned away, his hands clenched. The physician spoke firmly.

FEDERAL JUDGE RAPS MISDEEDS OF DRY AGENTS

Nickelplated stars, gleaming from the proud breasts of federal prohibition agents, do not make bossy-cow's morning bran mush the stuff from which while mule is made.

Nor does that star, with all the weight of an agent's oath behind it, make a genuine, guaranteed coppercolored whiskey still out of a wash-boiler full of hot water in which Farmer Brown hopes to scald a squealing pig if the moonshine marines let him alone awhile.

Yet there are among these stalwart minions of the federal law agents who assume for themselves such poetic license. And Federal Judge Charles E. Wolverton is out to clip some of the poet-gories by holding them to the same court regulations as their "victims" are subjected to.

No more favors are to be granted them by virtue of their arresting authority. They must obey the laws of the court the same as the men they arrest. If some of them do not conduct themselves in a more orderly manner the federal court will take action against them.

Such was the substance of a lengthy rebuke Judge Wolverton directed at the agents this morning when he was informed by Assistant United States Attorney Allan Bynon that he was having difficulty in getting the agents to make truthful reports on their arrests, and in reporting to court at the time set for trial.

"I think the court has seen enough during the last few days to understand the difficulties which I face," Bynon said in summing up the matter.

The judge's admonition was made during the hearing of a motion on the C. E. Alderice liquor indictment, which the defendant is seeking to have it dismissed. Alderice contends that the search warrant used at his home, No. 574 East Eighth street

north, on May 5 was not made out for his home, but for No. 574 East Knott street, and further that the agents have not returned the warrant to the United States commissioner.

AGENT IS CITED
Bynon could not offer any resistance to the contents, his only evidence being hearsay, that the warrant had later been changed for the right address. Counsel for Alderice said he had interviewed the commissioner and he denied making the change. Judge Wolverton instructed Bynon to have Agent Grover Todd, who secured the warrant, in court Wednesday morning, to give him the opportunity of ascertaining whether he tampered with the warrant after the commissioner issued it, and also to explain why he has been so tardy in making his return.

Those federal prohibition agents ought to understand that they are officers of this court, and that they must make returns on these papers," Judge Wolverton announced. "If they don't attend to these matters the court will take some action. I don't think the United States attorney's office or the United States marshal should be caused any further worry over these matters."

FAIL TO APPEAR
Bynon also stated that two agents ignored court subpoenas Monday for the trial of George Protricka. Agent C. J. McNight never showed up and Agent H. L. Barker was 35 minutes late and caused a delay in the government's case, he said.

Bynon also charged Agent Price with making 14 mistakes on major points in one of his recent cases, on which the jury failed to find a verdict. Price is alleged to have stated that he found a still in full operation, when the facts showed the defendant was heating water in a wash boiler to scald a pig. Also that he found a barrel of sour mash by the barn, which was later identified during the trial as a barrel of feed for livestock.

At the conclusion of this morning's hearing Bynon promised the court he would convey his statements to the prohibition department.

CREAM DELAYS TRAFFIC
Vancouver, Wash., June 27.—A can of cream, jolted from a Battle Ground milk truck at Sixth and Main streets, held up traffic Monday morning, while a firehose was being used to wash the mess into the gutter.

CLIMBERS HAVE TOUGH TIME TO SCALE MT. YEON

Scratched by briars, bruised by rocks, burned by the sun, bitten by mosquitoes and sore in every muscle, five Portland hikers are recuperating today after a grilling experience of mountain climbing such as no member of the party desires to have again.

The party was composed of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dimm, Effie Rhodes, Arthur Evenson and Eric LaMide and they are telling today how they started to climb Yeon mountain, off the Columbia river highway, and had to finish the expedition whether they desired to or not.

These hikers had the unusual experience of getting half way up a mountain to find it impossible to descend with safety and yet finding themselves facing almost insurmountable cliffs to continue the remainder of the climb.

But after two days' toil, during which there was only a light lunch and a quart of water between the five, the hikers are back in civilization tired and sore, but wiser.

The five started from Dodson on the highway and followed Dodson creek to the base of Yeon mountain which is about 400 feet higher than Larch mountain and has no trails. Roped together the party started the climb up cliffs expecting to get to the top and back by Sunday night. Blankets and equipment were left behind. Half way up the mountain they decided to go back, but the slopes were so precipitous that a return was out of the question.

Through dense underbrush and fallen timber the party proceeded and arrived at the top at dark. The underbrush was so dense and so dry that the adventurers were afraid to start a fire so they huddled together on the top of the peak while the cool mountain breezes sent the coldness through to their marrow. It took the party all day Monday to return to the highway by another route which led them out at Warrendale.

LaMide was the guide of the expedition and said he learned conclusively

STRONG AND MEAD LOSE BIG ESTATE

Samartian hospital, \$2000, The Children's Home, west half of lots 7 and 8, block 65, Portland (these lots are at the southeast corner of Fifth and Washington streets, and are occupied by the Sweetland building); August Warnecke, all the rest of lands and real estate; to Ben Selling in trust for Jewish hospital \$5000; William E. Metzger, \$5000; all balance of property to The Children's Home.

Codicils added to this will later provided for the bequest of \$5000 instead of \$5000 to William E. Metzger and appointed A. L. Mills of Portland as the sole executor of the will and testament without bonds.

INDIVIDUAL BEQUESTS ARE MOSTLY TO FRIENDS
Practically all the individuals mentioned in the 1911 will were particular friends of Mrs. Faling. The addresses of some of them are not known, and one is known to have died. The Jensens were friends. Lena Doran is thought to have been a relative of Mr. Faling, but her address is not known. All the Grays and Warneckes mentioned are residents of San Francisco, and were particular friends of Mrs. Faling. Cornelius Barrett, a brother to Mrs. Faling, is dead. William E. Metzger, another beneficiary, is a young man whom Mrs. Faling educated.

The Faling will was probated before Judge Taswell, then probate and county judge, for a year, off and on. Hundreds of witnesses were heard and countless depositions read. The chief contestant was Dr. W. Tyler Smith of Sheridan, since deceased, and a cousin of Mrs. Faling's, who contended that he, as nearest surviving kin, was the rightful heir. Dr. Smith was not mentioned in any of the numerous wills known to have been made by Mrs. Faling. He and Mrs. Faling are said to have had a misunderstanding earlier

during Mrs. Faling's life, after which she ignored her cousin. The only other relative Mrs. Faling is known to have had was a son-in-law in San Francisco. In the will declared invalid he was bequeathed \$2000. Under the earlier will he gets nothing. His wife, Lillian Faling, Mrs. Faling's only child, died before any of the mother's wills were made. A grandson, the child of Lillian Faling, also passed away before Mrs. Faling is known to have made any bequest.

The will contest before Judge Taswell often reached dramatic points. Particularly so was the recital by Thomas N. Strong, one of the beneficiaries of the last will and Mrs. Faling's old attorney. Mr. Strong reviewed her life in detail under questioning and held the courtroom tense when he recited how he had defended her in San Francisco, where she was tried and acquitted on a charge of murder for the shooting of her husband. This man, according to the testimony, deserted her for another woman and took something like \$30,000 of Mrs. Faling's money with him. She tracked him far and near and finally came upon him in the streets of San Francisco, when she shot him. She was tried and acquitted on an insanity plea.

Mrs. Faling's maiden name was Xarifa Jane Barrett. She came here as a girl with her family, and by frugal and wise investment, soon acquired the nucleus of the fortune which she later amassed.

Dr. Smith contested for this fortune, on the ground that when her last will was made her health and mind were weakened, and that she executed it under undue pressure and coercion.

The Faling estate, comprising a great amount of cash and much valuable Portland property, is said to be worth approximately \$1,000,000 at present.

In the contest before Judge Taswell John F. Logan, James G. Wilson and Henri Labbe appeared for the beneficiaries. Strong and Mead, and Coy Burnett and E. E. Heckbert represented Dr. Smith.

GUILTY ON LIQUOR CHARGE
George Protricka, north end soft drink vendor, was convicted this morning by a jury in Federal Judge Wolverton's court of selling whiskey to prohibition agents. The court granted him five days in which to file a motion for a new trial. The jury received the case late Monday and was about an hour in reaching its decision.

CITY OF PORTLAND WITHOUT RIGHT TO REIMBURSE BAYER

Salem, June 27.—The city of Portland is under no obligation either legal or moral to pay to J. C. Bayer, trustee, \$36,728.44, due, Bayer asserts, in connection with the construction of the Portland city auditorium. So declares Justice Rand in an opinion handed down by the supreme court in overruling a demurrer filed by attorneys for Bayer in a suit against George R. Funk, auditor for the city of Portland, today.

In his opinion Justice Rand points out that the contract for the construction of the auditorium, originally entered into with Hans Pederson, was transferred to Bayer as trustee when Pederson became involved and unable to complete his contract. Upon completion of the contract the city paid all sums it had contracted to pay and in addition paid Bayer \$21,325 to reimburse Pederson for an error in computing his bid on the building, as well as an additional \$11 per thousand for the brick entering into the construction of the building.

Thereafter Bayer presented a claim for an amount in excess of \$36,702.84, which he claimed the city was under a legal obligation to pay. The city council, through the enactment of two ordinances, provided for the payment of this claim when Bayer, by legal proceedings, should obtain a judicial determination that the city council had authority to pay the money as a moral obligation and not as one which was enforceable in an action at law.

"The city was under no obligation to the relator (Bayer), moral or equitable," Justice Rand declares in his opinion. "The council had no legal authority to pay or to promise to pay him any sum of money. He had been settled with once and paid in full and had given his receipt therefor."

By A. Posen

THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER— "Listen to the Mocking-Bird"



BRINGING UP FATHER



A Gap That Was Easily Filled



District Forester George Cecil Gives Marriage Surprise

District Forester George H. Cecil stole a march on his associates and friends Monday, married Mrs. Edith Webster from New York city, and left Portland at once for an extended automobile camping trip through the most attractive national forests of his district, leaving his co-workers to discover his absence only through a two-line marriage license announcement in the newspapers.

While rumors have for some time been afloat of Cecil's impending marriage, the event came as a surprise to many of his associates. The ceremony was performed at 11:30 a. m. Monday at the First Congregational church by Dr. W. T. McElveen. Only a few of the most intimate friends were present.

The bride is from New York and had been visiting with Mrs. Garrigue at the Rosefield apartment previous to her marriage. Cecil is chief administrative officer of district 6 of the United States forest service, comprising all the national forests within Oregon and Washington.

PORTLAND MEN JOIN CLUB
Houqua, June 27.—Lured by tales of the fine fishing offered in Lake Quinalt and Grays Harbor streams, three Portland men yesterday became members of the Houqua Rod and Gun club. The men are: Dr. H. C. Flixot, C. G. Griffin, and W. Whitfield.

Waverley Club Bills 4th of July Events

The Waverley Country club house committee has scheduled an old-fashioned Fourth of July celebration for members next Tuesday. In the morning a flag tourney will be staged over a 9-hole course. There will be a baseball game between Eastern and Western college men and at 4:30 o'clock a swimming program will be staged. Fireworks will be fired off in the evening following which there will be a dance.

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KRAZY KAT



ABIE THE AGENT



Friendly Advice

