

# INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS OF OUR HOME STATE

## GREATEST FRUIT CROP.

Freewater Berry Season on and 1,000 Pickers Wanted.

Freewater—The strawberry season of the Milton-Freewater country began this week, several crates having already been shipped. The growers received \$10 per crate. Inside of two weeks the season will be at its height, and ranchers are coming to town every day looking for help. In interviews with different fruit growers, whether their acreage be large or small, each one predicts a crop exceeding by 60 per cent any other ever harvested in the Walla Walla valley. And in the same prediction of such a mammoth crop comes the cry for men, women and children to help harvest the fruit. It is estimated that about 1,000 pickers are wanted for the next two or three months and excellent wages are held out as an inducement for them to come. Two years ago 25 cents per crate was paid for picking strawberries and this year 35 cents is offered. There have been no late frosts this year. Last year practically all the peaches were destroyed. This year the trees are overlaid, as is also the case with the cherry and prune trees. These crops will average 25 per cent more than any other ever harvested in the valley. The fruit growers are searching and advertising everywhere for help and great fear is felt that a great loss will be sustained because of the lack of help. J. N. Stone, of Milton, has been sent out by the union to find markets for the fruit. He expects to be in and around Spokane for several weeks, after which he will go to the Middle West. N. W. Mumford is also on the road securing markets and although the crop is so very large, the prices keep good. Manager Lamb states that prunes will average \$30 a ton.

## CROOK COUNTY TO TREBLE.

Hill Advises Residents to Prepare for Great Influx of Homeseekers.

Bend—"Crook county's population will be more than twice as large and the entire interior country will become the home for thousands of new settlers within the next few months. It is my advice to your residents here to take immediate steps to prepare for scores of new people who will come here to Bend." These were part of the encouraging words spoken by Louis J. Hill, as he stood in an auto addressing several hundred of Bend's residents. The railroad president was astounded at the great growth of the interior country and towns. On the way from Prineville to Bend he was escorted by business men of both places in a dozen autos. The party stopped at Myrtle Point to take photos of the growing crops and sample the soil. The advertising campaign to be given Central Oregon will be no infantile affair. Mr. Hill said that from the Atlantic to the Pacific people who heretofore have known little or nothing of this wonderful, productive country are to learn of it immediately. He was tendered a big reception here, and urged prompt action to care for the horde of new settlers.

## WET 15,000 ACRES IN GILLIAM

Farmers on Rock Creek Co-operate in Storage Project.

Condon—Land owners on Rock creek are preparing to irrigate 15,000 acres of land by a cooperative project, taking water from a reservoir at Devil's Gate. As soon as State Engineer Lewis approves the proposed improvement, the interested land owners will arrange for bonding their land that the necessary funds may be raised.

A preliminary survey shows that the proposed dam can be constructed in the vicinity of Devil's Gate, where the precipitous walls of the canyon, extending for about two miles up stream, will make a natural reservoir. From its investigations, the committee has ascertained that, allowing one foot to the acre, sufficient water can be conserved to irrigate 15,000 acres. Roughly estimated, the dam will be about 565 feet across the top and about 225 feet high at the base. It will be 75 feet high, measuring eight feet wide at the top.

When the dam was first proposed, the interested land owners expected sufficient water could be conserved for irrigating about 4,000 acres, but more thorough investigation discloses that fully 15,000 acres can be served. This makes the project one of the most important ever undertaken by private capital in Eastern Oregon.

## First Alfalfa Heavy Yield.

Hermiston—Harvest of the first crop of alfalfa is on here. All indications point to a heavy yield and as there is a good demand for the hay, no trouble will be had in disposing of the crop. As soon as this cutting is out of the way water will be turned on and the second growth started. If growing weather continues as late as usual this fall it is quite possible four crops will be secured, which would pay big interest on land valued much higher.

## PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Track prices: Bluestem, 88c; club, 85c; red Russian, 84c; valley, 85c.

Barley—Feed and brewing, \$22@23. Corn—Whole, \$33, cracked, \$34 ton.

Hay—Track prices: Timothy, Willamette valley, \$20@21 per ton; Eastern Oregon, \$22@25; alfalfa, \$16.50@17.50; grain hay, \$17@18.

Oats—No. 1 white, \$26.50@27.50. Fresh Fruits—Strawberries, Oregon, \$1.50@1.75 per crate; apples, \$1.50@3 per box.

Potatoes—Carload buying prices: Oregon, 40@50c per hundred; new California, 2 1/2@3c per pound; sweet potatoes, 4c.

Vegetables—Asparagus, \$1@1.25 per box; cabbage, 3 1/2c pound; celery, \$3.50@4 crate; hot house lettuce, 50c @1 per box; horseradish, 8@10c per pound; green onions, 15c per dozen; radishes, 15@20c per dozen; rhubarb, 2@2 1/2c per pound; spinach, 8@10c pound; rutabagas, \$1.25@1.50 sack; carrots, 85c@1; beets, \$1.50; parsnips, 75c@1.

Onions—Oregon, \$2 per hundred; Bermuda, \$1.50 per crate.

Butter—City creamery, extras, 27c; fancy outside creamery, 26@27c per pound; store, 20c. Butter fat prices average 1 1/2c per pound under regular butter prices.

Eggs—Fresh Oregon ranch, 23@24c. Pork—Fancy, 12@12 1/2c per pound. Veal—Fancy, 10@10 1/2c per pound. Lamb—Fancy, 10@12c per pound.

Poultry—Hens, 20@21c; broilers, 30 @35c; ducks, 18@23c; geese, 12 1/2c; turkeys, live, 20@22c; dressed, 25c; squabs, \$3 per dozen.

Cattle—Beef steers, hay fed, good to choice, \$6@6.50; fair to medium, \$5@5.50; cows and heifers, good to choice, \$5@5.50; fair to medium, \$4.25 @4.75; bulls, \$3.50@4.25; stage, \$4.50@5; calves, light, \$6@7; heavy, \$4.50@5.

Hogs—Top, \$10@10.60; fair to medium, \$9.25@9.50. Sheep—Best wethers, \$5.25@5.75; fair to good wethers, \$4.75@5.25; best ewes, \$4.75@5.25; lambs, choice, \$7 @8; fair, \$6.50@7.

Hops—1909 crop, 12@15c, according to quality; olds, nominal; 1910 contracts, nominal.

Wool—Eastern Oregon, 14@17c pound; valley, 18@20c; mohair, choice, 32@33c.

## BIG BATTLESHIP LAUNCHED.

Monster Fighting Machine Will Carry Crew of 1,000 Men.

New York, May 14.—The battleship Florida, biggest of the American Dreadnoughts built thus far, was successfully launched at the Brooklyn navy yard yesterday in the presence of the vice-president of the United States, the secretary of the navy, the naval attaches of all the powers and a crowd of 50,000 enthusiasts, whom intermittent rains failed to keep away.

The 21,825-ton fighting leviathan, built to carry 10 12-inch guns, glided down the ways to the strains of The Star Spangled Banner, played by the navy yard and the 29th infantry bands, while the crowd cheered and hundreds of river craft tooted their noisy welcome.

The vessel was christened by Miss Elizabeth Fleming, daughter of ex-Governor Fleming, of Florida.

Later when the Arkansas and the Wyoming, now under construction, are afloat they will exceed the Florida in size by 3,000 tons, a difference sufficient to make a pretty good little liner in itself. The Florida herself is by no means finished, for as she went off the ways yesterday she was only about 60 per cent advanced towards completion, which means that she was not much more than a vast empty hull, and still awaits the boilers and main and secondary engines and armor and equipment that go to make up the ship ready for commission.

Probably there is not a battleship afloat that could tackle the Florida on even terms, when her commander's flag flies from the ungraceful, but formidable skeleton masts which will be placed upon her, that is, provided the naval designers do not change their minds, as to the utility of this novel feature of marine architecture within the next eighteen months, by which time the Florida should be in commission.

## INDIANS IN REVOLT.

New Mexico Redskins Destroy Property and Steal Stock.

East Las Vegas, May 14.—An uprising of serious proportions has broken out among the Taos Pueblo Indians at their village, 70 miles northwest of here, and tonight troops are being hurried by special train from Santa Fe to check a possible massacre of white ranchers.

The Indians have cut all telephone and telegraph wires from Taos, but reports here indicate the depredations so far have been confined to an attack on the wife and children of L. S. Meyers, a homesteader, and the cutting of fences and looting of horses and cattle.

Further attacks are expected by the ranchers and Judge John R. McFie, conducting court at Taos, telegraphed an urgent demand for troops to go there. The government immediately ordered 50 men of companies D and F, New Mexico National guard, to Taos. The militiamen will arrive at Taos tomorrow forenoon.

## 500 SEALS ARE SET FREE.

Only Government Can Take Them From Water Hereafter.

Washington, May 14.—Five hundred three-year-old male seals are to be allowed to escape from the killing fields on the Pribiloff Islands to supply the required number of breeding adults in the future. They are to be marked in such a manner as to make them readily recognizable throughout the season and under no circumstances are they to be slain. They are to be the best samples of the seal herds.

This direction, given to W. I. Lambkey, agent in charge of the Alaskan seal fisheries, was announced today by Secretary Nagel. Stringent measures for the protection of seal life are contained in the instructions to the agent. The privilege of taking the seals, heretofore leased to a private company, now rests with the government, which is to sell the skins to the highest bidder.

## Flannery Trial Opens.

San Rafael, Cal., May 14.—District Attorney Thomas P. Boyd, of Marin county, made his opening address to the jury today in Judge Lennon's court in the case of Harry P. Flannery, ex-president of the San Francisco police commission, who is on trial on a charge of grand larceny growing out of his alleged connection with the men who conducted the recently-raided fake poolroom in Sausalito. Flannery was ordered to furnish \$5,000 cash bail before the opening of court tomorrow morning, at 10 o'clock.

## Liquor Sales Must End.

Reno, Nev., May 14.—H. J. Humphreys, United States marshal for Nevada, last night sent Deputy Marshal Goode, of Elko, to the mining camp of Jarbidge, Elko county, with instructions to arrest all saloonkeepers of that camp. Jarbidge, which is close to the Idaho line, is located on a government forest reserve, and the Federal law prohibits the sale of liquor on forest reserves. Fourteen saloons are doing business and all will be arrested.

## Train Robbers Are Caught.

Phoenix, Ariz., May 14.—The two robbers who held up the Phoenix & Maricopa passenger train last night near here were captured tonight by a posse headed by Sheriff Hayden and Immigration Inspector Corin, in the desert beyond Casa Grande.

## Black Hand Agent Guilty.

New York, May 14.—A verdict of guilty was found today in the Caruso "Black Hand" case in Brooklyn. The man on trial was Antonio Misiana, accused of attempting to extort \$15,000 from the famous tenor.

# The Quest of Betty Lancey

By MAGDA F. WEST

Copyright, 1909, by W. G. Chapman. Copyright in Great Britain

## CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

"That's what I'm trying to do," replied Johnny. "I'm attempting to find out how that man got in. Here it is. See?"

His finger had touched the spring for the baseboard, which was at least two feet high, suddenly split and swung discordantly back, revealing a square hole and a clumsily constructed panel opening directly into the house next door! This building was lower than the Desterle home, for while the hole in the baseboard ran from the floor in the Desterle house, it was merely eighteen inches or less below the ceiling of the room into which the excited group was gazing. Well furnished, lined with books, and illuminated by a green shaded reading lamp on a low table, the room apparently served as a library. Portraits of high-choked, uncomfortable-looking statesmen filled the niches between the book cases, and on the floor beneath the trap door rested a bronze plaque, very significantly the size of the trapdoor.

"What do you know about that?" asked Johnny, narrating the appearance and disappearance of the stranger.

Because he was the smallest of them all, Johnny was delegated to creep through the hole and investigate the adjoining house. The others divided into relays and began another branch of the disquisition.

"Say, Farley, go telephone my paper about this, will you?" begged Johnny in a whisper. "They're long on extras up there, you know, and they might want to get one out on this. Honest, boys, I can't say I—much in for making this twelve-foot desperado dive for life before but, I guess it's so long. Put the panel back; I think you'd better," and he swung down through the trapdoor.

Meanwhile the first relay went outside to reconnoiter. The block was a crowded one with the houses standing shoulder to shoulder, as closely as masons might put them. Midway in the block the name of the street changed from Ramikin terrace to Briar-sweet place. The Desterle house was 88 Ramikin terrace, and the house into which Johnny had disappeared was 94 Briar-sweet place. Twenty years previous the street had been a fashionable thoroughfare, but it had gradually become relegated to the second best, with respectable boarding houses of the variety usually catalogued as "shabby genteel." Some of the old houses had been remodeled into flats, and in only a few were the owners now residing. Of these the major part were those sentimental women who, long after their families are married and gone away, still cling to the old home that welcomed them in their days of bridal joys and happy youth, or of the conservative set now pushed out of the lead of the procession of fashionable society by the influx of the newer and faster ideas of life and living.

Such a family had long tenanted 94 Briar-sweet place. The owner, Mark S. Flanders, was one of the few old-style lawyers who are fortunate to have husbanded their acquired competence before the lean years of age and over-education have descended upon them. One of the first settlers in the town, the Flanders residence had at one time been the admiration and the eye-widener of the country over, but of late, and especially since the death of Flanders' wife, both the old mansion and the old lawyer had been reckoned among the hopeless by the ultra-smart set.

Flanders had always borne a reputation for the highest integrity and greatest personal honor. He had even managed to keep his record while serving his city two terms as Mayor. That the bricks and stone of the supposedly well-bred Flanders mansion should have opened up surreptitious entrances to the plebeian boarding house next door seemed incredible, especially in connection with a murder.

Liberal usages of telephones and directories elicited the information that Flanders had sailed quietly and unheralded for Europe a week previously. Gorin got Dunwiddy, Flanders' partner, on the wire and asked him about it. Dunwiddy was out of sorts at the call. The clock showed 4:30 a. m. and Dunwiddy was in the most delectable division of his early morning snooze.

"Yes, yes," he shouted over the telephone, "this is Thomas Dunwiddy, Flanders' partner. Who are you and what do you want at this disgraceful hour of the morning? An Associated Press man? Well, you've got impudence to get a man up at this hour of the morning! Flanders may be implicated in the Wayne murder? Nonsense! Where is Flanders? Minding his own business, where you ought to be. I don't know anything about him. He sailed for Europe the 15th and I hope he's there by now. A panel cut through between the closet and his house? Dear me, that is unfortunate. Come to recall it now, Mr. Flanders let his house for the season just before he left. I did not see the tenant, but have the leases on file. I think the man's name is Hamley Hackley, and I don't know anything about him except that he is an Englishman who has lived in the tropics. Now, my dear sir, I beg of you to keep the Flanders name out of any affiliation with this unfortunate affair, if you possibly can. You understand me, of course. Yes, I suppose you may see the leases, but you must be careful what moves you make, international complications, you know, and all that. Good-bye."

Gorin whistled as he hung up the receiver, and repeated over and over again the name "Hamley Hackley."

"Humph," he said, and dropped another nickel in the telephone slot, as he gave the call, to direct his office to cable London and find out if they could discover anything about Mr. Hackley.

A very careful external examination of the premises at 94 Briar-sweet Place was made. There was a small back yard, grass laid, and neat and dignified, with a few tulips a-bloom along the path that led to the primly latticed back gate. The shades all over the house were closely drawn and there was no indication of Johnny nor any other sign of life any place at all about. A quart of milk and a small bottle of cream had been left on the back steps, and a morning paper blown by the wind rotated between the porch and the back walk.

"Uxtry, Uxtry," shrieked a newsboy on the sidewalk. There was the scrape of opening windows along the street from adjacent houses and many a tousled head and nightgown figure cautiously shielding its deficiencies of costumes by deftly balanced window shades and draperies hid in the smelly sheets as the gain added his thrilling climax.

"All about the escape of the dreadful monster, the man-aperilla, from its cage in the park."

Gorin leaped the fence and made for the lad. The extra was principally a matter of headlines glaring and ink-smudged, chronicling the escape of the unknown beast, appended to the news stories that had gone through the earlier editions.

"Whew!" whistled Gorin, "this looks pretty bad! Nice men, I must say."

## CHAPTER VII.

Frankel and Sothern went down the hall from Betty Lancey's room after the clerk and his companion, who was so excitedly seeking the papers that had blown out of the window and a couple of bell boys.

"We'll go right down through the bar, it's the quickest," they overheard the clerk say as the couple passed to await the elevator. The two newspaper men ran down to the next floor, caught the car at the second landing and rode to the first floor with the clerk and his plainly excited companion.

The bar was closed and while one clerk procured the keys for entrance Frankel covertly watched the man, and Sothern unchalantly strolled over to the clerk behind the desk.

"Who is that man?" he queried. "I don't mean the little Jew, but the dark, handsome fellow there? He has such a beautiful wife, looks like a woman I knew in Paris once."

"So?" asked the clerk. "They have been here at frequent intervals this last year or two. Don't know much about them, except that his name is Harcourt—Harold Harcourt—and they always register from India. They've got cash to burn."

"What's the matter with him now?" questioned Sothern. The clerk laughed.

"Oh, I don't know," he answered. "He came bustling down here awhile ago shouting about some documents that had blown out of his window and he wanted somebody to go up and help him get out on the fire escape. Tore around as if he was afraid."

"He was crazy, too," supplemented one of the bell boys. "Old lady in E22 where he went to get out of the window wouldn't unlock the door to let us at the fire escape. Don't blame her, but her hubby made her come to the scratch and let us in, and she was the tickledest when the papers were gone. They're going down in the court now, to hunt them up."

Frankel by now had joined the clerk at the door of the bar and was enjoying that functionary's attempts to make the key yield in the lock.

"What's on?" he asked, carelessly, "a riot or a raid?"

"Nothing at all, sir, private business, private business only," interrupted Harcourt, with the air of giving Frankel his conge.

Frankel, however, refused to accept such a gratuity and followed the two men, and the several bell boys, one with a pocket light and the others with various boxes of matches through the darkened barroom. The glasses and mirrors and decanters gleamed dully in the half-light and the tiled floors were slippery with recent scrubbing. The door that opened upon the court was heavily chained, barred and bolted, but it swung wide at last and Harcourt clutching the pocket light from the grasp of its bearer flared it into every corner and crevice of the clean cemented rectangle.

"Nothing here, sir, nothing here," commented the clerk. "What was the nature of the papers, if you please?" Harcourt's face was livid. He rumbled his thick hair nervously with his long white fingers, oblivious of all his surroundings. At the third repetition of the interrogation he roused from his stupor and remarked:

"A picture of my wife, a very valuable hand-made print, one I prize for its intrinsic worth, and some extremely important passports. I would not have them for half a million dollars."

The bell boys poked around in a delectable that did not exist. The clerk led court absently met the claims of the buttons upon his pockets.

"Excuse me, Mr. Harcourt," said a

boy at his elbow, "but I guess my better hurry back upstairs to my wife. She just sent a call down here and said she was sick, and we'd better send someone up to take care of her."

Harcourt thanked the boy and for the elevator with all speed. Frankel and Frankel instinctively gazed to each other with their eyes the word:

"Betty!"

"Think I'll go up and see if she needs any help," suggested Frankel, "you'd better stay down here, Frankel, and see what you can skimish at."

Sothern made his way back to Betty's room and knocked on the door. He flew quietly ajar and he was greeted with a chorus of:

"What'd you get, Betty?"

"Tisn't Betty," grinned Sothern. "I haven't seen anything of her since you left but her shoes, that she kicked off there," said Hank Smith. "She must have found a vein," said Larry Morris.

"Most likely a vein found here," said Sothern, narrating the experience of below stairs. "Let's walk around that way and see."

At the bend in the corridor Larry's feet entangled themselves in something soft. He stooped and picked it up and gingerly spread it out to the light. It was a woman's shirtwaist of white linen with a little blue stripe, and a monogram "B. L." heavily embroidered on the sleeve.

"Betty Lancey's waist," cried Sothern. "Where is Betty?"

"I'm going to find out," retorted Larry. Together they all strode in to Betty's door. It was open and within sounded the angered tones of a woman's decidedly nasal voice.

"Are you sure you wasn't dreaming came the words, "what could have come of the girl? If she was how did she get away so quick? Especially if she was sick!"

"She wasn't sick," replied Harcourt. "She must have been a thief, trying to impose herself on my wife's confidence. Well, as she's gone now, my woman, you can go, too. There's nothing here for you to do."

"No," burst in Larry, whose voice over Betty was now at fever heat, "but there's something here for you to do. That girl is a friend of mine, and if there's any harm come to her, you suffer for it. Here is her shirtwaist. It's been torn off her body—do you see that—and where's she? Look at the blood! She started out half an hour ago to come over here and spend your wife, and she hasn't been since, but we find this garment of the blood-stained and kicked into the corner at the foot of the corridor. We have you done with its wearer?"

Mrs. Harcourt, still in the state of negligence and the dazed, sunken hands wearily behind her head, like an over-weighted reed, and passed beyond into her dressing room.

"This is an outrage, an outrage," stormed Harcourt. "At this hour of the morning to interrupt a guest of the house in this wanton fashion! To pay for these insults!"

"Perhaps," said Larry Morris, "in the meanwhile if you or your attempt to leave this hotel till we find Betty Lancey, you'll find yourself face to face with a warrant for my land you in jail, charging me with either her murder or her abduction. Do you understand me, Mr. Harcourt?"

"Oh, say, Larry," hinted Hank Smith, "don't you think you're going to be a man has his rights, you know?"

"Indeed I know," said Larry, "that's why I'm going to find Betty. This matter doesn't look straight to me. Where's Frankel one, anyway?"

"Don't know. Nothing more late to-night for me," announced Harcourt. "I'm going home and to bed, my Good-by."

"Here, too," chimed in a chorus of Larry Morris was silent. He left the boys at the corner, then sought out and dug from their slumbers an officer or two whom he knew well, and drew out a warrant against the Harcourts, charging them with abduction of Betty Lancey with intent to kill!

"Don't care if I go down the river for it," he told himself. "You tell me something hasn't happened to Betty. I can seem to feel her coming to me, there's an instinct tells me, what's another extra. So that beast out, did it? Wonder where it went!"

## (To be continued.)

**Doctors Versus Lawyers.**  
Most lawyers take a keen delight in trying to confuse medical experts in the witness box in murder trials, and often they get paid back in their own coin. A case is recalled where the lawyer, after exercising all his glib tactics without effect, looked quizzically at the doctor who was testifying and said:

"You must admit that doctors sometimes make mistakes, won't you?"

"Oh, yes, the same as lawyers," said he coolly.

"And doctors' mistakes are buried six feet under ground," was the lawyer's triumphant reply.

"Yes," he replied, "and the lawyer's mistakes often swing in the air of the Philadelphia Ledger."

**Was He a Truck Gardener?**  
"How on earth did you ever get that beautiful black eye?" asked Brown's friend.

"Oh," replied Brown, who had intentionally been illustrating the fall of a man on roller skates. "I raised it from a slip."—Everybody's.

**Needless to Worry.**  
Mrs. Newlywed (at the table)—"How gracious! You are spilling the gravy on the carpet, Jane."

Jane (captured wild on Ellis Island)—"There's plenty more in the kitchen, ma'am.—Brooklyn Life."

The three wealthiest nations: United States, \$116,000,000,000; Great Britain and Ireland, \$62,200,000,000; France, \$42,800,000,000.