



The Third Degree

A NARRATIVE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE

By CHARLES KLEIN
AND
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ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

"The disgrace!—the disgrace!—it's the ruin—degradation!—the end of everything!—the end of everything!" Annie regarded with contempt this poor, weak, walling creature who lacked the moral courage to do what was merely right. Her voice was not unkind as she said:

"I don't want to disgrace you—or ruin you. But what am I to do—tell me, what am I to do?"

"I don't know," moaned her companion helplessly.

"Howard must be saved."

"Yes."

"Will you tell Judge Brewster or shall I?"

"Judge Brewster! Why should he know?" cried Alicia, startled. More composedly and as if resigned to the inevitable, she went on: "Yes, I suppose he must know sooner or later, but, I—"

She broke down again and burst into tears. Annie watched her in silence.

"It's tough— isn't it?" she said sympathetically.

"Yes," sobbed Alicia through her tears. "It's— it's tough!" Rising, she dried her eyes and said hastily: "Don't say anything now. Give me a few hours. Then I can think what is best to be done."

Annie was about to reply when the office door suddenly opened and Judge Brewster entered. Addressing Alicia, he said:

"Pardon me, Mrs. Jeffries, I hope I

"Pray don't trouble. Good morning, sir."

As Alicia followed her husband out, she turned and whispered to Annie: "Come and see me at my home."

When she had disappeared the judge came back into the room and sat down at his desk.

"Well, that's done!" he exclaimed with a sigh of relief. Rummaging for a moment among his papers, he looked up and said with an encouraging smile:

"Now, if you please, we will go over that evidence—bit by bit."

"The news that Judge Brewster would appear for the defendant at the approaching trial of Howard Jeffries went through the town like wildfire, and caused an immediate revival in the public interest, which was beginning to slacken for want of hourly stimulation. Rumor said that there had been a complete reconciliation in the Jeffries family, that the banker was now convinced of his son's innocence, and was determined to spend a fortune, if necessary, to save him. This and other reports of similar nature were all untrue, but the judge let them pass without contradiction. They were harmless, he chuckled, and if anything, helped Howard's cause. Meantime he himself had not been idle. When once he made up his mind to do a thing he was not con-

tal was a foregone conclusion. No pleased was the judge at Annie's find that he did not insist on knowing the woman's name. He saw that Annie preferred, for some reason, not to give it—even to her legal adviser—and he let her have her way, exacting only that the woman should be produced the instant he needed her. The young woman readily assented. Of course, there remained the "confession," but that had been obtained unfairly, if not illegally, fraudulently. The next important step was to arrange a meeting at the judge's house at which Dr. Bernstein, the hypnotic expert, would be present and to which should be invited both Capt. Clinton and Howard's father. In front of all these witnesses the judge would accuse the police captain of broaching his prisoner into making an untrue confession. Perhaps the captain could be argued into admitting the possibility of a mistake having been made. If, further, he could be convinced of the existence of cogent documentary evidence showing that Underwood really committed suicide he might be willing to recede from his position in order to protect himself. At any rate it was worth trying. The judge insisted, also, that to this meeting the mysterious woman witness should also come, to be produced at such a moment as the lawyer might consider opportune. Annie merely demurred a few hours' time so she could make the appointment and soon returned with a solemn promise that the woman would attend the meeting and come forward at whatever moment called upon.

Three evenings later there was an impressive gathering at Judge Brewster's residence. The handsomely appointed library on the second floor was seated Dr. Bernstein, Mr. Jeffries and the judge. Each was absorbed in his own thoughts. Dr. Bernstein was puffing at a big black cigar; the banker stared vacantly into space. The judge, at his desk, examined some legal papers. Not a word was spoken. They seemed to be waiting for a fourth man who had not yet arrived. Presently Judge Brewster looked up and said:

"Gentlemen, I expect Capt. Clinton in a few minutes, and the matter will be placed before you."

Mr. Jeffries frowned. It was great against his wish that he had been dragged to this conference. Peevishly, he said:

"I've no wish to be present at the meeting. You know that and yet you sent for me."

Judge Brewster looked up at him quickly and said quietly yet decisively:

"Mr. Jeffries, it is absolutely necessary that you be present when I tell Capt. Clinton that he has either wilfully or ignorantly forced your son to confess to having committed a crime of which I am persuaded he is absolutely innocent."

The banker shrugged his shoulders. "I can be of service, of course. I—I am only too glad—but what can I do?"

"Nothing," replied the judge curtly. "But the moral effect of your presence is invaluable." More amiably he went on: "Believe me, Jeffries, I wouldn't have taken this step unless I was absolutely sure of my position. I have been informed that Underwood committed suicide, and to-night evidence confirming this statement is to be placed in my hands. The woman who paid him his death has promised to come here and tell us what she knows. Now if Capt. Clinton can be got to admit the possibility of his being mistaken it means that your son will be free in a few days."

"Who has given you this information?" demanded the banker skeptically.

"Howard's wife," answered the judge quietly. The banker started and the lawyer went on: "She knows who the woman is, and has promised to bring her here to-night with documentary proof of Underwood's suicide."

"You are depending on her?" he sneered.

"Why not?" demanded the judge. "She has more at stake than any of us. She has worked day and night on this case. It was she who aroused Dr. Bernstein's interest and persuaded him to collect the evidence against Capt. Clinton."

The banker frowned.

"She is the cause of the whole miserable business," he growled.

The door opened and the butler, entering, handed his master a card. "Ah!" ejaculated the judge. "Here's our man! Show him up."

When the servant had disappeared Mr. Jeffries turned to his host. With a show of irritation he said:

"I think you put too much faith in that woman, but you'll find out—you'll find out."

Judge Brewster smiled.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Each Was Absorbed In His Own Thoughts.

haven't kept you waiting." Noticing her agitation and traces of tears, he looked surprised. He made no comment but turned to Annie:

"I have been talking to Dr. Bernstein over the phone."

Annie approached him softly and said in a whisper:

"I've told Mrs. Jeffries that you have undertaken Howard's defense."

Judge Brewster smiled at his wealthy client, almost apologetically, Annie thought. Then addressing her, he said:

"Yes, I've been quite busy since I saw you. I have put three of the best detectives we have on the trail of the woman who visited Underwood that night. I don't think the police have been trying very hard to find her. They're satisfied with Howard's confession. But we want her and we'll get her—"

"Oh!" gasped Alicia.

The judge was proceeding to tell of other steps he had taken when the door opened and the head clerk entered, followed by Mr. Jeffries.

"I told Mrs. Jeffries that Mrs. Jeffries was here," said the clerk.

"You might have told him that there were two Mrs. Jeffries here," laughed the judge.

The clerk retired and the banker, completely ignoring the presence of his daughter-in-law, turned to his wife and said:

"I regret, my dear, that you should be subjected to these family annoyances."

Judge Brewster came forward and cleared his throat as if preliminary to something important he had to say. Addressing the banker, he said boldly:

"Mr. Jeffries, I have decided to undertake Howard's defense."

His aristocratic client was taken completely by surprise. For a moment he could say nothing, but simply stared at the lawyer as if unable to believe his ears. With an effort, he at last exclaimed:

"Indeed!—then you will please consider our business relations to have ceased from this moment."

The lawyer bowed.

"As you please," he said suavely. The banker turned to his wife.

"Alicia—come."

He offered his arm and turned toward the door. Alicia, in distress, looked back at Annie, who nodded reassuringly to her. Judge Brewster rose and, going to the door, opened it. The banker bowed stiffly and said:

ment with half measures. Night and day he worked on the case, preparing evidence, seeing witnesses and experts, until he had gradually built up a bulwark of defense which the police would find difficult to tear down. Yet he was not wholly reassured as to the outcome until Annie, the day following the interview in his office, informed him breathlessly that she had found the mysterious woman. The judge was duly elated; now it was plain sailing, indeed! There had always been the possibility that Howard's confession to the police was true, that he had really killed Underwood. But now they had found the one important witness, the mysterious woman who was in the apartment a few minutes before the shooting and who was in possession of a letter in which Underwood declared his intention of shooting himself, doubt was no longer possible. Acquit-

"Ah! I begin to understand. You know Robert Underwood? Howard knows your voice—he heard you—tell him—Oh, Mrs. Jeffries! Are you the woman who visited his apartments that night?"

The banker's wife bowed her head and collapsed on a chair.

"Yes," she murmured in a low tone. Annie looked at her in amazement.

"Why didn't you come forward at once?" she cried. "Think of the pain which you might have spared us!"

Alicia covered her face with her handkerchief. She was crying now.

"The disgrace—the disgrace!" she moaned.

"Disgrace!" echoed Annie, stupefied. Indignantly, she went on: "Disgrace—to you? But what of me and Howard?"

"Can't you realize what it means to be associated with such a crime?" she wailed.

"Disgrace!" cried Annie contemptuously. "What is disgrace when a human life is at stake?"

"It seemed so useless," moaned Alicia—"a useless sacrifice in the face of Howard's confession. Of course—if I'd known—I'd suspected what you told me—I'd have come forward and told everything—no matter at what cost." Tearfully she added: "Sincerely you realize the position it puts me in?"

A new light shone in Annie's eyes. What was this woman's misery to her? Her duty was to the poor fellow who was counting the hours until she could set him free. His stepmother deserved no mercy. Utterly selfish, devoid of a spark of humanity, she would have left them both to perish in order to protect herself from shame and ridicule. Her face was set and determined as she said calmly:

"It must be done now."

"Yes," murmured Alicia in a low tone that sounded like a sob, "it must be done now! Oh, if I'd only done it before—if I'd only told Mr. Jeffries the whole truth! You speak of Howard's sufferings. If he didn't do it, he has at least the consciousness of his own innocence, but I—the constant fear of being found out is worse than any hell the imagination can conjure up. I dread it—I dread it now—it means disgrace—social ostracism—my husband must know—the whole world will know."

Annie was not listening. Still bewildered, she gazed with the utmost astonishment at her companion. To think that this mysterious woman that had been seeking was Howard's stepmother.

"So you're the missing witness we have all been hunting for!" she said; "I can't believe it even now. How did it happen?"

"He and I were once engaged. I broke it off when I found him out. After I married Mr. Jeffries I met Underwood again. Foolishly, I allowed the old intimacy to be renewed. He took advantage and preyed on my friends. I forbade him my house. He wrote me a letter in which he threatened to kill himself. I was afraid he meant it. I wanted to prevent him. I went to his rooms that night. I didn't tell Mr. Jeffries. When the truth is known and I know that I visited this man—what a fuss there'll be. Everybody will put the worst construction on it—"

"Trust them for that!" said Annie grimly. She was sorry for the woman's distress, yet, being only human, she felt a certain sense of satisfaction in seeing her suffer a little of what she had been made to suffer.

"They'll say that I—God, knows what they'll say!" went on Alicia distractedly. "My husband will be dragged through the mire of another public scandal—his social prestige will—oh, I dare not think of it—I know—my duty is to that unfortunate boy. I mustn't think of myself."

"Have you the letter that Mr. Underwood wrote you?" demanded her companion.

"Yes—I've never been able to destroy it. I don't know why I kept it, but thank God I have it!" Moaning, she went on:

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MEXICANS WARNED BACK.

Rebels 'Charge Americans, But Bold Front Stops Them.

At the Boundary Camp of American Troops Near Fabens, Tex.—The cool judgment of an American army lieutenant and the aggressive stand of two Texas rangers in the face of 200 Mexican rebels advancing on the American boundary line prevented serious complications early Wednesday between the United States and Mexico.

"Death to them!" cried the Mexicans, and a shot rang out as they spurred their horses, drew their carbines from their saddle slots and charged forward to a wagon road where Lieutenant C. A. Dougherty and 35 men of Troop B, Fourth United States cavalry, had stationed themselves, their rifles pointing toward Mexico. C. E. Wasster and Charles Moore, of the Texas rangers, who have been accompanying the American troops on the border patrol, dashed forward.

"If you dare to come across this wagon road we'll arrest your whole army," shouted Wasster. Lieutenant Dougherty, thinking perhaps he had miscalculated the boundary line, gave the Mexicans the benefit of the doubt and drew his men back a few yards, under cover of some sage and mesquite, ordering them under no circumstances to fire until so commanded.

"This wagon road is the line," Wasster continued to call in Spanish to the advancing rebels who formed into a fighting line, demanding at the same time that they send out their chiefs for parley. Colonels Jose Cordoba and Carlos Bustamante, in command of the rebels, who were moving on Guadalupe, dismounted and crossed the Sandy road. The Mexicans declared they mistook the rangers for two men for whom they had been searching.

Lieutenant Dougherty came forward and defined what he believed to be the American line. The rebel leaders soon turned their troops away and headed eastward toward Guadalupe.

ARTIST, 86, IN POORHOUSE.

San Francisco—Deserted and left penniless at 86 years old, Joseph Pauld, an artisan who is almost an artist, is now an inmate of the City and County Relief Home, where with bowed head and trembling chin, he sits among a crowd of other old men who are mostly failures, while he had conquered fame as the man whose handiwork had cast the statue of Liberty on Washington capitol.

Distressed by poverty and old age, he has existed for the past few years on the charity of a few friends, but now, alone, he has come to pass his last days in the poorhouse.

Fauld is chiefly known to San Franciscans for his work on the Mechanics' monument on Market street and the statue of General U. S. Grant in Golden Gate park, as well as that in Washington square. Trembling with age, the white-haired old man described how the fire of 1906 took all his possessions. For three years he worked on the figure of Liberty, which now adorns the cupola on the capitol at Washington, a work often interrupted by the stirring events of the Civil war.

"Abraham Lincoln," said the old man, "took a great interest in my work, and often he would stop and speak to me."

He did most of the brass and bronze work in this city for 20 years.

Amateur Aviator Killed.

Xenia, Ohio.—Fred J. Southard, of Minneapolis, Minn., an aviator, fell 100 feet at the Wright aviation field near Osborne and was instantly killed. Southard, who was 40 years old, had just bought the aeroplane from the Wright brothers. He obtained the keys to the hangar after he had been refused permission to take the aeroplane out without further experience. He fell just six minutes after he had begun the first flight alone. His body was badly crushed.

War Footing Increased.

Berlin—The Reichstag has passed the third reading of the bills increasing the German army and navy. The navy bill provides for an extra battle squadron for which three additional battleships and two cruisers are to be constructed before 1920. The estimated additional cost is \$24,250,000 this year, \$31,750,000 next year and \$28,500,000 yearly afterward. The army bill provides for an increase of 29,000 men, excluding officers and non-commissioned officers and other details in the peace footing in the army.

Denver Tries New Deal.

Denver—Democrat and Republican headquarters concede the election of Henry J. Arnold mayor and practically the entire citizens' ticket. Early returns showed that the citizens' ticket had carried each of the 76 precincts reported by such a wide margin that the scratched ballots would not change the result. This seemed to insure the re-election of Ben E. Lindsey as judge of the juvenile court. The campaign was fought on local issues.

Plan Monument for Musicians.

Paris—A movement is well under way here for the erection of a monument to the memory of the hero musicians who stood playing "Nearer, My God, To Thee," as the liner Titanic disappeared in the waters of the Atlantic. The Association Sportive des Artistes Musiciens de France originated the idea. A concert will be given, the proceeds from which will form the nucleus of the fund.

Haldane Goes to Berlin.

London—Viscount Haldane, British secretary of war, left for Berlin Wednesday. He will continue his mission, begun in the early spring, of preparing the ground for a movement toward the restriction of armaments and of improving international relations.

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS OF OUR HOME STATE

UNIFORM SALARIES IS AIM. FARMERS EXPECT BIG CROP.

Governor West Drafts Bill to Equalize Officials' Pay.

Salem—A bill to make salaries in every county of the state on a more equal basis than under the present system, and provide for an automatic adjustment every two or four years when a new apportionment is made, is being worked out by Governor West.

The system will be prepared carefully, and will be submitted to members of the legislature before January so that each one will have an opportunity to study whatever merits or demerits it may have.

"Salaries to county officials throughout the state," said Governor West, "are made without relation to each other. One county, for instance, may pay its county judge \$300, while another county may pay its judge \$1200, though the counties may not vary any or but little in their respective populations, area or assessed valuation of property. Again, a county clerk may be getting more salary than a county judge or another official may be drawing more than a county clerk. There should be a uniform basis for salaries."

"Whenever the legislature convenes, friends of some officials in a county, who are elected, come in with bills to boost these officials' salaries. Officials without friends in the legislature do not get any of the raises. A score of bills to raise salaries were introduced at the last legislature, but I vetoed them all."

"Salaries should be equalized and reduced by some system. What I propose to do is this: I will prepare a statement showing the salaries of each county official in every county in the state. These statements for each county will then be submitted to Granges and other organizations as well as prominent individuals in each county, and they will be asked to return to me an estimate of what they think their county should pay out in salaries. Out of all that are submitted, an average will be struck for each county and a total secured for the state. Each county will then be apportioned a share of this total according to area, population and assessed valuation."

"As the state grows, a new apportionment would automatically adjust the salaries of the county officials."

MINERAL BULLETIN OFF PRESS

Book on Economic Geological Resources of Oregon Issued.

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis—The new bulletin on "The Economic Geological Resources of Oregon," extension series No. 5, issued by the Oregon State bureau of mines at the Oregon Agricultural college, of which Prof. H. H. Parks is director, is just off the press. It is a book of 120 pages illustrated by 21 fine cuts, and is sent free upon request to all residents of the state who are interested in the subject.

"Washington, on the north, spends annually \$28,750 through her State Geological Survey investigating her mineral resources. Her mineral production is approximately \$17,000,000 annually," says Prof. Parks in introduction. "California, on the south, spends annually \$30,000 through her state bureau of mines investigating her mineral resources, and the value of her mineral production annually is \$86,000,000. Both these states have maintained their bureaus of investigation for many years."

"Oregon has spent about \$1,200 through the state bureau of mines investigating her mineral resources, and has an annual mineral production of approximately \$4,000,000. Is it illogical to think that some relation exists between the mineral production of a state and the funds spent in investigation of the same? Is it possible that Mother Nature discriminated against the state of Oregon by cutting off the mineral resources at a political boundary line?"

Timely Rains Save Timber.

Seaside—Timely rains will save thousands of feet of valuable timber from forest fires, which have been raging for the past week in the vicinity of Humboldt mountain. Large areas have been burned over and many families made homeless. Damage up to the present time has not been estimated but will reach a large sum. The two little stations of Hamlet and Necanicum were in the path of the fire and were destroyed. These fires were some distance south of here and did not cause the recent fire here.

Storm Drenches Pendleton.

Pendleton—Commencing early Monday afternoon, a heavy rain visited Pendleton and Umatilla county generally with a high wind rising toward evening, which did considerable damage to electric wires between this city and Walla Walla. A live wire was blown down on Jefferson street and a cab horse was electrocuted. All high-power lines were cut earlier in the day. Other live wires were blown down, but repaired before any serious damage resulted. Many telephone lines were disabled.

Cable Laid Under River.

Hood River—The Pacific Telephone & Telegraph company has finished making connections on each side of the Columbia river with the huge cable laid under the river two months ago, and Hood River and White Salmon are now connected by cable line. The former telephone connections between the two cities were made by an aerial line, crossing from the high point of Stanley Rock, on this side of the river.

Marion Prune Crop to Be Good.

Salem—That the prune crop south of the city will be as large as last year, when the crop was excellent, is the statement made by several of the leading prune men who have been investigating reports that the crop promises to be small.

After Three Years of Poor Yields, Growers See Success Assured.

Pendleton—After three years of almost total crop failures Morrow county wheat growers are already preparing to harvest what promises to be one of the best crops in the history of the county, according to County Judge Patterson, station agent for the O. W. R. & N. at the same point. These men say farmers report the ground wet four feet, and with the splendid start which the grain has it is believed nothing can prevent the harvesting of a bumper yield.

Some of the growers say there have been years in the past when the growing grain looked as promising as at present, but that it did not have the moisture in the ground to back it up, so that the lack of later rains caused a near-failure.

The growers of alfalfa along Willow and Ray creeks are looking forward to heavier crops than usual. They are always assured of a good first crop, but the lack of sufficient snow in the mountains has often caused the streams to dry up so early that summer irrigation has been almost out of the question. This year there is an unusual amount of snow in the hills and the streams are all running bank full at the present time, with the prospect of a good supply of water for six or eight weeks to come.

BUMPER CROP OF APPLES.

Yield to Be From 1,000,000 to 1,250,000 Boxes.

The apple crop of Hood River this year will be from 1,000,000 to 1,250,000 boxes, according to prediction made by President Charles N. Clarke, of the Hood River Commercial club, to Professor Charles H. Lane, agricultural expert from Washington, who spent a day touring the famous valley.

Mr. Clarke based his estimate on the heaviness of bloom and generally favorable conditions, which give promise of a crop from five to six times as large as the harvest of 200,000 boxes last year.

It was found that Hood River people were growing more strawberries this year than ever before. There are some 4000 acres in newly planted orchards and 3000 in bearing orchards. The apple bloom, which a week before had been barely visible, had been brought out and nearly refired by the warm days that followed the visit of the Press club to Hood River a week or so before.

GRANGERS URGE REFORMS.

Legislative Committee Favors Second Choice Voting.

Roseburg—The second day of the State Grange meeting in this city dawned new and cool. The various committees began to bring in their reports, the committee on legislation reporting favorably on second choice voting in state and county elections, on changing the time when nominating petitions shall be filed to 30 days previous to the primary election, and on authorizing the county clerk to send every voter a sample ballot 10 days previous to the election. It also recommended a revision of the election laws so that no candidate or other persons in behalf of a candidate shall spend altogether more than 15 percent of the first year's salary except that the minimum limit shall be \$100.

Freewater Expects Big Crop.

Freewater—That crop prospects in this vicinity were never better than now is the report from every section of the valley. On the foothills the wheat is almost a foot high, and the excessive rain has deepened the rooting of the wheat, insuring the biggest crop ever harvested. In the valley proper wheat in many sections is already heading out and harvesting this year will be early. Local strawberries have appeared, the first crate coming from Art Isley. It was shipped to Boise, Idaho.

Marshfield Starts Plant.

Marshfield—The contract let by the C. A. Smith Lumber & Manufacturing company for the new electric power plant here is the largest of the kind ever awarded in this part of the state. The cost of the plant will be more than \$100,000. C. C. Moore & Company, of San Francisco, have the contract, and the machinery is to be furnished by the General Electric company. The plant will be at the Smith mill and will furnish power for logging, running the sawmill and the pulp mill to be built to consume the waste.

Farmers Planning Fairs.

Astoria—Stockholders of the Lower Columbia River Agricultural company held a meeting Saturday and organized, electing G. L. Rees president, Robert C. Kinney, vice president, and C. S. Dow secretary. They also elected a board of seven directors. This is the company organized by the farmers of the county for the purpose of holding annual fairs. A committee was appointed to ascertain where fairs shall be held.

Duckling Has Four Legs.

Oregon City—A four-legged duck made its appearance at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Robinson, of Canemah, Sunday, and the little fellow is thriving, although it has been taken from the mother hen. Mrs. Robinson intends taking special care of the freak of nature. Two of the duckling's legs are in normal position, while the "extra" two are farther back and kept close to the body.

Elgin to Observe Fourth.

Elgin—At a citizens' meeting Friday evening it was decided that Elgin shall hold a three-days' celebration on July 4, 5 and 6. A finance committee of three was appointed, who had already solicited funds for the carrying on of the celebration, and reported there would be between \$800 and \$1000 with which to meet expenses.

Art at \$600 a Square Inch

That Price Has Been Demanded for Drawing by the Famous Leonardo da Vinci.

Let no one say that art does not pay, when right in Fifth avenue it is offered at \$600 the square inch, which is considerably more than the lots that front in that exclusive thoroughfare would bring.

Stroll into the new galleries at 636, and in a dingy little frame, with several other patches, you will see a drawing by Leonardo da Vinci in red chalk. It is only 3 1/4 inches square, and, taking out the trimming of its upper corners, it contains ten square inches.

The price is \$6,000. It is entitled "The Head of a Young Man," and, small as it is, the skill of the Italian painter inspires every line of the tiny masterpiece.

There is not far away a small drawing by Rembrandt, which is there through the courtesy of the new owner, who bought it for \$15,000 before the dealers had a chance to hang it and has permitted it to remain in the show. The drawing, partly in sepia and here and there with a touch of crayon, was intended as a study for a painting and is entitled "Christ and the Two Apostles." It is eight by ten inches.—New York Herald.

In the Year 2000.

Transient—Who's that prosperous-looking fellow over there?

Native—That's Squire Shuvelly, the millionaire ditch-digger. Everybody laughed at him years ago when he refused to become a doctor or a lawyer, and even turned down the correspondence schools' offer to make him a window dresser or an electrical engineer. Time proved his wisdom, and today, as the only unskilled laborer in this section, he can command almost fabulous prices.—Puck.