

# WINGS OF THE WEEK

## Current Events of Interest Gathered From the World at Large.

### General Resume of Important Events Presented in Condensed Form for Our Busy Readers.

The Turks suffered defeat on the island of Rhodes, but won a decisive victory in Tripoli.

Ten veterans and six trainmen were killed in a wreck of a Confederate veterans' reunion special.

The butter war in Portland is ended, and the former regular price of 26 cents has been restored.

Chicago publishers claim to have a throttle hold on the pressmen's strike situation, and that it will soon be over.

Roosevelt seems to have a majority in the Maryland primaries, and Speak-er Clark leads for the Democratic nomination.

Baroness Hermione von Preuschen, a famous landscape painter of Germany, is in San Francisco on her fifth trip around the world.

Lieutenant General Homer Lea has returned from China a physical wreck. He has worked incessantly in support of the new Chinese republic since the revolution first began.

Unionists in the English parliament charge that the supporters of reciprocity in Canada are guilty of treasonable conspiracy, and every effort will be made to "smoke out" the guilty parties.

Motor boats sent to rescue refugees who were floating on house-tops in the Mississippi floods, found only the buildings being buffeted about in the water, and it is believed many families have been washed from their roofs and drowned.

The Chicago Coliseum is being enlarged to seat 10,000 persons, in readiness for the political nominating convention.

All available stock cars, no matter to whom consigned, are being seized at Cheyenne for the transportation of U. S. cavalry to the Mexican border.

The "honor system" among convicts in the Nevada penitentiary has proven a practical failure, and all men out on road work have been called in.

President Taft pays high tribute to Major Butt, his aide, who was lost on the Titanic.

Railroad officials are preparing for the largest passenger traffic this spring ever known in the Northwest.

The proposal to send out a third steamer to search for bodies of the Titanic's wreck victims has been abandoned.

Alaska steamers arriving at Seattle report the ice floes in the North the most numerous and dangerous they have ever encountered.

The British inquiry into the Titan-ic disaster promises to be as thorough as the American.

Anthraxite coal miners have refused the agreement offered by the operators to settle the question of wages and working conditions.

Homer Davenport, one of the great-est of modern cartoonists, died of pneumonia in New York. The Titan-ic disaster and the pictures he drew bearing upon it had greatly depressed him and are believed to have hastened his death. He was a native of Silverton.

### PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Track prices: Bluestem, \$1.06@1.07; club, \$1.01; red Rus-sian, \$1; valley, \$1.01; forty-fold, \$1.02.

Millstuffs—Bran, \$24 per ton; shorts, \$26; middlings, \$31.

Corn—Whole, \$39; cracked, \$40 per ton.

Hay—Timothy, \$16.50@17.50; alfalfa, \$12@12.50; clover, \$8@9; oats and vetch, \$11@11.50; grain hay \$9. Oats—No. 1 white, \$39@40 per ton.

Fresh Fruits—Strawberries, \$1.25@1.50; per crate; cranberries, \$5@10 per barrel; apples, \$1.25@1.50 per box.

Potatoes—Jobbing prices: Bur-banks, old, \$1.50 per hundred; new California, \$4@5 per hundred.

Onions—Bermuda, \$2.25@2.50 per crate.

Vegetables—Artichokes, 75@90c per dozen; asparagus, California, \$1.25@1.50 per crate; beans, 2@2 1/2c per pound; cabbage, 3@3 1/2c; cauliflower, \$2.75 per crate; celery, \$5@6; cucumbers, \$1@1.50 dozen; egg plant, 25c per pound; head lettuce, \$1.75 per crate; hot house lettuce, 75c@1 per box; peas, 8@9c per pound; peppers, 25c; radishes, 15@20c per dozen; rhubarb, 2 1/2@3c per pound; spinach, 4@5c; to-matoes, \$4.50 per box; garlic, 8@10c per pound; turnips, 1@1.10 per sack; beets, 1.50; rutabagas, \$1@1.10; carrots, \$1.

Butter—Oregon creamery, solid pack, 26c per pound.

Eggs—Fresh Oregon ranch, candled, 21c per dozen; case count, 20c.

Pork—Fancy, 10 1/2@11c per pound. Veal—Fancy, 10 1/2@11c per pound.

Poultry—Hens, 14@15c; springs, 14@15c; broilers, 25@30c; ducks, young, 20@25c; geese, 11c; turkeys, live, 20c; dressed, 25c.

Hops—1911 crop, \$3@3 1/2; olds, nominal; 1912 contracts, 2 1/2@2 3/4.

Wool—Eastern Oregon, 10@17 1/2c; valley, 8@9c; mohair, choice, 34@36c.

Cattle—Choice steers, \$6.50@7.25; good, \$6.25@6.40; medium, \$4@6.25; choice cows, \$5.50@6.25; good, \$5@5.50; medium, \$4.50@5.25; choice calves, \$8.50@8.85; good heavy calves, \$6@8.50; bulls, \$3.50@5.50; stags, \$4.75@6.35.

Hogs—Light, \$8@8.50; heavy, \$7@7.75.

Sheep—Yearlings, \$5.25@6.25; wethers, \$5@5.75; ewes, \$4@5.25; lambs, \$4.50@6; spring lambs, \$6@7.50.

## OREGON CARTOONIST, DEAD IN NEW YORK, AND ONE OF HIS FAMOUS MARK HANNA CARTOONS.



Homer Davenport.



### REBELS ARE DEFEATED.

Mexican Garrison, Aided by Police, Drive Off Insurrectos. Tepic, Mexico—With 220 dead and more than this number wounded, many of whom were unable to crawl from the battlefield, 2000 rebels, under command of Manuel Guerrero, have been completely routed by the garrison of this city, aided by the police of the local commandery.

The battle occurred on Wednesday, April 24, the rebels appearing on the hills surrounding Tepic on the day previous and demanding the surrender of the garrison, which was under command of Colonel Martin Espinosa.

Colonel Espinosa responded to the messenger of the rebel chief by means of a cannon ball, which killed three rebels and wounded two.

Town Finds Name Odious. Sioux City, Ia.—According to dispatches from Ismay, Mont., the bustling young town on the Puget Sound extension of the St. Paul railway, the residents are contemplating steps to change the name of the town since the Titanic disaster and the resultant criticism leveled at J. Bruce Ismay, managing director of the ill-fated ship. A majority of the residents favor adopting the name of some man who acted a hero's part on the doomed vessel, and are divided between Astor, Butt, Smith and Straus.

American Inroads Feared. Berlin—Several leading German automobile constructors have suggested to the government that it should increase the German tariff on motor cars. The step, they point out, has become necessary, owing to the growing competition of American machines which are being imported into the country in increasing numbers. This competition also has affected the exports of German machines to other countries of Europe, where the American machine also is making inroads into the trade.

Tacoma Gets Oil Tanks. Tacoma—The Indian Refining company, said to be controlled by the Rothschilds, has bought seven and one-half lots at Center and M streets and the city commission has been asked to grant a permit for building of six oil tanks immediately. The permit was given, subject to the approval of the fire chief. Between \$60,000 and \$75,000 will be spent there at this time in establishing the concern.

### Barge Load of Gasoline Burns.

Cleveland—Five men were burned to death and damage estimated at \$450,000 was done to boats and gasoline on the docks here when Standard Oil barge No. 88 exploded late Thursday afternoon. All the injured were employees of the Great Lakes Towing company. The barge, which was at the Jefferson avenue docks on the Cuyahoga river, was being filled with gasoline from a 10,000-gallon tank on the bank. Leaking oil on the surface of the river was ignited and set fire to the barge.

### Treasure Ship Set Back.

San Francisco—The National, a 40-foot gasoline sloop used by a party of treasure hunters in an attempt to take a professional diver to the scene of the wreck of the steamer St. Paul at Point Gorda, has put into port here in a badly crippled condition. Her crew, consisting of H. G. Kipper, Frank Kipper and Thomas Hogan, were exhausted from lack of food and sleep, and said they narrowly escaped death in a storm which tore away most of their rigging. Jack Roach, the diver, deserted them at Shelter Cove.

### Japan Will Join in Fair.

San Francisco—Japan has accepted the invitation of President Taft to participate in the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, to be held in this city in 1915, according to official information received here by President Moore, of the exposition company. The information was cabled from Tokyo to Consul General Nagai, in this city. Japan is the first foreign nation of importance to signify its intention to participate in the exposition.

### Yaquis Raiding in Sonora.

Tucson, Ariz.—Reports received here tell of depredations committed at Toledo, Sonora, last Sunday by the Yaqui Indians. Three Mexican teamsters and one rancher were killed in a raid on a hacienda. Quiet was reported south of Culiacan, as far as Tepic, to which point wire communication was restored.

### Sawmill Strike is Off.

Seattle—At Industrial Workers of the World headquarters it was said the strike in the Hoquiam and Aberdeen sawmills was declared off and the strikers authorized to go back to work. All the mills are paying \$2.25 a day for common labor. Before the strike the pay was \$1.80 and \$2.



### SYNOPSIS.

Howard Jeffries, banker's son, under the will of his father, Robert Underwood, 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 is out of work and in desperate straits. His father-in-law, who once been engaged to Howard's step-mother, Albia, is apparently in prosperous circumstances. Finding advantage in his father's will, Albia denounces him the public. Art dealers for whom he acted as commissioner demand an accounting. He cannot make good. Howard calls at his apartments in an intoxicated condition to request a loan of \$2,000 to enable him to start a business proposition. Howard drinks himself into a maudlin condition and goes to sleep. Albia enters. She demands a promise from Underwood that he will not take his life. He refuses unless she will renew her patronage. This she refuses, and takes her gun. Underwood kills himself. The report of the pistol awakens Howard. He finds Underwood dead. He is turned over to the police. Capt. Clinton, notorious for his brutal treatment of the poor, and finally gets an appeal every time. He declares her belief in her husband's innocence, and unless she will consent to a divorce, he will take her case. He declines to stand by his son, except financially. Judge Brewster, attorney for Jeffries, takes Howard's case. He declines to change that conclusion. "You don't have to change it," she said, quietly. "You don't believe Howard guilty." "I don't," exclaimed the lawyer. "No, at the bottom of your heart. You knew Howard when he was a boy.

### CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

"You're going on the stage?" She nodded. "I've had a very big offer." The judge leaned forward, and in a low voice, so that no one in the outer office might hear, he said: "Well, I'll give you twice as much if you refuse the engagement." She laughed ironically. "You mean that my father-in-law will give it," she said, lightly. Then she went on: "You know it's no use your asking me to concede anything unless you agree to defend Howard." The lawyer shook his head. "I can't—it's impossible." "Then neither can I," she exclaimed, defiantly. Judge Brewster could not refrain from smiling. This young woman had actually enveloped him into an argument. Almost mockingly, he said: "So you're determined to have me." "Yes," she said, simply. "But I don't argue criminal cases." "That's just it," she exclaimed, eagerly. "My husband is not a criminal. He is not a murderer. He is a lawyer who is always defending criminals. I want one who defends a man because he isn't a criminal." Judge Brewster waved his hand contemptuously. "Go and see some other lawyer—there are plenty of 'em." She leaned eagerly forward. Her face was flushed from excitement, her eyes flashed. "There's only one Judge Brewster," she exclaimed. "He's the greatest lawyer in the world, and he's going to help us. He is going to save Howard's life." The judge shifted uneasily in his chair. He didn't like this forceful, persistent young woman. Almost fretfully, he said: "You always say that. Upon my word, I shall begin to believe it soon." "I shall say it again," she exclaimed, "and you'll comfort me, because when you know a thing you know it and it makes you happy." Judge Brewster laughed outright. "Feminine deduction!" he cried. "Think a thing, believe it, and then you know it!" Looking up at her, he asked: "Haven't you any relatives to whom you can go?" She shook her head. "No," she said, sadly. "My father died in Sing Sing—and the rest are not worth—"

# The THIRD DEGREE

By CHARLES KLEIN AND ARTHUR HORNBLow

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

mit to himself that she had almost guessed right. Now he came to think of it, he had taken this stand in the matter because he knew that any other course would displease his wealthy client. After all, was he doing right? Was he acting in conformance with his professional oath? Was he not letting his material interests interfere with his duty? He was silent for several minutes, and then, in an absent-minded kind of way, he turned to his visitor.

"So you think I'm afraid of him, do you?"

"I'm sure of it," she said, quickly. "You liked my husband, and you'd just love to rush in and fight for him. His father thinks he is guilty and, well—you don't like to disobey him. It's very natural. He's an influential man, a personal friend of the president and all that. You know on which side your bread is buttered, and—oh, it's very natural—you're looking out for your own interests—"

Judge Brewster interrupted her impatiently.

"Circumstances are against Howard. His father judges him guilty from his own confession. It's the conclusion I'm compelled to come to myself. Now, how do you propose to change that conclusion?"

"You don't have to change it," she said, quietly. "You don't believe Howard guilty."

"I don't," exclaimed the lawyer. "No, at the bottom of your heart. You knew Howard when he was a boy.



"You Take Too Much for Granted."

and you know he is as incapable of that crime as you are."

"Mrs. Jeffries, how do you know that your husband did not kill Robert Underwood?"

"I know it," she said, confidently. "Yes," persisted the judge, "but how do you know it?"

Annie looked steadily at him, and then she said solemnly:

"I know there's a God, but I can't tell you how I know it, that's all! Howard didn't do it. I know he didn't."

The lawyer smiled.

"That's a very fair sample of feminine logic."

"Well, it's all I have," she retorted, with a toss of her head. "And it's a mighty comfort, too, because when you know a thing you know it and it makes you happy."

Judge Brewster laughed outright. "Feminine deduction!" he cried. "Think a thing, believe it, and then you know it!" Looking up at her, he asked: "Haven't you any relatives to whom you can go?"

She shook her head.

"No," she said, sadly. "My father died in Sing Sing—and the rest are not worth—"

"Yes, yes, I know," replied the judge, hastily. "I got your family history from Mr. Jeffries after your marriage. It is filed away among the family archives."

She smiled sadly.

"It's a wonder you don't burn 'em up—my folks were not a very brilliant lot." Earnestly she went on: "But my father was all right, Judge Blood was thicker than water with him. He'd never have gone back on me in the way Howard's father has on him."

The lawyer looked at her fixedly without speaking. Their eyes met, and the silence continued until it became embarrassing. Judge Brewster shook his head.

"It's too bad. I'm sorry for you, really, I—"

Annie laughed, and she asked: "Why do you laugh?"

"What's the use of crying?" she said. "Ha! Ha! It's almost a joke. You're sorry, my father-in-law is sorry, and I suppose my mother-in-law is shedding tears for me, too. You're all sorry and you're all wearing crapes for us, but why can't some of you do something?"

The lawyer said nothing. He still



question. How do you account for Howard's confessing to the shooting?"

"I don't account for it," she replied, as she resumed her seat. "He says he didn't confess. I don't believe he did."

"But three witnesses—"

"Who are the witnesses?" she interrupted, contemptuously. "Polliceman?"

"That makes no difference," he said. "He made a confession and signed—"

Annie leaned forward. What did this question mean? Was the judge becoming interested after all? Her heart gave a leap as she answered eagerly:

"He confessed against his will. I mean—he didn't know what he was doing at the time. I've had a talk with the physician who was called in to examine him. He says that Capt. Clinton is a hypnotist, that he can compel people to say what he wants them to say. Well, Howard is—what they call a subject—they told him he did it all he believed he did."

"Oh, well, what's the use—?"

The judge quickly put out his hand and partly pushed her back in the chair.

"Don't go," he said. Then he added: "Who told you he was a hypnotic subject?"

Her hopes revived once more. Quickly she said:

"Dr. Bernstein. Besides, Howard told me so himself. A friend of his at college used to make him cut all sorts of capers."

"A friend at college, eh? Do you remember his name?"

"Howard knows it."

"Um!" ejaculated the lawyer. He took up a pad and wrote a memorandum on it. Then aloud he said: "I'd like to have a little talk with Dr. Bernstein. I think I'll ask him to come and see me. Let me see. His address is—"

"342 Madison avenue," she exclaimed, eagerly.

The lawyer looked at the address down, and then he looked up.

"So you think I'm afraid of Mr. Jeffries, do you?"

She smiled.

"Oh, no, not really afraid," she answered, "but just—scared. I didn't mean—"

Judge Brewster was enjoying the situation hugely. He had quite made up his mind what to do, but he liked to quiz this bold young woman who had not been afraid to show him where his duty lay. Striving to keep a serious face, he said:

"Oh, yes, you did, and I want you to understand I'm not afraid of any man. As to allowing my personal interests to interfere with my duty—"

Annie took alarm. She was really afraid she had offended him.

"Oh, I didn't say that, did I?" she exclaimed timidly.

Judge Brewster forced his face into a frown.

"You said I knew on which side my bread was buttered!"

"Did I?" she exclaimed in consternation.

"You say a great many things, Mrs. Jeffries," said the lawyer solemnly. "Of course, I realize how deeply you feel, and I make excuses for you. But I'm not afraid. Please understand that—"

He rapped the table with his eyes-glasses as if he were very much offended indeed.

"Of course not," she said apologetically. "If you were you wouldn't even see me—let alone talk to me—and—"

Pointing to the piece of paper he held in his hand, she added: "And—"

"And what?" demanded the judge, amused.

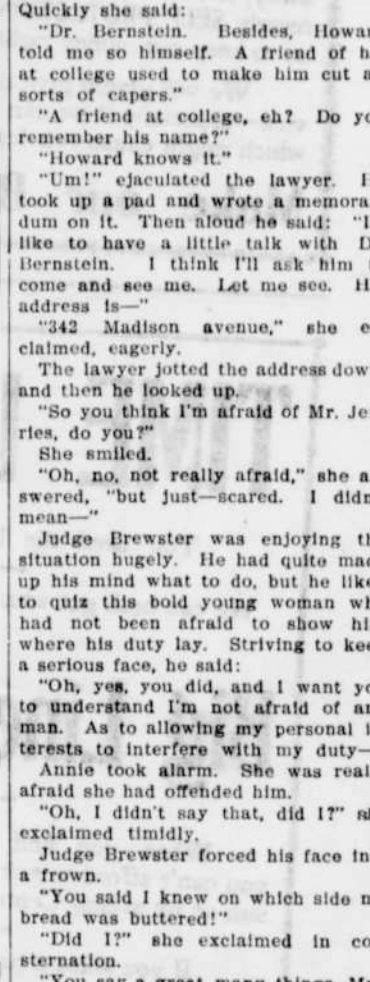
Half hysterical, now laughing, now crying, she went on:

"And—and take the names and addresses of witnesses for the defense—and—think out how you're going to defend Howard—and—and all that—"

The lawyer looked at her and laughed.

"So you think I'm going to help Howard?" he said. "You take too much for granted."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Forgot His Own Dinner Party.

There is sometimes employed abroad an ingenious method of making photographic copies of plates and engravings in books which cannot be removed from the libraries, and where the use of the camera is prohibited. A cardboard is coated with a phosphorescent substance, exposed to sunlight or electric light, and then placed at the back of the engraving, while a dry photographic plate is placed on the face of the engraving. The book is closed, and after a period varying from 15 to 60 minutes, depending largely on the thickness of the paper, a satisfactory negative is produced. The book is enclosed in a black cloth during the manipulation.

### See Culture in Switzerland.

The flora of Switzerland possesses qualities that produce delicious honey, and thousands of colonies of bees may be seen in the country, being utilized by the people to increase the food supply and commercial products; in fact, the production of honey and wax constitutes an industry of considerable importance to the confederation, as is shown by statistics furnished by the Swiss Society of Apiculturists.