

SCENTING A CRIME

How a Russian Police Inspector Formulated a Theory.

WORKING UP A MURDER CASE.

He Made All the Known Facts in the Case Fit into Each Other Perfectly and Then Proceeded to Demonstrate His Accuracy of Deduction.

We are not encouraged to believe that the Russian police inspector is the equal of the trained French official in Anton Chekhov's story of the detective method in Russia is illustrative.

One morning a young man hurried into the office of an inspector of police and reported that his master, an officer of the guard who had been separated from his wife and lived alone, had been murdered. He was greatly excited. The inspector went with him at once to the scene of the tragedy.

When he arrived at the house he found the door to the officer's bedroom locked, the key on the inside. The servants, unable to awake their master, had concluded that he was dead. The inspector found the door unlocked. He had it forced open. The bed had been tossed about, the pillows on the floor. On a table near the bed was the officer's watch and some silver coins. The officer and his clothing were gone except for a single boot that lay on the floor. The inspector examined the room carefully. The only thing he found was a partly burned safety match. It was known that the officer did not smoke and used only sulphur matches for his candles. He examined the garden below the window. The grass and some bushes had been trampled. He found a piece of cotton on some twigs and some fine threads of dark blue wool. At some distance from the window, in the garden under a bush, he found the second top boot.

The inspector came to the conclusion, from the evidences, that the man had been strangled and his body taken out through the window.

The fact that the watch and money were undisturbed showed that the purpose of the crime was not robbery. The safety match indicated that some person above the ordinary was connected with the affair, since peasants or common servants would have only sulphur matches. The fact that one boot remained in the room made the inspector believe that the guardman had been killed while he was undressing. The finding of the other boot in the garden indicated that this one had been partly removed and had fallen off while the body was being carried away.

The inspector in his report reconstructed the crime: On the evening in question the guardman, who had been on a prolonged debauch, went to his room drunk. As he sat on his bed, taking off one of his boots, he had been attacked and smothered with the pillow. During the struggle the candle was knocked over and afterward one of the assassins relighted it, striking a safety match. When the man was dead his body had been taken out through the window and carried across the garden. As it passed the lilac bush the remaining boot, partly removed by the man before he was attacked, dropped off.

The inspector, having arrived at this deduction, determined to locate the safety match. He went to all the shops in every direction, but not one of them carried in its stock such a thing as a box of safety matches. Finally, at some distance from the scene of the tragedy, he found a shopkeeper who had a single pack of such matches. It was a broken pack, with one box missing. The shopkeeper remembered precisely who had purchased this missing box. It was the wife of the guardman, a big, masculine woman of unusual physical strength. She lived near the apartment in which the guardman had been murdered. It was now night, but the inspector went at once to the woman and charged her with the murder of her husband.

"I know all about it," he said. "Take me at once to the place where you have concealed your husband!"

She got a key from a nail on the wall and went out into the courtyard. The inspector followed. They finally reached a little house at the end of the garden. The woman unlocked the door and they entered. By the light of a candle the inspector saw the long body of a man lying motionless on a bed in the corner of the room. He approached to examine the murdered body.

But here his deductions went to pieces. The supposed dead man sat up, and the explanation of all the tragic incidents appeared. The guardman was going to bed every night drunk. His wife heard of it and went across the garden to his window to remonstrate with him. He put the window up and, seeing who it was, threw his boot at her. She was a resolute woman in masculine efficiency. She climbed in through the window, thrashed the drunken guardman soundly, dragged him across the garden and locked him up in the bathroom, where she determined to keep him until he should be sober. He had been thus a prisoner for one day, while with swift deductions the inspector had worked out his complicated murder. —Melville Davison Post in Saturday Evening Post.

Never quit when failure stares you in the face. A little more energy often changes a failure into a great success.

HOW BLOTTERS ABSORB INK.

Being a Simple Explanation of Capillary Attraction.

Every student of physics knows that water will run up a narrow tube by capillary attraction. Anything immersed in water has a similar attraction for the water—that is, the object becomes wet by the water that clings to it. The amount is limited by the weight of the liquid itself. Place your hand in water and your hand will be withdrawn. The limited attraction between the hand and the water is gauged by the weight of the water that clings to the hand.

Imagine several hands placed close together in water, but not touching one another. If this composite hand were formed of ten single hands it would attract ten times as much water as the one hand would attract and hold on its surface. So a wisp of hay, composed of a hundred spears of dried grass, placed in water will remove a hundred times as much of the fluid as would cling to one spear. Bushes in a marsh will remove a certain amount of water, which will by capillary attraction cling to their submerged parts.

Under the microscope fibrous blotting paper when absorbing ink resembles on a small scale a marsh matted with shrubs and sticks and twigs around which water is flowing, as ink runs about and among the fibers that together form the spongy paper. There is a limit to the amount of liquid which a blotter will absorb, as there is a limit to the amount of water that a marsh will absorb without overflowing. That limit in the blotter is the combined capillary attraction of the fibrous shrubs and sticks and twigs that together form the paper. —Popular Science Monthly.

EQUINE EVOLUTION.

There Was a Time When the Horse Was Only Two Feet High.

The variations which lead up to the formation of a new species are so innumerable, they stretch over such a vast period of time, that their survival value from generation to generation is and must be very slight. Take the case of the horse, for instance.

The development of the horse seems to stretch over a period of at least 3,000,000 years, or from the eolophus of eocene times, an animal less than two feet high and probably weighing less than a hundred pounds, to the horse of late tertiary times, the pithippon, much like the superb creature we know today, five feet high and weighing 1,000 or 1,200 pounds.

If this animal increased in height only one-quarter of an inch in 10,000 years he would be six feet high in less than 2,000,000 years. So, if we allow him 3,000,000 years to develop in, his increase in height must have been even less than one-fourth of an inch in 10,000 years.

Think of it! Our horse of today might be increasing or diminishing in size at that rate and the fact never be noticed during the whole period. In weight the same—one-eighth of a pound in a hundred years, and he would weigh 14,000 pounds in less than 2,000,000 years, a rate of increase that our scales would hardly detect in a century of time.

The transformations of the other animals have probably been equally slow. Science would feel safe in saying that a flying fish never becomes a bird. But can we conceive how slight the change would have to be in every thousand years to bring it about in geologic or biologic time? —John Burroughs in North American Review.

Don't Whip a Child in Anger.

It is absurd to whip a child who is overcome by anger. The best thing to do is to let him alone and let his passion wear itself out. If he could be taken before the anger gets the upper hand of him he might be controlled.

What the parent should do is to study the things which will arouse the child's anger and then avoid these things. It is the height of folly for a parent to excite anger in a child and then try to control it by punishment. It is worse than folly; it is brutal and is likely to ruin the child. —Mother's Magazine.

Cremation in Ancient Greece.

Cremation obtained among many ancient peoples. Especially did the Greeks find spiritual grandeur in the concept of the dead—the natural body—into the empyrean, to dwell thenceforth with the stars. Cremation was, indeed, an honor denied the bodies of suicides, those who had been struck by lightning and others deemed to have forfeited the favor of the gods. —Scientific American.

A Hard Problem.

A certain debating society is discussing the question as to which is the angrier, the husband who goes home and finds that the dinner is not ready or the wife who has dinner ready and whose husband does not come home. It is believed that the debate will end in a draw.

Immune.

"Don't bring that paper you are about to read too near to me. It looks a little soiled, and they say paper readily carries germs."

"Well, you won't find anything catching in you in this paper. It has only germs of thought." —Baltimore American.

Easy to See.

Brown—The boss says that when he was a boy on the farm they had a mule that was just like one of the family. Jones—Yes, and I know which one. —Judge.

Ambition is very often the assassin of happiness.

WAR WEAPONS OF THE PAST.

Crude Originals of the Modern Long Range Death Dealers.

The commonest injuries produced in war are gunshot wounds. Until fifty years ago a soldier's musket carried only about 835 feet, and this degree of efficiency had not been exceeded for more than 200 years—namely, from 1640 to 1850. In other words, the wars of Louis XIV., the struggles of the French revolution, the Napoleonic wars, the Crimean war and our war of 1812 were all fought with firearms which had no effect at a distance greater than 835 feet. In 1857, however, the smoothbore gun barrel was replaced by the rifled barrel, and this change caused an immediate increase in the carrying distance to 2,000 feet. At the time this result seemed to the whole world nothing short of a miracle, but as early as 1806 a French officer, Chassepot by name, invented a rifle having a caliber of 15 millimeters, which carried 4,000 feet. Ten years before this accomplishment would have seemed quite impossible. On Nov. 4, 1807, the new Chassepot rifle was submitted to a practical test. The French sent a detachment of men to occupy Rome and to hold it against the advancement of Garibaldi. The effect of the new rifle in the engagements was so remarkable that the entire French army was immediately equipped with Chassepots.

The Chassepot rifle weighed nine pounds, and the Gras rifle, which was introduced in 1874, weighed nearly as much, but it had a carrying distance of 6,000 feet. After remaining the same for 217 years, the carrying distance of firearms was thus increased in fifteen years by 5,165 feet. At the same time the firearms of the Austrians, Prussians and Italians were also greatly improved, and a repeating rifle firing sixteen shots a minute and having a carrying distance of 9,000 feet came into practical use.

The rifles in use today are much lighter, are more easily handled and carry a distance of more than 12,000 feet at the rate of 2,700 feet per second. The revolver was first introduced in 1800; since then it has also undergone great improvement. Its carrying distance, which at first was only about 100 feet, was increased to 330 feet, then 680, and finally 4,000 feet.

In comparison with such means of defense and offense it is interesting to call to mind the weapons of the ancients. A javelin could be thrown about eighty-four feet; the sling ordinarily hurled its missile 206 feet, the Balaic sling being famous, however, because they could hurl a stone 333 feet. The wooden bow was in use until the middle of the fifteenth century; by means of it an arrow could be propelled a distance of 265-330 feet, while the steel crossbow, which came into use later, carried from 330 to 340 feet. The old bombardment of the pilgrims, which was supported on a fork, was effective for about 500 feet. The early musket carried about 600 feet. This firearm was much improved, so that it could shoot a distance of 835 feet, and this was the best the world knew until 1857. —Philadelphia Press.

Forecasts in the Almanac.

While in modern times almanacs commonly concern themselves only with the known facts of the year with which they deal, for many years after they came into general use, about the middle of the sixteenth century, predictions not only with regard to the weather, but also concerning the supposed planetary influences, were a vital part of their contents. The "prognostication" generally dealt with "the varieties of the ayre and also of the windes throughout the whole year, with unfortunate times to ble and sell, take medicine, sowe, plant and journey, etc." In France a decree of 1579 forbade all makers of almanacs to prophesy concerning affairs either of state or of individuals. —London Chronicle.

High Praise.

"That was a fine commencement oration of yours," said the young graduate's father.

"I'm glad you like it, father," replied the youth proudly.

"I liked it so much that I'm going to cut off your allowance from this time on. Any man who can settle the fate of nations right off the reel like you did oughtn't to have any trouble in rustling a first class job and holding it." —St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

First Life Insurance Policy.

The first life insurance policy of which the details are on record resulted in a lawsuit. William Gymbons insured himself on June 15, 1583, for £383 against dying in twelve months. He died on May 18 of the next year, and the disgruntled underwriters (the company of those days) contested payment on the plea that he had lived twelve months of twenty-eight days each.

On His Guard.

"You say you have quit smoking?"

"Yep; never going to smoke again."

"Then why don't you throw away those cigars?"

"Never! I threw away a box of good cigars the last time I quit smoking, and it taught me a lesson." —Chicago News.

Home Helps.

"She froze him with a glance."

The man read this aloud from a novel.

"Try that on the ice cream, my dear," he suggested. —Louisville Courier-Journal.

When death comes it is never our tenderness that we repent of, but our severity. —Elliot.

OLD TIME PUNISHMENT.

Agony of a Day in the Stocks For a Fit of Bad Temper.

A record on file in the library of congress contains an account of the adventures of a certain Hubbard, who in the good old days of the long ago was sentenced in Boston to the stocks for having indulged in an unwarrantable fit of ill temper.

When he had taken his seat for the day there came along a drove of swine, which seemed to cast upon him those leering looks that only a fat pig can bestow. A dog followed, sniffing at the prisoner's feet and making feints—unpleasantly approaching reality—of biting him. Then a cock, mounting to the very top of the stocks, crowed his derision upon the victim below, and presently a rough fellow, after indulging in ugly taunts, threw at him fetid toadstools and a dead snake.

Then an Indian appeared, who in a drunken rage, stimulated by some fancied injury, rushed at Hubbard with a tomahawk, probably intending nothing worse, however, than to give him a severe fright, which he certainly succeeded in doing.

Help came from an unexpected quarter, for at that moment an old bull came tearing down the road. His attention was attracted by the stocks, and with a roar he prepared for a charge.

Alarmed in his turn, the savage dashed off. The bull made a dash at the stocks and carried away the corner post, but without even grazing the object of his apparent wrath. Whether he was disgusted by the little he had accomplished or his animosity was thus satisfied, he started off, bellowing and shaking his head, much to the relief of the said Hubbard.

And then the unfortunate man was left in comparative peace to his own meditations and the cutting sleet of a November day.

Music.

Music as defined by the authorities is the art which employs sound as a medium of artistic expression for what is not in the province of literature, of sculpture, of painting, of acting or of architecture. It has been said, again, that music is the embodiment of the inward feelings of which all other arts can but exhibit the effect. In other words, music is an attempt at the expression of the highest aspirations and the deepest fears of the human soul. After we have spoken and written all that is possible and chiseled our finest forms and painted our most beautiful pictures there remains a feeling that is not satisfied, and music is the effort to satisfy that feeling. —New York American.

It Looked Suspicious.

"As I was coming out of a store this evening I saw an amusing sight," said a shopper. "A light rain was falling, and as the woman in front of me stepped out she opened her umbrella. Out of it fell a jeweled hatpin, a pair of gloves and two men's handkerchiefs. On its face it seemed like a case of shoplifting, but as she gathered up the articles the woman said:

"Well, if here isn't Mary's emerald hatpin and the gloves I was looking for last week and two of George's best handkerchiefs. I never thought of looking in the umbrella for them." —New York Sun.

The True Education.

A boy or girl who loves a beautiful picture, a sunset, a rosebush, a robin, a sky full of stars, a fine old melody, a courtesy, a generous deed and a good book is better educated than a boy or girl could be without them even if he could work all the sums in algebra and parse everything in Vergil. Parents and educators should give more heed to this view of education, for it is the phase of it that makes life true. —Ohio State Journal.

Why She Wept.

The wedding ceremony had come to a close. The mother sniffed convulsively, and the bride dabbed her pretty eyes with a handkerchief, while one of the bridesmaids was also affected to tears.

"Why do you weep?" asked a groomsmen of the bridesmaid. "It's not your wedding."

The girl looked at him sorrowfully.

"That's the reason, you stupid."

And she sighed. —Exchange.

Crushed.

The late Sir Charles Hammond was addressing a meeting during a general election, at which he won a seat in Newcastle, when a man interrupted him. "Get yer 'air cut, Charlie!" he shouted.

Sir Charles, who was a magistrate, calmly adjusted his glasses and silenced the interrupter by saying, "My friend, if I am not mistaken, I have been the means of having your hair cut before today." —London Tatler.

Love is a journey into a new country, and, like any other journey, its length depends entirely on what the country has to show. There should be woods with silent undergrowth, where comfort lives; bright rivers of vitality clean cities, built on foundations of fine tradition and splendid with the towers of learning and religion; green fields, where simple thought and senses play like young cattle, and mountains so high that as one climbs one breathes quickening air not known to ordinary men—so high that by day the earth lies clear beneath like an open map, and by night the stars are just beyond arms' length above, in such a country a man can live forever. —Rebecca West in New Republic.



Butler's Barred Rocks

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Executrix Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Anna Christopherson, has been duly appointed Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of L. C. Christopherson, deceased, by the County Court of Yamhill County, Oregon, and has taken the oath of office.

Now, therefore, all persons having claims against the estate of said L. C. Christopherson, deceased, are hereby notified and required to present the same, with the proper vouchers to the undersigned Executrix, at the office of Charles Churchill, at 708 First street, in the city of Newberg, Yamhill County, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice. Dated March 30th, 1916. Anna Christopherson, Executrix of the last Will and Testament of L. C. Christopherson, deceased.

Charles Churchill, Atty. of Record.
First issue, March 30, 1916.
Last " April 27, "

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Administrator's Notice of Final Settlement.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the estate of Isidore Pontallier, deceased, has filed his final account as said administrator, in the County Court of Yamhill County, Oregon, and that said Court has appointed Monday, April 17, 1916, at 11 o'clock a. m. of said day as the day and hour for the hearing of objections to said final account and the settlement thereof.

Now, therefore, all persons interested in the estate of said deceased are hereby notified and required to appear at the County Court room at the Court House, at McMinnville, said County of Yamhill, at said time to then and there show cause, if any there be, why said final account should not be settled, allowed and approved, and said estate forever and finally settled and said administrator and his bondsmen discharged. Dated March 16th, 1916.

Herbert G. Crocker,
Administrator of the estate of Isidore Pontallier, deceased.

Clarence Butt, Attorney for estate
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Semi-Weekly Journal and the Graphic, one year, \$2.00.