

SUMMARY OF THE
OREGON NEWSThe Rapid Reader's Review of
Recent Reports Rewritten

Coquille will be added to the cities in Oregon that are dry July 1.

Pilot Rock has shipped 700,000 pounds of wool this season of a better grade than last year.

The Southern Oregon-Northern California Mining Congress will meet in Ashland July 9 and 10.

D. K. Sheldon, who lives near Prineville, has been arrested, charged with having slain his infant child and burned the body.

Senators Chamberlain and Lane are in receipt of resolutions passed by a mass meeting at Springfield deprecating a war with Mexico.

Total of 2,500,000 Chinook salmon fry have been released from the Chinook hatchery at the mouth of the Columbia.

The 29th annual grand encampment of Indian War Veterans of the North Pacific Coast was held Wednesday at Portland.

Grants Pass is making headway on its new municipal railroad, several carloads of steel and rails having been received for use in the work. First ten miles will be completed this week.

The Rogue River valley creamery is planning to buy a carload of cows for us by the farmers on easy terms. The creamery has a surplus fund for the purpose on hand.

The interstate commerce commission has ordered hearings in the Oregon strawberry express rate matter in Spokane July 30, before Commissioner Hall.

At the meeting of the Oregon Exposition Commissioners it was definitely decided that \$10,000 be appropriated as awards for Oregon live-stock at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. On the completion of the budget, it is hoped to raise this sum to \$15,000.

In the debate over mileage, Senator Lane advocated the allowance to members of congress of actual expenses instead of 20 cents a mile. The present system, he said, amounts to an indirect increase of salary, and the people look upon it as "Backsheesh." Initiative petitions have been placed in circulation in Hood River county to reduce the salaries of county officials in the aggregate sum of \$1400. All officials except the treasurer are affected by the proposed schedule. County judges is reduced to \$900.

With a view to determining the value of the salt beds of Summer and Albert lakes, in order that the state land board or legislature may intelligently dispose of them, Governor West has asked the director of the Oregon Bureau of Mines and Geology to make an examination of them.

An ordinance declaring it a nuisance to solicit orders for intoxicating liquors in Springfield, and providing a penalty of from \$25 to \$100 for the first offense and of \$200 for subsequent offenses has been passed unanimously by the town council.

The Albany Retail Merchants' association are considering reorganizing into a county association, which will probably be known as the Linn County Credit association. The purpose of the association will be for better co-operation among the merchants, the establishment of certain rules governing the credit business and for the adoption of a credit rating guide.

Lane county will lose at least \$160,000 and possibly more tax money in two years on account of a ruling just made by Attorney General A. M. Crawford. He has sent an opinion to B. F. Keehey, assessor of this county, that the Oregon & California grant lands cannot be listed for assessment until the suit to revert the land to the government is settled in the United States supreme court.

The quartermaster general of the army informs Senator Chamberlain that in accordance with his request, instructions have been issued to the quartermasters at San Francisco and Seattle to invite Oregon lumbermen to bid on all lumber required by the war department on the Pacific coast. Senator Chamberlain expects similar action by other departments of the government.

After success at Coquille in obtaining the sanction of the city council for closing saloons, the anti-saloon faction has planned to start a quick petition campaign at Marshfield and hopes to have the city closed before July 4. Women are making a house-to-house canvass for signatures to petitions, which they will later present to the council. No effort has been made as yet to circumvent the movement, the wet element relying on the state law.

Judges Henry L. Benson and Chas. L. McNary appeared before the state canvassing board and requested the board to ask for a recount of the tally sheets in all the counties of the state, so far as their votes for fourth place on the republican ticket for supreme judge are concerned. Thus a contest was avoided and the exciting race between these two candidates is not yet at an end. As the figures now stand McNary is credited with a lead of 12 votes. The vote for all the other candidates was officially canvassed by the secretary of state in the presence of the governor and state treasurer.

NEWS FROM OUR
NATIONAL CAPITAL

President Declares Trust Legislation Will Be Pushed at Present Session.

Washington. — President Wilson came out with a flat declaration that, despite what he characterized as a deliberate campaign by certain interests to bring about an adjournment of congress and postponement of the administration's trust legislation program, he would use every influence at his command to get the pending bills through the senate at this session.

Choosing his words carefully, the president disclosed his belief that organized distribution of circular letters and telegrams among business men, members of congress and other public officials, calling for an adjournment of congress, a halt in the trust bills, an increase in freight rates for the rail roads and a "rest for business" was responsible for what he recently described as a "psychological depression."

Some Letters Made Public.

In support of that view the White House made public copies of such letters and telegrams which have been brought in by friends of the administration. One of the letters which fell into the hands of White House officials was circulated by the Simmons Hardware Company, of St. Louis, under date of June 9.

Just prior to that date President Wilson had offered to E. C. Simmons, president of that company, a place on the Federal Reserve Board. Just before the president expressed his views on the trust program, it was announced that Mr. Simmons had declined the appointment and that Charles S. Hamlin, of Boston, would be nominated in his stead.

Statements Create Sensation.

White House officials denied the Simmons letter had to do with the declaration of the appointment. It was said, moreover, that the president did not know of the letter when he offered Mr. Simmons the place.

The president's declaration and the publication of the letters created a mild sensation approaching that which followed the president's denunciation of the "insidious lobby" which, he said, was threatening the tariff bill last year.

Wilson Will Open Canal Formally.

President Wilson will leave Washington on March 5, 1915, for Panama, to attend formal opening ceremonies of the Panama canal at a date to be determined later. The president will leave the capital the day after congress goes out of session. He will make the journey to Panama on the battleship New York. The date of the formal opening ceremony for the canal will be decided before the president leaves here and the exercises will take place soon after he reaches there.

On the old battleship Oregon, which attracted world-wide attention on her famous run around the Horn just before the Spanish War, the president with members of his cabinet will make the first official passage through the canal, and then proceed to the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco.

National Capital Briefs.

Peace treaties will soon be signed by the United States, Great Britain and France, after plans suggested by Secretary of State Bryan.

Action on the Hobson national prohibition amendment has been postponed by the house rules committee until July 1.

Immunity of members of congress from civil and criminal action as result of their official duties, has been strengthened as by ruling of the United States supreme court.

Impeachment charges were presented in the house against A. G. Dayton, United States district judge for the northern district of West Virginia.

The interstate commerce commission suspended until October 13, the proposed increase of the carload minimum weight on mixed carload shipments of vegetables from California points to points in Oregon. Hearings will be held before fall to determine the reasonableness of suspended order.

The unusually prolonged fight in congress over canal tolls ended when the house, after a brief debate and without the formality of a conference, accepted by a vote of 216 to 71 the senate amendment specifically reserving all rights the United States may have under the Hay-Pauncefote treaty or otherwise.

The house of representatives passed Congressman Sinnott's bill amending the homestead law by providing that homesteaders may divide their five months' leave of absence each year into two periods if they so elect, provided they reside on their homestead seven months in each year. As the law now stands the leave of absence must be taken during five consecutive months.

Utterly Selfish.

Nellie—That Clara Sharpe is just the meanest, most utterly selfish girl I ever saw. She never thinks of any one but herself. Dora—Tell me about it. Nellie—I ran in there the other evening for a few moments, and while I was there Mr. Spooner called. It wasn't long before he requested her to play. He's passionately fond of music, you know. Well, what do you think that girl did? She asked him to come to the piano and turn the music for her, so that I couldn't talk to him.

Continued from page 1.

This conference took place on a Monday night. On Saturday the Biebee Grizzlies were coming over to play their last engagement. They were not overconfident. Bates had beaten Moreno three times and struck out so many of the Biebee players that it was becoming a habit with him.

With Bates in the box, the Tucson sports would "stand a tap" without the least hesitation.

"Pretty soft," was Oily Tom's mental comment. "Now to get the money down." It would never do for Blake to appear in the transaction, but man from Biebee might do the work. Blake wrote a letter and sat down to wait developments. He knew the man to whom the letter was written too well for that man's peace of mind, and he felt sure that his friend Maybew would not fail him.

On Thursday a man registered at the best hotel in Tucson and scrawled "Biebee" after his name.

"I understand," said this individual, "that there's some money here that says you've got a ball club in Tucson."

"All the 2 to 1 you want," said the clerk. "There's a man right over there by the cigar stand who was just saying he'd like to get a bet."

And then, quite by accident, of course, Tom Blake drifted over to the desk in time to hear the Biebee man say that Moreno's arm was better than ever. Tom stated his opinion that Moreno was "yellowed" canary bird, and, of course, the man from Biebee offered to bet that he wasn't, and the hotel clerk held the first wager.

That was the opening gun of the campaign, and Oily Tom was under cover. Tucson received this Biebee booster with open arms, whereupon he flashed a roll of bills as thick as a man's wrist and announced his intention of going broke if Pete Moreno was not the greatest pitcher in the southwest. Tucson was willing to accommodate him, and he did a land office business for two days, and no bet was too large for him and none too small. All he wanted was 2 to 1, and he got it, and his only stipulation was that the money should go on the game in which Moreno pitched.

Sunday dawned clear and cool under a sky dappled with tiny fleecy clouds. The sporting population of Tucson managed to exist until noon, when it snatched a hasty lunch, and the exodus to the ball park began. The lone ticket seller, working with both hands, surveyed a waiting line and remarked to himself that it was going to be a big day, if not the big day of the season.

White and Bates, met outside the shack which served as a dressing room for the players. It was characteristic of White's caution that he had seldom if ever been seen in the company of the red headed pitcher.

"Remember, now," was the catcher's warning. "We can't make this thing look bad. It's got to be done artistically. This is the country where they string you up to a telegraph pole, you know. Maybe it would be a good thing to walk a couple of men and let Cuipepper or Bateman hit it a mile. They'll hit hard enough if you'll groove 'em for 'em. And shut 'em out the first part of the game. Don't pull it until the seventh inning, savvy?"

"Jake," said the pitcher admiringly, "you've got a great head for business, haven't you? Leave it to me. I'll blow this game so nice and easy that these folks won't know how bad they're hurt for a week."

Then they went out where glory waited, and sporting Tucson stood up and welcomed those precious burglars as she has never welcomed a president of the United States.

Why describe the first six innings?

Pete Moreno drove the few Biebee men crazy when he struck out White in the third inning and followed by making the peerless Eli hit a weak foul ball of first base.

Considering it as a contest between pitchers—it was a remarkable exhibition, but Tucson unhesitatingly awarded premier honors to Eli, the incomparable. Moreno had been hit safely three times and had given one base on balls; the Grizzlies had yet to make their first single, and Eli had issued no transportation. The score was represented by a double row of eiphers in the board; excitement ran high and loud, and the few Biebee men realized with sinking hearts that Eli was pitching as they had never seen him pitch before.

At the end of the sixth inning White found a chance to whisper to Eli.

"Better let 'er go in this inning," he whispered. "It's clouding up and there may be a storm. Slip in one or two runs and I'll stiffen this Mexican's backbone. They'll never get a foul off him if he gets a lead."

Joe Dorsey, the weakest hitter on the visiting club, who waited on a pitcher because he was afraid to hit and miss, opened the seventh inning, and Eli soon had three balls and two strikes on him. In order that it might look "good" the last ball was a drop curve, aimed about two feet low. No man with any judgment, seeing that the ball was going to hit the plate itself, would have offered at it, but Joe Dorsey was a bad batter, and he swung. There was nothing for White to do but let the ball get away from him, and Dorsey hustled for first base.

White straightened up with the ball when Joe was almost on the sack and slammed away, a wild, blind heave ten feet over Smiling Kelly's glove. The right fielder was shaken entirely by surprise and Dorsey went from first to third. In the grand stand they were beginning to call for three strikeouts—anything to keep that man on third base.

The fence breaking Cuipepper was next at bat. Cui had a drop curve, but he could knock the cover off a straight ball, and that was what Eli offered him. Cui lined it back as straight as it had come. Eli stuck out his hand mechanically, the ball hit his glove and dropped dead at his feet.

It was a startling bit of fielding for the crowd, and a still more startling bit of being for Eli himself. And there was the ball at his feet, and Joe Dorsey was halfway between third and the plate. Eli made a snatch for the ball and dribbled it along the ground for ten feet. When he did pick it up he whipped it to White like a bullet.

but he was very careful to throw the ball shoulder high, and as it thudded into the big catcher's mitt, Joe Dorsey said over the plate low and safe. The crowd was stunned into silence. An error apiece for this wonderful pair—and a run for Biebee. What was going to happen next?

They were not kept in suspense very long. Eli, thinking of the money, made up his mind that since the public still had to have a day's fun, he might as well have a pair. Cuipepper was on first base. Eli knew well that Smiling Kelly had a fatal weakness. A ball low down on his bare hand side would get away from him nine times out of ten. And, of course, that was why Eli tried to nab Cuipepper off first base by throwing with all the strength in his arm low down and on the "meat hand side." The ball went hopping to the bleachers, Cuipepper went hopping to second base and the Tucson crowd was hopping mad. Eli threw his glove on the ground and walked around in circles. White ran in as if to steady him, but what he said was:

"Give 'em another one, and then wind her up quick. Look at the clouds!"

Eli knew that Slattery, the next hitter, liked a ball high up under his shoulders, and high up it came. If Slattery had put in a mail order for it he could not have been better served. Slattery knocked that free will offering into center for a single, and Cuipepper scored. Tucson was very sick. Delapay, on the bench, was desperate.

Then suddenly the Eli of blessed memory blossomed forth just as if he had never been under an eclipse. He struck out two men with seven pitched balls, and the third one fouled into White's glove.

There was an ominous rumbling in the west as the teams changed sides and an ominous grumbling in the grand stand. If Eli expected applause for locking the stable door after he had stolen the horse he was disappointed.

Pete Moreno looked at the figure 2 on the scoreboard for the first half of the seventh, and it struck him that these Eagles were not so fierce after all; easy picking. Then Pete fell into the common error of those of his blood. He grew careless, tried to "show off" a new curve ball with which he had been experimenting and Mouse walked, slightly reviving the hopes of the populace.

Smiling Kelly missed two mighty swings and then rolled one gently down the first base line. Mouse McGee reached second base, but the Tucson men knew that this was no time to play for single runs. It would take a cluster of three to win, two would save the bacon, and the rain was coming out of the west on the wings of a stiff wind.

Kid Peters walked out, swinging his short black bludgeon.

"What shall I do, Pat?" he asked.

"Do your d—d—d!" said the manager desperately.

Kid Peters obeyed orders to the letter, for he fanned without so much as touching the ball, and Moreno grinned at his catcher. There was not a sound in the grand stand. The Tucson rooters had one eye on the diamond and one eye on the sullen masses of black clouds rolling up from the west. No need for some fool on the bleachers to yell "Now or never!" Without doubt this would be the last full inning played. Mouse McGee was waiting on second base, and "two hands were gone."

Mouse Jones shut his eyes and took a crack at the first thing that resembled a baseball. Mouse was not much of a hitter at best, but there are times when the man who swings blindly introduces the element of luck into a contest of skill. The ball dropped safe in short right field, but the Moose had no chance to score. Third base was the best he could do, and the Moose stayed on first.

Bingo Bodie spent some time selecting his weapon, and he picked out the biggest and the heaviest bat he could find. Then he dug his spikes into the turf and addressed Pete Moreno.

"Come on, you yellow hammer!" he taunted. "You ain't game enough to stick one over. There never was a game guy in the whole Moreno family. Every one of 'em would quit. Stick it over, I dare you!"

Moreno grinned, for he was seasoned to pleasant conversation. He knew that Bodie was not a first ball hitter and that he did a great deal of talking.

Moreno confidently expected Bodie to wait for the first one at any rate, and he cut loose his fast ball. To Moreno's disgust Bingo swung as if he never expected to have another chance at a straight ball in his life. It was just kind of a wallop that makes every man in the grand stand grunt in sympathy. What was a great deal more important, Bingo Bodie hit that fast ball squarely on the trademark. Out in left field Cuipepper of the Biebee club took a few flying steps and then stopped to save his breath for profanity.

The ball sailed out against the back ground of black until it was no more than a tiny white speck floating in space, hung between heaven and earth for an instant and then settled down gracefully beyond the fence—the longest home run ever seen in Arizona.

And just as the white pin point was blotted out by the line of the fence, just as the three base runners were getting under way, just as 4,000 wild men and women came up in a cheering wave, just as Tom Blake's new cigar slipped down inside his speckled waistcoat, the first great drops of rain began to whisper to the shingled roof.

Silver Bill Barrett, the umpire, was the last man to leave the diamond. Pausing an instant at the plate, he looked at his watch, and in a stentorian voice which sounded above the howling wind and the pelting rain, Silver Bill called time.

Oily Tom Blake seized the dripping umpire as he hoisted himself into the stand.

"It's called off, ain't it?" demanded the gambler anxiously. "It oughtn't to go unless they play the full nine innings!"

Silver Bill reached into his hip pocket and brought out a well thumbed volume.

"Rule 74, section 1!" he bellowed.

"If it rains for half an hour I have



Bingo Swung as if He Never Expected to Have Another Chance.

[Poised by Reacher, New York Giants.]

the power to terminate the game. Want to see the book?"

Oily Tom did not wish to see the book.

"But the bets?" he asked.

"They stand, of course!"

"Could they go on and finish the game in half an hour?" Tom was begging now.

"Say?" demanded the umpire suddenly, "which club have you been betting on? Finish the game! Man, this ain't no rain! This is a flood!"

Blake sat down, looked at his watch, examined the sullen sky, but found no comfort there, looked at his watch again, and then settled down, chin on his chest, to the melancholy contemplation of the diamond, fast being turned into a lake. He was working out a sum in mental arithmetic, and the result caused him to wince as if in pain.

Silver Bill watched the gambler out of the corner of his eye. He also was working out a little problem of his own. Over in one corner of the stand the victorious Eagles were holding an informal reception, and Silver Bill Barrett noticed the fact that Eli Bates, the incomparable one, was not celebrating with his fellows. He sat apart, staring out on the field.

Silver Bill was no Sherlock Holmes, but he could put two and two together as well as the next man.

Darkness was settling down over the city. The storm had spent itself, though in the distance the lightning winked and the thunder muttered. Two men were picking their way down a side street which led to the railroad yards.

"Well, Jake," said the red headed one, "you've got a great business head. I've got to hand it to you!"

"That's right!" snarled the man addressed as Jake. "Blame me for it! I made it rain, I suppose?"

A man came running after them, splashing through the puddles.

"All hell's loose!" he panted. "Everybody in town is on to us. They got Maybew soured, and he gave up. They'll tar and feather you both!"

Jake and the red headed one looked at each other with bailing eyes.

"Tar and feathers!" said Eli Bates. "This is no place for a minister's son!"

"That's what I get," panted Blake, "for listening to a pair of cheap crooks like you! I've got to jump the town and lose 6,000 bucks!"

Over in the railroad yard a heavy freight engine began to cough hoarsely, and a long string of empty cars clanked into motion. Red Lynch looked at Jake Hartwell and then at the freight train. Then both looked at Tom Blake.

"What do I get for my \$8,000?" demanded the gambler bitterly.

"I guess we'll have to give you a rain check for it," said Lynch. "Come to think of it, we owe you something for letting this story get out."

Hartwell looked at the moving cars and measured distance and speed with a practiced eye. Then he nodded at Lynch.

"A rain check and a receipt!" said the red head.

And the next thing Tom Blake knew he was picking himself out of a mud puddle with a lump on his jaw the size of a turkey egg. Red Lynch could do more than pitch baseball with that right arm of his.

Some time later, bedded down for the night on the jolting floor of an

empty furniture car, Red Lynch thought of something.

"Oh, Jake! Asleep?" Hartwell grunted savagely.

"Jake, when I was a kid I had a copybook, and there was a line in it that said 'Honesty is the best policy.'"

"Well?"

"Oh, nothing," said Lynch, grinning into the dark, "but I guess that goes in baseball anyway."

Best Diarrhoea Remedy.

If you have ever used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy you know that it is a success. Sam F. Guin, Whatley, Ala., writes, "I had measles and got caught out in the rain, and it settled in my stomach and bowels. I had an awful time and had it not been for Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy I could not possibly have lived but a few hours longer, but thanks to this remedy, I am now well and strong." For sale by all dealers—Advertisement.

Looking Backward.

"Some people have queer ideas of sentiment." "For example?" "I know a man who treasures the slipper his mother used to spank him with."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Cured of Indigestion.

Mrs. Sadie P. Clawson, Indiana, Pa., was bothered with indigestion. "My stomach pained me night and day," she writes. "I would feel bloated and have headaches and belching after eating. I also suffered from constipation. My daughter had used Chamberlain's Tablets and they did her so much good that she gave me a few doses of them and insisted on my trying them. They helped me as nothing else has done." For sale by all dealers—Advertisement.

He Evidently Had One.

"What is a pessimist, pa?" "A man who has a note to meet."—New York Press.

Severe Attack of Colic Cured.

E. E. Cross, who travels in Virginia and other Southern States, was taken suddenly and severely ill with colic. At the first stop he came to the merchant recommended Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Two doses of it cured him. No one should leave home on a journey without a bottle of this preparation. For sale by all dealers—Advertisement.

Auction

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