

The Santiam News.

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NO. 38.

TAFT USHERED INTO OFFICE

Ceremony in Senate Chamber, Due to Winter Weather Conditions Prevailing.

PARADE WAS GRAND

Over 30,000 in Line Reviewed by President Taft and Ex-President Roosevelt—Ball at Night Was Scene of Gaiety.

The Taft Cabinet.
Secretary of State—Philander C. Knox, of New York.
Secretary of War—J. M. Dickinson, of Tennessee.
Secretary of Treasury—Franklin MacVeagh, of Illinois.
Secretary of Commerce and Labor—Charles Nagel, of Missouri.
Postmaster General—Frank H. Hitchcock, of Massachusetts.
Attorney General—George W. Wickersham, of New York.
Secretary of Interior—Richard Ballinger, of Washington.
Secretary of Navy—George Von L. Meyer, of Massachusetts.
Secretary of Agriculture—James Wilson, of Iowa.

Washington, March 5.—The first chief executive to take the oath of

Taft's Policies Outlined

Will support Roosevelt's reforms, and admits that he has been acting in an advisory capacity in many of the Roosevelt policies.

Pledges regulation of the corporations in the matter of issuance of excessive bonds and mortgages.

Stability of American business to be assured.

Tariff question calls for extra session of congress and question one of most important that country must solve.

Taxation should be made as light as possible and government expenditures curtailed, avoiding all unnecessary expense. Public money should be wisely protected but not hoarded.

Favors army and navy sufficiently strong to maintain peace and preserve Monroe doctrine. Army should be large enough to form nucleus for fighting corps sufficient to defend country from invaders.

Country must observe treaty rights of foreigners. Anti-foreign agitation discouraged. Government should settle all such questions by proper legislation, inoffensive to other countries.

Congress should pass a postal savings bank bill.

Panama canal policies of Roosevelt will be continued.

Race prejudice may be eliminated by a fifteenth amendment to the constitution of the United States making educational qualifications necessary to obtain the electoral franchise.

The marching troops passed these were waved in welcome and applause.

By dint of great effort a regiment of street cleaners got the center of the avenue into shovelled into marching condition by 2 o'clock, and their efforts were cheered by the waiting crowds almost as vociferously as were the marching columns that followed in their wake.

At 2:47 p. m. President Taft and Vice President Sherman left the White House and took their place in the reviewing stand. They were received with a mighty cheer. The review of the inaugural parade began at once.

More than 30,000 marching men participated in the great military and civic pageant, which constituted the principal spectacular feature of the presidential inaugural ceremony. Approximately 25,000 of these were soldiers, sailors and marines of the military establishments of the United States, bodies of the National Guard of many states, with large contingents of spruce cadets and midshipmen from the national military and naval academies. The remaining 8,000 were citizens from all parts of the United States, banded together in commercial and political organizations, many of them distinctively uniformed campaign clubs.

The troops and civic bodies composing the notable parade of the afternoon mobilized in snow and slush which in places was deeper than their legging tops. Down Pennsylvania avenue, walled in with spectators, they found dry footing, but faced a lively gale.

The parade was replete with interest. The 3,000 bluejackets from the recently returned Atlantic fleet shared honors among the military with the Cuban army of pacification.

The trim cadets from West Point attracted the usual interest and made a characteristically fine showing. The midshipmen from Annapolis, snow-bound within 20 miles of Washington, shared the fate of thousands of sight-

Aunt Diana

The Sunshine of the Family

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

The next few weeks passed happily for Allison; she had her dearest friend with her, and what more could she ask for?

Aunt Diana had settled down quite comfortably in her niche, as though she were one of the family. Without making herself unduly prominent, or in any way trenching on the young housekeeper's privileges, she yet contrived, with quiet tact, to lighten Allison's burden and procure her the rest she so much needed.

Allison resumed her walks with Roger, while Aunt Diana amused Missie or read to Mr. Merle. During the day Allison was too much engaged to enjoy much of Aunt Diana's company, but Miss Carrington insisted that she should resume her painting lessons as soon as Missie was able to be with her father; and she also contrived that she and Allison should have one of their old refreshing talks as often as possible. Nothing rested Allison so much as intercourse with Miss Carrington's strong, vigorous mind.

Aunt Diana quickly found her way into Missie's wayward little heart, and she soon turned her influence to good account. One afternoon, when Allison had been spending some hours at Maplewood, she found on her return that Missie had gone back into her old room. All Allison's books and pictures had been moved; Aunt Diana's loving hands had evidently been employed in her service—no one else would have arranged the bowl of dark chrysanthemums on the little round table, and the pretty, fresh croquette on the couch and easy chair spoke of the same taste.

Allison's voice trembled as she thanked Missie.

"You ought not to have done it, Mabel; dear, it is very good of you, but I would rather have waited until you were really well."

"I always meant to do it," returned Missie, solemnly. "I thought about it every night, and then I made up my mind to speak to Aunt Diana, and she said she would help me. Have you seen the beautiful illumination she has painted for you?"

Yes, Allison had seen it. "It is not weary in well-doing"—that was the text that Miss Carrington had chosen—"for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." Well, was not Allison reaping a rich harvest? Would she ever repeat that she had come back to her own people for loving service and ministry, when she had won Missie's affection, and found her way to her father's heart? That he loved and trusted her, that she was growing daily dearer to him, Allison, with all her humility, could not doubt; but Missie was still his petted darling—the very suffering she had caused him brought them nearer together.

It was a lovely sight, Miss Carrington thought, to see Missie sitting for hours patiently beside her father's couch reading or talking to him. But for her aunt's vigilant care her health would have been permanently injured by her devotion to him; before she left she made Missie faithfully promise to take her daily walk and to resume her singing.

"You must leave something for Allie to do," she said, with a smile; "I can not sanction monopoly. We must watch against selfishness, dear child, even in our best actions; we must not be over-exacting in our affection—love sometimes compels one to efface one's self for love's sake."

Anna was a constant visitor to The Holmes during Miss Carrington's stay; they had taken a great fancy to each other. Anna told Allison privately that she thought Miss Carrington was the most beautiful woman she had ever seen.

"I don't know about her features," Allison had answered; "I don't think people consider her handsome, but it is a dear face, and that is all I care about."

"I am never tired of looking at her," returned Anna, with girlish enthusiasm; "one sees the thoughts coming before she speaks; her eyes talk to one, even when she is silent. There is something harmonious, too, in her voice, and even in her walk; she never jars on one; I am sure there are no discords in her nature."

Allison repeated this speech; she thought it so prettily worded, and so true. But Miss Carrington shook her head over it and let it pass; she knew much better how the chords of her being had once been jangled roughly out of tune. "No discords in her nature?" when every note had been dumb and tuneless until the Divine Hand had brought the jarred chords into harmony.

"When God's will is our will, then we shall know peace," she said to herself; "I have learned that now." But she spoke very kindly of Anna, and praised Allison's discernment in the choice of a friend. "She is a simple, lovable little soul," she said once; "it is quite a treat in this decided age to meet with a girl who distrusts her own judgment, and believes other people's experiences before her own."

"Anna is really very clever, Aunt Di!" "I am sure of that, my dear; and she shows her cleverness by not advertising her best wares. In talking to her one is not dropping over buckets into empty wells—there is good sense and a clear knowledge of facts at the bottom. Living in an uncongenial atmosphere has made her shy and awkward; she is like a poor little plant brought too suddenly into the light; in another year or so she will be less pallid and depressed; she will have learned to believe in herself a little."

has learned to believe in herself a little.

"I am afraid you think her plain," observed Allison, anxiously; for her artistic taste made her lay rather an undue importance on beauty; "but really, when she talks and brightens up she is quite pretty."

"She has a lovely look sometimes. You are wrong, Allie, I do not think her plain. Missie's apple blossom face makes her a little colorless, but there is a delicate white rose bloom about her that is not without beauty. I like her face, my dear."

"Do you know, Aunt Di?"—hesitating a little, as though she feared how her words might be received, for Miss Carrington had a horror of gossip—"I am half afraid that there is a new trouble in store for poor Anna."

"You mean Eva's marriage. I think that will be a good thing for her; there is no real sympathy between the sisters." "No, I meant something quite different. I have been at Maplewood a great deal this week, and Dr. Forbes is always there. I am afraid, from what I see, that Anna will soon have a step-father, and Aunt Di?"—in a voice of strong disgust—"Dr. Forbes is such an ugly, disagreeable man. I must say I do wonder at Mrs. Hardwick."

"Do you, Allie? Well, wonder sits well on young people. I hate to see them taking everything as a matter of course. Your wonder will not hurt you, my dear."

"But if it should be true, Aunt Di?"

"There are no fools like old fools," Allie, and there is certainly no accounting for tastes. Now, in my opinion, one husband is enough for any woman; but I do not pretend to regulate the world. Don't trouble your little head about it. I have a notion that, step-father or no step-father, Anna will have her share of God's sunshine. And Miss Carrington smiled a queer little smile that mystified Allison, but she said no more.

There were some things of which Miss Carrington never spoke to young people. She often said: "A girl's mind ought to be as clear as crystal and hold no secrets—a crystal reflects everything. I wish older people would remember that."

And nothing displeased her more than the cooing talk of some mothers. "They don't seem to care what they put into a girl's mind," she would say, indignantly, "and then they wonder that it is choked up with rubbish."

CHAPTER XXI.

Miss Carrington took a great deal of notice of Roger, and sought every opportunity to be with him; she had a great respect for his character, which, she said, was a most uncommon one.

"Roger differs from the young men of his generation," she said once to Allison; "he cares little for other people's opinions, unless he knows them to be in the right—mere criticism does not influence him in the least."

She took a great interest in his work, and made herself acquainted with the details of the business. Roger wondered a little at the quiet pertinacity with which she questioned him; she even followed him to the mill, and sat in the timber yard watching the men at work.

After a few conversations with Roger she spoke very seriously to her brother-in-law; she told him Roger was very young for such a responsibility. "He is a good lad, and would wear himself out in your service, Allie, and that without a word of complaint, but he looks too old and careworn for his age; you must remember he is only two-and-twenty yet—he must have his play time, like other lads."

"But how am I to help him, Diana?" asked Mr. Merle, fretfully. "It is not my fault that I am lying here like a log. The boy must work, or what would become of us all?"

"My dear Allie, you misunderstand me," she replied, gently. "Of course Roger must work, but surely he needs help for so large a business. Have you not no one in your last manager's place?"

"No, not yet," he returned, evidently struck by her practical good sense. "Roger never proposed it, and I was too indolent to think about it; but there is Murdoch, a Scotchman—he has been with us a long time, and he is an honest fellow. I dare say he would be glad of a rise in his salary; he has a large young family. I will ask Roger what he thinks of putting Murdoch in the manager's place. I think he would watch over our interests."

"I wish you would do so," she returned earnestly; "Roger is rather too hard worked for his age. He tells me he has no time for cricket or tennis, or for skating in winter. I—I have set my heart, Allie, on his bringing Allison for a long visit to Moss-side in the spring. You will be better by that time, and if you have a manager Roger will be able to enjoy a holiday; he tells me he has not left Chesterton for two years."

"I am afraid I have been very remiss and neglected his interests," returned Mr. Merle, rather sadly. "You shall have your wish, Diana; I will manage to spare Roger for a month."

"Come, now, that is generous of you," she replied, brightly; "I shall owe you a good turn for that. Supposing I promise to come and spend my Christmas and New Year with you; shall you care to have me?"

"Try me," was his only reply. But he said it with one of his rare smiles, and Miss Carrington felt she would be welcome.

The prospect of having Aunt Diana for Christmas, and still more the promise of a long visit to Moss-side in the spring, went far to reconcile Allison to the parting when the day came for Miss Carrington to leave them; but when the last hour arrived Allison's heart failed her a little. "You must not look so pale over it, Allie," Miss Carrington said to her anxiously; "you know if I had the power I would willingly take you back with me."

"Yes, but I could not leave papa lying there. There can be no question now about my duty; it is a comfort to know that."

"Yes, dearest, your place must be here a little longer; they could not spare you to me yet. Do you know, I sometimes doubt whether the old days will ever come back."

"Oh, Aunt Di! Do you mean I shall never be able to live with you again?" asked Allison, in an alarmed voice.

Miss Carrington looked at her in a strangely moved way.

"I do not think you will live at The Holmes always, Missie; we will replace you by and by. I am quite sure we shall be together, even if it be not in the old way. Don't look so perplexed, Allie, darling! In this life, with its manifold changes and chances, things are seldom quite the same."

"You and I will never be different—I am convinced of that," exclaimed Allison, not in the least understanding the drift of Aunt Diana's strange speech. "Oh, Aunt Di, how delicious the spring will be! To think that we shall be rowing on the river again to Long Island, to hunt for forget-me-nots, and that we shall hear the cuckoo in Amy Woods, and I shall be sitting in the studio watching you painting, and Roger will be with us."

"That's right; look forward, Allie, darling; it is your birthright. The young must always look on to a happy future. Now say good-bye to me, for I hear the carriage coming round. Christmas will soon be here, and heaven willing, we shall meet again." And pressing her tenderly in her arms, Aunt Diana turned away.

CHAPTER XXII.

Miss Carrington, indeed, spent her Christmas and the opening days of the new year at The Holmes, to the mutual enjoyment of herself and Allison; but it was not until the end of June that Allison and Roger paid their promised visit to Moss-side—not until the sweet fresh days of spring had passed into the glory of summer. Miss Carrington had written again and again, pleading the compact she had made with Mr. Merle; but neither of the young people had found themselves free.

"When we come it must be with a quiet conscience, and not with a burden of unfulfilled duties, dear Aunt Di," wrote Allison at last. "Missie can do without me, but Roger can not leave at present—there is such a pressure of business at the mill; and if you do not mind, I would rather wait for him."

Miss Carrington's reply was curt, and to the point: "Wait for Roger, by all means. I am not young enough to fear deferring an unexpected pleasure, or old enough to dread that 'by and by' may mean never. There is danger in hurrying on things too much; we need not crowd our lives. I will have neither of you until you can put your cares in your pockets, and take the full meaning of these sweet, sunshiny days."

Aunt Diana's unselfishness and patience were rewarded when at last the desired letter from Allison arrived. Its bright sentences sounded to her like a ripple of soft laughter from youthful lips. "We are coming, coming, coming!" Could any repetition be sweeter than that?

It was one of the loveliest evenings in June when Allison and Roger arrived at the Riverton station, and stood for a moment looking round them in a pleased uncertainty whether any familiar face would greet them. Miss Carrington had hinted that she preferred receiving her guests in her own porch—she hated the bustle and noise of a railway station. But still Allison's dark eyes would scan the platform and the sunny station room, half in delightful recognition and half in girlish curiosity.

"Allie, who is that handsome fellow just getting down from the dog cart?" asked Roger. "What a neat little turnout! I like a chestnut mare. Hallo! do you know him?" as Allison smiled and bowed.

"It is Greville Moore," she said, hurriedly, and a bright look of pleasure crossed her face at the sight of her old friend, which was certainly reflected in the young man's countenance as he came forward and greeted them.

"You are punctual to a minute," he said joyously, "rather before your time, for I have only just driven up. Miss Carrington told me I might bring the dog cart, and your luggage might go up by the omnibus. How are you, Miss Allison? You do not seem at all fagged by your long journey. I expected to find a pair of dusty, jaded travelers."

"Allison is as fresh as a lark," returned Roger; "she has been chirping like a whole nestful all the way up. It is a good many years since we met, Moore. I should hardly have identified you the first minute but for my sister's recognition."

"I believe I should not have known you," replied Greville, with a quick, scrutinizing glance. "You don't look first rate—does he, Miss Allison? He has an overworked appearance. We must give him plenty of tennis and boating, and make him look younger."

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," laughed Roger. "Two of those weeks of idleness and fresh air will make a different fellow of me. I mean to forget that there are such things as sawmills in existence."

"Come, that is sensible," returned Greville, heartily. "Miss Allison, will you take the front seat? Merle, the groom is going to look after the luggage, so you need not trouble your head about it." And springing lightly to his place, he touched the mare, and in a moment they were driving rapidly down the shady road.

(To be continued.)

A Slight Jolt.

He (boastfully)—It takes six generations to make a gentleman, you know.

She (calmly)—Yes, and what a pity that it only takes on generation to unmake him.

JN



(W. H. TAFT)

office in the chamber of the senate in 76 years. William Howard Taft, became president of the United States yesterday.

Accompanied to the capitol through a swirl of blinding snow by President Roosevelt and a guard of honor, Mr. Taft returned to the White House just as the sun began to force its way through the clouds. A sudden blizzard sweeping in from the northwest Wednesday night set awry the weather bureau's optimistic promise of "fair and somewhat cooler," caused an abandonment of the outdoor ceremonies on the famous east front of the capitol, much to Mr. Taft's chagrin, and threatened for a time to stop the brilliant pageant of the afternoon.

However, a passageway was cleared along the center of Pennsylvania avenue, and for nearly three hours President Taft and Vice President Sherman reviewed a passing column which was replete with martial splendor and picturesque with civic display.

After the inaugural ceremonies in the senate, Theodore Roosevelt, again a private citizen, bade an affectionate adieu to his successor, while all in the historic chamber looked on in silence and then he hurried away through a side door to take the train for New York. As he passed out of the chamber, Mr. Roosevelt was given an ovation quite the equal of that tendered to the new president.

The ceremonies of the inaugural were formally begun when Vice President Fairbanks, in a farewell address, which called out for him a spontaneous tribute of applause, declared the Sixtieth congress at an end. Turning then to Mr. Sherman, who had been escorted to a place beside him, he addressed to his successor the oath of office and turned over to him the gavel.



(JAMES S. SHERMAN)

the weather and the slush piled mountain high in the gutters, a crowd that jammed Pennsylvania avenue from the house line to beyond the curbs gathered to see the inaugural parade. Nearly everyone in the dense throng carried an American flag of some sort, and as

sovereigns who were unable to reach the city on account of the storm.

The Philippine Constabulary band, which arrived Wednesday from Manila, was given the place of honor in the escort of President Roosevelt and Mr.

(Continued on last page.)