

# NEWS OF THE WEEK

## General Resume of Important Events Throughout the World.

The formation of a glue trust is believed to be under way.

Manufacturers and importers are begging congress to let the present tariff alone.

President Taft greatly lauds the genius, persistence and tenacity of the Jewish people.

Ex-President Castro has taken personal charge of his legal fight to remain in America.

Turks refuse flatly to cede Adrianople to Bulgaria and peace negotiations are broken off.

The Supreme court refuses to permit Union Pacific stockholders to buy Southern Pacific stock.

The Supreme court has ruled that cotton brokers must stand trial for attempting to corner cotton.

The newly-elected woman mayor of Warrenton, Or., walked through the snow to attend her first council meeting.

A decision of the Supreme court greatly curtails the power of the states over railways and express companies.

Women of the allied Balkan states show utmost fortitude over their griefs and sufferings resulting from the war with Turkey.

Sixteen persons whose ages aggregated 1070 years were gathered at a holiday dinner at Marshfield, Or. Their ages averaged nearly 70 years.

William Rockefeller, whom the house money trust investigating committee was unable to serve with a summons, is now in the Bahama islands.

The woman city recorder of Park City, Utah, is accused of padding the payroll of that city. Shortages are also alleged in other departments under her supervision.

A move has been started to pay the fines of the Boise, Idaho, newspapermen who were sentenced to jail for criticizing the Idaho Supreme court for its decision barring Progressive candidates for presidential election from the ballot, and Colonel Roosevelt has sent the first \$10.

Senator Jeff Davis, senior member of the upper house from Arkansas, is dead.

Trans-Atlantic steamships have adopted a new route in order to avoid icebergs.

Operations in the hop market are completely blocked by refusal of the growers to sell.

The Russian crown prince has completely recovered from the recent attempt upon his life.

A one-legged boy playing on the street in Portland was hit by an automobile and his other leg broken.

Over five hundred persons were killed in automobile accidents on the streets of New York City during 1912.

The Bates & Chesebrough steamship company, rivals of the Pacific Mail, have failed with liabilities of \$300,000.

Vexed by a sharp letter from Attorney General Wickham, the United States attorney for South Dakota has resigned.

A New York actor will serve six months in the Ludlow street jail rather than pay his divorced wife \$50 per week alimony.

Turks declare they have made every possible concession in the peace conference and the Balkan allies threaten to resume hostilities.

A New Yorker tried to mail a package of live lobsters under the parcels post law, but the package was refused as unmailable. Had the lobsters been dead there would have been no objection.

## PORTLAND MARKETS

Wheat—Track prices: Club, 80¢; 84¢; bluestem, 85¢; forty-fold, 81¢; red Russian, 78¢; valley, 81¢.

Barley—Feed, 32.50¢; 23.00¢ per ton; brewing, nominal; rolled, 32.50¢ to 26.50¢.

Corn—Whole, 27¢; cracked, 28¢.

Hay—Timothy, choice, \$17.00 per ton; mixed Eastern Oregon timothy, \$12.00; oat and vetch, \$12; alfalfa, \$11.50; clover, \$10; straw, 86¢.

Millstuffs—Bran, 22¢; shorts, 24¢; middlings, 30¢.

Oats—No. 1 white, 25¢ to 25.50¢.

Fresh fruits—Apples, 50¢ to \$1.50 per box; grapes, Emperors, \$5 per barrel; Malaga, \$8; cranberries, \$12.50.

Potatoes—Jobbing prices: Burbanks, 50¢ to 60¢ per hundred; sweets, 24¢ to 30¢ per pound.

Onions—Oregon, 1¢ per sack.

Vegetables—Artichokes, \$1.25 to \$1.50 per dozen; cabbage, 1¢ per pound; cauliflower, 20¢ per crate; celery, \$3.50 to 4¢; head lettuce, \$1.50 to 2¢; sprouts, 8¢ per pound; garlic, 50¢; turnips, 75¢ per sack; carrots, 75¢; beets, 75¢; parsnips, 75¢.

Eggs—Fresh locals, candled, 32¢ to 35¢ per dozen.

Butter—Oregon creamery, cubes, 37¢ per pound; prints, 38¢ to 39¢.

Poultry—Hens, 15¢; broilers, 15¢; turkeys, live, 22¢ to 23¢; dressed, choice, 26¢ to 27¢; ducks, nominal; geese, 15¢.

Pork—Fancy, 18¢ to 19¢ per pound.

Veal—Fancy, 14¢ to 14½¢ per pound.

Hops—1912 crop, prime and choice, 18¢ to 20¢ per pound.

Cattle—Choice steers, \$7 to 7.75; good \$6.50 to 6.75; medium, 6 to 6.35; choice cows, 5.50 to 6; good, 5.50 to 5.75; medium, 4.50 to 5.25; choice calves, 7.50 to 9; good heavy calves, \$6 to 7; bulls, \$5 to 5.50; stags, \$5 to 6.

Hogs—Light, \$7.50 to 8.10; heavy, \$6.50 to 7.25.

Sheep—Yearling wethers, \$4.25 to 5.75; ewes, \$4 to 4.85; lambs, \$5 to 6.75.

## FOR SPECIAL ARBITRATION

### Taft Believes Canal Tolls Issue Not a Hague Matter.

Washington, D. C.—Although President Taft is willing to submit to arbitration the issues between Great Britain and the United States over the Panama canal tolls, he does not favor such procedure by The Hague tribunal. Although he has not given the subject of a tribunal much thought, the president probably would prefer a special board of arbitration composed of an equal number of citizens of the United States and Great Britain.

The president has expressed to friends the view that all The Hague tribunal would be against this nation, and that the moral pressure on the court would be enormous, because Europe is interested in Panama. In a court in which only Great Britain and the United States were represented, it is argued, there would be a much greater chance of a fair decision.

Several Democratic senators have voiced the opinion that a special tribunal should be created to arbitrate this dispute.

## OIL OUTPUT SHOWS BIG LOSS

### Increased Demand Has Buoyant Effect on Petroleum Prices.

Washington, D. C.—With the world's consumption of oil aggregating 1,000,000 barrels a day, of which the United States supplied almost two-thirds, production of petroleum in this country in 1912 was 220,200,000 42-gallon barrels, or about 250,000 barrels less than 1911. While the production was less, the rising price of oil increased the total value of the product markedly. Last year the output was valued at \$150,000,000, an increase of about \$16,000,000 over 1911.

According to David T. Day, of the United States Geological Survey, the Eastern oil fields, as a rule declined production because it was impossible to keep up with the great output of 1911 without large additional discoveries of pools in the older fields. The Eastern decline, however, was offset by the increase in California.

## FOUR VESSELS TO OPERATE

### Trade From New York to Pacific Coast to Be by Way of Horn.

San Francisco—Details of the founding of the Atlantic & Pacific Steamship company were made public here Monday. Bonds to the value of \$750,000 were sold in San Francisco by W. R. Grace & Co., agents for the company here, and the 7500-ton steamer Santa Cruz, one of four vessels to operate between New York and Pacific Coast ports, via Magellan, will begin loading cargo at Philadelphia February 2.

Three other liners will go into commission immediately afterward. They are the Santa Clara, Santa Catalina and Santa Cecilia. Each is of 10,000 tons, but for the present it is not intended to fit them for carrying passengers. The Santa Cruz will carry about 75 passengers.

## BATH TUB TRIAL IS RE-SET

### Government Guided by New Decisions in Suit Against Trusts.

Washington, D. C.—The re-trial of the criminal anti-trust suit against the so-called bath tub trust will begin at Detroit on February 3, before United States District Judge Sessions, of Grand Rapids.

At the first trial the jury disagreed. The government delayed the re-trial until the Supreme court decided the important issues involved in the civil case against the alleged trust. That decision, recently given, compels the dissolution of the combination of 16 corporations and 64 individuals, manufacturers of enameled ironware in various parts of the country.

## I. W. W. Clubbed in Riot.

Los Angeles—Several hundred I. W. W. and sympathizers, marching behind a red flag, carried by two Mexican Amazons, precipitated a riot in which clubs and revolvers figured, at Third and Los Angeles streets Sunday. Several of the rioters were injured by police clubs and four arrests were made. The men, all foreigners, will be arraigned on charges of inciting a riot. The crowd was marching through the downtown street preparatory to a demonstration at First and Los Angeles streets.

## Law for Blind Is Wanted.

Vancouver, Wash.—With a desire as to assist the blind, C. W. Masterson, blind representative-elect from Walla Walla county, visited the State school for the deaf here. He was once a teacher in this institution. During his visit here Mr. Masterson conferred with George W. Mullin, superintendent of the State school for the blind, and several teachers, getting ideas and needs of the institution. He said that he is going to introduce bills in the legislature which will materially benefit the blind, if passed.

## Idaho Mines Pay Owners.

Spokane—The lead-silver mines of the Coeur d'Alene district during 1912 paid an average of \$8000 a day in dividends. The total for the year passes the \$3,000,000 mark by a good margin. The Bunker Hill & Sullivan takes first place by paying dividends during the year of \$850,200, which brings its grand total up to \$13,977,150. The Federal company, with its three mines, Standard, Morning and Last Chance, passed \$800,000 in dividends.

## Assassin Gets Eight Years.

Yekaterinodar, Russia.—The workman, Sedelnikoff, who assassinated H. E. Emerich, the American superintendent of the Kyshtym Copper company on October 20, 1911, has been condemned to eight years' imprisonment at hard labor by the Circuit court. Emerich was killed by a shot fired through the window of his residence at Kyshtym. The assassin was arrested last July, and confessed the crime.

# OREGON STATE NEWS IN GENERAL

Industrial and Educational Items of Interest To Oregonians

## FREE BULLETINS BY O. A. C. FOR USE OF FARMERS

A list of 14 bulletins and circulars issued by the Oregon Agricultural college which are now available to all who will write to the extension division for them is as follows:

**BULLETINS.**

No. 102—Digestibility of Kale, Vetch Hay, Steamed and Unsteamed Silage. Withycombe-Bradley.

No. 103—Mortality of Incubator Chicks. Perot.

No. 111—Orchard Management. Lewis.

No. 112—Soils of Oregon. C. E. Bradley.

No. 113—Orchard Irrigation Studies in Rogue River Valley. Lewis, Kraus, Rees.

**CIRCULARS.**

No. 12—Three Species of Plant Lice in Oregon. Wilson.

No. 13—Orchard Sprays and Spraying. Cordley-Jackson.

No. 18—Swine Husbandry. Withycombe-Potter.

No. 19—Oregon Station Trap Nest. Dryden.

No. 20—The Pollination Question. Kraus.

## BRIDGE NEARS COMPLETION

### Structure at West Salem Gives Dallas New Railroad Facilities.

Dallas—The new bridge which is being built across the Willamette river at West Salem by the Salem, Falls City & Western railroad company is rapidly nearing completion. This road has completed its line from Salem to Silverton and, with the completion of this bridge, the last link in the chain will be formed and Dallas will have railroad communication in all directions. When plans for this bridge were first talked of by the officials of the railroad company, Louis Gerlinger, Jr., then manager of the Salem, Falls City & Western railroad, with offices in Dallas, proposed making a joint county and railroad bridge out of this bridge, and took up the move with the courts of Marion and Polk counties, but was turned down. It was thought that the county courts of the two counties would grasp the opportunity of getting a new bridge across the river at Salem at a minimum cost, inasmuch as the present wagon bridge can last but a few years longer.

## OREGON TIMBER ATTRACTS

### Eastern Capitalist Surveys Yellow Pine of John Day Valley.

Prairie City—J. B. Unker, of New York, representing a syndicate of capitalists interested in the lumber industry, visited the John Day Valley this week for the purpose of investigating the extent and quality of the yellow pine forests covering the foothills that skirt the valley for 65 miles.

Mr. Unker will investigate all the available yellow pine forests of Eastern Oregon during his trip, with regard to accessibility, cost of logging and manufacturing into lumber and transportation to the Eastern markets. It is recognized by lumber experts that the Eastern Oregon pine is available, much of it, for manufacture into the best grades of finishing lumber.

The supply of this material is becoming scarce in the Middle West and Eastern states, while the demand for it is increasing.

## CONTRACT WILL BE LET SOON

### Work on Line South from Portland Will Begin Next Spring.

Oregon City—Mark Woodruff, an official of the Portland, Eugene & Eastern Railroad, is authority for the statement that work on the 40 miles from Portland south will be commenced in the spring. The contract for the 40 miles has not as yet been let, but it is on President Straborn's desk and will be shortly dealt with.

Owing to rumors of difficulties encountered by the right-of-way department of the company, Mr. Woodruff was questioned. He says that the company is not finding any greater difficulties than usual and that there will be comparatively few condemnation suits brought.

The old Willamette Falls carline properly along the line has advanced.

## West Announces Appointments.

Salem—Governor West has announced the following appointments to the state textbook commission: Miss Margaret Cooper, Salem; E. E. Bragg, La Grande; T. M. Baldwin, Prineville; John P. O'Hara, Portland, and W. L. Brewster, Portland. The text book commission was named several months ago, but to keep it from being worried by text book companies, no announcement was made until now. The commission meets in June to decide what changes shall be made in the text books in the schools of the state.

## Extensive Changes Due.

Salem—Should the appropriation for the completion of the new capitol building and remodeling the old building go through, Secretary Oicott is planning on some extensive changes in the location of state offices during the coming year. About \$60,000 will be needed to remodel the old capitol building. On completion of the additional building the supreme court, attorney general and probably the state printing plant, as well as the state library, will be moved to the new building.

## Malheur Snowfall Below Average.

Vale—The snowfall on the higher mountains of Malheur and other Eastern Oregon counties is deficient for this period of the winter, according to reports reaching Vale from the more remote parts of the county. Where the first of the year should witness not less than one foot of snow on the higher altitudes, there is not to exceed three or four inches. Without heavy subsequent precipitation during the next three months, there will be a marked lack of water next spring.

## Two Bridges Swept Away.

Dufur—Two bridges on the line of the Great Southern railway were swept away by high water in Fifteen-Mile creek. The recent heavy rains have raised all the streams in this vicinity higher than any time in years.

# The FLYING MERCURY

by ELEANOR M. INGRAM  
AUTHOR OF THE GAME AND THE CANDLE  
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"Popular, ain't he?" chuckled a mechanic next to Dick. "They don't forget that Georgia trick, no, sir."

It was not many times that the cars could circle the track. Quarter of six blew from whistles and klaxons, signal flags sent the cars to their camps for the last time before the race.

"Come here," Lestrage beckoned to Dick, as he brought his machine shuddering to a standstill before the tent. "Here, close—we've got a moment while they fill tanks."

He unhooked his goggles and leaned over as Dick came beside the wheel, the face so revealed bright and quiet in the sunset of glow.

"One never can tell what may happen," he said. "I'd rather tell you now than chance your feeling afterward that I didn't treat you quite squarely in keeping still. I hope you won't take it as my father did; we've been good chums, you and I. I am your cousin, David French."

The moment furnished no words. Dick leaned against the car, absolutely limp.

"Of course, I'm not going back to Frenchwood. After this race I shall go to the Duplex company; I used to be with them and they've wanted me back. Your company can get along without me, now all is running well—indeed, Mr. French has dismissed me." His firm lip bent a little more firmly.

"The work I was doing is in your hands and Bailey's; see it through. Unless you too want to break off with me, we'll have more time to talk over this."

"Break off!" Dick straightened his chubby figure. "Break off with you, Les—"

"Go on. My name is Lestrage now and always."

A shriek from the official klaxon summoned the racers. Rupert swung back to his seat. Dick reached up his hand to the other in the first really dignified moment of his life.

"I'm glad you're my kin, Lestrage," he said. "I've liked you anyhow, but I'm glad, just the same. And I don't care what rot they say of you. Take care of yourself."

Lestrage bared his hand to return the clasp, his warm smile flashing to his cousin; then the swirl of preparation swept between them and Dick next saw him as part of one of the throbbing, flaming row of machines before the judges' stand.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Six o'clock was the hour set for the start of the Beach race. And it was just seventeen minutes past five when Dick French, hanging in a frenzy of anxiety over the paddock fence circling the inside of the mile oval, uttered something resembling howl and rushed to the gate to signal his recent driver. From the opposite side of the track Lestrage waved gay return, making his way through the officials and friends who pressed around him to shake hands or slap his shoulder carelessly, jesting and questioning, calling directions and advice. A brass band played noisily in the grandstand where, like a crowd heaved and surged; the racing machines were roaring in their camps.

"What's the matter? Where were you?" cried Dick, when at last Lestrage crossed the course to the central field. "The cars are going out now for the preliminary run. Rupert's nearly crazy, snarling at everybody, and the other man has been getting ready to start instead of you."

"Well, he can get ready," smiled Lestrage. "Keep cool, French; I've got half an hour and I could start now. I'm ready."

He was ready; clad in the close-fitting khaki costume whose immaculate daintiness gave no hint of the certainty that before the first six hours ended it would be a wreck of yellow dust and oil. As he paused in running an appraising glance down the street-like row of tents, the white clothed driver of a spotless white car shot out on his way to the track, but halted opposite the latest arrival to stretch a cordial hand.

"I hoped a trolley car had bitten you," he shouted. "The rest of us would have more show if you got lost on the way, Darling."

The boyish driver at the next tent looked up as they passed, and came grinning over to take his clasp.

"Get a move on; what you've been doin' all day, dear child? They've been givin' your manager sal volatile to hold him still." He nodded at the agitated Dick in ironic commiseration.

"Go out out you, car, Darling; I want to beat you," chaffed the next in line.

"Strike up the band, here comes a driver," sang another, with an entrancing French accent.

Laughing, retorting, shaking hands with each comrade rival, Lestrage went down the row to his own tent. At his approach a swarm of mechanics from the factory stood back from the long, low, gray car, the driver who was to relieve him during the night and day ordeal slipped down from the seat and unmasked.

"His here, announced Dick superfluously. "Rupert—where's Rupert? Don't tell me he's gone now! Lestrage—"

But Rupert was already emerging from the tent with Lestrage's gauntlets and cap, his expression a study in the arduous.

"It hurts me fierce to think how you must have hurried," he observed. "Did you walk both ways, or only all right? I'm no Eve, but I'd give a snake an apple to know where you've been all day."

"Would you?" queried Lestrage provokingly, clasping the goggles before his eyes. "Well, I've spent the last two hours on the Coney Island beach, about three squares from here, watching the kiddies play in the sand. I didn't feel like drivin' just then. It was mighty soothing, too."

Rupert stared at him, a dry unwilling smile slowly crinkling his dark face.

"Maybe, Darling," he drawled, and turned to make his own preparations.

Fascinated and useless, Dick looked on at the methodical flurry of the next few moments; until Lestrage was in his seat, and Rupert swung in beside him. Then a gusty wind summoned him to the side of the machine.

"I'll run in again before we race of course," said Lestrage to him, above the deafening noise of the motor. "Be around here; I want to see you."

Rupert leaned out, all good-humor once more as he pointed to the machine.

"Get a healthy talk, what?" he exclaimed.

The car darted forward.

A long round of applause welcomed Lestrage's swooping advent on the track. Handkerchiefs and scarfs were waved; his name passed from mouth to mouth.

over his shoulder, as they dashed out again.

An oil-smeared mechanic dabbed indignantly explained:

"You can't have cars pattering all over the track and people tripping over 'em. You get sent off to light up, and if you don't go they fine you up made."

Machines darted in and out from their camps at intervals, each waiting a frenzy of excitement among its men. At ten o'clock the Mercury car came in again, this time limping with a flat tire, to be fallen on by its mechanician.

"We're leading, but we'll lose by this," said Lestrage, slipping out to relax and meditatively contemplating the alternate driver, who was standing across the camp. "French at twelve I'll have to come in to rest some, and turn my machine over to the other man. And I won't have him wrecking it for me. I want you, as witness to give him absolute orders to do no speeding; let him hold a fifty-two mile an hour average until I take the wheel again."

"Me?"

"I can't do it. You, of course."

"You could," Dick answered. "I've been thinking how you and I will run that factory together. It's all right about your going away, why should you? You and your father take me as a junior partner, you know I'm not big enough for anything else."

"You're man's size," Lestrage assured, a hand on his shoulder. "But—it won't do. I'll not forget the offer, though, never."

"All on!" a dozen voices signaled; men scattered in every direction as Lestrage sprang to his place.

The hours passed on the wheels of excitement and suspense. When Lestrage came in again, only a watch convinced Dick that it was midnight.

"You gave the order?" Lestrage asked.

"Yes."

He descended, taking off his mask and showing a face white with fatigue under the streaks of dust and grime.

"I'll be all right in half an hour," he nodded, in answer to Dick's exclamation. "Send one of the boys for coffee, will you, please? Rupert needs some, too. Here, one of you others, ask one of those idle doctor's apprentices to come over with a fresh bandage; my arm's a trifle ulcers."

In fact, his right sleeve was wet and red, where the strain of driving had reopened the injury of the day before. But he would not allow Dick to speak of it.

"I'm going to spend an hour or two resting. Come in, French, and we'll chat in the intervals, if you like."

"And Rupert? Where's he?" Dick wondered, peering into the dark with a vague impression of lurking dangers on every side.

"He's hurried in out of the night air," reassured familiar accents; a small figure lounged across into the light, making vigorous use of a dripping towel. "Tell Darling I feel faint and I'm going over to that grand stand cafe a la car to get some pie. I'll be



"Water," He Demanded Tensely.

It was not a tranquilizing experience for an amateur to witness the start, when the fourteen powerful cars sprang simultaneously for the first curve, struggling for possession of the narrow track in a wheel to wheel contest where one misstroke meant the wreck of many. After that first view, Dick sat weakly down on an oil barrel and watched the race in a state of fascinated endurance.

The golden and violet sunset melted near-like into the black cup of night. The glare of many searchlights made the track a glistening band of white, around which circled the cars, themselves gemmed with white and crimson lamps. The cheers of the people as the lead was taken by one favorite or another, the hum of voices, the music and uproar of the machines blended into a web of sound indescribable. The spectacle was at once stupendous and classic in antiquity of conception.

At eight o'clock Lestrage came flying in, seat off the track to have a lamp relighted.

"Water," he demanded tensely, in the sixty seconds of the stop, and laughed openly at Dick's expression while he took the cup.

"Why didn't you light it out there?" asked the novice, infected by the speed fever around him.

"Forgot our matches," Rupert flung

back in time to read over my last lesson from the chauffeur's correspondence school. Oh, see what's here!"

A telegram messenger boy had come up to Dick.

"Richard French?" he verified. "Sign, please."

The message was from New York.

"All coming down," Dick read. "Limousine making delay. Wire me at St. Royal of race, Bailey."

Far from pleased, young French hurriedly wrote the desired answer and gave it to the boy to be sent. But he thrust the yellow envelope into his pocket before turning to the tent where Lestrage was drinking cheap black coffee while an impatient young surfer hovered near.

The hour's rest was characteristically spent. Washed, bandaged, and refreshed, Lestrage dropped on a cot in the back of the tent and pushed a roll of motor garments beneath his head for a pillow. There he intermittently spoke to his companion of what the moment suggested; listening to every sound of the race and interspersing acute comment, starting up whenever the voice of his own machine hinted that the driver was disobeying instructions or the shrill klaxon gave warning of trouble. But through it all Dick gathered much of the family story.

(TO BE CONTINUED)