

WHO WON SANTIAGO BATTLE?

A Logical Editor Figures it Down to English Coal Miners.

The "Silver Bow Bugle" department of the Butte, Montana, Miner has an exhaustive review of President Roosevelt's findings as to whom the credit of the naval victory over the Spanish fleet at the Battle of Santiago is due. The "Bugle" says in part:

"We are sorry for the president's sake that we are entirely unable to agree with his opinion of the controversy. There are several points upon which he is way off. In the first place he holds that Sampson arranged the plan of battle. We do not believe that. We think credit should be given where credit is due, and we have a strong belief that Admiral Cervera had something to do with arranging the fight. We do not take it for granted that Mr. Sampson had sent word before hand to the Spanish sailor just how he was to come out of the harbor, and which way he was to turn when he got out. We are reluctantly compelled to believe that Mr. Cervera had a hand in deciding how the battle should be fought. We dislike very much to detract in any way from Mr. Sampson's ability, but still we cannot think that he was directing the course of both fleets when he was more than twenty miles away from either of them.

We cannot agree with the president in saying the battle was a captain's victory. Even if the captain did more than Admiral Schley as far as commanding the fleet is concerned, his premises are not correct. If it was a captain's battle then it was a gunners' victory, and it was the men behind the guns that are entitled to the credit. If it was a gunners' victory, then in that event, it was a stokers' battle. The gunners would not have been able to accomplish anything if it had not been for the splendid work accomplished by the fellows shoveling coal down in the furnace rooms of the American vessels. The history of the engagement shows indisputably that the American ships went faster than was expected of them when they were chasing the Spaniards; some of them appeared likely at one stage of the conflict to get away. If it had not been for the work of the stokers some of the enemy's ships would have undoubtedly escaped. So that if it was a captain's battle it was a stokers' victory, and the boys who handled the furnaces are entitled to the credit. If it was a stokers' victory we are inclined to believe that the men on shore who mined the coal that made it possible for the stokers to shovel fuel so that the ships could go fast enough to allow the gunners to hit them with accuracy and deadly effect, under the instruction of the captains, who were under command of Admiral Schley, are entitled to claim the credit for the battle of Santiago. If Admiral Schley did not win the victory we are convinced that the men who mined the fuel did.

If we remember rightly, some of the coal with which the fleet was supplied came from European countries, so that to follow out the president's reasoning to a logical conclusion the battle of Santiago was not an American victory at all, but the honor of it belongs to the coal miners of Europe.

A BUSINESS CITY COUNCIL.

Port Angeles up at the head of Puget Sound has a city council that protests against all kinds of foolishness, especially in the matter of morals. It gets down to business in this good old-fashioned style:

Whereas, one J. A. Lawrence, a resident and citizen of U. S. A., did abandon his estimable wife and family, contrary to morals and right living and came to this city and in an open manner and in violation of law and good morals lived with a Miss B. Darby, apparently as husband and wife, to the chagrin and horror of all good citizens:

Then the Angeles official body proceeds to resolve that the proper officers enforce such laws as will eliminate the objectionable conduct and "all such institutions." It is to be hoped that they will make the town too hot for "one J. A. Lawrence" and his "Darby."

Missoula, Montana, photographers have organized a defensible trust—a trust with no trust and a uniform scale of prices. At the same time prices have not been advanced.

The growth of Dawson City is indicated by the fact that the First Methodist church of that city has called to the pastorate Reverend James Livingstone, of Windsor, Ontario, at a salary of \$3,000.

The war department has arranged for the bringing home from the Philippines of all troops sent there in 1899. There will still be 32,000 left in our Asiatic possession—for a picnic, we suppose, as all the authorities at Washington agree in the assertion that the islands are "pacified." It is a singular sort of pacification that requires a standing army of that size.

An official inquiry into the business of a swindling New York brokerage firm that advertised a method for "getting rich quick," disclosed the names of twenty-three bank cashiers from different parts of the country as patrons of the concern. It is surprising that men in such positions could be deluded with promises of five hundred per cent a month profit on investments.

How many people know the meaning of "sierra," from which the continuations of the Cascade range of mountains to the south of the Oregon-California boundary line take their names—as the Sierra Nevada in the United States and Sierra Madre in Mexico. Webster gives the definition as "a ridge of mountains and craggy rocks, with a serrated and irregular outline." It comes from the Spanish.

It may be of interest to know that the waiters at the White House luncheon when President Roosevelt entertained Prince Henry "were dressed in black corded coats, black waistcoats with invisible buttons black plush knee breeches with gold buckles at the knees, black stockings, patent leather pumps and white gloves." Still it may not be of interest except to make the average American citizen say with Shakespeare's sprite, "what fools these mortals be"—at least some of them not far from the White House.

A gruesome proof of death was that made out by Sheriff Frazier of Portland to enable the mother of Jack Wade, executed by the sheriff for murder, to collect a small insurance on Wade's life. In the line following the printed words, "cause of death," was written "strangulation, legal execution for murder"; "duration of illness," "nine minutes"; "place of death," "jail yard"; "attending physician," "Harry F. McKay." If the mother is allowed to see that written instrument it is not probable that her fingers will touch the money. She will see blood on it—her own blood.

MAY GET A FORTUNE.

Wm. Landess One of the Heirs to an Estate of \$80,000,000.

From present indications Wm. Landess, of Cottage Grove, is apt to strike a streak of good luck in the immediate future. He is in receipt of news that he is one of several heirs to the famous Cronkite estate of Holland, the heirs of which have been extensively advertised for in the leading papers of the United States for the past four years. The estate is said to be worth \$80,000,000, and Mr. Landess is one of about 300 heirs. He left this week for Portland where he will make a search for some family records in possession of his uncle, who resides in that city. Mr. Landess' friends wish him all possible success and trust that he may live many years to enjoy his share of the great estate, which if equally divided among the 300 heirs would be over \$260,000.

DEED.—W. H. Smith (colored) died at Cottage Grove Feb 27th, aged 70 years, from dropsy.

UNIVERSITY NEWS.

Student Body Held a Rousing Meeting—Society Notes.

Daily Guard, March 1.
LAUREAN SOCIETY.

The Laureans got down to business last evening and the result was the best meeting of the year. Every part of the program was prepared and carried out well. Current Events were reviewed by Fay Howe. H. C. Eastland gave an interesting talk on the "U. S. Weather Bureau System" and G. H. Merritt prepared an address on "The Roman Highway System." The question debated was, "Resolved, that the police, excluding Chinese laborers should be maintained and rigorously enforced." The debate was close, the negative winning only on a small margin. The affirmative was upheld by Bacon and Johnson and the negative by Scarborough and Dillard.

An inter-society debate has been arranged by the Laureans and the Philologists which will come off March 21. The representatives of the Laureans will be Eastland and Johnson and of the Philologists McArthur and Templeton. After the April vacation the three societies, the Entaxian, Philologist and Laurean will hold an open session.

STUDENT BODY.

The student body held a rousing meeting yesterday afternoon in Villard Hall. The proposition of a number of amendments to the constitution of the Associated Students was to be voted upon. Some of the amendments were hotly opposed by members of both factions with the result that the one relating to the borrowing of money by the managers of student organizations failed to pass. Amendments pertaining to additions to staff of the "onthly" and "Weekly" and appointment of student-body funds were passed. The Australian ballot system will be hereafter used in all elections.

PHILOLOGIAN SOCIETY.

Mr. H. C. Galey gave the "Recitation" and Mr. Clyde Gray the "Current Events" at the regular meeting Friday evening. Owing to the absence of the regularly appointed debaters, the order of debate was passed over and the evening was spent in extemporaneous discussion of topics passed to the different members on slips of paper.

County Allowances.

Reducing and comparing tax rolls—
J. D. Hamlin comparing rolls and making 20 per cent reduction .. 45 00
C. D. Lee comparing rolls and making 20 per cent reduction .. 45 00
W. C. Yoran cards for extending tax .. 1 25
Commissioners' account—
J. R. Hill services .. 26 00
Sheriff's account—
W. W. Withers board of prisoners 59 04
J. M. Howe deputy sheriff .. 10 00
Geo. B. Camp deputy sheriff .. 10 75
Assessor's account—
D. P. Burton assessor .. 81 50
S. J. Wisner deputy assessor .. 64 00
Surveyor's account—
C. M. Collier county surveying .. 21 00
County officers' account—
H. R. Kinard county judge salary 66 65
A. S. Patterson county treasurer salary .. 66 65
W. W. Withers county sheriff salary .. 168 65
E. U. Lee county clerk salary .. 168 65
F. L. Gibbs deputy county clerk salary .. 75 00
O. F. Callison deputy county clerk salary .. 6003
Fred Fisk deputy county sheriff salary .. 75 00
H. L. Bova deputy county sheriff salary .. 50 00
Wm. Miller county superintendent salary .. 100 00
Janitor account—
W. H. Sherman janitor .. 40 00
Ferry account—
R. U. Vaughan ferryman .. 34 50
E. Bowen ferryman .. 30 00
W. H. Eston ferryman .. 30 00
Joe Gillespie repairs on ferryboat .. 5 00
Miscellaneous account—
Glass & Prudhomme township plate .. 1 54
W. W. Withers sheriff, stamps etc. .. 5 00
Pacific States Telephone and Telegraph Co. services .. 15 20
W. M. Miller stamps and telephone .. 1 25
Glass & Prudhomme records .. 22 50
E. U. Lee stamps and envelopes 43 00
E. Bangs livery hire .. 2 00

Wm. Gowland has been elected captain of Co. B, 4th Infantry, O. N. G., at Ashland. He was formerly a sergeant.

Henry Schwing, the Ninth street barber, has purchased one of the celebrated Trowbridge pianos from Morris & Crow.

Heaven help the telephone subscribers of San Francisco when 700 girls in the employ of the company have been vaccinated and it has taken—Ex.

Let the newly organized Commercial Club immediately take up the matter of printing suitable literature to advertise our splendid city and county.

A BACHELOR'S ... COURTSHIP

[Original.]

Mark Winthrop was tired of bachelor life. Naturally a domestic man, he longed for a home to which he could go after a hard day's work at his office and find some one there in whom he could be interested instead of to a lonely apartment, where he changed his dress, and thence to his club. Sometimes he would dine with friends, but clubmen are not to be depended upon for dinner at clubs, as they often dine out, and he usually dined alone in the great dining room at a table by a window.

Winthrop resolved to end all this. He was not in love with any one, and he was no longer in the first flush of youth. He was thirty-four. He resolved to marry for convenience. Casting about among his acquaintances, he selected Miss Enderbury, aged thirty-five, and resolved to make her a proposition of marriage. He was wise enough to know that a bare domestic arrangement would not please a woman, and, not being in love, he would be unable to make love feelingly. He resolved, therefore, to propose by letter, for he was a fluent writer and in this form could counterfeit love admirably. Miss Enderbury was well spoken of by everybody. She needed a home and was old enough to know that opportunities for marriage would not be likely to come to her thereafter. Winthrop had met her in society only and made several calls upon her in the usual formal way. But, for the matter of that, he was intimate with no one but men.

Having made up his mind, he sat down in his room to write the letter, but threw down his pen, suddenly discovering that he did not remember the lady's Christian name. The matter must be deferred. The next day, meeting an acquaintance, a young man of twenty, hurrying along the street, he caught him by the sleeve and asked if he could tell him Miss Enderbury's Christian name. The man answered, "Adele." Winthrop made another effort, so charmingly expressed that it could not fail to touch the heart of any woman. He closed it by requesting that if Miss Enderbury would listen to his proposal he might be permitted to call the next evening and hear of his acceptance from her own sweet lips. After finishing the note he read it over, pronounced it a success, signed it and sent it to the Enderburys.

The next day he was rewarded with a little note, written in a feminine hand, acknowledging the receipt of his letter, the lady admitting that after his kindly attentions on the occasion of her debut in society she had gone home and dreamed of him. Winthrop tried to remember the meeting, which must have been some ten years before, but failed. The note was closed by an invitation to call in the evening.

"It is astonishing," he said to himself, "how long romance lasts in women and how sensitive they are to a little attention, especially when passing from girlhood to womanhood."

That evening Mark Winthrop walked up to the Enderburys' door as coolly as he would go to his office. His only dread was that he would not be able to talk as he had written. He was ushered into a small drawing room, where he sat waiting for Miss Enderbury. Presently he heard a rustle of skirts and an apparition stood in the doorway, a young girl of nineteen, covered with blushes and seemingly unable to cross the threshold from an intensity of feeling. Winthrop saw at once that there was some mistake, but had the presence of mind to await developments without showing embarrassment. Indeed, the sight of so much loveliness gave him a flutter about the heart. In her he recognized one whom a few months before he had met at her debut and had passed some time in her company. He had not caught her name on being introduced and, though he had met her several times since, was still ignorant of it. The explanation flashed upon him. This must be a younger sister of Miss Enderbury. The young man of whom he had asked the lady's Christian name doubtless thought only of one Miss Enderbury, about his own age. Winthrop remembered that the night after her debut he had dreamed of her and the next day regretted that he was too old to marry a rosebud.

Winthrop proved himself fully equal to the occasion. Advancing toward her, he took both her hands in his and gently drew her into the room.

"I am fully aware," he said feelingly, "of the presumption of an old fellow like myself aspiring to such loveliness, but I cannot help it. After that meeting when you made your entree into society I dreamed of you, and I am enchanted to know that you dreamed of me."

He dropped into lovemaking with astounding ease. It was no trouble whatever. His words came to him easily, and he was able to express himself with a delicacy suited to this tender job.

"Oh, Mr. Winthrop," said the girl, "what can you, a mature man of the world, see to admire, to love, in a mere child like myself?"

"Your modesty, little sweetheart, only renders you more lovely. From the moment I saw you on that evening—"

"Why recount the lies Winthrop told? They were excusable, for he was so transported with rapture that he partly believed them. As in the case of the oath of Uncle Toby, the accusing angel must have blushed as he handed them in. By a mistake Winthrop had found a woman who could not only make a home, but who could throw over the home the enchantment of fairyland. There was a love that grew with each succeeding year.

NEIL VAN VACHDEN.

"THE HAND OF FATE"

[Original.]

Mr. Creswell had refused me his daughter because I had chosen literature for a profession. I left him dissatisfied, not only with him, but with my choice. Passing from the library to the drawing room, I informed Emma Creswell of her father's decision. Emma had no more confidence in the productiveness of literature than her father, but she loved me and wanted me, and me only, for her husband. She was wealthy in her own right, but I had no intention of marrying a girl who would feel when she married me that she would be obliged to support me.

"Abandon literature," she said to me, "take a position in father's office, and all will go well."

"I love literature, and so long as I have hopes of success I would not be satisfied to abandon it. You and I would both regret such a course."

"Perhaps you are right," she replied thoughtfully. "You had better test your ability to please the public."

I went away wishing that Emma was not so practical. Nevertheless I determined to abide by her wishes. I had finished a novel which I knew was as good a piece of work as I was capable of doing. It had the freshness of youth in it, and the plan afforded just such opportunities as my abilities most needed. I determined to use every effort to secure its publication and stand or fall in literature on its success or failure. I tried half a dozen publishers before my work, "The Hand of Fate," was accepted. Then I spent several weeks reading the proofs. By the time it was published I had spent a year writing it, six months revising it and the rest of two years getting it into print. If paid at the rate of \$150 a month for my labor, I would receive \$3,000. Should the work be a great success I might make as much as \$50,000. I had a strong conviction that it would be a success.

The book was finally launched. At the end of the first month I inquired of the publisher what the sales had been and was told that 1,500 copies had been disposed of. My royalty on the proceeds was \$225. I was very much encouraged. The second month the sales dropped to 500 copies. I was considerably cast down, but my publishers told me of a number of novels that had paid largely after lying on the shelves of bookstores for a year or more. Then came January and February, and my royalty for the first was \$150 and for the second 25 cents.

I went to Emma plunged in profound grief, admitted my failure and was ready to take to the ignoble calling of business. Emma's eyes filled with tears.

"Wait," she said. "This is a very dull season for books, I hear. Perhaps the sales will be better in the spring, when people begin their light summer reading."

I was ready to catch at a straw and concluded to take her advice.

One day toward the end of March I was surprised to receive a note from my publishers that the sales of "The Hand of Fate" had suddenly picked up and a new edition had been ordered. In May I was informed that the second edition had been exhausted and a third was in press. I was delighted. "The Hand of Fate" is working out a career for me," I exclaimed. "I shall follow the profession I love."

One thing, however, I could not understand—while one edition after another was being sold and I was daily expecting to be pointed out in clubs and drawing rooms as the new literary light I went everywhere without exciting the least attention. On the 1st of July I received a check for \$1,243, being my royalties on 12,430 copies. I was wild with delight. Going to Emma, I waved the bit of paper over her head triumphantly.

Having done so well financially, I made up my mind to spend the summer in the mountains with Emma. After an enjoyable outing I returned to the city expecting to find some word from my publishers as to the sales of "The Hand of Fate." Among the numerous letters at my rooms there was nothing about the book. I called on the publishers, who looked the matter up for me and reported a sale of five copies since their last statement. The information acted upon me like a cold shower bath on a winter morning.

In November Emma returned. Before her arrival I wrote my publishers for information and received the following reply:

There have been no sales of "The Hand of Fate" since August. The very peculiar reception of this book by the public has puzzled us beyond measure. In the case of new novels we usually sell from one to two thousand copies when the work is issued. Then if the book gains in favor the sales are coincident with more or less talk about the book. In no case have we sold 12,500 copies of a novel without its becoming known and talked about by the public.

I took this letter to Emma. She read it and turned to me with a great deal of sympathy in her kind eyes. "I am at least glad that you tried the experiment. You will be the better fitted to work in another field."

I entered her father's counting room. That was fifteen years ago. He has retired, and I am at the head of the business. Recently my wife and I decided to move into a larger house. Making a preliminary tour over the house to see what could be disposed of I came upon a box of books. I called my wife.

"My dear," I asked, "what is in that box?"

"That is 'The Hand of Fate' that made a prosperous man of you. I couldn't bear that it should be all disappointed with you, so I bought 10,000 copies."

DENIS D. RODMAN.

LAYING FOR BINKS

[Copyright, 1901, by C. B. Lewis.]

When Binks had finished his apprenticeship in the machine shop, he was a finished workman, and his boss patted him on the shoulder and said:

"Boy, you have been industrious, respectful and ambitious, and I am free to say that we never had one like you in the shop before. You can take that bench over there and go to work at the highest wages paid in the shop."

But Binks had other plans. He had saved a few hundred dollars, and he opened a little shop of his own.

Binks had not been in his new shop a week when a policeman made an arrest in front of his door and displayed unnecessary brutality. Binks protested. He even gestured as he protested. He loudly declared it a shame to bang a man about in that fashion. In response he was warned to mind his own business and threatened with arrest, and later on in the day the officer called at the shop to say:

"Now, young un, you take a pointer. If you want to keep out of trouble, keep your mouth shut. If we hear any more of your talk, we'll lay for you."

Binks took the pointer, but he didn't keep to it. A week later and a block away he saw a drunken woman hauled about and flung into the patrol wagon in such a way that both sympathy and anger were aroused, and he protested. A crowd backed him up, and several newspapers backed the crowd, and the police commissioners reluctantly reprimanded the patrolman. It was a victory for Binks, but he did not dream of what it was to cost him. In a day or two word went out that the captain of the precinct was down on Binks. He would be, of course. When the brutality of a patrolman is hooded by a crowd, denounced by the press and reprimanded from headquarters, the captain feels that some of the mud sticks to him. Yes, he was down on Binks, and Binks soon had cause to know it. He had some junk in front of his shop and was ordered to remove it instantly. A policeman loitered about his door and whispered "Suspicion" when asked the reason of his presence. The landlord was "got at" and the rent raised. Repairs that had been promised were not made. In one way and another business was driven away, and Binks had to move. The police had plainly told him they were "laying for" him, and he was not idiot enough to think he could win a victory. He moved half a mile away in an effort to placate the enemy and be forgotten.

Perhaps Binks might have been let alone had he not put his foot in it again. He found the patrolman on that beat drunk and asleep one night and was foolish enough to appeal to a pedestrian to help him save the helpless man from frostbite. This pedestrian happened to be a reporter, and he held the case up to public view and wrung in Binks. The derelict officer was fined a month's pay, the captain sent out word anew, and Binks was soon in hot water again. Nothing was too petty and mean for the police to resort to, and they boasted to his face that within three months they would drive him out of the state. They had harassed and hounded him till he was ready to give up when they put on the climax. They sent a man to him to have burglar tools made. Binks made them without knowing the use they were to be put to and was arrested as he was carrying them home. His good character ought to have counted at his trial, but the police found a way to smother it. The open way in which he had made the tools ought to have counted, but the police called it a blind. They piled it on Binks until he wondered if he was not somebody else, and he got three years in Sing Sing and a lecture from the judge. Binks had defied the police, and Binks was laid away.

When the young machinist came out of prison, he had changed. He had lost all sympathy for mankind. If the police slung a woman about like a bale of hay, battered a drunken man, cracked the skull of a hoodlum or insulted a respectable girl who had to be out till a late hour, it would be nothing to him any more. He might even laugh over the spectacle, as others did. Such sentiments as pity, mercy and sympathy had been weeded out of his composition, and he was prepared to bow to indifference and brutality. But Binks didn't have the chance. The smirched police captain and the drunken patrolman had not forgotten him. They would have taken him back at the old shop but for the police. They would have taken him into other shops but for the same power. When he could not find work at his trade, he sought it outside. Now and then he got a job, but when the word "convict" was whispered in the ears of the boss Binks had to go. He was followed as bloodhounds keep a trail. He was even barred out of cheap eating houses and ten cent lodgings. There came a day when the ragged, hungry and disconsolate Binks stole a ride on the bumpers of a freight car and reappeared at the doors of Sing Sing to say:

"Take me in. I have no work, no home, no friends, no food. I am worse than a beggar—an ex-convict pursued by the police."

"This place is only for criminals," said the warden as he closed the door on the man.

Binks walked down the rough road to the river. It was winter, and the ice was drifting down, and the cold winds cut him like a knife.

"But a man can't ever get up when the police are laying for him," whispered Binks to himself, "and why not now and here?"

And he bothered the police no more.

M. QUAD.