

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.

President Taft says he will stand by reciprocity, even at the cost of votes.

Diaz promise to resign as soon as peace is restored is having little effect on the people.

A San Francisco laborer has a family of nine children, the oldest being less than nine years.

Armed sluggers are active in the Chicago machinists' strike, and police are unable to stop the disturbances.

It is decided that a strike of railway mail clerks would be punishable the same as any case of obstructing the mails.

It is predicted that the Hill railroads will be extended south from Oregon to Los Angeles, and thence east to Denver.

Alaska coal miners and others who need coal are planning to work the vast deposits there in defiance of the United States government.

Mexican rebels become mutinous over delays in the fighting and attack Juarez, many bullets falling in American territory and five American spectators being killed by stray shots.

A rancher near Eugene, Or., unearthed an ancient Indian bowl made of blue flint and used by the Indians for grinding corn and roots. It is well carved and weighs about 50 pounds.

The Steel trust has purchased the Risdon Iron works of San Francisco.

Carnegie has given Cornell university \$60,000 for a new chemistry building.

A scheme has been presented to the British parliament for state insurance for working men and women.

Seismographs at Santa Clara, Cal., recorded an earthquake in the Pacific ocean of one and one-half hour's duration.

Delegates from Oregon and Washington were prominent in the meetings of the Northwest Development league at Helena, Mont.

For the second time in a week a vessel entering San Francisco harbor encountered a school of whales, one 60-foot specimen being bumped severely by the steamer.

Citizens of Cordova, Alaska, threw several hundred tons of British Columbia coal into the bay, as a protest against Taft's persistent ignoring of the Alaska coal land question.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Track prices: Bluestem, 92c; club, 86c; red Russian, 85c; valley 87c; 40-fod, 87c.

Barley—Choice feed, 32c per ton. Millstuffs—Bran, \$24.50/24.50 per ton; middings, 31c; shorts, \$25.50/26; rolled barley, \$29.50/30.50.

Corn—Whole, 32c; cracked, 33c per ton.

Oats—No. 1 white, \$29.50/29.50 ton. Hay—Timothy, Eastern Oregon, No. 1, \$21.50/22.50; light mixed, \$19.00/20; heavy, mixed, \$17.50/18.50; alfalfa, \$14.00/15; clover, \$12.50/13.50; grain hay, \$13.50/14.50.

Fresh Fruit—Strawberries, Florin, \$2.25/2.50 per crate; Los Angeles, \$1.75/1.85; apples, fancy, \$2.00/2.50; choice, \$1.50/1.50; commons, 75c/81c per box.

Vegetables—Asparagus, 90c/1.75 per crate; cabbage, new, 32c per hundred; cauliflower, \$1.50/1.75 per dozen; celery, California, 75c/90c per dozen; cucumbers, \$1.50/2.25; eggplant, 15c per pound; garlic, 10c/12; lettuce, 50c; hothouse lettuce, \$1.50/2 per box; peas, 7c/8c per dozen; peppers, 30c/35c; radishes, 15c per dozen; rhubarb, 24c/30c per pound; sprouts, 9c; tomatoes, \$2.00/2.25; carrots, \$1.25/1.50 per sack; parsnips, \$1.25/1.50; turnips, \$1.25/1.50; beets, \$1.50.

Potatoes—Oregon, jobbing price, \$2.50 per hundred; new, 7c/7c per pound.

Onions—Jobbing prices: Oregon, \$3.50 per hundred; Australian, \$3.50; Texas, \$2.25 per crate; California, \$2.

Poultry—Hens, 14c; broilers, 30c; turkeys 20c; ducks, 22c/27c; geese, nominal; dressed turkeys, choice, 25c.

Eggs—Oregon ranch, candied, 20c/21c per dozen; case count, 19c.

Butter—City creamery extra, 1 and 2 pound prints, in boxes, 24c per pound; less than boxes, cartons and delivery extra.

Pork—Fancy, 10c/10c per pound.

Veal—Fancy, 85 to 125 pound, 10c/11c per pound.

Hops—1910 crop, last sale at 20c; 1909 crop, 15c; 1911 contracts, 20c.

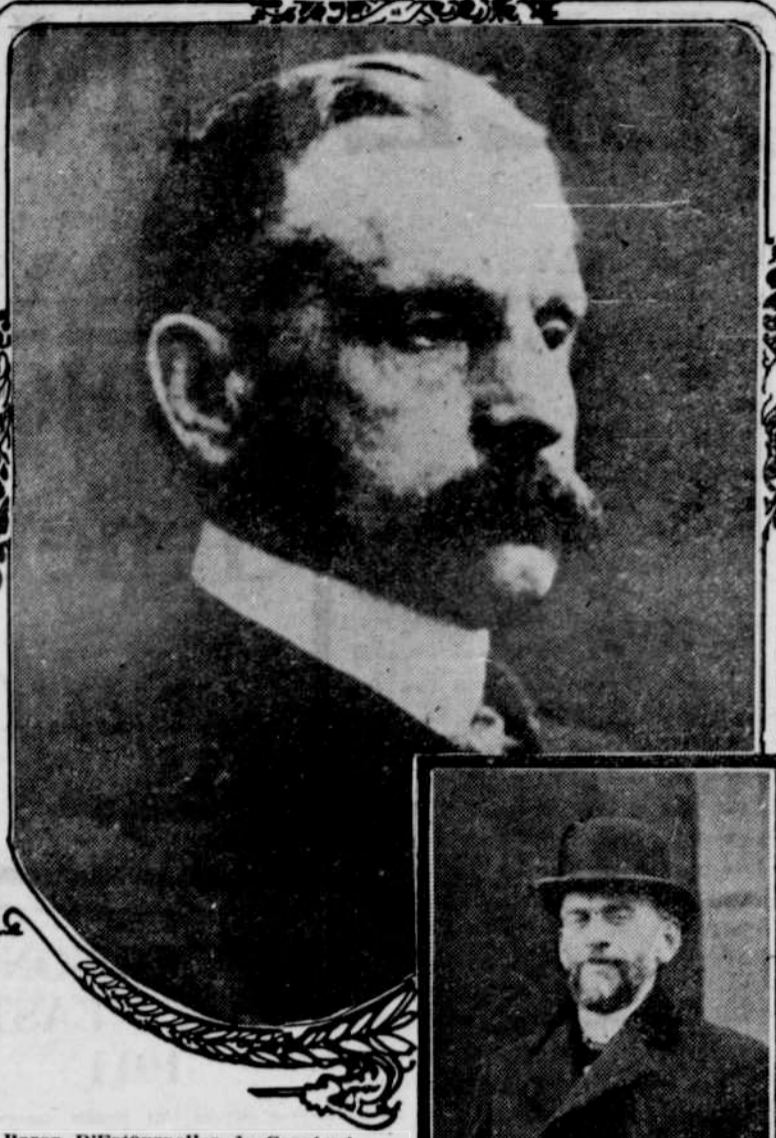
Wool—Eastern Oregon, nominal, 12c/14c per pound; valley, 12c/15c; mohair, choice, 37c.

Cattle—Prime grain-fed steers, 6.75/7.75; hay-feed steers, \$6.50/6.80; choice, \$6.25/6.55; good, \$5.75/6.15; fair, \$5.50/6.15; common, \$4.75/5.15; prime cows, \$5.50/6; good, \$4.75/5.25; fair, \$4.75/5.25; poor, \$4.50/4.75; choice heifers, \$5.50/6.75; choice bulls, \$4.75/5.50; good, \$4.75/5.50; choice light calves, \$7.50/8.75; good, \$7.50/7.75; fair, \$7.50/7.50; choice heavy calves, \$5.50/6.75; good, \$5.50/5.80; choice steers, \$5.25/6.75; good, \$4.50/5.75.

Hogs—Good to choice light, \$6.75/7; choice heavy, \$6.25/6.50; good, \$5.75/6; common, \$5.66; stock, \$7.50/7.75.

Sheep—Grain-fed wethers, heavy, \$4.50/5; choice yearling wethers, grain-fed, \$5.50/5.50; old wethers, \$4.60/4.50; good shorn wethers, \$4.25/4.50; choice ewes, grain-fed, \$4.50/4.75; fair ewes, \$3.75/4.4; choice wool lambs, grain-fed, \$5.50/5.75; good, \$5.25/5.50; good, \$5.00/5.25; fair, \$4.75/5.25; culls, \$2.50/3.50.

TWO PROMINENT FIGURES IN WORLD'S PEACE MOVEMENT.



Baron D'Estournelles de Constant.

UNITED STATES IS NOT GREEDY

Taft Denies Ambition to Extend Domain.

Allusion is to Mexico—Says We Know What War Means—Want None of It.

Baltimore, May 4.—President Taft in his speech at the opening of the Third National Peace conference here today, said the United States would keep hands off and not seek to extend its domain or to acquire foreign territory. He made no mention of Mexico, but to those who heard him it was evident that he referred to the southern republic.

"One of the difficulties the United States finds is the natural suspicion that the countries engaged have of the motives the United States has in tendering its good offices," continued the president. "Asseveration of good faith helps but little where suspicion is the rule, and yet I like to avail myself of an opportunity in such presence as this to assert that there is not in the whole length and breadth of the United States among its people any desire for territorial aggrandizement and that its people as a whole will not permit its government, if it would, to take any steps in respect to foreign peoples, looking to a forcible extension of our political power."

"We have had wars and we know what they are. We know what responsibilities they entail, the burdens and losses and horrors, and we would have none of them. We have a magnificent domain of our own in which we are attempting to work out and show to the world success in popular government, and we need no more territory in which to show this. But we have attained great prosperity and great power. We have become a powerful member of the community of nations in which we live and there is, therefore, thrust upon us necessarily a care and responsibility for the peace of the world in our neighborhood, and a burden of helping those nations that cannot help themselves, if we may do that peacefully and effectively."

The president spoke to several thousand persons in the Lyric theater. Cardinal Gibbons, Secretary of War Dickinson, Senator Gore, of Oklahoma, Count Leo Tolstol, Andrew Carnegie and more than a dozen leaders in the movement for world peace sat on the platform with the president.

LABOR WAR RAGES.

Chicago Workers Forced to Flee for Lives—Strike Spreads.

Chicago, May 4.—Professional sluggers and hired "gun men" ran riot in the city today, while government and state officials, architects, building contractors and international labor union officials worked in an effort to restore harmony in the industrial field.

Late tonight all negotiations between the freight handlers and the railroads were declared off and a strike will probably be called tomorrow. This will involve the territory in an area from the Canadian border to New Orleans and the Pennsylvania line to Western Iowa. It will also bring in the teamsters in all affected cities.

A new element of discord was injected into the troubled building trades situation when the Otis Elevator company hired elevator constructors to take the place of the machinists who have been doing the work for two years. Sluggers working for the machinists who were ousted by the company raided a number of buildings and attacked the elevator constructors, with the result that one man is in the Alexander Brothers' hospital and a number of others are seriously injured.

In the plumbers and steamfitters' war, international association steamfitters were driven at the points of revolvers from two school buildings where they were employed.

Woman Mayor "Meets" Alone. Hunnewell, Kan.—Hunnewell's new mayor, Mrs. Ella Wilson, has clashed with the city council. On Mrs. Wilson's motion the council voted last week to meet in a local hotel. The five councilmen went to the hotel to hold their meeting, but Mrs. Wilson "met" in a feed store. She had the clerk's journal and other papers, but as she alone was not a quorum, neither session transacted any business.

Meanwhile two women who were to have been appointed city clerk and marshal, still lack their commissions.

Grange is Most Practical. The grange is just a plain, ordinary organization for the farmer. It goes with him and the rest of his family in all walks of life and has its influence in every community where one is organized. The grange is the parent of the farmers' institute and institute workers say the can tell when they are in a grange community by the interest taken and the intelligent questions asked. The Washington state grange has been established 23 years, and has safely passed the experimental age. It has accomplished much.

Rainfall Insures Crop. Spokane.—Another rainfall wet down the Palouse and North Idaho regions and it was sufficient to satisfy everyone. In the Big Bend and Central Washington regions, however, the rainfall has not been heavy. Water-lily reports enough moisture in the ground from winter snows to insure a bumper crop for Douglas county. Grant, Adams, Lincoln and Chelan county wheat fields need rain, which is promised by heavy clouds.

Frenchwoman is Spy? Cologne, Germany—Mme. Thirion, an attractive Parisian resident here, was arrested charged with being a spy and obtaining the secret mobilization plans of the German army from an army officer. The prisoner offers the romantic defense that she had asked for the plans in order to test the honor of the officer, who was a suitor for her hand.



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"Stand Up, You Hound!"

The Brass Dowel

PICTURES BY A. WEIL BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

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SYNOPSIS.

"Met" Dan Maitland, on reaching his New York bachelor club, met an attractive young woman at the door. Janitor O'Hagan ordered him to leave and he was 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 Grenville, 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 took him to her home, and he discovered her husband's name, Daniel Anstey. Half-hypnotized, Maitland opened his pocket and showed her the jewels and gave them to her, first forming a partnership in crime. The real Dan Anstey, who had been in the city, appeared on the same mission. Maitland overcame him and fled to the country. The latter proved to be Anstey himself and he secured the jewels, masquerading as the latter. The criminal kept Maitland's engagement with the girl in gray. He gave her the jewels after falling in love at first sight. They were to meet and divide the loot. Maitland revived and regretted missing his engagement. Anstey, masquerading as Maitland, narrowly avoided capture through a mysterious tip. The girl in gray visited Maitland's apartments during his absence and returned home. Maitland, without call, called up his home and heard a woman's voice. He was told that the woman was Maitland's wife. He was told to go to the country. He was told to go to the country. He was told to go to the country.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

In the cab, Maitland, turning to watch through the rear peep-hole, was thrown violently against the side as the hansom rocked on one wheel into his street. Recovering, he seized the dashboard and gathered himself together, ready to spring the instant the vehicle paused in its headlong career.

Through the cabbie's misunderstanding of the address, in all likelihood, the horse was reined in on its haunches some three houses distant from the apartment building. Maitland found himself sprawling on his hands and knees on the sidewalk, picked himself up, shouting: "You'll wait!" to the driver, and sprinted madly the few yards separating him from his own front door, keys ready in hand.

Simultaneously the half-winded policeman lumbered around the Fifth avenue corner, and a man, detaching himself from the shadows of a neighboring doorway, began to trot loutishly across the street, evidently with the intention of intercepting Maitland at the door.

He was hardly quick enough. Maitland did not even see him. The door slammed in the man's face, and he, panting harshly, rapped out an imprecation and began a frantic assault on the push-button marked "Janitor."

As for Maitland, he was taking the stairs three at a clip, and had his pass key in the latch almost as soon as his feet touched the first landing. An instant later he thrust the door open and blundered blindly into the pitch darkness of his study.

For a thought he stood bewildered and dismayed by the absence of light. He had thought, somehow, to find the gas jets flaming. The atmosphere was hot and foul with the odor of kerosene, the blackness filled with strange sounds and mysterious moving shapes. A grunting gasp came to his ears, and then the silence and the night alike were split by a report, accompanied by a streak of orange flame shooting ceilingward from the middle of the room.

Its light, transient as it was, gave him some inkling of the situation. Unthinkingly he flung himself toward the door, ready to grapple with that w. . . first should meet his hands. Something soft and yielding brushed against his shoulder, and subconsciously, in the auto-hypnosis of his excitement, he was aware of a man's voice cursing and a woman's cry of triumph trailing off into a wall of pain.

On the instant he found himself at grips with the marauder. For a moment both swayed, dazed by the shock of collision. Then Maitland got a footing on the carpet and put forth his strength; the other gave way, slipped, and went to his knees. Maitland's hands found his throat, fingers sinking deep into flesh as he bore the fellow backward.

A match flared noiselessly and the gas blazed overhead. A cry of astonishment choked in his throat as he recognized his own features duplicated in the face of the man whose throat he was slowly and relentlessly constricting. Anstey! He had not thought of him or connected him with the sounds that had thrilled and alarmed him over the telephone wire coming out of the void and blackness of night. Indeed, he had hardly thought any coherent thing about the matter. The ring of the girl's "No!" had startled him, and he had somehow thought, vaguely, that O'Hagan had surprised her in the flat. But more than that—

He glanced swiftly aside at the girl standing still beneath the chandelier, the match in one hand burning to continued, facing the man squarely, "If you don't, it will be my duty and pleasure to hoist you into the street."

"I got a photograph of you doing it," growled Hickey. "Still, seeing as you've never saw me before, I guess it won't do no harm for yeh to connect with this." And he turned back his coat, uncovering the official shield of the detective bureau.

"Ah!" commented Maitland, politely. "A detective? How interesting!" "Fire-escape winder's broke, all right." This was the policeman, returned. "And some one's let down the bottom length of ladder, but there ain't nobody in sight."

"No," interjected Hickey, "and there wouldn't've been if you'd been waitin' in the back yard all night."

"Certainly not," Maitland agreed, blandly; "especially if my burglar had known it, in which case I fancy he would have chosen another route—by the roof, possibly."

"Yeh know somethin' about roofs yehself, donchuh?" suggested Hickey. "Well, guess yeh'll have time to write a book about 'em while yeh—"

He stopped unexpectedly to Maitland's side and bent forward. Something cold and hard closed with a snap around each of the young man's wrists. He started up, face aflame with indignation, forgetful of the girl hidden in the alcove.

"What the devil!" he cried, hotly, jangling the handcuffs.

"Ah, come off," Hickey advised him. "Yeh can't bluff it forever, you know. Come along and tell the sarge all about it, Daniel Maitland, Esquire, alias Handsome Dan Anstey, gentleman burglar. Ah, cut that out, young fellow; yeh're foxy, all right, but yeh've pushed yer run of luck too hard."

Hickey paused, perplexed, finding no words wherewith adequately to voice the disgust aroused in him by his prisoner's demeanor, something far from seemly, to his mind.

The humor of the situation had just dawned upon Maitland, and the young man was crimson with appreciation. "Go on, go on!" he begged, feebly. "Don't let me stop you, Hickey. Don't, please, let me stop it all. Your Sherlock Holmes, Hickey, is one of the finest characterizations I have ever witnessed. It is a privilege not to be underestimated to be permitted to play Raffles to you. But seriously, my dear sleuth!" with an unhappy attempt to wipe his eyes with hampered fists, "don't you think you're wasting your talents?"

By this time even the policeman seemed doubtful. He glanced askance at the detective and shuffled uneasily. As for the cabbie, who had blustered in at first with intent to demand his due in no uncertain terms, apparently Maitland's bearing, coupled with the inherent contempt and hatred of the nighthawk tribe for the minions of the law, had won his sympathies completely. Lounging against a door-jamb, quite at home, he genially puffed an unspeakable cigarette and nodded approbation of Maitland's every other word.

But Hickey—Hickey bristled belligerently. "Fine," he declared, acidly; "fine and dandy. I take off my hat to yeh, Dan Anstey. I may be a bad actor, all right, but yeh got me beat at the post."

Then turning to the policeman: "I got him right. Look here!" Drawing a folded newspaper from his pocket, he spread it open for the officer's inspection. "Yeh see them pictures? Now, on the level, is it natural?"

The patrolman frowned doubtfully, glancing from the paper to Maitland. The cabbie stretched a curious neck. Maitland groaned inwardly; he had seen that infamous sheet.

"Now listen," the detective expounded with gusto. "Twice to-day this here Maitland, or Anstey, meads me. Once on the stoop here, 'nd he's Maitland 'nd takes me to lunch—see? Next time it's in Harlem where I've been sent with a hot tip from the 'cmmiss-sner's office to find Anstey, 'nd he's still Maitland 'nd surprised to see me. I ain't sure then, but I'm doin' some heavy thinkin', all right. I lets him go and shadows him. After a while he gives me the slip 'nd I chases down here, waitin' for him to turn up. Coming down on the car I buys this paper 'nd sees the pictures, and then I'm on."

"Uh-huh," grunted the patrolman, scowling at Maitland. The cabbie caressed his nose with a soiled forefinger reflectively, plainly a bit prejudiced by Hickey's exposition.

"One minute," Maitland interjected, eyes twinkling and lips twitching. "How long ago was it that you began to watch this house, sleuth?"

"Five minutes before yeh come," responded Hickey, ignoring the insult.

"Took you a long time to figure this out, did it? But go on, please."

"Well, I picked the winner, all right," flared the detective. "I guess that'll be about all for yours."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Have Important Part in the Annals of the World.

Historical Record of Rings

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