

The Santiam News.

VOL. XII.

SCIO, LINN COUNTY, OREGON, JUNE 26, 1908.

NO. 1.

STRONG AND STEADY

By HORATIO ALGER, JR.

CHAPTER VIII.

The picnic came off on Saturday afternoon. The weather, which often throws a wet blanket upon the festivities of such occasions, was highly propitious, and several hundred persons, young and middle-aged, turned out. The place selected for the picnic was a field of several acres, bordering upon a pond. This had been fitted up by the proprietor with swings, and a roofed building, with out sides, under which were placed round board tables for the reception of provisions. A number of oak trees with their broad branches furnished shelter.

Besides these arrangements for enjoyment, there were two boats confined by iron chains, which were thrown around trees near the brink of the water. After enjoying the swing for a time, there was a proposition to go out in the boats. The boats could comfortably accommodate eight persons each. This number had been obtained, when Joshua came up.

"I'm going," he said, unceremoniously. "You will have your turn next time," said Ralph Morse. "We've got the full number."

"No, I'm going this time," said Joshua, rudely, and clambered in and took his place as steersman.

The other boat had already set off, and, as it happened, under the guidance of Walter Conrad, who had long been accustomed to managing a boat, having had one of his own at home.

"They've got a great steerer on the other boat," said Joshua, sneering.

"Where are you steering, Joshua?" asked Ralph, suddenly, for the boat nearly half turned round. The fact was that Joshua himself knew very little about steering. In speaking of Walter's want of skill, he had precisely described himself.

"I understand what I'm about," answered Joshua, suddenly reversing the direction, and overdoing the matter, so as to turn the boat half way round the other way.

"I hope you do," said Ralph, "but it doesn't look much like it."

"I was looking at the other boat," Joshua condescended to explain, "and the rudder slipped."

Walter's boat kept the lead. His perfect steering made the task easier for the rowers, who got the full advantage of their efforts. Joshua, however, by his uncertain steering, hindered the progress of his boat.

"Can't we beat the other boat?" asked Joseph Wheeler, who was rowing. "I can row as well as either of those fellows."

"So can I," said Tom Barry; "let's try."

So a younger boy was put in Joshua's place, much to his mortification, and he was degraded, as he considered it, to the rank of a passenger.

"I'm going ashore," he said, sourly. "Let me out here."

"All right," said Tom Barry. "I guess we can get along without you. Here, you fellows on the Arrow, just wait a minute, till we've landed Joshua, and we'll race you back."

True to his determination, Joshua jumped off at the head of the inlet, and the Pioneer was turned by her new pilot. The Arrow and the Pioneer took their places side by side, and the race commenced. The boats were similar, and thus neither had the advantage on this score. But the rowers on the Pioneer were, on the whole, stronger, and more skillful than those on the Arrow. On the other hand, Walter steered perfectly, while Joshua's successor, though he made no bad blunder, was a novice.

The result was that the race was a clear one. Finally the Arrow came in a length ahead, and Walter felt with quiet satisfaction that the victory had been gained by his efforts.

He hoped that he would be as successful through life in paddling his own canoe. Joshua went home sulky, and was not seen again on the picnic grounds.

CHAPTER IX.

One morning, a few days later, Joshua was walking moodily up the village road with his hands in his pockets. He was reflecting, in a spirit of great discontent, on the hardships of his situation.

"Here am I," he said to himself, "eighteen years old, and father treats me like a boy of ten. I'm most a man, and still he gives me for pocket money twenty-five cents a week. There's Dick Storrs, whose father isn't a quarter as rich as mine, gets a dollar a week. He's only sixteen, too."

One important difference between himself and Dick Storrs did not occur to Joshua. Dick worked in a shoeshop, and it was out of his own wages that his father allowed him a dollar a week. Joshua earned nothing at all.

"It's mean!" reflected Joshua. "There ain't a boy of my age in Stapleton that's so meanly treated, and yet my father's the richest man in town. I wish I knew what to do to get a little money."

At this moment he saw Sam Crawford approaching him. Sam was perhaps a year younger than Joshua. He had formerly lived in the village, but was now in a situation in New York, and was only in Stapleton for a few days.

"How are you, Joshua?" said Sam. "I'm going round to the ice cream saloon. Won't you come with me?"

"Yes, if you'll treat. I haven't got any money."

"You ought to have. The old man's got plenty."

"That's so. But he's getting meaner every day."

"Look here!" said Sam, suddenly; "I have an idea. Did you ever buy a lottery ticket?"

was a scheme in which the principal prize was but a thousand dollars. However, the tickets were but a dollar each, and a thousand dollars for one was certainly a handsome return for a small outlay. There were others, however, in which the principal prize was five thousand dollars, and the tickets were, in due proportion, five dollars each.

The more Joshua thought it over, the more convinced he was that a large sum of money was likely to come to him through the lottery if he could only manage to raise money enough to buy a ticket. But the problem of how to get the necessary five dollars he was as far as ever from solving.

While in this state of mind he happened one day to be in the store at noon, and alone. Nichols, the head clerk, wished to go to dinner, and was only waiting for Walter to get back from an errand.

"I wish Walter would hurry up," he grumbled. "My dinner will get cold."

"I'll take your place till he gets back," Mr. Nichols said Joshua, with extraordinary kindness for him.

"Much obliged, Joshua," said the salesman. "I'll do as much for you another time. I don't think you'll have long to wait."

No sooner had he gone than Joshua, after following him to the door, and looking carefully up and down the street, walked behind the counter with a hasty step and opened the money drawer.

There was a small pile of bills in one compartment, and in the other a collection of currency. He took the bills into his hand, and looked over them. His hands trembled a little, for he contemplated a dishonest act. Unable to obtain the money in any other way, he meant to borrow—that was what he called it—five dollars from the money drawer and expend it in a lottery ticket.

Singling out a five-dollar bill from the pile, he thrust it into his vest pocket. He had scarcely done so when he was startled by hearing the door open. He made a guilty jump, but perceived, to his relief, that it was a woman not living in the village, but probably in some adjoining town.

"What can I show you, ma'am?" he asked, in a hurried manner, for he could not help thinking of what he had in his vest pocket.

"I should like to look at some of your shawls," said the woman.

Joshua knew very little about his father's stock. He did know, however, where the shawls were kept, and going to that portion of the shelves, pulled down half a dozen and showed them to his customer.

"Are they all wool?" she asked, critically, examining one of them.

"Yes," answered Joshua, confidently, though he had not the slightest knowledge on the subject.

"What is the price of this one?" she asked the customer, indicating the one she had in her hand.

"Five dollars," answered Joshua, with some hesitation. He knew nothing of the price, but guessed that this would be about right.

"And you say it is all wool?"

"Certainly, ma'am."

"I'll take it. Will you wrap it up for me?"

This Joshua did awkwardly enough, and the customer departed, much pleased with her bargain, as she had a right to be, for the real price of the shawl was nine dollars, but, thanks to Joshua's ignorance, she had been able to save four.

Joshua looked at the five-dollar bill he had just received, and a new idea occurred to him. He replaced in the drawer the bill he had originally taken from it and substituted that just received.

"I won't say anything about having sold a shawl," he said, "and father's never know that one has been sold. At any rate, till I get money enough to replace the bill I have taken."

Just then a little girl came in and inquired for a spool of cotton. Joshua found the spools, and let her select one. Then he hurriedly folded up the shawls and replaced them on the shelves. He had just finished the task when Walter entered.

"Are you tending store?" he said, in surprise.

"Yes," said Joshua. "Nichols got tired waiting for you, so I told him I'd stay till you got back."

"I had some distance to go and that detained me. Did you have any customers?"

"Yes, I just sold a spool of cotton to a little girl."

"I met her a little way up the road, holding the spool in her hand."

"Well," said Joshua, "I guess I'll go now you've got back."

NEWS OF THE WEEK

In a Condensed Form for Our Busy Readers.

HAPPENINGS OF TWO CONTINENTS

A Resume of the Less Important but Not Less Interesting Events of the Past Week.

Mulai Haifi has reached the Moroccan capital and proclaimed himself sultan. Woman suffragists in London held the greatest demonstration ever seen there.

Taft says he would like to see a "good game of baseball; a game for blood."

W. J. Bryan says that "the anti-injunction plank of the Republican platform, as finally adopted, is a transparent fraud."

A collision of electric cars three miles from Portland on the Mount Scott line badly injured six persons, slightly injured many more and wrecked two motor cars.

An accident to the Portland Railway company generating plant at Cazadero destroyed three dynamos, worth \$30,000 each, in about three minutes, besides about \$20,000 damage to turbines and power house.

A Washington man has applied for leave of absence from his home on account of the numerous rattlesnakes. He expects to be away helping neighbors during harvest and dares not leave his family alone.

James Cantillon, a professional ball player of Marietta, Wis., who was totally blind, regained his sight at Bellevue Hospital during a fit of hysterics, which followed the surgeon's announcement to him that his case was considered hopeless.

A Jap spy has been caught with complete plans of New York forts.

The prohibition party is raising the biggest campaign fund in its history.

Crops in southern Minnesota were badly damaged by a wind and hail storm.

Taft has not yet selected a chairman for the Republican national committee.

More than 50 New York militiamen gave out from the heat and over-exercising of a five-mile march.

A New York man plans to propel and control an immense balloon with a 45-horse power automobile engine suspended from the balloon.

A man committed suicide by throwing himself in front of a New York subway train, almost causing a panic among the crowd who witnessed the act.

The jury in the Hyde-Benson case is still unable to reach an agreement.

Bryan feels sure of the Democratic nomination, figuring out 116 votes more than enough to win.

Virgil Gavin, who played ball with the Chicago Nationals and New York Giants, is dead.

The first steamer from Seattle this season have reached Nome, after a hard battle with the ice.

Races will be held next year under the auspices of the U. S. Signal Service between balloons and aeroplanes.

Denver police were enjoined from interfering with race track gambling, and bookmaking is carried on freely.

The American auto has overtaken and passed the German machine in the New York-to-Paris race. They are now crossing Siberia.

James J. Hill says the crop prospects for the year are good, and as the crop will not be an unusually large one, it will bring good prices.

E. G. Bethel, the English editor arrested for seditious utterances at Seoul, has apologized for the publication, and says he was misinformed.

Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy says that during the past year new Christian Science societies have been formed at the rate of one every four and one-half hours.

A federal grand jury in New York has indicted the heads of the New York Cotton Exchange and the Manila Paper and Fiber Manufacturers' Association.

An English editor is on trial for sedition by Japanese authorities in Corea.

Havana authorities do not credit the rumors of a well-organized insurrection.

A dining car will be added to the A. & C. trains between Portland and Seaside.

Governor Dawson, of West Virginia, has a well-developed case of tuberculosis.

The transport Sherman will be quarantined at Astoria. She has smallpox on board.

Harry and Evelyn Thaw have become reconciled, but Thaw must remain in the asylum.

A runaway automobile jumped off the docks into the river in New York and drowned four persons.

CLOSE CALL FOR TAFT.

Breaking of Piston Rod on Engine Nearly Wrecks Train.

Dennison, O., June 23.—Secretary Taft had a narrow escape tonight from being involved in a serious wreck on the Pennsylvania Flyer, which was carrying him east.

Prompt action of the towerman in a signal station a third of a mile east of Coshocton, and of the engineer of the flyer, alone averted what might have been a dreadful accident.

As the train was speeding along at the rate of 50 miles an hour, the piston rod on the left side of the locomotive broke short off. Almost instantly the cylinder of the engine was cracked by the unmanageable rod.

Secretary Taft and National Committeeman Kellogg entered the dining car and sat down to dinner after the accident occurred without thought of anything serious in connection with the stopping and delay of the train. The Secretary made no comment on the incident when informed of it. The engineer of the locomotive explained that it was merely good luck that averted a bad accident.

"If the piston rod, after it broke, had gone under the train," said he, "we would have gone into the ditch, as we were running 50 miles an hour, and the derailment would have been a serious matter. Fortunately the broken rod landed six or eight inches outside of the left rail. That saved us."

TURBINES RUN WILD.

Strange Accident Wrecks Cazadero Power House.

Portland, June 23.—An accident to the machinery at the Cazadero power plant of the Portland Railway, Light & Power Company early yesterday morning caused the complete wrecking of the station, entailing a loss of \$110,000. Flying pieces of hot metal and burning insulation set fire to the building, destroying inflammable parts of the structure. Two operators who were on duty at the time had a miraculous escape from instant death.

The three big water wheels "ran away," one after the other, the generators to which they were coupled flying in pieces and wreckage from each machine in turn disabled the next water wheel. Huge parts of the monster dynamos were hurled through the brick walls to the station and through the iron roof.

Although the two operators on duty were right in the midst of the flying wreckage, they escaped without a scratch.

JAPAN WEAKENS.

Would End Chinese Boycott by Remitting Indemnity.

San Francisco, June 23.—Sochita Asano, president of the Toyo Kisen Kaisha Steamship Company, reputed to be the second wealthiest man in Japan, ranking next to Baron Shibusawa, has arrived here en route to New York on a financial mission.

Speaking of the boycott against Japanese goods in China, Mr. Asano said that Japanese trade had suffered severely because of the boycott resulting from the Tatsu Maru affair, but he did not expect it to continue much longer.

The Chinese were feeling its reflex influence, and he thought that financial considerations would soon outweigh sentimental reasons.

A different version is brought by Thomas E. Millard, the author, who was a fellow-passenger of Mr. Asano on the steamship Mongolia. According to Mr. Millard, the boycott is hurting Japanese trade so severely that the government, through the merchants of the empire, called the Chinese merchants in Japan together in order to make a proposal to end the boycott by remitting the indemnity exacted in the Tatsu Maru incident.

Buried in Ancient State.

Honolulu, June 23.—The funeral to-day of Prince David Kawananakoa, who died recently in San Francisco, and whose body was brought here on the steamship Manchuria, was one of the most imposing royal funerals ever held in Hawaii. The ceremony was in accordance with the ancient Hawaiian usage in the case of chiefs.

The First regiment of the National Guard of Hawaii, a detachment of the Twentieth infantry from Fort Shafter and marines and sailors from the battleships Maine, Alabama and St. Louis, now in the harbor, marched in the funeral procession.

Plague in Port of Spain.

Port of Spain, June 23.—Since June 15 there have been four new cases of plague here, resulting in three deaths. The fourth case is in the isolation hospital. Active measures are being taken by the sanitary corps in destroying rats and cleaning up the city. About 150 persons who came in contact with these cases are now in the observation camp, but up to the present there is no sign of infection among them. The medical authorities take a very hopeful view of the situation, and expect to be able to eradicate the disease at an early date.

Seventeen Condemned.

St. Petersburg, June 23.—A man and woman have been condemned to death at Warsaw on the charge of being implicated in a recent attempt to kill General Skalon, governor general of Warsaw. Seventeen death sentences were announced today from other towns and cities in Russia.

TAFT IS NOMINATED

Roll of States Called by Megaphone Aird Uproar.

ROOSEVELT STAMPEDE A FAILURE

Nominating Speech Made by Senator Burton—Taft's Name Starts Whirlwind of Enthusiasm.

Chicago, June 19.—For president of the United States, William H. Taft, of Ohio.

Taft on the first ballot, Taft by 700 votes, Taft by the unanimous choice of the convention.

Such is the record of the culminating day of the Republican national convention of 1908, effected amid scenes of tumultuous enthusiasm, and after a nerve-racking continuous session lasting nearly eight hours. With the president named and the platform enunciated, there remains only the nomination of vice-president to complete the momentous work. Last night the whole city was given over to wild exultation in honor of the new candidate, whose name goes echoing through the country.

The picture within the walls of the vast amphitheater as the presidential candidate was named was one truly grand in its magnitude. In front to the right and left, below and above, the billowing sea of humanity, restless after hours of waiting and stirred from one emotion to another, was in a fever of expectancy for the culminating vote.

The favorite sons of other states had been named, save Knox and La Follette, and now on the rollcall came Ohio.

As the Buckeye state was reached, the tall, gaunt form of Theodore E. Burton, with student-like face and severe black, clerical garb, advanced to the platform to nominate Ohio's candidate. He spoke fervently, with the singing voice of an evangelist, which rang through the great building. The close of his speech of nomination was the signal for the long, pent-up feeling of the Taft legions. Instantly the Ohio delegates were on their feet, other Taft states following, while the convention hosts in gallery and on floor broke into a mad demonstration.

"Taft, Taft, W. H. Taft," came in a roar from the Ohioans. Megaphones seemed to spring from concealed places and swell the Taft tumult into thunder. A huge, blue silk banner bearing the familiar features of the statesman-secretary was swung before the delegates, awakening a fresh whirlwind of enthusiasm.

All semblance of order had been abandoned, and the delegates were a maelstrom of gesticulating men. The guidons of the states were snatched up by the Taft enthusiasts or borne under by the storm of disorder. The band was inaudible—a mere whisper above the deafening volume of sound. For 10, 15, yes 20 minutes this uproar was continued. It was a repetition of the scene of Wednesday, when the name of Roosevelt brought the convention into a frenzy. But there is a limit to the physical resources of throat and lung, relays had not been established and at last the tired voices died down to a hoarse shout and subsided.

This time, however, the deafening clamor. Seizing a megaphone, he shouted the roll of states: "Alabama," "Arkansas," but his voice was swallowed up in the mad uproar. Gradually, however, the curiosity of the multitude conquered its enthusiasm and it lapsed into silence to hear the result of the call. A hush of expectancy hung over the assembly as the call proceeded.

Hasty summaries showed that Taft was far in advance. When New York was reached the Taft column totaled 427. Ohio carried the Taft total to 511, or 20 more than enough to nominate. Still the call went on until the final result was announced by Chairman Lodge:

"For Theodore Roosevelt, 3 votes; for Joseph B. Foraker of Ohio, 75 votes; for Charles W. Fairbanks, of Indiana, 40 votes; for Joseph G. Cannon, of Illinois, 58 votes; for Robert La Follette, of Wisconsin, 25 votes; for Charles E. Hughes, of New York, 67 votes; for Philander C. Knox, of Pennsylvania, 68 votes; and for William H. Taft, of Ohio, 702 votes."

Noble Act of Roosevelt.

London, June 19.—The news of Secretary Taft's nomination was received too late for editorial comment in the morning papers, except the Times, which says: "It is the greatest and most striking of all Roosevelt's many victories. By the unflinching exertion of his personal will President Roosevelt defeated the undoubted will of the Republican party, and what is hardly less certain, the will of the American people. He has chosen to sacrifice his personal ambition in his sense of duty as a citizen. It is a noble act."