THE QUICKENING

BY

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CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

It was Ludlow, hammering clamorously for silence on the shell of the big crane ladle, who acted as spokesman when the uproar was quelled.

"You're all right, Tom Gordon—you and your daddy. But you've hit us plum' 'twixt dinner and supper. If you two was the company——"

"We are the company. While Mr. Farley is away we're the bosses; what we say, goes."

"All right," Ludlow went on. "That's a little better. But we've got a kick or two comin'. Is this half-pay goin' to be in orders on the company's store?"

"I said cash," said Tom, briefly.

"Good enough. But I s'pose we'd have to spend it at the company's store, jest the same, 'r get fired."

"No!"—emphatically. "I'm not even sure that we should reopen the store. We shall not reopen it unless you men want it. If you do want it, we'll make it strictly co-operative, dividing the profits with every employe according to his purchases."

"Well, that's white, anyway," commented one of the coke burners. "Be a mighty col' day in July when old man Farley'd talk as straight as that."

"Ag'in," said Ludlow, "what's this half-pay to be figured on—the reg'lar scale?"

"Of course."

"And what security do we have that t'other half 'll be paid, some time?"

"My father's word, and mine."

Ludlow turned to the miners. "What d'ye say, boys? Fish or cut bait? Hands up!"

There was a good showing of hands among the white miners and the coke burners, but the negro foundrymen did not vote. Patty, the mulatto foreman who was Helgerson's second, explained the reason.

"You ain't said unttin' 'bout de foundry, Boss Tom. W-w-w-w-we-all boys been wukkin' short ti-ti-time, and m-m-makin' pig ain't gwine give we-all n-n-nuttin' ter do." Patty had a painful impediment in his speech, and the strain of the public occasion doubled it.

"We are going to run the foundry, too, Patty, and on full time. There will be work for all of you on the terms I have named."

Caleb Gordon closed his eyes and put his face in his hands. For weeks before the shut-down the foundry had been run on short time, because there was no market for its miscellaneous output. Surely Tom must be losing his mind!

But the negro foundrymen were taking his word for it, as the miners had. "Pup-pup-put up yo' hands, boys!" said Patty, and again the ayes had it.

Tom looked vastly relieved.

"Well, that was a short horse soon curried," he said, bruskly. The power goes on to-morrow morning, and we'll blow in as soon as the furnaces are relined. Ludlow, you come to the office at 5 o'clock and I'll list the shifts with you. Patty, you report to Mr. Helgerson, and you and the pattern-maker show up at half-past 5. I want to talk over some new work with you. Anybody else got anything to say? If not, we'll adjourn."

Caleb followed his son out and across the yard to the old log homestead which served as the superintendent's office and laboratory. When the door was shut he dropped heavily into a chair.

"Son," he said, brokenly, "you're—you're crazy—plum' crazy. Don't you know you can't do the first one o' these things you've been promisin'?"

Tom was already busy at the desk, emptying the pigeonholes one after another and rapidly scanning their contents.

"If I believed that, I'd be taking to the high grass and the tall timber. But don't you worry, pappy; we're going to do them—all of them."

"But, Buddy, you can't sell a found of foundry product! We may be able to make pig cheaper than some others, but when it comes to the foundry floor, South Tredegar can choke us off in less'n a week."

"Wait," said Tom, still rummaging. "There is one thing we can make—and sell."

"I'd like tolerable well to know what it is," was the hopeless rejoinder.

"You ought to know, better than any one else. It's cast-iron pipe—water-pipe. Where are the plans of that invention of yours that Farley wouldn't let you install?"

Caleb found the blue-prints, and his hands were trembling. The invention, a pit machine process for molding and casting water- and gas-pipe at a cost that would put all other makers of the commodity out of the field, had been wrought out and perfected in Tom's second Boston year. It was Caleb's one ewe lamb, and he had nursed it by hand through a long preparatory period.

Tom took the blue-prints and spread them on the desk, absorbing the details as his father leaned over him and pointed them out. He saw clearly that the invention would revolutionize pipe-making. The accepted method was to cast each piece separately in a floor flask made in two parts, rammed by hand, once for the drag and again for the cope, with reversings, crane-handlings and all the manipulations necessary for the molding of any heavy casting. But the new process substituted machinery. A cistern-like pit; a circular table pivoted over it, with a hundred or more iron flasks suspended upright from its edges; a huge crane carrying a mechanical ram, these were the main points of the machine which, with a small gang of men, would do the work of an entire foundry floor.

"It's great!" said Tom, enthusiastically. "I got your idea pretty well from your letters, but you've improved on it since them. I wonder Farley didn't snap at it."

"He was willin' to," said Caleb, grimly. "Only he wanted me to transfer the patents to the company; in other words, to make him a present of the controlling interest. I bucked at that, and we come near havin' a fall-out. If there was any market for pipe now——"

"There is a market," said Tom, hopefully. "I got a pointer on that before I left Boston. Did I tell you I had a little talk with Mr. Clarkson the day I came away?"

"No."

"Well, I did. I told him the conditions and asked his advice. Among other things, I spoke of this pipe pit of yours, and he said at once, 'There is your chance. Cast-iron water-pipe is like bread, or sugar ,or butcher's meat—it's a necessity, in good times or bad. If that machine is practicable, you can make pipe for less than half the present cost.' Then we talked ways and means. Money is tighter than a shut fist—up East as well as everywhere else. But men with money to invest will still bet on a sure thing. Mr. Clarkson advised me to try our own banks first. Failing with them, he authorized me to call on him. Now you know where I'm digging my sand."

The old iron-master sat back in his chair with his hands locked over one knee, once more taking the measure of this new creation calling itself Tom Gordon and purporting to be his son.

"Say, Buddy," he said at length, "are there many more like you out yonder in the big road?—young fellows that can walk right out o' school and tell their daddies how to run things?"

Tom's laugh was boyishly hearty.

"Plenty of 'em, pappy; lots of 'em! The old world is moving right along; it would be a pity if it didn't, don't you think? But about this pipe business: I want you to make over these patents to me."

"They're yours now, Tom; everything I've got will be yours in a little while," said the father; but his voice betrayed the depth of that thrust. Was the new Tom begining so soon to grasp and reach out avariciously for the fruit of the old tree?

"You ought to know that I don't mean it that way," said Tom, frowning a little. "But here is the way it sizes up. There is money in this pipe-making; some money now ,and big money later on. Farley has refused to go into it unless you make it a company proposition; as president and a controlling stockholder you can't very well go into it unless you make it a company proposition; as president and a controlling stockholder you can't very well go into it now without making it some sort of a company proposition. But you can transfer the patents to me, and I can contract with Chiawassee Consolidated to make pipe for me."

"That would certainly be givin' Colonel Dubbury a dose of his own medicine; but I don't like it, Tom . It looks as if we were taking advantage of him."

"No. I'd make the proposition to him, personally, if he were here, and the boss; and he'd be a fool if he didn't just jump at it," said Tom, earnestly. "But there is more to it than that. If we make a go of this, and don't protect ourselves, the two Farleys will come back and put the whole thing in their pockets. I won't go in on any such terms. When they do come back, I'm going to have money to fight them with, and this is our one little ghost of a chance. Ring up Judge Bates and get him to come over here and make a legal transfer of these patents to me."

The experiences of the summer were all hardening. He plunged into the world of business, into a panic-time competition which was in grim reality a fight for life, and there seemed to be little to choose between trampling or being trampled. By early autumn the iron industries of the country were gasping, and the stacks of pig in the Chiawassee yards, kept down a little during the summer by a few meager orders, grew and spread until they covered acres. As long as money could be had, the iron was bonded as fast as it was made, and the proceeds were turned into wages to make more. But when money was no longer obtainable from this source, the pipe venture was the only hope.

With the entire foundry force at the Chiawassee making pipe, Tom had gone into the market with his low-priced product. But the commercial side of the struggle was fire-new to him, and he found himself matched against men who knew buying and selling as he knew smelting and casting. They routed him, easily at first, with increasing difficulty as he learned the new trade, but always with certainty. It was Norman, the correspondence man, transformed now into a sales agent, who gave him his first hint of the inwardness.

"We're too straight, Mr. Gordon; that's at the bottom of it," he said to Tom, over a grill-room luncheon at the Marlboro one day. "It takes money to make money. Four times out of five we have to sell to a municipal committee, and the other time we have to monkey with the purchasing agent of a corporation. In either case it takes money—other money besides the difference in price."

Tom was in town that day for the purpose of taking a train to Louisville, where he was to meet the officials of an Indiana city forced, despite the hard times, to relay many miles of worn-out water-mains. He made a pencil computation on the back of an envelope. The contract was a large one, and his bid, which he was confident was lower than any competitor could make, would still stand a cut and leave a margin of profit. Before he took the train he went to the bank, and, when he reached the Kentucky metropolis, his first care was to assure the "wheel-horse" member of the municipal purchasing board that he was ready to talk business on a modern business basis.

Notwithstanding, he lost the contract. Other people were growing desperate, too, it appeared, and his bribe was not great enough. One member of the committee stood by him and gave him the facts. A check had been passed, and it was a bigger check than Tom could draw without trenching on the balance left in the Iron City National to meet the month's pay-roll at Gordonia.

"You sent a boy to mill," said the loyal one. "And now it's all over I don't mind telling you that you sent him to the wrong mill, at that. Bullinger's a hog."

"I'd like to do him up," said Tom, vindictively.

"Well, that might be done, too. But it would cost you something."

Tom did not take the hint; he was not buying vengeance. But on the way home he grew bitterer with every subtracted mile. He could meet one more pay-day, and possibly another; and then the end would come. This one contract would have saved the day, and it was lost.

The homing train, rushing around the boundary hills of Paradise, set him down at Gordonia late in the afternoon. There was no one at the station to meet him, but there was bad news in the air which needed no herald to proclaim it. Though it still wanted half an hour of quitting time, the big plant was silent and deserted. Tom walked out the pike and found his father on the Woodlawn porch.

"You needn't say it, son," was his low greeting, when Tom had flung himself into a chair. "It was in the South Tredegar papers this morning."

"What was in the papers?"

"About our losin' the Indiany contract. I reckon it was what did the business for us, though there were a-plenty of black looks and a storm brewin' when we missed the pay-day yesterday."

"Missed the pay-day? Why, I left money in bank for it when I went to Louisville!"

"Yes, I know you did. When Dyckman didn't come out with the pay-rolls yesterday evening I telephoned him. He said Vint Farley, as treasurer of the company, had made a draft on him and taken it all."

"And the men?"

"The miners went out at 10 o'clock this morning. The blacks would have stood by us, but Ludlow's men drove 'em out—made 'em quit. We're done, Buddy."

Tom dashed his hat on the floor ,and the Gordon rage, slow to fire and fierce to scorch and burn when once it was aflame, made for a moment a yelling maniac of him. In the midst of it he turned, and the tempest of imprecation spent itself in a gasp of dismay. His mother was standing in the doorway, thin, frail, with the sorrow in her eyes that had been there since the long night of chastenings three years agone.

As he looked he saw the growing pallor in her face, the growing speechless horror in her gaze. Then she put out her hands as one groping in darkness and fell before he could reach her.

It was her stalwart son who carried Martha Gordon to her room and laid her gently on the bed, with the husband to follow helplessly behind. Also, it was Tom, tender and loving now as a woman, who sat upon the edge of the bed, chafing the bloodless hands and striving as he could to revive her.

"I'm afraid you've killed her for sure, this time, son!" groaned the man.

But Tom saw the pale lips move and bent low to catch their whisperings. What he heard was only the echo of the despairing cry of the broken heart: "Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son!"

(To be continued.)

THE LION'S ROAR.

Just why the lion should be called the king of beasts few have ever stopped to inquire. His habits, says A. Radclyffe Dugmore, writing in Everybody's Magazine, are not kingly. He is a shameless scavenger. He may be a cannibal. There is a story of a contest between a lion and a lioness over a carcass which ended in the male killing and then devouring his mate. In days before the advent of modern high-power arms the lion may have stood as a symbol of fearlessness and daring, but time has changed all that. He is now neither so fierce nor yet so formidable as he is painted. The chase of the lion is becoming less and less dangerous. "Not a lion has done its duty," said Mr. Roosevelt, emerging from the East African jungles.

Besides, opinion of any brute's nature seems to depend largely on the experience of the observer. If the hunter chanced to have a close call with a lion, he assumes the lion to be the most dangerous of beasts. In Africa, many hold the wild buffalo to be far more fierce than the lion, for this one pertinent reason. Or some fellow has had a brush with an elephant and nearly lost his life; therefore he considers the elephant to be the most dangerous of all animals. Personally, I'd rather face a herd of lions in the open than a herd of buffalo bent on mischief.

But once in the lion country, you learn the real reason why he is termed the king of beasts. He looks it. Besides, there is the terror he casts over all the brute creation about him. And as for terror, there is one feature of life in East Africa that the traveler never forgets—the lion's roaring.

To me, no other sound in nature is more awe-inspiring, more appalling, especially if heard at really close range, or among hills, where the echo resounds in its rolling double bass.

Contrary to the common idea, lions do not confine their thunderous calls to the night only; frequently in the open daylight one may be startled by a sudden outburst. They are a noisy lot, too. At night I have heard a band keep up the dire chorus for hours at a time, a blood-curdling concert that brings to mind every tale, fanciful or true, of their daring, of their fierce rapacity and might. It seems, still further, to have an added dreadfulness when one is lying within the frail walls of a tent, with only its canvas between one and the formidable musician.

Listen now! There goes one booming in the distange, a roaring obligato that breaks into from six to a dozen calls! From the first to the fourth the volume usually increases; then it dies down. At very close quarters one hears the roar melt gradually into a purr, itself diminishing to a growling, discontented mumble that lasts for about half a minute. Or there is the other sound, equally menacing—a soft and suggestive crunching noise, as if the beast had already settled to a gruesome meal.

The lion's voice is mighty, as mighty as his strength. Forget his habits, his love of carrion, and his daylight turn of cowardice, and you have the impression of a king of beasts—a real royalty among the brute creation.

Mangling the Words.

Mark Twain will find an example of English as she is spoke, or written, when he visits a certain city in Italy where the authorities of a charitable institution have posed a notice printed in all languages. The information for English people reads as follows: "The little fathers of the poor of St. Francis harbor all kinds of disease, and have no respect for religion."

Reversing the Process.

Rankin—How did you manage to get the ill will of Scraggles?

Fyle—You know he's been borrowing small sums of me from time to time for the last ten years? Well, a few weeks ago I shut down on lending to him and began borrowing from him.

CURRENT EVENTS OF THE WEEK

Doings of the World at Large Told in Brief.

General Resume of Important Events Presented in Condensed Form for Our Busy Readers.

The Federal deficit for the past year was $16,000,000 less than the previous year.

Two jurors in a New York murder trial have been indicted for soliciting a bribe.

A Medford, Ore., man received 20,000 volts from a live electric wire, but was not seriously injured.

Striking express drivers in New York City received strong reinforcements, and the strike is spreading.

Fifteen babies have been born at Fort Stevens, Ore., during one week. There are not over 100 families in the town.

An Illinois farmer aged 82 years eloped with a woman of 48. The farmer's son, aged 60, objected to the marriage.

Seattle food inspectors have condemned several tons of turkeys, crabs, lobsters and smelt which were being kept in cold storage for the holiday trade.

The chief signal officer of the United States has asked the War department for 20 military aeroplanes to be used in practice and instruction of troops.

Many pitched battles were fought between prospective settlers at the opening of the Coeur d'Alene reservation in Idaho, but no fatalities were reported.

A kerosene lamp in a shack occupied by the family of Y. Yamamoto in the Interbay district of Seattle, exploded and two children were burned to death in their bed.

A Los Angeles woman used up nearly a whole stick of dynamite in her washtub, thinking it was some new kind of soap. It did no damage, but she was disappointed in the results.

General Jose Valledares, ex-governor of Amalpa, Honduras, who was deposed from office by President Davila and recalled to Tegucigalpa, has returned to Amalpa in order to hand over his command to his successor and has openly declared himself against the government. It is also rumored that he has attacked the American consular agency and has committed other excesses.

Dr. Cook has sent a message of congratulation to Walter Wellman.

Roosevelt has made nine speeches in Manhattan in the political campaign.

Bank robbers blew the safe of a bank at Palestine, Texas, and escaped with $8,000.

Officials of the Rock Island road complain that the roads are injured by too many commissions.

In order to bring about one-cent letter postage sooner, it is proposed to increase magazine postage.

The New York express drivers strike threatens to tie up all transportation except railroads and streetcars.

Rebellious tribes in the Philippines have killed eight Americans, and are on the warpath against all foreigners.

Witnesses differ widely as to whether the explosion in the Los Angeles Times office was caused by escaping gas.

Miss Hortense Harder, returning to America from school at Paris, failed to declare seven of her French gowns to the customs officres, and her father was obliged to pay not only the regular duty but the full value of the gowns in addition.

The Carnegie Hero commission has awarded 30 silver medals, 28 bronze medals and $40,205 in cash to life-savers, or their families where death occurred. In 23 other cases where death ensued pensions have been awarded to dependents.

Minneapolis census returns show considerable padding.

Explosion of a gasoline tank caused a $35,000 fire at Salem, Or.

The patent office at Washington is swamped with inventions of appliances for aerial navigation.

A resident of Southwest China declares the empire is ripe for rebellion, and only a spark is needed to start it.

The New Elms hotel at Excelsior Springs, Mo., built a year ago at a cost of $150,000, was entirely destroyed by fire.

The printing pressmen of Denver are on strike and all allied printing trades unions have pledged them their full support.

Ex-Secretary of the Interior Garfield is charged with having shielded the Union Pacific Railway company in its coal land frauds in Wyoming.

Five men suspected of the Los Angeles Times dynamite outrage were arrested at Acapulco, Mexico, upon their arrival there in a gasoline launch.

The entire police reserve of New York City, numbering about 9,000 men, were ordered held in readiness to answer riot calls on account of the express drivers' strike.

Sarah Bernhardt York City for a long theatrical engagement in this country. She was greeted by a delegation of suffragettes with hugs and kisses and her path was strewn with flowers.

A special grand jury has begun an investigation of the Los Angeles Times dynamite outrage.

A freshman at Cornell college died from injuries supposed to have been received in a football game.

Bryan will enter the political campaign at his own expense, his first speech being made at Lincoln, Neb.

SOCIETY AIDS STRIKERS.

Police Arrest Alleged Rioters, But Make Bad Mistake.

Chicago—Well known club and society women dumbfounded the police department through interference in the strike of the garment workers. Mounted police had charged threatening mobs of strikers and made numerous arrests in three sections of the city, only to be completely nonplussed when met by obdurate groups of the elite of Chicago's women who produced engraved calling cards at police stations in lieu of bailbonds.

It was a new experience for the police and plainly confused them. A score of these women champions of the garment workers, who faced the rioting, were taken into custody. They were immediately released, however, when their identity became known to the police.

One of them was injured when struck by a policeman's club, but her name did not become known, as she was hurriedly placed in an automobile and taken to her home.

Most of the women of prominence involved in the demonstrations were garbed as working girls, and for this reason the police could not distinguish them from strikers until after arrests had been made.

"I will take oath that we were doing absolutely nothing beyond the law,"

MISS MARY IDELL IDE
Of Colville, Washington, who will be Queen of the National Apple Show at Spokane, Nov. 14 to 19.

said Miss Ellen Varer, one of the club women who has become a strike picket. "The only persons who were violating the law were the policemen, who treated us roughly and hurt dreadfully with their clubs some of the poor boys who were walking peacefully past the shops. If there had been a real riot it would have been incited altogether by the police."

SEVEN SHANGHAI BANKS FAIL.

Change of Taotais Causes Panic, Paralyzing Industry.

Victoria, B. C.—Seven banks in Shanghai, including several large ones, have failed, and a financial panic has resulted. The steamship Titan, which brought this news, left Yokohama October 15. Following the failure of the banks, the Chinese chamber of commerce telegraphed to the prince regent that unless aid was given at once many manufactures would cease operations and over 300,000 men would be made idle. The prince regent telegraphed 700,000 taels, and is being urged to send $5,000,000 more.

One of the closed banks has liabilities of 20,000,000 taels and has 22 branches throughout the empire. It has on deposit $4,000,000 of customs revenue and $3,000,000 of Shanghai funds, none of which is secured. Japanese bankers state that among the failed banks are three of China's largest.

Finest Apple Show Opens.

Vancouver, B. C. — Without doubt the first Canadian Apple show, opened here Nov. 1, is the best in point of arrangement, size and amount of premiums offered, of any ever held anywhere. Lieutenant Governor Paterson made the formal opening address, while Attorney General Bowser and Premier McBride, of British Columbia, and Mayor Taylor, of Vancouver, gave the ceremonies added dignity. The show has 3,424 exhibits, including 194 varieties of apples and representing 287 exhibitors.

War Raises Prices High.

Palo Alto, Cal.—"The high cost of living which we are feeling now is due partly to the outcome of the Russian-Japanese War," declared David Starr Jordan, president of the Leland Stanford university, in a speech on "International Peace." "The whole world helps to pay the penalties of any war," he added. "Governments are now ruled by their capitalists. The drain of war in life and blood has lowered the quality of the race and placed the nations under bonds to the wealth of wealth that can never be paid."

Smelting King to Wed.

New York—Henry Frank Guggenheim, one of the great smelting men, accompanied by his fiancee, Helen Rosenberg, and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Guggenheim, obtained a marriage license at the city hall here. As he is but 20 years old, it was necessary for his parents to give their consent. Young Guggenheim gave his occupation as smelterman, and said he was living at the St. Regis hotel. Miss Rosenberg is 24 years old.

Indians Offered Bribes.

Guthrie, Okla.—A. J. Johnson and George Kispketon, two Indian interpreters, who are important witnesses for the government in the hearing to extradite to Mexico five men wanted there for alleged Kickapoo land frauds, testified that they had been offered $500 each to "stay by" the defendants. They said they had already been paid small amounts by two of the defendants and that they had turned over the money to the prosecutor.

France Births Gaining.

Paris—During the first half of the year 1910, it is officially announced, the births in France exceeded the deaths by 21,189. During the year 1909 the deaths exceeded the births by 28,203.

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS OF OUR HOME STATE

PORTAGE NEARLY READY.

Completion of Road By End of November Expected.

The Dalles—Work has been begun by the State Portage commission on the inclines and bulkheads of the state portage road, which is to end at the foot of Washington street in this city.

The roadbed, which is built on the low-lying bank of the river north of town, is being heavily riprapped for half a mile from the terminus, and this work is nearly finished. A pile-driver has been erected, and workmen have begun to put down the piling north of the track. On this will be nailed heavy planking to prevent the high water and waves and ice of the Columbia from tearing out the riprapping.

The bridge across Five Mile at Seufert's is nearly finished.

The only thing now holding back the completion of the road to Big Eddy is the balf bridge, about 100 feet in length, which is to be built at that point to connect with the road built some time ago from Celilo to Big Eddy. This work is waiting for the O. R. & N. company to shift from its old line to the new roadbed now being built. This probably will be done this week and the whole of the portage road will be completed by the end of November, so that freight will be moving over the whole length of the line before January 1.

FISH LADDERS NEED REPAIR.

Salmon Have Difficulty Ascending Celilo and Oregon City Falls.

Astoria—Secretary Lorntsen, of the Columbia River Fishermen's Protective union, has received a letter from State Fish Warden Clanton, in which Mr. Lorntsen is invited to go with the fish warden and make an investigation relative to the fishways needed at the Oregon City falls and at Celilo.

A fish way was constructed some years ago at Oregon City, but it does not appear to give satisfaction in its present condition, and on a recent visit there Mr. Lorntsen counted 40 salmon which had perished while trying to get over the falls. However, it is stated that a small amount of work will place the fish way in condition to afford an easy passage way for the fish to the upper river.

At Celilo the condition is much more complicated, and it may be necessary to blast a fish way out of the solid rock, so that a few at least of the early salmon, which reach that point, may be able to ascend to the natural spawning grounds.

REALTY DEALS FREQUENT.

Farm Land About Medford Brings More than $1,000 An Acre.

Medford—City real estate in Medford is moving lively. W. T. York & Co. report 13 sales of city lots and small tracts of land in the vicinity of Medford in four days. Forty-one acres of orchard land in the Willow Springs district were sold for $45,000, Frank Tompkins purchasing the ranch from A. T. Reunells. W. A. Stone, of Vermont, bought 35.55 acres between Medford and Jacksonville for $18,000, and lot 12 of the Midway tract sold for $3,300.

Siskiyou Heights and Queen addition are being boosted vigorously by real estate firms with the result that many lots in both suburban districts have changed hands, most of the lots being sold to newcomers who expect to build immediately. Twelve building permits for homes were taken out in one day.

Rebuild Burned Town of Wendling.

Wendling — Contracts for buildings to cost $15,000 have just been let. Sixteen small cottages, eight larger cottages and a public school building are included in the contract.

W. B. Mummey was awarded the contract to build the 16 small cottages. Buley & Applewhite got the eight larger cottages and J. R. Chezem the public school building. Each of the contractors will at once begin work and expect to have the buildings completed before the heavy rains set in.

In addition to these buildings, there are in course of construction for the company six cottages that are still larger than any of the others, costing $1,000 each, the lodging house costing about $6,000 and the eating house costing $3,200. These buildngs are all to replace those destroyed in the recent forest fire that swept the town.

Canal Use to Be Barred.

Klamath Falls—That private landowners located above the government canal will not be permitted to use surplus water of the canal, if a surplus exists, unless they become part of the project and pay their per capita of the cost of the canal is the decision of Secretary Ballinger. Private installation of pumps and the like would be so costly, it is believed, the landowners above the canal will now drop the attempt to obtain access to the government supply of water and provide themselves with individaul systems.

Pure Water For Eugene.

Eugene—The city of Eugene will soon have water 99 per cent pure. This is the guarantee of the installers of the large filtering plant, which will be in operation in a few weeks. The plant is similar to the Oregon City filtering plant, which has given such good satisfaction. City and university authorities feel confident that with the new filtering plant in operation there can be no serious danger of a typhoid epidemic, such as four years ago.

Oregon Chinese Gets Scholarship

An ex-university of Oregon student, Lee Sam, '13, a Chinaman, has just won a scholarship at Cornell university, New York, by competitive examination. Sam is a civil engineering studen .

LAND BOARD AGREES.

Central Oregon Irrigation Co. Escapes Tax—To Make Contracts

Salem—With the filing of articles of incorporation for the Central Oregon Irrigation company, to succeed and take over the work of the Deschutes Power & Irrigation company, and with the state land board acquiescing in the recent decree of the Federal court, confirming the sale, further steps were taken in Salem toward reorganization of the old company.

The state land board split on the question of acquiescing in the order of the Federal court, State Engineer John H. Lewis wishing to hold up such acquiescence until it is possible to make some new contracts and receive further assurances from the company.

One plan which the state engineer has in mind is a tax of 50 cents an acre to come from the settlers to place in the state treasury for the reclamation funds. He contended that the state has advanced considerable money for the workings of this project and he wishes to receive assurance that the state will get some of it back.

Roscoe Howard and Jesse Stearns, who were here representing the new company, said that in all probability they would be willing at some future convenient time to make this concession of 50 cents an acre by raising the price of the lands, but that they desire time to think it over. The state engineer wished to make this a consideration for acquiescing in the Federal court order, but the board finally allowed the order over the protest of the state engineer. Attorney General Crawford said that it must be understood in acquiescing that the board merely considered itself as ceasing to do business with the old company and starting to do business with the new.

Articles of incorporation for the new company show a capitalization of $1,500,000.

Park Road Work Beging.

Medford—Work has been started on the new Crater lake road. Contractor Natwick has 30 men and several teams at work on the right of way. The force will be doubled when the work requires it. This new road will run from Medford to Crater Lake national park, a distance of 75 miles. The contract calls for completion of the road by the first of next April. The road will be macadamized its entire length, and it will be made extra wide to accommodate the heavy automobile traffic that will start in the spring.

Hitchcock Grants Favor.

Salem—Representative Hawley has received personal assurance from Postmaster General Hitchcock that a rural free delivery service will be established out of Tillamook.

The Postoffice department has been holding up rural extensions all over the country, but the Postmaster general says he is allowing the Tillamook extension to slip through as the result of the personal appeal made by Mr. Hawley to the department.

Packing Oregon Apples.

Ontario—Adolph Gramse is packing apples from his orchard and has already shipped two carloads to Chicago. V. V. Hickox, manager of the McEldowney ranch southeast of town, is getting ready some beautiful specimens of Malheur county fruit for the Eastern market. Mr. Gramse expects to ship about six cars in all, or about 4,000 boxes.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat — Track prices: Bluestem, 86c; club, 81@82c; red Russian, 80c. valley, 85c; 40-fold, 84c.

Barley—Feed, $21 per ton; brewing, $22.

Millstuffs—Bran, $25 per ton; middlings, $33; shorts, $27; rolled barley, $24.50@$25.50.

Hay—Track prices: Timothy, Willamette valley, $19@20 per ton; Eastern Oregon, $21@22; alfalfa, new, $15 @16; grain hay, $14.

Corn—Whole, $31; cracked, $32 ton.

Oats—White, $27.50 per ton.

Apples—King, 75c@$1.25 per box; Gravenstein, 75c@$1.25; Wolf River, $1@1.25; Waxen, 85c@$1.25; Baldwin, $1.50; Northern Spy, $1.25@1.75; Snow, $1.75@2; Spitzenberg, $1.25@2; Winter Bananas, $1.75@3.50.

Green Fruits—Pears, $1.25@2 per box; grapes, $1@1.35; 17½c per basket; cranberries, $8@9 per barrel; quinces, 75c@$1 per box; huckleberries, 6½@8½c per pound.

Vegetables—Beans, 3@5c per pound; cabbage, 1@1¼c; cauliflower, 35c@$1 per dozen; celery, 50@80c; peppers, 6c pound; pumpkins, 1¼c; sprouts, 7 @8c; squash, 1¼c; tomatoes, 35@50c per box; carrots, $1@1.25 hundred; parsnips, $1@1.25; turnips, $1.

Potatoes—Oregon, $1.25@1.35 per hundred.

Onions—Oregon, buying price, $1.10 per hundred.

Poultry—Hens, 16½@17c; springs, 15; ducks, white, 16@18c; geese, 11c; turkeys, live, 20c; dressed, 24@25c; squabs $2 per dozen.

Butter—City creamery solid pack 36c per pound; prints 37@37½c; outside creamery 35@36c; butter fat 36c; country store 24@25c.

Pork—Fancy 13c per pound.

Eggs—Oregon ranch 37@37½c.

Veal—Fancy 8½ to 125 pounds 13c per pound.

Hops—1910 crop 11@15c; 1909 nominal; olds, nominal.

Wool—Eastern Oregon, 13@17c per pound; valley, 17@19c; mohair, choice, 32@33c.

Cattle—Beef steers, good to choice, $5@5.65; fair to medium, $4.50@5; choice spayed heifers, $4.50@4.75; good to choice beef cows, $4.25@4.70; medium to good beef cows, $3.50@4; common beef cows, $2@3.50; bulls, $3.50@4; stags, good to choice, $4@ 4.50; calves, light, $6.75@7; heavy, $3.75@5.

Hogs—Top, $9.50@9.60; fair to medium, $9.25@9.50.

Sheep, best valley wethers, $3.25@ 3.50; fair to good wethers, $3@3.25; best Mt. Adams wethers, $4@4.25; best valley ewes, $3@3.50; choice Mt. Adams lambs, $5@5.50; choice valley, $4.75@5.