

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.

Senatorial inquiry into the Titanic disaster is about ended.

Federal suit to dissolve the harvest trust has been filed at St. Paul, Minn.

Secretary Knox is en route to the Pacific coast, via Atlanta and New Orleans.

The Mississippi river is again rising and has reached the danger point at St. Louis.

American residents in Western Mexico are leaving as rapidly as they can find means of travel.

Yuan Shi Kai, in a message to the senate of the new Chinese republic, urges progress and modernization.

The spring cleanup is now on in Alaska, the earliest ever known. Gold shipments will begin in June.

The Interstate Commerce commission has ruled that "tap lines" or "feeders" are not common carriers.

The Chicago Daily Socialist has suspended publication after a five years' fight against the "capitalist system."

Senator Works says that under the laws of New York, Christ would be punished for practicing healing there.

An explosion in a coal mine in Japan has entombed 283 miners, and there is small chance that any are alive.

Thirty of the rifles shipped to American residents in Mexico City were seized by the Mexican authorities while being distributed, but were later returned, without explanation.

Jules Vedrine, France's most famous aviator, fell while trying to make a new record flight and suffered a compound fracture of the skull. There is little chance for his recovery.

A parade of work horses will be a feature of the Portland Rose Festival in June.

It is shown that Moorish women were ringleaders in the torture and massacre of the French legation at Fez.

Six thousand Mexican rebels under General Orozco are fully equipped and ready for battle.

Estimates of flood losses in 11 parishes in Northwest Louisiana set the damage at \$11,000,000.

C. D. Hillman was recognized from an old photograph in the Rogues' Gallery when he reached the penitentiary at McNeill's island.

A Portland streetcar conductor had his little finger torn off by catching in the harness of a team which his car was passing in close quarters.

The British people are beginning to resent the holding of British subjects in this country by the senate committee investigating the Titanic disaster.

A cyclone struck a Union Pacific passenger train in Nebraska and blew the entire train, except the engine, from the track, injuring twenty persons.

Students at the high school at Palouse, Wash., mutinied and forced the superintendent to reinstate a student who had been expelled for break of discipline.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Track prices: Bluestem, \$1.08; red Russian, \$1.01; valley, \$1.03; forty-fold, \$1.03.

Millstuffs—Bran, \$24 per ton; shorts, \$26; middlings, \$31.

Corn—Whole, \$39; cracked, \$40 per ton.

Hay—Timothy, \$16@17 per ton; alfalfa, \$12.50@13; clover, \$8.50; oats and vetch, \$10.50@11; grain hay, \$9.

Oats—No. 1 white, \$39@40 per ton.

Fresh Fruits—Strawberries, \$2@3 per crate; cranberries, \$10@11.50 per barrel; apples, \$1.25@1.35 per box.

Potatoes—Jobbing prices: Burbanks, old, \$1.50@1.65 per hundred; new California, 5c per pound; sweet potatoes, \$3.25 per crate.

Onions—Bermuda, \$3@3.50 per crate.

Vegetables—Artichokes, 75¢@90¢ per dozen; asparagus, California, \$1.75 per crate; beans, 7½¢ per pound; cabbage, 4¢; cauliflower, \$2.75 per crate; celery, 35¢@40¢; cucumbers, \$2@2.50 per dozen; eggplant, 25¢ per pound; head lettuce, \$2 per crate; hothouse lettuce, 75¢@81¢ per box; peas, 10¢ per pound; peppers, 25¢; radishes, 30¢ per dozen; rhubarb, 2½¢ per pound; spinach, \$1.15 @1.25 per box; tomatoes, \$3.50 per box; garlic, 80¢@1.00 per pound; turnips, \$1@1.10 per sack; beets, \$1.50; rutabagas, \$1@1.10; carrots, \$1.

Butter—Oregon creamery butter, solid pack, 26¢ per pound.

Eggs—Fresh Oregon ranch, candled, 21¢ per dozen; case count, 20½¢.

Pork—Fancy, 10½@11¢ per pound.

Poultry—Hens, 16¢ per pound; springs, 15½¢; broilers, 25¢@30¢; ducks, 20¢; geese, 11¢; turkeys, live, 20¢; dressed, 25¢.

Hops—1911 crop, 39@39½¢; olds, nominal; 1912 contracts, 24@25¢.

Wool—Eastern Oregon, 10¢@17½¢ per pound; valley, 18¢@19¢; mohair, choice, 35¢@36¢.

Cattle—Choice steers, \$6.50@7.20; good, \$6.25@6.40; medium, \$4@6.25; choice cows, \$5.50@6.25; good, \$5@5.50; medium, \$4.50@5; choice calves, \$5.80@8.85; good heavy calves, \$6@8.50; bulls, \$3.50@5.50; stags, \$4.75@6.35.

Hogs—Light, \$8@8.40; heavy, \$6.50@7.50.

Sheep—Yearlings, \$4.60@5.60; wethers, \$5@5.50; ewes, \$4@5; lambs, \$4.50@6; spring lambs, \$6@7.50.



The THIRD DEGREE

A NARRATIVE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE
By CHARLES KLEIN AND ARTHUR HORNBLow
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS



SYNOPSIS.
Howard Jeffries, banker's son, under the evil influence of Robert Underwood, fellow-student who leads a life of dissipation, marries the daughter of a gambler who died in prison, and is disowned by his father. He is out of work and in desperate straits. Underwood, who had once been engaged to Howard's stepmother, Alicia, is apparently in prosperous circumstances. Taking advantage of his intimacy with Alicia, he becomes a sort of social highwayman. Discovering his true character, Alicia denounces him to her father. He sends her a note threatening suicide. Art dealers for whom he acted as commissioner, demand an accounting. He cannot make good. Howard calls at his apartments in an intoxicated condition to request a loan of \$2,000 to enable him to take up a business proposition. Howard drinks himself into a maudlin condition and goes to sleep on a divan. A caller is announced and Underwood draws a screen around the drunken sleeper. Alicia enters. She demands a promise from Underwood that he will not take her name. He refuses unless she will renew her promise. This she refuses, and takes her leave. Underwood kills himself. The report of the pistol awakens Howard. He finds Underwood dead. Howard is turned over to the police. Capt. Clinton, notorious for his brutal treatment of prisoners, puts Howard through the third degree, and finally extracts an alleged confession from the harassed man. Annie, Howard's wife, declares her belief in her husband's innocence, and calls on Jeffries, Sr. He refuses to help unless she will consent to a divorce. To save Howard she consents, but when she finds that the elder Jeffries does not intend to stand by his son, except financially, she seeks his help. Annie appeals Judge Brewster for Jeffries, Sr., to take Howard's case. He declines. It is reported that Annie is going on the stage. The banker and his wife call on Judge Brewster to find some way to prevent it. Annie again pleads with Brewster to defend Howard. He consents. Alicia is greatly agitated when she learns that Brewster has taken the case and detectives are looking for the woman who called on Underwood the night of his death. Alicia confesses to Annie that she has a letter from Underwood threatening suicide.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

"It's Your Duty to Do It."

The lawyer shook his head doubtfully. "Well, see what you can do," cried the banker. To his wife he said: "Are you coming, Alicia?"

"Just a moment, dear," she replied. "I want to say a word to the judge."

"All right," replied the banker. "I'll be outside." He opened the door, and as he did so he turned to the lawyer: "If there are any new developments let me know at once."

He left the office and Alicia breathed a sigh of relief. She did not love her husband, but she feared him. He was not only 20 years her senior, but his cold, aristocratic manner intimidated her. Her first impulse had been to tell him everything, but she dare not. His manner discouraged her. He would begin to ask questions, questions which she could not answer without seriously incriminating herself. But her conscience would not allow her to stand entirely aloof from the tragedy in which her husband's scapegrace son was involved. She felt a strange, unaccountable desire to meet this girl Howard had married. In a quick undertone to the lawyer, she said:

"I must see that woman, Judge. I think I can persuade her to change her course of action. In any case I must see her, I must—"

Looking at him questioning, she said: "You don't think it inadvisable, do you?"

The judge smiled grimly. "I think I'd better see her first," he said. "Suppose you come back a little later. It's more than probable that she'll be here this afternoon. I'll see her and arrange for an interview."

There was a knock at the door, and Alicia started guiltily, thinking her husband might have overheard their conversation. The head clerk entered and whispered something to the judge, after which he retired. The lawyer turned to Alicia with a smile.

"It's just as I thought," he said, pleasantly. "She's out there now. You'd better go and leave her to me."

The door opened again unceremoniously, and Mr. Jeffries put in his head: "Aren't you coming, Alicia?" he demanded, impatiently. In a lower voice to the lawyer, he added: "Say, Brewster, that woman is outside in your office. Now is your opportunity to come to some arrangement with her."

Again Mrs. Jeffries held out her hand. "Good-by, Judge; you're so kind! It needs a lot of patience to be a lawyer, doesn't it?"

Judge Brewster laughed, and added in an undertone: "Come back by and by."

The door closed, and the lawyer went back to his desk. For a few moments he sat still plunged in deep thought. Suddenly, he touched a bell. The head clerk entered.

"Show Mrs. Howard Jeffries, Jr., in." The clerk looked surprised. Strict orders hitherto had been to show the unwelcome visitor out. He believed that he had not heard aright.

"Did you say Mrs. Jeffries, Jr., Judge?"

"I said Mrs. Jeffries, Jr.," replied the lawyer, grimly.

"Very well, Judge," said the clerk, as he left the room.

Presently there was a timid knock at the door.

"Come in!" called out the lawyer.

Ann entered the presence of the famous lawyer pale and ill at ease. This sudden summons to Judge Brewster's private office was so unexpected that it came like a shock. For days she had haunted the premises, sitting in the outer office for hours at a time exposed to the stars and covered smiles of thoughtless clerks and office boys. Her requests for an interview had been met with curt refusals. They either said the judge



banker had come out accompanied by a richly-dressed woman whom she guessed to be his wife.

She looked with much interest at Howard's stepmother. She had heard so much about her that it seemed to her that she knew her personally. As Alicia swept proudly by, the eyes of the two women met, and Annie was surprised to see in the banker's wife's face, instead of the cold, haughty stare she expected, a wistful, longing look, as if she would like to stop and talk with her, but dare not. In another instant she was gone, and obeying a clerk, who beckoned her to follow him, she entered Judge Brewster's office.

The lawyer looked up as she came in, but did not move from his seat. Gruffy he said:

"How long do you intend to keep up this system of warfare? How long are you going to continue forcing your way into this office?"

"I didn't force my way in," she said, quietly. "I didn't expect to come in. The clerk said you wanted to see me."

The lawyer frowned and scrutinized her closely. After a pause, he said: "I want to tell you for the fiftieth time I can do nothing for you."

"Fifty" she echoed. "Fifty did you say? Really, it doesn't seem that much."

Judge Brewster looked at her quickly to see if she was laughing at him. Almost peevishly, he said:

"For the last time, I repeat I can do nothing for you."

"Not the last time, Judge," she replied, shaking her head. "I shall come again to-morrow."

The lawyer swung around in his chair with indignation. "You will—?"

Annie nodded.

"Yes, sir," she said, quietly. "You're determined to force your way in here?" exclaimed the lawyer.

"Yes, sir."

The judge banged the desk with his fist.

"But I won't allow it! I have something to say, you know! I can't permit this to go on. I represent my client, Mr. Howard Jeffries, Sr., and he won't consent to my taking up your husband's case."

There was a shade of sarcasm in Annie's voice as she asked calmly: "Can't you do it without his consent?"

The lawyer looked at her grimly. "I can," he blurted out, "but I won't."

Her eyes flashed as she replied quickly.

"Well, you ought to—"

The lawyer looked up in amazement.

"What do you mean?" he demanded. "It's your duty to do it," she said, quietly. "Your duty to his son, to me, and to Mr. Jeffries himself. Why, he's so eaten up with his family pride and false principles that he can't see the difference between right and wrong. You're his lawyer. It's your duty to put him right. It's downright wicked of you to refuse—you're hurting him. Why, when I was hunting around for a lawyer one of them actually refused to take up the case because he said old Brewster must think Howard was guilty or he'd have taken it up himself. You and his father are putting the whole world against him, and you know it."

The judge was staggered. No one in his recollection had ever dared to speak to him like that. He was so astonished that he forgot to resent it, and he hid his confusion by taking out his handkerchief and mopping his forehead.

"I do know it," he admitted.

"Then why do you do it?" she snapped.

The lawyer hesitated, and then he said:

"I—that's not the question."

Annie leaped quickly forward, and she replied:

"It's my question—and as you say, I've asked it 50 times."

The lawyer sat back in his chair and looked at her for a moment without speaking. He surveyed her critically from head to foot, and then, as if satisfied with his examination, said:

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Fine Fox Hunt Without Witnesses

The East Essex hounds had a remarkable run recently. A fox which they had hunted through the village of Bradwell swam the Blackwater, and the pack followed, but the depth of water and the dangerous banks prevented the field from crossing. They had to go for two miles along the bank until they reached a bridge, and by the time they had crossed fox and pack had vanished. After a search of three hours the bounds were found ten miles from the place where they had crossed the river whithering round a barn at Chalkey Wood, beneath which the fox had gone to earth.

Mr. R. D. Hill, the master, called the bounds off and gave the fox a respite for the splendid run he had given. "The best 59 minutes the East Essex have had this season," was the description of Cockayne, the

huntman, "although there was no one riding with the hounds and no witness of their performance."—London Evening Standard.

Triumph for Americans.
The English hostess for various reasons, the principal one being that she cannot help herself, now accepts the invasion of her American sister, the magnificence of her entertainments and the wonderful individuality of her costumes with equanimity, says a writer. The days are long since past when the American woman had difficulty in making a place for herself in English society, and past also are the days when she was treated as a curiosity and expected to act and talk after the manner of the immortal Daisy Miller. Nowadays she reigns supreme. In fact, it is fashionable to be American.