



"I Believed Howard Guilty. Why Shouldn't I?"

The Third Degree

A NARRATIVE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE
BY CHARLES KLEIN
AND ARTHUR HORNBLow
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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Howard Jeffries, banker's son, under the evil influence of 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. Underwood, who had once been engaged to Howard's stepmother, Alicia, is apparently in prosperous circumstances. Taking advantage of his intimacy with Alicia, he becomes a sort of social high priest. Discovering her true character, Alicia denounces him to the police. He sends her a note threatening suicide. Art dealers for whom he acted as commissioner, demand an accounting. He cannot make good. Howard calls a prominent friend, Underwood, who will not take his life. He refuses unless she will resign her position. This she refuses, and takes her leave. Howard calls on her again, he went on: "Yes—Howard's stepmother. She's out there now. She wants to see you. She wishes to be of service to you. Now, you must conciliate her. She may be of great use to us."

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.
"You're not afraid to help him," she said. "I know that—you just said so."
Judge Brewster raised his fist and brought it down on the desk with a bang which raised in a cloud the accumulated dust of weeks. His face set and determined, he said:
"You're quite right! I'm going to take your case!"
Annie felt herself giving way. It was more than she could stand. For victory to be hers when only a moment before defeat seemed certain was too much for her nerves. All she could gasp was:
"Oh, judge!"
The lawyer adjusted his eyeglasses, blew his nose with suspicious energy, and took up a pen.
"Now don't pretend to be surprised—you knew I would. And please don't thank me. I hate to be thanked for doing what I want to do. If I didn't want to do it, I wouldn't."
Through her tears she murmured: "I'd like to say 'thank you.'"
"Well, please don't," he snapped. But she persisted. Tenderly, she said:
"May I say you're the dearest, kindest?"
Judge Brewster shook his head.
"No—no—nothing of the kind."
"Most gracious—noble-hearted—courageous," she went on.
The judge struck the table another formidable blow.
"Mrs. Jeffries!" he exclaimed.
She turned away her head to hide her feelings.
"Oh, how I'd like to have a good cry," she murmured. "If Howard only knew!"
Judge Brewster touched an electric button, and his head clerk entered.
"Mr. Jones," said the lawyer quickly, "get a stenographic report of the case of the People against Howard Jeffries, Jr.; get the coroner's inquest, the grand jury indictment, and get a copy of the Jeffries confession—get everything—right away!"
The clerk looked inquiringly, first at Annie and then at his employer. Then respectfully he asked:
"Do we, sir?"
"We do," said the lawyer laconically.

CHAPTER XVI.
"Now, my dear young woman," said Judge Brewster, when the astonished head clerk had withdrawn. "If we are going to get your husband free we must get to work, and you must help me."
His visitor looked up eagerly.
"I'll do anything in my power," she said quickly. "What can I do?"
"Well—first of all," said the lawyer with some hesitation, "I want you to see a certain lady and to be exceedingly nice to her."
"Lady?" echoed Annie, surprised.
"What lady?"
"Mrs. Howard Jeffries, Sr.," he replied slowly.
"Howard's stepmother!" she ejaculated.
A clerk entered and handed his employer a card. The lawyer nodded and said in an undertone:
"Show her in." Turning round again, he went on: "Yes—Howard's stepmother. She's out there now. She wants to see you. She wishes to be of service to you. Now, you must conciliate her. She may be of great use to us."
Annie's face expressed considerable doubt.
"Perhaps so," she said, "but the door was slammed in my face when I called to see her."
"That's nothing," answered the judge. "She probably knows nothing about it. In any case, please remember that she is my client—"
She bowed her head and murmured obediently:
"I'll remember."
The door of the office opened and Alicia entered. She stopped short on seeing who was there, and an awkward pause followed. Judge Brewster introduced them.
"Mrs. Jeffries, may I present Mrs. Howard, Jr.?"
Alicia bowed stiffly and somewhat haughtily. Annie remained self-possessed and on the defensive. Addressing the banker's wife, the lawyer said: "I told Mrs. Howard that you wished to speak to her. After a pause he added: 'I think, perhaps, I'll leave you together. Excuse me.'"
He left the office and there was another embarrassing silence. Annie waited for Mrs. Jeffries to begin. Her attitude suggested that she expected something unpleasant and was fully prepared for it. At last Alicia broke the silence:
"You may think it strange that I have asked for this interview, she began, "but you know, Annie—"
Interrupting herself, she asked: "You don't mind my calling you Annie, do you?"
The young woman smiled.
"I don't see why I should. It's my name and we're relatives—by marriage." There was an ironical ring in her voice as she went on: "Relatives! It seems funny, doesn't it, but we don't pick and choose our relatives. We must take them as they come."
Alicia made an effort to appear conciliatory.
"As we are—what we are—let's try to make the best of it."
"Make the best of it?" echoed Annie. "God knows I'm willing, but I've had mighty little encouragement, Mrs. Jeffries. When I called to see you the other day, to beg you to use your influence with Mr. Jeffries, not at home was handed to me by the liveried footman and the door was slammed in my face. Ten minutes later you walked out to your carriage and were driven away."
"I knew nothing of this—believe me," murmured Alicia apologetically. "It's what I got just the same," said the other dryly. Quickly she went on: "But I'm not complaining, understand—I'm not complaining. Only I did think that at such a time one woman might have held out a helping hand to another."
Alicia held up her hand protestingly.

"How could I?" she exclaimed. "Now, reasonable? You are held responsible for Howard's present position."
"Yes—by the police," retorted Annie grimly, "and by a couple of yellow journals. I didn't think you'd believe all the gossip and scandal that's been printed about me. I didn't believe what was said about you."
Alicia started and changed color.
"What do you mean?" she exclaimed haughtily. "What was said about me?"
"Well, it has been said that you married old Jeffries for his money and his social position."
"Old Jeffries!" protested Alicia indignantly. "Have you no respect for your husband's father?"
"Not a particle," answered the other coolly. "and I never will have till he acts like a father. I only had one interview with him and it finished him with me for all time. He ain't a father—he's a fish."
"A fish!" exclaimed Alicia, scandalized at such less majestic.
Annie went on recklessly:
"Yes—a cold-blooded—"
"But surely," interrupted Alicia, "you respect his position—his—"
"No, m'm," replied Annie, "I respect a man because he behaves like a man, not because he lives in a marble palace on Riverside drive."
Alicia looked pained. This girl was certainly impossible.
"But surely," she said, "you realized that when you married Howard you—you made a mistake—to say the least?"
"Yes, that part of it has been made pretty plain. It was a mistake—this mistake—my mistake. But now it's done and it can't be undone. I don't see why you can't take it as it is and—"
She stopped short and Alicia completed the sentence for her:
"—and welcome you into our family."
"Welcome me? No, ma'am. I'm not welcome and nothing you or your set could say would ever make me believe that I was welcome. All I ask is that Howard's father do his duty by his son."
"I do not think—pardon my saying so," interrupted Alicia stiffly, "that you are quite in a position to judge of what constitutes Mr. Jeffries' duty to his son."
"Perhaps not. I only know what I would do—what my father would have done—what any one would do if they had a spark of humanity in them. But they do say that after three generations of society life red blood turns into blue."
Alicia turned to look out of the window. Her face still averted she said:
"What is there to do? Howard has acknowledged his guilt. What sacrifices we may make will be thrown away."
Annie eyed her companion with contempt. Her voice quivering with indignation, she burst out:
"What is there to do? Try and save him, of course. Must we sit and do nothing because things look black? Ah! I wasn't brought up that way. No, ma'am, I'm going to make a fight!"
"It's useless," murmured Alicia, shaking her head.
"Judge Brewster doesn't think so," replied the other calmly.
The banker's wife gave a start of surprise. Quickly she demanded:
"You mean that Judge Brewster has encouraged you to—?"
"He's done more than encourage me—God bless him!—he's going to take up the case."
"You are so thunderstruck that for a moment she could find no answer."
"What?" she exclaimed, "without consulting Mr. Jeffries?"
She put her handkerchief to her face to conceal her agitation. Could it be possible that the judge was going to act, after all, in defiance of her husband's wishes? If that were true, that would become of her? Concealment would be no longer possible. Discovery of her clandestine visit to Underwood's apartment that fatal night must come. Howard might still be the murderer, Underwood might not have committed suicide, but her visit to his rooms at midnight would become known. Judge Brewster was not the man to be deterred by difficulties once he took up a case. He would see the importance of finding the mysterious woman who went so secretly to Underwood's rooms that night of the tragedy.
"He consulted only his own feelings," went on Annie. "He believes in Howard, and he's going to defend him."
Alicia looked at her anxiously as if trying to read what might be in her mind. Indifferently she went on:
"The papers say there was a quarrel about you, that you and Mr. Underwood were too friendly. They implied that Howard was jealous. Is this true?"
"It's all talk," cried Annie indignantly—"nothing but scandal—lies! There's not a word of truth in it! Howard never had a jealous thought

of me—and as for me—why—I've always worshiped the ground he walked on. Didn't he sacrifice everything for my sake? Didn't he quarrel with his father for me? Didn't he marry me? Didn't he try to educate and make a lady of me? My God!—do you suppose I'd give a man like that cause for jealousy? What do the newspapers care? They print cruel statements that cut into a woman's heart, without giving it a thought, without knowing or caring whether it's true or not, as long as it interests and amuses their readers. You—you don't really believe I'm the cause of his misfortunes, do you?"
Alicia shook her head as she answered kindly:
"No, I don't. Believe me, I don't. You were right when you said that at such a time as this one woman should stand by another. I'm going to stand by you. Let me be your friend, let me help you." Extending her hand she said: "Will you?"
Annie grasped the proffered hand. It was the first that had been held out to her in her present trouble. A lump rose in her throat. Much affected, she said:
"It's the first kind word that—"
She stopped and looked closely for a moment at Alicia. Then she went on:
"It's the queerest thing, Mrs. Jeffries, but it keeps coming into my mind. Howard told me that while he was at Underwood's that dreadful night he thought he heard your voice. It must have been a dream, of course yet he thought he was sure of it. Your voice—that's queer, isn't it? Why—what's the matter?"
Alicia had grown deathly pale and staggered against a chair. Annie ran to her aid, thinking she was ill.
"It's nothing—nothing!" stammered Alicia, recovering herself.
Fearing she had said something to hurt her feelings, Annie said sympathetically:
"I haven't said anything—anything out of the way—have I? If I have I'm sorry—awfully sorry. I'm afraid—I've been very rude and you've been so kind!"
"No, no!" interrupted Alicia quickly. "You've said nothing—done nothing—you've had a great deal to bear—a great deal to bear. I understand that perfectly." Taking her companion's hand in hers, she went on: "Tell me, what do they say about the woman who went to see Robert Underwood the night of the tragedy?"
"The police can't find her—we don't know who she is." Confidently she went on: "But Judge Brewster will find her. We have a dozen detectives searching for her. Capt. Clinton accused me of being the woman—you know he doesn't like me far too busy thinking of the number of detectives employed to find the missing witness. Anxiously she demanded:
"Supposing the woman is found, what can she prove? What difference will it make?"
"All the difference in the world," replied Annie. "She is a most important witness." Firmly she went on: "She must be found. If she didn't shoot Robert Underwood, she knows who did."
"But how can she know?" argued Alicia. "Howard confessed that he did it himself. If he had not confessed it would be different."
"He did not confess," replied the other calmly. "Mrs. Jeffries—he never confessed. If he did, he didn't know what he was saying."
Alicia was rapidly losing her self-possession.
"Did he tell you that?" she gasped. Annie nodded.
"Yes, Dr. Bernstein says the police forced it out of his tired brain. I made Howard go over every second of his life that night from the time he left me to the moment he was arrested. There wasn't a harsh word between them." She stopped short and looked with alarm at Alicia, who had turned ashen white. "Why, what's the matter? You're pale as death—you—"
Alicia could contain herself no longer. Her nerves were on the point of giving way. She felt that if she could not confide her secret to some one she must go mad. Pacing the floor, she cried:
"What am I to do? What am I to do? I believed Howard guilty. Why shouldn't I? I had no reason to doubt him. I have my doubts whether there believed it—his own father included. Why should I doubt it? But I see it all now! Underwood must have shot himself as he said he would!"
Annie started. What did Mrs. Jeffries mean? Did she realize the tremendous significance of the words she was uttering?
"As he said he would?" she repeated slowly.
"Yes," said Alicia weakly.
Annie bowed forward and grasped her companion's arm. Her face flushed, almost unable to speak from suppressed emotion, she cried:
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Of Much Value to Surgeons
"Stomach Telescope" Has Been Found Useful in Almost Endless Variety of Ways.
The "stomach telescope," or gastroscop, invented at the London hospital, has proved to be of the greatest value in the diagnosis of stomach disorders. An eminent surgeon recently referred in the highest terms to the advances lately made at that hospital in the early detection of diseases of the stomach by means of this instrument, which will in the immediate future probably come to be part of the equipment of every up-to-date hospital. The gastroscop now enables the physician or surgeon to actually see for himself the exact condition of the whole of the interior of the stomach, the slightest ulceration, growth or other abnormality in the lining membrane being thus readily observed. To be able to do this is of the very greatest importance in suspected cancer of the stomach, where the only hope of cure lies in the eradication of the cancerous growth at the very earliest moment. This means that the increased use of the gastroscop will in the future save many lives that would otherwise inevitably be lost through that disease.
Proclaims His Feelings.
Without the doctor and my better half I have my doubts whether there would have been an opportunity to write this, and this reminds me to say that, against protestations, I'm prepared to say, there is no easement to the afflicted and no satisfaction so intensely intense as when you are sick and pain seems unbearable to let your voice proclaim the feeling. Solecism is very noble, to be sure, but when nature demands the tribute of a hearty groan or grunt from a sufferer she is apt to revenge herself if it is suppressed.—Ocala Star.

BIGGEST BRIDGE PLANNED.

Structure Over San Francisco Bay Would Cost \$26,000,000.
San Francisco—A map and plans of the proposed bridge across San Francisco Bay to Oakland, permission to construct which was recently granted by congress to Allan C. Rush, were filed with the board of supervisors.
The roadway will swing 150 feet above the water, hung from ten steel and concrete piers, constituting eight arches. The total suspension will be 17,840 feet, in sections 2230 feet long. Four thousand feet will rest on Yerba Buena island, which will divide the structure in halves. The San Francisco approach will take off from the summit of Telegraph Hill, which has been reserved by the government for a light station.
Rush estimates the total cost at \$26,000,000. The total cost of the Brooklyn bridge to date, including remodeling for elevated trains and trolley tracks, has been about \$22,400,000, and of the Queensborough bridge, \$17,250,000. The length of the Queensborough bridge, the longest across the East River, is 7449 feet, including approaches, or one mile and 2169 feet. The Oakland bridge will be four miles 720 feet long, of which three miles 2000 feet would be over water.

I. W. W. TO RENEW FIGHT.

Force of 500 is Planning to Invade City of San Diego.
Los Angeles—Approximately 500 Industrial Workers of the World will leave Los Angeles for San Diego to renew the "free speech" fight at the conclusion of the demonstration in connection with the burial of Joseph Mikolasek, who died of wounds received in a battle with the San Diego police.
This was the announcement made at a meeting of Industrial Workers of the World, at which arrangements were made for the funeral of Mikolasek. The funeral parade will pass through the principal business streets of the city.
A police permit has been issued, and no trouble is expected.
Louis Feyer, of San Diego, who was said to have been selected as grand marshal of the parade, was arrested on a charge of horse-stealing. It is alleged that he stole the horse with which he made the trip from San Diego to Los Angeles.

REFUGEES WITHOUT FUNDS.

Property and Home Stolen or Destroyed in Raids.
Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico—The United States transport Buford arrived here with five refugees from Topolobampo and 16 from Altata and Culiacan. At Altata the Buford anchored 17 miles out, the refugees having been transferred by the steamer Lucia. The refugees from Culiacan virtually are destitute, their property and homes having been stolen or destroyed in recent rebel raids.
The Buford anchored two miles off this port, 71 adults and 20 children being taken aboard. Of the 20 American children more than 15 were born in Mexico. The transfer of the refugees was witnessed by thousands of Mexicans and the few Americans who remained in Mazatlan.

College Cities Seven Wonders

Ithaca, N. Y.—The seven wonders of the world as selected by the faculty, graduates and seniors of the chemists' seminary at Cornell University, were announced by Professor L. M. Dennis.
A few weeks ago the prominent scientific magazines sent a list to Cornell, containing 67 wonders of modern times and requested the chemical department to pick out seven of them as representing the greatest of modern human ingenuity. The seven selected in the order of their importance followed:
Wireless, synthetic chemistry, radium, antitoxins, aeroplanes, Panama canal, telephone.

China to Get \$50,000,000.

Pekin—The minister of finance and the bankers representing the six powers—the United States, Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia and Japan—have arranged the terms of advances to the Chinese government totaling \$50,000,000 against treasury bills redeemable within one year by the proceeds of the loan. It is pointed out, being below the average temperature for April the past ten years. The highest, April 8, was 57 degrees, while the normal highest has hitherto been 80.2 degrees. There was less frost, however, since the thermometer registered at freezing but twice, on April 11 and 12.

Ad. for Portland Unique.

Three big Columbia river salmon, frozen in blocks of ice, will be displayed next week in show windows at Dallas, Texas, to advertise one of Oregon's many resources. A. G. Clark, president of the Portland Ad Club, and official delegate to the Admen's convention at Dallas, is in charge of the innovation. He leaves Portland about the middle of May. The salmon for the display will be donated by Mackery & Co., the Columbia Fish company, and the Pacific Fish company.

Experiment Trees Planted.

Moro—Professor Peavy, of the forestry department of the Oregon Agricultural college, is a visitor in Moro. He came to superintend the planting of 1200 trees on the state experiment farm. The trees were furnished by station by the state forestry department and the forest service of the United States department of agriculture, and include ten varieties to be tested to find out which are suited to Eastern Oregon conditions.

Game Reserve Sanctioned.

Salem—Assistant Attorney General Crawford has advised the state fish and game commission that it will be legal for that commission to co-operate with the Federal government in establishing a game reserve in the Bull Run forest reserve.

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE STATE

UNION CROP BIG.

200 Acres Near Hubbard, Or., Are Planted This Year.
Hubbard—Within a radius of two miles of Hubbard enough onions will be raised this year "to make the whole world weep." From year to year, since it was discovered that the soil was well adapted to onion-raising, the acreage has been increased until now more than 200 acres are planted each spring. And the onion habit is growing. Newcomers, on making inquiry, are told that most of the gardeners and farmers raise onion sets at a profit, and so it is but natural that the majority of the landowners sooner or later engage in the business.
This year the weather man has been exceedingly kind to Hubbard onion-growers. The early spring, bright sunshine and occasional showers, have combined with the rich soil in giving early promise of a record crop. Just now the growers are looking for "weeders," as the small, tender plants must be kept free from other growths, and this work must be done on one's hands and knees—a tedious job to be sure, but well worth while when one acre produces from \$200 to \$400 worth of onion sets each year.

When the sets are ready for the market the grower simply takes them to the local warehouses and disposes of them at from 3 to 5 cents a pound, the price varying according to supply and demand, just as it does with other products. The warehouse men, in turn, ship the sets all over the country to gardeners and others, who "set" them out and raise "young onions," so highly esteemed by city folks.
While comparatively a small amount of young onions and dry onions are grown here, the claim has been made, and goes undisputed, that the Hubbard gardens produce more "sets" than all the rest of the Pacific Northwest states combined.
To be a successful onion-grower in the community means that the owner of the ground is making money, and unless he already has reached that state he soon will own his home and have a comfortable bank account. Fifty men, and a number of women, too, will tell you it is the most successful, the most certain and the most profitable crop in this part of Oregon.

TO FIGHT FOREST FIRES.

Government Appropriation of \$10,000 Will Be Great Help.
Salem—An announcement is made by the state board of forestry that there will be 65 men appointed in Oregon under the \$10,000 appropriation received from the government through the Weeks law, these men to work in Oregon in patrolling the headwaters of the navigable streams of the state.
The state board of forestry also made announcement of completion of its manual and handbook for fire wardens in which the general policy of the board for this year is largely announced.
In the appointment of the men under the Weeks law there will be about 57 of the men stationed west of the Cascade mountains and the other eight will be placed east of the mountains. It was the intent of the law to protect the headwaters of navigable streams, and the main navigable streams are west of the Cascades. The men west of the mountains will be apportioned from one to seven in various counties, according to the size of the counties, the quantity of the timber involved and the nature of the streams arising in the respective counties.
In the most comprehensive handbook and manual ever issued by the state board of forestry, the policy of that board for 1919 is outlined and instructions are given to the wardens working under the department. It is shown that Oregon has more standing timber than any other state in the Union—approximately 500,000,000,000 feet; that when it is manufactured into lumber it will bring at least \$6,000,000,000 of outside money, 80 per cent of which will be expended for labor and supplies; that Oregon is receiving \$6,000,000 annually from lumber and other timber products, and that the timber and lumber industry is paying approximately one-third of the taxes of the state.
"In 1911, 842 fires were reported, of which 613, or about 73 per cent, were caused through carelessness," states the handbook. "That a majority of these fires were the result of violations of the law by campers, hunters, railroad companies, loggers and ranchers, is beyond question."
Numerous instructions to the fire wardens in the manual indicate that a stricter policy will be pursued this year in enforcement of the law than last year, when the board was largely taken up with the time of organizing and with a plan of education.
Special attention is called to the question of burning permits. During the period between June 1 and October 1 it is unlawful for any person to burn slashings, chopping, wood or brush land without obtaining a permit from the state fire warden. The chief object of this restriction is to prevent the careless use of fire during the dry season.
"Persons engaged in clearing land and putting it under cultivation find the use of fire absolutely necessary, and the warden's decisions as to the advisability of issuing a permit should, in every case, be based on a thorough investigation of the area to be burned over," says the manual. "In general, a permit should be issued unless it is clear that the burning contemplated is unsafe. To summarize, it is the warden's duty to accommodate applicants by issuing permits where there is no danger of the fire spreading, but to decline and give reasons, when the burning would be unsafe."
The manual shows an agreement has been reached between the United States department of agriculture and the state board of forestry, so that the Federal government has allotted funds for the service of one or more patrolmen in each heavily-timbered county in the state.

BERRY FARMS INCREASE.

Heavy Acreage Brings Plant Famine at Corvallis.
Corvallis—Plantings of loganberry farms continued in Benton county this spring until no more plants could be obtained from the nurseries. Also there was a large planting of Cutbert red raspberries, gooseberries and blackberries. The Corvallis commercial club, with the active assistance of the commercial clubs of Philomath, Monroe and Alpine, fostered the berry-farm movement. A number of the members of the Corvallis club purchased a 14-acre tract near the city and planted it to small fruits as a demonstration farm, experts from the agricultural college directing the preparation of the ground and the method of planting; but this farm will not enter into the competition for the cash prizes offered by the several commercial clubs for the best acre of loganberries set out in the county.
The Benton County Growers' association is now thoroughly organized, with a capable directorate, and it will this year operate the Corvallis canneries. This is a marketing concern, and virtually every small fruit and tree-fruit grower in the county is a member.
Little attention has been paid to truck gardening in this county, although Corvallis is a good market.

Inch Less Rain This Year.

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis—An inch less rain than is normal has fallen thus far this year, the April precipitation of 1.99 inches being .86 below the normal for that month. It was also a chilly month, being below the average temperature for April the past ten years. The highest, April 8, was 57 degrees, while the normal highest has hitherto been 80.2 degrees. There was less frost, however, since the thermometer registered at freezing but twice, on April 11 and 12.

Autolists Favor Clatsop.

Seaside—Clatsop Beach is rapidly becoming a favorite objective point for automobile tourists. The rainy weather has not prevented travel over the roads, and each Sunday there have been a number of motorists from Astoria. Portland tourists also have fallen into the habit of making occasional trips here. The ride from Portland will be made daily this summer, and some of the Portland machines will be kept here until fall, fully a dozen owners having made arrangements for the care of their machines.

Salem Backs Road Bills.

Salem—The six compromise road bills which will go before the people next November received the unanimous endorsement of the Salem board of trade and steps will be taken immediately to circulate them throughout Marion county where it is expected thousands of signatures will be attached. In addition resolutions were adopted urging the Marion County voters to purchase auto trucks to use in hauling rock for road work.

Great Drama for Moss Festival.

Portland—Preparations are now being made for the production of a gigantic scale of "The Bridge of the Gods," the spectacular story of the early history of Oregon, which created country-wide comment at the Astoria Centennial. June 8 and 10, the Saturday prior to and the Monday of Rose Festival week, are the dates that have been chosen for the performance in Multnomah Field, and the cast is now being gathered together.