

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.

Turkey and Italy are reported to have signed preliminary articles of peace.

The steamer Senator arrived at Seattle from Nome with \$1,200,000 in gold dust and a large cargo of furs.

A noted Chicago artist has been arrested charged with circulating numerous hand-painted counterfeit \$10 bills.

Jules Vedrine, a French aviator, won the world's speed championship at Chicago by a flight averaging 105.5 miles per hour.

Blistering heat continues from the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic. Cows refuse to eat and the milk supply is almost cut off.

A Norwegian explorer declares he has found the descendants of the Norsemen who were lost in the Arctic regions 500 years ago.

Masked and armed robbers held up the stage between Fort Bidwell and New Pine Creek, Or., relieving the passengers of about \$150.

Secretary Knox and suite arrived in Japan as special envoys to the funeral of the late emperor Matsuhito, and received a cordial welcome.

James J. Hill has organized a trust company with a capital of \$2,000,000 and it is believed he intends to embark in the steel business.

New born monkeys at Baltimore are to be raised as nearly like human babies as possible, in an effort to learn to what extent the Darwinian theory will hold.

Mrs. Malcolm D. Whitman, formerly Miss Jennie Crocker, of San Francisco, arrived in New York with her husband and \$60,000 worth of pet dogs.

The city museum of Portland, Or., has been presented with a copy of the Boston Gazette of March 12, 1770, in which is an editorial urging colonists to refuse to buy tea from England.

Indications are that the apple crop will not be up to expectations, and prices are advancing.

Mexican rebels are reported to have sacked and burned the town of Ahuacatlan, cremating one merchant in his store.

Hundreds of horses have died in Kansas from an epidemic of spinal meningitis.

A sack of gold containing \$10,000 is mysteriously missing from the office of the treasurer of Mercer county, California.

The German army is to have a new dirigible balloon capable of a sustained flight of 60 hours and a speed of 50 miles an hour.

Oppressive heat brings misery to Chicago and the Middle West. Two persons died of sunstroke and 25 were bitten by rabid dogs.

Arizona cowboys have organized a military company and declare they will invade Mexico and rescue imperiled Americans in Sonora.

Engineer Modjeski reports that the proposed wagon bridge across the Columbia at Vancouver will cost \$1,987,200, with \$500,000 additional for rights of way for approaches.

The State department is making every effort to get arms and ammunition to Americans in Cananea, Mexico, that they may protect themselves against the rebels who infest that district.

PORTLAND MARKETS

Wheat—Track prices: Club, 80c; bluestem, 82c@83c; forty-fold, 81c; valley, 81c.

Barley—Feed, \$25.50@26.50 ton; brewing, \$28.50@29 per ton; Mill-stuffs—Bran, \$23.50 ton; shorts, \$26; middlings, \$32; rolled barley, \$28.

Corn—Whole, \$38.50; cracked, \$39.50 ton.

Hay—Eastern Oregon timothy, \$15; valley timothy, \$12@13; clover, \$10; oats and vetch, \$10@11; grain hay, \$10@11.

Oats—Spot, \$29@30 ton.

Fresh Fruits—Apples, 50c@1.50 per box; peaches, 35c@55c box; plums, 10c@15c pound; pears, 2c; grapes, \$1@1.50 box; blackberries, 50c@1.35 crate.

Onions—Walla Walla, 75c@85c sack. Potatoes—Jobbing prices: Burbanks, 50c@65c hundred.

Vegetables—Artichokes, 65c@75c dozen; cabbage, 10c@15c pound; cauliflower, \$1@1.25 dozen; celery, 50c@75c; corn, 15c@25c; cucumbers, 50c box; head lettuce, 20c@25c dozen; peppers, 50c@60c pound; tomatoes, 50c@60c box; garlic, 80c@1.00c; carrots, \$1.50 sack; turnips, \$1.25; beets, \$1.50.

Eggs—Case count, 22c@23c; candied, 25c@26c; extras, 28c@29c.

Butter—Oregon creamery, cubes, 33c pound; prints, 34c@34c.

Pork—Fancy, 11c@12c pound. Veal—Fancy, 14c@15c pound.

Poultry—Hens, 13c; broilers, 14c@15c; ducks, young, 10c; geese, 8c@12c; turkeys, live, 22c; dressed, 25c.

Cattle—Choice steers, \$7@7.25; good, \$6.25@6.75; medium, \$6@6.25; choice cows, \$5@5.25; good, \$5.50@5.75; medium, \$5@5.25; choice calves, \$7@8.50; good heavy calves, \$6.25@7; bulls, \$3@4.50; stags, \$5@5.75.

Hogs—Light, \$8.75@9.25; heavy, \$8@8.50.

Sheep—Yearlings, \$3.50@4.65; wethers, \$4@4.60; ewes, \$2.85@3.75; lambs, \$5@5.60.

BIG GUNS SMASH TARGETS.

Fort Stevens Sends 6-inch Shells Home at 5-Mile Range.

Fort Stevens—The third \$1800 sea-going battleship target is a mass of splintered wreckage as a result of the most sensational target practice ever held at Fort Stevens. The last target was demolished by the Thirty-fourth company with a six-inch shell. Immediately 70 men under Lieutenant Norton, and ordnance officer, were placed at work putting together another target. Working for eight hours without ceasing they accomplished what ordinarily requires fully a week's effort.

The target, made of 10x10 timbers, with three steel masts enmeshed in netting, was towed out from the Columbia river to sea by the steamer Furnace. Getting on its course 9000 yards from the battery, the Furnace steamed full speed ahead with the ocean spray dashing over the target. The gunners sprang to their positions, the huge 625-pound shell was rammed home, the breech-block slammed shut, the 36-ton steel barrel above the cement breastworks, seemingly poised itself like the striking head of a serpent.

A minor correction by the gun pointer, the command to fire, and the projectile, propelled by 175 pounds of high explosive, was on its way toward the target.

As it traveled through the air towards its destination, a second shell was hurled from another rifle. The first shell struck, scattering the wooden framework in all directions; almost instantly afterward the second projectile buried itself amongst the tangled wreckage of the \$1800 target.

The largest British dreadnaught planned is 700 feet long. These targets are 60 feet long; therefore such an enemy would represent a striking place for shells 12 times the size of the target used for representing battle conditions.

MOTORCYCLE KILLS TWELVE

Racer Going 80 Miles an Hour Crashes into Crowd.

Newark, N. J.—Eddie Hasha, of Waco, Tex., holder of several world's records for motorcycle racing, plunged over the rail of the course of the Newark motorrome, into a crowd, causing the death of six persons, including himself, while six are dying and 13 are badly injured.

The only three of the six dead positively identified up to a late hour were Hasha, Johnny Albright, a Denver motorcyclist who was riding third in the race, and Edward Fischer, a 17-year-old boy of this city. The other three dead were boys and young men among the spectators. Two of the probably fatally injured are Edward Rolle and Frank J. Amburg, each 17 years old.

Five thousand spectators were witnessing the finish of a four-mile free-for-all race when the daring young rider, doing 80 miles an hour, took his fatal plunge. He was pitched head first 50 feet into the air. His body was shapeless when it was picked up, almost at the feet of his wife, seated in the bleachers.

Albright was thrown head first in the other direction into the enclosure of the track, when the champion's wheel came sliding down the steep bank and struck him. He was picked up for dead, but he lived in an unconscious state more than two hours.

Queen is Learning Golf

Aberdeen, Scotland—Queen Mary is learning to play golf at Balmoral in emulation of her daughter, who has recently been playing daily there. Her Majesty has often expressed amazement over the infatuation for the game by ardent golfers. At the conclusion of her first lesson she expressed the opinion that the game was "very bracing but tiring." Her daughter, Princess Mary, is quoted as saying of the queen's playing: "Mother's driving is strong, but occasionally wide."

Pearl Fisheries Opened.

San Diego, Cal.—David Zarate, mayor of Escondido, estimates that 5000 persons, residents of Lower California, will obtain employment as a result of the reported revocation of the pearl and other fishing concessions along the Lower California and Gulf coasts. Aurelia Sandoval, in charge of the Sandoval interests of Los Angeles, has controlled the pearl fishing and other concessions as far south as Magdalena, his firm having held a monopoly. The privilege now is open to all Mexican citizens.

Mobilization is Indicated.

Douglas, Ariz.—Movements of Mexican rebels behind this point indicate a mobilization. Rafael and Emilio Campa, two rebel chiefs, have joined their forces 20 miles south of Agua Prieta, the Mexican town which adjoins Douglas. Salazar's avowed intention of moving west along the border and attacking Cananea would indicate a general mobilization of all rebel forces, numbering 1000 men, and superior to federal commands.

Salazar Makes Apology.

Hachita, N. M.—Conferees between United States army officers stationed here and the Mexican rebel leader Inez Salazar, took place on the border about 50 miles southwest of here. Major Sedgewick Rice rode to the boundary to talk with the rebel leader. Salazar apologized to the American officers for the incident a few days ago, when Mexican rebels of his command crossed the line and fired on American soldiers on patrol duty.

Morgan Would Buy Ruins.

Rome—Newspapers here say that J. P. Morgan has submitted to the Italian government a plan for completing the excavations of Pompeii and Herculaneum. It is said that Mr. Morgan is willing to bear the entire cost of uncovering Herculaneum.

Airship Falls; Four Killed.

Gray, France—An aeroplane got out of hand at an aviation meeting here and swept to the ground, crushing a score of spectators, four of whom were killed outright.

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE STATE

FARMERS IN NEED OF AID.

President of Agricultural College Makes Tour of State.

Corvallis—That Oregon is ready for the installation of a statewide system of agricultural education and rural inspiration is the belief of President W. J. Kerr, who has just returned from an extended inspection trip in Eastern Oregon. The people everywhere seem to be convinced that the rich agricultural heritage of Oregon cannot be realized until intelligent and scientific methods are applied in all phases of the agricultural industries, according to Dr. Kerr. But, more than this, they seem to be convinced that this can be brought about only by organized effort which should reach into every community in the state.

He reports that as a result of his investigation of the work which has been done during the past year at the branch experiment stations and the demonstration farms, and in co-operation with these by the farmers of Central and Eastern Oregon, he is convinced more than ever that this great work of organization and extension of agricultural education will be done in large measure through the use of demonstration farms, branch experiment stations and the general extension agencies of the college working in co-operation with the farmers in the various localities of the state.

"The two things most needed for successfully carrying forward the agricultural extension work," said Dr. Kerr, "are demonstration farms and traveling agricultural advisors."

In support of his theory, President Kerr cited the success of the work now being done at the demonstration farms at Metolius and Redmond, and, particularly, in connection with the branch experiment station and demonstration farm in Harney county, and the work undertaken in connection with the county high school at Klamath Falls. He feels that the value of this line of work has already been demonstrated in these sections.

CANBY BRIDGE LOCATED.

Electric Railway Viaduct to Be 900 Feet Long.

Canby—Engineer E. H. Hollenbeck has definitely located the bridge by which the electric lines of the Portland, Eugene & Eastern railway will cross the Willamette at Rocky Reef, a point about two miles northwest of Canby. The bridge is to be constructed of steel and will be 75 feet above low water mark as required by the government regulations concerning river traffic, where draws are not maintained. This height will allow any boat operating on the upper river to pass under the bridge at any water stage.

The steel portion of the new electric railway bridge will be about 900 feet in length, the approaches on either side of the river being of wood and each being approximately 1200 feet in length.

LINN FAIR IS SUCCESSFUL.

"Spend Money on Shows, Not Reform Schools," Says Ben Selling.

Scio—The sixth annual Linn County fair came to a successful end this week, even though the rain prevented some of the races and was also the cause of many people staying away.

Both the Linn county school children's industrial exhibit and the Linn county general exhibit were good, this was the first school children's fair, and its results were gratifying both in extent and quality. Many children only 9 years old exhibited first-class poultry, vegetables, sewing, cooking, drawing and mechanical articles.

Among the noteworthy visitors at the fair was Ben Selling, Mr. Selling says that money had better be spent on the school children's fairs than on reform schools.

Oats 55 Bushels to Acre.

Gold Hill—Oats on the Pankey ranch in Sams valley yielded 54 bushels to three-quarters of an acre. They were sown on March 25. On a four-acre place in the same neighborhood, sown April 19, 220 bushels were threshed, or an average of 55 bushels an acre. Owing to the decreased grain acreage resulting from the planting of fruit trees two threshing outfits now do all the threshing in Rogue river valley. A few years ago it took half a dozen. Several flouring mills have shut down.

Dallas Damage Slight.

Dallas—An investigation covering practically all sections of the county has shown that the damage done to hops so far has not been as great as was feared. The worst damage in any part of the county seems to have been in the Falls City district. It is reported that in this section nearly all the trellis hopyards are seriously damaged, the hops being down. The pole yards have not suffered as much. The potatoes of this county are far above the average this year. They are larger and better.

Graphite Vein Found.

Coquille—E. C. Barker, of Marshfield, has struck in 18-inch vein of graphite on his ranch, six miles north of Coquille, and is sending a quantity of the material to the Oregon Agricultural college to be tested. The vein is only 16 feet from the surface and where struck is near the banks of the north fork of the Coquille river, where the power necessary for mining operations is easily accessible.

Gilliam Crops Are Big.

Condon—Harvest is nearly over in Gilliam county, with a good average yield all over. In some cases the crop was enormous. James Coutsee, of Ferry Canyon, has the banner crop. He threshed 3480 sacks of 40-fold wheat off 140 acres. The wheat is sold at present prices, \$5.00, about double the price Mr. Coutsee paid for this land a few years ago.

ROAD NEARS END.

Grading is Finished and Rails Laid Most of Way to Friend.

Dufur—The work of extending the Great Southern railroad from this city to Friend, about ten miles distant, is nearing completion, and it is expected that regular trains will be in operation to Friend within a month.

Rails are being laid on the last two miles of the work, the grading being all finished and the rails laid up to within about two miles of the proposed terminus, and work trains are being operated over the new road for this distance.

Sixty-pound rails are being used and the roadbed and bridges are being constructed in the best possible manner so that the heaviest kind of traffic can be run over the road when completed.

After the completion of this extension the line from here to The Dalles will be repaired, both roadbed and bridges, and put in first-class shape.

The extension of the terminus will probably necessitate the moving of the trainmen and their families to Friend.

The officers of the Great Southern company are seriously considering the advisability of purchasing some sort of a motor car to add to their passenger service. It is yet undecided whether they will purchase a gasoline motor or a car propelled by an electric storage battery. However, as soon as the business warrants the additional service, it will be made as suggested.

The addition of a motor car will cut the running time to The Dalles and return nearly half, and be of great convenience to the people along the line.

The Great Southern expects a large freight business, both in grain and in fruit, this fall, and is making preparations for handling this traffic.

MEDFORD WILL BUILD ROAD.

Citizens Determined to Have Rail Line to Seaport.

Medford—Medford is to have a railroad to the coast. Tired of promises by railroad companies and outsiders, prominent Medford business men have decided to do the job themselves. Papers were filed for the incorporation of the Medford & Crescent City Railway company, and the preliminary capitalization has been placed at \$50,000.

That such a road will be of incalculable benefit to Medford and the Rogue River valley cannot be gainsaid. It will open up a virgin mineral and timber region, will tap the fertile but undeveloped Applegate valley, and will bring a great reduction in freight rates. With the construction of the Panama canal, it will mean that fruit and produce can be shipped by water to Atlantic Coast ports, and incidentally a delightful summer resort will be within easy distance of this city.

OREGON NATIVES GO EAST.

Albany Couple to Devote Nine Months to Extensive Tour.

Albany—Robert L. Burkhart, one of the best-known breeders of Jersey cattle on the Pacific Coast, has started on a trip East, during which he will inspect the leading Jersey herds of the country. On May 20, last, Mr. Burkhart sold the Jersey herd which he had been developing for several years for \$17,000 at one of the largest public sales ever held in Oregon.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Burkhart, who are native Oregonians, have never visited the Atlantic Coast and they will devote nine months to an extensive tour of the East.

First Box From Eugene.

Eugene—The first freight sent out of Eugene over the new Oregon Electric railway was shipped to Junction City by the owners of a local grocery and meat market. They sent to one of their customers a consignment of meat and vegetables, the shipment going in a box car drawn by the construction engine. The track layers have reached the business section of the city, but the crossing has not been made at the intersection of West Fifth and Blair streets at the edge of the city, where the P. & E. lines run.

Hops Burn, Loss \$8000.

Forest Grove—The hophouse, including 18,000 pounds of dried hops, belonging to Robert B. Porter, which is located about three miles northwest of this city, burned to the ground, entailing a loss of about \$8000. The cause of the fire is not known, but it is believed to have started from a defect in the heating system. Insurance amounted to \$7000. About one-fourth of the hops had been picked, which amount was consumed. The remainder of the crop will be dried in a neighboring hophouse.

Big Hop Yard is Down.

Grants Pass—Borne down with the great crop of hops, with the added weight of the rain on the dense foliage, the entire Flanagan-Cornell hop yard of 100 acres lies flat on the rain-soaked ground, the supporting wires having broken under the strain. Picking had been in progress in the yard for several days, but two weeks' work is yet to be done before the crop is all in the bale. A force of men is busy raising the vines to supports, and if no further rain falls the quality of the hops will not be damaged.

Dallas to Install Fountains.

Dallas—To accommodate the traveling public, the visiting farmers and the local citizens, Dallas is to have four public drinking fountains installed on four of the principal corners of this city. There is to be a large fountain for horses at the Main street intersection. An effort is to be made to get the drinking fountains in before the Harvest Festival and School-children's Fair, October 3, 4 and 5.



STANTON WINS

By ELEANOR M. INGRAM
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Illustrations by FREDERIC THORNBURG
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SYNOPSIS.

At the beginning of great automobile races the mechanic of the Mercury, Stanton's machine, drops dead. Strange death of Jesse Floyd, volunteer, is accepted. In the rest during the twenty-four hour race Stanton meets a stranger, a final rebellion of nature against his lonely existence.

Stanton meets Miss Carlisle on a train leave. Stanton and Miss Carlisle follow in auto. Accident by which Stanton is hurt. Stanton and Miss Carlisle dine together. Stanton comes to track side, but makes race. They have a dinner. Stanton tells Stanton of his twin brother, but Stanton does not believe it and loses consciousness. On recovery at hotel Stanton receives invitation and visits Jesse. They go to theater together, and meet Miss Carlisle.

CHAPTER VIII—(Continued.)
"Don't see or hear too much, and don't tell me if you do," advised Stanton suddenly, and leaned forward.

The Mercury uttered a vibrant roar that cleared the Parkway for a quarter of a mile ahead, and leaped.

Floyd kept his eyes upon the road in front of him, his mind a jangling view of the hubbub left in their wake. He had a fleeting glimpse of one scandalized officer struggling with his rear horse, as they thundered past, and he entertained no doubt of the number in their rear.

"She starts a little stiff," Stanton observed, twisting between a limousine and two carriages. "But we can fix that at the track. What?"

"Two motor-cyclists policemen are just behind," communicated Floyd, devoid of silent myth. "Had enough?"

"I haven't seen them yet. I can't let out the machine here, of course, but—was that a dog?"

"Poodle."
"But it seems all right."
Around a curve ahead darted a blue-uniformed figure on a motor-cycle, one arm raised. Stanton instantly checked his car, Floyd throwing out his hand in warning to those behind. There was a mad series of explosions from the abruptly halted motor-cycles in pursuit.

"You're under arrest!" shouted three voices at once, as the Mercury slid to a standstill.

"Is it possible?" inquired the driver, removing his feet from the pedals.

Two more motor-cycle officers were coming up, three mounted on horses were arriving from side-paths. Surrounded by the outraged elch and all the population in the neighborhood, the Mercury stood quiescent.

"Will you follow to the police station, or will we have to take you?" came the crisp question. "We've got your number."

"I'll follow wherever you like," engaged Stanton. "Lead the way."

They started, preceded by one officer and followed by another, also by a shabby young man on a bicycle. Into the station they went, accompanied by their three attendants.

The charge was three fold: exceeding the speed limit by some fifty miles an hour, resisting arrest, and violating the smoke ordinance. That set forth, the usual interrogatory was put, Stanton replying with concise brevity.

"Name and age?"
"Ralph Stanton, twenty-six."
"Occupation?"
"Automobile driver."
"Name of car?"
"Mercury."
"Owner?"
"The Mercury Company."

The shabby young man interrupted proceedings by a stifled gasp, grasping the sleeve of Floyd, who stood looking on.

"That's Stanton? Stanton? And you—who are you?"
"Jesse Floyd, his mechanic," was the wondering response.

Stanton glanced that way, as Floyd was drawn to the other side of the room by his excited captor, but turned back to answer the remainder of the examination. The track layers had ended, he signaled to his mechanic.

"Come; I've got to go before the magistrate and give bail," he summoned impatiently.

Floyd came across to him, shining-eyed and eager.

"Stanton, that is a reporter; he wants us to tell him about your doing this. He needs a fresh story to make good with his paper—can't we give it to him?"

Stanton surveyed his companion, eyebrows lifted.

"Why should we? The newspapers will get it, whatever we do. Come."
"But he needs it; it would help him," Floyd urged. "He's thin and tired out—Stanton, he looks hungry."

"Do you want to help him?" the driver queried, astonished. "Do you care about a man you do not know and never see again?"

"Don't you?" asked Floyd simply.

"I'm not from Paradise," dryly answered Stanton. "Tell him anything you like, but be quick."

He looked at the reporter again, with a new use of his eyes. Floyd was right; the man was threadbare and gaunt; and pathetically young. Stanton had a rebuked consciousness of being strong and brutal in his strength, successful and selfish in his success.

"You are an educating companion," he observed, as they went out with an officer.

"Why?" Floyd inquired, puzzled.

But Stanton would elucidate no further.

The ordeal before the magistrate was not long. Stanton was held in a thousand dollars bail for future trial, provided a surety company's bond, and in fifteen minutes was free and once more in his seat behind the Mercury's wheel.

"We will reach the office on time,"

They spent a long time over the simple meal, and the night was a thoughtful silence, which Stanton was the first to break.

"I saw that Miss Floyd's arm was hurt, the other evening. I hope it is better."

Floyd raised his head, starting so violently as to overturn the goblet of water beside him.

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed sharply. "What do you mean? Her arm?"

The shattering of glass and the consequent flood brought their waiter on a run, but Floyd did not even glance down at the wreck, his eyes upon Stanton; who returned the gaze in utter amazement.

"What do I mean? I say that your sister's bracelet slipped off and scratched her arm, the night we went to the play, and I asked you if she were well. What is the matter with you?"

Floyd pushed back his chair to permit the waiter's ministrations, his lashes falling.

"You gave me a turn," he exclaimed, with hurried lightness. "I wondered if Jessica had hurt herself and not told me. We've only got each other, and we are twins—I suppose we are silly about each other, in fact I remember, now, that she did have a scratch on her arm; I blamed it on the kitten."

He was still pale, and paid the check without looking at his companion.

"Your nerves are out," Stanton frankly commented, contemplating him with curiosity. "One would think it was you who were just over the ar rest. You'll have to get in form before we strike a race-track."

"Don't you worry," besought Floyd, his gaiety and color rushing back together. "I'll take some smelling-salts with me in case I feel faint when you commence to speed up."

Outside the two paced, Floyd looking at his watch.

"I've got to go over to the office," he said. "Shall I see you again before we leave?"

"When is that?"
"Nine o'clock from the Grand Central. We always start a few days ahead of you, of course."

"Better shake hands, then," advised Stanton.

They did so, and separated.

At five minutes past nine, that evening, the Chicago special pulled out of New York. Ten minutes later a hand was laid on Floyd's shoulder, as he sat eating out the window at the flying darkness and brightness that was the outskirts of the city.

"Do you want to talk, or shall I go back to my own section in the next car?" Stanton inquired.

His mechanic turned swiftly, incredulously.

"Stanton? Really you?"
"Since you had to start to-night, I saw no reason why I should not do likewise. I hate train travel; we'll get it over. You haven't answered my question yet."

"I didn't know that I had to," smiled Floyd.

And indeed there had been no possible mistaking of the welcome and pleasure in his cry, or in his truthful

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