



Followed Her, Lighting the Way.

# The BRASS BOWL

PICTURES BY A. WEIL

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## 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 Greenwood, his family jewels. During his walk to the country seat, he met the young woman in gray, whom he had seen at his bachelor's club. Her auto had broken down. He fixed it. By a ruse she "lost" him. Maitland, on reaching home, surprised lady in gray, cranking the safe containing his gems. She, apparently took him for a well-known crook. Daniel, half-hypnotized, Maitland opened his safe, took therefrom the jewels, and gave them to her, first forming a partnership in crime. The real Dan, 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, to meet a "Mr. Smith," introducing himself as a detective. To shield the girl in gray, Maitland, about to show him the jewels, supposedly lost, was felled by a blow from "Smith's" cane. The latter proved to be Anstey himself and he secured the gems, masquerading as Maitland's criminal kept Maitland's engagement with the girl in gray. He gave her the gems after falling in love at first sight. They were to meet and divide the loot. Maitland, however, narrowly avoided capture through mysterious slip. The girl in gray visited Maitland's apartments during his absence and returned gems, being discovered on return.

## CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

But not to rest. The portion of the mentally harassed, sleeplessness, was his; and for an hour or more he tossed upon his bed (upon which he had thrown himself without troubling to undress), pondering, to no profit of his, the hundred problems, difficulties and disadvantages suggested or created by the events of the past 24 hours.

The gray girl, Anstey, the jewels, himself; unflagging, his thoughts circumnavigated the world of his romance, touching only at these four points, and returning always to linger longest in the harbor of sentiment.

The gray girl: Strange that her personality should have come to dominate his thoughts in a space of time so brief! and upon grounds of intimacy so slender! Who and what was she? What cruel rigor of circumstance had impelled her to seek a livelihood in ways so sinister? At whose door must the blame be laid, against what flaw in the body social should the indictment be drawn, that she should have been forced into the ranks of the powers that prey—a girl of her youth and rare fiber, of her cultivation, her charm, and beauty?

The sheer loveliness of her, her grace and gentleness, her ingenious sensitiveness, her wit; they combined to make the thought of her, to him, at least, at once terrible and a delight. Remembering that once he had held her in his arms, and gazed into her starlight eyes, and inhaled the impalpable fragrance of her, he trembled, was both glad and afraid.

And her ways so hedged about with pert! While he must stand aside, impotent, a pillar of the social order secure in its shelter, and see her hounded and driven by the forces of the Law, harried and worried like an unclean thing, forced, as it might be, to resort to stratagems and expedients unthinkable, to preserve her liberty.

It was altogether intolerable. He could not stand it. And yet—it was written that their paths had crossed and parted and were never again to touch. Or was it? It must be so written: They would never meet again. After all, her concern with, her interest in, him, could have been nothing permanent. They had encountered under strange auspices, and he had

a silence; a prolonged buzz; and again the sounding silence.

"Hello!" he said, softly, into the transmitter, at a venture.

No answer.

"Hello!"

Then central, irritably: "Go ahead. You've got your party."

"Hello, hello!"

A faint hum of voices, rising and falling, beat against the walls of his understanding. Were the "wires crossed"? He lifted an impatient finger to fiddle the hook and call central to order, when—something crashed heavily. He could have likened the sound, without a strain of imagination, to a chair being violently overturned. And then a woman's voice, clear, accents informed with anger and pain: "No!" and then—

"Say, that's my mistake. That line you had's out of order. I had a call for them a while ago, and they didn't answer. You'll have to wait."

"Central! Central!" he pleaded, desperately. "I say, central, give me that connection again, please."

"Ah, say! what's the matter with you, anyway? Didn't I tell you that line was out of order? Ring off!"

Automatically Maitland returned the receiver to its rest; and rose, white-lipped and trembling. That woman's voice!

## CHAPTER X.

### Consequences.

Breathing convulsively, wide eyes a little wildly fixed upon his face in the lamplight, the girl stumbled to her feet, and for a moment remained cowering against the wall, terribly shaken, a hand gripping a corner of the packing box for support, the other pressed against the bosom of her dress as if in attempt forcibly to quell the mad hammering of her heart.

In her brain, a turmoil of affrighted thought, but one thing stood out clearly; now she need look for no mercy. The first time it had been different; she had not been a woman had she been unable then to see that the adventure intrigued Maitland with its spice of novelty, a new sensation, fully as much as she, herself, the pretty "lost" girl, Maitland, on reaching home, attracted him. He had enjoyed playing the part, had been amused to lead her to believe him an adventurer of mettle and caliber little inferior to her own—as he understood her; unscrupulous, impatient of the quibble of meum-et-tuum, but adroit and keen-witted, and distinguished and set apart from the herd by grace of gentle breeding and chivalric instincts.

How far he might or might not have let this enjoyment carry him, she had no means of surmising. Not very far, not too far, she was inclined to believe, strongly, as she knew her personality to have influenced him; not far enough to induce him to trust her out of sight with the jewels. He had demonstrated that, to her humiliation.

The flush of excitement waning; manlike soon had he wearied of the game—she thought; to his mind, in distorted retrospect, his attitude when leaving her at dawn had been insincere, contemptuous, that of a man relieved to be rid of her, relieved to be able to get away in untroubled possession of his treasure. True, the suggestion that they lunch together at Eugene's had been his. But he had forgotten the engagement, if ever he had meant to keep it, if the notion had been more than a whim of the moment with him. And O'Hagan had told her by telephone that Maitland had left his rooms at one o'clock—in ample time to meet her at the restaurant.

No, he had never intended to come; he had wearied; yet, patient with her, true to the ethics of a gentleman, he had been content to let her go, rather than to send a detective to take his place.

And this was something, by the way, to cause her to revise her theory as to the manner in which Anstey had managed to steal the jewels. If Maitland had gone abroad at one, and without intending to keep his engagement at Eugene's, then he must have been despoiled before that hour, and without his knowledge. Surely, if the jewels had been taken from him with his cognizance, the hue and cry would have been out and Anstey would not have dared to linger so long in the neighborhood!

To be just with herself, the girl had not gone to the restaurant with much real hope of finding Maitland there. Curiosity had drawn her—just to see if— But it was too preposterous to credit that he should have cared enough. Quite too preposterous! It was her cup, her bitter cup, to know that she had learned to care enough at that sight! And she recalled (with what pang!) that she had expressed (in fagged expression) how her heart had been stirred when he had found him (as she thought) true to his trust; even as she recalled the agony and distress of mind with which she had a moment later fathomed Anstey's impersonation.

For, of course, she had known that

Maitland was Maitland and none other from the instant when he told her to make good her escape and leave him to brood it out; a task to daunt even as bold and resourceful a criminal as Anstey, and more especially if he were called upon to don the mask at a minute's notice, as Maitland had pretended to. Or, if she had not actually known, she had been led to suspect; and he had hardly needed what she had heard him say to the servants, when he thought her flying hotfoot over the lawn to safety, to harden suspicion into certainty.

And now that he should find her here, a second time a trespasser, doubly an ingrate—that he should have caught her red-handed in this abominably ungrateful treachery! She could pretend, of course, that she had returned merely to restore the jewels and the cigarette case; and he would believe her, for he was generous. She could, but—she could not. Not now.

Yesterday, the excitement had buoyed her; she had gained a piquant enjoyment from befooling him, playing her part of the amateur crackman in this little comedy of the stolen jewels. But therein lay the difference; yesterday it had been comedy, but to-day—ah! to-day she could no longer laugh. For now she cared.

A little lie would clear her—yes. But it was not to be cleared that she now so passionately desired; it was to have him believe in her, even against the evidence of his senses, even in the face of the world's condemnation; to prove that he, too, cared—cared for his attitude toward her had taught her to care.

Ever since leaving him in the dawn she had fed her starved heart with the hope, faint hope though it were, that he would come to care a little, that he would not utterly despise her, that he would understand and forgive, when he learned why she had played out her part, nor believe that she was the embodiment of all that was ignoble, coarse, and crude; that he would show a little faith in her, a little faith that like a flickering taper might light the way for—love.

But that hope was now dead within her, and cold. She had but to look at him to see how groundless it had been, how utterly unproved he was by her distress. He waited patiently—that was all—seeming so very tall, a pillar of righteous strength, distinguished and at ease in his evening clothes; waiting patient but cold, dispassionate and disdainful.

"I am waiting, you see. Might I suggest that we have not all week for our—our mutual differences?"

His tone was altogether changed; she would hardly have known it for his voice. Its inclusive, clipped accents were like a knife to her sensitiveness. She summoned the reserve of her strength, stood erect, unsupported, and moved forward without a word. He stood aside, holding the lamp high, and followed her, lighting the way down the hall to the study.

Once there, she sank quivering into a chair, while he proceeded gravely to the desk, put down the lamp—superfluous, now, the gas having been lighted—and after a moment's thought faced her, with a contemptuous smile and lift of his shoulders, thrusting hands deep into his pockets.

"Well!" he demanded, cuttingly.

She made a little motion of her hands, begging for time; and, assenting with a short nod, he took a turn up and down the room, then abstractedly reached up and turned out the gas.

"When you are quite composed I should enjoy hearing your statement."

"—I have none to make."

"So!"—with his back to the lamp, towering over and oppressing her with the sense of his strength and self-control. "That is very odd, isn't it?"

"I have no explanation to give that would satisfy you, or myself," she said, brokenly. "I don't care what you think, with a flicker of defiance. 'Believe the worst and—do what you will—have me arrested!'"

He laughed sardonically. "Oh, we won't go so far as that, I guess; harsh measures, such as arrest and imprisonment, are so unsatisfactory to all concerned. But I am interested to know why you are here."

Her breathing seemed very loud in the pause; she kept her lips tight, fearing to speak lest she lose her mastery of self. And hysteria threatened; the fluttering in her bosom warned her. She must be very careful, very restrained, if she were to avert that crowning misfortune.

"I don't think I quite understand you," he continued, musingly; "surely you must have anticipated interruption."

"I thought you safely out of the way."

"One presumed that." He laughed again unpleasantly. "But how about Maitland? Didn't you have him in your calculations, or—?"

He paused, unfeignedly surprised by her expression. And chuckled when he comprehended.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Had Done Work Thoroughly

Corporal Literally Obeyed Orders of Post Commandant.

Gen. Clarence Edwards, chief of the insular bureau of the war department, tells how an Irish corporal got even with an unpopular post commander in Cuba. This post commander, though an excellent soldier, was something of a crank. He had two hobbies. One was that the liberal use of whitewash was the best possible preventive of disease, and the other was a pet flamingo, an ill-natured bird that was disliked heartily by the enlisted men because it never overlooked an opportunity to nip one of them.

One day the post commander had to go to Havana, but he could not ensure the thought that anyone should be idle in his absence. It had been fully a week since any whitewashing had been done, so he issued an order that "all articles pertaining to the camp not sheltered from the weather" should be whitewashed. The Irish corporal was intrusted with the execution of the order.

The post commander returned next day, and pretty soon the air was fairly blue with his cursing. The soldiers heard the noise, but they were not curious. They knew what it was all about. The post commander's brilliant flamingo was white as a snowy heron.

May on Church Floor.

A curious custom was observed at Old Neston church on Sunday. The church is dedicated to St. Swithin, and on festival day the church is strewn with hay. Many years ago some donor left a field to provide money for bread which he distributed four times a year. The tenant of the field has to supply the hay to strew the church. The custom is supposed to have originated from the fact that on festival Sunday the parishioners wear new boots, and the idea of the donor was to have the hay laid down to stop the squeaking incidental to new footwear. On Sunday the hay was duly laid down in the church.—London Standard.

## UNIONS RETALIATE.

### Burns and Assistants Are Placed Under Arrest for Kidnaping.

Indianapolis, April 26.—Detective Burns was served with a warrant at 6 o'clock this evening, charging him with complicity in the kidnaping of J. J. McNamara, secretary-treasurer of the International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron Workers.

Three attorneys, arraigned today on the same charge, spent two hours in jail because of delay in obtaining bonds. They are Walter Drew and A. G. Badorf, of New York, counsel and assistant counsel for the National Erectors' association, and W. Joseph Ford, assistant district attorney of Los Angeles.

Burns was arrested while going to the court of Justice Manning to surrender himself. He was released under \$10,000 bond to appear before the grand jury, and was subpoenaed to testify tomorrow morning. Drew, Badorf and Ford were released under bonds of the same amount. They waived preliminary examination and were bound over to the grand jury.

Frank Fox, a chauffeur, charged with assisting in the alleged kidnaping of McNamara, who was taken from here last Saturday, was released under \$5,000 bond to appear before the grand jury. Constables with "John Doe" warrants are said to be seeking some of Burns' assistants.

## PIRATES LOOT SHIP.

### Held Off Only By Arms White Passengers Are Transferred.

Shanghai, China. Warships probably will be sent to recover as much as possible of the wrecked steamer Asia's cargo, which was abandoned to Chinese pirates when the passengers and crew were taken off by the Chinese steamer Shooking. The value of the cargo, made up principally of silk is estimated at \$500,000.

After the passengers had escaped, pirates attacked the crew and thought the sailors put up a hard fight, captured one stoker and carried him away.

The others of the crew, with the passengers and the mails, were brought to this port. According to passengers, the officers had to use their revolvers to keep the pirates at bay while the passengers were being transferred. Directly the Asia was abandoned the pirates looted her.

It is estimated the total loss of ship and cargo amounts to \$1,500,000.

## NEAR-MAGIC SAVES JEWEL.

### Woman's Brooch Sticks on Auto Tire and Travels 1,000 Miles.

Ocean Park, Cal.—Near-magic has been discovered in a diamond brooch by Mrs. Walter Keating, wife of one of the wealthy heirs of the late nitrate king. Though the brooch fell from her waist into the street, it was neither lost nor harmed. Mrs. Keating dropped the jewel nearly two weeks ago, while automobiling with her husband, and both mourned it as lost. It was set with 20 fine gems. They searched the streets for hours and gave up hope. Today a message reached them from their garage that the precious article had been found.

It had fallen in such a way that the sharp end imbedded itself in one of the tires with the brooch proper on the side of the wheel, so it came in contact with nothing. It is estimated that the brooch was carried more than 1,000 miles.

## Skull Clew to Murder.

Chico, Cal.—A portion of a human skull found by a ditch tender eight miles south of St. John makes it certain that the man murdered near here last Wednesday was G. W. Baker, formerly of Redding. Marion Baker identified the bit of bone and flesh as part of the remains of his brother. The section of the skull apparently had been cut from the head with an ax. It is now believed that the torso will be found in the central irrigation ditch, near which the portion of skull was found. The ditch will be drained.

## Spare America's Sore Spot.

London—It was learned that it was in consequence of communications between London and Washington and hints to the Canadian committee, that a decision was reached to eliminate from the coronation program Canada's principal contribution to the pageant—the "Festival of Empire." The piece is entitled "Chateau Gay," where Canada was held for the "Empire," and was intended to represent the defeat through strategy of the invading American force in 1812 by a handful of Canadians.

## Banks Piling Up Money.

Washington—Bank reports from all sections indicate an enormous piling up of cash. Reserve and central reserve cities especially report large holdings. Two conclusions are drawn from this condition by treasury officials. One is that a slackening condition of business, ascribed to many different causes, is driving money into the banks. The other is that the banks are beginning early to prepare for late summer and autumn demands from the interior.

## Co-Eds Soon Marriage.

Chicago—Two per cent or less of the young women students in the lower classes at the University of Chicago are planning to marry, according to a canvass recorded by Miss Marion Talbot, dean of women. The canvass included 96 women in the annual report of President Harry P. Judson. Fifteen of those interviewed refused to tell what they are going to do when they graduate. More than half declared they were going to teach.

## Building to Be Highest.

New York—Plans have been filed by the Broadway-Park Place company for the construction at Broadway and Park Place of the highest building in the world. From the curb to the apex of the tower it will stand 750 feet. There will be 30 stories in the main building and an additional 25 in the tower—55 in all.

## Direct Vote is Favored.

Albany, N. Y.—By a vote of 107 to 30 the assembly has adopted the resolutions of Senator Roosevelt, advocating the election of United States senators by direct vote of the people. Twenty Republicans voted with the Democrats in favor of the measure.

# INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS OF OUR HOME STATE

## CATTLE QUARANTINE DUE.

### Klamath and Lake County Animals Have Scabies.

Salem—Governor West has been called upon to quarantine the cattle in Klamath and Lake counties unless they have been examined or pronounced free from cattle scab. State Sheep Inspector Lytle declares that unless such quarantine measures are taken it is probable that the Federal government will quarantine the entire state.

Dr. A. D. Melvin, chief of the bureau of animal industries at Washington, D. C., has received word from Dr. H. E. Pinkerton, inspector in charge at Pendleton, Or., for the Federal government, that scabies exist among the cattle.

Dr. Pinkerton reports finding 13,330 cattle diseased in Lake county. These cattle, he reported, became infected through animals brought from California and all the cattle on the open range are exposed.

Sheep Inspector Lytle made an inspection trip through Klamath, Lake and Crook counties, covering the entire district. He says that while conditions are not of a dangerous nature in the manner in which cattle have been run in Klamath and Lake counties for the past year, makes practically all animals more or less exposed to cattle mange.

"The winter in the interior of Oregon has been unusually long and severe," Mr. Lytle reports, "and at this time most of the range animals are so thin and weak that they could not be dipped now, owing to their inability to climb out of the dipping vat."

He says a quarantine would not damage the cattle industry to any extent and would be less injurious to the cattle interests than a Federal quarantine. Governor West has not taken action but will probably issue a proclamation soon.

## BEAVER SLOUGH DRAINED.

### Six Thousand Acres Along the Coquille Redeemed at \$11 Average.

Marshfield—A big advance of the agricultural interests of Coos bay has been achieved in the completion of two drainage districts in the Coquille valley near Coquille, the county seat. One is the Beaver slough drainage district and the other is the Fat Elk district. In the two districts 6,000 acres of land, formerly waste, has been converted into some of the richest land in the county. In one case the cost of drainage was \$13.40 an acre and in the other \$8.50 an acre. The land, for years regarded as no good whatever, is now worth \$100 an acre, and will yield enormously anything in the way of grass, hay, oats, potatoes, cabbages and other vegetables. The land was covered with thick willows and marsh grass and covered most of the year with water. The brush is being cleared away and by a system of drainage ditches the water has been removed so that the land can be tilled. With land held for about \$100 an acre, in order to clear it and get it ready for the plow the cost would be from \$30 to \$40 an acre, and thus to make a home on the land would cost about \$150 an acre, but in some crops the land will almost pay for itself in one year. It is expected the drainage work will result in settlement of much of this land.

## NEW MADRAS WAREHOUSE.

### Madras—Work has commenced on the new wool warehouse in the Oregon Trunk yards at this place by the Kerick Construction company, which is to have the building completed by May 10. The building will be 60x150 feet inside, with an eight-foot covered porch on each side full length. Work is also being done on the new brick hotel, by the Bentley Construction company, of Portland. The excavating is finished and brick, sand and cement are being put on the ground. It is expected to complete the hotel by August at the latest.

## THREE HOMESTEADS LEFT.

Pendleton—Only three homesteads remain unclaimed in the fourth unit of the Umatilla project, which was recently opened for entry, so great has been the demand for homesteads on the project this spring. These contain 40 acres each, and the price to be paid by the homesteader is \$13.30 per acre at the time of filing and \$6 per acre annually for eight years. The fifth unit will be opened some time next year, but the exact date will not be made known until a few days before the time arrives.

## REDDOND FRUIT NOT INJURED.

Redmond—The recent cold nights in this section have not hurt the fruit to any extent, say the orchardists. On April 10 this section was visited by a snow storm of about half an hour's duration, but no ill effects were noticed in the orchards. A large acreage of fruits has been set out this year. Market gardeners in the Redmond district have had their garden truck on the market for the past two weeks, and flowers are in bloom.

## FARMERS' UNION WILL MEET.

Helix—Helix and Holdman locals of the Farmers' Educational and Co-operative union of America will hold a joint meeting here May 6. The affair will last the greater part of the day and one of the features will be a noon-time feast. Prominent members of the union from all parts of the county are expected.

## GRAIN IS IN FINE CONDITION.

Weston—Growing grain is reported to be in first class condition by Weston farmers. Fall wheat has attained a height of eight inches or more and is standing nicely. The fields this season are unusually free from weeds.

## MILTON FRUIT OUTLOOK GOOD.

Milton—This section will have a good crop of peaches, cherries, pears and apples, despite the cold weather of last week. It develops that few orchards were damaged to the extent they at first feared.

## STATE OFFICIAL DISTRIBUTES LITERATURE.

### Urging Precautions.

Salem—As an additional inducement to the people of the state in taking steps toward the prevention of forest fires, State Forester Elliott has prepared some facts concerning Oregon forests which will be distributed in connection with the digest of the new forestry law. He says:

"Oregon has one-fifth of the standing timber of the United States, or about 500,000,000,000 feet.

"This timber is worth on the stump not less than \$600,000,000, and if manufactured will bring in over \$6,000,000,000 of outside money. It will either be manufactured or destroyed by fire.

"Oregon's forests already distribute more wealth in the state than apples, fish, wool and wheat combined. Cutting has hardly begun. Of the revenue received from our lumber 80 per cent goes for labor and supplies.

"Last year approximately 1,750,000,000 feet of timber was killed by fire, representing a value of not less than \$2,000,000 in stumpage alone. Over 1,000,000,000 feet of the timber killed was on private lands outside National forests.

"Six human lives were lost in this state last summer through forest fires, the homes of many settlers burned and livestock on the range destroyed.

"Timber owners are spending each year for fire protection about \$130,000, the Federal government spends for patrol \$150,000, and under this law the state has at its command for the protection of its forests \$60,000 for the next two years.

"Oregon's timbered area is approximately 25,000,000 acres. Of this amount one-half is patrolled by the Federal government, the rest must be looked after by the state and the private owner."

## FINE DEPOTS PLANNED.

### O.-W. R. & N. to Build Well on Deschutes Line.

Portland—Contracts for the erection of five new passenger stations on the Deschutes line of the O.-W. R. & N. Co. have been awarded to Moore Bros., of Portland, and work on their construction will be started at once.

Three of these structures—one each at Hunts Ferry, Gateway and Madras—will have general dimensions of 24x30 feet, and will be two stories high at one end. It is estimated that they will cost \$4,500 each. The two others will be erected at Fargar and Paxton respectively and will cost about \$2,000 each. They will be 24x70 feet and one story high.

The Hunts Ferry, Gateway and Madras stations will be fitted up with facilities for both freight and passenger service, commodious waiting rooms for the public, offices and several rooms to be used as quarters by the agents.

Although these buildings will be somewhat larger than is demanded by present conditions on the new line, the company has looked into the future and intends that they be in use for five or ten years. They will be modern in every detail and will equal in many ways the stations on the main line.

## PILOT ROCK FARMERS TO TAKE OVER BUILDING IN THAT TOWN.

Pendleton—Farmers of Umatilla county will soon own their fourth warehouse. Then grain growers of one more section will be able to handle their wheat through their own warehouse. The Pilot Rock local of the Farmers Union, having conducted a \$10,000 general merchandise store successfully in that town for the last year, has taken an option for the Interior Warehouse company's building in that town and expects to close the deal soon.

A stock company will be organized among the members of the union only, but the business of the warehouse will be extended to all growers of grain tributary to that town. A charge sufficient to cover the expense of maintaining the warehouse will be made and this will be the same to members as non-members of the union. The building to be acquired is one of the best and most modern storage warehouses in the county. It has a capacity of 80,000 sacks of wheat and is only two years old. Warehouses are now owned and operated by the farmers at Adams, Helix and Echo and the growers believe they are thereby saving several hundred dollars annually.

## BROOM CORN CROPS TRIED.

Pendleton—Believing they have solved the problem of a satisfactory crop to grow on summer fallow land, thus getting a valuable harvest every year instead of every other year as customary in Umatilla county, John Hogan and J. H. Calvin, farmers north of Pendleton, are sowing broom corn in a 200-acre field. If the corn produced on the big field this season is equal to that grown in their garden on the same kind of land last year, they will establish a plant on their farm and manufacture the product into brooms.

## MONMOUTH ATTENDANCE TO BE BIG.

Salem—Inquiries as to the Monmouth normal school are coming into the offices of the Superintendent of Public Instruction Alderman, who says that indications point to a large attendance when the school opens September 18. He says there will be 16 members in the faculty. President Ackerman is now in the East securing members of the faculty and examining normal school conditions. He expects to return to Oregon early in May.

## ASPARAGUS NOW ON MARKET.

Springfield—Asparagus is on the market from the George B. Dorris asparagus farm near Springfield. The season is 15 days later than it was a year ago. This is due to cold weather. The Dorris asparagus farm ships canned asparagus to all parts of the country and has become a very important Lane county industry.