

GUARDING OUR MONEY

How the Treasury Vaults at Washington Are Protected.

WATCHERS DAY AND NIGHT.

Always on Duty and Always Prepared to Shoot to Kill—Never Has a Dollar Been Taken From Them by Force—One Daring Scheme.

Not a dollar has ever been taken from the United States treasury by force.

Perhaps the nearest approach to foot-ing the vaults of the treasury was the time Martin Broadfoot had his plans about perfected. This was back in the eighties, and the plan was to get into the building by means of the great sewer which runs under and near the treasury and is known as the Fifteenth street sewer and which grows larger as it enters the Potomac about three-quarters of a mile from the White House.

Broadfoot's plan, as developed after his arrest, was to get into the building crack the safes and place the money in large rubber bags and float them down the sewer to the Potomac, where his pals would be in waiting. These bags were found in his room when he was arrested, and secret service men had often seen him walking along the shores of the Potomac near where the big sewer empties. This sewer is about nine feet in diameter where it passes the treasury. A man could easily make his way up the sewer through a stream of water which under normal conditions is only about twelve inches deep. By entering the tunnel or sewer at the river the journey to the treasury could be made by keeping a sharp lookout. When the man or men in the sewer reached the Fifteenth street sewer nothing would separate them from the gold coin and bullion except about eighteen feet of earth and not too secure stone wall. It was Broadfoot's scheme to dig his way through this obstruction and to let the earth float or wash down the sewer. It would not have taken one man more than two weeks working only at night, to have made an opening large enough for a man to crawl through. Of course Broadfoot knew the exact location of the vaults, and when he once reached them he would have had no trouble in getting the gold coin and bullion. It was evidently his purpose to fill the rubber bags with the precious stuff and float them down the sewer to the river, where they would be looked after by his confederates. This was the only really well laid plot ever made to loot the treasury, and just why Broadfoot was never given a trial has never been known to the public. He was an intelligent man, and suspicion was first aroused against him by his frequent visits to the money rooms and vaults and by the questions he asked watchmen and messengers as to the hours of duty, when the time locks closed and what time they opened, and all such questions. That he could have successfully carried out his plans so far as getting into the building and the vaults are concerned there is no question, for men have been in the sewer and conduits who say that it would have been easy work. The most difficult part of the job would have been in getting away with the money and bullion, for it would have required hard work to secure it and get away. About the only chance would have been to bury it somewhere in Virginia, for if it had been placed on boats it would have been easy to recover it.

It is the opinion of the secret service men that many celebrated cracksmen have from time to time contemplated the conversion of a few million treasury notes to their own use, but after careful study they have decided that the undertaking was too colossal in character. Secretary Folger when he assumed his duties was not slow in deciding that the treasury was not properly and safely guarded. There was not an electric alarm in the building, the watchmen were isolated and had no facilities for calling help, and the safes were of the old time lock and key sort, scattered almost all over the big building. The secretary went to work to bring about a proper condition of affairs. He had the watch system completely changed and reorganized, putting them under the strictest discipline. Elaborate and extensive alarm systems were installed. The old safes were replaced by modern steel affairs with time locks and intricate combinations. The gold and silver vaults were fitted with steel casings and time locks, different parts of the combinations being distributed among various officials, so that the vaults could be opened only with the concerted action of all of them, and then only at the stroke of the hour for which the time locks had been set. But without a perfect system of watchmen to guard the safes the treasury could be easily robbed, for the most perfect safe ever made is not proof against the professionals.

The watch force of the treasury is perfectly organized, and the least infraction of rules means a layoff or discharge. The men seem to realize the heavy responsibilities resting upon them, and they are careful almost to a fault. The watch is divided into three reliefs, the tour of duty lasting for eight hours. However, the watch does not anticipate an attack by robbers, but they are prepared for any emergency, and they will not be caught napping should one ever be made either at night or by day. Each watchman is a regular walking arsenal, and the instructions are to shoot, and shoot to kill.—Los Angeles Times.

A GERMAN SATIRE.

The Forgotten Life and the Sad Fate of the Herring.

The experiments of men of science sometimes furnish amusement to those who are not particularly interested in the slow, minute and apparently insignificant investigations by means of which important physical facts are learned. It is interesting to know that if we cut off the tails of forty successive generations of mice at their birth not one mouse, even in the fourth generation, will be born without a tail. But when the man of science was engaged in cutting off the baby mice's tails all the world laughed at him. The slow experiments to test the possibility that by degrees an animal may change its habitat—a land animal taking to water, and so on—were thus amusingly satirized in Germany.

Some time ago Herr Professor Schlitzer, the eminent biologist who is making experiments relative to the changes of habitat made by animals, captured a live herring. He took the fish home and kept it in a large vat of salt water. Every morning the professor dipped out of this vat half a teaspoonful of salt water and replaced it with an equal amount of fresh water.

The herring survived and passed his days apparently in the best of spirits. In the course of time the water in the tank was rendered completely fresh. Not a grain of salt was left in it. And still the herring remained cheerful and in good health. Next the herr professor began to deprive the fish, little by little, of the fresh water element in which he lived. In this also he was successful, and after a time the herring gambled around in a perfectly dry tank.

The herr professor next put the fish in a birdcage, and the intelligent creature continued to thrive. But one day the herr professor noticed that something seemed to be the matter with his pet.

He had forgotten to give it anything to drink.

Thereupon he put a dish of water in the cage.

The next morning, when the herr professor came to look at his fish, a melancholy sight met his gaze. The herring had fallen head first into the dish of water and had been drowned.—Harper's Weekly.

THE MAN KILLING CAMEL.

A Turk's Consideration For the Brute's Future Owner.

There had come with us from Hebron a Turkish soldier riding a young camel whose virtues he boasted and indeed exhibited—the clean limbs, the stride and the docility of the beast. It seemed a worthy camel—a camel of excellent humor and of distinguished promise—and it was much coveted by the way. At night, as the custom is, the man was used to sleeping close to his beast, the winds being chill, but now at Rafieh, while the mules were unloading and the cook was coaxing his fire, he tethered the camel, flung his saddle on the sand and went off to the mud barracks to hobnob with the Egyptian frontier guard. I was presently alarmed by the cook's outcry and a rising excitement in camp. The docile camel was viciously trampling his master's saddle, stupidly believing that he was engaged in his master's murder—a savage and dreadful attack, a rearing and heavy plunge.

"What!" ejaculated the Turk when he was informed of this. "Have I cherished a man killer?"

The camel was heartily beaten and reduced to his knees, whereupon his doubled fore leg was tied so that he could rise but with difficulty, and we withdrew to observe his behavior, for his master was not yet convinced. Rise he did, a persistent, silent effort, and cautiously approached the saddle, which he attacked as savagely as before, but now with one hoof.

"I have had a narrow escape," said the Turk. "My camel would have killed me tonight. By God and Mohammed, the prophet of God," he swore, "I will sell the beast in the bazaar at Beersheba."

I inquired concerning the future owner's prospect of long life.

"He is in God's hands," was the answer.—Norman Duncan in Harper's Magazine.

A Great Way Off.

Mr. William Miles, late verger of Rochester cathedral and the original of Mr. Tope in "Edwin Drood," was a great favorite with the late Dean Hole. On one anniversary of the verger's birthday, after a pleasant greeting, the dean asked:

"How many children did your mother have?"

"Oh, I am the eldest of twelve!" replied Mr. Miles.

"Then," said the genial dean, "you never saw your youngest brother."

"Oh, yes, I did!" answered Miles.

"What! With ten miles between you?" said the dean chaffingly.

Quite Modest.

"You took retainers from both husband and wife in this divorce case," said the court severely.

"Your honor," said the accused attorney, "let me explain. I was first retained by the man."

"No impropriety in that."

"Then, conscious that the husband had secured legal talent of such high order, I deemed it fair that the wife should have an equal show."—Kansas City Newsbook.

Her System.

"How do you get along with the men so well, Maude?"

"Well, I expect them all to be fools. But I don't let them suspect what I expect. So I'm never disappointed, and neither are they."—Cleveland Leader.

THE PLANET JUPITER

A Monster World, 1,300 Times the Size of Ours.

WHIRLS WITH AWFUL SPEED.

It Spins Around at Such a Fearful Gait That a Furious Gale Perpetually Encircles Its Equator—Its Possible Inhabitants and Its Moons.

It is curious how little the average person knows about Jupiter. He has heard a lot, too much perhaps, about Mars, but that world, 1,300 times the size of ours, whirling in the terrible outer distance of space with its five moons, its 144 months yearly, known as Jupiter is almost if not quite a mystery.

In the first place, Jupiter, according to some astronomers, is inhabited. So are some of its moons, in the midst of which the great planet spins around like a top at such tremendous speed that it causes around the equator a furious wind that blows perpetually at a rate of about 250 miles an hour.

In the midst of this never ending, howling gale live the Jovians. Some astronomers say that because Jupiter is so much bigger and heavier than the earth no creature of any weight can support itself. A man weighing 200 pounds on this earth would, if carried to Jupiter, weigh 500 pounds, and, reasoning thus, they believe that nothing bigger than a cat could stand on this vast world.

But this is no doubt a mistake. If Jupiter stood still or revolved no faster than our earth all that astronomy says would be true, and a terrestrial man could not stand upon its surface. But as a fact the tremendous rate of revolution is so much faster than the earth's that in spite of its monstrous size it turns about in less than ten hours as against our twenty-four hours.

As it is, a man of normal earthly size, if transported to the equator of Jupiter, would actually feel much lighter than he does here on earth, because the swift rotation of the planet would almost lift him from his feet and throw him into the heavens. He would feel so light that the 250 mile an hour tornado that blows incessantly would pick him up and carry him around and around the planet like a speck of dust.

In order to keep on his feet the Jovian man or woman would have to be about fifty feet tall. Some of them would doubtless reach the height of fifty-five feet. Like all big bodies, the Jovian would have a tendency to slowness of motion. Having once seated himself, he would spend a good twelve hours at his breakfast and perhaps eighteen at his dinner and would probably throw up his job if his employer allowed him less than six hours for his lunch.

The oceans of Jupiter, torn into fury by the hurricanes, would pay no attention to one moon such as moves the tides on our earth, and it takes no fewer than five of these satellites to perform this work for Jupiter. They travel at various rates of speed, some flying very close to Jupiter's surface and others far off. They have atmospheres somewhat like ours on earth, and a moonlight on Jupiter is indeed a glorious sight, for these moons have a variety of colors. Two are blue, one is yellow and one red.

Jupiter needs all its moons at night for illumination, for without them its five hours of darkness would be black indeed. So distant is the sun that broad daylight is hardly brighter than twilight on earth, and one lone moon would not reflect enough of the sun's rays to guide the Jovian footsteps.

In the polar and semipolar areas the 250 mile an hour tornado of the equator is not present. Doubtless there are eddies and occasional windstorms such as there are on earth. And in these localities it is possible for smaller creatures to exist, and here, too, vegetation would flourish. The food supply of Jupiter must come from these areas, where it is cultivated and shipped to the equatorial regions by the diminutive races. The polar oceans are not frozen because of the great internal heat of Jupiter. And on these still oceans probably ships not greatly different from ours ply, but about the equator the unending storm would make surface sailing impossible.

If there are ships at all at the equator they are submarines, which dive into the calm depths beneath the surface. Locomotion by flying machines is extremely easy on the equator because, by taking advantage of the wind, the Jovians can navigate their planet at tremendous speed.

It is possible that because of the noise in the wind swept equator the Jovian is deaf.

Quite likely, on the other hand, he has good ears, but with a device, either artificial or contributed by nature, for stopping his ears, except when he wishes to listen.

This tremendous, good natured Jovian has a leather-like skin to protect himself from the scratches of flying things and a device for sifting the air that he breathes, for Jovian atmosphere is full of dust, and in spite of the difficulties of his existence he is a long lived gentleman. On the average he exists for about 800 of our years. Probably many a Jovian exists a full thousand of our little years.—Detroit News-Tribune.

None of us may know when the echo of a careless word will cease vibrating in the hearts of some that hear.



FARMERS

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For the general news of the World also for information about how to obtain the best results in cultivating the soil, Stock Raising, Fruit Growing etc. You can secure this excellent paper by

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Real Life in 'the Hills and Forest

BY ONE WHO LOVES NATURE.

TO EDITOR OF TILLAMOOK HEADLIGHT.

In every country neighborhood is material for many novels. Here we can study the elements. We get to the bedrock of human nature. Each strong character stands out clear and distinct. It is a simple life, but not without an appeal and a charm that are all its own.

The cities and the newer communities of the west are mixed with a large foreign element. But in the eastern, southern and certain portions of the central states are to be found a people Americans. Where is the American whose ancestors have lived upon the soil for generations. Most of them descended from the revolutionary stock. These are novelists to catch their spirit and portray their life?

To one who was reared in the hill country there is a certain beauty in its rocky slopes and pleasant valleys that cannot be found elsewhere. The prairie is monotonous, the treeless plain wearisome. The green and sunny sides of the hills have a charm that never grows old.

And the trees, the strong larch towering heavenward, the magnificent fir, the white burky alder, the great cedar with its humbler boughs, the healing cascara sagrada, the hemlock and the maple, there is a glory in the trees, a strength and a companionship in the stately aisles of the forest one is in communion with nature and with his own soul. There is a holy awe that pervades it all. Bryant caught the spirit of the trees when he said, The groves were God's first temples.

In our hours of sorrow, if we can but go to nature, she gives us peace. With her calm presence over us, her cooling fingers upon our brows, she charms away our troubles, dulls the edge of our griefs and in her silent way imparts to us a comfort and a hope.

How to Treat a Sprain.

Sprains, swellings and lameness are promptly relieved by Chamberlain's Pain Balm. This liniment reduces inflammation and soreness so that a sprain may be cured in about one third the time required by the usual treatment. 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by all Druggists.

SANDLAKE.

Mr. Bryan's chances for running again for President in 1912 are good in Sandlake.

Jay Hoyt came in from the Valley Wednesday, his uncle, J. R. Thompson, accompanied him. Mr. Thompson has been working out in the valley all the summer.

Arthur Kays is on the lake this week on a duck hunting excursion. Don't kill all of them, Arthur. Leave a few for us.

One of Mr. and Mrs. Car's little girls is very sick. Dr. Smith was called to attend to the little sufferer on Saturday, and at the present writing she is getting along very nicely.

We understand that Galloway's have taken the contract for the county for \$300 to open the road from their place to the old W. C. King place. We are all glad to hear of the road going to be opened, as it will then enable us to drive to the beach.

The medicine man, T. E. Epplett, was on the lake Tuesday.

Ira Dimond was falling timber for his mill last week.

We did not see Joe Finigan Sunday, wonder if some of them Woods girls has captured him?

Sale Agents Wanted.

\$56.00 per week or 400 per cent profit. All samples, stationary, and art catalogue free. We want one permanent agent in this locality for the largest picture and frame house in America. Expense unnecessary. We instruct you how to sell our goods and furnish the capital. If you want a permanent, honorable and profitable position, write us today for particulars, catalogue and samples. Frank W. Williams Company, 1314 W. Taylor St., Chicago, Ill.

Colds and Croup in Children.

"My little girl is subject to colds," says Mrs. M. H. Serig No. 41, Fifth St., Wheeling, W. Va. "Last winter she had a severe spell and a terrible cough but I cured her with Chamberlain's Cough Remedy without the aid of a doctor and my little boy has been prevented many times from having the croup by the timely use of this syrup. As soon as he shows any signs of croup I give him Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for three or four days, which prevents the attack." This remedy is for sale by all Druggists.

Two Great Dangers to Eyesight

In the November issue of the Women's Home Companion, Dr. Woods Hutchinson raises his lance against the bog of civilization making the race blind.

"The dangers to which the modern eye is exposed fall into two great classes—disease, and overuse from near work. Here another great consoling fact faces us, and that is that while overwork and consequent eye strain are by far the commonest troubles that befall the modern eye, discomfort and inefficiency are as they go in ninety nine cases out of one hundred. Never yet was an eye lost solely from eye strain. It is a fact that ninety-nine and nine tenths percent of all blindness is due to disease, and not to overwork.

"More significant yet, seven tenths of the diseases which produce blindness are the acute infections, against which civilization wages an unceasing and victorious conflict. Smallpox is practically overcome, thanks to vaccination. The others hold their own as 'blindness,' on account of our highly intelligent myopia in declining to recognize them officially or mention them in public. Just so long as we continue to consider it immodest and improper to discuss these blights, so long they will continue to put out the eyes of little children of the thousands.

"No known disease which causes blindness is increasing under civilization. In fact when we do finally come to a sense and fight all diseases alike, as we surely will, we have good right to confidently expect that blindness will be practically abolished, or reduced to less than five per cent of its present frequency.

"Even the risk of blindness from accidental causes, such as wounds, blows, scaldings and burnings, is very much less than it was before, and still decreasing on account of the enormous increase of power of curing wounds of the eye given us by antisepsis and surgery. Where ten eyes were lost by wounds becoming infected, less than one now suppurates now."

Chamberlain's the Most Popular

"We have in stock many colic and diarrhoea medicines," says R. M. White, a prominent merchant of Turin, Baytown, Tex. "But sell more of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy than of all others put together." For sale by all Druggists.