

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS OF OUR HOME STATE

DALLAS CLUB ON RECORD.

Plan Favored to Validate Titles to Rich Timber Lands.

Dallas—At a meeting of the Dallas Commercial club, the organization went on record as favoring action by congress looking to the validating of titles to rich timber lands held in this county by innocent persons from the railroad company. A resolution to this effect was drafted, and it was ordered that a copy of the same be sent to each of the Oregon representatives and senators in congress.

There are billions of feet of standing timber of first grade quality upon these lands, the title to which is now in dispute, and the lumber industry is being seriously handicapped by reason of this contention over these titles. It is understood that the Spaulding Logging company owns a great deal of this land, and in case title is perfected by act of congress, this company will sell a part of its holdings west of here, and that a new mill will go in at Dallas. Inasmuch as the use of the LaCreole river for logging purposes has been stopped by order of the court, the logging of this timber west of here, and on the upper branches of this river, will necessitate the construction of another railroad line from this city into that territory.

RAINBOW MINE PROSPERS.

Large Stamp Mill Will Be Installed as First Improvements.

Baker—So successful has been the first year of ownership of the Rainbow mine by the United Smelting & Refining company that extensive improvements are planned. One of them will be a large stamp mill.

A party of the company's officials, including Frederick Lyon, vice-president; C. F. Moore, chief engineer; A. P. Anderson, chief field engineer and Howard S. Lee, engineer in charge of the Rainbow, were here in consultation with officials of the Humboldt Consolidated Gold Mining company, which controls the Humboldt mine and with Assistant Manager Wright, of the Oregon-Idaho Light & Power company, in regard to getting power for these and other mines in the Mormon Basin country. It is reported that the United States company has already ordered three boilers of large capacity for the mill, which means one of the most beneficial steps to the mining industry in recent years.

PUBLIC DANCES MAY GO.

Albany Council Considers Putting Them Under Ban.

Albany—Public dances will be absolutely prohibited in Albany if an ordinance introduced at the meeting of the council this week passes. This proposed law not only abrogates public dances, but provides for the supervision of private dances as well. This ordinance makes it unlawful for any person to hold a public dance or for the owner of any building to rent it for a public dance. A public dance is defined by this ordinance as one that is advertised through the press or by posters or folders or other advertising schemes.

The ordinance recites that nothing in the law shall be construed to prevent private dancing parties but that these shall be held under the supervision of two or more patrons, approved by the mayor in writing. For violation of any of the provisions of the proposed law a fine of from \$10 to \$50 or imprisonment of from five to 25 days is provided.

Wool Sale Dates Announced.

La Grande—The secretary of the Oregon Woolgrowers' association, John G. Hoke, of Medical Springs, states that prospects are bright and the outlook unusually good for a fine wool clip this year, and the announcement of sales dates in Eastern Oregon has been made. The dates are: Echo, May 25; Pendleton, May 30 and June 10; Pilot Rock, May 31 and June 10; Heppner, June 4, 5 and 17; Shaniko, June 6 and 21; Baker, June 8 and 11; Metolius, June 24 and July 16; Enterprise and Wallowa, June 28 and 29.

Indians' Protest Heard.

Pendleton—The small band of Indians which has been attempting to keep the City of Pendleton from acquiring the Thorne Hollow springs as a source of water supply have caused another delay. The land in question is unalotted for the reason it is considered worthless by the city council and forwarded to Washington, the acquisition of the land is absolutely necessary in order to keep the springs free from possible contamination.

Chan-I Survey Shown.

Oregon City—M. D. Latonette, secretary of the Commercial club, received from Senator Bourne a copy of the report of Major J. F. McIndoe, corps of engineers, on the preliminary examination and survey of the Willamette river between Portland and Oregon City. Maps accompany the report. The report is now before the rivers and harbors committee. The plan provides for a channel 12 feet deep at low water to Oswego, and a minimum depth of three and one-half feet from that point to Oregon City.

Early Plum Blossoms Are Out.

Cottage Grove—The earliest plum blossoms ever seen in this section of the valley were brought into the city Monday by Horace Cochran. There are many who fear a frost and great attendant damage to the precious fruit trees. Garden peas are also in blossom.

To Have Postal Savings Bank.

Toledo—Toledo is soon to have a postal savings bank. Postmaster Arnold received notice that this office has been chosen. The bank will be opened for business March 7.

AVIATOR LOST ON ICE.

Meets Disaster On Lake Erie and Escapes By Chance.

Erie, Pa.—Earl Sandt, a youthful aviator, the first birdman to fly over the Great Lakes from the United States to Canada, came to grief ten miles out on Lake Erie from North-east, Pa., when attempting a return flight to the American shore.

While high in the air and 20 miles west of his course, the engine of his airplane stopped. For a while he glided, but suddenly the machine overturned and he was buried unconscious in the wreckage on the ice. How long he remained in this condition Sandt does not know. When he recovered he was saturated with blood from a wound on his forehead.

Aided by a pocket compass, Sandt walked ten miles to the American shore, landing at Northeast at 10 o'clock at night. He was found staggering along the shore by boys who were skating and was carried to a hotel. Word then was telephoned to this city.

Sandt is not injured seriously. He was brought here from Northeast at midnight in a special car. Thousands of persons, a brass band and loud blasts from shop whistles greeted him.

MEXICAN FEDERALISTS WIN.

Route 2000 Rebels in Fierce Battle With Heavy Loss.

Mexico City—According to a report received here, 900 Federalists attacked 2,000 rebels near Cuernavaca, routing the revolutionists. The Federalists regained control of Cruz de Piedra, Santa Carla and Huistlaac. The rebels were commanded by a brother of Emilio Zapata. It is unofficially reported that 80 men were killed in the engagement.

The town of Aladama, Chihuahua, surrendered to the Vasquistas, without resistance. Forty conspirators were captured.

According to dispatches, General Robles, in command of the Federal forces, led an attack on Zapatistas entrenched in and around Santa Maria. He used artillery freely and drove the rebels from their positions. No estimate of casualties is given. A report says that the rebels also were defeated in a fierce fight near San Pedro, north of Torreon.

El Paso, Texas—In spite of his reported loyalty to President Francisco I. Madero, of Mexico, Vasquistas at Casas Grande issued a manifesto naming General Pascual Orozco, commander-in-chief of the revolutionists. No recent word has been received here from Orozco, who at present is in Chihuahua.

Reports from Juarez say that a dozen arrests have been made there of persons charged with inciting mutiny. Another report says that hundreds of rebels are now operating near Juarez and an attack upon the city is feared.

Y. M. C. A. Indorses Pool.

Walla Walla—That college students may not have to frequent pool halls in order to play the game, the Y. M. C. A. of Whitman has taken up a movement to have billiard and pool tables put in the Billings Hall dormitory for the use of the boys. This movement is finding a hearty response and it is believed there will be no opposition. Local men are donating money for the purpose.

George Cole, student manager, who last year was expelled from the Methodist conference for dancing and upholding card playing, but who was later reinstated, is at the head of the movement for the billiard and pool tables. He is a senior, chairman of the managerial board, one of the best athletes in school and one of the most popular men of the institution.

Chinese Brigands' Beheaded.

Tientsin—The town of Macheng, some distance in the interior, is besieged by brigands. Strong armed bodies are able to get in and out, but except when accompanied by escorts running into the thousands, the citizens dare not venture outside the walls and are compelled to be continually on the alert to prevent the brigands from breaking in. In the various attempts that have been made to stamp out the outlawry, the authorities have lately captured and beheaded nearly 1,000 of the outlaws.

Dictagraph Evidence Held Valid.

Columbus—Rodney Diegble, former sergeant-at-arms in the state senate, must serve three years in the penitentiary for complicity in legislative bribes. This was made certain when the State Supreme court affirmed his conviction, thereby holding valid the use of the dictagraph in securing evidence. This decision opens the way for trials of other members of the legislature against whom Detective William J. Burns is said to have secured evidence through the use of the dictagraph.

Freight to Be Checked.

San Francisco—Attorneys representing 35 railroads have agreed before the State Railroad commission to meet the demand of shippers for the issuance of "clean bills of lading." Heretofore bills of lading have been refused to be accountable for shortages in freight where the carrier's agents had not checked personally the goods to be shipped. Shipping interests insisted that all freight should be so checked, and this demand has been acceded to.

Investigate High Cost of Living.

New York—Magistrate Murphy announces that he will inquire into the high cost of necessities. District Attorney Whitman probably will prosecute criminally a number of speculators in butter, eggs, vegetables and meats. The proceedings were first centered on butter and eggs. It is believed there will be 150 defendants in the probable actions as a result of the probe.

Morse on Way to Recovery.

Atlanta, Ga.—Charles W. Morse, the former banker, recently pardoned for wrecking a New York bank, after serving two years of a 15-year sentence, will receive a number of spears from Wall street activities, according to Dr. A. L. Fowler, Morse's personal physician.



SYNOPSIS.

Howard Jeffrey, banker's son, under the evil influence of Robert Underwood, a fellow student of college, leads a life of dissipation, marries the daughter of a gambler who died in prison, and is disowned by his father. He tries to get work and fails. A former college chum makes a business proposition to Howard which requires 2,000 cash, and Howard is broke. Robert Underwood, who had been rejected by Howard's wife, Annie, in his college days, and had once been engaged to Alicia, Howard's stepmother, has apartments at the Astoria, and is apparently in prosperous circumstances. Howard is forced to ask Underwood for the 2,000 he needs. Underwood, taking advantage of his intimacy with Mrs. Jeffrey, Sr., becomes a sort of social "big game" in Howard's life. Howard's character she denials him the house. Alicia receives a note from Underwood, threatening to reveal his secret to her father. He is in a desperate financial straits. At length he demands an accounting. He cannot make good. Howard Jeffrey is left in an awful condition. He asks Underwood for \$2,000.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

He helped himself to another drink, his hand shaking so that he could hardly hold the decanter. He was fast approaching the state of complete intoxication. Underwood made no attempt to interfere. Why should he care if the young fool made a sot of himself? The sooner he drank himself insensible the quicker he would get rid of him.

"No, Howard," he said; "you'd never make a decent member of society." "P'raps not," blurted Howard. "How does Annie take her social ostracism?" inquired Underwood. "Like a brick. She's a thoroughbred, all right. She's all to the good." "All the same, I'm sorry I ever introduced you to her," replied Underwood. "I never thought you'd make such a fool of yourself as to marry—"

Howard shook his head in a maudlin manner, as he replied: "I don't know whether I made a fool of myself or not, but she's all right. She's got in her the makings of a great woman—very crude, but still the makings. The only thing I object to is, she insists on going back to work, just as if I'd permit such a thing. Do you know what I said on our wedding day? 'Mrs. Howard Jeffrey, you are entering one of the oldest families in America. Nature has fitted you for social leadership. You'll be a petted, pampered member of that select few called the '400,' and now, damn it all, how can I ask her to go back to work? But if you'll let me have that \$2,000—"

By this time Howard was beginning to get drowsy. Lying back on the sofa, he proceeded to make himself comfortable. "Two thousand dollars!" laughed Underwood. "Why, man, I'm in debt up to my eyes."

As far as his condition enabled him, Howard gave a start of surprise. "Hard up!" he exclaimed. Pointing around the room, he said: "What's all this—a bluff?" Underwood nodded. "A bluff, that's it. Not a picture, not a vase, not a stick belongs to me. You'll have to go to your father."

"Never," said Howard despondently. The suggestion was evidently too much for him, because he stretched out his hand for his whisky glass. "Father's done with me," he said dolefully.

"Well, relent," suggested Underwood. Howard shook his head drowsily. Touching his brow, he said: "Too much brains, too much up here." Placing his hand on his heart, he went on: "Too little down here. Once he gets an idea, he never lets it go, he holds on. Obstinate. One idea—stick to it. Gee, but I've made a mess of things, haven't I?"

Underwood looked at him with contempt. "You've made a mess of your life," he said bitterly. "yet you've had some measure of happiness. You, at least, married the woman you love. Drunken beast as you are, I envy you. The woman I wanted married some one else, damn her!"

Howard was so drowsy from the effects of the whisky that he was almost asleep. As he lay back on the sofa, he gurgled: "Say, old man; I didn't come here to listen to hard-luck stories. I came to tell one."

In maudlin fashion he began to sing. "Oh, listen to my tale of woe," while Underwood sat glaring at him, wondering how he could put him out. As he reached the last verse his head began to nod. The words came thickly from his lips and he sank sleepily back among the soft divan pillows.

Just at that moment the telephone bell rang. Underwood quickly picked up the receiver. "Who's that?" he asked. As he listened to the answer his face lit up and he replied eagerly: "Mrs. Jeffrey—yes, I'll come down. No, tell her to come up."

Hanging up the receiver, he hastily went over to the divan and shook Howard. "Howard, wake up! confound you! You've got to get out—there's some body coming." He shook him roughly, but his old classmate made no attempt to move. "Quick, do you hear!" exclaimed Underwood impatiently. "Wake up—me one's coming."

Howard sleepily half opened his eyes. He had forgotten entirely where he was and believed he was on the train, for he answered: "Sure, I'm sleepy. Say—porter, make up my bed."

His patience exhausted, Underwood was about to pull him from the sofa

The Third Degree

A NARRATIVE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE

By CHARLES KLEIN AND ARTHUR HORNBLow

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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"But you must," persisted Alicia. "I won't stir from here until I have your promise."

He looked at her curiously. "If my life has no interest for you, why should you care?" he asked. "There was a note of scorn in his voice which aroused his visitor's wrath. Crumpling up his letter in her hand, she confronted him angrily.

"Shall I tell you why I care?" she cried. "Because you accuse me in this letter of being the cause of your death—I, who have been your friend in spite of your dishonesty. Oh! it's despicable, contemptible! Above all, it's a lie—"

Underwood shrugged his shoulders. Cynically he replied: "So it wasn't so much concern for me as for yourself that brought you here."

Alicia's eyes flashed as she answered: "Yes, I wished to spare myself this indignity, the shame of being associated in any way with a suicide. I was afraid you meant what you said."

"Afraid," interrupted Underwood bitterly, "that some of the scandal might reach as far as the aristocratic Mrs. Howard Jeffrey, Sr.!" Her face flushed with anger, Alicia paced up and down the room. The man's taunts stung her to the quick. In a way, she felt that he was right. She ought to have guessed his character long ago and had nothing to do with him. He seemed desperate enough to do anything, yet she doubted if he had the courage to kill himself. She thought she would try more conciliatory methods, so, stopping short, she said more gently:

"You know my husband has suffered through the wretched marriage of his only son. You know how deeply we both feel this disgrace, and yet you would add—"

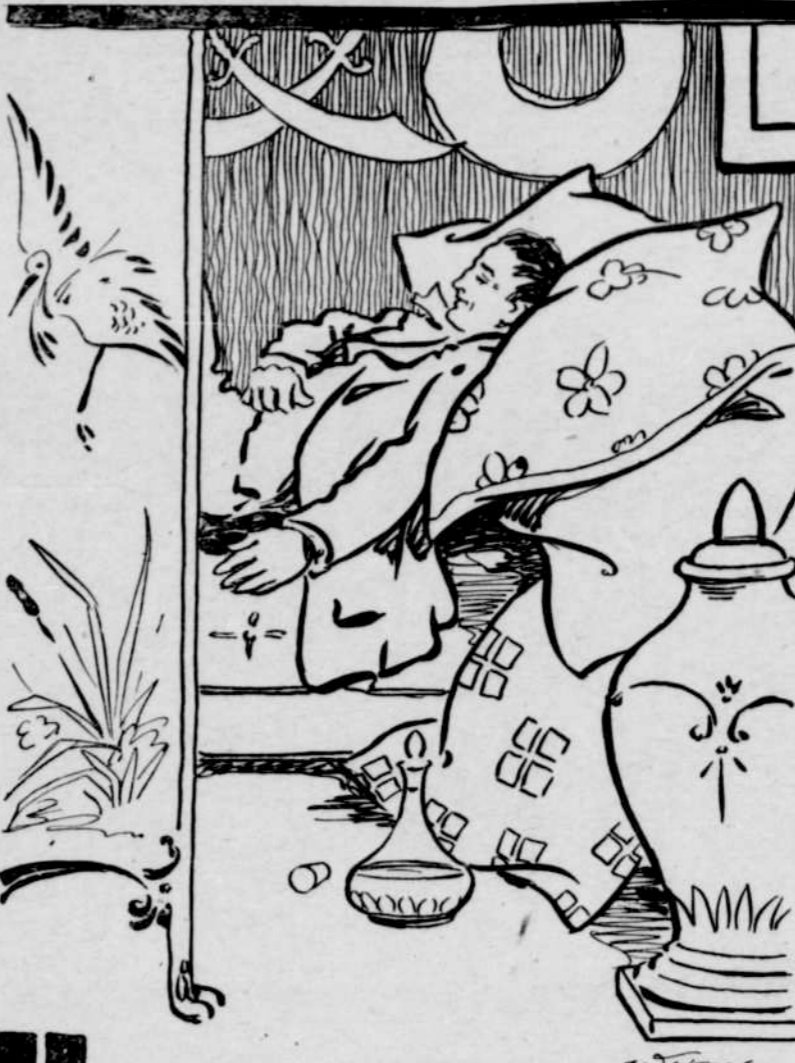
Underwood laughed mockingly. "Why should I consider your husband's feelings?" he cried. "He didn't consider mine when he married you." Suddenly bending forward, every nerve tense, he continued hoarsely: "Alicia, I tell you I'm desperate. I'm hemmed in on all sides by creditors. You know what your friendship—your patronage means? If you drop me now, your friends will follow—they're a lot of sheep led by you—and when my creditors hear of me they'll be down on me like a flock of wolves. I'm not able to make a settlement. Prison stares me in the face."

Glancing around at the handsome furnishings, Alicia replied carelessly: "I'm not responsible for your wrongdoing. I want to protect my friends. If there are a lot of sheep, as you say, that is precisely why I should warn them. They have implicit confidence in me. You have borrowed their money, cheated them at cards, stolen from them. Your acquaintance with me has given them the opportunity. But now I've found you out. I refuse any longer to sacrifice my friends, my self-respect, my sense of decency." Angri-ly she continued: "You thought you could bluff me. You've adopted this coward's way of forcing me to rescue you against my will. Well, you've failed. I will not sanction your robbing my friends. I will not allow you to sell them any more of your high-priced rubbish, or permit you to cheat them at cards."

Underwood listened in silence. He stood motionless, watching her flushed face as she heaped reproaches on him. She was practically pronouncing his death sentence, yet he could not help thinking how pretty she looked. When he finished he said nothing, but going to his desk, he opened a small drawer and took out a revolver. Alicia recoiled, frightened.

"What are you going to do?" she cried. Underwood smiled bitterly. "Oh, don't be afraid. I wouldn't do it while you are here. In spite of all you've said to me, I still think too much of you for that." Replacing the pistol in the drawer, he added: "Alicia, if you desert me now, you'll be sorry to the day of your death."

His visitor looked at him in silence. Then, contemptuously, she said: (TO BE CONTINUED.)



Sank Sleepily Back Among the Soft Divan Pillows.

by force, when there was a ring at the front door.

Bending quickly over his companion, Underwood saw that he was fast asleep. There was no time to awaken him and get him out of the way, so, quickly, he took a big screen and arranged it around the divan so that Howard could not be seen. Then he hurried to the front door and opened it.

CHAPTER VII.

For a few moments Underwood was too much overcome by emotion to speak. Alicia brushed by in haughty silence, not deigning to look at him. All he heard was the soft rustle of her clinging silk gown as it swept along the floor. She was incensed with him, of course, but she had come. That was all he asked. She had come in time to save him. He would talk to her and explain everything and she would understand. She would help him in this crisis as she had in the past. Their long friendship, all these years of intimacy, could not end like this. There was still hope for him. The situation was not as desperate as he feared. He might yet avert the shameful end of the suicide. Advancing toward her, he said in a hoarse whisper:

"Oh, this is good of you, you've come—this is the answer to my letter."

Alicia ignored his extended hand and took a seat. Then, turning on him, she exclaimed indignantly: "The answer should be a horse-whip. How dare you send me such a message?" Drawing from her bag the letter received from him that evening, she demanded:

"What do you expect to gain by this threat?" "Don't be angry, Alicia." Underwood spoke soothingly, trying to conciliate her. Well he knew the seductive power of his voice. Often he had used it and not in vain, but to-night it fell on cold, indifferent ears.

"Don't call me by that name," she snapped. Underwood made no answer. He turned slightly paler and, folding his arms, stood looked at her, in silence. There was a awkward pause.

At last she said: "I hope you understand that every thing's over between us. Our acquaintance is at an end." "My feelings toward you can never change," replied Underwood earnestly. "I love you—I shall always love you."

Alicia gave a little shrug of her shoulders, expressive of utter indifference. "Love!" she exclaimed mockingly. "You love no one but yourself." Underwood advanced nearer to her and there was a tremor in his voice as he said:

"You have no right to say that. You remember what we once were. Whose fault is it that I am where I am to-day? When you broke our engagement and married old Jeffrey to your social ambition, you ruined my life. You didn't destroy my love—you couldn't kill that. You may forbid me everything—to see you—to speak to you—even to think of you, but I can never forget that you are the only woman I ever cared for. If you had married me, I might have been a different man. And now, just when I want you most, you deny me even your friendship. What have I done to deserve such treatment? Is it fair? Is it just?"

Alicia had listened with growing impatience. It was only with difficulty that she contained herself. Now she interrupted him hotly: "I broke my engagement with you because I found that you were deceiving me—just as you deceived others." "It's a lie!" broke in Underwood. "I may have trifled with others, but I never deceived you."

Alicia rose and, crossing the room, carefully inspected one of the pictures on the wall, a study of the nude by Bouguereau.

"We need not go into that," she said haughtily. "That is all over now. I came to ask you what this letter—this threat—means. What do you expect to gain by taking your life unless I continue to be your friend? How can I be a friend to a man like you? You know what your friendship for a woman means. It means that you would drag her down to your own level and disgrace her as well as yourself. Thank God, my eyes are now opened to your true character. No self-respecting woman could afford to allow her name to be associated with yours. You are as incapable of disinterested friendship as you are of common honesty." Coldly she added: "I hope you quite understand that henceforth my house is closed to you. If we happen to meet in public, it must be as strangers."

Underwood did not speak. Words seemed to fail him. His face was set and white. A nervous twitching about the mouth showed the terrible mental strain which the man was under. In the excitement he had forgotten about Howard's presence on the divan behind the screen. A listener might have detected the heavy breathing of the sleeper, but even Alicia herself was too preoccupied to notice it. Underwood extended his arms pleadingly: "Alicia—for the sake of auld lang syne!"

"Auld lang syne," she retorted. "I want to forget the past. The old memories are distasteful. My only object in coming here to-night was to make the situation plain to you and to ask you to promise me not to—carry out your threat to kill yourself. Why should you kill yourself? Only cowards do that. Because you are in trouble? That is the coward's way out. Leave New York. Go where you are not known. You are still young. Business life over again, somewhere else." Advancing toward him, she went on: "If you will do this I will help you. I never want to see you again, but I'll try not to think of you unkindly. You must promise me solemnly not to make any attempt against your life."

"I promise nothing," muttered Underwood doggedly. "But you must," she insisted. "It would be a terrible crime, not only against yourself, but against others. You must give me your word."

Underwood shook his head. "I promise nothing."

His visitor looked at him in silence. Then, contemptuously, she said: (TO BE CONTINUED.)



Came as Pleasant Change

Hand-Written Business Letter Appealed to the Man of Old-Fashioned Ideas.

"Yesterday," said an old-fashioned man, "I received a handwritten letter, the first I had received in a long time, and do you know I was much impressed by it." Much.

"You know that for a long time now almost all business letters have been typewritten, dictated. With the vast multiplicity of letters to be written, we could no longer find time to write our letters by hand. That hand-written letter that I got yesterday did please me."

"There was a man who in answer to mine had sat down and actually written me a letter, and there was a sense of personal attention in that that pleased me very much, and I think there might still be found profit in the hand-written letter. Many such letters that we used to get we couldn't read, or we deciphered only with much is-

bor; certainly the typewritten letter is a great convenience and comfort, and still I do think that it would pay a business man occasionally to write a letter with his own hand. It would please his customer, I do believe, to receive such a letter that was obviously a personal communication. I know that such a letter pleased me."

Sameness. "There is a certain sameness about natural scenery," said the man who looks bored. "Do you mean to compare a magnificent mountain with the broad expanse of the sea?"

"Yes. Wherever you find a spot of exceptional beauty somebody is sure to decorate it with sardine tins and biscuit boxes."—Washington Star.

Uncle Ezra Says: "Don't forget that judgment day is every day on the part of your sharp-eyed neighbor."—Boston Herald.