

MONEY IN TRANSIT

How Millions Are Moved in Safety
From City to City.

STRONG ROOMS IN BIG BANKS

The Modern Manganese Steel Vault,
With its Electric Skin, Can Defy the
Most Daring and Clever Burglar
Equipped With the Finest Tools.

Millions and billions in real cash,
gold and bills, are vague things to
most of us, and few people have any
idea where this immensely wealthy na-
tion keeps its real money or how it is
guarded on its travels.

It is with the greatest reluctance that
its owners or trustees ever move it;
they prefer to exchange the checks,
notes, drafts or securities that repre-
sent it. But there are times when the
real money must go, and then its jour-
ney is a very interesting thing.

Every bank and trust company is re-
quired by the banking laws to keep a
certain amount of money on hand, the
amount being in proportion to the size
of the institution, and in addition the
current business of the house requires
that so many millions more be avail-
able for use at the paying teller's win-
dow. To safeguard these large sums
is the business of safe and vault build-
ing experts, and so far advanced is
this science that it is practically im-
possible for the best equipped crooks
to extract \$1 from any big bank vault.
Bank robbing these days is practiced
on small country banks or is achieved
by dishonest bankers.

The manganese steel vault, with its
electric skin, is the last word in pro-
tection. The vault designer selects a
spot in the institution, in any place
from the cellar to the roof, where the
vault can be isolated and cannot be
reached easily by tunnelers, and there
the big steel house is built. Its walls
are so thick that they will resist fire,
earthquake and heavy explosives, and
the whole is protected by an electric
skin. This is usually of a soft foil of
alloy, and if even a pin is thrust
through it at any point a short circuit
is made and alarm bells set ringing in
the building, in police headquarters, in
the offices of private protective agen-
cies and in the homes of certain offi-
cers of the bank. The burglar, with a
torch that would burn a hole through
the steel in a few minutes or tools that
would cut out a door in an hour, has
not a chance, even after he has tun-
neled to the vault and overcome the
watchmen.

Messengers are never employed in
carrying very large amounts of money.
It is a familiar sight in the financial
district in New York city to see two
sturdy young men, each holding to the
handle of a heavy leather bag, with
one or more guards walking behind.
But the chances are ninety-nine in a
hundred that the bag contains not
more than a few thousands at most,
though there may be millions in bonds
or other securities.

When millions in cash are taken from
the vaults a picked corps of guarded
clerks check it out in steel casks of
the kind known as express strong
boxes, and these are placed in wagons
in which the carrying compartments
are wholly of steel screens. Each wag-
on has its set of guards, usually two
on the front seat, one driving, one lock-
ed in with the money and one riding
on the rear.

For transit from city to city the big
banks follow the system of the Na-

tional City Bank of New York, which
is the largest handler of real money in
this country, not even excepting the
United States mint. They utilize the
express companies. Each big company
has spent large amounts of money in
picking its employees, and in elaborat-
ing systems for tracing stolen parcels.
Every professional thief would rather
steal from a police captain than steal
from an express company, as all of
them are allied together to form a
perfect network through which thieves
and plunder can scarcely hope to es-
cape.

The money is checked out of the
vaults into the hands of express com-
pany employees, who cart it to their
express cars in the railroad yards, and
it travels to its destination in an im-
penetrable and unobtainable manner as
if it were so many crates of eggs. The
express company employees never
know what is in the strong boxes—
they merely know that they have so
many of them in given numbers to re-
ceive and to deliver, and that is all
there is to it.

An additional safeguard is the very
weight of any given quantity of gold
and the serial numbering of large bills.
These latter are kept in the same pack-
ages in which they leave the banks if
possible, and the groups of numbers
make them as individual and as easily
identifiable as one man from another.
If a thief extracted a million in \$10,
400 bills he could not cash a single one
of them.—Washington Star.

HIS SANITY TEST.

It Cured Morgan Robertson of His
Morbid Obsession.

In the course of his psychic studies
Morgan Robertson, the well known
writer of sea stories, had acquired a
belief that he would some day go in-
sane. This preyed on his mind so at
intervals that he would figure out
schemes to test himself and determine
if he really had lost his mind.

We finally induced him to go to
Bellevue hospital, mainly for a rest.
With a cunning that was as amusing
as it was pathetic he took advantage
of it in a way least expected. He in-
sisted on going alone.

Arriving there, he told the physician
in charge of his belief that he would
some day go insane. He would give
no particulars, and that explained why
none of us heard from him for two
weeks. They had placed him in the
psychopathic ward!

It was a week before he knew that
they thought him an insane patient and
had him under observation. The experi-
ence thoroughly cured him of his
morbid belief—fate, it really was.

One afternoon, soon after his dis-
charge from the hospital, Robertson
joined a party of us in a billiard room,
where one of his friends had just won
the tournament cup.

"How goes it, Morgan?" one of his
friends inquired.

"Boys," he announced in that bellow-
ing bass voice, "I'll never have to
write another line. I'm no longer a
slave to magazine editors. My books
are selling, and I have here"—he reach-
ed into an inside pocket—"a certificate
showing that I am not insane." He
was deadly serious.

A few of the party, unfamiliar with
the eccentricities of Robertson, began
to edify away. To them it was un-
canny.

"Still," one of them suggested in a
side whisper, "he's got something on
us at that. We're not so certain."—
Bosman Bulger in Metropolis.

"Does your wife husband your re-
sources?"

"Not while she's trying to husband
our daughters."—Baltimore American.

OUR ICY OCTOPUS.

Mount Rainier and Its Majestic
Frozen Rivers.

GRIPPED BY GIANT GLACIERS

Their Huge, Wrinkled, Frosty Arms
Reach Down and Out Among the
Most Luxuriant Masses of Wild Flow-
ers to Be Found in This Country.

A frozen octopus of enormous bulk
whose glittering armored body rises
three miles into the sky, with twenty
or more huge wrinkled arms reaching
down among thousands of acres of the
most gorgeous and luxuriant wild flow-
ers to squirt from each fingertip a riv-
er of ice water into the valley below!

Surely a quotation from the "Arabian
Nights" or a ghost tale to frighten
children on Halloween!

But no. However figurative, this is
a true statement of an actual fact.
There really exists such an ice arm-
ored octopus in these United States. It
is a justifiable description of the most
interesting mountain in Uncle Sam's
dominions and perhaps in the world.

Mount Rainier is in the state of
Washington, fifty-six miles southwest
of Tacoma. It is one of that celebra-
ted range of volcanoes which were sup-
posed to be extinct until Lassen peak
broke forth again. Rainier, though
supporting one of the most remarkable
single peak glacial systems in the
world, emits steam from certain crev-
ices, evidence of present internal heat.

In height Rainier is second in the
United States only to Mount Whitney.
The altitude of the main summit has
for many years been in doubt. Several
figures have been announced from time
to time, no two of them in agreement
with each other, but all of these, it is
to be observed, were obtained by more
or less approximate methods. In 1913
the United States geological survey, in
connection with its topographic sur-
veys of the Mount Rainier National
park, made a new series of measure-
ments by triangulation methods at
close range. These give the peak an
elevation of 14,408 feet. This last fig-
ure is not likely to be in error by more
than a foot or two and may with some
confidence be regarded as final. Great-
er exactness of determination is scarce-
ly practicable in the case of Mount
Rainier, as its highest summit con-
sists actually of a mound of snow, the
height of which naturally varies some-
what with the seasons and from year
to year.

This crowning snow mound, which
was once supposed to be the highest
point in the United States, still bears
the proud name of Columbia crest. It
is essentially a huge snowdrift or
snow dune heaped up by the furious
westerly winds.

Six great glaciers originate at the
very summit. They are the Nisqually,
the Ingraham, the Emmons, the Win-
throp, the Tahoma and the Kautz gla-
ciers. But many of great size and
staleness are born of the snows in
rock pockets or cirques—ice sculptured
bowls of great dimensions and ever
increasing depth—from which they
merge into the glittering armor of the
huge volcano. The most distinguished
of these are the Coville, the Paradise,
the Frying Pan, the Carbon, the Rus-
sell, the North and South Mowich, the
Fuyallup and the Pyramid glaciers.

More than twenty glaciers, great and
small, clothe Rainier—rivers of ice, with
many of the characteristics of rivers of
water, roaring at times over precipices
like waterfalls, rippling and tumbling
down rocky slopes, veritable noisy cas-
cades, rising smoothly up on hidden
rocks to foam, brooklike, over its lower
edges.

Each glacier, whether originating at
the bright summit or in vast springlike
cirques, begins in even, immaculate
snow. A thousand feet or so below it
attains sufficient density and weight
to acquire movement. Here, looking
down into a crevasse, one sees nothing
but clean snow, piled in layers—slight-
ly compacted and loosely granular
snow, called here in the Swiss Alps,
Gradually as the current sweeps along
it compacts, under the pressure and the
surface meltings, into hard, dense, blue
ice.

In glowing contrast to this marvelous
spectacle of ice are the gardens of wild
flowers surrounding the glaciers, push-
ing, wherever the rock and ice will per-
mit, up the giant slopes. These flow-
ery spots are called parks—Spray park,
St. Andrews park, Henry's hunting
ground, Paradise, Summerland and
many others.

"Above the forests," writes John
Muir, "there is a zone of the loveliest
flowers, fifty miles in circuit and near-
ly two miles wide, so closely planted
and luxuriant that it seems as if na-
ture, glad to make an open space be-
tween woods so dense and ice so deep,
were economizing the precious ground
and trying to see how many of her
darlings she can get together in one
mountain wreath—daisies, anemones,
columbines, erythroniums, larkspurs,
etc., among which we wade knee deep
and wail deep, the bright corollas in
myriads touching petal to petal. Alto-
gether this is the richest subalpine gar-
den I have ever found, a perfect flower
alysium."

The lower altitudes of the park are
densely timbered with fir, cedar, hem-
lock, maple, alder, cottonwood and
spruce. The forested areas, extending
to an altitude of about 6,500 feet, grad-
ually decrease in density of growth
after an altitude of 4,000 feet is reach-
ed, and the high, broad plateaus be-
tween the glacial canyons present in-
comparable scenes of diversified beau-
ties, seemingly arranged to suit every
taste.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHS.

How a Man Talks When He Shows
Them to a Friend.

Here's the way the average man
shows his little book of amateur pho-
tographs to a friend:

"This is supposed to be my wife, but
it ain't very good. Let's see the next
one. Well, that's the baby, but the
sun was wrong. On this page is a fam-
ily group. I took it myself, and it
would be a good picture if three of
'em hadn't moved. Oh, yes! Here's
one my wife took of me. Looks like
the dickens, don't it? She ain't used
to the camera, but notice how I'm grin-
ning."

"And d'you see what a good back-
ground I'm posed in? I'd just got back
from the office, and she just had one
film left and thought she might as well
snap me and finish up the roll—you
see, I didn't have time to comb my hair
or—what? Why, the one on the next
page is a freak thing my next door
neighbor snapped, showing his baby
falling out of an upstairs window. Not
much good—he didn't have a good
light, and the baby was falling too fast
to be quite in focus. Now, here's an-
other one of me—my wife never could
get the hang of the camera, but people
say the wink is natural. I had quite a
bunch of 'em printed because she want-
ed 'em to give around. Oh, those pic-
tures are pretty fair. We took them
at the lakes. There's people you don't
know in 'em, and you'll hardly be in-
terested. Well, hey, Mary, what's be-
come of that one with me in it? I
wish you'd keep all these pictures to-
gether. You monkey with this book
till all the best ones get lost out!"

"Well, I guess the rest won't inter-
est you. We keep 'em because they're
good souvenirs. Lot o' my wife's
friends posed in the grand canyon, and
such. A professional photographer
don't get the personal touches that
make these snapshot pictures nice to
keep. Now, just take that one of me
you saw back there. It's not much
good as a likeness, but they tell me
there's something characteristic about
it—what? Why turn back? It's on
page 3."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

MUSIC AS A MEDICINE.

Regime For the Melancholy, Chopin
For Overstrung Nerves.

The effects of music upon the
health—well known ever since David
harped to Saul, but hitherto illy un-
derstood—are being looked into more
deeply by the physicians who form
the National Society of Musical Ther-
apeutics.

"No matter to what extent music may
restore a person to the normal,"
says the New York Medical Journal,
"there can be no question that it may
help other influences to incline the
person from the normal. There are
many compositions, notably among
those by Chopin, which are the out-
come of more or less melancholy
moods, and while they are beautiful
and harmless to the healthy, when
made a steady diet and source of self
consolation by those suffering from
depression from mental or bodily
causes, their effect is undoubtedly per-
nicious, just as a too exclusive diet of
olives or merquines would depress the
general bodily condition and mental at-
mosphere of a person so indulging a
sickly appetite."

On the other hand, regtine music,
"being in no wise serious," is the re-
verse of depressing. "The African
jingles of the present day create an
emotional atmosphere of restlessness
and excitement which is typically
American and which is opposed to
health only so far as our national rest-
lessness and lack of poise tend to
make us a people whose national dis-
ease is nervous exhaustion."

Roughly speaking, lively music, such
as regtine, is likely to rouse depressed
persons from their melancholy. Sad
and pathetic music will soothe the ex-
citable and hypernervous.

Sandwich's Wonderful Drum.

The eccentric Lord Sandwich had, ac-
cording to his biographer, a strange
passion for the thunder of big drums,
for the gratification of which passion
he had caused the entire side of one
large music room in his mansion at
Hinchinbrook to be covered with parch-
ment, so that when it was struck with
a massive stick it gave out a roar suf-
ficient to terrorize any sensitive soul.
Many who heard this drum once struck
positively declined ever to enter the
apartment again lest they should be
given a second performance.—St. Louis
Republic.

Turtle Eggs.

Turtle eggs are an acquired taste
with most people, although they are
not so with bears. They have a rough
yellow yolk and a white like any other
egg, but you can cook them for a year
and the white part will remain liquid.
Notice a curious dimple in the side of
each one. If you squeeze it out the
dimple appears on the other side, and
you can never get hold of a turtle egg
which hasn't got a dimple in it.

Distribution.

"The question of distribution is one
of the most serious of our time," re-
marked the ponderous man.

"It is," replied Miss Cayenne. "There
is no telling what may happen to the
simplest statement of innocent fact
after it has been passed around by the
rossips."—Washington Star.

That Made a Difference.

Dick—He married, did he? Well,
some fellows don't know when they're
well off. Jack—Well, in this case he
knew the girl was well off.—Boston
Journal.

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Wasn't Dizzy After All.

Banks—I had a new experience
yesterday, one you might call un-
accountable. I ate a hearty dinner,
finishing up with a Welsh rabbit, a
mince pie and some lobster a la
Newburgh. Then I went to a place
of amusement. I had hardly en-
tered the building before everything
swam before me.

Binks—The Welsh rabbit did it.

Bunks—No; it was the lobster.

Bonks—I think it was the mince
pie.

Banks—No; I have a simpler ex-
planation than that. I never felt
better in my life. I was at the
aquarium.—Exchange.

He Got It.

"Brooks," said Rivers after a long
pause, "I'm incubating a bit of dog-
gerel. Give me a rime for 'prac-
tice.'"

"You know well enough, old
chap," impatiently answered Brooks,
"I never made a rime in my life.
Why, the fact is—"

"Good!" jubilantly interrupted
Rivers. "That's exactly what I
want. You have saved my life."

Whereupon the rattle of his type-
writer broke loose again.—Chicago
Tribune.

On a hot afternoon a San Francisco
attorney made a hurried effort to get a
car. The day and the effort had made
him uncomfortably warm, and he
missed his object, but not a minister
whom he knew.

"This is hotter than hades," said the
lawyer thoughtlessly, mopping his
brow.

The minister looked directly into his
eyes and replied earnestly. "I hope
—Argonaut.

MILITARY VIGILANCE.

How Our War Department Keeps Tab
on All Army Officers.

It is doubtful whether any foreign
war office follows with an accuracy
greater than that displayed by the
United States war department the
movements of its officers. The follow-
ing is an interesting case in point:

A young army officer who had seen
service in this country and in the east
was once with a small scouting party
in Arizona. After two weeks in the
desert his squad came to the railway
near a small station. Within ten min-
utes a telegram from Washington was
brought to him by the station agent.
It asked if the officer wished to be
transferred to one of the new artillery
regiments then forming.

He answered by telegram that he
would be glad to enter either of them.
Then, with his squad, he set off again
across the desert.

It was six days later when they
again struck the railway, this time
eighty miles from the point at which
they had previously crossed it, but the
officer's reply from the war department
was awaiting him. It had been tele-
graphed to every station within 200
miles.

A more striking instance of accu-
racy occurred after the same officer's
transfer to the east. He was traveling
home on leave and, as the regulations
require, had notified the department of
the day, hour and probable route of
his journey. After he had been on the
train for eight hours at a small sta-
tion the conductor entered with a tele-
gram, asking if any one of his name
was on board. On opening the tele-
gram the officer found that it ordered
him to detached duty.

Exactness of detail could not be car-
ried much further. The war depart-
ment knew the whereabouts of a sec-
ond lieutenant even when he was trav-
eling on leave of absence.—Washington
Star.



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