

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS OF OUR HOME STATE

CHEESE PROFITS BIG.

3,500,000 Pounds Made Last Year Are Sold for \$550,000.

Tillamook—Tillamook dairy and creamery interests have just closed one of the most successful years in the history of the industry in this section. With more than 3,500,000 pounds of cheese manufactured and sold for \$550,000, the record is one which is deemed extremely satisfactory.

The output of the 30 cheese factories in this county was approximately the same as last year, and the prices received have been especially good. The opening up of the country through the completion of the railroad is regarded as of great importance in aiding the growth of the dairy industry. Profits of the dairymen of this section may be seen in the fact that the average price paid last year for milk was \$1.30 a 100 pounds, and from 35 to 39 cents a pound for butter fat. Many of the dairy herds made \$100 a cow for their owners in one season. As most of the dairymen raise their own feed, they are saved a great expense.

Of the 30 cheese factories in this county the greatest number are in the center of the county. In the fertile Nestucca valley is manufactured about one-third of the county's total output. Nehalem is gradually pushing ahead in the dairy industry and it will not be many years, it is said, until the number of cheese factories in the northern part of the county will be doubled.

Since the organization of the Tillamook County Creamery association in 1905 the quality of the cheese manufactured in the county has been steadily improved. There are 12 factories in the association. Last year the association made 2,430,825 pounds of cheese. The product of the creameries in the association is inspected by F. W. Christensen, an expert employed for the purpose.

MEN WITH MEANS COMING.

Colonist Movement From East Already Under Way.

Portland—Although it is somewhat early to draw estimates on the probable movement of colonists to Portland during the 46-day low-fare period that opened March 1, advance information gleaned by railroad representatives in this city shows that already a large number of opportunity seekers are headed this way.

A. D. Charlton, assistant general passenger agent of the Northern Pacific, reported that his advisers from St. Paul are to the effect that the movement through that city is encouraging. It is certain that the travel this spring will not be as heavy as it was a year ago, but that it will consist of a greater percentage of men with money to invest and men who want to locate on small farms.

West to Outwit Book Agents.

Salem—Governor West hit upon a unique scheme for the appointment of the next State Textbook commission, which he believes will allow the members to work under cover, for several months at least, without the intervention of a small army of book agents. The membership of the present commission expires the first of next year.

Governor West has made up his mind as to the personnel of the new commission to succeed the present one and will immediately notify the respective members that they will be appointed the first of the year. None of the members will know who the other members are and the names of none of the members will be made public until official appointment is made January 1.

This will allow the individual members to make investigations as to textbooks quietly and undisturbed.

School Girls Will Tramp.

Klamath Falls—High school girls of the senior and junior classes have formed a walking club, not only for the benefit of the exercise and to study nature, but to learn the environs of Klamath Falls. Miss Bessie Applegate was made overseer of the party. A council of three members, Miss Marjorie McClure, Miss Inez Elliott and Hazel Manning, was appointed to arrange plans for the walks and a schedule will be adopted outlining the itinerary of the organization. The journeys will be made afternoons.

Cosco County Plans Exhibit.

Marshfield—The Chamber of Commerce of Marshfield has taken steps to make a selection for the Cosco county exhibit at the San Francisco exposition. A committee will be appointed to meet with the others from Oregon. Likely A. Mercein and J. V. Smeaton of the C. A. Smith company, and L. J. Simpson, of the Simpson Lumber company, will be chosen to act on the committee. The Chamber of Commerce favors making a fine exhibit from this county and it is likely that \$15,000 or more will be raised.

Oil Prospects at Bandon Good.

Bandon—The prospects for oil at the well of the Miocene Oil & Gas company, near this city, are brighter now than ever before and it is the confident expectation of Mr. Smith, the driller, that he will strike a good flow of oil in the near future. The well is now down 2,350 feet and will be put down to the depth of 3,000 feet if oil is not struck sooner, but it is the belief of all concerned that the oil will be found in big quantities before another 100 feet is drilled.

Library Plans Discussed.

Albany—Although this city will receive only \$12,500 from Andrew Carnegie, it is proposed to erect a \$20,000 library here this summer. Mrs. S. E. Young, who donated the site for the library, has offered to give \$2,500 more provided an equal amount were raised and it is believed enough other donations could be obtained to provide \$7,500 to add to the Carnegie gift.

HOOD RIVER ROAD TO HUM.

Big Meeting Held—Plans Made to Begin Work at Once.

Hood River—At a meeting of 250 good roads enthusiasts here in the Commercial club, addressed by Governor West and Attorney Covert, of Portland, who acted as the personal representative of S. S. Benson, millionaire lumberman, Hood River county was assured of the immediate beginning and early completion of the proposed Columbia River highway from this city to Portland. A few days ago Mr. Benson offered to give \$10,000 to be used in the construction of this road, provided the assistance of Multnomah and Hood River counties was assured for the completion of the project. Work already in progress in Multnomah county shows the intention of that county to build to the Hood River line. A plan was outlined to spend the Benson fund at Shellrock Mountain, in this county, at which point is the greatest obstacle on the route. Governor West promised to furnish convict labor, which will increase the work which can be accomplished with the money available.

Special road taxes levied this year in the districts of this county through which the road has been surveyed will make available about \$15,000, which, added to the Benson gift, is said to be enough to open the road through this county.

STATE WANTS CASH.

Will Ask Government to Repay Canal Contribution.

Salem—That an effort will be made by the state to collect \$200,000 of the \$300,000 appropriated by the legislature for its share in the purchase of the Oregon City locks is evidenced from communications which passed between Attorney General Crawford and Governor West, the latter writing as a representative of the State Board of Canal commissioners.

Under an option of the State Supreme court it was inferred that the state would have an equity of \$200,000 in the locks at such time as the locks were disposed of, but whether this construction would hold is disputed in connection with the sale to the United States government, of the act providing for this amount of money to be turned into the school fund in event the state ever wished to purchase the locks.

The argument is made that this sale is to the United States government and not to the state, and consequently the state would be unable to collect its equity.

LAND SALES NET \$150,000.

Three Deals at Eugene Show Activity Over Railroad Development.

Eugene—Three land sales were made here aggregating more than \$150,000 in value. T. J. Ryan, of Portland, who has held considerable property in this county, purchased the Fox farm of 112 acres, six miles north of Eugene for \$14,000.

The Eugene & Great Western Land company bought from S. H. Friendly, L. S. Logan and Edward Bailey, living between Eugene and Junction City, farms aggregating 1,000 acres, the price being over \$100,000. The land is to be subdivided and the owners will maintain a 40-acre demonstration farm under direction of competent persons from Oregon Agricultural College.

The third deal was an agreement of sale of 1,071 acres south of Eugene, formerly owned by Mr. Ryan, but now sold by Hans T. Christianson to R. L. Edwards, a right-of-way man for the Southern Pacific. A tract of 135 acres on the Situlaus is also included at the price of \$38,500.

Wool Men to Be Aided.

Salem—In order to give assurance that the producer rather than the broker may be benefited in the question of wool rates, Chairman Atchison, of the Railroad commission, has taken up the work of expediting the inquiry into the wool rate cases, so that information may come in time to be of value to producers this year.

The Oregon price is based on the Boston secured price, with estimated shrinkage, less the freight rate. Consequently the freight rate is an important factor to the grower. Word has been received that the Interstate Commerce commission is working diligently on the question.

Road Asks Grant From Eugene.

Eugene—Application was made by the Portland, Eugene & Eastern railway for permission to construct an electric road along the side of the county road, which is a continuation of the Columbia street in Eugene. This follows a like application made for a franchise along the "river road" to Santa Clara, six miles northwest of Eugene. The electric company is planning construction on both sides of these lines at an early date, and in asking for use of the county roads agrees to put the tracks to one side.

Oil Used to Stop Sand.

Oil is being used by the O. W. R. & N. company to prevent the sand along the Columbia river banks between Deschutes and Blalocks from covering the rails and interfering with traffic. This is a new move in the battle that the railroad has waged with the elements from the time the line first was built. Many methods of settling the sand have been tried, but none has been successful. Thousands of dollars were spent in maintaining wooden windbreaks, but these only afforded temporary relief.

Children to Beautify City.

Marshfield—A civic improvement campaign to be conducted by the school children is one of the latest ideas which is to be carried out at Marshfield. On the suggestion of the superintendent of schools, the Progress club, an organization of Marshfield women, has taken up the plan. The idea is to beautify the city and to have much of the work done by the school children.

REBELS IN FULL CONTROL.

Mexican Forces Gathering for March to Capital.

Chihuahua—Rebels are in control of the entire state of Chihuahua. Colonel Pancho Villa and his forces are still in the state but so outnumbered as to be ineffective.

The column under General Salazar and Campa moved to the city from Sauz and with Orozco's men are in camp at the edge of the city. All saloons are closed by order of Orozco. An immense crowd welcomed the column from Juarez.

Under Orozco's immediate command are 600 former government troops. The rebel generals declared that the numerous volunteers who were offering themselves will soon swell the rebel army to 5,000 men, who will be taken south to secure control of Durango, Torreon and all other towns between here and the City of Mexico.

The misunderstanding by which General Salazar delayed entering Chihuahua apparently has been cleared up. On the surface at least, all distrust of Orozco has disappeared. A report from Parra says that Jose de Luz Soto, with a small detachment of Federals has joined Villa.

Diaz Outlines His Position.

Paris—"What I promised my compatriots was that I would return should war break out against a foreign enemy, and not that I would return to take part in the struggle of the parties. I have no intention of intervening in the strife of the parties, especially while they have not recovered their reason." This declaration was telegraphed by General Porfirio Diaz in connection with a report that he had written a letter to a friend in New York saying he was ready to return to Mexico if the country needed him.

POLICE RAID SUFFRAGETTES

Arrest Editors and Capture Offices of Suffragette Publication.

London—In pursuance of the determination of the government fully to test the efficiency of the existing laws to deal with the latest tactics of the militant suffragettes, before resorting to special legislation to make the funds of the suffragette societies liable for damages done by their members, the police raided the offices of the Women's Social and Political Union.

They arrested Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Pethick Lawrence, joint editors of "Votes for Women." The police also arrested later in the night Miss Christabel Pankhurst. They took possession of the offices.

The leaders of the union are charged with being responsible for the latest window smashing campaign. Presumably they will be tried under the conspiracy laws. Members of the union said the new departure of inflicting hard labor sentences upon those convicted of taking part in the recent demonstration and in arresting the leaders would produce a bigger crop of volunteers for militant work.

The weakness of the suffragette cause, however, is seen in the fact that the great majority of women denounce the militant actions, which they assert are being carried too far. There is ample evidence that the recent window smashing has alienated public sympathy.

While the militant suffragettes were vainly trying to break through the cordon of police about Parliament Square, 200 militant students organized a raid on the suffragette premises, to pay them back in their own coin. Marching to the building occupied by the Women's Press in Charing Cross road, where there was a big display of suffragette literature, they bombarded it with stones, smashing all the windows, to an accompaniment of cheers from delighted spectators.

Packers' Defense Near.

Chicago—The government rested its case in the trial of the ten meat packers charged with criminal violation of the Sherman law. The trial was shortened materially when both sides agreed to have read to the jury stipulated corporate statements, describing the organization and financial condition of the four companies controlled by the defendants. The first statement was that of Armour & Co. It showed that the company was incorporated in 1900 with a capital stock of \$20,000,000 and has a surplus of \$70,000,000.

Dynamiting Inquiry Expands.

Los Angeles—That the alleged national dynamite conspiracy investigation might be more general than heretofore was indicated by the presence of witnesses from widely separated sections of the United States. Among those who were called before the body were residents of St. Louis, Indianapolis, Chicago and Seattle. H. W. Pohlenman, business agent of the Ironworkers in Seattle, was served with an order to produce books and records of the Seattle Ironworkers for the inspection of the grand jurors.

Finder of Money Loses.

Kansas City—A. W. Foster cannot have the money he picked up on the floor of a Kansas City safe deposit company. The court of appeals declared the money should remain with the deposit company. Foster upon finding \$180 on the vault floor turned it over to the officers of the company. No owner for the money was found and he brought suit to recover it. A jury awarded him the find and the deposit company appealed.

Chinese Looters Spare Foreigners.

Pekin—Chang Ting Fu, an important city on the railroad about 160 miles southwest of Peking, has been added to the list of places which have been looted and burned. No details have reached here, but it is thought there need be no fear for foreigners there, because the mutineers everywhere are observing the same rule of not touching strangers.



SYNOPSIS.

Howard Jeffries, banker's son, under the evil influence of Robert Underwood, a fellow-student at Yale, leads a life of dissipation, marries the daughter of a gambler who died in prison, and is disgraced by his father. He tries to get work and fails. His former college chum makes a business proposition to Howard which requires a big cash, and Howard, who has been repulsed by Howard's wife, Annie, in his college days, and had once been engaged to Alicia, Howard's stepmother, has a desperate scheme. He asks Underwood to ask Underwood for the \$2,000 he needs. Underwood, taking advantage of his intimacy with Mrs. Jeffries, becomes a sort of social highwayman. Discovering his true character she denies him the house. Alicia receives a note from Underwood, threatening suicide. Art decides for whom to go, acting as commissioner, demand an accounting. He cannot make good. Howard Jeffries is in an intoxicated condition. He asks Underwood for \$2,000 and is told by the latter that he is in debt up to his ears. Howard drinks himself into a maudlin condition, and goes to sleep on a divan. A car is announced and Underwood draws a screen around the drunken man. Underwood promises to give him a promise from him that he will not take his life, pointing to the disgrace that would attach to herself. Underwood refuses to promise unless she will renew her patronage. She refuses to do so. Underwood kills himself. The report of the pistol awakens Howard. He stumbles over the dead body of Underwood. Realizing his predicament he attempts to flee and is met by Underwood's valet.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

Howard was at no time an athlete, and now, contrasted with the burly policeman, a colossus in strength, he seemed like a puny boy. His cringing, frightened attitude, as he looked up in the captain's bulldog face, was pathetic. The crowd of bystanders could hardly contain their eagerness to take in every detail of the dramatic situation. The prisoner was sober by this time, and thoroughly alarmed.

"What do you want me for?" he cried. "I haven't done anything. The man's dead, but I didn't kill him."

"Shut your mouth!" growled the captain. Dragging Howard after him, he threw his weight on the elevator. "You're my prisoner into the cage, he turned to give orders to his subordinate. "Maloney, you come with me and bring Officer Delaney." Addressing the other men, he said: "You other fellows look after things down here. Don't let any of these people come upstairs." Then, turning to the elevator boy, he gave the command: "Up with her."

The elevator, with its passengers, shot upward, stopped with a jerk at the fourteenth floor, and the captain, once more laying a brutal hand on Howard, pushed him out into the corridor.

If it could be said of Capt. Clinton that he had any system at all, it was to be as brutal as possible with everybody unlucky enough to fall into his hands. Instead of regarding his prisoners as innocent until found guilty, as they are justly entitled to be regarded under the law, he took the directly opposite stand. He considered all his prisoners as guilty as hell until they had succeeded in proving themselves innocent. Even then he had his doubts. When a jury brought in a verdict of acquittal, he shook his head and growled. He had the greatest contempt for a jury that would acquit and the warmest regard for a jury which convicted. He bullied and maltreated his prisoners because he firmly believed in undermining their moral and physical resistance. When by depriving them of sleep and food, by choking them, clubbing them and frightening them he had reduced them to a state of nervous terror, to the border of physical collapse, he knew by experience that they would no longer be in condition to withstand his merciless cross-examinations. Demoralized, unstrung, they would blurt out the truth and so convict themselves. The ends of justice would thus be served.

Capt. Clinton prided himself on the thorough manner in which he conducted these examinations of persons under arrest. It was a laborious ordeal, but always successful. He owed his present position on the force to the skill with which he browbeat his prisoners into "confessions." With his "third degree" séances he arrived at results better and more quickly than in any other way. All his convictions had been secured by this method. The press and meddling busybodies called his system barbarous, a revival of the old-time torture chamber. What did he care what the people said as long as he convicted his man? Wasn't that what he was paid for? He was there to find the murderer, and he was going to do it.

He pushed his way into the apartment, followed closely by Maloney and the other policemen, who dragged along the unhappy Howard. The dead man still lay where he had fallen. Capt. Clinton stooped down, but made no attempt to touch the corpse, merely satisfying himself that Underwood was dead. Then, after a casual survey of the room, he said to his sergeant: "We won't touch a thing, Maloney, till the coroner arrives. He'll be here any minute, and he'll give the order for the undertaker. You can call up headquarters so the newspaper boys get the story."

While the sergeant went to the telephone to carry out these orders, Capt. Clinton turned to look at Howard, who had collapsed, white and trembling, in to a chair. "What do you want with me?" cried Howard appealingly. "I assure you I had nothing to do with this. My wife's expecting me home. Can't I go?" "Shut up!" thundered the captain. His arms folded, his eyes sternly fixed upon him, Capt. Clinton stood confronting the unfortunate youth,

The THIRD DEGREE

By CHARLES KLEIN AND ARTHUR HORNBLow



The Persistence of His Stare Made Howard Squirm.

staring at him without saying a word. The persistence of his stare made Howard squirm. It was decidedly unpleasant. He did not mind the detention so much as this man's overbearing, bullying manner. He knew he was innocent, therefore he had nothing to fear. But why was this police captain staring at him so? This behavior was his, whichever way his eyes turned, he saw this bulldog-faced policeman staring silently at him. Unknown to him, Capt. Clinton had already begun the dreaded police ordeal known as the "third degree."

CHAPTER IX.

Fifteen minutes passed without a word being spoken. There was deep silence in the room. It was so quiet that once could have heard a pin drop. Had a disinterested spectator been there to witness it, he would have been at once impressed by the dramatic tableau presented—the dead man on the floor, his white shirt front spattered with blood, the cringing, frightened boy crouching in the chair, the towering figure of the police captain sitting sternly eyeing his hapless prisoner, and at the far end of the room Detective Sergeant Maloney busy sending hurried messages through the telephone. "What did you do it for?" thundered the captain suddenly.

Howard's tongue cleft his palate. He could scarcely articulate. He was innocent, of course, but there was something in this man's manner which made him fear that he might, after all, have had something to do with the tragedy. Yet he was positive that he was asleep on the bed all the time. The question is, would anybody believe him? He shook his head pathetically. "I didn't do it. Really, I didn't."

"Shut your mouth! You're lying, and you know you're lying. Wait till the coroner comes. We'll fix you." Again there was silence, and now began a long, tedious wait, both men retaining the same positions, the captain watching his prisoner as a cat watches a mouse.

Howard's mental anguish was almost unendurable. He thought of his poor wife who must be waiting up for him all this time, wondering what had become of him. She would imagine the worst, and there was no telling what she might do. If only he could get word to her. Perhaps she would be able to explain things. Then he thought of his father. They had quarreled, it was true, but after all it was his own flesh and blood. At such a critical situation as this, one forgets. His father could hardly refuse to come to his assistance. He must get a lawyer, too, to protect his interests. This police captain had no right to detain him like this. He must get word to Annie without delay. Summoning up all his courage, he said boldly: "You are detaining me here without warrant in law. I know my rights. I am the son of one of the most influential men in the city."

"What's your name?" growled the captain. "Howard Jeffries." "Son of Howard Jeffries, the banker?" Howard nodded. "Yes." The captain turned to his sergeant. "Maloney, this fellow says he's the son of Howard Jeffries, the banker." Maloney leaned over and whispered something in the captain's ear. The captain smiled grimly. "So you're a bad character, eh? Father turned you out of doors, eh? Where's that girl you ran away with?" Sharply he added: "You see I know your record."

"I've done nothing I'm ashamed of," replied Howard calmly. "I married the girl. She's waiting my return now. Won't you please let me send her a message?" The captain eyed Howard suspiciously for a moment, then he turned to his sergeant:

A NARRATIVE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE



of doors. There is no question about his guilt. Look at his hands. We caught him trying to get away."

The coroner rose. He believed in doing things promptly. "I congratulate you, captain. Quick work like this ought to do your reputation good. The community owes a debt to the officers of the law if they succeed in apprehending criminals quickly. You've been getting some pretty hard knocks lately, but I guess you know your business."

The captain grinned broadly. "I guess I do. Don't we, Maloney?" "Yes, cap," said Maloney, quietly. The coroner turned to go. "Well, there's nothing more for me to do here. The man is dead. Let justice take its course." Addressing the undertaker, he said: "You can remove the body."

The men set about the work immediately. Carrying the corpse into the inner room, they commenced the work of laying it out.

"I suppose," said the coroner, "that you'll take your prisoner immediately to the station house, and before the magistrate to-morrow morning?" "Not just yet," grinned the captain. "I want to put a few questions to him first."

The coroner smiled. "You're going to put him through the 'third degree,' eh? Every one's heard of your star-chamber ordeals. Are they really so dreadful?" "Nonsense!" laughed the captain. "We wouldn't harm a baby, would we, Maloney?"

The sergeant quickly indorsed his chief's opinion. "No, cap."

Turning to go, the coroner said: "Well, good-night, captain." "Good-night, Mr. Coroner."

Howard listened to all this like one transfixed. They seemed to be talking about him, but he was discussing some frightful ordeal of which he was to be a victim. What was this 'third degree' they were talking about? Now he remembered. He had heard of innocent men being bullied, maltreated, deprived of food and sleep for days, in order to force them to tell what the police were anxious to find out. He had heard of secret assaults, of midnight clubbings, of prisoners being choked and brutally kicked by a gang of ruffianly policemen, in order to force them into some damaging admission. A chill ran down his spine as he realized his utter helplessness. If he could only get word to a lawyer. Just as the coroner was disappearing through the door, he darted forward and laid a hand on his arm.

"Mr. Coroner, won't you listen to me?" he exclaimed. The coroner started, drew back. "I cannot interfere," he said coldly. "Mr. Underwood was a friend of mine," explained Howard. "I came here to borrow money. I fell asleep on that sofa. When I woke up he was dead. I was frightened. I tried to get away. That's the truth, so help me God!"

The coroner looked at him sternly and made no reply. No one could ever reproach him with sympathizing with criminals. Waving his hand at Capt. Clinton, he said: "Good-night, captain." "Good-night, Mr. Coroner."

The door slammed and Capt. Clinton, with a twist of his powerful arm, yanked his prisoner back into his seat. Howard protested.

"You've got no right to treat me like this. You exceed your powers. I demand to be taken before a magistrate at once."

The captain grinned, and pointed to the clock. "Say, young fellow, see our time it is? Two-thirty a. m. Our good magistrates are all comfy in their virtuous beds. We'll have to wait till morning."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Profitable Glass Eye.

"Nobody is going to poke out a good eye just for the sake of getting a glass eye," said the city salesman, "but I know a man who makes money on his glass eye. He goes to Europe three times a year on business. While there he does a little trading in jewels as a side line. It is on the home-goods trip that he turns his glass eye to good account. In the cavity back of it he carries two or three small but valuable diamonds. Half the duty saved is his commission on these stones alone. The customs inspectors have never got on to him. Naturally they can't go around jabbing their fingers into people's eyes."—New York Sun.

A Chance in Any Case.

Muriel (letting him down easy)—I should advise you not to take it to heart. I might prove a most undesirable wife. Marriage is a lottery, you know. Malcolm (bitterly)—It strikes me as more like a raffle. One man gets the prize and the others get the shake.—Smart Set.

Men and Kings.

The people may be able to follow; they cannot be made to understand. The king's mind is the wind, and grass are the middle of the people; whether the wind blows, thither the grass bends.—Confucius

Calm Face in Danger.

Mr. Jepson is a calm man, not easily upset. On one occasion as his motor car had come to a sudden stop he crawled beneath to see what was the matter. Somehow or other some gasolin ignited. A fierce burst of flame and smoke came forth, enveloping Mr. Jepson.

In the midst of the excitement he walked to one side, with his usual slow and regular step. His face was black, his eyebrows and eyelashes were singed, and what was left of his hair and beard was a sight to behold. Some one brought a mirror, and he had a look at himself. As usual, however, he took matter philosophically. "Well," he said, slowly and deliberately, "I was needing a shave and my hair cut anyway."

Manners. What a rare gift is that of manners! How difficult to define, how much more difficult to impart! Better for a man to possess them than wealth, beauty or talent! They will more than supply all.—Bulwer Lytton.

Fateful Premonition.

A little English girl named Frances Cole wrote in her book at school: "This is my last sun." The next day she died.

Aid to the Hearing. It is said by anatomists that people hear better with their mouths open.