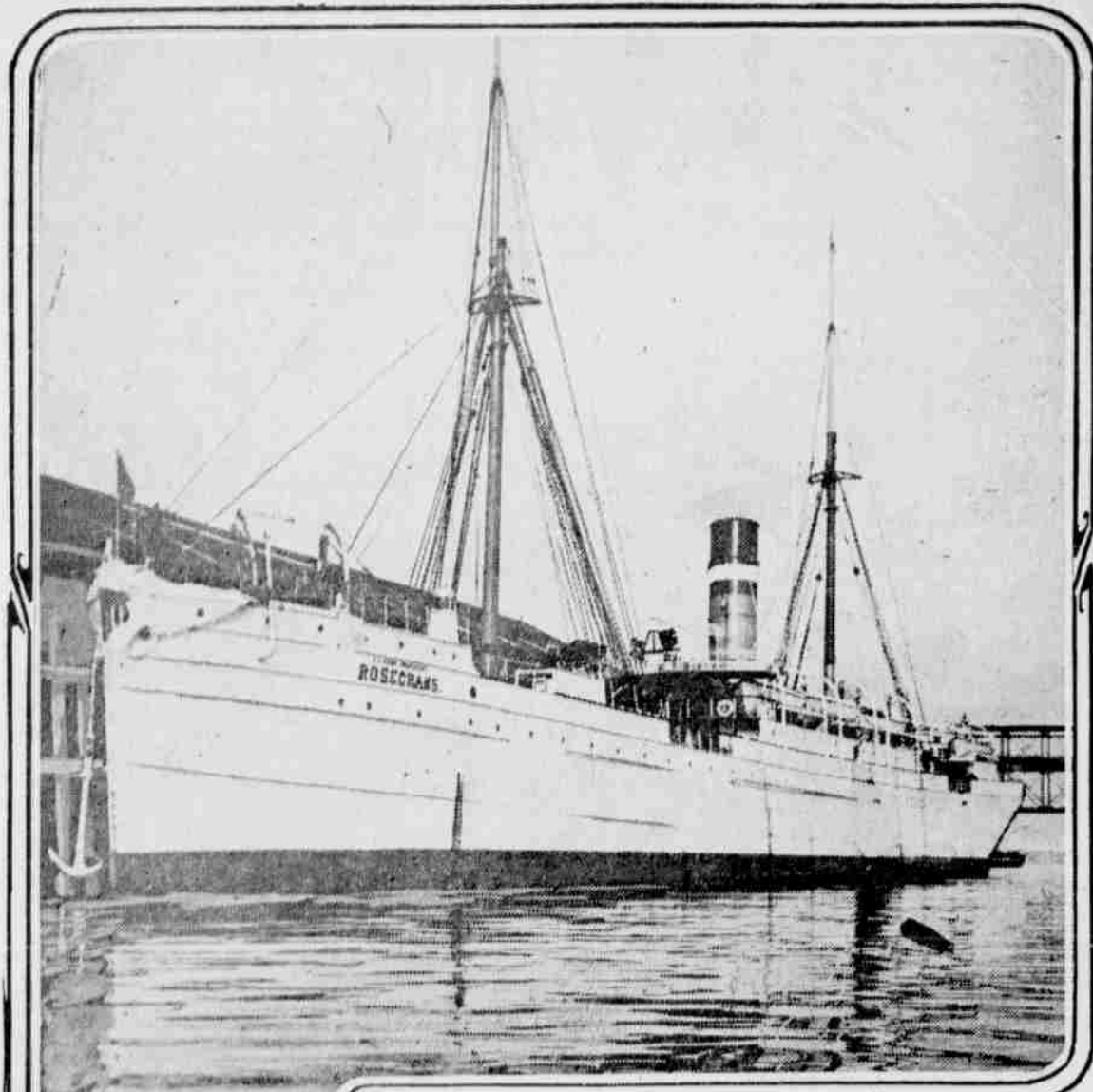




30 MEET DEATH OFF COLUMBIA

Oil Steamer Rosecrans Sinks On Peacock Spit.

Lifesaving Crews Battle All Day With Gale—Ocean Tugs Res- cue Lifeboat and Crew.

Ilwaco, Wash.,—Twenty-nine men perished in the sea, one died after being rescued and three are believed to be safe from the wreck of the oil tank steamer Rosecrans, which went on the rocks at Peacock Spit at 5:20 o'clock Tuesday morning.

Fred Peters, third quartermaster, who clung to a plank, swam until unconscious and was washed ashore at Tioga Point, seven miles from the scene of the wreck, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Three of the remaining 33 of the ill-fated crew were rescued by the Point Adams life-saving crew. One man, an oiler, died in the stern of the life-saving boat.

The heroic rescue by the life-saving crew was effected at 3:30 o'clock after the three men had clung to the rigging of the vessel for almost five hours after the Rosecrans sank, at 10:30 a. m.

The Rosecrans went aground in a gale estimated at about 70 miles. It was five hours later when the vessel was sighted for the first time after repeated efforts to locate the wreck and heroic battling against the storm by the life crews and three tugs, the Oneonta, the Fearless and the Tatoosh. At 3 o'clock the Point Adams life-saving crew effected a rescue of the three men who clung to the rigging.

The Cape Disappointment life crew had been capsized and several of the members badly injured in the repeated attempts to reach the Rosecrans.

From 3 o'clock in the afternoon until about midnight the Point Adams life-saving crew and its three rescued men were storm-tossed on the outside of the bar in a disabled craft unable to get to shore. At midnight the tug Oneonta located the survivors on the lightsight and sent a wireless that one of the Rosecrans' crew, an oiler, had perished from the long strain.

The Rosecrans is a total wreck. Her captain, L. F. Johnson, and three other dead bodies, have been picked up by the life-saving crew. Besides wreckage from the oil-tanker and two of her lifeboats, which were washed ashore, nothing more from the wrecked steamer reached land.

It was daylight before an effectual attempt to make to sea was undertaken. It was 8:30 a. m. before the scene of the wreck was sighted, as the wireless "S. O. S." "Striking the bar and breaking to pieces" from the ill-fated steamer had been lost long before.

Consul-General Is Dead.

London—Paul Nash, United States consul general at Budapest, died suddenly at a hotel here. Although it was apparent that death was due to natural causes, an inquest will be necessary. Consul General Nash arrived here only the day before. At the hotel he asked for a quiet room, as he was suffering from insomnia. He was found dead there next morning. Nash was 36 years old and had been in the diplomatic service at Bangkok, Venice, Vladivostok, Rheims and Budapest.

fore, as the water flooded her hull and the apparatus was rendered useless.

The tugs Fearless, Tatoosh and Oneonta, with the Cape Disappointment lifesaving crew, were forced to turn back to Fort Canby.

At 9:10 the naval radio station located the wreck and by radio gave the tugs the location.

The rescue work was the most perilous undertaken at Columbia bar in its history. It was only when a lull in the storm occurred about noon that the lifesaving crews were able to make to the scene of the wreck, and then the gale was so furious that it was impossible to get within 400 yards of the wreckage. In the wild breakers three of the crew of the lifesavers were washed overboard, but were rescued. The men who had clung to the mast of the Rosecrans jumped into the water and were saved.

As the Rosecrans disappeared, only 40 feet of the mainmast remained above water. The men in the rigging kept warm by climbing up and down the ratlines. At 11 a. m. the lifesaving crews started for the wreck. When they hove in sight hundreds of people ashore at North Head cheered them. The lifeboats were passing through solid walls of water and sometimes they would seem to be swamped by every breaker going over the bows.

COLD GRIPS ENTIRE COUNTRY

Coldest Reported Is 24 Below; Winter Wheat Menaced.

Chicago—Winter, as the term is understood in the Great Lakes region, already more than three months overdue, made another and more successful attempt Sunday and Monday to fasten itself upon the Middle West. The deadly cold, originating in Western Canada, where 16 degrees below zero prevails at many points, is spreading rapidly over the country. It reached Chicago in the form of a snow storm, which later turned to rain and still later to heavy sleet, with continued falling of the temperature.

The intense cold has not yet arrived in Chicago, but government forecasters say it will be here soon and remain a long time.

Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa and all Northwestern states report below zero weather and growing colder.

Suffragists Rout Chief.

Washington, D. C.—Major Sylvester, superintendent of the Capitol police, who announced that the Washington suffragists would not be allowed to hold a pageant on March 3, the day before the inauguration, was routed by the suffragists almost as soon as he made the rash announcement. James F. Oyster, president of the chamber of commerce, quickly took up the suffragists' cause, as did other prominent men, and Sylvester receded from his position. The women will hold their demonstration as planned.

Apple Men Take Heart.

Hood River, Or.—"It is an ill wind that blows no one good," and the apple men expect the disastrous freeze that swept the Southern California orange district to cause an advance in apple prices. J. S. Crutchfield, a Pittsburg commission man, said that the happening of two things would greatly aid the marketing of the year's fruit. "One," he said "is a destructive cyclone in the banana belt and the other a hard freeze in the orange belt."

Fire Put Out With Milk.

Sanita Cruz, Cal.—With the water supply cut off by frozen pipes, the family of A. D. Houghton, in Cliff Drive, near Capitola, resorted to pans of milk in fighting a fire that threatened to burn the home Monday morning. The flames were extinguished with small loss.

COLD MENACES CITRUS CROPS

California Orange Trees Hung With Icicles.

Lowest Temperatures in 20 Years— Smudge Pots Avail Little— Water Kept Running.

Los Angeles—Freezing weather, such as Southern California has not experienced in 20 years, swept down from Tehachapi's top on the great orange belt of San Bernardino, Ventura, Riverside, Los Angeles, Orange and San Diego counties Sunday.

Damage estimated at many millions of dollars is being wrought to citrus fruits, in spite of desperate efforts of the growers to check the menace by smudging. At Covina the mercury dropped to 22 degrees.

At Santa Ana icicles hung from the orange trees.

Snow is reported from north of Oxnard. Sugar beets, bean and grain crops are suffering also, but the chief damage is to oranges and lemons. High winds are blowing at Santa Barbara, Redlands and Colton, which it is hoped will prevent heavy frosting.

Reports from the Lompoc valley say the loss to fruits there will be enormous.

At Santa Barbara the temperature was below the freezing point all day, and at 10 p. m. it was 22. At Redlands the mercury was 22, and the sky was black with smudges. At Whittier several hundred thousand young orange trees are exposed to the elements, and the owners fear a total loss.

For the most part the sudden drop, despite the United States weather bureau's warning, was totally unexpected by the people, and not more than a tenth of the growers, it is reported, were prepared.

The temperature stood at 18 degrees at Riverside at 10 o'clock. Prayers were offered in the churches for the saving of the citrus groves.

The local weather forecasts say the temperature is lower than it has been in 20 years. From all the orange producing points the most depressing reports are received. At Riverside, which has laid claim to being in the frostless belt, nothing short of a miracle can save the crop.

In San Gabriel, another highly-favored section, the thermometer registered 24 degrees at midnight, and growers were turning the irrigation water pipes open in the hope of reducing the fast lowering temperature. Not over ten per cent of the ranchers are prepared with smudging pots, and even if all were, little good could be done, as a difference of only six to eight degrees can be made by that method.

Sacramento recorded the lowest temperature of 15 years.

Girls Eat No Chicken.

Colorado Springs, Colo.—By going without chicken at their Sunday dinners, by washing hair at 25 cents a head, cleaning rooms and other menial tasks, the 200 girls of the four dormitories of Colorado college have raised \$9300 toward a \$50,000 endowment fund to obtain \$100,000 offered for a gymnasium by Mrs. A. D. Julliard, of New York City. As E. P. Shove, a retired business man here, has offered to give a dollar for each one they raise, the girls now have secured \$18,600 and declare they will raise the rest.

SERIAL STORY

The FLYING MERCURY

By
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"The Game and the Candle"
Illustrations By
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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 fixes 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. Dick likes the way Lestrage ignores their first meeting when he appeared to a disadvantage. Lestrage tells Emily that he will try to educate her indifferent cousin as an automobile expert. Dick undertakes his business schooling under the tutelage of Lestrage. Dick is sheer grit, and in making a test race meets with an accident. Lestrage meets Emily in the moonlight garden of the French home. Under an impulse he cannot control he kisses her and she leaves him, confessing in her heart that she loves him. The uncle of Emily, learning of her attachment to Lestrage, informs her that the man is his disbarred son, whom she has never seen before being adopted by him. He claims that his son ran away with a disreputable actress, refuses to acknowledge him, and orders Emily to think of Dick as her future husband. A big race is on in the south and Ethan French takes Emily to see it.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued).

"My mother was a Californian," Lestrage once said, coming back from a tour of inspection. "She was twenty times as much alive as any French that ever existed. I've been told. I fancy she passed that quality on to me—you know she died when I was born—for I nearly drove the family mad. They expected the worst of me, and I gave the best worst I had. But," he turned to Dick the clear candor of his smile, "it was rather a recent worst. I honestly believe. The most outrageous thing I ever did was to lead a set of seniors in hoisting a cow into the dean's library one night, and so get myself expelled from college."

"A cow?" the other echoed.

"A fat cow, and it moored," he stuffed the pillow into a more comfortable position. "Is that our car running in? No, it's just passing. If Frank doesn't wreck my machine, I'll get this race. And then, the same week, my chum and roommate ran away with a Doraflora girl of some variety show and married her. I was romantic myself at twenty-one, so I helped him through with it. He was wealthy and she was pretty; it seemed to fit. I believe they've stayed married ever since, by the way. But somehow the reporters got affairs mixed and published me as the bridegroom. Have you got a cigar? I smoke about three times a year, and this is one of them. Yes, there was a fine scene when I went home that night, a Broadway melodrama. I lost my temper earlier then; by the time my father and uncle gave me time to speak, I was too angry to defend myself and set them right. I supposed they would learn the truth by the next day, anyhow. And I left home for good in a dinner coat and raglan with something under ten dollars in odd change. What's that?"

"That," was the harsh alarm of the official klaxon, coupled with the cry of countless voices. The ambulance gong clanged as Lestrage sprang to his feet and reached the door.

"Which car?" he called.

Rupert answered first:

"Not ours. Number eight's burning up after a smash on the far turn."

"Jack's car," identified Lestrage, and stood for an instant. "Go flag Frank; I'll take the machine again myself. It's one o'clock, and I've got to win this race."

Several men ran across to the track in compliance. Lestrage turned to make ready, but paused beside the awed Dick to look over the infield.

"He was in to change a tire ten minutes ago," observed Rupert, beside them. "Tell Lestrage I'm doing time catchin' him; he yelled to me. Here's hoping his bronche machine pitched him clear from the fireworks."

When the Mercury car swung in, a moment later, Lestrage lingered for a last word to Dick.

"I'm engaged to Emily," he said, gravely. "I don't know what she will hear of me; if anything happens, I've told you the truth. I'm old enough to see it now. And I tried to square things."

CHAPTER IX.

In the delicate, fresh June dawn, the French limousine crept into the beach enclosure.

"We're here," said Bailey, to his traveling companions. "You can't park the car in front by the fence; Mr. David might see you and kill himself by a misturn. Come up to the grandstand seats."

Mr. French got out in silence and assisted Emily to descend; a pale and wide-eyed Emily behind her veil.

"The boys were calling extras," she suggested faintly. "They said three accidents on the track."

Bailey turned to a blue and gold official passing.

"Number seven all right?" he asked.

"On the track, Lestrage driving," was the prompt response. "Leading by thirty-two miles."

A little of Emily's color rushed back. Satisfied, Bailey led their way to the tiers of seats, almost empty at this hour. Pearly, unsubstantial in the young light, lay the huge oval meadow and the track edging it.

"I've sent over for Mr. Dick," Bailey informed the other two. "He's been here, and he can tell what's doing. Four cars are out of the race. There's Mr. David coming!"

A gray machine shot around the west curve, hurtled roaring down the straight stretch past the stand and crossed before them, the mechanician rising in his seat to catch the pendant linen streamers and wipe the dust from the driver's goggles in preparation for the "death turn" ahead. There was a series of rapid explosions as the driver shut off his motor, the machine swerved almost facing the infield fence and slid around the bend with a skidding lurch that threw a cloud of soil high in the air. Emily cried out. Mr. French half rose in his place.

"What's the matter?" dryly queried Bailey. "He's been doing that all night; and a pretty turn he makes, too. He's been doing it for about five years, in fact, earning his living, only we didn't see him. Here goes another."

Mr. French put on his pince-nez, preserving the dignity of outward composure. Emily saw and heard nothing; she was following Lestrage around the far sides of the course, around until again he flashed past her, repeating his former feat with appalling exactitude.

It was hardly more than five minutes before Dick came hurrying toward them; cross, tired, dust-streaked and gasoline-scented.

"I don't see why you wanted to come," he began before he reached



"Here Goes Another."

them. "I'm busy enough now. We're leading; if Lestrage holds out we'll win. But he's driving alone; Frank went out an hour ago, on the second relief, when he went through the paddock fence and broke his leg. It didn't hurt the machine a bit, except tires, but it lost us twenty-six laps. And it leaves Lestrage with thirteen steady hours at the wheel. He says he can do it."

"He's fit?" Bailey questioned.

Dick turned a peevish regard upon him.

"I don't know what you call fit. He says he is. His hands are blistered already, his right arm has been bandaged twice where he hurt it pulling me away from the gear-cutter yesterday, and he's had three hours' rest out of the last eleven. See that heap of junk over there; that's where the Alau car burned up last night and sent its driver and mechanician to the hospital. I suppose if Lestrage isn't fit and makes a miscue we'll see something like that happen to him and Rupert."

"Not!" Emily cried pitiously. Remorse clutched Dick.

"I forgot you, cousin," he apologized. "Don't go off, Lestrage swears he feels fine and gives at me for worrying. Don't look like that."

"Richard, you will go down and order our car withdrawn from the race," Mr. French stated, with his most absolute finality. "This has continued long enough. If we had not been arrested in New York for exceeding the speed limit, I should have been here to end this scene at midnight."

Stunned, his nephew stared at him. "Withdraw!"

"Precisely. And desire David to come here."

"I won't," said Dick flatly. "If you want to rub it into Lestrage that way, send Bailey. And I say it's a confounded shame."

"Richard!" His round face ablaze, Dick thrust his hands in his pockets, facing his uncle stubbornly.

"After his splendid fight, to stop him now? Do you know how they take being put out, those fellows? Why, when the Italian car went off the track for good, last night, with its chain tangled up with everything underneath, its driver sat down and cried. And you'd come down on Lestrage

when he's winning—I won't do it. I won't! Send Bailey; I can't tell him."

"If you want to discredit the car and its driver, Mr. French, you can do it without me," slowly added Bailey. "But it won't be any use to send for Mr. David, because he won't come."

The autocrat of his little world looked from one rebel to the other, confounded with the unprecedented.

"If I wish to withdraw him, it is to place him out of danger," he retorted with asperity. "Not because I wish to mortify him, naturally. Is that clear? Does he want to pass the next thirteen hours under this ordeal?"

"I'll tell you what he wants," answered Dick. "He wants to be let alone. It seems to me he's earned that."

Ethan French opened his lips and closed them again without speech. It had not been his life's habit to let people alone and the art was acquired with difficulty.

"I admit I do not comprehend the feelings you describe," he conceded, at last. "But there is one person who has the right to decide whether David shall continue this risk of his life. Emily, do you wish the car withdrawn?"

There was a gasp from the other two men.

"I!" the young girl exclaimed, amazed. "I can call him here—safe—"

Her voice died out as Lestrage's car roared past, overtaking two rivals on the turn and sliding between them with an audacity that provoked rounds of applause from the spectators. To call him in from that, to have him safe with her—the mere thought was a delight that caught her breath. Yet, she knew Lestrage.

The three men watched her in keen suspense. The Mercury car had passed twice again before she raised her head, and in that space of a hundred seconds Emily reached the final unselfishness.

"What David wants," she said. "Uncle, what David wants."

"You're a brick!" cried Dick, in a passion of relief. "Emily, you're a brick!"

She looked at him with eyes he never forgot.

"If anything happens to him, I hope I die too," she answered, and drew the silk veil across her face.

"Go back, Mr. Dick, you're no good here," advised Bailey, in the pause. "I guess Miss Emily is right, Mr. French; we've got nothing to do but look on, for David French was wiped out to make Darling Lestrage."

Having left the decision to Emily, it was in character that her uncle offered no remonstrance when she disappointed his wish.

When Lestrage came into his camp for oil and gasoline, near eight o'clock, Dick seized the brief halt, the first in three hours.

"Emily's up in the stand," he announced. "Send her a word, old man; and don't get reckless in front of her."

"Emily?" echoed Lestrage, too weary for astonishment. "Give me a pencil. No, I can't take off my gauntlet; it's glued fast. I'll manage. Rupert, go take an hour's rest and send me the other mechanician."

"I can't get off my car; it's glued fast," Rupert confided, leaning over the back of the machine to appropriate a sandwich from the basket a man was carrying to the neighboring camp. "Go on with your correspondence, dearest."

So resting the card Dick supplied on the steering wheel, Lestrage wrote a difficult two lines.

He was out again on the track when Dick brought the message to Emily.

"I just told him you were here, cousin," he whispered in her ear, and dropped the card in her lap.

"I'll enjoy this more than ever, with you here," she read. "It's the right place for my girl. I'll give you the cup for our first dinner table, tonight."

"DAVID."

Emily lifted her face. The tragedy of the scene was gone. Lestrage's eyes laughed at her out of a mist. The sky was blue, the sunshine golden; the merry crowds commencing to pour in woke carnival in her heart.

"He said to tell you the machine was running magnificently," supplemented Dick, "and not to insult his veteran reputation by getting nervous. He's coming by—look."

He was coming by; and, although unable to look toward the grandstand he raised his hand in salute as he passed, to the one he knew was watching. Emily flushed rosily, her dark eyes warm and shining.

"I can wait," she sighed, gratefully. "Dickie, I can wait until it ends now."

Dick went back.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Easily Identified. At a performance of "The Garden of Allah," in New York the curtain had fallen upon the scene in Count Anteon's garden and the two women in the second row of the gallery who had kept up a running conversation from the beginning of the first act sighed simultaneously and remarked that "it was real nice."

"I was wondering where the garden was going to come in," said one, "and now we've seen it; but I ain't got the actors straight in my mind yet. Which one of 'em's 'Allah' do you think?"

"Why, you just seen him," responded the other; "the old chap that owns the garden, Le's Allah."

Too Active. "I wonder where Bill is now. Such an active fellow as he was! Always doing something." "The last I heard of him, he was doing time."