The BRASS BOWL

PICTURES BY A. Weil

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

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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 Greenfields, to get his family jewels. Maitland, on reaching home, surprised lady in gray, cracking the safe containing his gems. She, apparently, took him for a well-known crook, Daniel Anisty. Half-hypnotized, Maitland opened his safe, took therefrom the jewels, and gave them to her, first forming a partnership in crime. The real Dan Anisty, sought by police of the world, appeared. Maitland overcame him. He and the girl went to New York in her auto. He had the jewels. She was to meet him that day. A "Mr. Snaith" introduced 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 "Snaith's" cane. The latter proved to be Anisty himself and he secured the gems. Anisty, who was Maitland's double, masqueraded as the latter. The criminal kept Maitland's engagement with the girl in gray. He gave her the gems. The girl in gray visited Maitland's apartments during his absence and returned gems. Maitland, without cash, called up his home and heard a woman's voice expostulating. Anisty, disguised as Maitland, tried to wring from her the location of the gems. A crash was heard at the front door. Maitland overwhelmed the crook, allowing him to escape to shield the young woman. The girl in gray made her escape, jumping into a cab. An instant later, by working a ruse, Anisty was at her side. He took her to Attorney Bannerman's office. There, by torture, he tried in vain to wring from her the location of the gems. He left her a moment and she 'phoned O'Hagan, only getting in the words: "Tell Mr. Maitland under the brass bowl," the hiding place in the latter's rooms, when Anisty heard her words. Bannerman also was revealed as a crook. He and Anisty set out to secure the gems and leave town. The girl was still imprisoned. Maitland finding the girl gone, searched his rooms and unearthed the jewels under the brass bowl. He struck Anisty's trail in a big office building.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

Maitland, yielding the initiative to the other's superior generalship, stood sentinel, revolver in hand, until the detective returned, overheated and sweating, from his tour, to report "nothin' doin'," with characteristic brevity. He had the same report to make on both the twentieth and twenty-first floors, where the same procedure was observed; but as the latter was reached unexpected and very welcome reinforcements were gained by the arrival of a third car, containing three patrolmen and one roundsman. Yet numbers created delay; Hickey was seized and compelled to pant explanations, to his supreme disgust.

And, suddenly impatient beyond endurance, Maitland left them and alone sprang up the stairs.

That this was simple foolhardiness may be granted without dispute. But it must be borne in mind that he was very young and ardent, very greatly perturbed on behalf of an actor in the tragedy in whom the police, to their then knowledge, had no interest whatsoever. And if in the heat of chase he had for an instant forgotten her, now he remembered; and at once the capture of Anisty was relegated to the status of a matter of secondary importance. The real matter at stake was the safety of the girl whom Anisty, by exercise of an infernal ingenuity that passed Maitland's comprehension, had managed to spirit into this place of death and darkness and whispering halls. Where she might be, in what degree of suffering and danger—these were the considerations that sent hm in search of her without a thought of personal peril, but with a sick heart and overwhelmed with a stifling sense of anxiety.

More active than the paunch-burdened detective, he had sprinted down and back through the hallway of the twenty-second floor, without discovering anything, ere the police contingent had reached an agreement and the stairhead.

There remained two more floors, two final flights. A little hopelessly he swung up the first. And as he did so the blackness above him was riven by a tongue of fire, and a bullet, singing past his head, flattened itself with a vicious spat against the marble dado of the walls. Instinctively he pulled up, finger closing upon the trigger of his revolver; flash and report followed the motion, and a panel of ribbed glass in a door overhead was splintered and fell in clashing fragments, all but drowning the sound of feet in flight upon the upper staircase.

A clamor of caution, warning, encouragement, and advice broke out from the police below. But Maitland hardly heard. Already he was again in pursuit, taking the steps two at a leap. With a hand upon the newel-post he swung round on the twenty-third floor, and hurled himself toward the foot of the last flight. A crash like a rifle-shot rang out above, and for a second he fancied that Anisty had fired again and with a heavier weapon. But immediately he realized that the noise had been only the slamming of the door at the head of the stairs—the door whose glazed panel loomed above him, shedding a diffused light to guide his footsteps, its opalescent surface lettered with the name of

HENRY M. BANNERMAN,
Attorney & Counselor-at-Law,

the door of the office whose threshold he had so often crossed to meet a friend and adviser. It was with a shock that he comprehended this, a thrill of wonder. He had all but forgotten that Bannerman owned an office in the building, in the rush, the urge of this wild adventure. Strange that Anisty should have chosen it for the scene of his last stand—strange, and strangely fatal for the criminal! For Maitland knew that from this eyrie there was no means of escape, other than by the stairs.

Well and good! Then they had the man, and—

The thought was flashing in his mind, illumining the darkness of his despair with the hope that he would be able to force a word as to the girl's whereabouts from the burglar ere the police arrived; Maitland's foot was on the upper step, when a scream of mortal terror—her voice!—broke from within. Half maddened, he threw himself bodily against the door, twisting the knob with frantic fingers that slipped upon its immovable polished surface.

The bolt had been shot, he was barred out, and, with only the width of a man's hand between them, the girl was in deathly peril and terror.

A sob that was at the same time an oath rose to his lips. Baffled, helpless, he fell back, tears of rage starting to his eyes, her accents ringing in his ears as terribly pitiful as the cry of a lost and wandering soul.

"God!" he mumbled incoherently, and in desperation sent the pistol-butt crashing against the glass. It was tough, stubborn; the first blow scarcely flawed it. As he redoubled his efforts to shatter it, Hickey's hand shot over his shoulder to aid him. . . . And with startling abruptness the barrier seemed to dissolve before their eyes, the glass falling inward with a shrill clatter.

Quaintly, with the effect of a picture cast by a cinematograph in a darkened auditorium, there leaped upon Maitland's field of vision the picture of Anisty standing at bay, face drawn and tense, lips curled back, eyes lurid with defiance and despair. He stood, poised upon the balls of his feet, like a cat ready to spring, in the doorway between the inner and outer offices. He raised his hand with an indescribably swift and vicious gesture, and a flame seemed to blaze out from his finger-tips.

At the same instant Hickey's weapon spat by Maitland's cheek; the young man felt the hot furnace breath of it.

The burglar reeled as though from a tremendous blow. His inflamed features were suddenly whitened, and his right arm dropped limply from the shoulder, revolver falling from fingers involuntarily relaxing.

Hickey covered him. "Surrender!" he roared. And fired again. For Anisty had gone to his knees, reaching for the revolver with his uninjured arm.

The detective's second bullet winged through the doorway, over Anisty's head, and bit through the outer window. As Anisty, with a tremendous strain upon his failing powers, struggled to his feet, Maitland, catching the murderous gleam in the man's eye, pulled trigger. The burglar's answering shot expended itself as harmlessly as Maitland's. Both went wide of their marks.

And of a sudden Hickey had drawn the bolt, and the body of police behind forced Maitland pell-mell into the room. As he recovered he saw Hickey hurling himself at the criminal's throat—one second too late. True to his pledge never to be taken alive, Anisty had sent his last bullet crashing through his own skull.

A cry of horror and consternation forced itself from Maitland's throat. The police halted, each where he stood, transfixed. Anisty drew himself up, with a trace of pride in his pose; smiled horribly; put a hand mechanically to his lips . . .

And died.

Hickey caught him as he fell, but Maitland, unheeding, leaped over the body that had in life resembled him so fatally, and entered Bannerman's private office.

The gray girl lay at length in a corner of the room, shielded from observation by one of the desks. Her eyes were closed, her cheeks wore the hue of death; the fair young head was pillowed on one white and rounded forearm, in an attitude of natural rest, and the burnished hair, its heavy coils slipping from their fastenings, tumbled over her head and shoulders in shimmering glory, like a splash of living flame.

With a low and bitter cry the young men dropped to his knees by her side. In the outer office the police were assembled in excited conclave, blind to all save the momentous fact of Anisty's last, supremely consistent act. For the time Maitland was utterly alone with his great and aching loneliness.

After a little while timidly he touched her hand. It lay upturned, white slender fingers like exotic petals curling in upon the rosy hollow of her palm. And it was soft and warm.

He lifted it tenderly in both his own, and so held it for a space, brooding, marveling at its perfection. And inevitably he bent and touched it with his lips, as if their ardent contact would warm it to sentience. . . .

The fingers tightened upon his own, slowly, surely; and in the blinding joy of that moment he was made conscious of the ineffable sweetness of opening, wondering eyes.

CHAPTER XVI.

Recessional.

"Hm, hrumm!" Thus Hickey, the inopportunely ubiquitous, lumbering hastily in from the other office and checking, in an extreme of embarrassment, in the middle of the floor.

Maitland glanced over his shoulder, and, subduing a desire to flay the man alive, released the girl's hand.

"I say, Hickey," he observed, carefully suppressing every vestige of emotion, "will you lend me a hand here? Bring a chair, please, and a glass of water."

The detective stumbled over his feet and brought the chair at the risk of his neck. Then he went away and returned with the water. In the meantime the girl, silently enough for all that her eyes were speaking, with Maitland's assistance arose and seated herself.

"You will have to stay here a few minutes," he told her, "until—er—"

"I understand," she told him in a choking tone.

"Dearest," He Said Gently, "Please Don't Run Away from Me Again."

Hickey awkwardly handed her the glass. She sipped mechanically.

"I have a cab below," continued Maitland. "And I'll try to arrange it so that we can get out of the building without having to force a way through the crowd."

She thanked him with a glance.

"There's th' freight elevator," suggested Hickey, helpfully.

"Thank you . . . Is there anything I can do for you, anything you wish?" continued Maitland to the girl, standing between her and the detective.

She lifted her face to his and shook her head, very gently. "No," she breathed through trembling lips. "You—you've been—" But there was a sob in her throat, and she hung her head again.

"Not a word," ordered Maitland. "Sit here for a few minutes, if you can, drink the water and—ah—fix up your hat, you know," (damn Hickey! Why the devil did the fellow insist on hanging round so!) "and I will go and make arrangements."

"Th-thank you," whispered the small voice shakily.

Maitland hesitated a moment, then turned upon Hickey in sudden exasperation. His manner was enough; even the obtuse detective could not ignore it. Maitland had no need to speak.

"I'm sorry, sir," he said, standing his ground manfully but with a trace more of respect in his manner than had theretofore characterized it, "but there's uh gentleman—uh—your fren' Bannerman's outside 'nd wants tuh speak tuh yeh."

"Tell him to—"

"Excuse me. He says he's gottuh see yeh. If yeh don't come out, he'll come after yeh. I thought yeh 'd ruther—"

"That's kindly thought of," Maitland relented. "I'll be there in a minute," he added, meaningly.

Hickey took an impassive face to the doorway, where, whether or no with design, he stood precisely upon the threshold, filling it with his burly shoulders. Maitland bent again over the girl, and took her hand.

"Dearest," he said, gently, "please don't run away from me again."

Her eyes were brimming, and he read his answer in them. Quickly—it was no time to harry her emotions further; but so much he had felt he must say—he brushed her hand with his lips and joined Hickey. Thrusting the detective gently into the outer room, with a not unfriendly hand upon his shoulder, Maitland closed the door.

"Now, see here," he said quietly and firmly, "you must help me arrange to get this lady away without her becoming identified with the case. Hickey I'm in a position to say a good word for you in the right place; she has positively nothing to do with Anisty," (this, so far as he could tell, was as black a lie as he had ever manufactured under the lash of necessity), "and—there's a wad in it for the boys who help me out."

"Well. . . ." The detective shifted from one foot to the other, eying him intently. "I guess we can fix it—freight elevator 'nd side entrance Yeh have the cab waitin', 'nd—"

"I'll go with the lady, you understand, and assume all responsibility. You can come round at your convenience and arrange the details with me, at my rooms, since you will be so kind."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Papa Had the Same Opinion

And Bobby Got a Large Round Dollar Instead of the Slipper.

Bobby is a little shaver who cannot always be depended upon to spare the family blush when there are visitors.

During a recent church convention in Bobby's city his mother entertained one of the elders, a delegate whose very name inspired awe in the fold. You know what happened to Bobby. He was scrubbed within an inch of his life, curled, dressed all in snowy white, even to his shoes and stockings, and between the rubbings and dressings the entire manual of etiquette was read to him.

The elder came, talking as he entered the house, saying a long, long grace at dinner, talking the air as the patient family sat with him on the porch afterward; then came family prayers.

Bobby knelt meekly with the rest, but his mouth was taking on the shape of a yawn and in his big blue eyes a danger signal shone. The elder was most eloquent in prayer. He began with the universe at large and came gradually down, down, down to whatever special item he feared Omnipotence might slight. The clock ticked on and on till suddenly—Bobby jumped to his feet.

"Now, see heah," he said. "I've had just about enough of this, and I ain't goin' to stand for any more of it either."

After Bobby was in bed and all lights were out, Bobby's papa slipped into the room.

"Here, sonnie," he said, "hold out your hand. Here is a big, round, silver dollar for papa's little boy, but don't tell any one I gave it to you."

Use Autos for Tiger Hunting

Supplanting the Elephant and Howdah with Princes of India.

No preparations have now to be made when the news of a tiger roaming in a jungle is brought. Petrol, and not a howdah, is the thing to be cared for. A few minutes' drive brings the hunter and the tiger face to face with each other.

News came in the other day of a tiger roaming on the banks of the Sindh near Uchar, a village some 14 miles from Datia City. The maharajah accordingly motored out to the village with his staff on the thirteenth. That day was devoted simply to observing the movements of the tiger. A goat was tied up and was duly slain by the tiger, who, making for the river bed and placing his prey on the sand close to the water, entered the cool pool and bathed and gamboled for some time. Having thoroughly enjoyed himself, he came out, and after feasting in the clear moonlight took his way back to the jungle.

Next day the maharajah sat up for the tiger. The beast returned to his feed, and had just caught the goat by the right ear when the maharajah fired, hitting the tiger in the head, the first bullet proving fatal. The tiger rolled over on the ground, with the goat held fast in his jaws.

Early in the morning the maharajah returned in his motor car with the dead tiger placed in the rear seat, the goat still hanging in the tiger's mouth. So fast was the grip that the goat did not fall down, though the motor was run at full speed. It was a very strange sight to see the slayer and the slain driving and driven together and the goat hanging in the jaws of the dead tiger.—Calcutta Statesman.

The Lacks of Analogy.

"Papa, what do they call a man who plays a pipe?"

"A piper."

"And a man who plays a drum?"

"A drummer."

"And a man who plays a fife?"

"A fifer."

"Then is a man who plays a lute a looter?"

SECRET SOUGHT FROM WIFE.

Detectives Arrange Meeting of McManigals On Side.

Los Angeles—The prosecution arranged a stage setting in the McNamara dynamite conspiracy case Wednesday that had unexpected dramatic effects. They confronted Mrs. Ortie E. McManigal with her husband, one of the accused conspirators, in an ante-room of the grand jury chamber and before the interview ended she had fallen in a swoon.

Later, when she emerged hysterical from the ordeal, Attorney Joseph Scott, an associate of Clarence Darrow in the defense of the McNamara brothers, rushed among the detectives surrounding her and, with clenched fists, swept them aside with threats of violence if they did not cease "hounding this woman."

The detectives said the object of the interview was to have McManigal induce his wife to change her attitude and abandon the defense.

In accordance with pre-ararnged plans, Mrs. McManigal was taken before the grand jury to be told that she was not exempt from testifying against the McNamara brothers on the ground that she might incriminate her husband. She was also informed that by refusing to tell what she is believed to know of the disaster to the Los Angeles Times building October 1, 1910, when 21 employes lost their lives, she laid herself liable to a jail sentence for contempt, and to possible prosecution as an accomplice in the alleged plot.

CIRCLES NIAGARA FALLS.

Daring California Aviator Made a Dangerous Trip.

Niagara Falls—With a whir of his biplane, Lincoln Beachey, the California aviator, after circling above Niagara, swooped beneath the upper steel bridge and down the gorge almost to the whirlpool.

Rising again between the sides of the lower river, Beachey went toward the Canadian side, where he made a splendid landing. It was the first time a birdman had cut the air crossing the Canadian border.

When he crossed the American

Ortie E. McManigal, Accused as Los Angeles Times Dynamiter, Whose Wife is Now Central Figure in Case

Falls he was about 2100 feet in the air. Dropping, on his second circle, he went well to the southwest.

Once over the cataract he lowered his planes. He caught some of the wash from the outlet of the power tunnel which shoots over the side of the precipice.

The space through which he flew is 168 feet high and barely 100 feet from side to side. The distance from the brink of the falls to the bridge at which he made the dip is about 4200 yards. It is estimated 150,000 persons witnessed the flight.

Child Beaten to Death.

Chico, Cal.—Helen Rumbel, 13 years old, beaten for neglecting a task, is dead in her home near Gridley. Mrs. Emma Rumbel, her stepmother, and Arthur Lewis, her stepbrother, are held by a coroner's jury to answer to charges of murder, and have been rushed to the county jail at Oroville for safety.

The countryside is half crazed with rage.

Lewis and Mrs. Rumbel reported that the girl had committed suicide. An inquest, instituted immediately developed that the girl's body was a mass of bruises, and that her face in death remained black from the choking she had received.

Creeds Cast Red Pepper.

Lansing, Mich.—Red pepper was thrown about and a shotgun was displayed aggressively in a riot among members of the Mayflower Congregational Church and adherents of the Latter Day Saints. The former attempted to tear down an old church they had sold to the other congregation, and the latter drove off the invaders. The Congregationalists say the property was sold with the understanding that the building be removed to another locality and trouble began when the new owners kept it in its present location.

Two Aeronauts Drowned.

Bremen, Germany—One of the four balloons which ascended at Paris fell into the North Sea, near the Island of Juist, of the East Frisian group. A violent storm prevailed at the time and the aerial craft was carried rapidly out to sea. Two persons were aboard her. The other three balloons made landings on the east Frisian coast.

A rescue boat was sent out as soon as possible to the aid of the distressed balloon, but later returned, having recovered only an empty ballast bag marked "R. G. B.-70."

Own Monument Visited.

Derby, Conn.—Thomas Mulcahy, one of the few men whose lot has been to see a monument erected to his memory, has left home here to return to the Klondike, where he has spent his last 12 years. Shortly after his departure from here 12 years ago, word came of his death and a monument was erected to his memory in a local cemetery. Six weeks ago Mulcahy returned home, and since then has paid several visits to the monument.

Taft Is Caught in Storm.

Washington—A deluge of rain and hail accompanied by thunder and lightning and a wind that attained a velocity of 60 miles an hour today forced an adjournment of the Senate, caught President Taft in the open on the Chevy Chase golf links, caused the destruction of a building at the Soldiers' Home and played havoc with shade trees.

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS OF OUR HOME STATE

CONVICTS TO BUILD ROAD.

Governor West Plans Route From Portland to Salem.

Governor West's proposal to use convicts in building a model highway between Portland and Salem has aroused interest and approval among business men, good roads enthusiasts and the people who live along the proposed line of construction.

Not only would the road shorten the length of travel between Portland and the capital, it is said, but a long desired ideal of connecting Oregon's metrtopolis and the Willamette valley with roads easily traversable would be realized.

Two routes are open. One leads through the country on the east side of the Willamette through Oregon City and is shorter than the second route on the west side of the Willamette passing through Newberg and Dayton and including the 12-mile stretch between Rex and Tigardville.

That convicts build good roads is demonstrated by the stability of highways in other states where they have been put to work. The value of the road is shown by the increase in the value of the land through which it is built. In southern Marion county, for instance, the prune growers got together and taxed themselves to build rock highways. They did this when they found that they would be steadily losing at their business without roads over which they might haul their crops to distributing centers. The increase per acre in the prune belt was from $25 to $50; the cost averaged about $2 an acre. The prune growers find that building and maintaining good roads is exceedingly profitable. It is said the convict built road which Governor West proposes would be even more profitable, and the construction might be made to include both sides of the river.

WIDE FIELD BENEFITED.

Showers Have Been General Throughout Pacific Northwest.

Soaking rains that fell throughout Oregon and the Northwest the first of the week have been of immense value to farmers, according to reports from Oregon and Washington towns. Coming on the heels of one of the longest dry periods known in the state, when in some districts the crop outlook was approaching zero, the jubilation of farmers is marked. While grain generally is pretty well along, they say the rains will have a tendency to fill out the crop, and that the quality will be greatly improved.

In twelve hours a little over half an inch of rain fell, making a total precipitation of 35.55 inches since September 1, 8.22 inches under normal. The indications are that showers will continue in the eastern part of the state—the showers being more general over the Willamette—benefiting practically the entire state.

The rain extends over Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho, where .23 of an inch fell. Lincoln county, Washington, is assured a 15,000,000-bushel crop as a result of the showers.

UNITED WORK PLAN.

Three Organizations to Labor for Good Roads.

Co-operation with all organizations in the state that are interested in the good roads movement will be one of the objects of the Oregon Association for Highway Improvement.

At a meeting of the directors of the association held recently, it was decided to become identified with the Oregon Development League and the Oregon State Grange for the purpose of working out a uniform legislative program that would be acceptable to all interests in the state.

The association will carry on a campaign for additional funds as soon as the Oregon Development League has determined positively what action it will take in helping the association to advance the good roads movement.

The legislative committee of the State Grange will be asked to meet the directors at an early date to discuss proposed laws covering the road question. C. E. Spence, of Oregon City; C. L. Shaw, of Albany, and A. I. Mason, of Hood River, members of the Grange committee, assured President Prall, of the Oregon Association for Highway Improvement of giving their support to the organization.

Lays Egg Daily on Doorstep.

Bend—When it comes to an accommodating hen, Ralph Spencer, a Bend resident, with a fancy for poultry, has one that will take the prize. A few days ago a pecking was heard at the kitchen door. Mrs. Spencer went to the door to investigate and found a warm egg lying on the porch just at the threshold, with a Rhode Island Red hen standing near. Nothing more was thought of the incident until next day, when the same pecking on the kitchen door was heard, and again an egg was found just outside with the hen standing nearby.

Auto Passenger Service.

Jacksonville—Jacksonville and Medford people are singing the praises of V. C. Gorst, who has established an automobile passenger service between the two cities. Mr. Gorst makes a round trip every hour, and has found his way into popular favor to such an extent that he will soon put on another machine. He is also talking of putting on a truck to compete with the Rogue River Valley railway in hauling freight.

Coos Bay Timber Sold.

Marshfield—The annual meeting of the Southern Oregon Co. was held at Empire and new officers and directors of the company were elected. It became known positively that a majority of the stock of the company had passed into the hands of the Menasha Woodenware Co. of Menasha, Wis. The officers elected were: President, C. R. Smith, head of the Menasha Company; vice-president, Herbert Armstrong, local representative of the company; secretary, C. G. Hockett, of North Bend; assistant secretary, Frank H. Damon, of Boston.

GOOD APPLE CROP IN EAST.

Northwest Condition Brighten as Season Advances.

The Northwestern Fruit Exchange gives the following report of apple crop conditions:

Since the date of our last bulletin, No. 94, no changes of special importance have been reported to the exchange. Statements in regard to the crops east of the Missouri river are conflicting in many ways, but the general tone confirms the previously reiterated advices that the yield in those districts will be much larger than has been harvested for a number of years. Many sections in the east have been visited with abundant rains which have helped strengthen the situation. On the whole, the rains have been of exceptional value at this time, following the extremely hot weather and severe drouths. The June drop will be much heavier than was expected, while a number of localities report blasting of some varieties. It seems certain that New York and Michigan, at least, will have bumper yields, especially in the fall varieties. The Virginias promise a very fair crop, although smaller than that of 1910.

Information from New York state under recent date shows heavier droppings than is considered desirable in some localities, while others report blasting, but on the average conditions indicate an exceedingly large volume of tonnage.

Michigan reports are of the same general character.

Virginia reports are recent and comprehensive. The Shenandoah Valley and eastern panhandle of West Virginia promise crops of unusually fine quality, but on the whole the quantity will hardly exceed 60 or 65 per cent of last year's harvest. The shortage is attributed to the last late frost, and the excessive drouth lasting three weeks. The drop has also been abnormally heavy. The falling off in the older orchards, which bore heavily last year, will be offset, to a large extent, by the great acreage of young orchards just coming into bearing. The Shenandoah Valley was visited by severe hail, lightning and wind storms on June 6, the effect of which could not be determined at the time of our advices. Whatever damage has resulted in the southern parts of the valley may be equalized by the benefit of rainfall in the northern sections.

OREGON CITIES PAVING.

Numerous Towns Are Engaged in Some Permanent Street Work.

La Grande—The Warren Construction company has completed the paving of Sixth street and has begun work on Main avenue. Washington avenue is also being graded and the rock has been laid for one block. On Elm street everything is awaiting the "hot stuff" which will be applied as soon as Main avenue is completed. With these and other streets paved and Second, West, Adams and South Fourth macadamized, La Grande will surely have as many first-class streets as any town or city of its size in Oregon.

Salem—The city council has agreed to lay hard surface pavement on East State street instead of macadam. It is the plan of the state to construct a boulevard connecting the penitentiary and the asylum if this street is paved, and that will mean much travel on the street and in the judgment of the council, makes it imperative that a hard surface pavement be laid.

Medford—Last year nearly 100,000 square yards of hard surface pavement was laid in Medford. Contracts aggregating nearly 150,000 square feet were carried over for completion this year. This amount, with what has been contracted for this season, to date brings the total up to 270,000 square yards to be laid this year.

Forest Grove—Street improvement work is going rapidly on. Ditches for the curbing on Main street from North Second avenue to Pacific avenue have been made and are practically ready to receive the concrete mixture. Rock is being delivered for constructing the 18 blocks of hard surface streets for which the city has contracted.

Baker—Street paving in Baker has been delayed several times, but active work is now being pushed forward. Baker is doing so much paving this year that there has been some anxiety that the delay might prove sufficient to prevent the completion of all that is contemplated.

Springfield—At an adjourned meeting of the common council a resolution was passed providing for an additional bond issue of $50,000, to be expended in street improvement. This action is in line with the council's plan to make Springfield a model city.

Corvallis—The paving of Third street was begun several days ago and the block between Madison and Jefferson, with a part of the one to the north, is entirely finished. The street between Adams and Jackson is 52 feet wide.

Pendleton—The city council has practically agreed to pave 1500 feet of Alta street, or the connection between Main and Court streets. The property abutting on the street includes the courthouse and three churches.

Grants Pass—Contracts for the paving of North Sixth street from B street north to Evelyn avenue, and the paving of B street from Sixth to Seventh, have been let to the Warren Construction company, the rate being $2.10 per square yard.

Ashland—The Warren Construction company, which is engaged in a contract in force, was awarded the contract covering the improvement of parts of Second street, Third street, B street and Sherman street.

Albany—The Warren Construction company is assembling machinery and tools in this city getting ready for the pavement of Ellsworth and Washington streets. Ellsworth street will probably be paved first.

Klamath Falls—Klamath Falls is soon to have a paved thoroughfare from the depot to the bridge.