

Professor Bristol Longhorn philosopher and a logician fifteen years old he had read more philosophy than forty average men combined.

At the age of twenty-five young Longhorn was appointed professor of logic and philosophy at a state university.

One afternoon the professor was crossing the campus when he picked up a book that some one had dropped and thrown away. It was entitled "The Life of Vidocq." Never in all his days had he read a criminal or a detective story. He had never let his profound mind dwell for three seconds on such literature. Behold, the time had come! That night he sat up until past midnight reading that book. It was a new revelation to him, a new world of thought.

He analyzed Vidocq's logic and philosophy and found fault with them.

He counted up the number of blunders that the average criminal made in a case and was amazed that the fellow had not been overhauled in half a day. After reading the book twice over he said it aside with a sigh of:

"Dear me, what a pack of idiots will how easy to have been sensible as I thought I would have made a great success. As a criminal I fear that I should have been more successful."

So what he would, Professor Longhorn could not drive away these thoughts. In a couple of weeks, as he walked out, he imagined himself either a criminal or a detective. Sometimes he was satisfied and indignant at himself, and at other times he was rather pleased. In passing down a certain street the professor noticed that a parter window in a certain house was half raised. A night or two later he passed the same house an hour before midnight and noticed that the same window was still up.

"Criminals people—very careless," he whispered to himself. "That's a plain invitation for a robber to enter and plunder the house."

It made him angry with the owner of the place. Was it his duty to teach him a lesson? Would you believe that the great philosopher argued that it was?

The professor would enter that house by night. By the open window? No sir; he was too sharp for that. That would be the road of the common criminal, and it would be a fearful blunder. The owner of the house was inviting a would be robber to climb in that window to get caught in a bear trap or lose his life by a spring gun.

The professor bought a dark lantern. He put a few tools in his pockets and set out one night to commit a philosophical and logical burglary. He was expected at the bank and attached what he judged was the pantry window.

Professor Longhorn went into that window like a monkey. He was not mistaken about its being the pantry. The door leading into the dining room was shut, and it was time for that dark lantern. It was flashed—that is, there was no flash. A dark lantern had been bought all right, but the professor had not bought any oil to fill it. He must hunt for matches in a strange house at midnight. He had forgotten to post himself as to whether the house was lighted by electricity, gas or lamps, but he softly opened the door and found himself in a room almost as dark. Where was the match safe, if there was one? If the kitchen probably. He went feeling his way for about ten feet. Then he bumped up against a table and involuntarily put out his hands, and they struck a pile of dishes and tumbled them to the floor.

The professor crouched on the floor and waited with beating heart, and he had only a few seconds to wait. The room was suddenly flooded with an electric light, and a man came running downstairs, revolver in hand. No move was made to get away. On the contrary, the teacher of philosophy and logic got to his feet and sat down on a chair.

"Well?" queried the man with the gun as he sat down on another.

"Is it of any use to say anything?" replied Professor Longhorn.

"Oh, yes," replied the householder. "You see, I know you. You teach philosophy and logic at the school, but you don't practice what you teach."

"I was making an experiment," was the rather weak reply.

"Yes; I have expected you since you first saw that open window. I happened to be watching you that day. You had convinced yourself that you were smarter than the smartest criminal."

"Yes?"

"What are you going to do with me?" asked the professor.

"Why, nothing, professor, nothing at all. You are free to go. You have made your little experiment, and it has been a stupendous blunder and a dire failure."

"I thank you, sir, for understanding that was," replied the erudite man.

"Oh, no thanks, my dear man. Before you go, however, let me tell you that a robber came around here while you were at work in the back and effected an entrance to the house next door, which is taking care of itself while the family are away. I presume the plunder will be valued at \$200 at least. Good night, Professor Longhorn. Keep it up and stick to your text."

Grocery Co. this week.

Miss Lillian Evans is recuperating after a two weeks' siege of la grippe.

G. W. Stitt has recovered from a long siege of la grippe and is again on deck.

Mr. Cummings of the Oregon Social Hygiene Society was in town Monday on business.

The trains have been running on schedule time despite the numerous drifts and other obstructions.

Union services will be held at the M. E. church Sunday evening at 7:30 and a song service at 7.

Chas. Barnard was a Beaverton visitor Tuesday. He was stocking up at the Beaverton Hardware Co.

A large crowd went to Fanna's pond Tuesday evening on a skating expedition and report an excellent time.

W. G. Swersey of Portland was in Beaverton Wednesday attending the funeral of the late Mrs. Kennedy.

Mr. Gilbert reports that L. B. Snyder a head man for C. L. Boss & Co. having been recently employed by that firm.

J. Frank Stroud was distributing Logansberry stickers to be used on letters written during the Oregon letter-writing week.

It is rumored on good authority that Miss Lillian Evans has qualified for the position of treasurer for the town of Beaverton.

Mr. Stewart, state bank examiner was in town Monday on his quarterly examination of the banks. He reports everything in satisfactory shape.

It is rumored on good authority that Jim Shuevin has been appointed to the position of road supervisor in district 1, replacing Mr. Offinger who has served for the past year.

W. J. Gaskill of East Beaverton reports a snow drift near his place that is at least ten feet high. He says that this is the first time he has ever known snow to drift so high in Oregon.

W. H. Boyd has been among the sufferers during the present cold and heavy snows. His sled, which he has covered by a light box of canvas, is used to remain right side up and he continually found himself crawling on through the skylight to right it again.

For Sale—240 egg capacity incubator.

Mrs. E. A. Hendricks, Beaverton, Ore. 21 43

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE Regular meetings Second Thursday of each month. Meeting called at 8 p. m.

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NURSERY STOCK FOR SALE—The Weed nursery has a fine lot of all kinds of fruit trees for sale at reasonable prices. H. E. Weed, Beaverton.

WANTED—Cedar poles suitable for telephone poles. Bx 32 R. Beaverton Oregon.

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred Airedale Terrier. For sale or trade for chickens—preferably Plymouth Rock or Wyandotte. C. Jones, Beaverton Barber Shop.

Catarhal Deafness Cannot Be Cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure catarrhal deafness, and that is by a constitutional remedy. Catarrhal Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rattling sound in the ears, and when it is severely inflamed, deafness is the result. Unless the inflammation can be reduced and the tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Many cases of deafness are caused by catarrh, which is an inflamed condition of the mucous surface. Hays' Catarrh Cure acts thru the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system.

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Mrs. W. H. Boyd Secretary.

G. A. R.  
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80 6-53 A. M.—No. 31 7-32 A. M.  
32 7-41 33 8-59  
34 8-51 35 11-02  
36 10-18 37 1-52 P. M.  
38 1-53 P. M. 39 4-07  
40 4-18 41 6-02  
42 6-09 43 6-52  
44 8-52 45 8-02 Sat.  
46 10-17 Sat. 47 12-02 AM  
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