

## INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE STATE

### APPLE CROP GAINING.

Cold Weather in Hood River Zone Promotes Big Yield.

Hood River—With every indication pointing to the biggest crop of apples by far that the Hood River valley ever had, the growers' union, individual shippers and merchants are making active preparations for an increased local storage capacity to handle the fruit, which present estimates place at upwards of 1,000,000 boxes. With work begun and plans under way, the storage plants of the community will have their capacity greatly enlarged before the fall harvest begins.

"While we will make no definite plans until after the annual meeting of the stockholders here in April," says C. H. Sprout, manager of the local union, "we propose to make a great increase in our storage warehouses." The union made the purchase last year of a number of lots adjoining the present storage and refrigerating plant. The present capacity of the union building is 40,000 boxes. It is hoped that at the meeting a strong concerted action will be made to increase this capacity to several hundred thousand boxes.

### FAMILIES COME WEST.

Colonists' Children Will Assist in Work on Home Farms.

Hood River—Since the westbound trains filled with homeseekers have been passing through Hood River the past week, about ten families have stopped to make this valley their future home. A significant fact about newcomers this year is that all seem to have made definite plans before leaving their Eastern homes.

Many have relatives who have already secured places for them. Friday a family with ten children arrived from Missouri. The children will assist in raising strawberries.

The colonists do not linger long in the city, but strike straight for the communities they have chosen for home spots in the country. The class of homeseekers coming this year is especially gratifying to Hood River people.

### MAN FILES ON LOST ACRE.

Government Surveyors Overlook Land Which Becomes Valuable.

Roseburg—An unusual transaction was recorded at the Roseburg United States land office when John McNeill, of Southern Oregon, filed upon an acre of land abutting the city limits of Medford, omitted from the territory embraced in government surveys. In the event McNeill resides on the land continuously for 14 months he can purchase the same from the government for \$2.50, and should he wish to waive this payment he can secure a government patent to the land at the expiration of five years.

### Berry Output Increases.

Portland—An increased production of strawberries is expected in the Hood River and Mosier districts this year, and the O. W. R. & N. company is preparing to give the growers special service to Eastern points where the berries are sold.

In 1910 the Hood River districts exported 62 carloads of berries from the state. This year the output will be approximately 100 carloads, according to early estimates. They are shipped to points in North Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin and as far East as Chicago.

### Big Crop in Grand Ronde.

Imbler—The estimate now for the fruit crop of the Grande Ronde valley for 1912, including pears and peaches, is 1,000 carloads. The fruitgrowers are agitating the marketing problem and the president of the Eastern Oregon district fruitgrowers' association has issued a letter to the growers to get their reports for 1911 and their ideas as to a selling agency. About 75 inches of snow has fallen over the grain section of the Grande Ronde valley and furnished excellent protection for the winter grain.

### Fish May Take Siesta.

Oregon City—Following a visit to Oregon City and an inspection of the falls, where salmon collect in large numbers, three members of the Fish and Game commission issued an order that the deadline at Oregon City for net fishermen shall be moved down 1,000 feet, or to a point on the river from the O. W. R. & N. dock to a pier on the West side of the river. This order will go into effect on May 1, the date the present order closing the Willamette river to commercial fishing expires.

### Gold Miners Are Prosperous.

Grants Pass—The mining business in Southern Oregon is beginning to get back its former good condition of a few years ago. Miners are patronizing the banks as a result of the present excellent outlook. Every few days some miner with pick and shovel returns to town with plenty of change in the shape of raw gold. Charles Burkholder brought in recently a nugget that is a fine specimen of what may be found in the hills of Josephine county. It weighed a value of \$120.

### Farmers Give Land For Railway.

Eugene—So anxious are farmers along the river road northwest of Eugene to have the Portland & Eugene electric line extended into their territory that they have offered to deed to the county six feet more land along their property to make the road 66 feet in order that a 40-foot strip might be turned over to the electric company. The question of a franchise for the railway company will come before the court for hearing soon.

### Traps Six Wild Animals.

Albany—R. S. Leeper, of Albany, presented the skins of four wildcats and two coyotes at the county clerk's office here and collected the state bounty. He trapped the animals in the Upper South Santiam river region.

### FARMERS RAP SINGLE TAX.

Douglas County Grange Will Wage Vigorous Fight Against Measure.

Roseburg—Denouncing the single tax as unfair and detrimental to the best interests of farmers, the members of Douglas County Grange in session here voted to wage an open fight against the measure in every section of the county. The Grangers also went on record disapproving of bond issues planned to bring about better roads or other public improvements, which funds, they declared, should be raised through the levying of special taxes.

The Douglas County Grange also is opposed to the present system of county grange election of delegates to the state grange convention and will present a resolution at the next meeting of the state grange advocating the representation of subordinate granges, of which there are 20 in Douglas county.

Delegates to the state grange which will meet in Roseburg in May were elected as follows: J. T. Redifer, Drain; Edwin Weaver, Myrtle Creek; F. A. Goff, Melrose; E. N. Howard, Stephens; and O. C. Brown, Dixonville. The Douglas County delegation was instructed to endorse C. E. Spencer, of Oregon City, for master, and T. L. Lee, of Looking Glass, for overseer.

### FUND IS NOW AVAILABLE.

\$15,000 for Booklet to Advise Oregon Released.

Portland—Simultaneous with the new Governor West had released the fund appropriated at the last legislature for the Oregon immigration fund, C. I. Chapman, secretary of the Oregon Development league, and manager of the promotion bureau of the Portland Commercial club, was notified of his appointment on the Oregon Immigration board to succeed Leroy Park, who has resigned.

"The release of the \$12,000 of the immigration fund now available," says Mr. Chapman, "will enable us to produce, for the first time, a booklet advertising the state of Oregon, backed by the authority and the seal of the state of Oregon, and for that reason should have more weight with homeseekers in the East than any advertising matter issued by any private organization or by a corporation. One-fifth of the fund will be utilized for establishing a statistical bureau, something that the state has never before maintained. This will be under the management of the Oregon Agricultural College, with which the immigration board will co-operate in every way possible in preparing the development booklet which will be published with the remainder of the fund."

### LOGANBERRY IS POPULAR.

Marion County Growers Will Set 2000 Acres to This Fruit.

Brooks—A canvass of Marion county discloses an unprecedented popularity of the loganberry. Fruit growers are planning to set 2,000 acres to the berries this spring, in addition to the 500 acres already bearing. The A. M. Aspinwall fruit farm of this place, consisting of 50 acres, has just supplied a shipment of several thousand plants to Nebraska and Ohio, and recently sent 30,000 plants to Salem, where they will be forwarded to Howell Prairie, where 100 acres are to be planted.

Another 100-acre tract to be set out this spring is the Voigt farm at Brooks. A few contracts have been made for the 1912 crop at 25 cents, but most of the growers are holding for 30 cents. The plants are in excellent condition, having wintered well and have been practically all sold out in this vicinity at \$25 a thousand, which nets the grower \$100 an acre for the tips alone, which does not interfere with his profit on the berries.

### Newspaper Men to Be Admitted.

Salem—For the first time since its organization the State Parole board has broken over its traces of secrecy and issued a general invitation to all newspaper men to attend its next meeting, which will be held here April 5. At that time the newspaper men are requested to be present and be at liberty to follow all of the proceedings which have hitherto been held behind closed doors and clothed in secrecy following the meetings. The plan was adopted in California recently and proved successful there.

### Convict Camp is Costly.

Medford—Governor West's convict camp is costing the taxpayers of Jackson county \$1,000 a month, and during the greater part of the time they have been located on the Greter Lake road, so no extensive road work has been possible. The camp was established October 20, 1911. The expense to December 1 totaled \$3,077.07. The December bills cost the county \$729.07, or a total to January 1, 1912, of \$3,806.14. The average expense per convict has been 75 cents a day for every honor man sent here.

### Government Hunter Gets Wildcats.

Pendleton—S. W. Purdy, government hunter, has just arrived here from Meacham, in the Blue Mountains, with two big male bobcats. In the encounter with the first wildcat one of Mr. Purdy's fine hounds was badly hurt as the big cat and dog rolled down the hill together in a fight. This is the second successful hunt in less than two weeks, he having recently treed and killed a cougar with his dogs.

### Cutoff Again Delayed.

Klamath Falls—Since the date set for finishing the Natron-Klamath Falls cutoff has been deferred from the fall of 1912 to some time during the year 1913, the anxious ones are becoming impatient. The announcement by one of the high officials of the Southern Pacific that the line would be completed this year is now gravely doubted here.

## REBELS GET FEDERAL LEADER

Orozco Is Revenged on Former Rival—Refugees in Danger.

El Paso, Tex.—Word was received here that General Pancho Villa, the federal leader in the Laguna district of Mexico, had been captured by rebels and ordered shot and that a severe battle was fought at Gomez Palacio a week ago. Twenty-two hundred foreigners in the Laguna district are said to be trying to escape from the country.

News of the battle was brought in by three refugee Americans, the vanguard of the French, German and other foreigners fleeing from Mexico. Thirty-eight federal soldiers and ten rebels were killed in the fighting, it was reported. The engagement was not decisive. Torreon and Gomez Palacio, a large railroad station, are connected by streetcar. The latter was and is still in the hands of the so-called liberals, or rebels, while the former is controlled by the government troops.

Pablo Lavine, a supposed federal officer, was discovered to have been taking rifles and ammunition from Torreon to Gomez Palacio, and it was determined to attack Gomez Palacio at once. A force of 2,000 federal volunteers was assembled for the purpose. The federal regulars, numbering 1,800 men, declared that they would not leave the city to the danger from looters. The volunteer army was met on the outskirts of Gomez Palacio and thousands of shots were fired. The volunteers then retreated back to Torreon.

The report of the capture of General Pancho Villa came in a telegram from General Orozco to General Ponce at Juarez. The telegram repeated a report which Orozco had received from General Salazar at the front that General Salazar, a semi-independent leader, killed, wounded or captured a portion of Villa's small force and said that he had overtaken and captured Villa and 29 of his men, with 29,000 pesos.

Villa was said to have offered to join the liberal movement, in reply to which Orozco, according to his telegram, ordered his shot. Orozco and Villa were personal enemies.

Villa, like Orozco, was one of Francisco I. Madero's trusted leaders in the revolution against President Diaz. When the present revolt started his attitude was a matter of speculation for some time. Both sides claimed him. Three weeks ago he declared himself loyal to his old chief, Madero.

### WRECK AVERTED BY DREAM.

Section Foreman Has Vision of Washout; Finds It True.

Atlanta, Ga.—Awakening from a sleep in which he had dreamed that the nearby trestle on the Southern railroad had been washed away, although suffering from illness, a section foreman arose from his bed and went to South river, six miles from here, before dawn Monday morning, to discover that his dream was a reality. The foreman found that the stream, swollen by heavy rains, had carried away a trestle spanning a 65-foot chasm. He knew that a passenger train from Atlanta to Columbus, Ga., soon was due to arrive at the opposite side of the river, but he had no means of reaching that point to warn the engineer of the danger, as the river is three-quarters of a mile wide.

Standing on the bank, the man repeatedly "haild" for half an hour. Finally he heard an answering shout, and called out a warning to J. E. Daniel, the man who had heard him. Daniel flagged the train just as it neared the brink of the stream.

### Headland Makes Appeal.

Montgomery, Ala.—An appeal for aid came to Montgomery from the storm-stricken Headland, where two score homes were damaged and several lives lost in a tornado that swept over the town. Five persons were killed in Headland and a score or more hurt. Several of these cannot survive. The Alabama river will have flooded the lower business district of Montgomery within the next 24 hours if the present increase in the river's rise is maintained. Already much damage has been done.

### Labor Leaders Want Peace.

Laredo, Tex.—Two thousand supporters of the "peace commission" movement in Mexico participated in a parade through the streets of Nuevo Laredo, across the Rio Grande from this place. Along the line of march the name of Madero was greeted with almost continuous "vivas." The demonstration grew out of the peace meeting in Nuevo Laredo under the auspices of a "peace commission" now traveling in Nuevo Laredo. The commission hopes to create sentiment against revolutionary agitation.

### Baby's Name Is "Oceana."

Los Angeles—Oceana Thomas Turner is the name selected by Mrs. Leo Turner, of Tacoma, for a daughter, who was born at sea on the liner President, in a heavy gale. Captain Thomas, of the President, suggested it. A parting assurance of the skipper, as his ship moved away from the dock was that he would be "on deck" for the christening and would act in the capacity of god-father when the President again returned to port.

### Premier Quits Pekin.

Pekin—Premier Shang Tao Yi has left here for Nanking. The Southern delegates, with whom he came to Pekin, departed several days ago. Some foreign ministers, who have met Shang Tao Yi, consider him something of a visionary. The four powers' group of financiers are of the opinion that his financial policy is dangerous and accuse him of trickiness in negotiating the present loans with which he was entrusted.

### Unrest in China Receding.

Nanking—The outlook in China is more hopeful than at any time since the outbreak of the revolution. Carefully compiled reports received here show that while the unrest is general, during the last week disorder has decreased steadily, and there is increased confidence in the restoration of trade.



SYNOPSIS.

Howard Jeffries, banker's son, under the evil influence of Robert Underwood, a fellow student at Yale, leads a life of dissipation, marries the daughter of a gambler who died in prison, and is disowned by his father. He tries to get work and fails. A former college chum makes a business proposition to Underwood which requires \$2,000 cash, and Howard is broke. Robert Underwood, who has been engaged to Alicia, Howard's stepdaughter, decides to ask Underwood for the \$2,000 he needs. Underwood, taking advantage of his intimacy with Mrs. Jeffries, Sr., becomes a sort of social highwayman. Discovering his true character, she denies him the house. Alicia receives a note from Underwood, threatening suicide. Art dealers for whom he has been acting as commissioner, demand an accounting. He cannot make good. Howard Jeffries calls in an intoxicated condition. He asks Underwood for \$2,000 and is told by the latter that he is in debt up to his eyes. Howard drinks himself into a maudlin condition, and goes to sleep on a divan. A caller is announced and Underwood refuses a screen around the drunken sleeper. Alicia enters. She demands a promise from him that he will not take his life, pointing to the disgrace that would attach to herself. Underwood refuses to promise, unless she will renew her patronage. This she refuses to do. Underwood kills himself. The report of his death is met by Underwood's valet. Howard is turned over to the police. Capt. Clinton, notorious for his brutal treatment of prisoners, puts Howard through the "third degree."

### CHAPTER X.—Continued.

Annie sat timidly on a chair in the background and the captain turned again to the doctor.

"What's that you were saying, doctor?"

"You tell me the man confessed?" Crossing the room to where Howard sat, Dr. Bernstein looked closely at him. Apparently the prisoner was asleep. His eyes were closed and his head drooped forward on his chest. He was ghastly pale.

The captain grinned.

"Yes, sir, confessed—in the presence of three witnesses. Eh, sergeant?"

"Yes, sir," replied Maloney.

"You heard him, too, didn't you, Delaney?"

"Yes, captain."

Squaring his huge shoulders, the captain said with a self-satisfied chuckle:

"It took us five hours to get him to own up, but we got it out of him at last."

The doctor was still busy with his examination.

"He seems to be asleep. Worn out, I guess. Five hours, yes—that's your method, captain." Shaking his head, he went on: "I don't believe in these all-night examinations and your 'third degree' mental torture. It is barbarous. When a man is nervous and frightened his brain gets so benumbed at the end of two or three hours' questioning on the subject that he's liable to say anything, or even believe anything. Of course, you know, captain, that after a certain time the law of suggestion commences to operate and—"

The captain turned to his sergeant and laughed.

"The law of suggestion? Ha, ha! That's a good one! You know, doctor, theories of yours make a hit with college students and amateur professors, but they don't go with us. You can't make a man say 'yes' when he wants to say 'no.'"

Dr. Bernstein smiled.

"I don't agree with you," he said. "You can make him say anything, or believe anything—or do anything if he is unable to resist your will."

The captain burst into a hearty peal of laughter.

"Ha, ha! What's the use of chinning? We've got him to rights. I tell you, doctor, no newspaper can say that my precinct ain't cleaned up. My record is a hundred convictions to one acquittal. I catch 'em with the goods when I go after 'em!"

A faint smile hovered about the doctor's face.

"I know your reputation," he said sarcastically.

The captain thought the doctor was flattering him, so he rubbed his hands with satisfaction, as he replied:

"That's right. I'm after results. None of them Psyche themes for mine." Striding over to the armchair where sat Howard, he laid a rough hand on his shoulder.

"Hey, Jeffries, wake up!"

Howard opened his eyes and stared stupidly about him. The captain took him by the collar of his coat.

"Come—stand up! Brace up now!"

Turning to Sergeant Maloney, he added, "Take him over to the station. Write out that confession and make him sign it before breakfast. I'll be right over."

Howard struggled to his feet and Maloney helped him arrange his collar and tie. Officer Delaney clapped his hat on his head. Dr. Bernstein turned to go.

"Good-morning, captain. I'll make out my report."

"Good morning, doctor."

Dr. Bernstein disappeared and Capt. Clinton turned to look at Annie, who had been waiting patiently in the background. Her anguish on seeing Howard's condition was unspeakable.

It was only with difficulty that she restrained herself from crying out and rushing to his side. But these stern, uniformed men intimidated her. It seemed to her that Howard was on trial—a prisoner—perhaps his life was in danger. What could he have done? Of course, he was innocent, whatever the charge was. He wouldn't harm a fly. She was sure of that. But every one looked so grave, and there was a big crowd gathered in front of the hotel when she came up. She thought

## The THIRD DEGREE

By CHARLES KLEIN AND ARTHUR HORNBLow

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS



"Sitting There Crying Your Eyes Out Won't Do Him Any Good."

she had heard the terrible word "murder," but surely there was some mistake. Seeing Capt. Clinton turn in her direction, she darted eagerly forward.

"May I speak to him, sir? He is my husband."

"Not just now," replied the captain, not unkindly. "It's against the rules. Wait till we get him to the Tombs. You can see him all you want there."

Annie's heart sank. Could she have heard aright?

"The Tombs?" she faltered. "Is that charge so serious?"

"Murder—that's all!" replied the captain laconically.

Annie nearly swooned. Had she not caught the back of a chair she would have fallen.

The captain turned to Maloney and, in a low tone, said:

"Quick! Get him over to the station. I don't want any family scenes here."

Manacled to Officer Delaney and escorted on the other side by Maloney, Howard made his way toward the door. Just as he reached it he caught sight of his wife who, with tears streaming down her cheeks, was watching him as if in a dream.

To her it seemed like some hideous nightmare from which both would soon awaken. Howard recognized her, yet seemed too dazed to wonder how she came there. He simply blurted out as he passed:

"Something's happened, Annie, dear. I—Underwood—I don't quite know—"

The policemen pushed him through the door, which closed behind him.

### CHAPTER XI.

Unable to control herself any longer, Annie broke down completely and burst into tears. When the door opened and she saw her husband led away, pale and trembling, between those two burly policemen, it was as if all she cared for on earth had gone out of her life forever. Capt. Clinton laid his hand gently on her shoulder. With more sympathy in his face than was his custom to display, he said:

"Now, little woman—tain't no kind of use carrying on like that! If you want to help your husband and get him out of his trouble you want to get busy. Sitting there crying your eyes out won't do him any good."

Annie threw up her head. Her eyes were red, but they were dry now. Her face was set and determined. The captain was right. Only foolish women weep and wall when misfortune knocks at their door. The right sort of women go bravely out and make a fight for liberty and honor. Howard was innocent. She was convinced of that, no matter how black things looked against him. She would not leave a stone unturned till she had regained for him his liberty. With renewed hope in her heart and resolution in her face, she turned to confront the captain.

"What has he done?" she demanded.

"Killed his friend, Robert Underwood."

He watched her face closely to see what effect his words would have on her.

"Robert Underwood dead!" exclaimed Annie with more surprise than emotion.

"Yes," said the captain sternly, "and your husband, Howard Jeffries, killed him."

"That's not true! I'd never believe that," said Annie promptly.

"He made a full confession," went on the captain.

"A confession?" she echoed uneasily. "What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. Your husband has made a full confession in the presence of witnesses, that he came here to Underwood's room to ask for money. They quarreled. Your husband drew a pistol and shot him. He has signed a confession which will be presented to the magistrate this morning."



She hesitated before replying, then indifferently she said:

"Yes, I knew him at one time. He introduced me to my husband."

"Where was that?"

"In New Haven, Conn."

"Up at the college, eh? How long have you known Mr. Underwood?"

Annie looked at her inquisitor and said nothing. She wondered what he was driving at, what importance the question had to the case. Finally she said:

"I met him once or twice up at New Haven, but I've never seen him since my marriage to Mr. Jeffries. My husband and he were not very good friends. That is—"

She stopped, realizing that she had made a mistake. How foolish she had been! The police, of course, were anxious to show that there was no feeling between the two men. Her heart misgave her as she saw the look of satisfaction in the captain's face.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "Not very good friends, eh? In fact, your husband didn't like him, did he?"

"He didn't like him well enough to run after him," she replied hesitatingly.

The captain now started off in another direction.

"Was your husband ever jealous of Underwood?"

By this time Annie had grown suspicious of every question. She was on her guard.

"Jealous? What do you mean? No, he was not jealous. There was never any reason. I refuse to answer any more questions."

The captain rose and began to pace the floor.

"There's one little thing more, Mrs. Jeffries, and then you can go. You can help your husband by helping us. I want to put one more question to you and be careful to answer truthfully. Did you call at these rooms last night to see Mr. Underwood?"

"I!" exclaimed Annie with mingled astonishment and indignation. "Of course not!"

"Sure?" demanded the captain, eyeing her narrowly.

"Positive," said Annie firmly.

The captain looked puzzled.

"A woman called here last night to see him," he said thoughtfully, "and I thought that perhaps—"

Interrupting himself, he went quickly to the door of the apartment and called to some one who was waiting in the corridor outside. A boy about 18 years of age, in the livery of an elevator attendant, entered the room. The captain pointed to Annie.

"Is that the lady?"

The boy looked carefully, and then shook his head.

"Don't think so—no, sir. The other lady was a great swell."

"You're sure, eh?" said the captain.

"I think so," answered the boy.

"Do you remember the name she gave?"

"No, sir," replied the boy. "Ever since you asked me—"

Annie arose and moved toward the door. She had no time to waste there. Every moment now was precious. She must get legal assistance at once. Turning to Capt. Clinton, she said:

"If you've no further use for me, captain, I think I'll go."

"Just one moment, Mrs. Jeffries," he said.

The face of the elevator boy suddenly brightened up.

"That's it," he said eagerly. "That's it—Jeffries. I think that was the name she gave, sir."

"Who?" demanded the captain.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



## Stand up for Convictions

The World Has Little Respect for the Man Who Seemingly Has No Mind of His Own.

There are many men who seem to have no convictions on any subject. They have any they give no sign. They only smile and are silent. That is probably better than to be verbose and violent. Vanity of opinion is as bad as to have none at all. In a real simon-pure conviction, there are modesty and courage both. Truth is in the quiet voice, since it does not depend on vainglory or rant.

But a real man will say his say when the time comes, not for controversy—for that is not profitable, but to show his hand and what he is. A man's personal influence is stronger than his argument, and he is false to the truth that is in him if he does not show that.

We have great issues before us—moral, political, social—which every man should think about and understand, and be ready to take a stand upon, and take it. But there are many who don't do this, who are negative or cowardly and only smile or grin when one of these subjects is mentioned. They seem to think that to disagree with another is a great offense. It is an offense not to disagree if one really does, for if an error goes unchallenged, it is strengthened.

When a man says such a thing is right and you think it isn't, say so, quietly and earnestly, and let it go at that.

The worst mollycoddle is the man who believes a thing is true and neglects to say so, when it is called in question. The world would go