



GREATEST NAVAL PAGEANT.

Best Part of America's Navy Reviewed by the President.

The most imposing naval pageant ever seen in American waters passed in review recently before President Roosevelt in Long Island sound. A combined fleet of sixty-one naval vessels, representing every type of ship in use in the navy except a hospital ship and a marine ship, greeted the President and a vast throng of sightseers on hundreds of yachts, excursion boats, launches and rowboats. There were forty-three fighting ships, ranging from the massive battleships, like the Rhode Island, of 16,000 tons, costing \$5,000,000, and from the powerful and fast armored cruiser, like the West Virginia, of 15,000 tons, costing \$5,800,000, down to the submarine Shark, of 120 tons, costing probably \$150,000. The combined cost of the ships, so far as construction was concerned, was probably more than \$125,000,000.

There were 15,235 men on the fleet, including 800 officers, if each ship had its full complement, and most of them did. This means that there were enough men afloat on the warships to supply a city of 90,000 people with men. There were something like 1,100 guns on the combined fleet. Three-fourths of the fleet upon which the President gazed has been built since the war with Spain.

The President, on board the Mayflower, passed through and around the line of ships anchored in three lines, each 450 yards apart. Then the Mayflower anchored and the three admirals of the fleet and all the commanding officers called on him and had luncheon. Then the President visited the three flagships and troopship Yankee, just back from a year's arduous work



REAR ADMIRAL EVANS.

In Dominican waters, where he made a speech to the marines. Then he returned to the Mayflower and spent the afternoon and the early part of the evening on board, remaining long enough to witness the electrical displays on the ships and an exhibition of their searchlight work.

The fleet was called officially the United States Atlantic fleet, under command of Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans. The fleet was divided up into three squadrons, with Admiral Evans in command of the first, consisting of two divisions of eight battleships. Rear Admiral C. H. Davis was in command of the first division of the second squadron, consisting of four battleships, and Rear Admiral W. H. Brownson was in command of the second division of this squadron, consisting of four armored cruisers. The third squadron consisted of the monitors and armored cruisers under the command of Capt. C. W. Bartlett and Commander B. A. Fluke.

Then came two flotillas of torpedo boats, with two submarines, a troop ship, a water ship, a provision ship and three colliers.

A farmer is kicking on the opening of so much Indian land. "Gosh! We can't get enough rain on the land that is already open," he said.

It is the easiest thing in the world to hurt the feelings of any one who is getting too thin or too fat.

CHURCHMAN HIPPLE AND HIS DOWNFALL.



If Frank K. Hipple, president of the Philadelphia Real Estate Trust company, had not been so conspicuous in church work his wrecking of that concern would have been no less serious a blow to one of the leading financial institutions of the city and would have caused no less distress. But had he not been so prominently identified with religious affairs he could scarcely have acquired such confidence as placed him in a position where it was possible for him to misinvest, by a system amounting to theft, \$7,000,000 deposited with the institution of which he was the head. The downfall of no other man in Philadelphia, save John Wanamaker, could have created such a sensation as the crash which followed the suicide of Mr. Hipple. So carefully were the circumstances of his death concealed by his family that it was not until after the exposure of his financial misdeeds that it became known how he died. He took laudanum and then lay down in his bathtub and turned on the water.

For years Mr. Hipple had been a prominent figure in charitable, religious and financial circles. He was superintendent of the Sunday school of the Tenth Presbyterian church, as well as one of the trustees of Bryn Mawr Presbyterian church. He was also treasurer of church institutions, among them the Presbyterian General Assembly. In several financial institutions he was a director. Hipple had an abhorrence for tobacco and liquor. His Sundays were spent in church or in religious meditation. Sunday newspapers he would not read, nor would he ride in street cars, unless the necessity was most urgent. He could not be induced to discuss matters of a business nature on the Sabbath. His charities were large and every one who appealed to him was generously helped. Hipple acquitted himself well in all positions. He was deemed by all men as of unquestioned probity.

Since its organization, twenty-one years ago, he had been president of the Real Estate Trust company, and a director in the Franklin National bank. He was also treasurer of the general assembly of the Presbyterian church, treasurer of the sustenance committee of the Synod of Pennsylvania, treasurer of the Presbyterian hospital, and American treasurer of the western section of the Reformed church holding the Presbyterian system. He worked actively in the Tenth Presbyterian church. He was the counselor of the aged and the widows in their financial difficulties, the guardian of orphans and the trustee of estates. Owing to his con-

nection therewith the Real Estate Trust company was made the depository of the Presbyterian church, from the general assembly down to the smallest organizations which found it convenient to make deposits there.

It is not suggested that Mr. Hipple maintained these associations for fraudulent purposes, or that his intentions were dishonest. But it is certain that after these affiliations had gained for him a great financial power his religious professions did not intervene between himself and the temptation to invest trust funds in wild speculation, nor to practice fraud to enable him to carry out his schemes. Whether, however, the belief that he could not recover his losses or the fear of discovery and disgrace led him to take his life will never be known, but it is a fact that there was no suspicion against him until after his death.

From the officers of the Real Estate Trust company Hipple concealed his operations by a method of his own invention. He kept a list of real loans and a list of bogus loans. The real loans were never seen by the directors. The bogus loans were supposed to be good ones. To the auditor making examinations of the company's loans Hipple would present a list of what appeared to be first-class loans in every respect and those the auditor would certify as correct. To the board of directors, who had an amazing amount of confidence in their president, Hipple would take the auditor's certificate that the loans were correct and the directors at their regular meetings would unsuspectingly and unhesitatingly pass them. In reality Hipple loaned the company's money to an amount corresponding exactly with the bogus list on collateral of doubtful value, not negotiable or readily convertible. Neither the auditor nor the directors ever saw Hipple's real list of wildcat loans.

Hipple was 67 years old and up to the time of his terrible exposure his life was without blemish.

Between Friends.

Askitt—Isn't that a new umbrella?
Noltt—No; it has been in my possession for nearly two years.

Askitt—Don't you think it about time you returned it?

Because sisters call each other "honey" before people is no sign they do not fuss in private life.

If a girl of sixteen or seventeen isn't pretty and attractive, her mother should whip her.



"Arabella," called the father from the head of the stairs, "Is that young man gone?" "Yes, father. Completely."

Teacher—Why did the ancients believe the earth to be flat? Bright Boy—Cause they didn't have no school globes to prove it was round.

"I, sir," began Bragg, "am a self-made man." "Yes," replied Wise, "but why apologize now? That won't help matters."—Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Madison—How do you like your new neighbors? Mrs. Dyer—I don't know. I haven't tried to borrow anything yet.—Town and County.

Diggs—I understand that Higgins is quite a clever financier. Biggs—Well, he isn't. Why, that man never beat anybody out of a cent in his life.

"Algy, don't you find married life more expensive than bachelorhood?" "Well, it may be more expensive than a rigidly single life, but it's cheaper than courtship."

Senior Partner—There's one thing to be said in favor of classical music. Junior Partner—What is that? Senior Partner—The office boy can't whistle it.—Chicago News.

Mrs. Flip—I have just been talking to a specialist, and he says my brain vitality has all gone to my long hair. Do you believe it? Flip—Well, er—I knew it had gone!—Detroit Free Press.

Medical Student—What did you operate on that man for? Eminent Surgeon—Five hundred dollars. Medical Student—I mean, what did he have? Eminent Surgeon—Five hundred dollars.—Puck.

At the Garage.—Boy—Mr. Smith is telephoning for his machine. Can you send it to him to-day? Head Man—Don't see how we can. Why, this machine is the only one around here fit to use!—Life.

"Is there any available substitute for rubber?" asked the instructor of the class. "Yes, sir," answered Miss De Mulr, one of the fair coeds. "I think 'stare' or 'gape' is just as good."—Chicago Tribune.

Green—I cannot understand why De Short wants a divorce. His wife had nearly half a million when he married her. Brown—Yes, and she has every dollar of it yet. That's the trouble.—Chicago Daily News.

"Yes, I'm going to spend a few weeks at Kloseman's summer resort. My stomach is all out of order, and I need a rest." "Well, your stomach will get a good rest there, too. I know the place."—Chicago Tribune.

"I suppose that some of your battle scenes are very realistic?" said the sympathizer. "Yes," said the bum actor, "I have impersonated Napoleon at Waterloo several times when real shells were bursting all about me."—Kansas City Times.

"Mamma, what are twins?" asked little Bobby. "Oh, I know," chimed in Dorothy, with all the superiority of an elder sister. "Twins is two babies just the same age; three is triplets, four is quadrupeds and five is centipedes."—Harper's Weekly.

"You'll have to fix the poem over before I can buy it," said the editor. "There appears to be something the matter with its feet." "I would have you understand, sir," said the bard, with dignity, "that I am a poet and not a chiropodist."—Cleveland Leader.

"Tommy, what ancient king was it who played on the fiddle while Rome was burning?" "Hector, ma'am." "No, no—not Hector." "Then it was Dook." "Duke? What do you mean, Tommy?" "Well, then it must a' been Nero. I knowed it wuz somebody with a dog's name."

A reporter of the Paris Matin tried to purchase a genuine Rockefeller interview with a check for \$1,000. He failed. The proper way to make an American millionaire talk is not to offer him a thousand dollars, but to try to get a thousand dollars away from him.—Puck.

"I would like a pound of your golf sausage," she said to the butcher. "Golf sausage? Sorry, madam, but we don't handle it. We have blood sausage, liverwurst, ham sausage, and other kinds, but no golf sausage." "Oh, dear, I'm so sorry. My husband said he much preferred the kind made in links."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

A little girl was out walking with her aunt one day. The aunt bowed to a man they were passing. "Who is he, Aunt Jennie?" asked the little girl. Mrs. Littlefield told her that he was Mr. Meirose, the village undertaker. "Oh, yes," replied the child quickly. "I remember him. He undertook my grandmother."—Harper's Bazar.

Tossed.

"Dublely has an auto now and he doesn't seem to do anything else but chase around the country in it."

"Yes, he's very strongly attached to his machine and—"

"He wasn't the last time I saw him on the road. He was about twenty feet above it."

Not for Him.

"I thought you said that lawyer would get my father's property for me."

"Didn't he get it for you?"

"No; but he got it."—Houston Post.

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