

WON ON HIS BLUFF

How an American Consul Brought a Dictator to Terms.

A THREAT AND A SURPRISE.

The Venezuelan Despot to Whom Uncle Sam's Official Had Issued a Comio Opera Ultimatum First Got on His High Horse and Then Stepped Down.

A great many years ago Phil Hanna was consul at La Guayra, Venezuela, when a little revolution broke out. A military martinet in command of the town announced himself dictator and, needing money to carry on his activities, seized a bunch of American, English and German residents in the place and locked them in the town jail. They were informed that they would be released when they had made certain cash contributions to the revolutionary war chest.

Hanna was notified of the situation, and, looking up the consulate and leaving an extra sized American flag flying, he marched up to the headquarters of the dictator.

"Mr. Dictator," said Hanna, "I note that you have locked up a number of Americans. Permit me to introduce myself as the American consul."

The dictator asked what interest that fact had for him.

"It signifies that I am here in the name of my government to demand that these Americans be released instantly," replied Hanna.

"Can't do a thing for you," replied the general. "They've been told that when they cough up they'll be turned loose."

"They'll be turned loose without coughing and without delay," retorted Hanna. "I desire, in the name of my government, to say that if the Americans and all the European citizens whom you have locked up are not released by 6 o'clock this afternoon I shall proceed to shell the town."

"To shell—what'll you shell it with?" snorted the dictator. "Why, you haven't an American ship within a thousand miles, and you know it."

"What I said," replied Hanna with frozen faced dignity, "was that if those people are not released by 6 o'clock I'll shell the town." And he marched out again.

Hanna knew perfectly well that there wasn't an American ship nearer than New Orleans, and he knew the dictator knew it. But he had something up his sleeve. He went back to his office and waited patiently, meanwhile sending a clerk down to the water front to watch things.

The day wore on to mid-afternoon. Hanna was getting nervous. He must make good somehow. At last his messenger returned.

"Two British cruisers are coming into the harbor, sir," he reported.

"I knew they were due today," replied Hanna. "Now, you get word to the commander about what we've done here and tell him it's very important for him to come and see me."

At 5 o'clock that afternoon three very impressive officers in the uniform of the British navy came ashore and marched straight to the American consulate.

Hanna slouched out of his chair, shook hands all round and explained his scrape. The naval man wanted to know how he could best serve the necessities of the moment.

"Just go back on shipboard and begin clearing those vessels for action in the most ostentatious way you can," replied Hanna. "I'll do the rest."

As soon as the necessary time had elapsed to assure that these facts would have duly impressed themselves on his dictatorship Hanna started for the palace again. He didn't have to wait for admittance.

"Have the American and European prisoners been released?" he asked.

"They have not yet," replied the dictator.

"Then permit me to say that at 6 o'clock sharp, as I mentioned this morning, I begin shelling this town!"

"Where's your American ships?" persisted the dictator.

"The two British cruisers that have entered the harbor today are under my orders," replied the American consul. "and we'll blow you and your town off this coast before morning if you don't perform. Do you get it?"

The dictator didn't know whether it was bluff or not, but at 5:59 o'clock the prisoners were turned loose.

Hanna got a promotion for the job.—New York Sun.

Overworked.

He had carried a cue nine miles around a billiard table and pushed a lawn mower once across his 30 by 20 lawn.

Then he collapsed. "Overwork," said the sympathetic doctor and put him to bed.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Where the Soft Spot Was.

Gladys—Jack really has a soft spot in his heart for me. Muriel—How do you know he has? Gladys—He says he is always thinking of me. Muriel—Why, a man doesn't think with his heart. The soft spot must be in his head.—Judge.

Not Satisfactory.

Betty Van Rocks—Did you have a satisfactory interview with papa? Jack Brookslein—Not very; he said all he would give was his consent.—Boston Transcript.

The greatest man is he who chooses right with the most invincible resolution.—Peterson.

CONFISCATE THE EDITION.

Newspaper Issues Often Suppressed by the Austrian Censors.

"By order of the royal press court" this issue of your paper is hereby confiscated for printing news which the court considers should not be made public. A policeman, with a sword dangling at his side and holding in his hand an official document with an imposing seal on it, enters the managing editor's room and delivers the decree.

It is the famous Austrian press censorship and confiscation machine, called for short the "confiscation apparatus," at work. Down below the big presses are thundering along on the last few thousand copies of a big circulation. It is 3 o'clock in the morning—too late to "make over" by tearing out the offending article or news item, putting something else in its place and reprinting the entire edition.

From the numerous rooms which make up the editorial sanctum there rolls one "Donnerwetter" and "Verdammt!" after another. The managing editor orders a small sheet, not much larger than a handbill, hastily printed, that will tell the subscribers why they will not receive their paper that morning.

This is a scene which has taken place frequently in Viennese newspaper offices lately. One afternoon recently the editions of five evening papers were confiscated. Probably no editors in the world can tell as many interesting stories of news that never reached their readers as the Viennese.

From an American viewpoint of a free press the Austrian press laws, press censorship and "confiscation apparatus" is about the most absurd and antiquated institution in existence. Apparently it was created largely for the purpose of keeping the truth from the public.

In Austria books, pictures, illustrated catalogues, price lists, handbills, advertisements and advertising literature, newspapers, periodicals and publications which appear occasionally, signs and signboards, posters—in fact, everything that conveys meaning to the mind by means of type, pictures or symbols is subject to censorship. Until recently even private calling or "visiting" cards were subject to censorship. The printer had to lay a proof of a card before the "press court" before he could deliver the order.

Any district or superior court may constitute itself a "press court" to pass upon and order the confiscation of any newspaper in its jurisdiction.—Vienna Cor. New York Tribune.

Archaisms in the Authorized Version.

In the real authorized version of 1611, King James' Bible, are a good many archaisms which the printers have since modernized, such as "ought him a hundred pence," "yer" for "ere," "biles" for "bolls," "fet" for "fetched," "gin" for "grin" (a trap), "moe" for "more" and "all to" should be one word at Judges ix, 53, "all to brake his head," where, however, the printers have resisted the temptation to substitute "break." In Psalm cxlv, 3, "Great is the Lord and marvelous, worthy to be praised," there should be no comma after "marvelous," which is an adverb qualifying "worthy." This correction has been made in recent prayer books.—London Saturday Review.

Immigrants and Literacy.

Scandinavians lead the world in point of literacy. Among every twenty German immigrants over fourteen years old is found one illiterate. Of immigrants from other nations it is claimed there is found an illiterate among every twenty-three Dutch, thirty-eight Irish, fifty-two Welsh, fifty-nine Bohemians, seventy-seven Finnish, 100 English and 143 Scottish, but the proportion among those who come from Scandinavia is one in 250. Among the Lithuanian immigrants and those from southern Italy half of them read no language.—Argonaut.

One Letter Names.

O is a village of France, in the commune of Mortree, at a distance of fifteen kilometers from Argentan, itself at a distance of thirty-five kilometers from Alencon. This Norman hamlet has at last accounts twenty-three inhabitants and the proud memory of the extinct marquise of O, which dates back to the crusades. The last marquis, superintendent of the finances of Henri III, lived a spendthrift and died a pauper. Another instance of single letter geography is Y, the arm of the sea which penetrates the Netherlands.

A Wonderful Parrot.

The world's record parrot is owned by Baron Alfred de Rothschild, and he paid for it a record sum. She sings with effect quite a number of songs in a voice like a banjo's twang. She speaks 200 words of German, can answer reasonable queries, smartly rebukes those who ask silly ones and is

careful to remind her interlocutors that her full title is "Laura from A.S., a please."

Breathe Well and Keep Well.

To breathe well helps to keep well. To live longer and better make it a habit to take some breathing exercise each day. Are you aware that ordinarily you use only one-tenth of your lung space? Is it any wonder that diseases of the respiratory tract are contracted so easily?

Possible Definition.

"Why do they call lawyers' papers briefs?"

"Because by the time they get through with them their clients are short."—Baltimore American.

Fraud and deceit are ever in a hurry. Take time for all things.—Franklin.

SIRIUS, THE DOG STAR.

It Was Given Its Canine Name by the Superstitious Egyptians.

The giant sun, the bright star Sirius, is now called the "dog star" from the very ancient and curious custom of personification. The great nations of remote antiquity personified every activity of nature—that is, compared them to living men or animals.

They didn't know a thing of any law of nature, so they said that motion is caused by living animals, because only animals have the inscrutably mysterious power of moving themselves. No wonder the ancients were astonished to see an animal move itself. And the wonder has vastly increased now, for the ablest scientific man cannot possibly see how an animal is able to move.

The overflowing of the Nile was the chief event in all of Egypt. Without this pouring of water over the land once each year, the valley would be a desert. The Egyptians at a certain

period in their long history noticed that when they first saw the star Sirius early in the morning before sunrise the Nile river began to rise and pour over the banks. They personified Sirius as a watchdog, watching the sun and the Nile and the land of Egypt, its people, destiny and harvests.

The Egyptian name of the Nile was Siris, and the faithful dog watching in the sky was finally named Sirius. Centuries later their horrible religion taught that it was necessary to murder or sacrifice a dog to the star Sirius to secure its aid in growing grains and herds. This terrible habit of slaughtering animals to propitiate imaginary gods descended to the Greeks and Romans. The Romans named the stars near Sirius the constellation Canis Major (the great dog).—New York American.

Ministers and Ambassadors.

The first minister plenipotentiary from the United States to England was John Adams. Thomas Pinckney of South Carolina became the first minister to England under the constitution. The United States continued to be represented by ministers until 1803, when

Thomas F. Bayard of Delaware became the first American ambassador to the court of St. James. The first British minister to the United States was George Hammond, who was appointed in 1791. Lord Pauncefoot became the first British ambassador to Washington in 1803.

He Fell Right In.

His Wife—I met our maid Anna just now on the street and she pretended not to see me. Her Husband—You ought to point out to Anna the impropriety of such conduct. His Wife—But how can I? You see, she had another girl with her, and it was quite evident she didn't want her friend to know she was working for a woman who wore a two dollar and fifty cent hat.—New York Post.

Peace With a Punch.

"Here, what's all this row about?" asked the copper breathlessly. "Why, this woman is collecting money for the peace society, and when I refused to contribute she knocked me down." explained the meek looking man.—Buffalo Express.

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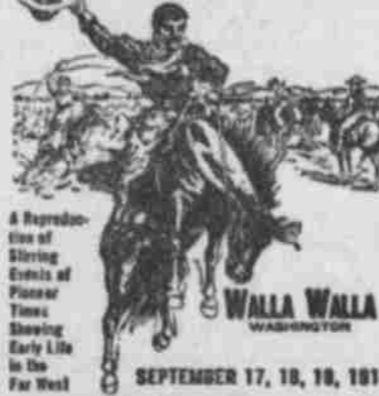
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