

The College Hero.

(Original.)

Whether Tom Trotter was a success or not in college depends upon what success is. Tom was the poorest student and the best fellow at the university. He would have been popular anyway, but the fact that he carried his college to victory on numerous occasions on the gridiron excited an enthusiasm which had he lived among the ancient Greeks or Romans, would have insured his worship as a god.

Tom stood six feet two in his stockings, was of gigantic frame and iron muscle. Possibly he might have learned something from his books had he spent any time over them, but how was he to spend time over his books when he was obliged to be head and front of every athletic club at the university? And how was he to be dropped at failure to pass his examinations when he was needed to run the college athletics and was constantly advertising the college by the famous victories he won for it? The truth is that the faculty, realizing the importance of keeping him aloft on the university curriculum, did more worrying about how to pull him through his exams than he did about pulling through them himself. A failure to win an important game would fill him with despondency. A failure at examination never troubled him at all.

"Howsoever these things be," as the poet says, by hook or by crook Tom was dragged along till he came to his graduation examinations. The words "by hook or by crook" may be taken literally, for he made no pretense of walking a straight and narrow path at his examinations, and he once actually used a wire hook on which he had strung a lot of special problems. These he could pull up into his sleeve by a string at a moment's notice. But now Tom's "finals" stared him in the face, not only him, but the faculty and every man in college.

As the examinations were coming on, there came also a champion game of baseball with the University of Y. Everybody knew that Tom must bear the whole weight of the game himself. One accident after another had happened to deprive the team of good men, to be replaced by inferior ones. When the game came off, Tom was there in all his glory. Stimulated by the work before him, he surpassed anything he had ever done on any field. He would send the ball far up into the sky, then keep on running as long as there were runs to make. When the game was finished, with a crushing defeat to the enemy, Tom was carried in triumph on the shoulders of the team to his room, where he held a reception for the rest of the day.

The next morning "Linden saw another sigh." Tom was sitting in an examination room. He had been struck by a ball the day before on the forehead and in making a sliding run had rubbed the skin off his leg. No record was made of these mishaps at the time, and a few students (traitors to college glory) hinted that they had never occurred. He his it as it may, Tom's head was bound up with a cloth, and a pair of crutches reposed in the seat next to him. Behind a table on a raised dais sat a professor. Every occasion has its disagreeable features, and the man who was wrapped in the subject he endeavored to engraft into others was obliged at examinations to make a spy of himself. He kept his eyes on the window instead of the students, where they should have been, and Tom kept his eyes on some sheets of paper between which some of the problems in the list were solved. But Tom found it difficult even with the solutions before him to get them into his own examination paper without copying them figure for figure. No slight of hand would enable him to do this without detection. The professor who could see the transaction plainly, or rather would not see it at all, finally gave way to qualms of conscience, and getting up from his chair walked slowly down to Tom's seat, giving him ample time to cover up anything to incriminate him. Tom laid a large square blotter on the "pony." Others were observant of what was going on, and the professor had no choice but to demand to see what was under the blotter. Tom looked embarrassed.

"I'd rather not show you that, professor," he said.

"For what reason?"

"Modesty."

The students sitting about snickered. "Nevertheless I must insist on seeing it."

Tom heaved a great sigh from his enormous chest which sounded like the wind coming from the cave of Aeolus and lifted the blotter.

The picture of a woman in a decollete dress with a wealth of black, whirpool hair and flaring eyes—only this and nothing more.

"Professor," said Tom in an injured tone, "you have compelled me to expose the picture of the girl I love. I can't get up my papers without being inspired by an occasional glance at her, so I brought her."

The professor apologized and retired. He knew well that the photograph had been purchased from a shop window, and beneath it lay a "pony." But he had done the letter if not the spirit of his duty.

That evening there was a move from the campus to Tom's room. A crowd of students having heard that he had passed his final examination—the one that was regarded impassable—went, a mighty throng, to do him honor. Tom came forth, stood on the chapel steps, bowed profoundly and announced that he would be entered at the next term for a postgraduate course.

Then there was a roar to drown Niagara. **DOUGLAS SMYTHIE.**

Locomotive No. 8.

(Copyright, 1907, by Homer Sprague.)

Tom Drayton, locomotive engineer, lost his sweetheart by death. From that day Tom was marked for melancholy, but when he seemed to have transferred his affections to his engine his friends had hopes for him.

For two months No. 8 and her engineer had the best of luck. Then came an accident by which they were thrown into the ditch. No. 8 was pretty well smashed, and Tom Drayton had ribs and a leg broken. The first inquiry he made after the surgeons had fixed him up and he had regained consciousness was after his pet. He said nothing of his own hurts. They did not count. There was a week or so in which the master mechanic did not know whether to send No. 8 to the scrap heap or the repair shops. They did not tell this to Tom, but he seemed to realize the crisis, and he fretted and worried until the doctors were mystified. Then word was brought one morning by the fireman that "sweetheart" was to be repaired and made as good as new, and within an hour the doctors saw such a change in the big man that they were mystified again.

No. 8 and Tom were put back on the old run, and for the next three years they were in a way public characters. Not an accident of any sort happened then. Other locomotives were ditched, caught in collision or became victims to spread rails. Other engineers were killed or discharged or maimed for life. No matter for snow or rain or fog or darkness, the pair could be counted on. However, iron and steel will not always last. Indeed, they grow old faster than flesh and blood. There came a day when No. 8 began to limp and complain. For three months Tom tinkered and patched and concealed her condition, but this could not go on for long. She began to lose her strength and speed and to be taken with queer spells, and one day the master mechanic overhauled her and pursued his lips and turned his back on the engineer.

"What is it?" asked Tom in anxious tones.

"She has lived her day as a passenger engine. She may last for another year on freight. You will have to change to No. 17 after this run."

Big Tom walked away without another word and sat down in the darkest corner of the roundhouse and brooded. If some one had told him that on the morrow he must divorce or abandon a wife he could not have taken it worse. After two or three hours he walked about, but men left him to himself. The report had gone out, and they were sorry for him. His run was to begin at 8 o'clock that evening, and the weather promised a wild night. Some said that he would wander away and not be there to take his train out, but they were mistaken. He was on time, and to all outsiders he suppressed his feelings. To his fireman he said in a voice hardly above a whisper:

"Ben, the sweetheart has got to go. This is her last trip before the coaches. They are going to put her on the freight."

"But you know she is getting old," replied the fireman.

"But they shan't disgrace and humiliate her. Do you hear—they shan't do it! She's been good and loyal and true, and I won't have it."

"Maybe they will change their minds tomorrow."

The engineer turned away without another word and busied himself about the departure, and promptly on the minute No. 8 steamed out of the depot as proudly as ever in her life. There was a gale and a downpour of rain. She began to slip and strain and wheeze ere she had gone a mile. At the junction, ten miles out, she had lost two minutes' time. The fireman looked at Big Tom and saw him shaking his head mournfully. When the signal to go ahead had been given, the engineer turned and said:

"Son, I want you to climb over the tender on to the platform of the baggage car. When I check her up you are to cut me loose and brake the train to a standstill."

"Heavens, but you can't do that!" shouted the fireman.

"But I will do it. Don't say another word. We have been partners for three years and I don't want to hurt you, but by the gods of heaven you will do as I order or I will throw you from the cab!"

"There will be an accident!" gasped the other.

"Will you go?"

The man was dangerous. There was a light in his eyes no one had ever seen before and on his mouth a smile that was positively wicked. The fireman crawled over the coal and disappeared. A moment later the speed of the engine was checked and was freed from the train, and with a wailing blast from the whistle she leaped forward into the darkness. Ten miles down the line a great tree had blown across the track. She was running at fifty miles an hour when she struck it, and her big engineer was smiling and chuckling and patting her and saying:

"No freight for you and me, sweetheart. This is the end of our railroad."

A crash, an explosion, a burst of smoke and steam and flame, and then Big Tom and his sweetheart were done with it. They had lived for each other and died with each other.

Expressing the Baby.

(Original.)

During the illness of Mrs. Dolittle, wife of Dan Dolittle, carpenter, her baby was in care of her sister in Rosefield, fifty miles away. At the mother's recovery, the father having a job in Rosefield and not wishing to spend the time himself on the journey back, it occurred to him to send the child home under care of the baggage-man of the train, whom he knew well.

He found a little chest that would do very well for a traveling crib. His sister lined it with blankets, put a feather pillow in the bottom and when all was ready deposited the child. Dan put on a tag as a precaution in case the contents fell into other hands than the baggage-man, addressing the chest to "Mrs. Daniel Dolittle, Birsville. This Side Up With Care, Glass." There was no preparation in marking it glass, for the baby's bottle was there ready for use. There were a flat book and a staple to hold the lid down when closed, but it was not intended that the lid should be closed. Just before train time the father carried his baby to the station and turned it over to the baggage-man, who received it willingly, set it on a trunk and put the nipple on the bottle into the youngster's mouth.

An hour later Dan Dolittle saw an "extra" announcing that a bridge had broken under the train on which he had sent his baby and let the first two cars into the river. He ran to the station and, getting on a relief train, went to the scene of the accident. The baggage car was partly immersed, the baggage-man had been killed or drowned, and there was no sign of the baby.

Dan worked all the afternoon moving trunks and hunting for his child's body without avail. While he was at work his wife, who knew the baby was on the wrecked train, arrived, and he was obliged to announce to her that the child had doubtless been thrown out of the car door, which was open at the time of the accident, and buried under the car or heavy trunks at the bottom of the river. The poor woman was hysterical. Dan begged her to go home, but she would not till she knew something of the manner of her baby's death. So he let her stay till the wreck had been removed, but as there were still no indications of what had become of the child husband and wife went to their desolate home broken hearted.

A month passed without any developments as to whether the baby had been crushed or drowned. This uncertainty worked upon the mother's mind, and there was no comfort for her. Had her child died in its bed she would doubtless have recovered from the shock in time. But she brooded over the poor little thing's horrible taking off till Dan began to fear that he would have to send her to a sanitarium.

One morning there was a heavy rattle of wagon wheels on the street before the door and a sharp ring at the bell. Mrs. Dolittle answered the call, and an express wagon driver handed her a book and a pencil to sign for a package. She signed wonderingly, and the man delivered an oblong box. On it was a tag with the address: "Mrs. Daniel Dolittle, Birsville. This Side Up With Care, Glass." Mrs. Dolittle unhooked the lid and opened it.

"Mother of heaven!" she exclaimed and forthwith fainted.

It happened that it was noon, and Dan was momentarily expected home from his work. How long it was after the receipt of the package before he arrived cannot be known, but it was probably very soon. There in the hall was his wife lying on the floor unconscious beside the identical chest in which he had placed her child before sending it homeward, and in it was that child, looking as ruddy as an autumn apple, pulling away on a bottle.

If Dan hadn't been a man he would probably have fainted too. As it was, he rushed for water, sprinkled it in his wife's face and brought her to. By this time her senses were ready to receive the impression that her baby was alive and well. She snatched it from its traveling crib and hugged it to her breast, covering it with kisses. Then she put it back and covered Dan with kisses. Then she cried a little and laughed a little, never for a moment wondering how her child could come back to her in this strange manner. But Dan, spying a note in the chest, opened it and read it. It explained matters.

A short distance below the scene of the accident lived an ignorant, stupid German couple. Neither of them heard of the bridge breaking down, and if they had they would never have connected it with what followed. The German was coming across the river in his punt when he saw a floating box. The water was smooth, and the box sailed along right side up. The man took it in, pulled out the hook, raised the lid and saw a baby. It was unconscious, and he supposed it dead. Taking it to his hut on the bank, his wife gave it some warm milk, and it revived. The woman, who was childless, believed the Lord had sent her the baby and would not give it up. She kept it a month, when her husband, discovering that it was costing him a good deal of milk and fearing they might get into trouble if they kept it, prevailed upon her to send it on according to the address on the tag. So he took it to an express office, where the clerk after pondering awhile whether to accept such fragile freight concluded to pass it on, especially as it would be delivered within a couple of hours. It is probable that at the time of the accident the lid closed, the hook slipped into the staple, the box was thrown into the river and floated to the German.

Help the Editor.

An Oklahoma editor puts forth this plea: "My friend, help the editor in his wide eyed search for news. When your friends come to you, if you are not ashamed of it, tell him; when your wife gives a tea party, if you will have recovered from the effects of the gossip, drop in with the news; when a baby arrives fill your pockets with cigars and call; if you go to a party, steal some of the good things and leave 'em with the item in our sanctum. If your wife licks you, come in and let us see your scars and tender sympathy through the paper. If your mother-in-law has died, don't be bashful about it; give in all the commonplace news. In short, whatever makes you feel proud, sad, lonesome or glad submit it to our twenty-four carat wisdom and see our matted lock part and stand up on end with gratitude, which will pour from every pore with moisture from a dew besprinkled earth."—Topeka State-Journal.



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KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON

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ALEX MARLIN, Jr., Cashier
E. R. REAMES, Vice-President
LESLIE ROGERS, Asst. Cashier

The Pioneer Bank of Klamath County

STATEMENT OF CONDITION AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS
JUNE 30, 1907.

RESOURCES	
Loans and Discounts	\$ 314,962.76
Bonds and Securities	60,584.86
Real Estate, Buildings and Fixtures	30,160.5
Cash and Sight Exchange	238,091.93
	\$643,800.13
LIABILITIES	
Capital Stock, fully paid	\$ 100,000.00
Surplus and Profits	12,088.64
Due other Banks	40,001.98
DEPOSITS	491,691.51
	\$643,800.13

I, Alex Martin, Jr., Cashier of the above named Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and believe

ALEX MARTIN, Jr., Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 8th day of July, 1907.

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Notary Public for Oregon.

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