

CONSUL IS LISTED WITH LINERS' DEAD

American Official On Steamer Sunk by Submarine.

MANY SURVIVORS IN EGYPTIAN PORT

Those Rescued Said to Include 59 Passengers and 94 of Crew—Vessel's Captain Drowns.

London Unofficial dispatches from Cairo say that the British steamship Persia, sunk in the Mediterranean on Thursday, was torpedoed without warning and sank in five minutes.

Between 150 and 160 survivors have been landed at Alexandria, Egypt. Robert N. McNeely, American consul at Auden, Arabia, is believed to have been drowned.

Reuter's Cairo correspondent makes the unreserved statement that Mr. McNeely lost his life. Charles H. Grant, of Boston, was saved.

Details of the sinking of the Persia came in slowly but such information as was received made it appear that the number of persons who escaped in the four boats which were put off was larger than was hoped when the first news was received. The Peninsular & Oriental company, which owned the Persia, announced that 158 survivors had arrived at Alexandria.

The survivors comprise the chief officer, second officer, seven engineers, 27 seamen, 63 lascars and 59 passengers.

A Lloyd's dispatch gives the number as 153, made up of 59 passengers, of whom 17 are women, and 94 members of the crew, including 59 lascars.

The survivors include military officers and eight persons who are not British subjects.

"The ship was struck amidships on the port side at 1:10 p. m., says Reuter's correspondent at Cairo. "She had disappeared completely at 1:15.

"Survivors say it was little short of a miracle that anyone was saved. There was no panic. Four boats were launched with the utmost promptitude.

"The captain was drowned. When last seen he was swimming after the liner had plunged beneath the surface."

Both the Peninsular & Oriental company and Reuter's Cairo correspondent say that Mr. Grant has been landed at Alexandria. The steamship company had no news of Mr. McNeely's fate.

Edward Rose, of Denver, left the Persia at Gibraltar, as was reported.

Many Cities on Sound Feel Earthquake Which Follows Shock in East

Tacoma, Wash.—Two distinct earthquake shocks, felt in every part of Tacoma, took place shortly before 5 o'clock Saturday.

The shocks were quick and sharp and more like an explosion. Buildings shook and trembled and in some cases persons ran out of their houses to see what had happened. At the Dupont powder plant, it was stated, the shocks were also felt. So far as has been learned yet, there was no damage.

Olympia, Wash.—At 4:50 o'clock a severe earthquake shock was felt here of about 30 seconds' duration. No material damage has been reported.

Seattle, Wash.—An earthquake shock was felt here Saturday afternoon, beginning at 4:52 o'clock, continuing about 10 seconds, followed by lighter tremors. No damage was done.

Washington, D. C.—A severe earthquake, the heaviest recorded in some time and lasting almost three hours, occurred in an undetermined location Saturday. Seismographs of the Georgetown University observatory began recording the tremor at 8:43 a. m. The shocks increased in intensity, and between 9:25 and 9:45 o'clock they were violent.

It was conservatively estimated that the distance of the center of the disturbance was 3000 miles from Washington.

Cabaret Ousted from Rink.

San Francisco—An ice skating rink will supplant the previously popular cabaret at the Portola Louvre. Construction work has started at the big Powell-street cafe this week and the rink will be opened to the public on January 10. According to one of the proprietors of the Portola Louvre, the rink will be at the disposal of cafe patrons during the afternoons, but at night will be used only by exhibition skaters. The manager wires from New York that he has closed contracts with half a dozen fancy performers.

Two Killed on Bob-sled.

Caldwell, N. J.—Two young women were killed and a young man seriously injured while bob-sledding here New Year's Day. The victims were Miss Winifred Dailey and Miss Helen Vanderwater, both of East Orange. Their companion, William Little, Jr., is suffering from internal injuries.

The accident occurred when the three were coasting down a steep hill and in an effort to avoid a wagon dashed into a telephone pole.

NEWS ITEMS Of General Interest About Oregon

Official Directory Shows 300 Schools Above 8th Grade Work

The official directory recently issued by Superintendent of Public Instruction, J. A. Churchill, shows that there are about 300 schools in the state which offer work above the eighth grade, as follows: Forty-four offer one year of secondary work; 65 offer two years; 26 offer three years, and 165 offer four years of high school work. Approximately 1100 teachers are employed in the secondary schools, about 70 per cent of whom are graduates of colleges or universities, while many more are graduates of technical or normal schools. Colleges and universities from every section of the United States and from Europe are represented among the high school teaching force of the state; but by far the largest number of graduates of any single institution come from the University of Oregon, there being about 185 graduates of that institution teaching in the high schools of the state. A very large percentage of the teachers of the vocational high school subjects are supplied by the Oregon Agricultural College.

State Militia to Use Autos.

One of the big questions that will be discussed at the National Automobile Show in New York during the first week of January will be the formation of an Automobile Reserve Corps for the United States Army as part of the State Militia.

Because of its accessibility the Reo car is admirably adapted for military purposes and the factory has encouraged all of its dealers to investigate the co-operation that may be extended in each state along these lines.

F. W. Vogler and Chas. M. Menzies, of the Northwest Auto Co., distributors of these cars in the Northwest from Portland, are now at the show and will present to the committee the facilities of its service department with a view of making it available in carrying out the details of assembling a large fleet of cars for the transportation of troops and supplies in military maneuvers over our hard-surfaced roads from the interior to the sea coast.

Students Judge Stock.

Perrydale—Perrydale schools have one of the largest industrial club organizations in Polk county and there are students enrolled in all 14 projects.

The Dairy Herd Record club has a special organization of its own and the boys make frequent trips into the neighboring dairy ranches and score the barns as well as the cattle. This work is done under the supervision of the Oregon Agricultural College extension department.

In addition to a lively industrial club the district has the following organizations: Parents' and Teachers' association, brass band of 30 pieces, orchestra, dramatic club, W. C. T. U. organization and Athletic association.

Manual Training Courses Popular.

There are 17,389 students pursuing one or more of the five vocational courses offered in the high schools of Oregon, according to a report recently issued by Superintendent of Public Instruction, J. A. Churchill. The Manual Training and Commercial courses seem to be the most popular with the students. There are now 5141 students taking manual training, 2193 of whom are in the high school and 2948 in the grades. The total amount of equipment, consisting of benches, tools, etc., amounts to \$61,754.00. In the commercial courses there are 4141 students enrolled, 3967 being in the high school and 174 in the grades. The value of the typewriters and other equipment amounts to \$40,505.00. Manual Training is being taught in 70 high schools and commercial work in 71.

Hood River Is Interested.

Hood River—Members of the local Commercial club are looking with interest on the proposed plans of the new route between Portland and North Yakima by way of this city. An offer has been made to co-operate with the Commercial club of White Salmon, Wash.

The people of the Trout Lake and Camas Prairie districts of Northwestern Klickitat county, spurred on by the completion of the Columbia River Highway to this city, have made plans to push a road up the base of Mount Adams as far as the snow line next year.

Brookings Mill May Open.

Gold Beach—Arrangements are reported to have been made by the Owens Lumber company to take over and operate the sawmill at Brookings. The mill was built a year ago at great expense, but was shut down last fall on account of market conditions. It is said to be the only mill on the Coast from which vessels are loaded by means of an overhead cable tramway. The Owens Lumber company owns a large tract of redwood timber in the northern part of Del Norte county, California.

County Has Gravel Plant.

Albany—Through the operation of a county gravel plant, which has been installed here, Linn county will be able to procure gravel for road improvement at a low cost and will be able to furnish it at all seasons of the year.

NORTHWEST MARKET REPORTS; GENERAL CROP CONDITIONS

Portland—Wheat—Bluestem, \$1 per bushel; fortyfold, \$1; club, 97c; red Fife, 95c; red Russian, 95c.

Hay—Eastern Oregon timothy, \$17 @17.50 per ton; valley timothy, \$14 @14.50; alfalfa, \$16 @17; oats and vetch, \$13.

Millfeed—Spot prices: Bran, \$22 per ton; shorts, \$23; rolled barley, \$29 @30.

Corn—White, \$35 per ton; cracked, \$36.

Vegetables—Artichokes, \$1.10 per dozen; tomatoes, California, \$1.50 @1.75; cabbage, 90c per hundred; garlic, 15c per pound; peppers, 10 @12 1/2; eggplant, 10c; sprouts, 8c; horseradish, 8 1/2; cauliflower, 75c @1.25 per dozen; celery, 50 @90c; beans, 2 1/2 @5c per pound; lettuce, \$2 @2.75 per crate; peas, 15c per pound.

Green Fruits—Pears, \$1 @1.50 per box; grapes, \$5 per barrel; cranberries, \$10 @14.50.

Potatoes—Oregon, \$1 @1.15; Yakimas, \$1.15 @1.25 per sack; sweets, \$2.50 @2.75 per hundred.

Onions—Oregon, buying price, \$1.25 f. o. b. shipping point.

Apples—Spitzenbergs, extra fancy, \$2.25; fancy, \$2; choice, \$1.25 @1.50; Jonathans, extra fancy, \$1.50; fancy, \$1.25; choice, \$1; Yellow Newtowns, extra fancy, \$2; fancy, \$1.75; choice, \$1 @1.25; Baldwin, extra fancy, \$1.50; fancy, \$1.25; choice, \$1; russets, orchard run, \$1.

Eggs—Oregon ranch, candled, 33 @35c per dozen; Oregon storage, 22 @23c.

Poultry—Hens, small, 12 @13c; large, 13 @14c; springs, 12 @13 1/2; turkeys, live, 18 @19c; turkeys, dressed, choice, 24c; ducks, 12 @15c; geese, 10 @11c.

Butter—City creamery, cubes, extra, selling at 28c; flats, 26c; prints, and cartons, extra. Prices paid to producers: Country creamery, 22 @26c; butterfat, No. 1, 28c; No. 2, 26c.

Veal—Fancy, 11 1/2 @12c per pound. Pork—Fancy, 7 @7 1/2c per pound.

Hops—1915 crop, 8 @10 1/2c per pound. Wool—Eastern Oregon, 18 @25c per pound; valley, 25 @26c; fall lambs' wool, 25c; mohair, Oregon, 28c.

Cascara Bark—Old and new, 3 1/2 @4c per pound.

Cattle—Market steady. Steers, choice, \$7.25 @7.50; good, \$7 @7.25; medium, \$6.50 @7; cows, choice, \$5.25 @5.75; good, \$4.5 @5.25; medium, \$4.75 @5; heifers, choice, \$5.50 @6; good, \$4.75 @5; bulls, choice, \$5.50 @6; stags, choice, \$5 @5.25.

Hogs—Market steady. Prime light, \$6.15 @6.25; prime strong, weights, \$6 @6.10; good to prime mixed, \$5.65 @5.90; rough heavy packing, \$4.85 @5; pigs and skips, \$5 @5.25.

Sheep—Market steady. Choice spring lambs, \$7.25 @7.60; common spring lambs, \$6.25 @6.50; choice yearling wethers, \$6.25 @6.75; old wethers, \$5 @5.50; good ewes, \$4.75 @5.25; common heavy ewes, \$4.25 @4.75.

Tacoma's Apple Crop Nearly Gone.

Tacoma—Home-grown apples are about gone for the season, say local commission men. Supplies on hand now are going at a better price and this increases the sales of Eastern Washington apples, which were held back earlier in the season because of low prices of the home product. The crop of local apples was a good one this season and many apples were sold, the dealers and growers both benefiting. Eastern Washington apples hold steady.

Grapes are reported gone for the season. The holiday trade cleaned up what supplies were on hand and dealers say the weather is too cold now to bother with such a commodity. This season saw more grapes sold on the local market than ever before. There were many varieties offered and all were of an exceptional quality that was maintained throughout the season. One of the features of the season was the way in which the grapes were packed for the holidays, some coming in cork-packed kegs and others in lug boxes.

Vegetables with the exception of the root varieties are gone and there is no damage to be expected from cold weather. Shipments of tomatoes from California are becoming smaller. Sweet potatoes are arriving regularly. Netted Gem spuds are firm at \$23 a ton.

Creamery Butter Drops.

Tacoma—Fresh Washington creamery butter declined this week 3 cents a pound. The drop is attributed to a heavy production of second grade butter. Many of the factories in Washington that have been closed down for weeks for repairs are again in operation. The demand is steady and no further change in prices is expected soon. Fresh Oregon butter is quoted at about the same prices as the Washington product. Washington butter is offered at 29 @30 cents a pound and the Oregon commodity at 28 @30 cents.

Market Oats in East.

There was a fair prospect for a time that Pacific Coast oats, as well as wheat, might be marketed in the East. It was this possibility that caused the recent firmness in local markets, but with the weakening of Eastern prices, most of the gain was lost here. Prices, however, are close to the point that would make such shipments possible, and with a little advance in the East sales of the best Northwestern oats may be made for shipment there.

The THOUSANDTH WOMAN

BY ERNEST W. HORNING
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ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. IRWIN MYERS
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CHAPTER I. A Small World.

Cazalet sat up so suddenly that his head hit the woodwork over the upper berth. His own voice still rang in his startled ears. He wondered how much he had said, and how far it could have carried above the throb of the liner's screws and the mighty pounding of the water against her plates. And then he remembered how he had been left behind at Naples, and rejoined the Kaiser Fritz at Genoa, only to find that he no longer had a cabin to himself.

A snuff assured Cazalet that he was neither alone at the moment nor yet the only one awake; he pulled back the swaying curtain, and there on the settee sat a man with a strong blue chin and the quizzical solemnity of an animated sphinx.

It was his cabin companion, an American named Hilton Toye, and Cazalet addressed him with nervous familiarity.

"I say! Have I been talking in my sleep?"

"Why, yes!" replied Hilton Toye, and broke into a smile that made a human being of him.

Cazalet forced a responsive grin. "What did I say?" he asked, with an amused curiosity at variance with his shaking hand and shining forehead.

Toye took him in from crown to fingertips, with something deep behind his kindly smile. "I judge," said he, "you were dreaming of some drama you've been seeing ashore, Mr. Cazalet."

"Dreaming!" said Cazalet, wiping his face. "It was a nightmare! I must have turned in too soon after dinner. But I should like to know what I said."

"I can tell you word for word. You said, 'Henry Craven—dead!' and then you said, 'Dead—dead—Henry Craven!' as if you'd got to have it both ways to make sure."

"It's true," said Cazalet, shuddering. "I saw him lying dead, in my dream." Hilton Toye took a gold watch from his waistcoat pocket. "Thirteen minutes to one in the morning," he said, "and now it's September eighteenth. Take a note of that, Mr. Cazalet. It may be another case of second sight for your psychical research society."

"I don't care if it is," Cazalet was smoking furiously.

"Meaning it was no great friend you dreamed was dead?"

"No friend at all, dead or alive!"

"I'm kind of wondering," said Toye, winding his watch slowly. "If he's by way of being a friend of mine. I know a Henry Craven over in England. Lives along the river, down Kingston way, in a big house."

"Called Uplands?"

"Yes, sir! That's the man. Little world, isn't it?"

The man in the upper berth had to hold on as his curtains swung clear; the man tilted back on the settee, all attention all the time, was more than ever an effective foil to him. Without the kindly smile that went as quickly as it came, Hilton Toye was somber, subtle and demure. Cazalet, on the other hand, was of sanguine complexion and impetuous looks. He was tanned a rich bronze about the middle of the face, but it broke off across his forehead like the coloring of a meerschaum pipe. Both men were in their early prime, and each stood roughly for his race and type; the traveled American who knows the world, and the elemental Britisher who has made some one loose end of it his own.

"I thought of my Henry Craven," continued Toye, "as soon as ever you came out with yours. But it seemed a kind of ordinary name. I might have known it was the same if I'd recollected the name of his firm. Isn't it Craven & Cazalet, the stockbrokers, down in Tokenhouse Yard?"

"That's it," said Cazalet bitterly. "But there have been none of us in it since my father died ten years ago." "But you're Henry Craven's old partner's son?"

"I'm his only son."

"Then no wonder you dream about Henry Craven," cried Toye, "and no wonder it wouldn't break your heart if your dream came true."

"It wouldn't," said Cazalet through his teeth. "He wasn't a white man to me or mine—whatever you may have found him."

"I had a little place near his one summer. I know only what I heard down there."

"What did you hear?" asked Cazalet. "I've been away ten years, ever since the crash that ruined everybody but the man at the bottom of the whole thing. It would be a kindness to tell me what you heard."

"Well, I guess you've said it yourself right now. That man seems to have beggared everybody all around except himself; that's how I make it out," said Hilton Toye.

"Is that so? No. I never heard that," said he.

"You hear it now. He did all that, indirectly, and I didn't realize it at the time. I was too young, and the whole thing laid me out too flat; but I know it now, and I've known it long enough. It was worse than a crash. It was a scandal. That was what finished us off, all but Henry Craven! There'd been a gigantic swindle—special investments recommended by the firm, bogus certificates and all the rest of it. We were all to blame, of course. My poor father ought never to have been a poet. Even I—I was only a youngster in the office, but I ought to have known what was going on. But Henry Craven did know. He was in it up to the neck, though a fellow called Scruton did the actual job. Scruton got fourteen years—and Craven got our old house on the river."

"And feathered it pretty well!" said Toye, nodding. "Yes, I did hear that. And I can tell you they don't think any better of him, in the neighborhood, for going to live right there. But how did he stop the other man's mouth, and—how do you know?"

"Never mind how I know," said Cazalet. "Scruton was a friend of mine, though an older man; he was good to me, though he was a wrong 'un himself. He paid for it—paid for two—that I can say! But he was engaged to Ethel Craven at the time, was going to be taken into partnership on their marriage, and you can put two and two together for yourself."

"Did she wait for him?"

"About as long as you'd expect of the breed! She was her father's daughter. I wonder you didn't come across her and her husband!"

"I didn't see so much of the Craven crowd," replied Hilton Toye. "I wasn't stuck on them either. Say, Cazalet, I wouldn't be that old man when Scruton comes out, would you?"

But Cazalet showed that he could hold his tongue when he liked, and his grim look was not so legible as some that had come and gone before. This one stuck until Toye produced a big flask from his grip, and the talk shifted to less painful ground. It was the last night in the Bay of Biscay, and Cazalet told how he had been in it a fortnight on his way out by sailing vessel. He even told it with considerable humor, and hit off sundry passengers of ten years ago as though they had been aboard the German boat that night and Toye drew him out about the bush until the shadows passed for minutes from the red-brick face with the white-brick forehead.

"I remember thinking I would dig for gold," said Cazalet. "That's all I knew about Australia. But you can have adventures of sorts if you go far enough up-country for 'em; it still pays to know how to use your fists out there. I remember once at a bush shanty they dished up such fruity chops that I said I'd fight the cook if

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but once more Toye was regarding him as shrewdly as when the night was younger, and the littleness of the world had not yet made them confident and boon companion.

Eight bells actually struck before their great talk ended and Cazalet swore that he missed the "watches aft, sir!" of the sailing-vessel ten years before.

"Say!" exclaimed Hilton Toye, knitting his brows over some nebulous recollection of his own. "I seem to have heard of you and some of your yarns before. Didn't you spend nights in a log-hut miles and miles from any human being?"

It was as they were turning in at last, but the question spoiled a yawn for Cazalet.

"Sometimes, at one of our out-stations," said he, looking puzzled.

"I've seen your photograph," said Toye, regarding him with a more critical stare. "But it was with a beard."

"I had it off when I was ashore the other day," said Cazalet. "I always meant to, before the end of the voyage."

"I see. It was a Miss Macnair showed me that photograph—Miss Blanche Macnair lives in a little house down there near your old home. I



"Second Sight!" He Ejaculated, as Though It Were the Night Before.

Judge here is another old home that's been broken up since your day."

"They've all got married," said Cazalet.

"Except Miss Blanche. You write to her some, Mr. Cazalet?"

"Once a year—regularly. It was a promise. We were kids together," he explained, as he climbed back into the upper berth.

"Guess you were a lucky kid," said the voice below. "She's one in a thousand, Miss Blanche Macnair!"

CHAPTER II. Second Sight.

Southampton Water was an ornamental lake dotted with fairy lamps. It was a midsummer night, lagging a whole season behind its fellows. But already it was so late that the English passengers on the Kaiser Fritz had abandoned all thought of catching the last train to London.

They tramped the deck in their noisy, shining, shore-going boots; they manned the rail in lazy inarticulate appreciation of the nocturne in blue stippled with green and red and countless yellow lights. But Achilles in his tent was no more conspicuous absentee than Cazalet in his cabin as the Kaiser Fritz steamed sedately up Southampton Water.

He had finished packing; the stateroom floor was impassable with the baggage that Cazalet had wanted on the five-weeks' voyage. There was scarcely room to sit down, but in what there was sat