

DOINGS 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.

Salazar, head of the Mexican insurgents, says he cares not how soon the United States intervenes.

Italians shelled and destroyed a Turkish fort at Hodeida, but the place had apparently been abandoned.

The Democratic ways and means committee will revive the cotton tariff bill which was vetoed by the president.

The strike of conductors and motormen on the Boston Elevated railway is ended, the men winning every point sought.

James Landers, who broke jail in Alaska in 1901, was arrested in Los Angeles, where he was working as a waiter.

Harvest is in full swing in the Big Bend and Palouse districts of Washington, and excellent crops are being gathered.

The Borah three-year homestead bill has passed the house and now goes to the president, who has supported it from the start.

Hundreds of Americans are being driven out of Mexico by the insurgents, who declare the Americans are only there to enslave the Mexican people.

Senators insist that fortifications of the Panama canal are for actual use in time of war, and oppose the idea of England having any part in building or maintaining them.

Police Lieutenant Becker, of New York, has been indicted for first degree murder for the killing of a gambler who had exposed corruption in the police force of that city.

The balloon Uncle Sam won the big race at St. Louis, covering 925 miles in 35 hours, and landing safely near the old battlefield of Bull Run.

Two men were drowned and two women and two children had a narrow escape when their launch struck a submerged piling in Willapa Harbor. A third man who was with the party swam ashore and ran three miles to a sawmill, where he secured a skiff with which he returned and rescued the women and children.

The sugar trust inquiry has brought out an amazing story of pools and rebates to maintain prices.

The Southern Pacific and Santa Fe roads announce advances in freight rates to all Pacific Coast ports.

California delegates to the third party convention to be held in Chicago Aug. 5, have chartered a special car for the trip.

Chehalis county, Washington, has such an excellent crop of potatoes coming on that residents feel sure of reasonably low prices.

A strike of two thousand I. W. W. workers tied construction work on the Canadian Grand Trunk railway.

The right of women to hold government positions as wireless operators on ships is being seriously questioned.

Advance styles for women's hair will require that at least half the hair worn by them must be grown by others.

Twenty-four bodies have been recovered from the flooded Pennsylvania coal mines, and many are yet unaccounted for.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Track prices, new: Club, 75¢; bluestem, 82¢; old wheat, nominal.

Barley—New, brewing, 25¢; feed, 24¢.

Hay—Timothy, 14¢; alfalfa, 11¢; clover, 10¢; alfalfa and vetch, 12¢; grain hay, 8¢.

Millstuffs—Bran, 25¢; shorts, 28¢; middlings, 32¢.

Corn—Whole, 33¢; cracked, 40¢.

Oats—New, 26¢; old, 27¢.

Fresh Fruits—Cherries, 30¢; apples, old, 11¢; box, 10¢; new, 75¢; peaches, 50¢; box, 40¢; currants, 15¢; plums, 50¢; pears, 15¢; apricots, 50¢.

Berries—Raspberries, 15¢; blackberries, 15¢.

Melons—Cantaloupes, 25¢; watermelons, 1¢.

Potatoes—Jobbing prices: Burbanks, new, 90¢; Idaho, 100¢.

Vegetables—Artichokes, 65¢; asparagus, 2¢; cabbage, 10¢; cauliflower, 15¢; celery, 15¢; corn, 15¢; cucumbers, 50¢; eggplant, 10¢; green beans, 10¢; lettuce, 20¢; peas, 80¢; peppers, 80¢.

Eggs—Case count, 23¢; candled, 25¢; extras, 27¢.

Butter—Oregon creamery, cubes, 30¢; prints, 31¢.

Pork—Fancy, 10¢; lard, 10¢.

Poultry—Hens, 12¢; broilers, 16¢; ducks, young, 10¢; geese, 10¢; turkeys, live, 18¢; dressed, 24¢.

Hops—1912 contracts, 19¢; 1911 crop, 20¢.

Wool—Eastern Oregon, 14¢; light, 21¢; dark, 20¢.

PUGET SOUND "CAPTURED."

Defenders in Mimic War Game Surprised and Routed

Oakville, Wash.—Oregon troops are given credit by the military umpire for a big part in the strategic victory of the invading army over that defending in a tense general engagement.

That the Reds were able to force back the brigade that sought to check the invasion of Puget Sound is held to be due largely to the operations of the Third Oregon.

In order to break the formidable disposition of the Blue army along the Black river, one battalion of the Third forced the chilly stream twice, while the other battalions tramped for three miles through damp underbrush and timber along a steep hillside in order to put in an enfilading fire on the Blue right flank.

The outcome of the battle was in the nature of a surprise. The Blue brigade held the bridges and fords across Black river and had an advantageous position in every way for resisting an attack. It appeared very much as if the tactical invasion of the United States from Grays Harbor would end in disaster.

But the conclusion of the Blue officers that the hilly wilderness on the north side of the Black river opposite their right wing was impenetrable proved a severe stumbling block. Colonel L. W. V. Kennon, head commander, by an admirable bit of strategy, made this his first striking point.

Choosing the Third Oregon infantry for the task, Colonel Kennon dispatched the regiment commanded by Colonel J. M. Poorman into this fastness at 5 a. m. There was no trail nor road and the men made headway through rank foliage with the greatest difficulty. Officers' mounts had to be left behind at an early stage of the march.

When within a few hundred yards of the river the Third battalion was separated from the regiment and directed to proceed as a sacrificing force to engage the enemy in a frontal attack.

Proceeding cautiously to the river the remainder of the regiment came suddenly upon a battalion of the Twenty-first United States blue infantry and a section of the artillerymen at breakfast. This Blue force was completely surprised, as the men had their outposts on the road by which the Reds were expected to appear.

The Second battalion, commanded by Major Smith, and made up of the Salem, Oregon City and Woodburn companies and company K, of Portland, opened a heavy fire on the regulars, who retreated precipitately, leaving the unfinished breakfast, which the Oregonians later ate.

This served to uncover the entire flank of the Blue army. The two battalions then directed a flanking fire and the Blue wing soon gave way. The two battalions then joined the Twenty-fifth United States infantry in the main advance.

CONTEST DECISIONS UPHELD.

President Taft Approves Statement of National Committee.

Washington, D. C.—A statement approved by President Taft, defending his nomination by the Chicago convention, has been made public at the White House. It reviews every contest before the Republican national committee and the credentials committee of the convention and asserts that each contest was settled logically, upon its merits. The statement was submitted to the cabinet at a recent meeting and received the approval of the president's official family.

The statement, which is a document of 144 printed pages, is a detailed denial of the charge that the renomination of President Taft was accomplished by the seating of fraudulently elected delegates to the convention.

It takes up individually the 238 contests instituted by the Roosevelt forces against Taft delegates who were seated, and presents evidence in each of these cases to show that the Taft delegates were regularly elected.

Hawley's Fortune Is Out.

New York—Wallace S. Frazer, deputy state controller, has filed a report in the transfer office of the surrogate court that the gross estate of the late Edward Hawley aggregated only \$9,292,917.88. From this amount there was deducted \$4,609,629.98 for debts, administration expenses, taxes in other states and commissions. It was estimated at the time of Hawley's death, February 1, last, that his estate would reach \$60,000,000. The amount due the state as an inheritance tax is \$175,454.94.

Aged Suffragist Would Vote.

San Francisco—Equal suffrage seeds planted two decades ago by the late Susan B. Anthony have come to fruition, in the heart of Mrs. Amanda Hall, a gentle old woman of this city. Mrs. Hall, who is so infirm that she cannot go around alone, has appealed to the women of the San Francisco center of the California Civic league to aid her in reaching a registration office, so that she may qualify to vote for president. She says that the wish to vote has been alive in her for 20 years.

Lad Found Asleep in Cave.

San Gregorio, Cal.—Mortimer Hamilton, the 6-year-old son of a Seattle lumberman, who was lost Friday, was found asleep Sunday in a cave, with his arms clasped about the neck of an angora goat. The lad, who was camping with his aunt, Mrs. Albert Palmer, of San Francisco, wandered off alone. He could not give a complete account of his adventures, but said he made friends with the goat and they had wandered into the cave together.

Quake Splits High Peak.

Ellensburg, Wash.—According to C. M. Snow, a sheepman of Tonaway, who has arrived here, the peak capping Mount Ingalls in the Cascade range had been split by some seismic disturbance and has been thrown into the waters of Lelele lake, a small but deep body of water 5000 feet above sea level. Snow declares the outline of the top of the mountain has been changed completely.

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE STATE

TRADE BALANCE TURNS.

Medford Becomes Extensive Seller of Food Products.

Medford—Medford will mark the year of 1912 as the first year that it has started a balance of trade in farm products in its favor. The first car of potatoes ever shipped out of the valley was sent this week, and because of the heavy hay and grain crop many flour and feed mills which have been closed the past few weeks will open as soon as the threshing season begins.

A year ago 163 cars of hay were imported and eggs were shipped in regularly. For several weeks now eggs have been sent out and none received. Hundreds of tons of alfalfa and grain will be sold to outside buyers.

The public market, recently established is proving a great success. Fruits and vegetables of all kinds, chickens, eggs and other produce are being purchased by local consumers considerably below the market price. The fruit crop will be large and of the highest quality. Three cars of pears have been sold for future delivery through the Northwestern Fruit Exchange of Portland, averaging \$2 a box f. o. b. Medford. The picking season for Bartlett will open August 5 to 10, and local ranchers are already scouring the country for help.

Although moisture has delayed the honey production somewhat the tonnage will be a record breaker. William Muller, the honey king, reports that shipments will begin next week, and between 30 and 40 tons will be shipped.

The increase in local production is attributed largely to the increased use of water, the ranchers having found that irrigation is one of the best investments that can be made, both as an insurance against crop failure and a guarantee of greater production per acre.

POTATO CROP IS LARGE.

Hood River Will Produce Between 25,000 to 30,000 Sacks.

Hood River—The potato crop in the Hood River valley is estimated this year at between 25,000 and 30,000 sacks, the largest ever raised here. A number of the tuber growers here reaped a rich harvest last year, shipping a number of carloads to Texas and receiving excellent returns.

While most of the acreage is composed of land just cleared or that with potatoes planted between young trees, a few have planted on a commercial basis. The orchardists who plant between their trees expect their crops to furnish them their own supply and enough over to have a wagon load or two to haul to market.

Albert Crocker, John Koberg and F. H. Button are the heaviest growers of potatoes. Mr. Crocker has a large tract on the Paradise farm. It is probable that the Hood River Applegrowers' union will handle potatoes this season. Wilmer Sieg, the manager, who has gone to Eastern cities, will attempt to establish relations with firms in order to dispose of the local tuber crop to advantage.

COVE'S SHOW ATTRACTS.

All Union County Drawn to Magnificent Cherry Exhibit.

La Grande—Luscious cherries—cherries the like of which captured the golden medals at the last three or four world's fairs—were inspected and admired by loving throngs from nooks and corners of Union county at Cove.

A sprinkling of rain immediately after the luncheon hour failed to dampen the ardor of the volumes of praise spread by the visitors at the annual cherry fair. The day went along with threatening weather until the afternoon, when light showers made the afternoon's schedule problematical, but the cherries were there in big red letters.

Fortunately, the cherry crop was most prolific this year, and a proper amount of warm weather colored the trees to the exact hue that shows them at their best.

Coming early, the crowds soon filled the little hamlet to overflowing, and by noon walking room was a scarcity. Union, La Grande, Elgin, in fact, every town and city in the valley sent a splendid representation, and rain notwithstanding, the fair was a tremendous success.

Conservative estimates place the attendance at 3000.

Shaniko Ships Sheep.

Shaniko—Two hundred and ten carloads of sheep were shipped from this point over the O. W. R. & N. last month. Railroad officials say this establishes a record for initial shipments from any point in the Pacific Northwest. Seventy carloads were shipped in one day. The number of sheep handled was 52,000. It is estimated there are 80,000 more to be shipped from this territory before the end of this season. On account of the open winter, sheep are in splendid condition.

Klamath Roads Praised.

Klamath Falls—The roads of Klamath county were highly praised by the members of the Portland Pathfinder party, who visited this city recently. Philip S. Bates, of Portland, especially praised the work of the county court along this line. He said their experiences on some of the roads were too painful to relate. C. L. Smith, agriculturist for the O. W. R. & N., predicted a great future for this section in dairying and said that the farmers would undoubtedly soon be shipping great quantities of produce.

Natron Rails Are Being Laid.

Eugene—Work comes from Oakridge that the Utah Construction company has laid 800 feet of rails beyond that place on the present contract for the Natron extension. This brings the rails to Salmon Creek, and makes possible the site direct.

LIBRARY FUND SHORT.

Bids Will Be Opened August 5 for Construction.

Salem—With the announcement that bids will be opened for the new Supreme court and State Library building on the state grounds August 5, it has also been determined that it will be possible on the present appropriation to construct only the brickwork, exterior and flooring, and that the interior and finishing will have to depend on a further appropriation at the next session of the legislative assembly.

Members of the State board, after making a purchase of the entire block east of the capitol at a cost of \$50,000, reached the conclusion that the remaining \$100,000 would be insufficient for the construction of such a building as is needed.

State Treasurer Kay held several conferences with members of the Supreme court and members of that body stated they would back up the State board and give their moral support in securing an additional appropriation for the construction of the building. The deficit will be about \$70,000, about \$50,000 of this being for the building and the remainder for completion and furnishings. The foundation has been constructed.

The second floor will be entirely devoted to the state library. This will include floor space of 93 by 126 feet. The third floor will have offices for the Supreme court. The attorney general and assistants will have three rooms on this floor.

MEDFORD FARM IS BOUGHT.

Illinois Woman Pays \$200,000 for 1600 Acres Fruit Land.

Medford—Miss Kate F. O'Connor, a prominent suffragette of Rockford, Ill., active in the Federation of Women's Clubs and well known throughout the Middle West, has purchased the old McMahon ranch of 1600 acres, lying seven miles southeast of Medford.

Edward Butterfield, who owns and operates a string of retail stores in Northern Illinois, is associated with Miss O'Connor and will be the Medford manager.

Miss O'Connor, who is an extensive real estate operator in Illinois, will have the property cut up into five and ten-acre tracts planted with pears, and will establish her main sales office in Rockford, Ill. Although no money consideration was named, it is believed to be in the neighborhood of \$200,000.

Special inducements will be made to young women to settle on the property, and it is rumored that those believing in "Votes for Women" will be particularly encouraged.

COOS BAY CANNERIES OPEN.

Salmon Industry Outlook Good When Run Is Started.

Marshfield—The Salmon canning season on Coos Bay has started, but as yet there is not much of a run of salmon. The fishermen, however, expect that there will be a good run. This year there will be more markets for fish than before.

The plant at Empire will be operated by the Southern Oregon company. The Tallant company, which last year was interested with the Southern Oregon company, will operate separately this year, having purchased the Reynolds salmon cannery in Marshfield and will operate it this year. The cold storage plant in Marshfield will also be opened this year, so there will be three plants on Coos Bay buying fish. The cannery at Gardiner on the Umpqua river will also operate to handle the salmon caught in that waterway.

Fruit Packers to Vie.

Two medals will be awarded by the Northwestern Fruit Exchange at the Northwest Land Products show, to be held in Portland in November, for the two best 25-box exhibits. The first prize will be a gold medal and the second a silver medal. It is expected that there will be between 75 and 100 entries. The medals will be awarded to packers, not exhibitors.

Manager Bond said that much interest is already being taken in the forthcoming show by fruitgrowers and farmers throughout the Northwest. Every producing district in Oregon will have extensive displays at the show, he said.

Grade May Be Changed.

Marshfield—It is generally understood here that the Southern Pacific will change the grade of the Eugene-Coos Bay line at points between North Bend and Gardiner. In consequence of these changes it is announced that no further work will be done in the way of clearing the right of way until the changes have been made and definitely decided upon. It is thought, however, that the delay in starting the work will not be a long one. Shipments of machinery are expected soon.

Sutherland Enjoys Water.

Sutherland—Sutherland's new water system, on which work has been going on for several months by a Portland firm, is completed. The approximate cost is \$25,000. There is a well 18 feet in diameter and 100 feet deep, in which there is 50 feet of water. The pumping outfit, consisting of a 25-horse power engine and a pump weighing six tons, has been installed. The pump has a capacity of 160 gallons a minute. The reservoir in connection with the system holds approximately 60,000 gallons.

Oregon Arouses Interest.

Salem—"Everybody was asking about Oregon," said Superintendent Aderman, who has just returned from Chicago, where he attended the National Educational association. "Great interest was expressed in the rural high schools in Oregon, and special interest was shown in the development of rural schools in general."



STANTON WINS

ELEANOR M. INGRAM
Author of "The Game and the Candle" and "The Flying Mercury" etc.
Illustrations by FREDERIC THORNBURGH

SYNOPSIS.

At the beginning of great automobile race the mechanic of the Mercury, Stanton, drops dead. Strange youth, Jesse Floyd, volunteers, and is accepted. In the race during the twenty-four hour race Stanton meets a stranger, Miss Carlisle, who introduces herself. The Mercury, Stanton, reaches flowers from Miss Carlisle, which he ignores. Stanton meets Miss Carlisle on a train.

CHAPTER IV. (Continued.)

"Neither are you," he countered. "Nor it wouldn't be of any importance if we were, but we are not. I'm not asking you why you are working with your hands instead of your head, and I suppose you are not asking me. Who cares?"

"No one," dryly agreed Stanton. "But I can tell you that I am doing this to make money, and make it quick, and I would much prefer breaking my neck to living in the rack of poverty. They are calling our train; you had better come."

"I'm supposed to keep in touch with Mr. Green," Floyd observed, gathering up his magazine with cheerful nonchalance. "He is worrying about me most of the time, for fear I'll lose my nerve and desert."

Which was not precisely what was worrying the assistant manager of the Mercury company, and perhaps Stanton of the rough temper knew it. "I fancy your nerve will hold out, if your patience does," was his reply. "Patience is supposed to be a woman's art," doubted Floyd. "But I'll try to acquire it."

Stanton laughed briefly. "I wouldn't give much for your chance of success, in that case. If I ever find a woman who will ride with me as you do, I will marry her."

"Oh, no, you will not," contradicted the other, searching his pockets for a missing glove. "You will marry a Fluffy Ruffles who will faint if you exceed the eight-mile-an-hour speed limit. And then you will quit racing and be spoiled for the Mercury Company, and all its rival manufacturers will chortle for joy: 'A young man married is a young man married.'"

It was so long since any one had cared to talk nonsense to Stanton, not to mention airily teasing him, that he caught his breath in sheer astonishment. And then a tingling, human warmth and sense of comradeship succeeded. It was as if he had been living in a lonely, silent room, when unexpectedly some one opened the door and entered.

"I'm too busy," he retorted only, but his tone conveyed no rebuke. They walked on down the room and out into the train shed. They were almost at the train itself, when Floyd stopped.

"Some one is calling you," he signified. Stanton turned, and found a panting, black-gowned young woman behind him.

"My mistress bids me ask you to wait, sir," she apologized. "Your mistress?"

She stepped aside, and he saw a tall, fair-haired girl, gowned with finished richness in a motor costume of pale tan silk, who advanced with leisurely grace toward them.

"Miss Carlisle, sir," supplemented the maid.

"There is no need for you to go," Stanton checked, as Floyd moved to continue on his way. "Stay here."

He was obeyed without comment. The maid respectfully withdrew a few paces, when her mistress came up.

"What a place to meet a man of gasolene!" greeted Valerie Carlisle, in her low, assured tones. "Or are you also in distress, Mr. Stanton, and forced to prosaic train travel?"

Her manner was that of one meeting an ordinary acquaintance, she held out her hand, in its miniature tan sunnet, with breath in sheer astonishment. "No one could have guessed her unconventional and slight had been their introduction."

"I am going to Massachusetts," Stanton answered as composedly. "To Massachusetts? But so are we! At least, we had everything arranged to go to our country place, until twenty minutes ago our chauffeur was taken violently ill. Now I suppose we must go by train."

She broke the sentence, her large brown eyes sweeping Floyd with a deliberate question and scrutiny.

"Miss Carlisle, Mr. Floyd, whom you saw beside me for many hours at the Beach motorhome," Stanton made the presentation.

Her face cleared swiftly, he could have said it was relief which shot across her expression.

"Your mechanic? Is it possible? You also are going to Lowell, Mr. Floyd?"

"Yes, since my next work is there," Floyd replied, unsmiling and laconic. It was evident he and Miss Carlisle disliked each other at sight.

She turned from him indifferently. "Mr. Stanton, I am going to make you a selfish invitation. Our place is about seventy-five miles from New York; will you not try our new motor car and give me the honor of being driven there by you? You could go on to Lowell with us to-morrow morning, or, if you insisted, finish the journey by train after dinner."

Amazed, Stanton looked at her. Once again he mentally asked himself what she could want of him.

"Thank you," he had arranged to take this train, he declined. "Decidedly?"

"Decidedly, Miss Carlisle." She bent her head, patting her small tan shoe on the platform. She was even more handsome than his night glimpse of her had shown, with an ivory-tinted, cultivated beauty whose one defect was coldness.

"Of course, I can not urge you," she

"I shall ride beside Mr. Stanton," she announced. "I wish to see expert driving at close range, for once."

"Ah!" queried Stanton; suddenly the conviction that she had done this purposely flared up anew, and with it his anger. She would have a racing driver for her chauffeur? Very well. He swung into the seat.

Until they were out of the city, he drove with a wise obedience to traffic regulations. But when the country line was reached, Stanton stopped the car, donned a small pair of goggles from his overcoat pocket, and poised his hat back to Mr. Carlisle's care.

"I am sorry I had no time to get into motor clothes," he observed, a little too pleasantly. "Still we will manage."

They made the next ten miles in ten minutes, having a fair road. Then rough hills and villages somewhat lowered their pace. It was a dizzying rush through a gale of wind, a birdlike cleaving of the summer air, accompanied by the weird howl of the electric horn upon which Stanton kept a finger much of the time, a vision of scattering wagons.

There was a curious circumstance, Valerie Carlisle literally covered in her seat, pale, shivering, usually with her eyes shut. Yet she, the imperious demander of her own way, uttered no remonstrance, although faintly crying out once or twice when they slid by some obvious danger of cliff or road.

Stanton saw, from the corner of his eye, and speculated as he drove, "Do you think this is safe?" Mr. Carlisle found an opportunity to urge.

"I think so, if nothing breaks," Stanton called back, twisting the car around a load of hay.

They reached their destination in two hours and ten minutes. When they entered the village limits and the speed fell to fifteen miles an hour, Mr. Carlisle slowly revived, and regained his breath and his glasses. His daughter released her grasp of the seat, raised a shaking hand to touch veils and bonnet, then passed a handkerchief across her dry lips and looked up at the man beside her.

"How do you like the car?" she asked.

Stanton surveyed her, almost surprised into compunction.

"It isn't the Mercury's pull, to be perfectly frank," he answered. "It is a trifle heavy and less lively. But it is a fine machine, and of course you do not want to race with it."

"Of course I do not want to race with it," she slowly assented, and



He Drove With a Wise Obedience to Traffic Regulations.

Stanton started to speak, then abruptly shrugged his shoulders. After all, why not?

"Thank you," he returned. "I scarcely think a seventy-five mile run will incapacitate me."

"You will come?" Her amber eyes gleamed vividly. "You are too good. Let us find my father and the car. It is at least a car worthy of you—a better than the Mercury, I confess to thinking."

"A foreign machine?"

"No, an Atlanta Six. Martha, find papa in the station and ask him to come out to the car."

They emerged by a side exit into the noisy, dirty, sunny New York street.

"Is it not well designed, well swung?" she challenged. "It is fast on the race track—you know that. Is it not handsome?"

She spoke eagerly, with more animation than he had yet seen in her. Stanton ran a careless glance over the big, tan-colored automobile standing by the curb.

"It is a good car," he agreed conservatively, privately he considered it both too high and too heavy for racing work.

"Only that? You say only that? But wait, you have not driven it. When papa comes we can start."

Mr. Carlisle was coming; a spare, nervous gentleman who wore glasses set on a Roman nose, from which they slipped monotonously. He and Stanton had once met at the Mercury office, where one was arranging for a fire contract, and the other was signing an agreement to drive for the season. They recognized each other now, while Miss Carlisle concisely outlined the situation.