

### DR. SARGENTICH IS DEFENSE WITNESS AT MURDER TRIAL

South Bend, Wash., Feb. 24.—Dr. Spiro Sargentich, former Portland physician, war veteran and Red Cross worker in Serbia, was put on the stand in the trial of J. Fred Welch, charged with dynamiting the dredger Beaver, killing four members of the crew, including the daughter of one of the owners. Dr. Sargentich now resides in Tacoma.

His testimony, offered by the defense, was for the purpose of explaining wild actions by Welch immediately after the explosion and statements at the time and within a few hours of the tragedy which implicated Welch as the dynamiter. Dr. Sargentich testified that Welch might have been out of his head but admitted on cross-examination that much depended on temperament, saying a high strung man would be much more susceptible to hallucinations than one more phlegmatic. Welch has shown the utmost composure throughout the trial. Testimony for the defense is expected to close today without Welch taking the stand.

C. A. Chase, a Tacoma chemist, testifying for the defense, was positive that the explosion at the dredger was caused by gasoline and that it was unlikely that dynamite could have burned the victims, though it might have set off a gasoline explosion. He said that the gasoline might have been set off either by static electricity from a dynamo which had not been running for an hour, by fire in a stove, by a lantern or by the men, who were smoking.

### Corvallis Lays Plans To Improve Streets

Corvallis, Feb. 24.—The city council has authorized the purchase of \$3410 worth of street machinery, including a tractor, scarifier and grader. Plans were discussed for the paving of Jackson street, in which work has already begun. Petitions for paving North Ninth street and opening Twentieth street from Railroad street to the Philomath road are under consideration. An extra policeman to apprehend speeders was authorized.

Any pretty young girl on trial for a great crime may as well get ready to sign a vaudeville contract.

### Man, 80, About to Take His Annual 100-Mile Stroll

Montesano, Wash., Feb. 24.—When the frogs begin to croak and pussy willows get fuzzy, the call of the road gets too strong for C. L. Carpenter of Montesano. He will be 80 years old this summer.

As soon as the weather is a little warmer and the tides are more favorable he will go from Montesano to North Bay and from there walk up the beach, 100 miles or more, to Cape Flattery and Neah Bay.

But who will go with him? An appeal through the local paper for a companion on the trip has met with little response.

Probably it is because of Carpenter's reputation as a walker. For many years he has taken long trips and has covered the route of this spring's trip several times already. He came to this county in 1878 and helped sectionize a great part of the Harbor country. In 1891 he was employed by an oil syndicate in staking off claims along the coast and was with the government mineralogist who made the famous discovery that Shi Shi beach had been "planted" with refined oil. That broke up the oil boom in that section.

Carpenter is a balliff in Judge Sheek's division of the superior court.

### Punish Those Who Bet on Individual Play, Says Landis

Boston, Feb. 24.—(I. N. S.)—Penalization of men who bet on individual play in baseball games as well as the organized, professional gamblers, was recommended by Judge K. M. Landis in a letter received today by Representative Hugh J. Lacey of Holyoke. The letter was written in reply to the request of Lacey, who asked for comments on his bill now before the legislature, designed to punish fraudulent participation in baseball games.

### Montesano Mill Is Operating Again

Montesano, Feb. 24.—After a four-months' shutdown, the Fir Products mill opened Tuesday with more than 100 men on the payroll.

Publishers Meet. Centralia, Wash., Feb. 24.—A meeting of Southwest Washington newspaper publishers and printers was held Sunday in Centralia.

### STAY FOR APPEAL PREVENTS HANGING

Vale, Or., Feb. 24.—An appeal was filed Wednesday in the George Howard case and Judge Dalton Biggs granted a stay of execution to the Malheur county boy, who was to have been hanged Friday for the murder of George R. Sweeney, Vale tailor and salesman.

This will give Howard several months more of life, whichever way the supreme court decides, as the case will not be taken up before that body until it sits in Pendleton in June.

A petition was circulated last week in Malheur county for signatures asking Governor Olcott to commute Howard's sentence to life imprisonment. It is not known how many signed the petition, but many refused and made their refusal known to others.

The trial created more interest in Eastern Oregon than any other trial in the court history for signatures asking Governor Olcott to commute Howard's sentence to life imprisonment. It is not known how many signed the petition, but many refused and made their refusal known to others.

### Commerce Students To Form Chamber

University of Oregon, Eugene, Feb. 24.—The majors in the school of commerce are planning the formation of a chamber of commerce with the intention of becoming a part of the national association of chambers of commerce. Barney Garrett of Hillsboro is chairman and members of the committee are: Homer Morrishaw, Halsey; Frank Miller, Albany; Rosa MacKenna, Eugene; George Lowden, Portland; Wilbur Carl, Portland; Ernest and Stanley Evans, Eugene; Victor Sether, Glendale; Ruth Lane, Wanda Brown, Mildred Aumiller and Marjorie Stout, Eugene.

### Fire Does \$15,000 Damage at Hoquiam

Aberdeen, Wash., Feb. 24.—The plant of the Grays Harbor Iron & Machine company at Hoquiam was damaged by fire Wednesday, the loss being \$15,000. The plant has been closed for several days on account of a strike, but this is not known to have any connection with the fire.

### Grapefruit Sans 'Squirt' Will Soon Make Appearance

Washington, Feb. 24.—(U. P.)—The "squirtless" grapefruit may appear shortly on the American breakfast table. The new product, designed to spare the eye from a citrus shower, is known as the tangelo. It is a hybrid, the offspring of the tangerine and the grapefruit, but is more tender than its parents.

### Springfield Fire Damage Is Heavy; Loss Held \$20,000

Eugene, Or., Feb. 24.—Fire which broke out in the Baker Jewelry store in Springfield about 11 o'clock Wednesday night destroyed that building and three others and damaged adjoining property, causing a loss estimated at \$20,000. The Palace pool hall and the Wilson jewelry and variety store, with apartments on the upper floors, were practically gutted, while considerable damage was done to the Grays cash grocery by water. The latter stock was owned by Ralph Gray of Eugene, while the building occupied by the pool hall was owned by Charles H. Fisher of Eugene.

The Eugene fire department was rushed to the scene at once, and, with the Springfield apparatus, controlled the fire. The Odd Fellows' temple, adjoining the grocery store, escaped with slight damage. The equipment of the Palace poolhall was carried out of the building and saved. Ralph Gray announced today that he will open in a new location at once.

### 350 Men Lose Jobs In Hillyard Shops

Spokane, Wash., Feb. 24.—(U. P.)—Adding to nearly 350 unemployed at its Hillyard shops, the Great Northern railway this afternoon announced a five-week layoff for more than 600 men. Only skeleton crews will be retained. Work resumes April 4.

### Underwood Objects To Losing Station

White Salmon, Feb. 24.—The proposed elimination of a station at Underwood during the winter months, suggested by railroad officials, is meeting with strenuous opposition by residents of the

district, and a delegation of Underwood people is expected shortly to wait on the officials of the S. P. & S., objecting to the move.

### Seattle Selected by Retail Credit Men

Spokane, Feb. 24.—(U. P.)—Seattle was picked here, at a convention of the Northwestern Retail Credit Men's association, for the 1922 meeting place. Portland and Tacoma swung behind the Seattle delegation and the selection today was unanimous.

### Wallowa Lake Is Completely Frozen; Skating Enjoyed

Joseph, Or., Feb. 24.—Wallowa lake is frozen over completely for the first time this winter and skating is enjoyed by people from the valley towns. The ice is as clear as crystal and rocks and fish may be seen many feet below the surface.

Public spirited young people have opened a reading room with 61 books and many magazines donated.

### Summer Camp Death Mystery Is Solved by Rupert Hughes

Readers Follow with Excited Interest Noted Author's Development of Tragic Case of Clelia Blakeney, Found Frozen in Lake at Mountain Resort; Tells Dramatic Story in Great Novel, "Beauty," Now Running in The Red Book Magazine.

The deep seclusion of the Adirondack forests is giving up one of the strongest and most thrillingly tragic stories of the century. Clelia Blakeney, society favorite and amateur actress of exceptional talent, celebrated for beauty and a native wit, is dead in singular and puzzling circumstances. The most painstaking search long failed to reveal trace of any clue to the cause of death.

Miss Blakeney's dead body, clad only in a silk night dress, and her hair loose and flying as if she were running in the wind, was found in all its natural loveliness imprisoned in the ice close by the shore of one of much-frequented mountain lakes.

Lying beneath the frozen surface of the lake, her face turned to the sky and her hands folded upon her bosom, with only a small wound upon her brow to suggest possible murder, the girl's body was discovered by a rich young Texas mine-owner named Larrick, one of the guests at the camp.

Blizzard Hinders Search. Between the time of Miss Blakeney's strange disappearance and the startling discovery of her body locked in the ice, a blizzard raged through the mountains. A desperate search was begun for her as soon as she was missed, but the fierceness of the winter storm greatly hindered the quest of those who beat the mountain trails and on snowshoes carried the search to other camps.

The Texan, Larrick, nearly lost his life in struggling through the blizzard. He was rescued from being lost by Miss Nancy Fleet of New York, who is famous as an outdoors woman. After repeated failure to find any trace of Miss Blakeney in the mountains, Larrick turned to the lake. At the first visit it yielded no trace of the missing girl.

Visiting it again at a point where the wind sweeping around a point of the shore, he came unexpectedly upon the ghostly vision of the missing girl. Days had passed since her disappearance, and her slender figure was encased as solidly in the clear ice as a gem in its matrix.

Body in Ice Casket. Finding it impossible to chop the ice away from the figure which it imprisoned, a huge, oblong block was sawed from the lake's surface and conveyed to the camp, where it was left in a low temperature outdoors. Leaning against the rough walls of a huge log cabin, this ghastly memento of a mysterious tragedy presented a picture probably never before seen.

The dead girl appeared as one asleep in a glass case. Her silken nightgown seemed to ripple about her figure, clearly outlining it in all its frail beauty, yet never suggesting that it bore even a featherweight's pressure from the encasing crystal. Through the ice, little flaws and therefore well nigh perfectly transparent, the small wound on the forehead had yielded no clue to its cause.

The snow filled trails and the banked and drifted premises have yielded no faintest hint as to what manner, foul or accidental, Miss Blakeney came to her death. It is accepted as a fact that she died on the first day of the storm, probably early in the morning before it came roaring down out of the north to blanket the mountains.

Not Seen on Tragic Day. Miss Blakeney was not seen on the day of her disappearance so far as is known. She was one of a numerous party which, because of the mild winter, had lingered at the remote camp long past the usual time of departure. This party included, besides Miss Blakeney, Mrs. Roantrée, the owner of the camp, a hostess of the party; Larrick Roy Coykendall, whose domestic unhappiness has long been a topic of sympathetic gossip with his set; Burnley, the painter of winter landscapes; Randel, the sculptor, Miss Fleet, a young girl, who was responsible for the presence of Larrick and the various guides, chauffeurs and tentious mountain camp.

All these, except two or three employees who were to be left to care for the camp, were prepared to return to New York on the day of Miss Blakeney's disappearance, word having arrived of the approaching storm. The camp, fifteen miles from a railroad, is easily accessible in the summer and autumn, but when heavy snow falls it is cut off from civilization.

Maid Discovers Disappearance. On the morning of the intended breaking up of camp Miss Blakeney's maid carried breakfast to the noted beauty's room. It was then that her disappearance was discovered. Miss Blakeney's clothes were in the room just as she had left them, the maid said when she was asked the night before. Her pet dog was in his usual place, sleeping on a silk skirt.

A wide open window, through which blew a winter wind to chill the room beyond comfort for sleeping, represented the room's only change from its usual condition. However, it did not at first cause any alarm.

Word of Miss Blakeney's disappearance soon spread to all the cabins occupied by the guests. Few of them took her absence seriously. "They knew her to be of a mischievous nature and that she was hiding for the sensation she might be able to make at a time when all were hurrying to get to railroad before the storm could block the way."

Some knew she preferred staying in the camp to returning to the city, and expressed the belief she had concealed herself to compel the others to go on without her. She would not be entrusted without companionship, pleasant companionship, were she to remain behind.

Larrick Man of Courage. Others explained Miss Blakeney's absence by presuming that, for a prank, she had driven to the station one of the trucks carrying the baggage, and that she had walked down the road and would await being overtaken by the automobiles in which the party

would travel the fifteen miles out of the wilderness. But Larrick was genuinely alarmed, and he was the only one in the party who might have been expected to retrace his steps. Before he had discovered a cinch pocket and a large watch, a man of dauntless courage, in a Texas sloop he once walked up to the muzzle of a gun drawn by a drunken and murderous planman and in coolly performing this feat of bravery he had probably saved the life of a young man, Mr. Larrick's introduction into the rich and somewhat famous world of Clelia Blakeney was the brightest ornament.

When the wind began rising at the camp, forewarning the party of the storm, all who were determined to retrace their steps hurried away in the motors. Larrick and Mrs. Roantrée, remaining behind, nervously continued their search for Miss Blakeney. They battered down the doors of locked closets, sent guides hurrying to distant camps, searched all buildings, explored the woods round about the camp, and raced along the trails calling the name of the missing girl. There was no lessening of effort after the storm came down in its full fury, but it soon rendered hopeless every attempt to trace the girl's movements. She had disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed her. It was evident that when she left the room, if indeed, she had left, she wore only her thin nightgown and light slippers, made for indoor wear. During his search Larrick's mind kept turning all the while to the lake, but she had disappeared under a shroud of snow. He hoped someone would get through to the camp word from New York that Miss Blakeney had turned up there safe and sound.

Then, after days of torturing worry, came his dream of discovery of the body and its strange removal to the camp, where Larrick, they say, sat night after night, his eyes fixed on a death watch that would strike terror into the heart of a man less brave. Through his window he kept gazing over the ghostly status of Clelia Blakeney in its icy shroud on the moonlit veranda of the main cabin. With him in the camp were Mrs. Roantrée, Miss Fleet, who in rising alarm, returned from the railroad to the camp, where Larrick, they say, sat night after night, his eyes fixed on a death watch that would strike terror into the heart of a man less brave. Through his window he kept gazing over the ghostly status of Clelia Blakeney in its icy shroud on the moonlit veranda of the main cabin. From none of these has any explanation of the crime been obtained. The death of the famous beauty promises to offer for months to come one of the most exciting and puzzling of mysteries.

Tragedy Presents Many Questions. Did Clelia Blakeney walk in her sleep from her room and, wandering to the lake, die of accidental drowning? Or did this spirited but somewhat inscrutable girl have a morose second nature which led her to destroy herself? Was she the victim of a murderous attack by a jealous suitor, of whom, it is declared, there were at least two in the camp, one of them a married man whose attentions, it is admitted, Miss Blakeney did not discourage? Did some woodman, encouraged by her frankness of manner with all sorts and conditions of people, and aroused by the lure of her great beauty, enter the room, slay her, and, fearing the consequences of his act, murder her and carry her body to the lake? Or did this young woman, known to be daring up to a certain point, meet her death in one of the detached cabins which huddle about the camp's main cabin? The main guests in the camp each had a separate cabin. Friends Survey Victim's Career. Out of the forests, impenetrable when the winds so far as it has been revealed by Rupert Hughes. This novel, dramatic, essayist, psychologist and soldier whose reads exceed in number those of any other author in America, has kept concealed the great mystery which will explain the tragedy. Much remains to be assembled about the life and the unfortunate young woman and all the members of the gay circle in which she moved. When that is done the mystery will be cleared away. Persons informed regarding Mr. Hughes' methods of investigation and aware of his genius for narration await with abated breath his springing of his surprise. His stories always breathe a new life into the March issue of THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE, on sale today at all newsstands.—Adv.



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