RISE IN WHEAT AND FLOUR PRICES DUE TO SMALL PRODUCTION

President Griffin of Chicago Board of Trade Denies Manipulations Responsible.

BAKERS TAKE NO ACTION

No Increase in Price of Bread as Yet Declared; Five Cent Loaf May Go.

Chicago, Aug. 12.—(U. P.)—With wheat, flour and provisions prices up much higher tonight than they were a week ago and threats of a federal investigation rumored among wheat brokers, President J. P. Griffin of the Chicago board of trade, came to the defense of traders tonight with the statement that the rise is due wholly to natural causes of supply and demand.

Insufficient Production Responsible.

"There is but one explanation for the rise," said Griffin, "insufficient production of wheat the world over to meet the consumptive requirements. A careful analysis of the figures will reveal the cause of prevailing high prices of wheat. For instance, the Winnipeg market closed at $1.45⅝ for December wheat yesterday, against $1.47 in the Chicago market. The situation does not hold out any hope for materially low prices unless the Dardanelles can be forced, thus throwing open to the consuming nations of the world the three years' surplus stored in Russia."

Bakers Take No Action.

As yet bread bakers have made no move to boost the price of bread here, though they have considered plans to eliminate the nickel loaf for the 10 cent loaf.

New-made millionaires raced new cars here tonight as the result of the jump in wheat.

Clerks who braced lunch counters two weeks ago counted their profits in thousands of dollars. Loop restaurants perked up with new life tonight while "get rich quickers" spent part of their newly won profits.

When the gong sounded in the pit today, wheat showed advances of 22 cents for September and December and 11 cents for May in the last two weeks. Gains of 8 cents, 7½ cents and 7⅛ cents were made for this week in September, December and May, respectively.

The market closed today with September at $1.43; December $1.46 and May $1.50⅝.

Democrats Marked For "Punishment"

Campaign Fund of $500,000 of Woman's Party to Be Devoted to Publicity and Against Wilson.

Colorado Springs, Colo., Aug. 12.—(U. P.) The National Woman's party today made its plans to show the race in suffrage. In accord with its received policy of campaigning against President Wilson for his failure to aid their federal woman suffrage amendment, the Woman's party leaders in closing conferences here policy arranged to show their power in the 12 suffrage states.

Every known means of political stumping and advertising and a campaign fund of $500,000 will be used to "punish" the Democratic party. As Miss Alice Paul, founder of the party, said, the women's votes are also intended to remind Charles E. Hughes that the Republicans must adopt the amendment if placed in power.

Several of the campaigners assigned to the several states are known to favor a straight out campaign for Hughes and Republican candidates against the policy as emphasized at today's campaign plannings as a negative policy. It is against President Wilson, none of the former Democratic voters in the Woman's party having any hope that the telegrams they sent the president today will serve to gain favorable action on the amendment at this session of congress.

Billings' Companion Reported Identified

Important Link in Chain Wound Around Suspects in Bomb Outrage Said to Have Been Discovered.

San Francisco, Aug. 12.—(P. N. S.)—Captain Duncan Matheson, of the police bomb bureau announced tonight that positive identification had been made of the man who accompanied Warren K. Billings, suspected bomb planter, to the building at 721 Market street the day of the preparedness parade.

The arrest of this man, Matheson said, was hourly expected and would round up a complete case against the persons charged with being responsible for the preparedness parade bomb explosion.

Several suspects had been gathered into the police net as the companion of Billings, but none of them could be identified by Miss Estelle Smith, attendant in the dental office at 721 Market street, or other persons who claim they saw Billings go to the roof of the building carrying a heavy suitcase.

From the description of Billings' companion given by Miss Smith and other witnesses, the police are now confident that the suspect whose arrest is impending is the man.

J. K. Gill Accorded Birthday Honors

Pioneer Portland Business Man Is 75 Years Old; Employes Present Handsome Bouquet.

J. K. Gill, one of Portland's pioneer business men, received birthday congratulations from many personal friends yesterday. He has just rounded out his seventy-fifth year.

A large, handsome bouquet of roses was presented by the 62 employes of the store.

Mr. Gill has been prominently identified with his firm since 1871.

He has always taken a leading part in affairs tending for city betterment.

When writing or calling on advertisers, please mention The Journal. (Adv.)

THERE IS A RIGHT WAY AND A WRONG WAY TO ENJOY THE OUT-OF-DOORS

Above, left to right—All the comforts of home; "Chow" is almost ready; "Wake up, the sun is shining in your face." Below, left to right—"All out of luck"; Ferns make handy dish cloths when the men do the work.

A True Lover of the Open Cites Two Cases in Point.

By Marshall N. Dana.

A certain young friend of ours recently decide to revel in the poetic delight of sleeping on the ground all night.

He chose a spot on the south shore of the Clackamas river ngar Baker's bridge as combining the essential qualities of beauty, wildness and immunity from attacks by savage animals.

The six children were rounded up, their faces washed and their Sunday garments donned for the trip. A relative loaned them a conveyance.

The first night, such was the excitement of making camp, cutting down trees to get fir boughs for beds and following his long established custom of washing the china after dinner, then listening for the footfalls of marauding quadrupeds in true fatherly heroism, that our friend neglected to sleep. During the next day he composed himself to restfulness by cutting a strong pole, attaching to it a trong line and a large hook baited with a piece of salt pork, fishing therewith in a quiet pool for trout. He was indeed ready to sleep when evening came and all the children had been put into their little nighties and each had been sung a song and told a story in conformity with another unchangeable home custom.

He had, in fact, dropped into the first stages of slumber when the oldest boy screamed agonizedly. Adamlike, our friend sprang from his couch, grabbed a club and prepared to defend with his life, if need be, for his offspring.

The boy had a toothache.

This attack repelled after a few hours, our friend was again in the posture of slumber when the next to the oldest girl complained of earache, which had to be patiently treated with black pepper on a slug of cotton. Wearily our friend stretched himself, he closed his eyes, he sighed—and the alarm clock, brought in the picnic hamper, buzzed.

It was the gray of Monday morning. He was compelled to think of his job. Hastily eating a cold boiled potato he betook himself over a large distance to a carline, got himself home and into his neat business suit, enlisted again in the army of salesmen and lost the desired order of the last testy merchant upon whom he called because he went soundly asleep in said merchant's outer office chair.

That is one way of camping out.

It is not recommended. It is not strictly in accord with nature.

Follow us, while we praise our own methods.

We traversed the snaky road toward the environs of Mt. Hood a Sunday or so ago.

We intrepidly followed the bumpy highway to the vicinity of Brightwood. We crossed the Sandy on a narrow span and betook our way among the straggling but hopeful evergreens, vine maples and laurels over the sandy bottoms of the Sandy to the accompaniment of a chorus from the women of the party, "You certainly don't know where you are going." Soon they were allowed the insisted-upon courtesy of the last word.

"It is beautiful," said they.

It was.

The fading road had brought us into sight of the glacier born, shouting stream. Nearby the tumbling waters of north Fork or creek plunged into the more colored waters of the larger stream.

Nature had cast upon the ground any quantity of long-fried firewood, our beds grew under the trees at the beginning of the mountains—tall, feathery, sword ferns.

The piece de resistance of an elegant supper came at the lure of delicate tackle and with the flashing of silvery bodies from the cold waters of the little torrent.

Sunset brightly painted the friendly summits with a golden brush.

Dusk's shadows gathered in a silent circle about the flickering fire.

Night descended softly.

"The sky is the ceiling of our room tonight," observed friend wife, looking upward, "the trees are the pillars that hold it above us; the stars are our night lamps that will burn until morning."

The river musically sang in a chorus of many voices. No wakefulness came with the hours but only the occasional drowsy opening of the eyes, a listening to the whispering of the trees and the softened murmuring of the water, and an unseen smile of contentment.

Morning brought back the sun unwearied after lighting up all the rest of the world. For breakfast such epicurean delicacies as bacon made crisp over the reawakened fire of fir twigs, trout just brown enough, potatoes delicately fried and coffee like nectar, the whole more seasoned by the marvelous wholesomeness of the out-of-doors than by pepper and salt.

And then a day, a good, long day, with the youngest young lady crooning over her durable dolly in the hammock swung between trees, the mothers stirring about camp and the men folk sweatingly climbing through dewet ferns following a thread of a trail, seeking a way over the mountain ridge to the little Sandy's short course outside the Bull Run reserve.

The fact that we followed the wrong little stream after reaching the top, that we worked through dense growth and over fallen logs where no outlook was possible and finally came back to the big Sandy the middle of the afternoon, merely added to experience, did not add any shadow of disappointment to the shimmering day.

Fact, not fiction, is and always has been written of the quickened appetite of the camp. The dishes needed little washing after we had finished and ferns are most admirable dish towels.

When it was 5 o'clock we went home toward the sunset.

This is the life.

St. Vincent Nurses Go on Still Hunt For Noisy Whistler

Patients and nurses at St. Vincent's hospital were awakened early yesterday morning by a strange whistling.

Nurses ran through the wards to discover the source and caution the person against making so much noise. The person could not be found, but on the roof of the nurses' home adjoining the hospital was a parrot. This parrot was the cause of all the noise, for he was whistling, and whistling continuously.

It is believed that the parrot escaped from a residence near the hospital.

Near Riot Features A Chivari Party

Bridegroom Retaliates by Hurling a Board Into Crowd—Girl Is Knocked Unconscious and Boy Injured.

Celebrating the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Willis Mayo some 80 or 100 children gave the newly wedded couple a charivari at their home at Sixty-fifth avenue and Sixty-eighth street southeast, Friday night.

They had cowbells and they yelled and cheered and called the attention of all Brentwood to the occasion. There were loud calls for the bride and bridegroom, but they failed to make an appearance.

Finally the children threw some pieces of timber, used in building the house, on the porch.

Mr. Mayo threw open the door, picked up one of the sticks, a heavy timber one by four inches, and threw it into the crowd of children.

It struck 14-year-old Andrew Ranquist, who lives at Woodstock avenue and Sixty-seventh street, along the head, inflicting a scalp wound two inches long.

Another piece struck Blanche Merrill, 14 years old, on the side of the face, knocking her unconscious.

The boy was taken to a physician to have the wound sewed up. The girl was revived after 10 minutes.

The other children became frightened and hysterical. A large crowd of men and women who had been watching the fun became threatening. Several women fainted.

There were cries of "Lynch him."

The Mayos went in their house and barricaded the door.

Finally Mrs. Mayo came out to pacify the crowd.

A little 12-year-old girl stepped up to her.

"Why didn't you marry a man?" she asked.

Mrs. Mayo warmly defended her husband.

Late at night the crowd moved away.

Russian Prisoners Dig Up Old Coins

Germans Discover Ancient Money Being Sold at Trifling Prices—Confiscate Amount and Send to Museum.

Berlin, Aug. 12. — (I. N. S.) — The landsturm troops guarding a detachment of war prisoners who are employed in digging draining ditches near Schmetzdorf, West Havelland, recently learned that one of the Russian soldiers was selling ancient coins to his French fellow prisoners.

When questioned the Russian confessed, that while working he unearthed an iron pot filled with old silver pieces. He hid his find and started to sell the coins to the French soldiers for small amounts. Altogether he sold about 25 of the silver pieces, but the buyers gave them up readily when they were requested to do so.

The pot was in a depth of about three feet when the Russian found it. Evidently it had been buried during the Thirty Year war, because the 385 coins it contained are of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The treasure has been sent to the Provincial Museum at Brandenburg. Its numismatic value is estimated at about $2200.

Glass windows were first introduced into England in the eighth century.

Value of Old Coin Turns on Whether Its Date Is Above or Below Plow

Piece Is One Struck Off for Commonwealth of New Jersey; Some Old Money Immensely Valuable; Collection Worth $1,000,000.

New York, Aug. 12.—William C. Cook, former mayor of Branchville, N. J., has recently placed in a safety deposit vault a coin which he considers worth $900. Whether it is worth that sum or only 25 cents hinges on the position of the date.

It is a copper penny issued by the Commonwealth of New Jersey in 1786. The face of it bears the coat of arms of New Jersey—a plow, surmounted by a horse's head, with the superscription "Nova Caesaria (Latin for New Jersey). In all the known coins of that issue, with the exception of two, the date appears underneath the plow, but in those two it is placed on the right, between the beam and the shears. These two numismatists value at $900 each. Only recently William Rider of Utica paid that for one of them. The rest of the issue are worth only 25 cents.

The lack of uniformity in the coins of that period is due to the fact that the dies used in stamping them were made by hand and frequently varied in size. Presumably, in the case of these two coins, the coat of arms was made too large, so that there was no room beneath the date, which in consequence was struck off at the side.

The most valuable coin quoted by numismatists is the "Brasher doubloon," one of which was sold several years ago for $7200. It was made by Ephraim Brasher of New York City in 1787 and was equivalent in value to the Spanish doubloon, approximately $16. In those days private individuals often made their own coins. They stamped their names on them, and in event of their being under weight were responsible for the discrepancy.

In 1792 the United States government issued silver dimes and half-dimes, and it is stated that silver was so scarce here at the time that George Washington donated his family plate.

In the succeeding year the government took over the coinage of copper, followed in 1794 by the coinage of silver, and 1795 by that of gold. Private individuals continued, however, to strike off their own coins, and in 1837 a large number were made and widely circulated, on which were stamped figures and mottoes ridiculing the administration. Private companies in California, Oregon and Colorado continued to issue gold currency until 1883, when it was prohibited by the government.

Virgil M. Brand of Chicago owns the most valuable coin collection in America, numismatics appraising it at $1,000,000. It includes the largest gold coin in the world, which was sold to him three years ago by William Brown of No. 35 Nassau street. This coin, which was issued by Philip III of Spain, is three inches in diameter and one quarter of an inch thick. Other valuable coins are the "Petition Crown" of Charles the Second, for which Spink Brothers of England paid $2500 in 1905, and the United States silver dollar of 1804, one of which sold in Philadelphia recently for $3600.

Police Make a Raid.

Police last night raided a house at 508 Alder street and seized five bottles of beer. Mrs. C. M. Thurston, landlady, and William O'Brien and Thomas Conway were taken into custody, the latter as witnesses. Another woman was allowed to go on promise to appear in court.

The arrests were made by Detectives Cahill and Hill and Policemen Schum, Eubanks, Powell and Richards.

Motorcyclist Is Injured.

Oregon City, Aug. 12.—Jake Garlick, aged 32, head mechanic for the Miller & Parker garage here, sustained a scalp wound and injurel leg in a collision last night. While riding his motorcycle he crashed into an auto driven by J. V. Swan of 235 East Eighteenth street, Portland.

Press Club Invites Charles E. Hughes to Be Its Guest

The Portland Press club has been in telegraphic correspondence with Charles E. Hughes, republican nominee for president, and has extended him an invitation to be a guest at an informal reception to be held Wednesday at the club rooms.

In the invitation it was stated that the affair would be purely informal and that he would be given an opportunity to meet the active newspaper writers of the city and the country editors who are in Portland, and that he would not be called on for a speech if he were still suffering from hoarseness.

Up to last night no definite answer had been received from Mr. Hughes as to whether or not he would accept the invitation, which has the endorsement of Ralph E. Williams, republican national committeeman; Charles L. McNary, republican state chairman, and T. B. Neuhausen, republican vice-state chairman.

Sons and Daughters Of Norway to Picnic

Dancing, Ball Game, Athletic Sports and Singing of Old Norse Songs Planned For Bonneville Outing.

Sons and Daughters of Norway, and the Norwegian Singing society have collaborated on a picnic to be held at Bonneville next Sunday. A special train will leave the Union station at 8:50 a. m. and will bring the party home at 8:30 p. m.

The entertainment program includes dancing, singing of old Norse songs and ballads, ball game, tug of war, races and all manner of other diversions. Special round trip rate of $1 has been arranged and the Norwegians are hopeful of a large attendance.

LOVING LETTER FAILS TO BRING RELEASE OF BOY PSEUDO-HUSBAND

Russian Girl Steels Heart Against Youth Who Has Fooled Her Once.

GIRL IS BUT 15 YEARS OLD

Letter Breathes Undying Affection of Youth Behind Bars and Anxious to Gain His Freedom.

Although Marga Barnstoff or Martha Barnstoff, a Russian girl of 15 years, wants nothing further to do with Jack Schewchek, who is in jail charged with attempting to lead her into a false marriage, Jack Schewchek is still contending that they are lawfully married and asking for the girl's forgiveness that he may be freed.

Two floors of solid steel and concrete separated the two young Russians yesterday at the city jail, but when Schewchek heard that the girl was being cared for by Mrs. Lola G. Baldwin he sent a letter to her via a kind hearted jailer.

The letter was written in Russian and later translated. Here it is with Schewchek's plaint for forgiveness.

"My dear lovely Marfachek.

"I don't know why we are now suffering, my young and dear wife Marfachek. I loved you with all my soul and also I love you now. Dear Marfachek, write me a note why you left me here and why do you injure my young life so that I must suffer and you suffer too. It would be better for us to live together, my dear highly prized Marfachek. Please write to me right away. Written by your loved Yakoff Schewchek.

"Marfachek, I will go to work and you will take the money. I will buy for you whatever you ask for, only let for you come to me and we will speak personally. I love you. I kiss your cheeks and your hands and your white feet.

"Tell me please how soon they will let me go."

The letter was written in vain, however, as Marga refused to reply to it. She wants Schewchek to be punished for trying to make her believe that she was married to him when she was not lawfully his wife according to the customs of this country.

Citizens' Military Recruiting Continues

Next Two Weeks Expected to See Marked Increase in Interest in Training Camp Campaign.

Two weeks more of recruiting for the citizens' military training camp at American lake still remain before the actual start of the innocents on August 28. So far as is now known, most of the Portland men who had enlisted under the previous understanding that the camp would open tomorrow will participate at this later date.

General C. E. Beebe, general chairman of the Portland enlistment committee, is hopeful that the next two weeks will see a more keen interest in the camp. The headquarters at 237 Washington street will remain open until the Saturday before the camp, to explain the objects and results that may be expected from a month of rigorous training in personal development and military maneuvers.

Twenty-nine men are now positively alighed from Portland and nearby cities, but the committee wants at least 100. The postponement of the encampment has considered to have prevented many from joining, but the committee hopes it will enable others to go who could not get away under the earlier period.

The camp expense will be slight to the individual, and those who have returned from the camp at Monterey are enthusiastic over the results of that tryout. This influence, it is believed, will encourage the recruiting during the closing two weeks of enlistment.

Lora Lee Burns' Funeral Held.

The funeral service for Lora Lee Burns was held at Finley's chapel, at 3 o'clock p. m. yesterday. Rev. W. L. Mellinger officiated. Natalie M. Stevenson sang "No Night There," "Gloria Sides Are Blue." The pallbearers were members of the Employe's Beneficial association of the Portland Railway, Light & Power Co. Interment was in Rose City cemetery.

MEMBER OF THE NEW FARM LOAN BOARD IS TO SPEAK TO PEOPLE

Herbert Myrick Delivers Address at Chamber of Commerce Tomorrow Night.

Rural credits and the benefits to the city as well as the farm by the enactment of the recent federal legislation will be discussed by Herbert Myrick, member of the new farm loan board created by the act, who will address the people of Portland at the Chamber of Commerce next Monday night. Mr. Myrick has made a life study of rural credits wherever they are applied, and was one of the men first picked by President Wilson to put the new law into effect.

The address will be public and free to all interested in the general subject of rural credits, and the specific effort Portland is making to secure a land bank.

Mr. Myrick is editor of the Orange Judd farm publications, and has wide experience in the problems of the farm. From his long study of the hardships of the pioneer agriculturist and the later difficulties of the man on the farm in getting his products sown, planted, harvested and sold, he has developed the ideas that largely entered into the new rural credits law.

Catlin Recovering From an Operation

Former Receiver for the Oregon National Bank Said to Be Improving Steadily at Local Hospital.

W. W. Catlin, at one time receiver for the Oregon National bank, is at the home of Mrs. Katherine Irvine, 481 Tenth street, recovering from an operation performed a few days ago by Dr. E. F. Tucker. His condition is steadily improving. The operation was performed at St. Vincent's hospital. Mr. Catlin is the father of Ruth Catlin of the school which bears her name and Holt Catlin of North Yakima, Wash.

Mr. Catlin came here recently from New York, having gone there from California where he has spent several years. He has not been a resident of Portland for a number of years. He is quite well known here, however, having considerable business interests in the northwest.

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