

The Brass Bowl

PICTURES BY A. Weil

LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

SYNOPSIS.

"Mad" Dan Maitland, on reaching his New York bachelor club, met an attractive young woman at the door. Janitor O'Hagan assured him no one had been within that day. Dan discovered a woman's finger prints in dust on his desk, along with a letter from his attorney, Maitland dined with Bannerman, his attorney. Dan set out for Greenfield, to get his family jewels. During his walk to the country seat, he met the young woman in gray, whom he had seen leaving his bachelor's club. Her auto had broken down. He fixed it. By a ruse she "lost" him. Maitland, on reaching home, surprised by a lady in gray, cracking the safe containing his gems. She, apparently, took him for a well-known crook, Daniel Anstey. Half-hypnotized, Maitland opened his safe, took therefrom the jewels, and gave them to her first forming a partnership in crime. The real Dan Anstey, sought by police of the world, appeared on the same mission. Maitland overcame him. He met the girl outside the house and they sped on to New York in her auto. He had the jewels and she promised to meet him that day. Maitland received a "Dr. Smith."

CHAPTER V.—Continued.
Maitland accepted the card and elevated his brows. "Oh!" he said, putting it down, his manner becoming perceptibly less cordial. "I say, O'Hagan, 'Yesor?'"
"I shall be busy for—Will half an hour satisfy you, Mr. Smith?"
"You are most kind," the stranger bowed.
"In half an hour, O'Hagan, you may return."
"Very good, sir." And the hall door closed.
"So," said Maitland, turning to face the man squarely, "you are from police headquarters?"
"As you see," Mr. Smith motioned delicately toward his business card—as he called it.
"Well?"—after a moment's pause.
"I am a detective, you understand."
"Perfectly," Maitland assented, unmoved.
His caller seemed partly amused, partly—but very slightly—embarrassed. "I have been assigned to cover the affair of last night," he continued blandly. "I presume you have no objection to giving me what information you may possess."
"Credentials?"
The man's amusement was made visible in a fugitive smile, half-hidden by his small and neatly trimmed mustache. Mutely eloquent, he turned back the lapel of his coat, exposing a small shield; at which Maitland glanced casually.
"Very well," he consented, bored but resigned. "Fit it along, but make it as brief as you can; I've an engagement in—glancing at the clock—"an hour, and must dress."
"I'll detain you no longer than is essential. . . . Of course you understand how we are after this man Anstey."
"What puzzles me," Maitland interrupted, "is how you got wind of the affair so soon."
"Then you have not heard?" Mr. Smith exhibited polite surprise.
"I am just out of bed."
"Anstey escaped shortly after you left Maitland Manor."
"Ah!"
Mr. Smith knitted his brows, evidently at a loss whether to ascribe Maitland's exclamation as due to surprise, regret, or relief. Which pleased Maitland, who had been at pains to make his tone noncommittal. In point of fact he was neither surprised nor regretful.
"Thunder!" he continued, slowly. "I forgot to 'phone Higgins."
"That is why I called. Your butler did not know where you could be found. You had left in great haste, promising to send constables; you failed to do so; Higgins got no word. In the course of an hour or so his charge began to choke—pretended to. Higgins became alarmed and removed the gag. Anstey lay quiet until his face resumed its normal color and then began to abuse Higgins for a thick-headed idiot."
Mr. Smith interrupted himself to chuckle lightly.
"You noticed a resemblance?" he resumed.
Maitland, too, was smiling. "Something of the sort."
"It is really remarkable, if you will permit me to say so." Smith was studying his host's face intently. "Higgins, poor fellow, had his faith shaken by the foundations. This Anstey must be a clever actor as well as a master burglar. Having cursed Higgins root and branch, he got his second wind and explained that he was—Mr. Maitland! Conceive Higgins' position. What could he do?"
"What he did, I gather."
"Precisely."
"And Anstey?"
"Once loosed, he knocked Higgins over with the butt of a revolver, jumped out of the window and vanished. By the time the butler got his senses back, Anstey, presumably, was miles away." Mr. Maitland said Smith, sharply.
"Yes?" responded Maitland, elevating his brows, refusing to be started.
"Why," crisply, "didn't you send the constables from Greenfield, according to your promise?"
Maitland laughed uneasily and looked down, visibly embarrassed, acting with commendable address, playing the game for all he was worth; and enjoying it hugely.
"Why—I—I—I—Really, Mr. Smith, I must confess—"
"A confession would aid us materially," dryly. "The case is perplexing. You rounded up a burglar sought by the police of two continents, and listlessly permit his escape. Why?"
"I would rather not be pressed," said Maitland, with evident candor; "but, since you say it is imperative, that you must know—"
Smith inclined his head affirmatively. "Why—"
"To tell the truth, I was a bit under the weather last night; out with a party of friends, you know. Dare me we all had a bit more than we could carry. The capture was purely

accidental; we had other plans for the night and—well," laughing shortly, "I didn't give the matter too much thought, beyond believing that Higgins would hold the man tight."
"I see. It is unfortunate, but . . . you motored back to town."
It was not a question, but Maitland so considered it.
"We did," he admitted.
"And came here directly?"
"I did."
"Mr. Maitland, why not be frank with me? My sole object is to capture a notorious burglar. I have no desire to meddle with your private affairs, but . . . You may trust in my discretion. Who was the young lady?"
"To conceal her identity," said Maitland, undisturbed, "is precisely why I have been lying to you."
"You refuse us that information?"
"Absolutely. I have no choice in the matter. You must see that."
Smith shook his head, baffled, infinitely perturbed, to Maitland's hidden delight.
"Of course," said he, "the policeman at the ferry recognized me?"
"You are well known to him," admitted Smith. "But that is a side issue. What puzzles me is why you let Anstey escape. It is inconceivable."
"From a police point of view,"
"From any point of view," said Smith, obstinately. "The man breaks into your house, steals your jewels—"
"This is getting tiresome," Maitland



"So," said Maitland, turning to face the man squarely, "you are from Police Headquarters?"

interrupted, curtly. "Is it possible that you suspect me of conniving at the theft of my own property?"
Smith's eyes were keen upon him. "Stranger things have been known. And yet—the motive is lacking. You are not financially embarrassed—so far as we can determine, at least."
Maitland politely interposed his fingers between his jaw and the detective's intent regard. "You have ten minutes more, I'm sorry to say," he said, glancing at the clock.
"And there is another point, more significant yet."
"Yes," Smith bent forward, elbows on knees, hat and cane swinging, eyes implacable, hard, relentless. "Anstey," he said, slowly, "left a tolerably complete burglar's kit in your library."
"Well—he's a burglar, isn't he?"
"Not that kind," Smith shook his head.
"But his departure was somewhat hurried. I can conceive that he might abandon his kit—"
"Mr. Anstey's?"
"Anstey does not depend on such antiquated methods, Mr. Maitland; save that in extreme instances, with a particularly stubborn safe, he employs a high explosive that, so far as we can find out, is practically noiseless. Its nature is a mystery . . . but such old-fashioned strong-boxes as yours at Greenfield he opens by ear, so to speak—listens to the combination. He was once an expert, reputedly employed by a prominent firm of safe manufacturers, in whose service he gained the skill that has made him—what he is."
"But," Maitland cast about at random, feeling himself cornered—"may he not have had accomplices?"
"He's no such fool. Unless he has gone mad, he worked alone. I presume you discovered no accomplice?"
"The devil, no!"
Smith smiled mysteriously, then fell thoughtful, pondering.
"You are an enigma," he said, at length. "I can not understand why you refuse us all information, when

I consider that the jewels were yours."
"Are mine," Maitland corrected. "No longer."
"I beg your pardon; I have them." Smith shook his head, smiling incredulously. Maitland flushed with annoyance and resentment, then on impulse rose and strode into the adjoining bedroom, returning with a small canvas bag.
"You shall see for yourself," he said, depositing the bag on the desk and fumbling with drawstring. "If you will be kind enough to step over here—"
Mr. Smith, still unconvinced, hesitated, then assented, halting a brief distance from Maitland and toying abstractedly with his cane while the young man plucked at the drawstring.
"Deuced tight knot, this," commented Maitland, annoyed.
"No matter. Don't trouble, please. I'm quite satisfied, believe me."
"Oh, you are!"
Maitland turned; and in the act of turning, the loaded head of the cane landed with crushing force upon his temple.
For an instant he stood awaying, eyes closed, face robbed of every vestige of color, deep lines of agony graven in his forehead and about his mouth; then fell like a lifeless thing, limp and invertebrate.
The so-called Mr. Smith caught him and let him gently and without sound to the floor.
"Poor fool!" he commented, kneeling to make a hasty examination. "Hope I haven't done for him. . . . It would be the first time. . . . Had precedent! . . . So! He's all right—conscious within an hour. . . . Too soon!" he added, standing and looking down. "Well, turn about's fair play."
He swung on his heel and entered the hallway, pausing at the door long enough to shout the bolt; then passed hastily through the other chambers, searching, to judge by his manner.
In the end a closed door attracted him; he jerked it open, with an exclamation of relief. It gave upon a

large bare room, used by Maitland as a trunk closet. Here were stout leather straps and cords in ample measure. "Mr. Smith" selected one from them quickly but with care, choosing the strongest.
In two more minutes, Maitland, trussed, gagged, still unconscious, and breathing heavily, occupied a divan in his smoking-room, while his assailant, in the bedroom, ears keen to catch the least sound from without, was rapidly and cheerfully arraying himself in the Maitland gray-striped flannels and accessories—even to the gray socks which had been specified.
"The less chances one takes, the better," soliloquized "Mr. Smith."
He stood erect, in another man's shoes, squaring back his shoulders, discarding the disgusting stoop, and confronted his image in a pier-glass.
The most costly necklace in the world belongs to the Countess Henckel, a lady well known in London and Paris society, the value of which is said to be \$250,000. It is really composed of three necklaces, each of historic interest. One was the property of the ex-queen of Naples, sister of the late Austrian empress; the second, once the property of a Spanish grandee, while the third was formerly owned by the Empress Eugenie. Not long ago a necklace composed of 412 pearls, in eight rows, the property of the late duchess of Montrose, was sold for \$60,000. The Empress Frederick of Germany is said to have possessed a necklace of 35 pearls, worth at least \$200,000, while Lady Lichester's necklace of black pearls is valued at about \$125,000.
Covered with soft again, so that they will sprout for next year.
"It is because sarsaparilla, like quinine, grows in fever soil that it is good for fever."
Had Provided for Pets.
Francis Coppee, the French artist, like many artists and actors, was exceedingly fond of cats, and for years he had in his house in Paris and in the beautiful rose garden back of the house a number of fine specimens, including several valuable natives of Persia. When Coppee died, to be followed soon by his devoted sister, who was his nurse, the Paris Animal Protective society felt called upon to look for the cats, which were supposed to have been left in the deserted Coppee home to starve. Investigation showed, however, that the master had anticipated the end. He had given all his cats to friends

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PRODUCT OF FAR-OFF BRAZIL

Druggist Explains Where Seductive Sarsaparilla Comes From.
The druggist served his warm and thirsty patrons with icy sarsaparilla—called "sasp'rella" in the vernacular. "Did you ever stop to think where this delicious stuff comes from?" he asked.
"Sassafras, isn't it?" they hazarded.
"Sassafras nothing," said the druggist. "Sarsaparilla is made of zarza roots, and zarza roots come from the Amazonas swamps of Brazil."
"Fearful swamps they are. Smelly black mud—mosquitoes in millions—snakes and crabs—heat, poison, orchids, fever."
"And here the natives camp for weeks at a time, gathering zarza roots for the summer sarsaparilla trade. The vine runs along the ground, the roots are located and half of them are taken, the remaining half is carefully

"Good enough Maitland," he commented, with a little satisfied nod to his counterfeit presentment. "But we'll make it better still."
A single quick jerk denuded his upper lip; he stowed the mustache carefully away in his breast pocket. The moistened corner of a towel made quick work of the crew's feet about his eyes, and, simultaneously, robbed him of a dozen apparent years. A pair of yellow chamamois gloves, placed conveniently on a dressing table, covered Maitland's hands. And it was Daniel Maitland who studied himself in the pier-glass.
Contented, the criminal returned to the smoking-room. A single glance assured him that his victim was still dead to the world. He sat down at the desk, drew off the gloves, and opened the bag; a peep within which was enough. With a deep and slow intake of breath he knotted the drawstring and dropped the bag into his pocket. A jeweled cigarette case of unique design shared the same fate.
Quick eyes roaming the desk observed the telegram form upon which Maitland had written Cressy's name and address. Momentarily perplexed, the thief pondered this; then, with a laughing oath, seized the pen and scribbled, with no attempt to imitate the other's handwriting, a message:
"Regret unavoidable detention. Letter of explanation follows."
To this Maitland's name was signed. "That ought to clear him neatly, if I understand the emergency."
The thief rose, folding the telegram blank, and returned to the bedroom, taking up his hat and the murderous cane as he went. Here he gathered together all the articles of clothing that he had discarded, conveying the mass to the trunkroom, where an empty and unlocked kit-bag received it all.
"That, I think is about all."
He was very methodical, this criminal, this Anstey. Nothing essential escaped him. He rejected in the minutiae of detail that went to cover up his tracks so thoroughly that his campaigns were as remarkable for the clues he did leave with malicious design, as for those that he didn't.
One final thing held his attention: A bowl of hammered brass, inverted beneath a ponderous book, upon the desk. Why? In a twinkling he had removed both and was studying the impression of a woman's hand in the dust, and nodding over it.
"That girl," deduced Anstey. "Notice, poor little fool!—or she wouldn't have wasted time searching here for the jewels. Good looker, though—from what little he"—with a glance at Maitland—"gave me a chance to see of her. Seems to have snared him, all right, if she did miss the haul. . . . Little idiot! What right has a woman in this business, anyway? Well, here's one thing that will never land me in the pen."
As with nice care, he replaced both bowl and book, a door slammed below stairs took him to the hall in an instant. Maitland's Panama was hanging on the hatrack, Maitland's collection of walking sticks bristled in a stand beneath it. Anstey appropriated the former and chose one of the latter. "Fair exchange," he considered, with a harsh laugh. "After all, he loses nothing . . . but the jewels."
He was out and at the foot of the stairs just as O'Hagan reached the ground floor from the basement.
"Ah, O'Hagan!" The assumption of Maitland's ironic drawl was impeccable. O'Hagan no more questioned it than he questioned his own sanity. "Here, send this wire at once, please; and," pressing a coin into the ready palm, "keep the change. I was hurried and didn't bother to call you. And, I say, O'Hagan!" from the outer door: "Yissor."
"If that fellow Smith ever calls again, I'm not at home."
"Very good, sir."
Anstey permitted himself the slightest of smiles, pausing on the stoop to dress in the chamamois gloves. As he did so his eyes flickered indifferently over the personality of a man standing on the opposite walk and staring at the apartment house. He was a short man, of stouthead habit, sloppily dressed, with a derby pulled down over one eye, cigar butt protruding arrogantly from beneath a heavy black mustache, beefy cheeks, and thick-soled boots fully polished.
The most costly necklace in the world belongs to the Countess Henckel, a lady well known in London and Paris society, the value of which is said to be \$250,000. It is really composed of three necklaces, each of historic interest. One was the property of the ex-queen of Naples, sister of the late Austrian empress; the second, once the property of a Spanish grandee, while the third was formerly owned by the Empress Eugenie. Not long ago a necklace composed of 412 pearls, in eight rows, the property of the late duchess of Montrose, was sold for \$60,000. The Empress Frederick of Germany is said to have possessed a necklace of 35 pearls, worth at least \$200,000, while Lady Lichester's necklace of black pearls is valued at about \$125,000.

FIRST MOVE FOR PEACE.
Mexican Government and Insurgents Both Fear Intervention.
New York, March 15.—Before Senator de la Barra departed for Washington today he gave out here the proofs of an article which will appear tomorrow in the Independent, on "The Situation in Mexico," urging all his countrymen, regardless of "all divisions of party, all differences between men," to recall the "sacred interests of our country," and "to work together for the progress of true democracy and best development of the motherland."
The ambassador penned this appeal only last night, after his conference with Senator Limantour, the Mexican minister of finance, and he considered it so very important that at the very last moment he had it crowded into the locked forms.
Insurrecto leaders to whom the paragraph was shown said they considered it an invitation to come into camp, and its issuance makes more notable a trend of events that has been discoverable for the last three days.
After the first shock of surprise in the United States, and of alarm and distrust in Mexico caused by the dispatch of 20,000 American troops to the frontier, there began a series of formal diplomatic exchanges between the two powers, and a series of carefully weighed interviews and authorized publications in the daily press. Underneath this current ran a deeper tide of sympathy between countrymen who might be at odds, but were still countrymen.
"Intervention means war," said Senator Limantour, in so many words.
"Intervention?" answered Dr. F. Vasquez Gomez, the insurgent representative at Washington, who has been here for three days. "The moment there is intervention there will cease to be an insurrection. Both sides will make common cause against a common enemy."
Frederico Madero, a brother of Gustavo, head of the junta here, fell today that his brother had recently made a call on Senator Limantour. One of his friends said this afternoon that Gustavo had spent part of the morning with Secretary Dickinson, but the secretary himself dashed all intimations with cold water.
"I have not been in communication with the Maderos, either directly or indirectly," he said tonight. "I have never met any of them and I have had no word from any of them. I carry no messages from them to Senator Limantour. My presence here has nothing to do with the Mexican situation."
The belief grows here, however, among those closely in touch with both camps, that some understanding will be reached. It was pointed out that if Francisco Madero, Sr., has already seen Senator Limantour once, he is likely to find means of keeping in touch with him as the situation may demand.
The Maderos are considered the wealth and brains of the revolution. They are not in sympathy with the Socialist movement in Southern California. "If those fellows win," said Gustavo Madero today, "we shall have to fight them."

PLAGUE RAVAGES CONTINUE.

Lives of 20,000 Lost in Harbin District Alone.
Washington.—The plague is continuing its ravages in China, as shown by the mail advices reaching the State department from American consular officers.
It is estimated that 20,000 people have succumbed in the Harbin consulate district since the outbreak of the epidemic. In Harbin and its suburb, Fuchiatin, 6,014, including 50 Europeans, died up to February 11.
The disease is playing havoc with the Chinese troops at Chang Chun, according to Japanese statistics, 350 deaths among them being reported up to January 26, the daily death rate of the town being about 50.
Leading Citizens Escape.
Danville, Ill.—After returning 37 indictments, but 14 of which were for political offenses, the grand jury was dismissed Wednesday afternoon by Judge Kimbrough until April 17, the day preceding the city election. No politicians or leading citizens were indicted, the accused being precinct chairmen and workers about the polls. William C. Brown, member of the city election commission, was indicted for receiving money from a candidate to influence his vote in the election last fall.
Three Counterfeiters Caught.
San Francisco—Charged with flooding this city and Portland, Or., with counterfeit national bank notes, Amario Martinali, Ammedeo di Grazio and Constantino Della Migliora, three Italians, were placed under arrest here by secret service operatives H. M. Moffitt, G. A. Porter, of this city, and J. S. Statter, of Seattle. The secret service officers found in Martinali's possession 28 counterfeit \$5 national bank notes of the Mechanics & Metals National bank, of New York. The notes were exceedingly well executed.

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS OF OUR HOME STATE

3,000 ACRES FOR ORCHARD.
Company Buys Big Tract in Yamhill County.
Portland—The purchase of a 3,000-acre tract of orchard land in Yamhill county, four miles from Sheridan, on the Southern Pacific, by the Clear View Orchard company, of Portland, is announced. The purchase was made from C. G. Andrews, a well known Western Oregon land owner and operator. The consideration is not made known, but Mr. Andrews retains an interest in the company and will serve in the capacity of secretary and treasurer.
The purpose of the purchasers is to convert the land into 10-acre orchard home tracts. The tracts have been laid out and a number of them have already been contracted for. Mr. Andrews said that eight homes were under construction, the cheapest of them costing \$2,800, others ranging in price from \$3,000 to \$4,000.
Each tract is being planted to fruit trees by the company. Expert tree planters from Hood River have been secured to do the work. Eighty-seven men are now on the ground.
"We will make of this tract a modern Eden for 300 homes," said Mr. Andrews. "We intend to make every possible preliminary preparation for the coming of those who really want homes. Each tract is not only to be laid out and planted to fruit trees, but we are building the barns and the roads that go with the homes. We will establish our own telephone service, electric lights and water supply. At Sheridan we have secured ground for a fruit storage warehouse and later build a canning factory. The land is in the center of an ideal market and Portland, Salem and the coast are but a few hours distant. The Southern Pacific furnishes excellent train service."
WORK TO BEGIN JUNE 1.
Contract Awarded for Stanfield-Coyote Cutoff.
Pendleton—Work on the construction of the Coyote-Stanfield cutoff will be started June 1, if nothing unforeseen arises to cause a change in the plans of the Oregon-Washington company officials.
From sources known to be reliable it was learned that practically all preparations are now made for beginning work on the above date. The contract for work has already been let to Twoby Bros., and it is understood they are ready to begin operations whenever orders to do so arrive from General Manager James P. O'Brien. The Coyote cutoff calls for the construction of an additional track from Coyote, on the Columbia river, across country to Stanfield.
The cutoff will eliminate eight miles of the present distance between those two points. However, the present main line track will be continued in use so as to provide a double track for the road. Work of building the cutoff will cost slightly less than \$1,000,000, and the building of the road will add much to the activity of this section of Oregon during the coming summer.
SELECT CAPITOL SITE.
Governor Owns Desirable Site, But Will Say Nothing.
Salem—Governor West has asked Speaker Rusk of the house of representatives, and President Ben Selling to advise the board in the selection and location of the new annex to the capitol. The governor owns a quarter block of land that is upon the location desired for the building, but so that there can be no charge made against him in the likelihood of the choice of his property, he will have nothing to do with it.
The governor says that if his quarter block is selected he will dispose of it to the state for the amount which he paid. He holds his lots at \$10,000, while the same amount of property adjoining his is held at \$18,000, or nearly twice the amount asked by the governor. The governor's property lies directly east of the capitol and between it and the Southern Pacific company's tracks. Speaker Rusk is now at Salem and the location of the new capitol annex will be made at once.
Redmond Will Celebrate.
Redmond, which calls itself "the metropolis of central Oregon," is going to have a Fourth of July celebration for which it has sent out invitations printed in bright red, just the color of a firecracker. The invitations say the celebration will commemorate not only the freeing of the American people from the British yoke, but for the people of central Oregon long-looked-for freedom from isolation and an opening of resources and opportunities. Redmond is on the Deschutes and Oregon Trunk lines.
To Investigate Loans.
Salem—In accordance with the recommendations made by Governor West, State Land Agent T. A. Rhinehart will begin a personal investigation of the first mortgage loans held by the state. The practice heretofore has been to rely upon the valuations reported by the attorneys for the state land board but hereafter every mortgage loan will be personally inspected by the state land agent and their actual value noted.
To Cruise Coos Timber.
Marshfield—For the purpose of hastening the work of cruising all the timber in the county, it has been decided by the county court to put five more cruisers in the field in addition to the one man who is in addition to the last season. The idea is to get all the timber cruised so that a fair valuation may be put upon it when the assessments are made.
To Locate Hatchery.
Salem—Master Fish Warden R. E. Clanton went to Astoria recently for the purpose of definitely locating the new salmon hatchery on Young's river, for which provision was made by the legislature at its late session.

MASTER FISH WARDEN REPORTS COLUMBIA TRIBUTARIES OVERLOOKED.

Salem—Master Fish Warden Clanton has submitted his monthly report, showing receipts of \$112.50 and disbursements, or accounts presented for payment, amounting to \$1,353.52. He calls attention to the fact that the legislature failed to enact a closed season for Columbia river tributaries, and that the closed season on the Columbia river extends from March 1, noon, to May 1, noon, while on the Willamette river and its tributaries, north of the falls at Oregon City, the season does not close until noon March 15 and opens again at noon April 15. No closed season, whatever, he says, exists on the other tributaries of the Columbia river in this state, west of its confluence with the Deschutes river.
He mentions the fact that the launch Astoria, which was damaged by fire, has been placed in first class condition for the closed season on the Columbia. J. D. Mitchell, of Portland, will act as engineer on the launch and will be under the supervision of Deputy Warden Rathbun. The launch Oregon Patrol, it is reported, has also been overhauled and placed in working order for the closed season. This will be manned by Water Bailiff Gor and Engineer F. N. Sweet, both of Astoria.
FORESTRY BOARD FORMING.
Governor West Asks Five Bodies to Select Members.
Salem—Governor West has written to the Oregon State Grange, Oregon Forest Fire association, Oregon Wool-growers' association, Oregon & Washington Lumbermen's association and the United States Forest service, calling attention to the law passed at the last legislature providing for the appointment of a state board of forestry, which will have charge of the expenditure and of an appropriation of \$60,000 to be used in fighting fires.
"You will note that the law provides that the governor shall appoint as a member of the board someone recommended by you," he says. "In order that the board may be chosen and organization perfected at an early date I would ask that you kindly take the steps necessary to obtain from your body a full and free expression as to its choice."
GRANTS PASS CROP GREAT.
Fruit Inspector Says Yield Will Be Big This Year.
Grants Pass—The fruit crop of this section of Rogue River valley will be among the big yields, according to J. F. Burke, county fruit inspector who has finished inspecting the valley.
Last season he examined 150,000 fruit trees in this county. These figures do not cover the entire field, and a conservative estimate places the number of acres at 3,000.
Commercial pears took the lead in the variety of fruit set out in 1910. Mr. Burke says the greatest danger to commercial orchards is found in the backyard fruit trees in towns. They are hard to spray, owing to the nooks and corners of the premises, and are often neglected for that reason.
The present stage of all the orchards is somewhat backward, owing to the cool weather.
Grange at Elkton, Or.
Elkton—Elkton grange has been organized by State Deputy Cyrus H. Walker with a good charter list. The officers are: Master, J. E. Row; overseer, J. J. Henderson; lecturer, E. D. Traylor; chaplain, T. N. Grubbe; steward, W. M. Hampton; assistant steward, Minnie M. Traylor; secretary, Fannie Henderer; treasurer, John Kent; gate keeper, E. E. McClay; Ceres, Annie Grubbe; Pomona, Nettie Henderer; Flora, Maud McClay; lady assistant steward Lela Traylor. Douglas now has 12 granges.
\$194,000 Taxes for Malheur.
Vale—The assessment roll of Malheur county was turned over to Sheriff Kerfoot the first of the month and shows that \$194,000 is to be collected in taxes in this county this year. Of that amount \$35,000 is for the road fund, \$92,210 for the state, county and school tax, and \$23,200 for special city taxes. Of the special city taxes, the city of Vale with its levy of 20 mills, will secure \$9,200; Ontario with its tax levy of 12 mills will secure \$9,120; and Nyssa, with a levy of 14 mills, \$4,800.
Rural Delivery from Athens.
Athens—Postmaster H. O. Worthington has just informed the patrons of his office that he has taken up the matter of rural free delivery with the department at Washington and that they have granted the rural service, which will begin July 1, 1911. The district that will be taken in by this route will extend north of town to the Link Swaggart farm and on the Northwest it will include the homes along Alkali flat and Gerking flat.
Engineer Moves to Asylum Site.
Pendleton—Captain Charles A. Murphy, engineer for the branch asylum, has moved into a residence on the branch asylum site. With his home on the grounds Captain Murphy will supervise work on the lands purchased by the state and perform other duties under the instructions of the state board. He will have charge of the work of laying the water main from the city limits to the branch asylum grounds.
Contract Let for Ashland School.
Ashland—The Ashland school board awarded the contract for the building of a new high school to Snook & Traver, of Salem, Or., that firm being the lowest of six bidders. The bids on the general contract work ran from \$63,000 to \$75,000.

CLOSED SEASON NOT MADE.

Portland—The purchase of a 3,000-acre tract of orchard land in Yamhill county, four miles from Sheridan, on the Southern Pacific, by the Clear View Orchard company, of Portland, is announced. The purchase was made from C. G. Andrews, a well known Western Oregon land owner and operator. The consideration is not made known, but Mr. Andrews retains an interest in the company and will serve in the capacity of secretary and treasurer.
The purpose of the purchasers is to convert the land into 10-acre orchard home tracts. The tracts have been laid out and a number of them have already been contracted for. Mr. Andrews said that eight homes were under construction, the cheapest of them costing \$2,800, others ranging in price from \$3,000 to \$4,000.
Each tract is being planted to fruit trees by the company. Expert tree planters from Hood River have been secured to do the work. Eighty-seven men are now on the ground.
"We will make of this tract a modern Eden for 300 homes," said Mr. Andrews. "We intend to make every possible preliminary preparation for the coming of those who really want homes. Each tract is not only to be laid out and planted to fruit trees, but we are building the barns and the roads that go with the homes. We will establish our own telephone service, electric lights and water supply. At Sheridan we have secured ground for a fruit storage warehouse and later build a canning factory. The land is in the center of an ideal market and Portland, Salem and the coast are but a few hours distant. The Southern Pacific furnishes excellent train service."
WORK TO BEGIN JUNE 1.
Contract Awarded for Stanfield-Coyote Cutoff.
Pendleton—Work on the construction of the Coyote-Stanfield cutoff will be started June 1, if nothing unforeseen arises to cause a change in the plans of the Oregon-Washington company officials.
From sources known to be reliable it was learned that practically all preparations are now made for beginning work on the above date. The contract for work has already been let to Twoby Bros., and it is understood they are ready to begin operations whenever orders to do so arrive from General Manager James P. O'Brien. The Coyote cutoff calls for the construction of an additional track from Coyote, on the Columbia river, across country to Stanfield.
The cutoff will eliminate eight miles of the present distance between those two points. However, the present main line track will be continued in use so as to provide a double track for the road. Work of building the cutoff will cost slightly less than \$1,000,000, and the building of the road will add much to the activity of this section of Oregon during the coming summer.
SELECT CAPITOL SITE.
Governor Owns Desirable Site, But Will Say Nothing.
Salem—Governor West has asked Speaker Rusk of the house of representatives, and President Ben Selling to advise the board in the selection and location of the new annex to the capitol. The governor owns a quarter block of land that is upon the location desired for the building, but so that there can be no charge made against him in the likelihood of the choice of his property, he will have nothing to do with it.
The governor says that if his quarter block is selected he will dispose of it to the state for the amount which he paid. He holds his lots at \$10,000, while the same amount of property adjoining his is held at \$18,000, or nearly twice the amount asked by the governor. The governor's property lies directly east of the capitol and between it and the Southern Pacific company's tracks. Speaker Rusk is now at Salem and the location of the new capitol annex will be made at once.
Redmond Will Celebrate.
Redmond, which calls itself "the metropolis of central Oregon," is going to have a Fourth of July celebration for which it has sent out invitations printed in bright red, just the color of a firecracker. The invitations say the celebration will commemorate not only the freeing of the American people from the British yoke, but for the people of central Oregon long-looked-for freedom from isolation and an opening of resources and opportunities. Redmond is on the Deschutes and Oregon Trunk lines.
To Investigate Loans.
Salem—In accordance with the recommendations made by Governor West, State Land Agent T. A. Rhinehart will begin a personal investigation of the first mortgage loans held by the state. The practice heretofore has been to rely upon the valuations reported by the attorneys for the state land board but hereafter every mortgage loan will be personally inspected by the state land agent and their actual value noted.
To Cruise Coos Timber.
Marshfield—For the purpose of hastening the work of cruising all the timber in the county, it has been decided by the county court to put five more cruisers in the field in addition to the one man who is in addition to the last season. The idea is to get all the timber cruised so that a fair valuation may be put upon it when the assessments are made.
To Locate Hatchery.
Salem—Master Fish Warden R. E. Clanton went to Astoria recently for the purpose of definitely locating the new salmon hatchery on Young's river, for which provision was made by the legislature at its late session.