

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS OF OUR HOME STATE

DEMONSTRATE MEAT CUTS.

Interesting Feature of O. A. C. Farmers' Week Programme.

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis—Do you know a rib roast from a rump steak? Or do you know where the best cuts come from or why one steak costs more than another? These will be points in the interesting demonstration which will be a feature of the farmers' week programme at the Oregon Agricultural college December 9-14.

For the meat demonstration experts from a big Portland packing company will come to the college to assist the professors of the animal husbandry department. There will be two sessions, on Wednesday and Friday afternoons from 2 to 4 o'clock. The stock judging pavilion, recently destroyed by fire, will not be rebuilt in time for these demonstrations, but the department of military science and tactics has given permission for the use of the big armory as an auditorium for the demonstrations.

A number of different kinds of meat animals will be brought in for the first session, Wednesday. There will be a fine, fat steer, a medium grade, and a very poor one, for comparison. The same three classes of sheep and hogs will be used, and the experts will discuss the animals from the meat standpoint, showing their good and bad points, and the reasons why one animal brings so much higher price than another. Where the different retail cuts come from will be pointed out, and what the nature of the different cuts will be when taken from different animals.

On Friday the carcasses of these animals will be brought in for the final demonstration, and the things shown on the live animal will be pointed out in the meat.

TAX REFORM OUTLINED.

Governor West Tabulates Effect of Recent Election.

Salem—Constitutional restrictions in Oregon as to assessment and taxation were outlined by Governor West as they now stand guard over what action may be taken by the legislative assembly as to taxation measures.

The constitutional restrictions on assessment and taxation, according to the face of the returns, are as follows, as drawn up by Governor West:

No tax or duty shall be imposed without the consent of the people or their representative in the legislative assembly.

Taxes shall be levied for public purposes only.

The power of taxation shall never be surrendered, suspended, or contracted away.

No poll or head tax shall be levied or collected.

The legislature shall provide by law for uniform and equal rates of assessment and taxation, and shall prescribe such regulations as shall secure a just valuation for taxation of all property, both real and personal, excepting such only for municipal, educational, literary, scientific, religious, or charitable purposes as may be specially exempted by law.

All taxes shall be uniform upon the same class of property within the territorial limits of the authority levying the tax.

The legislative assembly shall not declare an emergency in any act regulating taxation or exemption.

This is the result of the passage of 306 and 308 on the ballot, and the failure of 304 to carry.

ROAD WORK IS HALTED.

Injunctions Stop Construction of Portland-Hood River Loop.

Hood River—Both branches of the proposed loop boulevard, connecting Portland with the Hood River valley, one of the roads leading up the Sandy river from Troutdale and entering this community from the Lost Lake region, and the other proceeding directly up the Columbia from Portland, have now been held up by injunction proceedings. Federal employees were prohibited last summer from making further progress on the portion of the Sandy road leading from the headwaters of that stream over the terminus of the county road leading into Dee, those securing the injunction alleging that if the road were opened it would pollute the watershed of Bull Run lake, which it was declared to cross.

The injunction secured last week by the O. W. R. & N. company against the county court here preventing them from granting a petition to a number of citizens in the west end of the county who prayed for the establishment of the road between Viento and Wyeth will be heard by Circuit Judge W. L. Bradshaw, of The Dalles. It is believed by County Judge George R. Castner and other county officials that the temporary restraining order will be dissolved.

Brownsville Takes Cup.

Brownsville—Brownsville is exultant over the fact that this community was again successful in carrying off the Hill silver cup and \$25 cash prize at the Albany Apple show for the best community exhibit of apples. This makes the third consecutive year this community has carried off this prize. Although no great amount of advertising has been attempted this community is rapidly becoming known as a fruit district that will compare favorably with any in the state and the growers are consequently encouraged.

WORK IS STATEWIDE.

"Made-in-Oregon" Campaign Is Being Waged Vigorously.

Portland—"The Manufacturers' association is preparing to extend the campaign that we have been waging for the increased purchase and use of 'made-in-Oregon' goods throughout the state the last year," said W. H. McMonies, president of the Manufacturers' association.

"The time has now arrived for greater action, and in this it is the desire of the association to have the co-operation not merely of every manufacturer, but of every citizen in the state. We want the manufacturers to get together to assist in conducting this worthy campaign, to help us work more effectively for the good of one and all.

"With this end in view, the association conceived the idea of issuing invitations to the state manufacturers to come to the city during the Land show week in order that they might get acquainted, learn of each other's needs and prepare to wage more strenuously the campaign for Oregon's products before that of other states. In this way, too, it is hoped that the people in general will be awakened to the great necessity for loyalty to their cities, their counties and their state, while the loyalty of the manufacturers will be aroused in connection with the use and the exploitation of the raw products of the state.

"The society desires every jobber and retailer to push the sale of and to display effectively the manufactures and the produce of Oregon, to place such articles on the shelves and in the windows of the stores; in fact, in all the hundred and one ways known so well by these business men to see to it that our goods get as good a showing as those from elsewhere.

NEW INDUSTRY IS PLANNED.

Juice of Loganberry May Rival Famous Grape Juice.

Portland—Possibilities of the development of an important new industry in Oregon, in the extraction and preservation for the market of loganberry juice were discussed at the annual meeting of the State horticultural society.

Professor Lewis, of the Oregon Agricultural college, has been experimenting upon loganberry juice as a market commodity for some time, and especially during the past year he has made careful investigations and experiments in the matter. He said that he believed that loganberry juice will prove superior to grape juice when it is placed on the market in commercial quantities, and that such an industry may soon become a large factor in the agricultural prosperity of the state.

He said that 1000 acres would be required to support a factory for the manufacture of loganberry juice in paying quantities for the market, and expects soon to see several such factories established in the loganberry districts.

BOOKS AT COST IS PLAN.

Springfield Grange Drafts Bill to Go Before Legislature.

Springfield—The Springfield Grange has outlined its proposed bill to provide the school children of the state with books and supplies at cost. A draft of the proposed bill to be presented to the legislature is as follows:

"This is an act for a better and more economical method of publishing and furnishing text books for the use of all public and high schools in the state of Oregon.

"Section 1.—Be it enacted by the house, the senate concurring, that all text books for use in all public and high schools of the state of Oregon shall hereafter be edited, printed and furnished to the schools of the state of Oregon at cost of material, labor and transportation.

"Section 2.—It shall be the duty of the county school superintendents to furnish the state superintendent of public instruction the approximate number of books of each grade needed and the destination of the same, not later than the first day of July each year. All books shall be delivered to destination not later than September 1 of each year."

It is planned to attach an emergency clause to the measure so that it will become operative at once.

Women of Ashland Will Vote.

Ashland—Ashland women will cast their first vote December 17 at the city election. Not only are they eligible to vote, after the governor's proclamation, on completion of the official count of the ballots, but are also eligible for holding or becoming candidates for any of the offices, but according to head suffrage leaders they will be content for the present with only casting their vote, as they do not care to pitch into another political fight so soon after their recent victory for suffrage.

Salmon Catch Low.

Gardiner—The catch of silverside salmon for the season now closing is considerably below the catch of 1911 on the Umpqua river and its tributaries. The pack of the two canneries operating here will total about 14,000 cases, against about 30,000 cases last year.

SERIAL STORY

The FLYING MERCURY

By
Eleanor M. Ingram

Author of
"The Game and the Candle"

Illustrations By
RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

The story opens on Long Island near New York city, where Miss Emily French, a relative of Ethan French, manufacturer of the celebrated "Mercury" automobile, loses her way. The car has stopped and her cousin, Dick French, is too muddled with drink to direct it right. They meet another car which is run by a professional racer named Lestrage. The latter flies up the French car and directs Miss French how to proceed homeward. Ethan French has disinherited his son, who has disappeared. He informs Emily plainly that he would like to have her marry Dick, who is a good-natured but irresponsible fellow. It appears that a partner of Ethan French wanting an expert to race with the "Mercury" at auto events, has engaged Lestrage, and at the French factory Emily encounters the young man. They refer pleasantly to their meeting when Dick comes along and recognizes the young racer.

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. French and his niece were at breakfast, on the Sunday when the first account of the Georgia race reached Frenchwood.

"You will take fresh coffee," Emily was saying, the little silver pot poised in her hand, when the door burst open and Dick hurried, actually hurried, into the room.

"He's won! He's got it!" he cried, brandishing the morning newspaper.

"The first time for an American car with an American driver. And how he won it! He distanced every car on the track except the two big Italian and French machines. Those he couldn't get, of course; but the Frenchman went out in the fourth hour with a broken valve. Then he was set down for second place—second place, Emily, with every other big car in the country entered. They say he drove like a—like I don't know what. A hundred and some miles an hour on the straight stretches."

"Oh," Emily faltered, setting down the coffee-pot in her plate.

He stopped her eagerly, half turning toward Mr. French, who had put on his pince-nez to contemplate his nephew in stupefaction, not at his statement, but at his condition.

"Wait. In the last hour, the Italian car lost its chain and went over into a ditch on a back stretch, three miles from a doctor. People around picked the men out of the wreck, and Lestrage came up to find that the driver was likely to die from a severed artery before help got there. Emily, he stopped, stopped, with victory in his hands, had the Italian lifted into the mechanic's seat, and Rupert held him in while they dashed around the course to the hospital. He got him there fifteen minutes before an ambulance could have reached him, and the man will get well. But Lestrage had lost six minutes. He had rushed straight to the doctor's, given them the man, and gone right on, but he had lost six minutes. When people realized what he'd done, they went wild. Every one thought he'd lost the race, but they cheered him until they couldn't shout. And he kept on driving. It's all here," he waved the gaudy sheet. "The paper's full of it. He had half an hour to make up six minutes, and he did it. He came in nineteen seconds ahead of the nearest car. The crowd swarmed out on the course and fell all over him. Old Bailey's nearly crazy."

To see Dick excited would have been marvel enough to hold his auditors mute. If the story itself had not possessed a quality to stir even non-sporting blood, Emily could only sit and gaze at the headlines of the extended newspaper, her dark eyes wide and shining, her soft lips apart.

"He telegraphed to Bailey," Dick added in the pause. "Ten words: 'First across line in Georgia race. Car in fine shape. Lestrage.' That was all."

Mr. French deliberately passed his coffee-pot to Emily.

"You had better take your breakfast," he advised. "It is unusual to see you noticing business affairs. Dick; I might say unprecedented. I am glad if Bailey's new man is capable of his work, at least. I suppose for the rest, that he could scarcely do less than take an injured person to the hospital. Why are you putting sugar in my cup, Emily?"

"I don't know," she acknowledged helplessly.

"I didn't mean to disturb any one," said Dick, sulky and resentful. "It'll be a big thing though for our cars, Bailey says. I didn't know you disliked Lestrage."

Mr. French stiffened in his chair.

"I have not sufficient interest in the man to dislike him," was the cold rebuke. "We will change the subject."

Emily bent her head, remedying her mistake with the coffee. She comprehended that her uncle had conceived one of his strong, silent antipathies

for the young manager, and she was sorry. Sorry, although, remembering Bailey's unfortunate speech the night Lestrage's engagement was proposed, she was not surprised. But she looked across to Dick sympathetically. So sympathetically, that after breakfast he followed her into the library, the colored journals in his hand.

"What's the matter with the old gentleman this morning?" he complained. "He wants the business to succeed, doesn't he? If he does, he ought to like what Lestrage is doing for it. What's the matter with him?"

Emily shook back her yellow curls, turning her gaze on him.

"You might guess, Dickie. He is lonely."

"Lonely! He!"

All the feminine impulse to defend flared up.

"Why not?" she exclaimed with passion. "Who has he got? Who stands with him in his house? No wonder he can't bear the man who is hired to do what a French should be doing. It is not the racing driver he dislikes, but the manager. And do not you blame him, Dick French."

Quite aghast, he stared after her as she turned away to the nearest window. But presently he followed her over, still holding the papers.

"Don't you want to read about the race?" he ventured.

Smiling, though her lashes were damp, Emily accepted the peace offering.

"Yes, please."

"You're not angry? You know I'm a stupid chump sometimes; I don't mean it."

This time she laughed outright.

"No; I am sorry I was cross. It is I who would like to shirk my work. Never mind me; let us read."

They did read, seated opposite each other in the broad window-seat and passing the sheets across as they finished them. Dick had not exaggerated, on the contrary he had not said enough. Lestrage and his car were the focus of the hour's attention. The daring, the reckless courage that risked life for victory, the generosity which could throw that victory away to aid a comrade, and lastly the determination and skill which had won the conquest after all—the whole formed a feat too spectacular to escape public hysteria. It was very doubtful indeed whether Lestrage liked his idolizing, but there was no escape.

The two who read were young.

"It was a splendid fight," sighed



"Never Mind Me; Let Us Read."

Dick, when they dropped the last page.

"Yes," Emily assented. "When he comes back, when you see him, give him my congratulations."

"When I see him? Why don't you tell him yourself?"

Something like a white shadow wiped the scarlet of excitement from her cheeks, as she averted her face.

"I shall not see him; I shall not go to the factory any more. It will be better, I am sure."

Vaguely puzzled and dismayed, Dick sat looking at her, not daring to question.

Emily kept her word during the weeks that followed. Through Dick and Bailey she heard of factory affairs; of the sudden increase of orders for the Mercury automobiles, the added prestige gained, and the public favor bestowed on the car. But she saw nothing of the man who was responsible for all this. Instead she went out more than ever before. Their social circle was too painfully exclusive to be large or gay.

Three times a week it was Mr. French's stately custom to visit the factory and inspect it with Bailey. At other times Bailey came up to the house, where affairs were conducted. But in neither place did Mr. French ever come in contact with his manager, during all the months while winter waxed and waned again to spring.

"That's Bailey's doing," chuckled Dick, when Emily finally wondered aloud at the circumstance. "He isn't going to risk losing Lestrage because our high and mighty uncle falls out with him. And it would be pretty likely to happen if they met. Lestrage has a temper, you know, even if it doesn't stick out all over him like a hedgehog; and a dozen other companies would give money to get him."

Emily nodded gravely. It was a sunny morning in the first of March, and the cousins were at the end of the old park surrounding Frenchwood, where they had strolled before breakfast.

"Mr. Bailey likes Mr. Lestrage," she commented.

"Likes him! He loves him. You know Lestrage lives with him; a bachelor household, cozy as grigs."

Just past here ran the road, beyond a high cedar hedge. While he was speaking, the irregular explosive re-

ports of a motor had sounded down the valley, unmistakable to those familiar with the testing of the stripped cars, and rapidly approaching. Now, as Emily would have answered, the roar suddenly changed in character, an appalling series of explosions mingled with the grind of outraged machinery suddenly braked, and some one shouted above the din. The next instant a huge mass shot past the other side of the hedge and there followed a dull crash.

"That's one of our men!" gasped Dick, and plunged headlong through the shrubbery.

Dazed momentarily, Emily stood, then caught up her skirts and ran after him. She knew well enough what the testers of the cars risked.

"Dick!" she appealed. "Dick!"

But it was not the wreck she anticipated that met her eyes as she came through the hedge. On the opposite side of the road a long low skeleton car was standing, one side lurched drunkenly down with two wheels in the gutter. Still in his seat, the driver was leaning over the steering-wheel, out of breath, but laughing a greeting to the astonished Dick.

"A break in the steering-gear," he declared, by way of explanation. "I told Bailey it was a weak point; now perhaps he'll believe me and strengthen it."

"You're not hurt," Dick inferred.

"I think she's not—a tire gone. Find anything wrong, Rupert?"

"Two tires off," said the laconic mechanic. "Two funerals postponed. That was a pretty stop, Darling."

"Very," coolly agreed Lestrage, rising and removing his goggles.

"What's the matter, French?"

"You frightened us out of our five sense, that's all. Do you usually practice for races out here?"

"Us?" repeated Lestrage, and turning, saw the girl at the edge of the park. "Miss French, I beg your pardon!"

The swift change in his tone, the ease of deference with which he bared his head and motor caps not being readily donned or doffed, so remained bareheaded in the bright sunlight, savored of the Continent.

"It is too commonplace to say good morning," Emily replied, her color rising with her smile. "I am very glad you escaped. But that is commonplace, too, I'm afraid."

"Every one is commonplace before breakfast," reassured her cousin.

"Honestly, Lestrage, do you practice racing here?"

"Hardly. I'm trying out the car; every car has to go through that before it is used. Don't you know that we've recently secured from the local authorities a permit to run at any speed over this road between four o'clock and eight in the morning? I thought all the countryside knew that."

"But we have a regiment of men to test cars."

Lestrage passed a careening glance over the dingy-gray machine in its state of bareness that suggested indecorum.

"This is my car, the one I'll race this spring and summer. No one drives it but me. Besides, I have to have some diversion."

He stepped to the ground with the last word, and went around to where Rupert was on his knees beside the machine.

"Can you fix it here?" he demanded.

"Not precisely," was the drawled reply. "Back to camp for it with a horse in front."

"All right. You'll have to walk down and get a car from Mr. Bailey to tow it home."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HE GOT THROUGH THE GATE

Resourceful Chicagoan Tampered With the Truth, but Made His Point, Just the Same.

"When all is said and done Chicago people can beat the world in resourcefulness," said an envious New Yorker. "An exile from that city wished to see his wife off on an eastern train that positively refuses admittance to the platform without a ticket. He accompanied his wife to the gate.

"Just wait around on the platform a few seconds," he said, "and I'll come through and help you arrange your luggage."

"You can't go through," said a gulleless New York friend. "If you have anything to say you'd better say it now."

"That's all right," said the Chicago man. "I'll be there."

Two minutes later he dashed up brandishing a baby's milk bottle in the face of the astonished gatekeeper.

"For heaven's sake, let me through," he said. "I put this in my pocket at the last minute and my wife has gone off and forgotten it. The baby will starve to death if she doesn't get it."

"The gulleless New Yorker, who lacked sufficient wit to see his own wife and three small children off, gasped in sheer envy, while the childless Chicago man, using a milk bottle as a harmless weapon, fought his way through to the platform."

Wit of Augustus Thomas.

"The trouble with amateur carriers," said Mr. Thomas, on one occasion, "is that the gravity so rarely matches the wall paper." A fatuous argument he characterized as "like a chorus girl's tights, which touch every point and cover nothing." When Mr. Thomas was rehearsing "The Witching Hour," one of the management stopped the players, and, turning to the author, remarked: "I think this would be a good place for some witty dialogue."

"Yes," replied Mr. Thomas. "As for instance"—Channing Pollock in "The Footlights—Fore and Aft."

WHY BE THANKFUL?

Some Things Which Every One Can Rejoice In.

The person does not exist who is without something to be thankful for. One who is appreciative in a small way for the bestowal of favors has, at least, augmentation to his thankfulness in the fact that he is not under obligation to return as well as to be grateful for large ones.

Are you unhappy? Be thankful that there are plenty to console and more to advise you if only an opportunity is afforded them.

Have you poor eyesight? Be thankful that you are spared seeing more than is good for you and that you have an excellent excuse for failing to perform many of the small obligations of life.

Are your eyes perfect? Be thankful that you need not contribute to the support of oculists and opticians.

Are you thin? Be thankful that you are not as the fat, who obstruct the door to progress in many ways and places.

If you are fat, be thankful. The stout woman, for example, always looks comfortable and is usually good tempered, no matter what her feelings and disposition may be.

Are you beautiful? Be thankful that you are able to fulfill every earthly desire with no more effort than is required to summon a smile of reward for those who flock to serve you.

Do you lack beauty? Be thankful that you are not harassed by the fear of losing your good looks until worry has written its unsightly lines all over your face.

If you enjoy the reputation of a wit, be thankful; for all persons who have wits are not witty, and one who is never lacks companionship or admirers.

Have you a home? Be thankful that wherever you go there accompanies you the knowledge that your own door is always open to you, no matter what the position of other doors may be.

If you are a married woman be thankful that you need never suffer, like heroines of romance, from suppressed emotions and overcharged feelings. You have always at hand one upon whom you can vent the one and to whom you may charge the other. You are secure in the stronghold of irresponsibility.

Are you a married man? Rejoice that there lives at least one person in the world who secretly believes that you are now or at least once were a paragon of perfection.

Do you add "spinster" to your legal signature? Let your soul be filled with thankfulness that your especial domains may be kept tidy and furbelowed to a degree neither appreciated nor tolerated by the masculine mind. Remember that a maiden may, if she likes, try on many engagement rings and still enjoy the feminine prerogative of failing to keep the contracts these imply.

Are you rich? Be thankful for your opportunities to enrich the lives of others are many and even your enemies will kowtow to you.

Are you poor? Rejoice, for those whose pleasures are few and bought with an effort are best equipped heartily to enjoy them. Persons who have neither money nor possessions are not harassed by the fear of losing them nor troubled by fluctuations in the world of finance.

Have you youth? Be grateful for it. Nothing is impossible for youth to attempt, and it is from the exploitations of youth that sages draw their wisdom.

Finally, if you are old, be thankful. Age confers privileges which nothing else ever bestows. It is pleasant to be able to tell other people how to bring up their children properly, whether you ever brought up any yourself or not, and to arrogate to yourself, and sometimes express, all the wisdom which years are supposed to garner.

HIS THEORY.



Ethel—Why is the turkey regarded as especially appropriate for Thanksgiving?

Bob—Because any one who can afford to buy turkeys these days has reason to be thankful.

True Thankfulness.

Where true thankfulness is there can be no selfishness. For the honestly thankful man must be filled with a sense of his own unworthiness to enjoy the good things that come to him. Humility must mark his attitude toward his own blessings. The next step is to share them as far as this may be done with others less fortunate though quite as worthy as himself.