

MINNEAPOLIS BUYS 1120 ACRE TRACT

One Hundred Acres Will Be Cleared This Summer and Be Put in Apples; Country Sales Reported.

Emmett Goff of Hillsboro has purchased the Fred Miller place at Fisher postoffice on Buck creek. There are 200 acres in the place which was originally owned by Mr. Crana. Mr. Miller has occupied the place since purchasing it eight years ago.

A syndicate of Minneapolis investors has purchased 1120 acres of wooded land in the Hood River valley. Two members of the syndicate arrived in Hood River last week for the purpose of putting a large clearing force to work on the tract. The plan is to clear 100 acres this summer and put it in apples next spring. It is probable that beginning with next year, 200 acres will be cleared during the dry season of each year, until the entire holding is free of stumps.

D. L. McNary of Medford has sold his 25 acre orchard tract to M. J. Morris, a recent arrival in the valley from Portland, Maine. The tract is one and one half miles west from Phoenix and is known as "Brookside Place." Nine acres of the land are set to peach and apricot "fillers," the latter being now in bearing. In addition to this there are six acres of younger pear trees. The place is well situated and is one of the most desirable orchard tracts in the valley, being situated on either side of Coleman creek and having a beautiful wooded background. The sum involved in the deal was \$3500.

TO PROCEED WITH PITTOCK BLOCK

Rumor of Delay Started Last Week Proves to Be False.

With the work of excavating for the new Pittock building practically completed, arrangements are now being made to start the work of laying the foundation for the new building at once, and it is likely that the work will be in progress before the end of the week. E. C. Condit, chief engineer for the Northwestern Electric company, which is to occupy the basement of this structure, with a sub-power station, returned last week from San Francisco, where he consulted with the Fleischhacker on details of the structure.

The basement proper is but 11 feet below the street level, but the basement for the power sub station is 20 feet below the floor of the first basement. The Pittock building is to be eight stories high on Washington street and four stories on Stark street.

The report circulated last week to the effect that the Northwestern company had abandoned its plan of building on the Pittock block for a year or so proved to be entirely without foundation. Plans for the footings and foundation walls are about ready and it is expected that this part of the work will be under way in a short time. The San Francisco and Portland architects are at work on the detail drawings of the big structure and will be ready to let the contract for the superstructure by the time the foundation work is completed.

BARONESS VON HUTTON IS NEARING RECOVERY

(By the International News Service.) London, April 12.—After hovering between life and death for three months, the American novelist, Baroness von Hutton, was Bettina Riddle of Erie, Pa., is at last pronounced to be out of the woods and well on the road to recovery. Her friendship for a well known actor, who is noted for his handsome face and figure, and who is married to a famous American actress, was the cause of a great deal of gossip some time ago, but both seem to have gotten over it. The baroness, who has been an inmate of a nursing home here for some time, declares she only conquered her illness by the sheer force of will. Ever since the publication of her novel "Pam" she has been a great literary lion here, while her most recent book, "Shadows," has resulted in a contract to write a novel annually for her publisher, Hutchinson.

At present she is unable to do any writing but hopes that the air of Cornwall, where she will go to convalesce, will have the desired effect.

LOST DIARY OF CAIN IS FOUND ON LAVA BUTTE; PROF. U. R. EASY OF SHANIKO FLATS DISCOVERER

By V. N. Hoffman.

Bend, Or., April 10.—Spurred into action by announcement of the alleged prehistoric discoveries of Professor Charles Hallock of Harvard, and published in Portland papers six weeks ago, a central Oregon savant, Professor U. R. Easy, the eminent archaeologist of Shaniko Flats, has thrown off his inherent scientific modesty and today gave to the world a partial story of his astounding Biblical find made near here. Professor Hallock, it will be remembered, claims that he has located the lost city of Enoch, built by Cain, the son of Adam, near Klamath Falls. Professor Easy nets forth facts that amplify the statements of the famous Peabody Museum expert, and no doubt will create a storm of interest in scientific circles.

In brief, the most interesting document of the ages is claimed to have been brought to light. It is the diary of Cain. Through the fortunate discovery of a diary in the language in which it is written the world is now given a unique and intimate insight into conditions that immediately followed the birth of man. Also the diary establishes final proof of Professor Hallock's contention, and removes any vestige of doubt that the Klamath country was the first home of civilization. As a matter of state pride the literary heritage of Oregon's first native son is justly valuable, and is being closely guarded in the vault of a local bank.

February 20.—Thinking again. What we need here is population. You can't have development without people, and development increases land values. Adam says increasing land values will prove a bad business and that some day some one will spring the Single Tax idea and try to get a constitutional amendment. But Day to day a reason for future generations and no one could doubt my word. Said I would, but don't see where those future generations are coming from. That's a mystery to me. And how the deuce are we going to get immigrants?

"March 11.—Got an idea. I'll get married! Father seems to have made a success of it, so why shouldn't I?"

"March 12.—Durn Abel. He has the marrying idea, too."

"March 13.—Abel is after my girl. He'd better look out. I fear these days. The old man made me go out and till the fields. Abel tends sheep. I'd rather till sheep than tend fields. Father talks about the back-to-the-land movement, but it doesn't look good to me."

"Eve Turns Over New Leaves." "May 3.—Sunday, and I don't have to work. Talked to Dad about the marrying idea. He just grinned. Asked him what a woman was made of, and he said 'spare ribs.' I didn't understand, but never let on. Asked him what a man was made of, and he said 'a woman thinks a man's made of money.' He is sort of these days because Eve is getting queer ideas about dresses. She's always wanting to turn over a new leaf and Father thinks that is awfully extravagant. He says two good outfits of leaves is all any one needs. The other day he told her that a wife should be satisfied to live in the style she was accustomed to before marriage, and when she asked him if he knew what she was accustomed to he told her never to argue a question."

"Adam's Awful, Awful Day." "May 16.—I asked Dad today what Eve was made of. (Adam's expression) said 'spare ribs' and it was the time I'd seen him grin since the day Abel poked his hand in the fire to see what it was like, years before. He said to mark today red in my diary, because that was the first pin ever made. He also said that a couple of thousand years from now a thing called an editor would kill a man if he tried to repeat

boat. That was before there was a gasoline launch on the bay. The mail carrier said the man pulled the boat like a fisherman and he didn't want to charge him for his message, but the fellow wouldn't hear to that at all—said he wasn't rich but could pay his way."

He stopped at the hotel and engaged board for the summer. He was a pleasant spoken man, had little to say for himself about himself. I was very prompt with his board and was kind and friendly to every one."

JAKE HAWLEY came into the office of the hotel one afternoon (the hotel office was general sitting room for the whole town) and he said to Mrs. Mervin, who was running the hotel that day, "That's a boarder of yours is a bit off, ain't he, Mrs. Mervin?"

"Why, no," said Mrs. Mervin. "I haven't noticed anything wrong with him unless it is because he pays his board in advance. If that makes him odd, I wish there was more odd folks round here."

"Well, now I don't suppose you're meaning anything personal, Mrs. Mervin, but I just can't help thinking about it. That ain't what I was thinking about. I just came down from the high I came through the wood road and of course I wasn't making much noise ploving through that soft sand."

"As I was coming along I heard some one talkin' over there in that little clearing by the spring. That reminded me I was sort of thirsty so I walked over there, but when I got over where I could see there wasn't anybody there but this star boarder of yours and he was a walkin' along with his head cocked up at the sky, walkin' slow like he would at every one in a while he would stop and raise his hands up some one up there a few feet above him. He was a beggin' for somebody or something—I couldn't tell what, but I thought it was about time for me to move on. When I got back to the road I heard him coming and he was a singin' at the top of his voice."

"I expect the man was a praying, Jake, for there's more ways of praying than getting down on your knees," said Mrs. Mervin.

day last week. Abel made her a new sheath gown of leaves, with lamb's down border. I didn't think it much, but Eve liked it. Somehow that boy Abel always gets ahead of me."

"February 10.—The natural resources of this place are wonderful, but Adam says they don't compare with his old quarters in the Garden of Eden. There it wasn't necessary to irrigate at all, he says. It is funny about Eden—doesn't like to discuss it, and never told me why he left. But once he heard him and mother talking about the old days and they said something about apples that put me to thinking. It seems that an apple and a serpent had something to do with the move. Perhaps he had trouble with the apple growers' union, and that's why they made him go out and get a homestead."

"February 16.—I've been thinking. Adam told me how to think, although he said I wouldn't ever have to do it if I just wanted to go to something he called the state legislature. Father is always talking about things I don't understand. It seems as if he was looking ahead and could see things that will come to pass hundreds of years later."

"Get the Colonist Idea." February 20.—Thinking again. What we need here is population. You can't have development without people, and development increases land values. Adam says increasing land values will prove a bad business and that some day some one will spring the Single Tax idea and try to get a constitutional amendment. But Day to day a reason for future generations and no one could doubt my word. Said I would, but don't see where those future generations are coming from. That's a mystery to me. And how the deuce are we going to get immigrants?

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it. He said some day when the world got really civilized there would be a law against puns. But that pun set him thinking about an animal he called an express company. I don't understand much of it, but gathered that an express company is a sort of octopus that some day will mate with a bear called the high-cost-of-living; its greatest enemy will be a quaresome animal named parcel-post. Dad's too wise for me."

(Here a number of the copper pages of hieroglyphics are missing. I presume they were destroyed or lost. The narrative apparently is again taken up a hundred years later. In the interim Cain had been cast forth from the home of Adam and his wanderings had taken him to Klamath county, where he founded the city of Enoch, described by Professor Hallock. If I am able to decipher these missing pages I think I may—the story of the development of the race previous to the Flood will be complete. If successful I plan to give the priceless record to Reed college in Portland.—Easy.)

"The First Knocker Knocked." "August 4.—Well, that is over, anyway. A man was a knocker and I had to do it. I hated to, for a fellow gets attached to his brother after living together for two centuries. After the row I had to move, and fell in with a lot of people and we came down here into the land of Nod and built a city which I called Enoch, for my oldest son. I forgot to say I got married."

"October 1.—I often wonder how Father is getting on. He was 900 years old when I last heard of him. Last night I dreamed that the time will come when instead of killing people they will be put in prison for life. Think of being jailed for so many years!"

"December 25.—The other day we formed the first commercial club in the world. There was a glorious meeting and fine speeches. But when it came to electing a president there was a row. My fifth wife says we've set an example that always will be followed. That's the worst of being a fore-father; every thing one does is an example. It's a nuisance."

"January 23.—Things are happening fast these days. Yesterday a man came to me explaining that the way to make money was to start an irrigation company. He said that as I owned all the land there was, it would be easy; all I had to do was to make the settlers put up the cash, then spend it on what he would call organization expenses and leave the settlers to finish the project. But just then I was busy with a plan to keep our people from going to Canada. So I told him not to bother me. Another crank had a scheme to keep the home folks prosperous; it was a poor year for the hunters, and his idea was to put a tariff on leopards and dinosaurs hides so that hunters from other districts couldn't bring them in and undersell our men. I started the tariff and ever since there has been a row and the common people say the privileged classes get all the best of it. They say they want a tariff commission, and a special schedule on stoneware. Life is getting awfully complicated."



THE FIRST NEWSBOY.

"March 10.—Spring before last a man started a newspaper here. He calls it the Enochian. It comes out once every year and is a newsy sheet. It is cut on stone tablets that are very convenient; the other day a man killed his mother-in-law with one of them."

"July 4.—I have become a promoter. Somehow Adam (since he sees what the world is coming to, he's not as sore about my trouble with Abel as he used to be) got wind of the matter and wrote me; he says the time will come when they'll build a penitentiary for promoters, whatever that is. So I called him up and explained, but the old man never entirely approved. The scheme is to sell orchard tracts and we've named the corporation the Enoch Orchards Lands company. Father asked if we could raise apples—he thinks he is some expert on apples after the Eden incident—and I told him of course we couldn't, but that it didn't matter, because all we wanted was the money. He accused me of being crooked, but I said it didn't look any worse to me than stealing forbidden fruit. That made him mad and he hung off."

"Kinning the Original Settlers." "August 2.—Company great success. Settlers coming in fast."

"August 11.—Trouble. Settlers find some of the orchard land is under water and some of it is on the lava fields, and make ridiculous complaints. They annoy me."

"September 20.—More trouble. In fact, I'm having an awful time. A letter from Adam says he's heard the federal authorities are after me. The settlers have formed an association and some of them today got out the world's first petition. I find a petition in an affair that makes everyone think that he knows more about running things than the people do who are running them. That's why they are popular and everybody signs them. The day after this first one there were 100 on the lava fields. One is addressed to the governor and asks him to investigate the moral condition of Enoch, which is bad—I mean, the petition is."

"September 7.—What do you know about that? The governor wired me to resign. Shant! do it. He must be a relative of mine, and I won't let a relative boss me."

"September 9.—Noahs Ark! Everyone has turned on me. Now they've got a recall petition and William Jennings Bryan, the famous Biblical detective, is on my trail. History is being made fast these days, but that doesn't help me at all."

"September 10.—Burned my lodgers. Going to leave."

"The Lethal Prehistoric Diseases." "September 11.—On the road north. Left all but 11 of my wives, for a man can't be too careful in a matter of this kind. Ran over a prehistoric disease that weighed four tons but left him in the road."

"September 12.—Horror! We are pursued. As I write, my faithful men are equipping the portable flying machine. These may be my last words that will ever reach future generations. I am standing upon the top of a steep volcanic cone. Below me lies a beautiful river and a great body of timber. If it were not for those petitioners and that orchard scandal, I'd start another city down there, for it looks awfully good to me. * * * It has taken four hours to scratch those last words upon the brass. My men will hide this diary nearby. Goodbye, world of tomorrow—I am off."

(And thus, abruptly, ends this fragment of Cain's diary, and the remainder of its remarkable story is lost to humanity, unless Professor Hallock perchance discovers missing pages among the reported finds of the ruins of Enoch.)

Because seals migrate only in the dark, the Danish government prevents them from leaving the Baltic sea for the ocean by suspending a line of incandescent lamps from a cable in the strait they frequent.

up and saw him coming slowly along the beach with his head bowed down and he never saw me at all. Suddenly he stopped and dropped down on his knees and such praying I have never heard before nor since. I stood there speechless and watched and listened. The great rolled off the man's face and the tears ran down his cheeks and then I knew how he had got hold of Jake."

And as I stood there and watched him I thought of the story of Gethsemane that I had read years ago, and I began to think I'd never seen before. The man went on with his praying and every word of it was for somebody in this town. He named them over big and little and he begged for them like as if they had been sentenced to be hung, and then he named me, but I couldn't listen to that. I stepped up and touched him on the shoulder and as he looked up I said, "I'm here and I'd like to know the One you and Jake pray to."

"I can't tell you any more about that, it's too near to me, but the Fanatic kept his head in his hands. Then one day he told me his daughter was coming to join him for a few days and together they were going to another town."

So she came by way of the stage, a beautiful girl, well past her twenties and quite like her father. The next day there were some notices posted up around town that there was to be speaking at the school house that night and every night that week, and that Mr. Turney was the speaker after that. We went word to the river and across the bay and even up to the Yachats and there were people came from all points. They borrowed an organ and set it up in the front of the school house and we had a rare treat for the Fanatic's daughter sang to us and we learned afterward that she had been offered a great deal of money to sing in a big city church but she preferred to go with her father."

to the others speak and after awhile he rose and his voice trembled and indeed his whole body trembled till he could scarcely stand. He raised his hand and pointed toward the clearing but his voice failed at first, then he said: "I've been out there, and I HEARD GOD SPEAK."

Then Jake slid into his seat and bowed his head.

WELL, the meeting finally broke up and the next day the Fanatic and his daughter went away. A crowd was at the dock to bid them good-by and several boats full of fishermen accompanied the mail boat across the bay. When the stage had pulled out and the fishermen were returning, a little schooner whistled in over the bar. The fishermen hurried from their boats and gathered on the dock. When the schooner came along side, they boarded her in a body and there was considerable argument with the skipper, then the fishermen came ashore, the schooner hauled in her line and put out to sea, with the boys waving her goodbye."

She had come in to sell them liquor but they had sent her away with her cargo, because Jake had "heard God speak."

The next morning when the stage came down there was a drummer aboard and I was telling him about the Fanatic. "I met him at Newport," said he, "but do you know who that man was?" he asked me.

"No," said I, "but I know he was a man of God."

"Well," said the drummer, "he's one of the biggest evangelists in the United States and I paid \$5 one night to hear the daughter sing. That was before she took to singing for her father's meetings."

The British Association for the Advancement of Science will meet in Australia for the first time in August of next year.

FIRM REPORTS SALES MADE SINCE APRIL 1

Callan & Kaser reports the following sales since April 1:
Lots 4 and 6, block 18, Alameda Park, and lots 4 and 6, block 27, to the Maxwell Land company, for a total consideration of \$5000; to A. J. Butler, 20 acres of alfalfa land, consideration, \$4000.
R. L. Blesser, 6 acres at Glencoe, \$750; also three lots in northeast section of city for \$7500 to local investors. This firm reports an active inquiry for farm lands and suburban acreage.

ASPHYXIATING PISTOLS USED BY PARIS POLICE

(By the International News Service.) Paris, April 12.—The Paris police have made use for the first time of the asphyxiating revolvers which were recently invented with the object of overcoming criminals offering desperate resistance as in the case of the motor-car fiends.

A young Creole, living with his family at Passy, whose mind had been unhinged for some time, became extremely violent, smashing the furniture in his room.

Then he barricaded his room and began firing through the door, resisting all efforts to capture him.

The police, on being called in, approached the room with steel buckles and discharged their asphyxiating revolvers through a casement, filling the room with acrid smoke.

In a few minutes the youth was half-suffocated and quietly surrendered.

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Mt. Hood Brewing Co.

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The questions answered below are general in character, the symptoms of diseases are given and the answers will apply to any case of similar nature.

Those wishing further advice free, may address Dr. Lewis Baker, College Bldg., College-Elwood Sts., Dayton, O., enclosing self-addressed stamped envelope for reply. Full name and address must be given, but only initials or fictitious name will be used in my answers. The prescriptions can be filled at any well-stocked drug store. Any druggist can order of wholesaler.

"Helen" writes: "Can you give me a reliable remedy for coughs and colds? My cough is so tight that I am afraid of pneumonia."

Answer: The tightest cough can be loosened in one hour by using the following: Get from your druggist a 2% on package of essence mentha-lavandae and make according to directions on bottle. This will break up any cold and loosen the tightest cough and soon cure by its laxative tonic action.

"Henry" writes: "If you can prescribe anything that will cure my stomach troubles and constipation, please do so. My breath is bad and I am irritable and cannot sleep."

Answer: You can be very easily cured of your troubles by taking tablets triopentine. This is the most scientific and satisfactory treatment for the stomach and if taken according to directions you will soon be able to eat a hearty meal and not have any distress afterwards. Your constipation will be cured and your whole system will be put in a fine condition.

"John" writes: "What can I do to gain an appetite? I do not eat and am getting thin and weak. Please advise a remedy."

Answer: The best tonic that I know of is made by mixing 5 cts. of syrup of hypophosphites comp. and 1 oz. of tincture cadomene comp. Mix by shaking well in a bottle and take a teaspoonful before each meal. You will soon gain flesh and your appetite will return.

Mrs. W. C. asks: "Is it safe to reduce one's weight when it is excessive? I have often wanted to take something but have been afraid it might do more harm than good."

Answer: Some remedies might not be safe, but I prescribe one which is both safe and effective. Ask any well-stocked pharmacy for 1-gram arsenic tablets, packed in sealed tubes, with full directions for home use. They will usually reduce at the rate of a pound a day.