

SUMMARY OF THE OREGON NEWS

The Rapid Reader's Review of Recent Reports Rewritten

Stephen Jewell, county judge of Josephine county, died at Grants Pass, aged 57.

Ernest Vosper, of Portland, has been elected yell leader at the University of Oregon.

Ed Barr, of Baker, lost his life in a fire which destroyed a small building in which he lived.

After a delay which lasted most the summer, rock is again being delivered at the north jetty of the Columbia.

The Ashland Commercial club will secure \$1000 to be added to the fund for the normal school at Ashland.

The State Editorial association will meet in annual convention in Oregon City Friday for a two days' session.

Oregon City's total debt, excluding water land bonds and unpaid warrants on the water fund, is \$461,605.43.

Survey stakes of the Pacific highway are being driven on the boulevard directly past the Ashland normal school.

With a yield of 71 bushels to the acre, C. R. Kiger has hung up a new record for unirrigated oats in Silver Lake valley.

The big mill of the Oregon Lumber company at Dee has resumed operations after being closed more than three weeks.

The thirty-third annual convention of the grand lodge of Oregon, Knights of Pythias, convened in Portland Tuesday morning.

James Tracey, an employee of the Smith-Powers logging company of Marshfield, was killed by being caught between two logs.

Seven hundred and fifty varieties of dahlias were on exhibition at the annual show of the Oregon Dahlia Society at Portland.

The Ben Harrison mine in the western part of Baker county has been compelled to close down on account of the heavy snows.

A plan of establishing an auto bus street car service has been taken up for consideration by a committee of the Commercial club of Baker.

Mail is being delayed because the United States postoffice department refuses to accept bids submitted for the Cottage Grove-Bohemia route.

The sum of \$168,891 was spent in Linn county on road and bridge construction during 1913, according to the report of the Pacific Highway association.

A. B. Gibson, a well-known resident of Sodaville, was shot and fatally wounded by W. C. Angel a Lebanon man. The shooting took place on the street at Sodaville.

Construction work on Albany's new federal building is progressing rapidly and from present indications, the structure will be ready for occupancy soon after January 1.

Governor West will be glad to appoint anyone who cares to attend as delegate to the session of the American Mining congress at Phoenix, Ariz., during the week of December 7.

Commencing November 7, all stores, pool and billiard rooms and other places of amusement in La Grande, must observe the Sunday closing law, according to a new city ordinance.

A new species of duck, at least a new kind to central Oregon, has made its appearance on Lake county lakes with the opening of the hunting season. The stranger appears to be a bluebill-mallard hybrid.

An auto bus line operated by Portland and Linton citizens has commenced business on the Portland-Linton line in the fight to compel by means of boycott, the United Railways to grant a five cent fare.

The Oregon Trunk railway has completed its annual transportation of sheep from its southern terminal at Bend to Coleman, about 80 miles north, where they will be fed through the winter. About 65,000 head were handled this year, requiring about 210 cars.

Corporation Commissioner Watson announces that the department from June 30, last year, to June 30, this year, granted 985 permits to sell securities. An authorized capital stock of \$152,743.18 was represented by the corporations to which the permits were granted.

Gus Welsner, aged 70, a prominent farmer of Baker county, was found dead in the road, half a mile from Halnes. Investigation revealed the fact that Mr. Welsner's team had run away and that one of the horses had kicked him behind the ear, causing fracture of the skull.

Statistics regarding enrollment at the Oregon Agricultural college, submitted by Registrar Tennant to the board of regents indicate an increase of 6 per cent over the registration at a corresponding date last fall. Sixteen hundred and ninety-seven students are enrolled. The number last year was 1577.

As a result of a decision of the county court the Oregon & California grant lands, which are at present under litigation, in which the government seeks their forfeiture, will not be assessed by Douglas county this year. In case the lands are not forfeited to the government the railroad company agrees to pay the back taxes, together with 6 per cent interest.

COUNT ZEPPELIN



Count Zeppelin, inventor of the airship which the British fear may be used by the Germans in a raid on England.

ROCK KILLS ON TRAIN

Coaches Crushed and Three Die, 15 Injured, by Falling 20-Ton Boulder.

Grand Junction, Colo.—Three persons were killed and 14 injured, severely, when a 20-ton boulder, falling from a precipice, crashed into the day coach and smoker of Denver & Rio Grande passenger train No. 3, 18 miles east of this city.

The train was running at high speed when a rock struck the coupling between the tender and smoking-car, parting the train. Before the automatic air brakes had brought the rear section to a stop, a huge boulder crashed upon the smoking car and day coach, shattering the roofs and crumpling the steel walls. Twenty other passengers in the two cars escaped serious injury.

Innes and His Wife Indicted.

San Antonio, Texas.—Victor E. Innes and Mrs. Innes, his wife, who were arrested recently at Eugene, Or., were indicted by the grand jury on a charge of having murdered Mrs. Eloise Nelms Dennis and Beatrice Nelms and on an additional charge of conspiracy to murder the two girls.

Fatal Kansas Tornado.

Chanute, Kan.—Five persons were killed and 20 injured in a tornado which swept a path 18 miles wide through Wilson and Neosho counties.

Athletics Lose Third Game.

Boston.—In one of the hardest fought games ever played in a world's series, the Boston Braves won the third game from the Philadelphia Athletics by a score of 5 runs to 4.

TROOPS REMAIN FOR PRESENT IN MEXICO

Washington.—The United States government will make no further move in the Mexican situation and will reserve announcement of its future policy towards the Mexican central government until General Carranza, the first constitutional chief, has given formal guarantee of full protection of allies and Mexicans, irrespective of their political affiliations, and promises not to impose customs duties collected by Americans during his occupation of Vera Cruz.

This was the positive declaration of state department officials following the announcement that, despite two attempts, Carranza has so far refused to explain his position satisfactorily as to what steps he contemplates taking on the withdrawal of the American forces from Vera Cruz.

It was pointed out that General Funston had secured the services of Mexican officials in the administration of the civil government at Vera Cruz on the condition that they would be protected when he withdrew. Under the Mexican law those officials are liable for serving invaders, to imprisonment for from five to 20 years. Immunity for these citizens is sought by the government.

Carranza was requested also to promise that, on the receipt of the \$1,000,000 customs collections, he would not further molest Vera Cruz importers.

THE MARKETS

Portland.

Wheat—Club, 95c; bluestem, \$1.01; red Russian, 90c.

Hay—Timothy, \$17; alfalfa, \$13.50. Butter—Creamery, 35c.

Eggs—Ranch, 30c.

Seattle.

Wheat—Bluestem, 99c; club, 95c; red Russian, 88c.

Hay—Timothy, \$16 per ton; alfalfa, \$13 per ton.

Butter—Creamery, 26c.

Eggs—32c.

A Slight Difference.

The globe trotter was telling about the wonders of India.

"The scenery in some portions of the country," he said, with enthusiasm, "is incomparable. Far, far away, the mountains pile up toward the sky, and stretching off to them are beautiful valleys, while close at hand you can get in sight of a man eating tiger."

"I beg your pardon," interrupted an eager listener, "but did you say inside of a man eating tiger or in sight of one?"—New York Press.

Captain Tuttle's Elephant

Huge Beast Plays Prominent Part in a Wedding Trip

By CLARISSA MACKIE

When the circus departed from Little River that summer morning it left behind its most ancient and respectable adjunct—Annie, the elephant.

Captain Perley Tuttle became owner of Annie by right of attachment, for the circus had spread its tents upon the captain's big field at a certain price, which was not paid, and the assorted animals, both human and otherwise, had converted the field into a mucky cattle yard. Fences were broken down, and trees damaged, and in lieu of other redress Captain Tuttle attached the huge mass of quivering flesh known as Annie.

"Go! turn it! The critter's madder me out of house and home!" muttered the captain disconsolately on the third morning after Annie had entered his stable. "Wish I'd never seen her!"

"She's bound to make you a sight of trouble in other ways," remarked Hilman Beebe, nibbling reflectively at a straw. "My wife says that Heppy Tewks has sworn she won't get married at all."

Heppy Tewks was engaged to Captain Perley Tuttle.

"You mean you'll get married on account of Annie here?" demanded the captain tranquilly.

"That's what she told Susan."

Captain Tuttle spat hurriedly and rubbed his gray head perplexedly. Anger died out of his eyes and only a vague bewilderment remained.

"But Heppy was with me when I got the elephant," he protested with sudden weakness.

Hilman Beebe, who had been twice married, laughed heartily.

"Shows you don't know much about women folks, Perley," he said with a patronizing air that galloped the pride of the old sailor. "Heppy's changed her mind since day before yesterday. She declares if she had any idea that you was going to turn the farm into a circus grounds she'd never have made no promises."

Anger flamed in the captain's blue eyes.

"I'd admire to have your opinion, Hilman Beebe," he said sarcastically. "Seems 'a if I could always drink at the fountain of your counsel and advice. I couldn't never get off my course! As 'tis I appear to have run a-foul of a derelict—and Annie's the dead craft. If Heppy Tewks can't stand by a man when he's in difficult times I guess she ain't no wife for me!"

Hilman shifted uneasily from one foot to the other. Heppy Tewks was his cousin, and he had been the bearer of her message to her fiancé.

Still, he did not wish Heppy to break her engagement to Captain Perley.

"Well, I got to be going along," he said, turning away. "I've had my say."

"Whatever" she shrieked as she rushed to the fence. "Tuttle, you'll be killed sure as fate! Are you going to go riding off on that dreadful creature?"

The captain lighted his pipe and puffed slowly at it, while Annie munching the fresh green buds from Heppy's Rose of Sharon trees along the fence.

"Just going for a little morning ride, Heppy," said the captain soothingly.

"Now, don't get excited, and it ain't necessary to spread the news from Old Man's mountain down to the grist mill," he added warningly. "I'm going to buy that wedding ring today, Heppy," he added bashfully.

Heppy laughed hysterically. "Wedding ring! There won't be any wedding at all, Perley. Tuttle, you don't get rid of that fierce beast!" She pointed a quivering finger at Annie and turned away.

"Hee-up!" shouted the captain, trying to pull Annie away from the Rose of Sharon buds.

That command must have possessed some special significance for Annie, the circus elephant, for, as if in response to a familiar command, she stretched her trunk over the fence, caught the terrified Miss Tewks around her waist and gently lifted her to the seat beside Captain Perley, where Heppy fell fainting against the doughty sailor's shoulder.

There being nothing else to do at the moment, the captain belabored Annie with the broomstick, while he supported Heppy with his free arm. Annie moved on and entered the dark tunnel of the woods with her strange burden.

Heppy Tewks recovered consciousness, bowed the captain's ears because he kissed her, and then cried because of her strange predicament.

"We're like these bare Indian moccasins," consoled the captain. "I see plenty of 'em rocking along on the top of elephants just like we're doing, and lots of 'em had their wives along, too, at all times, while he supports 'em. You ain't got any cause to be scared. You'll be in Sandville in half an hour, and then you can get off, and we'll get Annie back to the circus, and then we'll go to the minister's and get married. That'll give Little River so much to talk about they'll never think of Annie and what's become of her."

Heppy Tewks was considerably upset, and she needed lots of persuasion before she could see the romantic side of their elopement on an elephant. But romance had budded and bloomed in her heart under the tender magic of the captain's voice, and so they made their way toward Sandville as the dawn brightened and the sun sent long golden shafts through the green treetops.

Rabbits stared at them from the undergrowth and then hopped away in alarm; birds fluttered over their heads with frightened cries at the strange beast padding so patiently through their own domain.

Joanab Roblin's milk wagon met

By the time the pony had been fed and soothed to quietness and the chickens had gone to bed for the night, the captain locked the barn door and wearily trudged into his cozy house to prepare his evening meal.

Sitting there over his platter of fried ham and eggs there came a happy thought.

"Fondation!" he exclaimed peacefully. "If I do that not a soul in Little River will ever know what became of the critter, and I shan't tell. Getting off before daylight is just the thing. Let me see, the paper said the circus was to play in Sandville Friday and Saturday, and tomorrow's Friday. I better turn in now. I've got a plenty to do!"

At 2 o'clock the next morning Captain Perley Tuttle locked the door of his bachelor abode and went to his stable. By the light of a lantern the drowsy elephant was coaxed out into the barnyard, where she submitted to having a blanket tossed across her broad back. On top of this Captain Tuttle lashed a spare wagon seat from the backboard and tied it with many an intricate sailor knot. Two ropes were slipped over Annie's short tusks, securely knotted, and then Captain Tuttle was ready for business.

To mount upon Annie's high back was another problem, but the captain solved it in his own ingenious way. Annie stood patiently before the barn door.

Captain Tuttle closed the doors, went upstairs and opened the doors to the hayloft, extinguished his lantern, caught hold of the rope and pulley hanging at the end of the hoisting beam, slid down the rope and landed squarely on the seat above Annie's quivering body.

The beast moved uneasily under his weight, but when he picked up the guiding ropes and sawed at them, while he prodded her with a broom handle, Annie swung slowly about and moved majestically toward the darkness toward the open gate.

"He steers as easy as the old Paiermo," muttered the delighted captain as Annie padded heavily down the road toward the stretch of woods that lay between Little River and Sandville. "I'll be out of deep water long before these here handlubbers are awake, and I guess none of 'em will be huffy at Captain Perley Tuttle because he had to take the elephant back all on account of Heppy Tewks' contrived notions about meanness."

The elephant will be gone, and there won't be a soul know how or when. Gee up, there, Annie! Port your helm! Ho-up!"

Annie jogged slowly along the dark road, while the captain kept a weather-eye on the light streak in the east, where the dawn was coming in swift pursuit of night.

Captain Tuttle chuckled when he approached the little cottage where Heppy Tewks lived. It was light on that day to distinguish objects, and he was amazed and somewhat disconcerted when he discovered the dimly lit little form of Heppy stepping around the dew-drenched garden.

She uttered a shrill squeal of fright when she saw the great gray bulk with the captain sitting atop come close to the pailings of her fence.

She was wearing a crisp calico wrapper, and her hair was curled close to her head with the dampness of the morning. She was quite pretty and had a lively manner.

"Whatever" she shrieked as she rushed to the fence. "Tuttle, you'll be killed sure as fate! Are you going to go riding off on that dreadful creature?"

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CHAMBERLAIN NOT PRIMARY FRIEND

C. E. S. Wood Reviews Senator's Record—Recalls Refusal to Help Bryan.

With a long memory, Colonel C. E. S. Wood has been telling the voters in Portland the history of George B. Chamberlain regarding popular laws and issues. Colonel Wood has been unsparing of Chamberlain's political record and night after night he has been declaring Chamberlain a double-dealer, who wants to agree with people on both sides of every question and who holds no opinion other than that of perpetuating Chamberlain in office.

In 1903, Wood and T. T. Geer were candidates for the popular vote for United States Senator. In that campaign Wood says he wanted to make an active fight, but that Chamberlain, fearing Wood might jeopardize Chamberlain's chances for election as Governor, insisted that Wood remain quiet. As Geer received the popular vote, Wood wrote the Democratic members of the Legislature asking them to support Geer for Senator.

When these Democrats asked Chamberlain for advice he told them to leave the Republicans, fight it out without Democratic help. This attitude on the part of Chamberlain, asserts Colonel Wood, was in direct conflict with the spirit and principle of the primary.

Again, says Colonel Wood, Chamberlain himself wrote to A. D. Stillman, of Umatilla, recommending that the Democrats hold an assembly to make nominations. Later when the Republicans held an assembly they were assailed by the Chamberlain newspapers and charged with trying to undermine the direct primary and return to machine methods.

In his campaigns for Governor, Chamberlain, says Wood, argued that the Legislature and Governor should be of opposite political parties. Chamberlain now argues that Congress should be of the same political complexion as the President.

When nominated for Senator as a Democrat in 1908, Chamberlain posed as a non-partisan, declares Colonel Wood, knowing that only with Republican votes he could be elected. At that time Roosevelt was immensely popular in Oregon and Chamberlain announced that he was a Roosevelt Democrat. In December, 1908, Roosevelt met Chamberlain in the East and greeted him as Senator-to-be. When Roosevelt bolted the Republican ticket, Chamberlain attacked Roosevelt, although the latter, when President, had gone as far as he could to bring about Chamberlain's election by a Republican Legislature.

In the campaign of 1908, continues Colonel Wood, Chamberlain refused to attend the Bryan rally in Portland and again absented himself from Portland when Judge Alton B. Parker came to speak for Bryan. Chamberlain was afraid that his plea of non-partisanship would not hold good if he was present at these Democratic rallies for Bryan.

Colonel Wood has stigmatized Chamberlain as selfish, as a man whose sole desire is to look after himself. He calls attention to the Chamberlain cords displayed in this campaign wherein there is no hint of any party designation.

Somewhat similar talks are being made by T. T. Geer, ex-Governor, who is also reviewing the political changes which Chamberlain has assumed in his office-seeking career. Colonel Wood is interested in defeating Chamberlain because Wood does not consider Chamberlain a Democrat. Geer says Chamberlain is not a Republican, but is "a man of pretense."

Old Soldiers Admire Booth.

Grant Dimick, manager of R. A. Booth, Republican nominee for United States Senator, has received the following communication:

Newberg, Sept. 24, 1914.

I am one of many members of Shiloh Post No. 77, G. A. R., who received a letter commending Hon. George Chamberlain as a friend of old soldiers. Have heard a number of the boys express themselves in regard to the letter as a huge joke. It will be some time before old soldiers look to Mississippi Democrats as special friends.

To me the letter is a source of both pleasure and indignation; pleasure that it is an assurance they feel the need of every vote they can possibly get; indignation that I should be regarded as so devoid of sense as to be caught by such trash.

There are about 50 members of Shiloh Post and I know of but one Chamberlain man among them. There may be two or three others, but I do not know them.

As regards myself there can be no better man for Senator than Mr. Booth. I have known him for over 30 years with increasing respect and admiration for him.

N. E. BRITT.

Past Post Commander of Shiloh Post No. 77, Department of Oregon, G. A. R.

Students Grateful to Booth.

Student loan funds, established to assist needy students through college, have long had the attention of R. A. Booth, Republican candidate for Senator. Having had a hard struggle to earn his own education, Booth has endeavored to make the path a little more smooth for young men and women who are in the same position.

His Hot Dinner.

The voice of the tempter was heard outside the works at Saturday midday. "Bill, come and have a pint."

"Not me! I've a nice 'ot dinner waiting."

"Just one pint, Bill."

"I can't miss a nice 'ot dinner."

"It won't take you a minute."

"That 'ot dinner'd be spolia."

At this point the hospitable man lost his temper. "Go 'ome, ole man, to your bread and mustard."—Manchester Guardian.

Early Treatment of Servants.

In a selection from the Newdigate family archives published by Lady Newdigate-Servants were treated in the way servants were treated in the seventeenth century. Sir Richard Newdigate, who flourished under Charles II., entered in his diary a list of his frequent and various crimes: "Nan Newton, for breaking a tureen, 2s. 6d.; R. Knight, for peeing and signing, 2s. 6d.; William Hetherington, for not being ready to go to church three Sundays last, Cook, dead drunk, 18s. He had a system of rewards as well as penalties, one of the entries reading, 'To Tom Cooper, who worked hard after I broke his head, 2s. 6d.'—London Chronicle.

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