

THE WORLD'S NEWS OF TODAY IN BRIEF

Butte, Mont., March 22.—The Butte miners' union, in reply to a telegram from Lawson predicting a cut in wages and claiming that the Amalgamated has millions of pounds of copper stored in anticipation of a shut-down and strike, sent the following telegram to Lawson: "The miners of Montana need no stock jobber or bucketshop manipulator to take care of their interests. The Butte miners' union has for twenty years maintained a satisfactory scale of wages and friendly relations with the companies employing them, and the present management has entire confidence in the union." The union alleges that Lawson is trying to depreciate the value of Butte property for stock jobbing purposes.

Columbus, Ohio, March 23.—Governor Pattison's physicians have issued a bulletin saying he is not so well. A dropsical condition has developed at the base of the lung.

Boston, March 23.—In the winter just ended 81 lives were lost, 45 vessels wrecked and hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of property destroyed along the New England coast.

New York, March 23.—Colonel Mann pleaded not guilty this morning to the charge of perjury, and asked for an immediate trial. Jerome said: "Mann will be tried when the district attorney is ready."

London, March 23.—A launch belonging to the Standard Oil Company has been seized in Chinese waters by pirates and a number of American rifles and 1000 rounds of ammunition taken. The American gunboat Callao is enroute to the scene.

Washington, March 23.—It is understood the commission that investigated the wreck of the Valencia off Vancouver Island is now at work in this city on the report, which will attach no blame to the officials of the steamship inspection service of the North Coast.

Washington, March 23.—Alfonso Zelaya, son of the president of Nicaragua, secured a marriage license today to wed Margarita Baker, from whom the youth's parents have made vain efforts to separate him.

Indianapolis, March 23.—Contrary to expectations the joint scale committee met again this morning, but held out meagre hopes of a peaceful settlement of the coal strike.

It is believed the crisis has passed. The two sides are more inclined to be patient with each other. At noon a recess was announced. No definite action was taken. The operators who yesterday sent word they would be home today telegraphed it might be several days. Robbins' proposition to adopt the 1913 scale was rejected. Robbins cast his vote with the miners, making 23 favoring, but unanimous action is required.

Chicago, March 23.—Bituminous coal is quoted here this morning at an advance of 50 cents. Anthracite is stationary, but it is predicted it will rise the first of April. The supply is limited and it is hard to get shipments from the mines. The railroads are the heaviest buyers.

Washington, March 23.—The case against Blinger Hermann was called today and the motion of the defendant asking for a bill of particulars was granted. District Attorney Baker was prepared to furnish the bill and immediately submitted a list of the letter books belonging to the government, with the dates of the same, which are alleged to have been destroyed. Attorney Worthington is absent from the city and the date of the trial has been deferred until his return.

Philippi, W. Va., March 23.—Twenty-one dead bodies have been recovered from the Gentry mine, and eleven dead are still in the shaft. Over 300 were in the mine at the time of the explosion, which was caused by dust. The dead are mostly Poles and Hungarians. The explosion occurred yesterday afternoon. The mine is owned by Shaw Bros., of Baltimore, and is located 20 miles south-west of Philippi.

New York, March 23.—Batling Nelson has been matched to fight Aurelio Herrera, the fight to take place before the Pacific Coast Athletic Club

between May 7 and 12 for a purse of \$20,000, the winner to receive \$6000. In addition Nelson is to receive \$4000.

New York, March 23.—Hadley today said: "If Rockefeller wishes to hold his infant grandson in his arms he will have to declare a truce and arrange with his lawyers to permit him to come to New York without interference if fear of subpoena service is keeping him away. He is an old man, probably wrapped up in the baby. Give him time until the baby is able to be taken back to Lakewood." Rogers has agreed to appear and answer questions without further objection.

Chicago, March 23.—The board of trustees of the Northwestern University has abolished football for five years.

Wallace, Idaho, March 23.—The local officers of the Western Federation of Miners here deny any complicity in the attempt to assassinate Sheriff Angus Sutherland by Bill Hanna here last night. Sutherland was shot in the neck, but the wound is not fatal. A desperate encounter followed the shooting, and Hanna was overpowered, disarmed and placed in jail. Excitement runs high. Hanna shot the sheriff to escape a writ of restitution of railroad land from being served on him.

Boston, March 23.—Lawson today notified a state official that he has obtained positive proof that the New York Life and Mutual Life are still rebating policies, giving them away in return for proxies. He suggests civil and criminal proceedings to drive the concerns from Massachusetts. He offers a copy of a policy issued by the New York Life to Albert Parrott, with an affidavit that Parrott paid nothing except that he delivered his proxy to the agent.

San Francisco, March 22.—In ten minutes of court proceedings today Mrs. Mary A. Huntington was divorced from Henry E. Huntington, nephew of the late Collis P. Huntington, traction magnate and multimillionaire. They had been wedded thirty years. Mrs. Huntington told Judge Graham the story of their marital relations and said there was no community property. E. P. Prentice, a brother, testified that the couple had not maintained marital relations for years. No settlement was asked and it is understood a division of property was arranged out of court. There are four children, all of age. Mrs. Huntington left the courtroom to take passage on the Korea for Japan.

Washington, March 22.—On the statehood bill Representative Hermann, of Oregon, is voting with the Democrats against the measure.

Vancouver, Wash., March 22.—N. C. Edwards, a poor well-digger of this city, aged 62 years, has just fallen heir to a fortune of \$275,000, part of an estate left by an uncle in New York City.

Columbus, March 22.—Despite all denials, Governor Pattison's condition is such that it is impossible to conjecture what the next 24 hours may bring forth. Signs of exhaustion, long feared, have appeared.

Portland, March 22.—It was officially announced today that the American-Hawaiian Steamship Company will place the steamers Nebraska and Nevada on a regular run between Portland, Puget Sound ports and Hawaii.

Indianapolis, Ind., March 22.—A leading operator is credited with the statement that an agreement between the miners and the operators is found to be absolutely impossible. A motion to adjourn sine die was made in the joint scale committee this morning.

Washington, March 22.—Gompers was closeted with labor leaders today discussing the interview with the president yesterday. It is likely he will begin the propaganda problems enumerated in the memorial to be presented to the president.

Indianapolis, March 22.—Robbins is said to have admitted that peace is impossible. The joint conference took a recess till this afternoon without considering the motion to adjourn, apparently a deadlock.

Philadelphia, March 24.—Former Mayor Asbridge, one of the last of the Quay politicians, died this morning.

Washington, March 24.—A call was issued today for a joint caucus of the

senate and house Republican members April 4 to organize a congressional committee. It is practically settled that Sherman, of New York, will be chairman, and Dawson, of Iowa, secretary.

Constantinople, March 24.—Redra Pasha, chief of police of this city, was murdered while enroute from his country home to his office today.

Washington, March 24.—The waterways commission, headed by General Ernst, presented a report on Niagara to congress today, recommending legislation limiting the amount of power to be permitted to be taken from the falls.

Boise, Idaho, March 24.—Wm. D. Haywood was brought from Caldwell this afternoon and placed in the Ada county jail with Moyer and Pettibone, all charged with complicity in the assassination of Governor Steunenberg.

Chicago, March 24.—Richard Ivens was today found guilty and sentenced to death for the murder of Mrs. Jessie Hollister.

Walla Walla, Wash., March 23.—U. H. Berney, a prominent fruitgrower and president of the Walla Walla Produce Company, is authority for the statement that last week's cold snap cleared valley orchards of San Jose scale, which has caused an annual loss of thousands of dollars to Walla Walla fruit men.

New York, March 24.—John D. Rockefeller, Sr., arrived here last night in his covered auto to visit his grandson at the residence of his son. He is feeble and is apparently suffering extreme weakness.

Portland, March 24.—Because he feared insanity from brooding over the death of a loved one, C. E. Sparks, a printer, aged 40, slashed his throat with a razor this morning on the grave of his wife at Lone Fir cemetery. He was found by the sexton and taken to a hospital. He may recover.

Manila, March 24.—In an engagement between the constabulary and fanatics on the Pulajanes islands, the Samar island governor, George Curry, is reported missing.

Gresham, Or., March 24.—Two Japanese laborers, while thawing dynamite on the Hillard ranch near Boring, were blown up this morning. Only fragments of their bodies were found.

Mount Holly, N. J., March 24.—Rufus Johnson and George Small, negroes, were hanged this morning for the murder of Miss Florence Allison on January 19 of this year. The motive was robbery.

Huntington, Ind., March 24.—The threatened coal strike is given as a reason for closing the locomotive shops on the Chicago & Erie road. Over 300 men are idle.

Manila, March 24.—The battleship Wisconsin received rush orders to sail at midnight for Shanghai.

Gibraltar, March 24.—The U. S. drydock Davey is nearing here and will pass through the straits Sunday or Monday.

A PORTLAND TRAGEDY THIS AFTERNOON

Portland, March 23.—Allie Gordon, a concert hall singer, aged 41, was shot and killed this afternoon by Robert Blodgett, who followed her to this city from Kalspell, Montana. She was lying in bed when Blodgett bent over her and kissed her, then fired the bullet, took a carnation from the bureau, placed it on her breast and calmly awaited the arrival of the officers. He was infuriated with the woman, who had endeavored to escape him.

Blodgett is from The Dalles. He fired four shots. The Van Noy lodging house was the scene of the murder.

Have you weakness of any kind—stomach, back, or any organs of the body? Don't dope yourself with ordinary medicine. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea is the supreme curative power. 3c cents. Lida Drug Co.

STANDARD OWNS OTHER COMPANIES

New York, March 24.—H. H. Rogers was the principal figure in the hearing of Missouri's ouster suits against the Standard Oil Company today. When questioned regarding the officials of the subsidiary companies he said that D. A. Moffatt was president of the Standard, of Indiana. He sent for the records that Hadley wanted. Rogers said he did not own any stock in the Waters-Pierce Company, but had "heard of the company." Answering Hadley's charge that the Waters-Pierce, Republic and Standard were all the same, Rogers said his knowledge of such details was limited. Attorney Eddy interrupted by saying the defense would admit that the Standard of New Jersey controlled these companies.

Hadley said: "I am perfectly satisfied. Admissions are the very thing I came for." The grace with which the admissions are made and the signed statement showing the ownership being given to Hadley, creates suspicion and some are saying the Standard has a trick which is yet unearthed in the deal.

HEARD OF HIS 'UNCLE JOHN.'

William G. Rockefeller, a bald young man, who followed Rogers on the stand, is assistant treasurer of the Standard Oil Co. He said that he had heard that his Uncle John was "president of Standard Oil." Leaving the building William outstripped the photographers, who had followed like a pack of hounds. He proved a faster runner than any of them, and escaped their cameras.

FIVE HUNDRED HEAD OF SHEEP LOST

Vale, Or., March 21.—The coldest weather for many years has prevailed here during the past two weeks. Snow fell 18 inches deep and the government thermometer registered 15 below zero.

The blizzard took the stockmen unawares. Five hundred head of sheep were reported to have been lost by James White, who was moving from Westfall to this place. Twenty head of cattle of Charles Beck's died from starvation recently while he was attempting to move them to Malheur valley from Westfall.

There is no hay to be bought in the vicinity of Vale since the cold snap. Stockmen are feeding corn and grain, paying \$1.65 per 100 pounds for corn to be hauled from Ontario to Vale. Two dollars and a quarter is paid by Westfall men, the grain to be hauled from the same place.

Warm weather has set in here and the snow is melting fast. A destructive flood is feared, caused by the deep snow in the mountains west of Vale.

STANFORD AND BERKELEY TO PLAY RUGBY GAME

San Francisco, March 23.—The first inroad by the Rugby football game into the arena of American university athletics has been accomplished in California, partly as a result of the prevalent dissatisfaction at the roughness of the intercollegiate game and partly in consequence of the splendid exhibition of the Rugby game given here recently by New Zealand and British Columbia teams.

At a meeting of the athletic committee of the University of California and Stanford University a resolution was passed substituting the Rugby game for the intercollegiate as heretofore played. There is considerable dissatisfaction among the students of the two universities at the action of the committee, but nothing can be done. They must either play Rugby or give up football.

MAY ABANDON CADET CORPS AT O. A. C.

Corvallis, Or., March 21.—Corvallis is wondering whether the Oregon Agricultural College is to lose its cadet corps as a result of the recent differences between the faculty and Lieutenant D. P. Quinlan, who was relieved from duty yesterday by direction of President Roosevelt.

President Gatch will say nothing about the affair, but he does not appear to be seriously alarmed over the outlook. It is pointed out that drill can go on among the students even without the sanction of the war department. So far as known no word has been received of the appointment of a successor to Lieutenant Quinlan

(Continued from page 4)

Callahan both on the special, maybe past order giving now. Only Martin Duffy to take the double load and the double shame. He stared, dazed again, into the faces around as he held to the fiery surgeon. "Morgan," he added sturdily, looking at the surly wrecker, "get up your crew, quick. Doubleday, make up all the coaches in the yard for an ambulance train. Get every doctor in town to go with you. Tracy, clear the line!"

The master mechanic and Benedict Morgan clattered downstairs. Carhart, running to the telephone, told central to summon every medical man in the yard and hurried out. Before he had covered a block, roundhouse callers, like flaws of wind before a storm, were scurrying the streets and from the tower of the fire house sounded the harsh clang of the emergency gong for the wreckers.

Caught where they could be caught, out of saloons, beds, poker joints, Salvation barracks, churches, the men of the wrecking crew ran down the silent streets, waking now fast into life. Congregations were dispersed, hymns cut, prayers forgotten, bars deserted, bells emptied, barracks riddled at that call, the emergency gong call, fell as a fire bell for the Mountain division wrecking gang.

While the yard crews shot up and down the spurs, switching coaches into the relief train, Benedict Morgan, with solid volleys of oaths, was organizing his men and filling them at the lunch counters with huge scooners of coffee. Carhart pushed again through the jam of men and up to the dispatchers' office. Before and behind him crowded the local physicians with instrument bags and bandages. The omnibus baggage deposited on the office floor, they sat down about the room or hovered around Carhart, asking for details. Doubleday, tall and grim, came over from the roundhouse. Benedict Morgan stamped up from the yard. The Mountain division was ready.

All three dispatchers were in the room. John Mallers, the day man, stood near Tracy, who had relieved Giddings. The line was clear for the relief run. Elcho had been notified of the impending disaster, and at Tracy's elbow sat the chief, looking fixedly at the key, taking the bob of the sounder with his eye. A dozen men in the room were talking, but they spoke as men who, speaking, wait on the life of a fuse. Duffy, with suspense deepening into frenzy, pushed Tracy's hand from the key and, sliding into the chair, began once more to call his brother at Rat River.

"R. T. — R. T. — R. T. — R. T. —" clicked the River call. "R. T. — R. T. — R. T. — Bob — Bob — Bob," spelled the sender. "Answer me, answer, answer. R. T. — R. T. — R. T. — R. T. —"

And Barnes Tracy edged away and leaned back to where the shadow hid his face, and John Mallers, turning from the pleading of the current, stared gloomily out of the window across the yard, shimmering under the double relay of arc lights, and young Giddings, who couldn't stand it—just couldn't stand it—bending on his stool, shook with gulping sobs.

The others knew nothing of the heart-breaking in the little clicks. But they all knew the track—knew where the trains would meet; knew they could not by any possibility see each other till they whirled together on the curve of the Cinnamon cut or on the trestle west of it, and they waited only for the breaking of the suspense that settled heavily over them.

Ten, twenty, thirty, forty minutes went, with Martin Duffy at intervals vainly calling. Then, as the crack opens on the field of ice, as the snow breaks in the mountain slide, as the sea gives up at last its dead, the sander spoke—Rat River made the dispatcher's call. And Martin Duffy, staring at the copper coil, pushed himself up in his chair like a man that chokes, caught smothering at his neck, and slipped wriggling to the floor.

Carhart caught him up, but Duffy's eyes stared meaningless past him. Rat River was calling him, but Martin Duffy was past the taking. Like the man next at the gun, Barnes Tracy sprang into the chair with the I. I. D. The surgeon, Giddings helping, dragged Duffy to the lounge in Callahan's room—his chief was more to Giddings than the fate of Special 326. But soon confused voices began to ring from where men were crowding around the dispatchers' table. They echoed in to where the doctors worked over the raving chief. And young Giddings, helping, began, too, to hear strange things from the other room.

"The moon?"

"The moon?"

"The moon?"

"What?"

Barnes Tracy was trying to make himself heard:

"The moon! Moon! That's English, ain't it? Moon?"

"Who's talking at Rat River?" demanded Benedict Morgan hoarsely.

"Chick Neale, conductor of third eighty. Their train is back at Rat River. God bless that man," stammered Barnes Tracy, wiping his forehead feverishly. "He's an old operator. He says Bob Duffy is missing. Tell Martin, quick, there isn't any wreck—quick!"

"What does Neale say?" cried Doubleday, with an explosion.

Tracy thought he had told them, but he hadn't. "He says his engineer, Abe Monsoon, was scared by the moon rising just as they cleared Kennel Butte," explained Tracy unsteadily. "He took it for the headlight of Special 326 and jumped from his engine. The fireman backed the train to Rat River. See?"

train, wondering where they were going to meet it, when the moon spied the moon coming up Kennel Butte curve. "There's the moon!" he yelled and reversed the gangway. Monsoon reversed and ed off after him so quick he had the fireman over in the coal. The fireman got up—he hadn't heard the word of it all—he couldn't see ahead but the moon. So he ran train and backs up for the moon. When Neale and he picked up they ran right back to Rat River. Orders. They never got to Kennel Butte at all—why, they never got to east of Rat River."

"And where's Special 326?" Doubleday.

"At Rock Point, you know. It's at Rock and waiting for the eighty. The stopping of the



Monsoon reversed and jumped him.

gave her plenty of time to get to meeting point, don't you see, she is, sweating, yet Neale's operator. By heaven, give me of the key against the world! God, from whom all blessings come. "Then there isn't to be any ventured a shy little lady physician, who had been crying the fray to help do up the Knights and was modestly waiting opportunity."

"Not tonight," announced the dignity of a man temporary charge of the entire division.

A yell went out of the roundhouse. Doubleday and Morgan had not spoken to each other since the night of the roundhouse that was two years. They stared der struck to each other. Impulsively put out his hand before he could pull it in again. The boss grabbed it like a pro. Carhart, who was catching his breath from the rattle of young Giddings wild trying to repeat it to Duffy out losing it in his throat. This was opening his eyes, trying to stand.

Medical men of vocation at schools—allopaths, homeopaths, eclectic—made their path a whoop. A redheaded doctor had rung himself in for a few the horror, threw his emergency sets into the middle of the doctors caught the impulsive ment cases were laid with solemnity on the heap, and a dozen men, joining hands around the saws and gauze, struck up "Dred."

Engineer Monsoon was a doctor who had been over a dozen times before in his life, both daylight. For that emergency Monsoon was the man of all causes it takes more than moon to scare a thoroughgoing End engineer. But Monsoon's moon headlight had between the De Molay Four from the relief arrangements. Monsoon's headlight were the first to be more. Martin Duffy eleven weeks with brain fever they could say moon again. He had skipped into the moon very hour that he had disappeared. He has never shown up since, but Martin is sure and they think more of the Mountain district than ever.

Bucks got the whole thing. De Molay Four reached Rat River at night. Bucks and Callahan and Oyster and Pat Francis smiled grimly. Nobody else. 326 even dreamed of leaving that Sunday night in the cut. All the rest of the evening smiled just the same at De and the Knightesses, and they him, for a bachelor, wondering taining.

A month later, when the more or less ragged, came back from Frisco, Bucks came over a train, and he told his vania cronies what they had through in that delay at Rock. "Just luck," laughed one of the ern superintendents, who watch chain an enormous with "Our Trust Is In God" on it. "Just luck," he laughed. "It?"

"Maybe," murmured Bucks through the Wickup winding Teton peaks. "That is, just that that back on the Peak. I guess they'd call it. Just God."