

The Assistant's Strategy

By E. M. WICKES

Jim Raney, the deputy, sat in the kitchen of his cottage which bordered on the outskirts of Portchester, polishing an old shotgun. His blue-eyed daughter, Florence, entered and inquired: "What are you going to do with that gun, dad?"

"I'll use it to shoot some of those fresh motor fellows with buckshot," he drawled, without looking up.

"She thought he was joking and remained silent for several seconds; then as he offered no additional explanation she asked:

"What seems to be the trouble?"

"Every Sunday," he replied, placing the gun on the table, "some man in a white touring car flies over my patrol and refuses to stop when I signal. Last Sunday, though, when I hailed him, he suddenly pulled up and jumped out. Then when I told him he was under arrest, he snatched the shield from my breast, and laughing in my face, he leaped into his car and rode away. But I'll get him today if I have to blow his car to smithereens. And I'll bet the justice will commit someone to jail."

"You're making a mountain out of a molehill," said Florence, seriously, walking over and picking up the gun. "And if you go shooting off this old blunderbuss, you will be the one eventually to land in jail. What you should employ against these reckless chauffeurs is strategy."

"I'm going to use buckshot on him before I buy any more ammunition," he vehemently declared.

"Buckshot nonsense," laughed Florence. "Ingenuity and strategy, dad, conquer nations."

There was a pause as the deputy gazed out of the window.

"Have you got some?"

"I am full of it, and I am going to the road with you to execute a strategic move and capture the culprit."

"Yes, and get hit with one of those infernal machines and land in the hospital."

Florence laughed heartily at his fears, as she fastened to her brown, wavy hair, a black fur cap.

"What time does that fellow usually pass?"

"About four o'clock, but you stay home. I don't need an assistant if I have the gun."

"You cannot have the gun and I am going with you," she announced, throwing the weapon on a shelf.

He finally yielded and allowed her to accompany him to the road.

Shortly after their arrival, a white touring car came into view, a half mile away. When it was within four hundred yards of them, Florence who had been intently watching it, clenched her teeth and sprang to the middle of the road. Her father diving her purpose and fearing an accident, frantically rushed over and vainly attempted to force her aside.

Meantime, shrill blasts were shooting from the oncoming car, but Florence refused to clear the way, which brought the motor to a standstill. The driver, a tall, supple chap, wearing a linen duster, blue goggles and a cap pulled down on his forehead, leaped to the ground and catching sight of Florence, his features broke into a smile as an exclamation seemed to spring to his lips only to perish.

"Is this the one, dad?" queried Florence.

The deputy scrutinized the chauffeur for several seconds, and answered in the affirmative.

"Arrest him," she ordered, as another car slowed up from a forty-mile gale.

"You're under arrest," shouted the deputy, shaking his finger at the first comer.

"For what?" asked the one in the blue goggles, leisurely lighting a cigarette.

"You're both under arrest for speeding, and there is a charge of larceny against you for stealing my badge!"

"Look sharply," began the accused one, "or I am apt to steal your pretty!"

"Sir, this is no time for nonsense," Florence broke in. "Papa is the deputy and you will have to accompany him to the justice!"

"Oh, very well, just as you say," cheerfully replied the driver.

"Here, Florence," said her father, "get in the first car and I'll climb in the other and they can drive to the justice."

As Florence stepped into the car the tall chap sprang to her side, and sent them speeding away.

"Hey there, stop, you bound!" yelled the deputy.

The only reply was a "toot" of the horn as the car disappeared around a curve.

The deputy ordered the other car to give chase, but the man refused.

"What do you mean by this?" angrily demanded Florence, "I want you to stop and let me out, or I will have you arrested."

"Oh, very well, just as you say," cheerfully replied the driver.

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"Hey there, stop, you bound!" yelled the deputy.

"I hardly think you would," returned her companion, removing his goggles. "Don't you remember me?"

"Mr. Hawley," she gasped. He stopped the motor, and tenderly taking her hand, inquired: "Did I frighten you?"

"Yes, you nearly frightened the life out of me," she pouted.

"I am very sorry and beg forgiveness."

"At present it is withheld," she answered, regaining her composure. "What brought you here?"

"Luck and this motor," he said. "Are you glad?"

"I will not tell you now. I think it was better of you to give father and me such a fright."

"I did not know it was your father, and as I had something important to say, I was anxious to see you alone. Will you listen, now?"

"Father says that you insulted him and pilfered his badge," she said, ignoring his question.

"Oh, I see what you are driving at; and if you will listen to what I have been longing to tell you for months, I will explain the badge incident."

"I can surmise what it is," she smiled, listlessly toying with the lever. "But please let us return and allay father's fears. Then, when you have explained the badge affair, I—I will listen."

"That is some consolation," he rejoined, turning the motor to comply with her wish.

"Here they are!" cried the deputy, as the car drew up. "Judge I want you to commit him."

"Be patient a moment, Jim, until we hear his story," advised the other.

"What does this mean, Ralph?" asked the justice, as the deputy thrust Ralph aside and assisted Florence to alight.

"Nothing wrong, uncle," replied Ralph, grasping the justice's hand. "Four months ago I met Miss Raney at Embassy Park, and after calling upon her several times a week for two months, I proposed. She was to have given her answer the following Saturday; but when Friday dawned, she had mysteriously disappeared. From that time, I have not seen her, although I have searched high and low, little dreaming she was your neighbor."

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FASCINATION OF THE ARCTIC

Sentiment of Travel and Peril That Appeals to All Who Have Rich, Red Blood.

The sentiment of arctic travel is closely similar to that of Alpine climbing. Man, with supreme audacity, by sheer strength of will and of muscle, forces himself into nature's reserved territory, where she shows herself in her severest and most awesome moods, where no mere animal dares to tread, where no other living thing has ventured. That foreseeing, skillful creature, man, with well-knit muscles and well-chosen companions, well supplied with special foods and well-devised ropes and tents, and other means of defying inexorable nature, alone of all living creatures, traverses this region of desolation unharmed. Unabashed, he plunges into the wilderness of magnificent lifelessness! He does not succumb! He returns to tell the story to his fellow-men! Even the Alpine climber who first scales one of the hitherto untraveled peaks of Switzerland receives honor and admiration from those to whom he relates his adventure. How much more, naturally enough, is the interest, amounting to enthusiasm, with which we hear the explorer or read his book, telling of days and weeks, even of months, of struggle with the prodigious obstacles of ice and snow. In the endeavor to reach the remote polar regions, north or south. The reduction of the weight of food carried to an exact minimum, the similar diminutive provision of tent and protective covering against intolerable cold, the daily struggle of the monotonous march over measureless snow fields, the fact that each day's progress reduces the probability of ever returning, excite wonder, pity, even horror, while the determination, foresight, and well-balanced calculation of means to end and of the dividing line between luck and foolhardiness, fill us with admiration and respect for the leader.

The Language of Paradise. Every language has its admirer; in "Lucile," the author, Owen Meredith, maintained that when he heard French spoken as he approved he "found himself quietly falling in love." Edward Hutton is another instance of this linguistic fascination. In stating his preference in his enchanting "Cities of Spain," he recalls an interesting medieval legend. He says: "And as I listened to the splendid syllables of the Castilian tongue that rang eloquently through the twilight I remembered the saying of that old Spanish doctor of whom James Howell tells us in his 'Instructions for Foraine Travel,' to wit, that Spanish, Italian and French, these three daughters of the Latin language, were spoken in Paradise; that God Almighty created the world in Spanish, the tempter persuaded Eve in Italian and Adam begged pardon in French."—Youth's Companion.

Built Structure Around Tree. The people of the New England states are proverbial for their veneration of trees and in these days of ruthless destruction of woods it is refreshing to the extreme to hear of a case like the resident of Kennebunkport, Me., who, rather than to disturb an old tree which grew on his farm upon a site desired for the location of a barn, built the structure around the tree. The barn wall completely encircled the tree, but lies at sufficient distance to give the tree plenty of air. The age of this particular tree is not accurately known, but it is one of a pair which is said to have been full grown trees at the time of the revolution.

Woman Smokers. The woman smoker, far from being a result of a decadent civilization, is merely a survival of a tougher and harder life. Even today the women who live the hardest lives compatible with twentieth century civilization smoke incessantly. Go into any tramps' lodging house and you will find not only old and young women but bits of girls scarcely in their teens puffing contentedly, not at cigarettes, but clay pipes charged with black twist tobacco. It is part of the etiquette of the road for the men after they have vigorously sniffed at their "business" to hand them to the woman tramps who have no supply.—London Chronicle.

Strawberries Grown in City. To show that strawberries can be grown in the heart of the city, Willis A. Hendricks of East Twenty-first and Albert streets brought to the office of the Oregonian a number of boxes of Magoon and Oregon Improved berries containing an average of twenty berries to the box. The berries were grown on an ordinary city lot without irrigation. Mr. Hendricks had 1,000 plants on his lot and at the first picking he picked a total of 56 boxes of the monster berries. A number of the berries were over five inches in circumference and one measured 7 1/2 inches in circumference.—Portland Oregonian.

Puzzles Astronomer. Prof. E. E. Barnard, in discussing the remarkable dark lanes seen in his photographs of the nebula surrounding the star Rho Ophiuchi, and the apparent veiling of the more distant stars by this and a neighboring nebula, calls attention to "a small black hole in the sky," which has appeared on a number of his photographs for the last 15 years. On account of its smallness and sharpness, and its isolation, it is, he says, the most remarkable phenomenon of the kind with which he is acquainted. It is in the constellation Sagittarius, in right ascension 18 hours, 25 minutes, 31 seconds, declination south 26 degrees, 9 minutes. It lies, says Professor Barnard, "in an ordinary part of the Milky Way, and is not due to the presence or absence of stars, but seems really to be a marking on the sky itself."

Lessons From the Pulpit. Manhattan Congregational church, New York, of which Rev. Dr. Henry A. Stimson is pastor, has been holding a series of "civic services," these being addressed by publicists and experts in municipal development.

STUDY WOOD USES

Forest Service Plans to Conduct Large Experiments.

Laboratory Opened in Madison, Wis.—Rear Admiral Stockton Is Chosen President of George Washington University.

Washington.—Utilization of forest resources to the fullest possible extent is to be the aim of an experiment station that under the name of the forest products laboratory has recently been established by the forest service at Madison, Wis. Henry S. Graves, chief of the forest service, has returned from opening the laboratory and spoke enthusiastically of the outlook.

The station is called a laboratory, but this is hardly a descriptive name. The word laboratory usually implies chemical or physical experiments on a very small scale, and laboratory work is always differentiated from field work because it is not always certain that an experiment successful in the laboratory will be a practical and commercial success.

The work at the Wisconsin station is on a scale that is large enough to show whether the work carried on has a commercial future. There are a number of varied industries all connected with forest products carried on under the same roof, but they are carried on in a larger way than is common in a laboratory. There is a practical pulp mill for making paper out of woods that are to be found in the national forests, but that have never been utilized for paper making; there is a plant where new woods are being tried for making lead pencils, there are testing devices for determining the structural strength of woods, real chemical laboratories for determining chemical composition and the adaptability of woods for dyeing, tanning and other arts, and sections for kiln drying, fireproofing and preserving woods from decay. There will be an important branch devoted to saving wood refuse by distillation, the making of wood alcohol by cheap and practical processes and the like.

"The opening of the laboratory was in every way a noticeable success," said Mr. Graves. "It was participated in by a large number of lumbermen, representatives of wood-using industries and others interested in a practical way in what the laboratory is intended to do. I think these men were much impressed with the facilities, for studying practical problems on a scale which will make the results valuable to users of what the forest produces."

"For instance, there was a paper machine making paper from species of wood which are being experimented with to discover their value for this purpose. Some of the woods to be tested are national forest woods of relatively low value for timber. Other tests were of construction timbers of large size.

"The success of the opening was largely due to the hearty co-operation of the representatives of wood-using industries and the lumbermen. One of the greatest advantages of the laboratory will be that it will bring closer together those who are studying to promote the most economical use of our forests, for the sake of making our timber supplies last as long as possible and serve their best use, and those who are engaged in the business of converting trees into marketable forms. The industries will gain both greater assurance of permanence and discovery of the methods which will pay them best, while the public will gain from the conservation of the forests."

The lumbermen of the country are particularly interested in the work of saving what is now refuse wood. They figure that a third of the wood as it is cut in the forest now finds its way into the market, and they are just as anxious as any other people to save this two-thirds if it can be done at any profit to themselves. They have already furnished a good deal of machinery for testing and experiments and have suggested a number of lines for investigation.

The station is being conducted by the department of agriculture in conjunction with the University of Wisconsin. The latter institution has furnished the building and will supply the light, heat and power and the department will furnish the working force. The new building cost the state of Wisconsin about \$50,000.

While the aim of the station is to do work on a scale that will be large enough to pretty well establish its commercial possibilities, there have been arrangements made with a number of the commercial concerns interested in the use of woods to carry out on a commercial scale work that appears promising in the laboratory.

There will be an additional office maintained in Chicago. The work there will consist of studies of the wood-using industries of the various states, the collection of statistics and keeping in general touch with the wood market.

Went to the Limit. One night as Inspector McCafferty, then one of Byrne's detectives, was entering Lyons' old eating house, in the Bowery, he was accosted by a hungry-eyed tramp, who exclaimed: "For God's sake, mister, put me against the trough. I ain't eat nuthin' fer tree days."

He looked it, so McCafferty took him in and told a waiter to give him a full dinner.

When McCafferty had finished his dinner and walked out, he found the tramp on the sidewalk and was the recipient of profuse thanks.

"Well," remarked the detective, "I'm glad you got all the dinner you want."

"I didn't, boss," corrected the hobo, "but I had all I could eat."

Weather Observation. "This climate is changing," said a woman to her husband at the breakfast table one morning.

"But my dear," replied the husband, "the weather records for the last twenty years show about the same average of temperature. Now if you will—"

"Oh, weather records be fiddled," the wife retorted, "don't I know that I'm putting our winter clothes away later and later every year? I tell you it's only a little while before we're going to have another ice age."

The Great Nimrod. They were talking about Roosevelt. "Oh, anyone can be successful when he is born with everything in his favor," growled the pessimist. "You never heard of the wolf knocking at Teddy's door."

"Hardy," laughed the optimist. "If any wolf should be so foolish he would probably find himself made into a rug in short order."

ADMIRAL HEADS UNIVERSITY.

Washington.—Rear Admiral Charles Herbert Stockton, LL. D., U. S. N., retired, will succeed Dr. Charles W. Needham as acting president of George Washington university. He will take up the duties of his office September 1. On the same date Dr. Howard Lee McBlain, assistant professor and dean of the College of Political Sciences, will become professor of political sciences and assistant to the acting president.

The appointments were made at a special meeting of the board of trustees of the university recently. As Rear Admiral Stockton's name had not been mentioned publicly as a probable successor to Doctor Needham, and as Doctor McBlain is only thirty-one years old, both appointments were a surprise in educational circles, but the opinion was general that the selections of the board of trustees are excellent ones.

Rear Admiral Stockton will take up the work of reorganizing the educational and financial affairs of the university.

Several times recently, when the name of the American president-sportsman has been mentioned, I have been asked, "You've heard the dog story, of course?" says Joe Mitchell Chapple in the National magazine.

"I like to hear all the variations on dog stories, so I asked, 'Which dog story?'"

"That one, you know, that 'Buffalo Bill' tells about Roosevelt hunting bears in Colorado. It seems that he hired a man and a dog, but neither seemed to be very successful in getting him the desired bear. At last he lost patience and inquired: 'Isn't there a good dog to be had in this country?'"

"Oh, yes—Smith down below here has the best bear dog in the mountains."

"Well, go down and get him," urged the presidential hunter. "Let's see if we can't have some sport with a bear."

"Smith won't hire his dog," "Tell Smith to come along and join the party for hire or on any terms he likes." The story runs that the guide departed and returned with a report

of non-success. Dog Roosevelt's impudence took on a tinge of vexation, and he went himself to secure the admantine Smith and his valuable dog.

"This is Mr. Smith. I understand you have a fine bear dog, Mr. Smith?"

"None better in the Rockies," was the assurance.

"Can't I hire him or buy him?"

"He ain't for hire and I wouldn't sell that dog for no price you could offer."

"Well, won't you come with the dog—allow me to hire both you and the dog?"

"No, I ain't hirin' out now. I got to go after bacon and flour and some more things my folks wants for the house."

"Report has it that President Roosevelt felt a trifle nettled at the man's obstinacy."

"Look here," he said, "do you know who I am?"

"No, I don't know—what's the odds?"

"I am Theodore Roosevelt, president of the United States. A pause to await the desired effect and yielding.

"Smith dexterously deposited some tobacco juice on the ground just beyond the president's nearest hunting boot."

"Well," he said, slowly, "I don't care if you are Booker T. Washington, but can't hire my dog?"

"And all the little innocent bears went to bed happy that night, glad they had escaped Smith's dog."

Senate "Chair" Calls Himself to Order. Senator Bacon was going to speak, was engaged in conversation with his colleagues. Senator Kean of New Jersey was also talking to Senator Warren of Wyoming. Senator Bacon wanted to get the attention of the senator from Vermont before speaking on his bill, and hesitated a moment, which Senator Curtis took as a sign for him to get busy. So he began pounding that little marble cube until the senate chamber fairly rang. By the time he had worn off a little sharp edge the senator from Vermont sat up and took notice, and Senator Kean of New Jersey woke up and returned to his seat.

Finally Senator Bacon, who was getting pretty hot under the collar and pretty red in the neck and face, managed to make his voice heard. "Mr. President," he said, "I did not seek the attention of the senator from New Jersey. When you had secured the attention of the senator from Vermont I was satisfied and was ready to proceed, but you kept on banging the gavel so that it was impossible for me to begin. I now yield the floor."

Senator Curtis, who is nothing if not polite, with a merry twinkle in his black eyes, apologized for his undue exertions with the ivory cube, and said: "The chair will now come to order. The senator from Georgia is recognized."

Washington Hotel Is Stormed By Birds. The leaders, and when a few of them, flying too low, went in the direction of the hotel windows, the rest followed, like a flock of misguided sheep. Pell-mell they struck against the roof and upper windows, and where the windows were open, in they flew and round and round the rooms. But the aeroplane landing on the Willard is not in commission yet and the hotel management objected strenuously to any attempt of guests to enter by means of the roof.

Accordingly, a corps of hotel employees, including all the volunteers who could be pressed into service, made for the upper chambers of the hostelry and swished and switched the winged visitors out of doors, some dead and some alive.

Almost Alone. "It is better to be good than great," remarked the thoughtful thinker.

"Why do you think so?" queried the young man.

"Because you will have less competition," explained the thinker.

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