

DEMOCRATS GATHERING

ADVANCE GUARD OF NATIONAL CONVENTION ARRIVING AT DENVER.

Bryan Managers Have So Far Met With Little Opposition, and Little Is Anticipated—Possibility of a Contest for Second Place on the Ticket.

Denver, Colo., June 28.—This city took today its last political slumber for at least a fortnight to come. The Democratic politicians of prominence who have already arrived for the national convention of next week left this morning for a pleasure trip to the mountains. They will straggle back, some of them tonight, others tomorrow. By the time they are all on the ground once more the advance guards of the state delegations will be here or on their way, and there will be an ever-increasing activity until the red fire has flickered out and the curtain has been rung down on the final scene of the Democratic national convention.

There were more departures of politicians today than there were arrivals, and consequently there was a dearth of happenings in the political sense. The out-and-out Bryan men today were highly pleased over the easy manner in which Theodore A. Bell of California was yesterday named for temporary chairman. There were reports before Mr. Bell had been elected that a fight was to be made on him by Thomas Taggart, chairman of the national committee, and Roger C. Sullivan, the national committeeman from Illinois, but the promised struggle did not materialize and the wishes of Mr. Bryan regarding Mr. Bell were carried out without a sign or sound of dissent.

Opposition Disappears.

This fact was taken by the Bryan men to mean that all opposition to the wishes of their leader had disappeared, or at least will be only of comparatively slight influence throughout the convention. They are now counting confidently on the selection of Henry D. Clayton of Alabama, for permanent chairman, claiming that it will be brought about as easily and with no more opposition than was that of Mr. Bell at the meeting of yesterday.

Very little talk has so far been heard concerning the platform, but it is generally believed among the recognized leaders now here that the fight over the "injunction plank" in the Republican resolutions committee may find a parallel when the Democratic platform builders are fairly at work.

A Copied Platform.

It is generally understood that in the event of the Bryan people securing control of the resolutions committee the declaration of principles will follow closely the planks of the "Lincoln platform."

Arrivals of political importance have so far been two, and no delegations are expected for some days. Not a single headquarters has been opened as yet, and it will probably be Thursday of this week before events are in full swing.

The vice presidential situation, from the present outlook, offers the greatest encouragement to the class of delegates looking always for excitement at a political convention. Unless the nominee for the first place on the ticket should demand of his friends the election of a running mate on whom he may have set his heart, the indications would seem to point to numerous ballots in the completion of a ticket. That frequent balloting and spirited contests are wonderful factors in creating enthusiasm is asserted by Democratic leaders now here, and they are looking forward to a scramble over the vice presidency, particularly if a nomination for the presidency is made on the first ballot.

To Promote Harmony.

A well-fought contest to the finish over any question which interests the delegates, it is asserted, engenders good feeling and harmony. The disposition of the party leaders, therefore, is to invite, rather than to discourage, prominent Democrats to enter the race for second place on the national ticket.

The present prospects are that there will not be a dearth of candidates for the vice presidential nomination. Some of the names now heard are those of men who have said they do not desire or would not take second place. They will have warm friends in the convention, nevertheless, who are likely to make campaigns for them, if Mr. Bryan should be nominated and fall to voice his preference for a running mate. Among these are Gov. Johnson of Minnesota, and Judge George Gray of Delaware, both of whom will figure on the ballot for the presidential nomination. That both of these men would prefer not to be thought of in connection with the vice presidency, and in fact might go so far as to positively decline in advance to qualify if nominated, apparently has failed to eliminate them from the list of possibilities.

Johnson and Gray Popular.

The argument in favor of both Johnson and Gray is their unquestioned popularity in the communities where they live and the fact that they could be expected to appeal to conservative business interests. Gov. Johnson is serving a second term as the chief executive of his state. He was the editor and publisher of a newspaper

LUMBER FIGURES

STATE OF WASHINGTON LEADS NATION IN OUTPUT BY LARGE AMOUNT.

Cut a Billion Feet More in 1907 Than Nearest Rival—Louisiana Had Second Place—Next National Lumber Convention to Be Held in Seattle in 1909.

Seattle, June 27.—The lumber mills in the state of Washington cut more lumber last year than was cut in any other state in the Union. The total cut in this state was 3,777,606,000 feet, while the total cut in Louisiana, second in production, was 2,972,119,000 feet. The total cut in the United States was 40,256,154,000 feet.

The first announcement of the lumber cut of the country for 1907 was made by R. S. Kellogg, of the United States forest service, who had the data compiled to be presented to the National Lumber Manufacturers' Association convention at Minneapolis week before last.

Mr. Kellogg based his tabulations on the returns of about 28,850 mills, as against 22,389 mills last year. Mr. Kellogg predicts that the figures for 1907 will be the largest ever reported for the United States, for the decrease for 1908 will, he says, probably not be made up in future years.

GREAT GATHERING IS EXPECTED IN 1909

Victor H. Beckman, secretary of the Pacific Coast Lumber Manufacturers' Association, has returned to Seattle from Minneapolis. In the latter city he attended the annual meeting of the National Lumber Manufacturers' Association. The association voted to meet in Seattle next year. Mr. Beckman estimates that the meeting will bring to this city seventeen hundred of the most prominent lumbermen of the South, the East and the Middle West. They will attend the series of lumber meetings which will be held simultaneously with the convention of the National Lumber Manufacturers' Association. Several state associations of manufacturers, dealers and wholesalers have promised to come here in special trains. With the hundreds of Northwest lumbermen who will be here, says Mr. Beckman, there will be more lumbermen in Seattle in June of 1909 than have ever gathered in any American city at one time. The national convention will be held between June 20 and 30 on the grounds of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition.

RAILROADS EXPECTED VICTORY.

Interstate Commission's Lumber Decisions Upset Plans.

Chicago, June 29.—Manufacturers and railroad magnates who heard the address of W. C. Brown, senior vice-president of the New York Central lines, in which he said that freight rates must increase or wages must decrease, resulting in a terrific war with union labor, are wondering if the big delegation which called on President Roosevelt could have misunderstood him.

The railway managers came away from that conference with the understanding that the president would not stand for any wage reduction, but that he would lend his moral support to a slight increase in freight rates. This word was passed around and the roads began to prepare their schedules for the increases. The general storm of protest caused them to employ more secrecy, but they felt sure of their position until the recent interstate commission order that they must restore the old rates on lumber.

This was a distinct shock, as they felt the lumber rates would be the easiest of all to defend and, if they will not stand, it is useless to attempt any increase along other lines.

RAILROAD WINS A RATE CASE IN SUPREME COURT

Olympia, June 27.—The state supreme court has modified its railroad rate decision in the Spokane case of W. H. Harris against the Great Northern Railroad Company. In this case goods were destroyed in shipment and there had been no agreement as to the rates paid on the freight. There were two rates for transporting the goods. Under the higher one the transportation company was liable for the full value of the shipment in case it was lost. Under the lower rate there was a limited liability at a certain sum per 100 pounds of freight. The supreme court decided originally that in the absence of a specific agreement the higher rate and full responsibility existed. A motion for a rehearing was made and the supreme court has modified its decision. It now holds that as long as all rates must be public the shipper is as much obliged to know what the rates are as is the transportation company, and that when there are two rates and the shipper makes no selection it is proper for the carrier to elect which rate shall apply. But the bill of lading or receipt showing the selected rate must be executed and delivered at the time the shipment is accepted.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE PAYS HIGH TRIBUTE TO WOMAN

Boston, Mass., June 27.—Among the highest tributes paid to the Federation of Women's Clubs, which was also paid to women in general, was that of Thomas Nelson Page in his address at the literature session. He digressed from his subject to say:

"It is the mothers who have created an atmosphere wherein that brave, high-minded American citizen in Washington has done so many wise things in an unwise way, elevating ideas of civic officeholding until he has raised them to a plane of decency. With your help great ideas of civic rights have been sweeping over the country and will prevail against the spirit of commercialism. It is women who have produced the best American literature this country has known."

At the art conferences Mrs. John R. Sherwood, of Chicago, sharply rapped her own sex, saying they neglected art for the bargain counter.

Eastern Lobsters Taken in Sound.

Anacortes, June 27.—Several more fine specimens of eastern lobsters have been captured within the last few days on the shores of Decatur island, conclusively demonstrating that the lobsters planted more than a year ago in these waters by federal officials are alive and evidently thriving. All the specimens are of uniform size, about six inches in length. Dr. Gordon, of Seattle, caught one near his summer home on Decatur that tallied exactly with the lobster of the Atlantic coast, except that it was a trifle different in color, which is considered a likely result of changed environment.

Trout for Propagation.

Port Townsend, June 29.—Five hundred thousand rainbow trout fry for stocking fresh water bodies of this section were brought here by Superintendent of State Fish Hatcheries Crawford. The minnows were spawned at the Dungeness hatchery and have been placed in Lakes Crock and Hooker, adjacent to Port Townsend.

To Arrest Suspicious Characters.

Chehalis, June 29.—Mayor West has appointed two more night watchmen, with instructions to arrest all suspicious characters. The precaution is taken on account of recent incendiary fires at Tenino, Centralia and Chehalis.

STRONG AND STEADY

By HORATIO ALGER, JR.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

The boy, who had made sure of a sale, took back the fruit reluctantly, and passed on, crying out: "Here's your oranges and apples!"

Walter set about thinking what had become of his money. The more he thought, the more certain he felt that he had put his pocketbook in the pocket in which he had first felt for it. Why was it not there now? That was a question which he felt utterly incompetent to answer.

"Have you lost anything?" inquired a gentleman who sat just behind Walter. Looking back, he found that it was a gentleman of fifty who addressed him.

"Yes, sir," he said, "I have lost my pocketbook."

"Was there much money in it?"

"About forty dollars, sir."

"Who was that young man who was sitting with you a few minutes since?"

"I don't know, sir."

"He was a stranger, then?"

"Yes, sir; I never met him till this morning."

"Then I think I can tell you where your money has gone."

"Where, sir?" demanded Walter, beginning to understand him.

"I think your late companion was a pickpocket, and relieved you of it, while he pretended to be reading. I didn't like his appearance much."

"I don't see how he could have done it without my feeling his hand in my pocket."

"They understand their business and can easily relieve one of his purse undetected. I once had my watch stolen without being conscious of it. Your pocketbook was in the pocket toward the man, and you were looking from the window. It was a very simple thing to relieve you of it."

CHAPTER XVI.

Walter went through two cars, looking about him on either side, thinking it possible that the thief might have taken his seat in one of them. There was very little chance of this, however. Next he passed into the smoking car, where, to his joy no less than his surprise, he found the man of whom he was in search playing cards with three other passengers.

He looked up carelessly as Walter approached, but did not betray the slightest confusion or sign of guilt. To let the reader into a secret, he had actually taken Walter's pocketbook, but was too cunning to keep it about him. He had taken out the money, and thrown the pocketbook itself from the car platform, taking an opportunity when he thought himself unobserved. As the money consisted of bills, which could not be identified as Walter's, he felt that he was in no danger of detection. He thought that he could afford to be indifferent.

"Did you get tired of waiting?" he asked, addressing our hero.

"May I speak to you a moment?" asked Walter.

"Certainly."

"Then, gentlemen, I must beg to be excused for five minutes," said the pickpocket, shrugging his shoulders, as if to express good-natured annoyance. "Now, my young friend, I am at your service."

Walter proceeded to the other end of the car, which chanced to be unoccupied. Now that the moment had come, he hardly knew how to introduce the subject. Suppose that the person he addressed were innocent, it would be rather an awkward matter to charge him with the theft.

"Did you see anything of my pocketbook?" he said, at length.

"Your pocketbook!" returned the pickpocket, arching his brows. "Why, have you lost it?"

"Yes."

"When did you discover its loss?"

"Shortly after you left me," said Walter, significantly.

"I'm very sorry indeed. I did not see it. Have you searched on the floor?"

"Yes; but it isn't there."

"That's awkward. Was your ticket in the pocketbook?"

"No, I had that in my vest pocket."

"That's fortunate. On my honor, I'm sorry for you. I haven't much money with me, but I'll lend you a dollar or two with the greatest of pleasure."

This offer quite bewildered Walter. He felt confident that the other had stolen his money, and now here he was offering to lend him some of it. He did not care to make such a compromise, or to be bought off so cheap; so, though quite penitently, he determined to reject the offer.

"I won't borrow," he said, coldly. "I was hoping you had seen my money."

The pickpocket turned and went back to his game, and Walter slowly left the car. He had intended to ask him point-blank whether he had taken the money, but couldn't summon the necessary courage. He went back to his old seat.

"Well," said the old gentleman who sat behind him, "I suppose you did not find your man?"

"Yes, I did."

"You didn't get your money?" he added, in surprise.

"No, he was perfectly cool. Still, I think he took it. He offered to lend me a dollar or two. What would you advise me to do?"

"Speak to the conductor."

Just at that moment the conductor entered the car. As he came up the aisle Walter stopped him, and explained his loss, and the suspicions he had formed.

"You say the man is in the smoking car?" said the conductor, who had listened attentively. "Could you point him out?"

"Yes."

"I am glad of it. I have received warning by telegraph that one of the New York swell-mob is on the train, probably intent on mischief, but no description came with it, and I had no clew to the person. I have no doubt that the man you speak of is the party. If so, he is familiarly known as 'Slippery Dick.'"

"Do you think you can get back my money?" asked Walter, anxiously.

"I think there is a chance of it. Come

STRONG AND STEADY

By HORATIO ALGER, JR.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

with me and point out your man."

Walter gladly accompanied the conductor to the smoking car. His old acquaintance was busily engaged as before in a game, and laughing heartily at some favorable turn.

"There he is," said Walter, indicating him with his finger.

The conductor walked up to him and tapped him on the shoulder.

"What's wanted?" he asked, looking up.

"You've looked at my ticket."

"I wish to speak to you a moment."

He rose without making any opposition, and walked to the other end of the car.

"Well," he said, and there was a slight nervousness in his tone, "what's the matter? Wasn't my ticket all right?"

"No trouble about that. The thing is, will you restore this boy's pocketbook?"

"Slippery Dick," said the pickpocket, blustering, "do you mean to insult me? What have I to do with his pocketbook?"

"You sat beside him, and he missed it directly after you left him."

"What is that to me? You may search me if you like. You will find only one pocketbook upon me, and that is my own."

"I am aware of that," said the conductor, coolly. "I saw you take the money out and throw it from the car platform."

The pickpocket turned pale.

"You are mistaken in the person," he said.

"No, I am not. I advise you to restore the money forthwith."

Without a word the thief, finding himself cornered, took from his pocket a roll of bills, which he handed to Walter.

"Is that right?" asked the conductor.

"Yes," said our hero, after counting his money.

"So far, so good. And now, Slippery Dick," he continued, turning to the thief. "I advise you to leave the cars at the next station or I will have you arrested. Take your choice."

The detected rogue was not long in making his choice. Already the cars had slackened their speed, and a short distance ahead appeared a small station. The place seemed to be of very little importance. One man, however, appeared to have business there. Walter saw his quondam acquaintance jump on the platform, and congratulated himself that his only loss was a pocketbook whose value did not exceed one dollar.

The conductor on seeing the pocketbook thrown away had thought nothing of it, supposing it to be an old one, but as soon as he heard of the robbery suspected at once the thief and his motive.

CHAPTER XVII.

Walter stopped long enough at Buffalo to visit Niagara Falls, as he had intended. Though he enjoyed the visit, and found the famous cataract fully up to his expectations, no incident occurred during the visit which deserves to be chronicled here. He resumed his journey, and arrived in due time at Cleveland.

He had no difficulty in finding the office of Mr. Greene, the agent of Messrs. Flint & Pusher. He found that this gentleman, besides his agency, had a book and stationery business of his own.

"I don't go out myself," he said to Walter; "but I keep a supply of Flint's books on hand, and forward them to his agents as called for. Have you done much in the business?"

"No, sir; I am only a beginner. I have done nothing yet."

"I thought not. You look too young."

"Mr. Pusher told me I had better be guided by your advice."

"You had better go fifty miles off at least. The immediate neighborhood has been pretty well canvassed. There's Earle, now, a flourishing and wealthy town. Suppose you go there first?"

"I'll go this afternoon."

"You are prompt."

Walter arrived in Earle in time for supper. He went to a small public house, where he found that he could board for a dollar and a half a day, or seven dollars by the week. He engaged a week's board, reflecting that he could probably work to advantage a week in so large a place, or, if not, that five days at the daily rate would amount to more than the weekly terms.

He did not at first propose to do anything that evening, until it occurred to him that he might perhaps dispose of a copy of his book to the landlord in part payment for his board. He went into the public room after supper.

"Are you traveling alone?" asked the landlord, who had his share of curiosity.

"Yes," said Walter. "I am a book agent."

"Meeting with pretty good success?"

"I'm just beginning," said Walter, smiling. "If you'll be my first customer, I'll stop with you a week."

"What kind of a book have you got?"

Walter showed it. It was got up in the usual style of subscription books, with abundance of illustrations.

"It's one of the best books we ever sent out," said Walter, in a professional way. "Just look at the number of pictures. If you've got any children, they'll like it; and, if you haven't, it will be just the book for your center table."

"I see you know how to talk," said the landlord, smiling. "What is the price?"

"Three dollars and a half."

"That's considerable."

"But you know I'm going to take it out in board."

"Well, that's a consideration, to be sure. A man doesn't feel it so much as if he took the money out of his pocket and paid cash down. What do you say, Mrs. Burton?" addressing his wife, who just then entered the room. "This young man wants to stay here a week, and pay partly in a book he is agent for. Shall I agree?"

"Let me see the book," said Mrs. Burton, who was a comely, pleasant-looking woman of middle age. "What's the name of it?"

"Scenes in Bible Lands," said Walter.

He opened it, taking care to display and point out the pictures. So Walter

STRONG AND STEADY

By HORATIO ALGER, JR.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

made the first sale, on which he realized a profit of one dollar and a quarter.

"It's a pretty easy way to earn money," he reflected, with satisfaction. "If I can only sell copies enough. One copy sold will pay for a day's board."

He went to bed early, and enjoyed a sound and refreshing sleep. He was cheered with hopes of success on the morrow. If he could sell four copies a day, that would give him a profit of five dollars, and five dollars would leave him a handsome profit after paying expenses.

The next morning after breakfast he started out, carrying with him three books. Knowing nothing of the residents of the village, he could only judge by the outward appearance of their houses. Seeing a large and handsome house standing back from the street, he decided to call.

"The people living here must be rich," he thought. "They won't mind paying three dollars and a half for a nice book."

Accordingly he walked up the gravelled path and rang the front door bell. The door was opened by a housemaid.

"Is the lady of the house at home?" asked Walter.

"Do you want to see her?"

"Yes."

"Then wait here, and I'll tell her."

A tall woman, with a thin face and a pinched expression, presented herself after five minutes.

"Well, young man," she asked, after a sharp glance, "what is your business?"

Her expression was not very encouraging, but Walter was bound not to lose an opportunity.

"I should like to show you a new book, madam," he commenced, "a book of great value, beautifully illustrated, which is selling like wildfire."

"How many copies have you sold?" inquired the lady, sharply.

"One," answered Walter, rather confused.

"Do you call that selling like wildfire?" she demanded, with sarcasm.

"I only commenced last evening," said Walter. "I referred to the sales of other agents."

"What's the name of the book?"

"Scenes in Bible Lands."

"Let me see it."

Walter displayed the book.

"Look at the beautiful pictures," he said.

"I don't see anything remarkable about them. The binding isn't very strong. Shouldn't wonder if the book would go to pieces in a week."

"I don't think there'll be any trouble that way," said Walter.

"If it does, you'll be gone, so it won't trouble you."

"With ordinary care it will hold long enough."

"Oh, yes, of course you'd say so. I expected it. How much do you charge for the book?"

"Three dollars and a half."

"Three dollars and a half!" repeated the woman. "You seem to think people are made of money."

"I don't fix the price, madam," said Walter, rather provoked; "the publishers do that."

"I warrant they make two-thirds profit. Don't they, now?"

"I don't know," said Walter. "I don't know anything about the cost of publishing books. But this is a large one, and there are a great many pictures in it. They must have cost considerable."

"Seems to me it's ridiculous to ask such a price for a book. Why, it's enough to buy a nice dress pattern!"

"The book will last longer than the dress," said Walter.

"But it is not so necessary. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'd like the book well enough to put on my parlor table. I'll give you two dollars for it."

"Two dollars!" ejaculated Walter, scarcely crediting the testimony of his ears.

"Yes, two dollars; and I warrant you'll make money enough, then."

"I should lose money," said Walter. "I couldn't think of accepting such an offer."

"In my opinion there isn't any book worth even two dollars."

"I see we can't trade," said Walter, disgusted at such meanness in a lady who occupied so large a house, and might be supposed to have plenty of money.

(To be continued.)

STRONG AND STEADY

By HORATIO ALGER, JR.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

THE FIREPLACE.

One Thing that Helps Most to Make a Home Homely.

This I say: Go back and pick up lost good habits—the omitted amenities of life. Especially put back into your house the fireplace. It is the one thing that helps most to make a home homely. Build it big and broad. Let there be no gimcracks of fancy woodwork anywhere near it. Let it be only brick or stone. Then let the hearth be broad and wide. Make it so large every way that you need never fear for a snapping coal. Away with mats, for they are combustible! But a stool—that is another thing. Here you can forget the stocks and the office and the store. Here you can dream of rest and peace. Here it is possible that some of you have Tom and Harry and Bessie about your knees. There is no better way to reconstitute the family. It is the chief want of these modern days.

The world is never quite so independent or we quite so care free without a fire. There are vastness and lack of outline to a summer day. We get our feelings mixed up with the cosmos. The fireplace narrows our lives somewhat, but it completes and unifies things. We are happy to be just a part of the little warm home circle. Did anybody ever commit suicide who had a fireplace?—E. P. Powell, in *Outing Magazine*.

Big Collections.

Gunner—The Ultra-Van Tansels moved to-day. There were seven vans for the furniture and six extra vans.

Guyer—Indeed! And what were the extra vans for?

Gunner—Why, to remove their family skeletons.

The population of Canada, according to the official estimates of that country, was 6,804,900 on April 1, an increase of 21 per cent in six years.

The elephant beetle of Venezuela is the world's largest insect. It weighs a half pound.