SUMMERHAYES CITED

Will Be Asked to Explain His "Joke" Before Judge Morrow.

AFFIDAVIT OF FREEMAN.

Recites the Palace Hotel Interview as Given in "The Call."

THE HEARING SET FOR TO-DAY.

District Attorney Foote Requested to Investigate the Matter by the Accused.

Grand Juror Summerhayes' little joke about the poor pay of grand jurors compared to the important and valuable issues that they have to consider in connection with the Freeman-Westinghouse case has met with the same appreciation that cost Secretary H. J. McCoy $250 when he perpetrated his little boomerang "josh" on Juror Truman, while the Durrant case was in progress.

When Mr. Summerhayes was interviewed late on Wednesday night, after

Attorney A. S. Mackaye.

being awakened from a deep fit of slumber, he assumed to treat the matter as something affecting his personality and interests alone, and to believe that voluntarily withdrawing from a further hearing of the pending criminal charges against H. S. Mackaye, Warren P. and Wallace G. Freeman, would close the "funny" incident.

A night's restless slumber disturbed by unpleasant reflections of the "josh" he had perpetrated on Attorney Church evidently caused Juror Summerhayes to see his action in a new light, for he proceeded to the office of the United States District Attorney early yesterday morning and asked that the whole matter be at once investigated. He found District Attorney Foote in a most accommodating mood.

Walter K. Freeman, who was attending the cross-examination of Wallace E. Freeman in the chambers of Commissioner Heacock, was summoned and instructed to immediately prepare an affidavit embodying the charge against Summerhayes and file the same in the office of the District Attorney.

In compliance with these instructions the desired document was prepared under the direction of Attorney John L. Boone, but was not ready to file until 5 o'clock. So greatly, however, were Judge Morrow, District Attorney Foote and Assistant District Attorney Schlesinger interested in the Summerhayes "joke" that they waited long beyond their usual time in order to give every facility possible to the "funny" man of the Federal Grand Jury to explain the humorous features of his interview with Walter K. Freeman and Attorney J. B. Church in the billiard-room of the Palace Hotel.

As soon as the statement was duly sworn to by Mr. Freeman, word was sent to Judge Morrow in his chambers, and he took his seat on the bench. District Attorney Foote then appeared and announced that he desired to read an affidavit which he considered showed contempt of court and a violation of duty on the part of one of the members of the Federal Grand Jury. He then read the document.

After reciting the manner in which the Freeman-Westinghouse patent interference case came to be on hearing in this City, the affidavit reviews the circumstances that led to the placing of the matter before the Grand Jury. It then relates the conduct and proceedings of Summerhayes as follows:

On the evening of the 5th day of November, as we were leaving the grill-room of the Palace Hotel, through the billiard-room, where we were stopping, while I was in company with Mr. Church, the latter was accosted by a gentleman whom I had seen in the Grand Jury room, and whom I supposed to be one of the members of the United States Grand Jury. I heard him request Mr. Church to introduce him to his client, Walter K. Freeman, referring to myself. He mentioned his name, which I did not fully gather, and thereupon we went to the opposite side of the billiard-room and sat down, and he explained then that he was the only man on the jury that knew anything about electrical matters and he would like to get some points.

From this point an interview began which lasted from about 8 o'clock until midnight, during which time he discussed very freely his experiences as a juror in criminal cases and as a grand juror in the county and Federal courts. He, of his own volition, introduced the subject of the matters which I had brought to the notice of the United States District Attorney and which were being considered by the United States Grand Jury, and he stated among other things that he had listened to the testimony given in the Grand Jury room by Warren P. Freeman and discussed his testimony, and remarked that he would not believe him under oath, because he said that during the time that Warren P. Freeman was before the Grand Jury he acted and told his story in a suspicious way; that he seemed more interested in looking at his boots than in giving an intelligent story of his connection with the affairs which led up to charges being preferred against him before the Grand Jury.

Continuing he referred to the testimony given by Marvin T. Freeman before the Grand Jury, discussed it, and said that he did not think Marvin was telling the whole truth; that he believed he was holding something back, and asked if I knew what it was. The reason he gave for not having confidence in Marvin L. Freeman's testimony was because Marvin seemed to hesitate, and think and acted as though he was endeavoring to tell a fixed-up story, and in this connection he remarked that he thought that a man who was telling the truth would speak up promptly and would tell the same story forty-seven different times in as many different ways and still tell the truth.

During our conversation Mr. Church excused himself for a few moments, and during his absence that person, whose name I later learned was H. J. Summerhayes, began questioning me very closely regarding the financial status of the Fort Wayne Electric Corporation, which he seemed to understand was the owner of the inventions in controversy, and he proceeded to inquire whether or not I could secure enough money to handle the case pending before the United States Grand Jury. He said: "You must know, Freeman, that if the proper influence is brought to bear you can have done what you want."

Continuing he made a statement as to his knowledge of jury duty and the probable influence he would have with the present Grand Jury, and asked me what it would be worth to the Fort Wayne Electric Corporation to have H. S. Mackaye and Warren P. Freeman indicted for intimidating witnesses. He said: "You know it would have great influence in the Patent Office, and will be worth a great deal to you if this is brought about." As he continued his conversation he drifted to a point where he made a comparison between the compensation received by the gentlemen who are members of the United States Grand Jury, and in this connection remarked: "We only get $2 a session, $4 a week, and you fellows are fighting here for patents that are worth millions to whoever wins the suit, and are asking us to go into an investigation at the rate of $4 a week and decide a question that would have great influence in the Patent Office. Now, look here, Freeman, this is not fair. The lawyers are getting big money out of this thing, and I know that the Westinghouse Electric Company has got a whole lot of money available for the purpose of fighting you here, so why don't you resort to the same means? You know that you could fight the devil out of hell if proper influence was brought to bear."

Continuing in this strain for some time, he continued and said: "I'll tell you my opinion is that it is not a fair division of the spoils."

I then inquired whether or not it was a practice in California of fixing juries. He said it was not an uncommon thing to do, but that he had never accepted or had anything to do with any such affairs, because he was a wealthy man and was above such influences. At about this time Mr. Church returned to the billiard-room, and Summerhayes' conversation drifted to a recital of personal experiences and then drifted back again to his intimate acquaintance with certain reputable gentlemen of San Francisco, and he spoke of them in a manner that gave me the idea that his social standing was of the best; that his integrity and influence as foreman of grand juries had never been questioned, and that the juries of which he had been a member in the past had always decided cases as he suggested, and in this connection he said: "I have been a juror for three years, with the exception of one week, and while acting as such in the criminal courts every case that was ever tried resulted in a conviction."

In this affidavit I have eliminated such matter and such parts of his recital and conversation as seems necessary to intelligently and briefly outline the drift of his remarks without going into all the details.

He quoted certain conversations between members and jurors in the jury-room, and in this connection said that there had been a discussion between himself and other members of the United States Grand Jury respecting the small compensation that they received, which was $4 a week for puzzling their heads over the affairs of myself and the Westinghouse Electric Company, which involved millions of dollars.

There are other fragments of sentences interspersed in the conversation referring to what occurred in the jury-room and comments made by the jurors, which it would be impossible to intelligently express without going into a lengthy statement of what was said.

As the reading proceeded the frown on Judge Morrow's face gradually deepened, and scarcely had the District Attorney uttered the last word when the order to issue a citation against Summerhayes was given in a tone that boded ill to the joker. The Marshal was instructed to serve the writ at once and the hearing to permit Summerhayes to show cause why he should not be punished for contempt of court was set for 11 A. M. to-day.

The papers were served last evening on Mr. Summerhayes by Deputy Marshal Monckton.

Referring to the insinuations alleged to have been made by Summerhayes against other members of the Grand Jury Assistant District Attorney Schlesinger yesterday said that in his judgment no better body had ever sat than the present Grand Jury. "Any aspersion cast upon them," he said, "would be unjust, unfair and absurd, as they have evinced the greatest desire to get at the facts of this remarkable and complicated affair."

With yesterday morning's hearing the cross-examination of Wallace E. Freeman before Commissioner Heacock in the Freeman-Westinghouse patent case was concluded. The only striking bit of testimony was that Warren P. Freeman, a brother of the plaintiff, had admitted to witness that he was being paid $100 a week by the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company for his services against the interests of his brother.

It was intended to continue the hearing during the afternoon, but Attorney Mackaye failed to appear and Attorney Horace Platt, who is associated with him in the case, explained that he was confined to his room by an attack of neuralgia and by the mental fatigue occasioned by the severe strain he has been under during the past few days.

Alexander H. Freeman, who has been prostrated by the exciting incidents with which this case has been surrounded during the past two weeks, is now so far recovered as to be about, and will probably be one of the witnesses before the Federal Grand Jury to-day, when the charges of perjury, subornation of perjury, bribery and criminal conspiracy against Attorney H. S. Mackaye, Warren P. Freeman and Wallace E. Freeman will be resumed.

SERENADED A BILLYGOAT.

Rahway Musicians Delivered Their $54 Worth of Music.

The eighteen members of the Rahway (N. J.) cornet band were all coughing and sneezing last night and a few of them were squirming with rheumatism. But they had got even with the Union County Roadsters, and they didn't mind their pains and aches.

The band, which is the pride of the town, had contracted to play at the race-track in the afternoon during the Roadsters' competition. They were to get $54 and their names were to be in big letters on the posters. The races were preceded by a grand parade through the town, headed by the band, whose members were to wear their best uniforms and blow trombones and whang drums without any let-up. Every musician agreed in writing to do his level best for the money he got.

When the hour grew near for the great musical and bicycle treat the race grounds, owing to the rain, resembled a lake. The committee decided to postpone the affair, and a sub-committee was sent to negotiate with the band, and make the best compromise they could.

"Not much!" exclaimed H. H. Voorhis, manager of the band. "Three years ago you hired a tramp band from Hoboken, when you could have hired us. Now we purpose to get even. We're going to parade anyhow, and then play at the race grounds whether there is any one there to hear us or not, and we'll make you pay us our $54."

George A. Crane, secretary of the Roadsters, remonstrated with Mr. Voorhis. So did Roadsters C. R. Melich, J. Henry Flake and William J. Drumpleman, the committee who hired the band. But it was no use. The blood of Mr. Voorhis was up. He harangued his musicians, got them in line and started out on a parade of his own.

The men of music marched through the principal streets in the pouring rain. Their wind instruments were soon converted into water cisterns, and the drum got soaked and went out of action; but their blood being up that didn't matter. They marched to the clubhouse on Main street, in accordance with the contract, and played a serenade.

From that point they trudged through the mud to the race field. They were wet through. A billygoat was grazing in the field and they began to play to him. A few members of the club who wanted to have a good laugh came up and listened to the music from a sheltered spot. There is no roof to the bandstand. The band played "Sweet Marie" and "There's Only One Girl in the World for Me" to the billygoat, who soon fled.

Then the trombone man and the drummer began to cough, and they quit work. They were joined by two other musicians. Mr. Voorhis made all sorts of offers to them, but they said they didn't want to die of pneumonia and started for home. After a half hour's debate with the other members Mr. Voorhis ordered the organization to headquarters.

He says he will sue the Roadsters for the $54. They say that he can do so, but he won't get it. Musicians and wheelmen were on the verge of coming to blows several times over the matter.—New York World.

NO TIME TO POSE AGAIN.

Miss Marion Nolan, the Venus, Too Busy Preparing for the Stage.

ART-LOVERS ARE IN SUSPENSE.

It is Now Over a Year Since Sculptor Schmid Took the Famous Statue to Italy.

The uncertainty that surrounds the present whereabouts of the Venus of California has startled the art-lovers of San Francisco. Every one but the sculptor fears that she has gone astray, that she may, even now, be held for ransom by some ruthless Italian brigand.

Mr. Schmid, however, is hopeful of the outcome, and, although he stands alone in his continued faith in the young lady, he is as stout as ever in maintaining faith in her under most adverse circumstances. He admits that he has been looking for her arrival any day during the last four months, but that apparently trivial lapse of time does not disturb him. Every one is usually behind time. He himself was born two centuries later than he desired.

It is now over a year since he departed

MISS MARION NOLAN, THE VENUS OF CALIFORNIA.

[*From the latest photograph by Thors.*]

from San Francisco, taking the Venus with him. When he left he was under contract with the syndicate to deliver an Italian marble copy of the young lady within six months from his departure. That time was up last May, but across the waters from his Italian retreat came a letter from the sculptor requesting an extension of time in which to finish his labors. His request was readily granted by the syndicate. Two monts later, in July last, Mr. Schmid returned to San Francisco. But he came alone. The marble Venus did not accompany him. The sculptor on his arrival was besieged with questions. Was it a success? Did the plaster model arrive in Italy safe and unharmed?

Was the same symmetry and intelligence expressed in the cold, unfeeling marble as in the plastic plaster?

Mr. Schmid assured every one that everything was far above his most sanguine expectations. They might expect her on any train following him.

Two months of anticipation and expectancy followed. Then some mild inquiries were begun, and as the other four months have continued to roll slowly along, and the express company kept daily failing to bring across the continent a long, heavy oblong box, the coterie of art-lovers have gradually lost all hope.

Every one agrees that Venus is somewhere on the earth or under the waters that cover it. It is not thought that any one would wantonly do her violence. But just where she is is the disturbing question.

To add to the quandary of the art-lovers, should the Venus never be found, is the possible fact that California will indefinitely be deprived of Miss Marion Nolan. The young lady is soon to make her debut on the stage with an Eastern company, and she has not the time or the inclination to pose again. She leaves for the East on November 26, and she may never again appear before an artist as a study.

The originator of the Venus tournament, which resulted in the unanimous selection of Miss Nolan, has about given up in despair over the continued absence of the statue.

"Where is the statue?" said she in response to that question, "Well, that is what I would like to know, too. All I know is that it has not been delivered to the syndicate yet, and what is more, we have about given up ever expecting to see it again. Mr. Schmid's last extension of time that we granted him in which to produce the statue, was up on the 3d of this month. Both he and his attorney, Mr. Choynski, when we gave them their last extension, agreed to surely have the figure here by November 3. The time is now up and still it is not here.

"It was on that date in 1894, just a year ago, that we gave the Venus to Mr. Schmid to take to Italy with him. He was under contract to proceed to Carrara, near Rome, where is situated the most famous marble works in the world, and to chisel a marble statue from the plaster one.

"When Mr. Schmid arrived here, in July last, he did not bring the statue with him. He said that a few finishing touches about her head were necessary before it would be completed, but that it would follow him in a few days.

"If harm shall be proven to have befallen her it will be a distinct loss to Californian art. My idea in starting the Venus contest was to arouse a new interest in it and to establish a new type of beauty. We have had a reign of technique without inspiration, of manner without substance, and it seemed to me that we needed an outlet for the spiritual.

"In giving us a Venus de Milo the Greeks embodied all that comprised their ideal of womanhood. She was neither spiritual nor intellectual, the artist simply aiming at physical perfection. There is an entire lack of the softer, gentler qualities of woman's nature. In the Venus di Medici we have the refined, sensuous type, with feeling and intuition but not marked intelligence.

"No sculptor has ever given us a type whose physical, intellectual and spiritual nature was fully rounded out and perfect. I thought there was need for this kind of woman to-day, and in America, where she has never been a chattel, I naturally looked for this possible model. That was the motive of my inaugurating the Venus contest. And while I regret the publicity given the supposed loss of the statue, I may as well admit it now."

Mr. Schmid is himself somewhat piqued over the affair and does not care to enter into details. He says that Venus is either on the way to San Francisco or is still over at the Carrara quarry in Italy.

"I am expecting it daily," said he. "It will arrive all right."

UNCLE SAM INVOKED.

Secretary Thompson Will Call In the Federal Power.

Secretary Thompson of the State Humane Society is on the warpath after the promoters of the bull-fight, advertised to take place at Cripple Creek on Saturday, Sunday and Monday. The secretary has taken a new tack. He telegraphed the Secretary of Agriculture at Washington yesterday, asking as to whether a special permit had been taken out to bring the bulls into this State.

It has been found that such importation cannot be made without orders from the Department of Agriculture. Veterinary Surgeon Greswell has been appealed to, and he has promised that he will enforce any law that comes within the power of his office.

When Governor McIntire returns from his ranch at La Jara this morning, he will be shown the flaming handbills issued for the event.

"Why," said the secretary yesterday, "when Wolfe was up here he told the Governor that it wasn't to be much of a fight after all, that there would be no cruelty and all that sort of thing.

"Just look at this handbill, will you?" said the secretary, as he exhibited a poster of red, green and white, the Mexican colors. "Listen to this," and the secretary proceeded to read as follows:

"'The bull-fight will commence at 1 P. M. each afternoon. The bull-fight will be given in every detail, full and from start to finish, the same as in Havana, Cuba, Madrid, Spain and the City of Mexico.'

"'While the inhabitants of the south, east and west are suffering from the thermal climate, the happy residents of the great gold mining district of Cripple Creek enjoy the sunshine and view the class of manly sport that is denied in all other parts of the United States.'"

Other sentences are of an equally reassuring nature to those who are figuring on a redhot, old-fashioned bull-fight, as described in Spanish annals.

The secretary didn't wait to personally lay the poster before the Governor. His Excellency was promptly telegraphed the substance of the secretary's discovery.

Word was received from the secretary of the local humane society at Cripple Creek that Sheriff Bowers had been seen. That official had declared that he hoped the fight would be stopped by legal injunction. He was going to have "one salaried deputy" on the spot, and would try to stop proceedings if any cruelty was practiced. "Nice thing," remarked Secretary Thompson. "One 'salaried deputy' will do lots of good stopping a fight."

It is considered by the officers of the humane society that Sheriff Bowers is not losing any great amount of sleep devising ways and means to stop the fight.

The result of the interview between the secretary and the Governor, who has been given to understand that the affair is to be very tame, is awaited with interest. Secretary Thompson will be on hand as soon as the Governor reaches his office this morning.

Attorney-General Carr found an act of 1893 which he construes as giving the Governor power to prevent the exhibition through aid of the State National Guard. The act reads: "They (the National Guard) may be ordered into active service by the Governor to aid the civil authorities to prevent or suppress riot," etc. There is nothing said in the clause about a request from the Sheriff of the county. The Attorney-General thinks it would be a good thing for the Adjutant-General to send two or three companies of the National Guard to camp at Cripple Creek, and if there is an attempted infraction of the law the arm of the State could promptly stop the violation.—Denver News.

A Novel Salutation.

When Monsignor Capel visited the United States some years ago a Washington woman who was entertaining him at dinner asked her distinguished guest what had impressed him most in this country.

"The extraordinary precocity of your children, madam," was the reply, and upon being asked the reason Monsignor told the following experience:

"When in Baltimore a few days since I went with the Archbishop to call upon Mrs. W. During our visit her beautiful little boy of 4 years ran into the drawing-room, and after presenting him to me Mrs. W. said:

"'Carroll, go and say good morning to the Archbishop.' Fancy my amazement when the child turned, and with an indescribable air of bonhomie said with a friendly nod: 'How are you, Arch?' Truly American children are remarkable."—Washington Times.

Lady Randolph Churchill, according to gossip, is tattooed with a snake around one arm. The operation took place during her visit to India.

A SALVATION HOME.

Officers Say There Never Was So Much Poverty as Now.

WOMEN SUFFER MOST.

Most of the Needy Applicants Are Too Self-Respecting to Beg.

THE TREASURY IS VERY LOW.

In Spite of Lack of Funds an Appeal Will Be Made for an Emergency Home.

In view of the great destitution among the most helpless members of the poor, namely the women and children, the Salvation Army intends to put forth every effort to open a home for women on the lines of the Lifeboat, where men can obtain food and shelter for an almost nominal sum. Destitute women would be taken in free of charge, or the charitable-minded could supply them with tickets as the sojourners of the Lifeboat are supplied. It is intended to have a creche attachment to the woman's home, in order that the mothers may have their little ones in careful keeping while they go out and look for work. The place is intended more as an emergency refuge than as a permanent home, because past experience has taught the army that in the care of destitute women it is temporary rather than permanent help that is needed.

The idea of the home only exists in the brains of the Salvation officers at present, but that is not a bad plan for intangible things to materialize. Money they have none, but they are rich in determination and energy, and they declare that the daily contact with the existing poverty is stimulating all their activity. Within the next few weeks the army will have formulated its plan of appeal to the San Francisco public for help in alleviating the poverty of so many of the city's women and children.

It was stated yesterday at Salvation Army headquarters that rarely ever had there been so much destitution as at present among the poor, who are too self-respecting to beg.

The women and children are feeling the pinch of poverty most, and the army is at its wits' end to find means to relieve them. The charity fund is in debt, the supply of winter clothing for distribution has almost given out and the gaunt, thinly clad women and children, pale from privation, who apply for help are daily increasing in numbers.

"We are deluged with applications," said Captain McFee yesterday. "Some of them are from old ladies, who come fondly hoping to find work. They might be able to earn enough to pay for their board and lodging, but they are shabby, poverty-stricken, and no one wants such forlorn creatures. Most of them are friendless and without means, but if we had a temporary shelter like our men's home we might take them in, feed them into better condition and clothe them decently while we found out what they were worth. As things are now, it is not in our power to do more than give a little temporary relief to these old ladies.

"The people who deluge us most with applications are not the beggars. They belong to the class that would be ashamed to go to charitable institutions. They come here quietly and tell us of their destitution, as they would tell it to friends, and we help them as best we can. Sometimes we are able to give them clothes and they clean the things and make them over till they look quite respectable. Most of these people would do anything to hide their poverty. This morning a little girl called in here on her way to school. 'Look how nice my mamma has made the frock,' she said. It was an old thing we had given her, but the mother had made it over till the child looked really well in it.

"Such little instances as that show us it is the deserving poor and not the wolves and vultures who are deluging us with applications this winter. One has to be right in the work to realize the extent of this destitution, though."

On the captain's desk there was a slip of paper containing a long list of names, attached to which were explanatory notes. "Yes, it is one day's fresh applications," he said. "They began before half-past 7 this morning. Here is a destitute man recently discharged from the City and County Hospital who wants work. We sent him with a letter to the Labor Commissioner. Next comes a woman with a letter from the Mayor's office. Her husband is an engineer who has been out of steady work for two years; they have a couple of young children and are without means. The next visitor is an old lady from the hospital who is without shoes—that is to say there are uppers but no soles, so her feet are on the ground."

"Captain, may I come in?" asks a bright young ensign, with a bundle of War Cries under her arm. "It's a case I want to report," the girl says eagerly, when she has been given permission to enter. "We have investigated it. A woman on Natoma street, clean, but oh, so poor! She is old and helpless. May I give her a pair of shoes?"

The ensign was given the key of the wardrobe-room, the contents of which are rapidly diminishing, owing to the numerous calls upon it. The captain, taking up the list again, read from it the pitiful roll-call of destitution for one day; and the saddest part of it was that the majority of names on the list were those of women, too old to be of any use as workers or else women hampered by helpless, dependent children.

"A man can get along on 15 cents a day, and he is a poor man if he cannot scratch up that," said the captain. "But it is the women and the children we want to do something for. The way in which men are beginning to desert their wives and children is something appalling. They don't seem able to stand poverty as bravely as the women can, and when there is actual destitution they sneak out quietly, leaving the wives and children to struggle on or starve.

"What we want is a home where these destitute women and children can be taken in and cared for till the deserted woman can get on her feet again. When she has no good clothes, no money and nowhere to turn it is a practical impossibility for her to get work with her helpless children dragging at her skirts, but if she could go into a temporary home for a week or two and have her children cared for the poor creature might get a fresh start for life."

Origin of Billiards.

In a letter dated 1750, which has been presented to the Bibliotheque Nationale, in Paris, a highly ingenious account is given of the origin of billiards. The writer declares that billiards were invented in England about the middle of the sixteenth century by a pawnbroker named Bill Kew. This man, it is alleged, used in his leisure moments to play on his counter with the three brass balls which he hung up as a sign. For a cue he had a yard measure, whence the term Bill-yard, or Bill's yard, corrupted into billiards. This etymology will hardly satisfy Mr. Skeat, but it is at least curious as showing to what length the speculative etymologists are apt to go. The most astonishing thing about it, however, is the fact that it is the work of a Frenchman, who might have seen at a glance that billiards is merely a corruption of his own word "billiard," from "bille," a ball, the termination "ard" being perfectly regular and natural in the composition of a word intended to designate the table upon which the balls are used.—London Telegraph.

A TRUE TALE.

About Three Boys Who Were Fond of Icecream.

From the Chicago Record.

Three small boys who live on the North Side have a father who was once a small boy himself—at least that is what he says, and he ought to know.

The three small boys are abnormally fond of icecream, a trait which they possess in common with others of their kind. A few evenings ago the family had icecream for dinner, and the boys petitioned before the meal began for two dishes each.

"I know how much you like icecream," said their father, benevolently. "I was once a small boy myself."

The three boys had sometimes been skeptical on this point, but they didn't say anything.

"When I was young," continued the father, "my mother used to tell me that I could have a dish of icecream for every three slices of bread I ate. Now I'll tell you what I'll do. The boy that will eat the most bread can help himself to the icecream and eat all he wants."

It was an unusual opportunity, and the three boys were filled with joy.

In a few minutes after dinner began the bread plate was cleared and the boys, watching one another out of the corners of their eyes, swallowed slice after slice. When the meal closed the eldest boy, having the greatest capacity, was declared the winner and his face beamed with triumph. The idea of having all the icecream he wanted for once in his life was a sensation bordering on the ineffable.

The icecream was served in three brimming dishes, and every one at the table began to eat it. After taking a few mouthfuls, however, the three boys wiggled about in their chairs, and finally laid down their spoons, sheepishly. They were so full of bread that they couldn't eat even one dishful apiece.

Fair Play Toward Microbes.

A fact is a dangerously heavy load for him who knows not how to carry it. Many truths of science and philosophy are valuable seed thoughts to one, while they are mountains of obstruction to many. It is only reserved to the few to fit a truth in its proper place and so find life in it. How many thousands of persons have been made miserable by a little one-sided knowledge of the "germ theory" of disease? It is a fair question whether the microbes have not worried more persons to death through a limited knowledge of them than they have killed through a want of knowledge how to kill them. And now it is said that the microbe of old age has stepped under the microscope of recognition. Old persons will begin to quake lest this pestiferous little germ has found them out.

"My husband has recovered from his attack," said a distressed wife to a physician; "but isn't there a danger of the disease returning some time and carrying him off?"

"Perhaps so," replied the doctor; "but, if I were you, I should rather have him live longer, and die of that, than die sooner of something else."

"What," said another worried woman, "are we to do, doctor, about the microbes in the communion cup?"

"Oh," replied the wise physician, "if it had not been for microbes we should all have been dead long ago."

We had better be willing to live longer, and die of the bacillus of old age or of the bacteria of the communion cup, than to die sooner of worry over the microbes that might kill. Let the other invaluable micro-organisms of which we hear so little, but upon which life is so largely dependent, have their turn with us awhile. Death has had its show in our anxieties, let us now give life a fair place—and live.—Sunday School Times.

Madagascar's Queen is described as looking very pretty and piquante in light blue silk knickerbockers.

NEW TO-DAY—CLOTHING.

DON'T PAY $18 FOR A $12 OVERCOAT:

WE ARE WHOLESALE MAKERS OF CLOTHING SELLING AT RETAIL AND CHARGING WHOLESALE PRICES.

High Grade Overcoats

OUR WHOLESALE PRICE:	RETAILERS' GIANT PROFIT PRICE:
$12.00	$18.00
15.00	22.50
18.00	25.00
20.00	30.00

OUR OVERCOATS are lined with Silk, Satin or double warp Italians--superbly cut and finished. Single or Double Breasted.

OUR OVERCOATS ARE THE BEST FASHIONED THAT MONEY CAN BUY—EQUAL TO MERCHANT TAILOR MADE.

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Proprietors of the Oregon City Woolen Mills, Wholesale Makers of Fine Clothing,

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