

ELEVATOR MAKES FIRST TRIP WITH 13 MEN IN CAGE

INSPECTION BY LABOR COMMISSIONER NECESSARY BEFORE SERVICE BEGINS.

MACHINERY IS PUT IN SHAPE; SUCCESSFUL TESTS ARE MADE

G. R. H. Miller, Who Built First Steps Up Bluff, Is Passenger on First Ride—250 Gallons Water Used in Round Trip.

The municipal elevator made its first trip Monday afternoon, three years after the voters authorized its construction.

The elevator will be open for general traffic as soon as it is inspected by the state commissioner. State Labor Commissioner Hoff promised the city officials that he would send a deputy here as soon as possible.

The 11 men, besides the two employees of the Otis Elevator company, who made the first trip were: G. R. H. Miller, who built the first steps up the bluff; F. J. Albright, chairman of the elevator committee of the council; Linn E. Jones, mayor; W. A. Long, councilman; E. R. Brown, William Anderson, George Randall, William Mulvey, E. L. Shaw, Rev. W. T. Miliken, I. Shockley and City Engineer Miller.

Several hours were required to oil the machinery in the elevator and otherwise put the shaft in readiness for use.

The approval of the state labor commissioner is all that is needed now. No fare will be charged, at least to the first of the year. Many urge that one cent a ride be charged in order to defray the expenses of operation.

Among those who made the trip up the elevator for the first time was G. R. H. Miller, a pioneer of 1853 and a resident of Oregon City for half a century this month. The first steps, he said Monday, were erected in 1871 by private subscription and when they were completed the town held a celebration.

The operation of the elevator, while the structure was authorized at an election in December, 1912, was greatly delayed by litigation and by friction between the city council and the board of water commissioners.

The elevator is as high as an eight story building. Two hundred and fifty gallons are used to carry the cage to the top of the tower and back and the cage will carry 15 persons at one time.

OFFERINGS LIGHT AT UNION STOCK YARDS

NO MUTTON RECEIVED AND TRADE ALONG OTHER LINES IN PORTLAND QUIET.

UNION STOCK YARDS, Portland, Ore., Nov. 16—Aside from two carloads of hogs and a few drive ins, there was little to offer in the livestock market at North Portland overnight.

Of the two carloads of hogs that came forward, one was a direct shipment to a local meat company from its country representative.

General situation in the hog trade is nominally steady locally, following the big run of Monday.

Cattle Market Quiet. Cattle market was quiet at North Portland during the day's trading. Only a limited amount of stuff came forward overnight, and there was nothing with which to test top quotations.

No Mutton Received. There was a lack of mutton receipts in the North Portland yards overnight. General trend of the trade continues most favorable, and there is no doubt that full prices can be maintained provided quality stuff is available.

SALES OF HOGS ARE MADE AT HIGH MARK

LIBERAL-RUN OF SWINE AT PORTLAND YARDS IS ONE OF FEATURES OF DAY.

UNION STOCK YARDS, Portland, Ore., Nov. 12—Hogs held firm at \$6.25 in the North Portland yards today, a number of sales being made at the high mark.

NEAL of the NAVY By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE. AUTHOR OF "RED MOUSE," "RUNNING FIGHT," "CATSPAW," "BLUE BUCKLE," ETC.

NOVELIZED FROM THE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME NAME PRODUCED BY THE PATHE EXCHANGE, INC.

Back in the jungle, on the outskirts of the Aztec village of Corazon del Sol, a few days before, three men—accompanied by a native guide or two—had crept through the jungle toward civilization and the shore.

NINTH INSTALLMENT THE YELLOW PERIL

CHAPTER XL. The Pests of Tortuga.

The commander of the Albany lowered his glasses. He beckoned to Neal Hardin, a gunner on his ship. Neal answered the summons and saluted.

"You may inform your friend Miss Ilington and her party that in half an hour they will be set ashore at Tortuga," he directed.

Neal started off. "One moment," added the commander. "Tell Miss Ilington that I'd like to speak to her."

Neal found Annette and delivered the message—and in a moment Annette was at the commander's side.

"Miss Ilington," said the commander, "without intruding, may I ask the purpose of your extensive peregrination?"

"Peregrination describes it," said Annette laughing, "and you may." She glanced about her—even there—a bit stealthily, and produced her chambray bag, and from it took the map—the old time-worn, yellow, tattered parchment map of the Lost Isle of Cinnibar.

"Hum," he said at length, "no longitude, no latitude."

Annette smiled. "Heat brings out the hidden inscription," she returned. "The latitude is there but you can't see it—so is the longitude. I know it by heart—18 degrees 30 minutes north and 123 degrees 40 minutes west—and there, somehow, I hope to meet my father—and find his quicksilver mines."

"Pacific ocean," mused the commander, "off Mexico, Central America—South America—but not far off. There's something in my mind about that locality—what is it? I've heard talk about it somewhere. Something—I can't recall."

He returned the map. "What I desired to say, Miss Ilington," he went on, "is this—if I had my way I'd take you there. But the United States navy has other duties to perform. You're in Tortuga. We'll see you safe ashore—and if we find the shore isn't safe, we'll see you safe ashore some other place. I am expecting orders daily, to return. Glad to have been of service."

An hour later Annette and her party disembarked from one of the Albany's launches.

Small run of cattle was shown in the North Portland yards overnight. Receipts consisted principally of ordinary quality, there being little real good stuff available.

General sentiment in the cattle trade remains steady with former prices generally continued.

NOTICE. All people are hereby warned that yellow fever is carried by mosquitoes. Avoid being bitten if you can and kill all the mosquitoes you find.

RAMON CARROL, Mayor. In co-operation with U. S. S. Albany.

"Gunner," he said to Neal, "you're on shore leave, I know. But I'd be glad if you'd buckle to and tack these up in town. I'll go back to the ship and get my squad and a few supplies. Until then good-by."

That afternoon Ramon Carrol, the mayor of Tortuga, stood, now clad in his official uniform, in the middle of his doorway, surrounded by a clamoring mob.

"See, now, my people," he exclaimed, "there is no cause for alarm. See what I am doing for you—what other mayor has done so much? Note the magnificent cruiser—of the United States—the Albany—I have sent for it—it has come—at my request. Upon that cruiser are the most wonderful specialists in the world—they are among you—see, yonder—see their white coats—here, there, everywhere. Out of my private fortune (which is vast, my children) out of my private fortune I am paying all these specialists."

He sighted suddenly a figure on the outskirts of the crowd. His manner changed. The figure was that of the surgeon of the Albany—he pressed forward and joined the mayor.

"Ah, señor," said the mayor, speaking in a low tone and rapidly, "I have been telling my people—see I have congregated them for the purpose—how noble, beneficent your country is—how you have, free of all charge and without expense—come to our prosperous little community and have fought the pestilence. They are grateful."

The surgeon snorted. "Excuse me for a moment," he exclaimed. He darted down the street and caught a young woman by the arm just as she was entering an adobe hut.

The young woman was Annette Ilington. "You young renegade," he cried, sternly, "I thought I told you to keep away—hands off—you'll kill yourself!"

From inside there came a low moaning sound—a wail. Annette broke away from the surgeon's grasp. "Gee whiz," he said, "you're strong."

The wail inside turned to speech—quavered Spanish—"Little white angel," cried the voice, "come, little white angel—and lay your hands on me. Come quick, before I die."

CHAPTER XLII. Pernicious Plots. It was after dark. Out of a clump of trees upon a hill there sauntered forth a man—this man was Ponto. He picked his way carefully—warily. Before he knew it he was where he wanted not to be—in the streets of the town. Once in, he started out, but something attracted his attention.

A little crowd of men and women stood about a placard tacked upon the side of a hut. Ponto read it swiftly.

Ponto raised his eyebrows significantly. He had heard rumors—this confirmed them. "Mosquitoes," he said softly to himself, "mosquitoes." He tucked the word mosquitoes back in the inmost recesses of his mind and went his way.

Skirting the town he reached the Inn of the Spanish Don. From the rear he spied a figure in a window. He whistled softly.

A woman in the window started slightly, and peered out. Ponto clambered up to the window and noiselessly tore the net from it, immediately replacing it as best he might. He sniffed the air.

"Ah," whispered Inez Castro softly, "I am smeared with crude oil—face and hands and ankles. I am immune. Here, you smear also, Ponto."

"Where," queried Ponto, "is the map?" "So far as I determine," answered Inez, "she has it still."

"You cannot get it?" "Not unless I show my hand," said Inez.



"Little White Angel," Whined the Native.

Neal, after a few gasps for breath, smiled at Annette's remark. "I will give you two minutes to produce the map of Lost Isle," he said, "and if it is not then forthcoming."

He paused. "Go on," said Neal, "what then?" At the end of two minutes he thrust his watch back into his pocket. He signed to Ponto. "The helmets," he commanded, "and the gloves."

Ponto produced two sets of crudely-fashioned head nets and hand gloves made of mosquito netting. Inez had told him how to make them. Hernandez donned one set and Ponto donned the other.

Neal and Annette each with a guard of two behind, were forced to leave the hut, and forced down the trail on the farther side of the small hill.

After fifteen minutes' walk they halted. Ponto spoke sharply to the native who was with them. "Lead on," he commanded; "you know the way."

"Ah," said the native, "I and mighty few beside. Be careful now." Ponto turned to Hernandez. "This," he said, "is the cause of all the pestilence—this is the quagmire at the bottom of our hill—mosquito swamp."

There are not so many mosquitoes here," returned Hernandez, "not enough in fact." The native grinned. "Not now—but at night—at night they are legion—they are fends, foul fends. And they breed pestilence. On. Follow me."

Back at the Inn of the Spanish Don Neal Hardin's mother began to grow restive—Annette had not returned—Neal was nowhere to be seen. Once the surgeon stepped in and inquired for Neal. After that Mrs. Hardin made inquiries of her own. No one knew where he was—no one had seen the little white angel.

Out in the swamp Neal and Annette were conducted to a small, swamp islet, green with dark growth—upon which there was barely foothold.

"This," said the native to Hernandez, "is the place of which I told. From this there is no escape. Hernandez bowed. "You have chosen pests and pestilence, your friends," he said. "Good-night, and pleasant dreams. Now take us back."

Back at the hut, the native was bowing low. Hernandez poured much coin into his hand. "And mind," said Hernandez, "close mouth for two days at any rate, you dog."

In one way he was close-mouthed. In another way he was well. He started for the nearest tavern, and bent his elbow with great frequency and every time he bent his elbow he opened his mouth—and to some purpose . . . after awhile he began to treat—and talk—and show his money. And then, to prove he was a honest man and no thief, like others there, he began to tell just how he had become so very, very rich in such a short space of time . . . they listened to him open mouthed. Among them were men, sober men, whose families had been ministered to by the angel sent from heaven—a little white angel. One of these men suddenly sprang to his feet and grabbed the bonster by the scruff of the neck—and, notwithstanding struggles, carried him, pell mell, from the wine shop.

Back in the Inn of the Spanish Don, the proprietor was protesting that he had not seen Gunner Neal—had not learned of the whereabouts of the little white angel—Senorita Annette Ilington. A dozen bluejackets were on hand—the surgeon was there. Mrs. Hardin, wild-eyed in the glare of the smoky lamps, was sobbing hysterically. Inez looked on calmly. Suddenly into the midst of this company was propelled an intoxicated native—a bag

of bones clad in a jumble of rags. Another native pounced upon him and shook him like a terrier shaken a rat. "This man, señor," said the sober native, "curses on him—he knows where the little white angel is. Come, he will guide us there. Tell them, you dog."

The dog told. He didn't want to, but neither did he like the prick of bayonets through his hide—so he told, and then he led the way. By the time they had reached the outskirts of the town, the whole town was with them.

Hernandez, in his hut, heard the commotion. He knew in his bones what it was. "Come on," he cried to Ponto, "we're going back into that swamp—I swore they should not get away—you swore it, too."

"How will we get there," shivered Ponto. "The brute is a brute," said Hernandez, "where he has been once, he can always find the way. Come. Lead on—lead on."

The brute, under the usual stimulant of cuffs and blows, led on. Ponto followed. At the edge of the swamp, Hernandez, with a wicked smile, dropped silently to one side and crawled behind a clump of bushes.

Out on that fateful islet in the center of the quagmire, Neal, his eyes heavy lidded with sleep, was holding Annette in his arms. She was oblivious. Suddenly he woke her up and sprang to his feet, drawing her with him.

"Someone comes," he whispered. No sooner had he said it than the brute was upon them. He seized Neal as in a vice. But Neal—a trickster in a wrestling match—wriggled out of his grasp. He seized a heavy stick and lunged at the brute. The brute engaged him once again. Ponto tore the stick away from Neal, and whirling it about his head, brought it down with a resounding crack upon Neal's head.

Neal dropped like a log. Ponto, knowing the reason for haste, turned and looked about him. He was puzzled by Hernandez' absence, but this was no time to wonder. He drew a knife and started toward Annette.

"This time," he cried, "you shall not get away." Annette ran, crookedly, hysterically, across the small islet. In another instant she was waist deep in the quagmire, and still sinking. Ponto from terra firma, lunged at her with his knife—but his lungs felt short. Annette struggled away—tried to reach some place of safety. But her way was blocked by a waterlogged piece of wood. Against this she rested, wide-eyed, watching Ponto's efforts—sinking, sinking all the time.

For the first time she screamed. The brute, busy with Neal who lay upon the ground, heard her and swung around. He saw what was happening. Ponto had raised his knife on high. Falling to strike—he was about to hurl it at the girl—and Ponto's aim was perfect.

"Never get away," snarled Ponto. At that instant the brute seized a heavy stone in his hand, and



He Spied a Figure in a Window.

hurled it with tremendous force at him. It grazed his head, stung him. The brute, grasping in his hand a sapling, leaped far out from the shore of the little islet and with one hand grasped Annette, drew her, dripping from the quagmire and set her on dry land.

Behind him he heard shouts. In a frenzy of fear, he seized Ponto's body, slung it over his shoulder, and then, with the instinct of a brute and not a man, he leaped lightly, but surely, from bog to bog, and disappeared along some pathless trail.

Ten minutes later Annette, in the midst of a motley crowd of tars and natives—and in the glare of many torches, was answering Neal's whispered question.

"No, dear," she whispered back, "they didn't get the map. They couldn't get it. Last week I gave it—for safe keeping—to the commander of the Albany."

And then she fainted dead away. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THIS STORY IS REPRODUCED IN FILM AT THE GRAND THEATRE EVERY WEDNESDAY

MUTTON AND LAMB MARKET IS STRONG

HOG TRADE, HOWEVER, DECIDEDLY DEPRESSED—CATTLE ARE STEADY.

UNION STOCK YARDS, Portland, Ore., Nov. 15—The market for mutton and lambs showed liberal strength as was forecast and an advance of 15c over former extreme price was paid for selected stuff.

Hog Market Depressed. Hogs were depressed at North Portland in the morning. Sales were generally 10c to 15c lower than last week's closing figures.

Cattle Market Steady. Little if any change was shown in the position of the cattle market at the opening of the week's trade in the North Portland yards.

In the eastern markets the morning trade was generally steady for cattle.

Market for mutton and lambs continues to show strength at North Portland, with no further change announced in quotations.

Receipts in the yards overnight were rather limited and some of these came direct to a local meat company from its regular country buyer.

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