

# 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.

Portland stenographers have organized a union with 1000 members.

American warships are leaving Cuba, as there seems to be no rebels in evidence.

Detective Burns and Attorney Rogers were fined for contempt of court at the Darrow trial.

Several ships sailed from New York with improvised pick-up crews, owing to the seamen's strike.

Forty dead have been taken from the ruins of the city of Regina, B. C., which was struck by a hurricane.

The motorman was killed and six passengers injured when a Seattle streetcar ran away and turned over on a curve.

A cousin of ex-President Diaz, of Mexico, died at Hutchinson, Kan., while en route to Spain to join his relatives.

Mexican federal and rebel armies are face to face at Bachimba and it is believed the final battle of the revolution will be fought.

Miss Harriet Quimby, a woman aviator, with a male passenger near 1000 feet in a Blériot monoplane near Boston and both were instantly killed.

Congress gave a vote of thanks to the captain and crew of the steamer Carpathia, who saved 704 passengers from the Titanic.

The plant of the Omaha Automatic Telephone company was sold at receiver's sale for about 25 cents on the dollar. Many thousands of dollars' worth of the stock is held by residents of the Pacific Northwest.

Navy medical officers who have arrived in Porto Rico declare that the epidemic of sickness there is true bubonic plague, but believe they can stamp it out.

General Estenoz, leader of the Cuban revolution, is reported killed, and General Iyonet captured.

The board of directors of the Oregon Apple show have decided to enlarge the exhibitions to include all land products.

Crop scares on account of bad weather are sending up wheat prices at Chicago.

The city of Portland will call for bids for ten new pieces of automobile fire fighting apparatus.

A Tillamook man has written the mayor of Portland to find him a wife, who must weigh not less than 200 pounds and have \$800.

It is definitely settled that the battleship Oregon will be in Portland harbor during the Elks Grand Lodge convention, July 7 to 12.

A witness' in the Darrow bribery trial openly accused Darrow of offering him money to turn over to him evidence against the McNamara brothers.

A move is under way to make Thursday, July 11, a general holiday throughout the Northwest, that all may attend the Elks Grand National parade in Portland.

In the convention of the General Federation of Women's clubs at San Francisco, an honorary president of the federation declared that women are becoming lawless.

## CALIFORNIAN ATTACKS TAFT.

### Claims President's Renomination Was Unjust and Illegal.

Washington, D. C.—Senator Works, of California, progressive Republican, presenting in the senate a resolution to investigate recent campaign contributions and expenditures, declared that President Taft's renomination had been procured unjustly and illegally.

California needed no new party, he said, and the Republican party might better go down to defeat for the sins of its leaders and come up four years hence than to form a new party.

Senator Works said his resolution was based on charges publicly made by President Taft and ex-President Roosevelt. The resolution declares it is common knowledge that public officials from the president, cabinet officers and senators down, have engaged in the pre-convention campaign.

It directs the investigation of the financial transactions of the Democratic and Republican candidates for the presidential nomination, calls for names of officials engaged in the campaign and their salaries, the percentage of voters in the primaries and payments to newspapers and newspaper writers and the amount of expenses of delegates paid by others.

The resolution stirred the senate, but was not acted upon. Mr. Works charged that men sent to Washington to discharge public duties had been giving their time to carrying on political campaigns.

"Doesn't that apply to certain members of this body," asked Senator Nelson, of Minnesota.

"I think it does," replied Senator Works.

Mr. Works asserted that a new party in California would mean turning the "purified Republican party," there, back to special interests.

## SURPLUS ABOVE GUESS.

### U. S. Treasury Ends Fiscal Year With \$23,000,000.

Washington, D. C.—The Federal government closed the fiscal year with a surplus of \$23,000,000, according to estimates based on incomplete returns from the various sources of revenue the country over. This amount far exceeded the expectations of Secretary MacVeagh, who months ago estimated that the surplus would be \$10,250,000.

The surplus at the close of the fiscal year 1911 was \$45,682,000.

The failure of congress to pass general deficiency and other appropriation bills which would have called for large disbursements during the closing days of the fiscal year helped the government to pile up its surplus.

Another big element in the figures was the corporation tax, which, it is calculated, brought in \$27,000,000, against \$23,000,000 last year.

Custom receipts yielded about \$310,000,000 this fiscal year, against \$314,000,000 last year, while internal revenue taxes amounted to \$292,000,000, as against \$289,000,000.

The taxation on beer indicates that American people consumed 63,000,000 barrels during the year. The government realized \$149,000,000 on distilled spirits, \$63,000,000 on beer and \$70,000,000 on tobacco.

## Germans Welcome Taft.

Philadelphia—A grand festival concert participated in by the thousands of members of societies constituting the Northeastern Saengerbund, with President and Mrs. Taft as the guests of honor, was the crowning event of the program of the 23d Saengerfest. When the President and Mrs. Taft reached Broad street station they were greeted by a German song of welcome sung by a large chorus. As the President and his wife entered the auditorium the chorus of 6000 trained male voices sang the "Star Spangled Banner," while the immense audience remained standing.

## Tap Line Cases Dropped.

Washington, D. C.—The Commerce court has decided to dismiss, for lack of jurisdiction, the so-called tap-line cases filed recently. The petition presented by the tap lines required injunctions against the Interstate Commerce commission's order determining the status of tap lines with relation to the various trunk lines. The tap lines contended they were common carriers under the law and that the commission had no authority to exclude them from the divisions of through rates with trunk lines.

## Kalanianaloe Will Run.

Honolulu—Kuhoi Kalanialaloe, congressional delegate from Hawaii, issued a formal statement in which he said he would run for re-election regardless of what the party organization does. His platform will be based on the propositions made in his contest against Governor Frear. In view of the manner the planters controlled the convention, he expects the support of those opposing the "un-American" rule which he says has been brought about by combination of the planters with Governor Frear.

## Famous Engineer Dead.

Toronto—Cecil Brunswick Smith, one of the best-known railway and hydro-electric engineers in the world, died at his home here of cancer. He was 48 years old. Nearly every hydro-electric plant in America was either designed or built by Smith. He was a graduate of McGill university and a former president of the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers. He was the author of several well-known textbooks on engineering.

## Congress Thanks Saviors.

Washington, D. C.—The thanks of congress are conveyed to Captain Arthur H. Rostron and the officers and crew of the liner Carpathia for their rescue of 704 survivors of the Titanic, in the senate bill passed by the house. The measure now goes to President Taft for signature. The bill provides for a \$1000 gold medal for Captain Rostron.

## Class Rate Lowered.

Washington, D. C.—Class freight rates from the Missouri river and points of origin East to destinations in the Willamette valley through Portland, Or., were held by the Interstate Commerce commission to be unreasonable. Reductions averaging approximately 12 per cent were ordered.

# WOODROW WILSON IS NOMINATED BY DEMOCRATS

## Struggle Third Longest in History and Break Came Suddenly.

### Clark's Strength Diminishes Steadily as New Jersey Governor Gains—Illinois and Virginia Fall Into Line and Victory Is Soon Complete.

Baltimore, July 2.—Woodrow Wilson was nominated for president by the Democratic National convention on the 46th ballot.

Baltimore, July 2.—Woodrow Wilson gained 108 votes on the 43d ballot, the first cast today at the Democratic national convention, and the hoped-for break appeared at hand.

Illinois' 58 delegates propelled the movement, and gains were made also from Connecticut, Iowa, Idaho, Louisiana, Maryland, Michigan, North Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, West Vir-

ginia, Wisconsin and Hawaii. Wilson's vote of 602 on the ballot was a majority of the convention. It was the highest vote he had received, and the vote of 329 cast for Clark was the lowest received by him during the prolonged balloting.

When the result was announced the demonstration for Wilson was as enthusiastic and protracted as the weary delegates could make it.

Wilson lacked only 124 votes of the necessary two-thirds to nominate.

Convention Hall, Baltimore, July 2.—Forty-third ballot (official): Clark, 329; Wilson, 602; Underwood, 99; Harmon, 28; Foss, 27; Bryan, 1; Kern, 1.

Convention Hall, Baltimore, July 2.—Forty-fourth ballot (official): Clark, 306; Wilson, 629; Underwood, 99; Harmon, 27; Foss, 27; total, 1088.

Convention Hall, Baltimore, July 2.—Forty-fifth ballot (official): Clark, 306; Wilson, 633; Underwood, 97; Harmon, 25; Foss, 27.

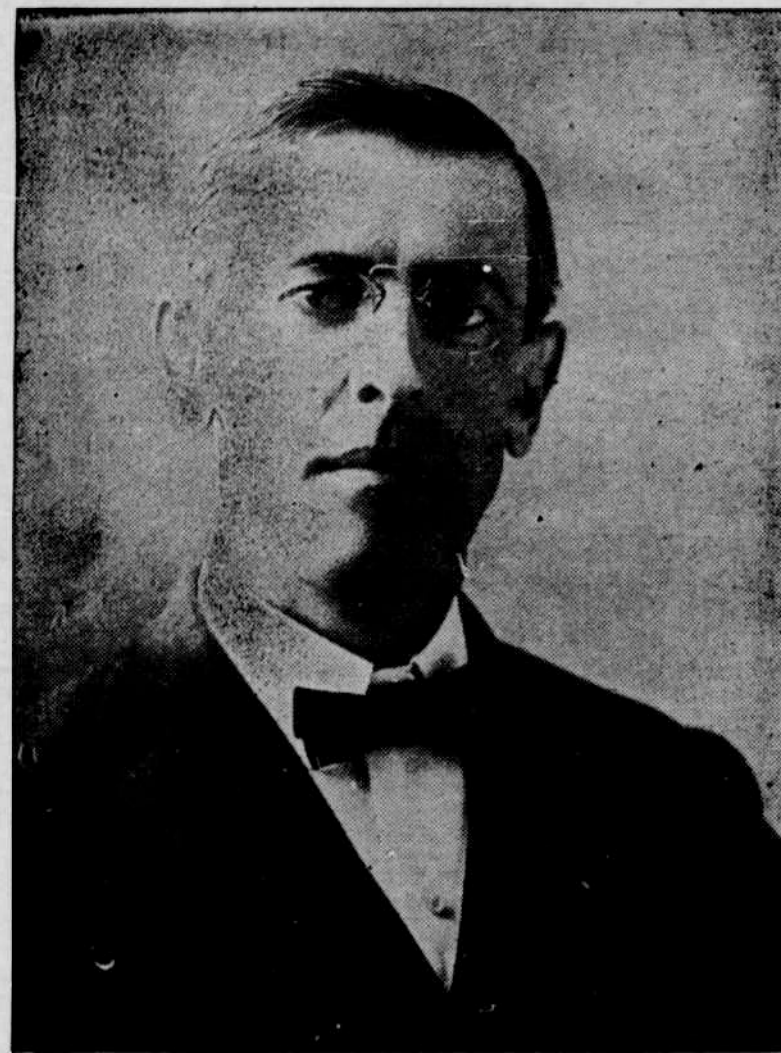
Baltimore, July 2.—Woodrow Wilson continued to gain steadily in the balloting for the presidential nomination in the Democratic National convention.

Washington, June 25.—A conference of "progressive" Republican senators to consider the situation developing from the third party movement launched at Chicago will be called immediately after the Democratic convention. Senators Clapp, Bourne and Cummins met and discussed the movement. Senators Bristow, Kenyon and Poindexter are away from Washington and when they return, if alignment of the Democratic party has been shaped, a conference of "progressives" will be held.

Honey Calls on Bryan. Baltimore, June 25.—Francis J. Honey, of California, one of Colonel Roosevelt's fighting lieutenants in the Republican national convention, and Charles R. Crane, of Chicago, who helped to finance the Roosevelt campaign for the Republican nomination, were in consultation for three-quarters of an hour tonight with William Jennings Bryan, of Nebraska. Honey and Crane reached Mr. Bryan's apartment by a private elevator and were gone again before their visit became generally known.

German Dirigible Burned. Dusseldorf, Germany—The Zeppelin dirigible balloon Schwaben I, stationed here, was completely destroyed by fire following an explosion of escaping hydrogen gas caused when a strong gust of wind broke it from its moorings and made it collapse in the middle. Several workmen and soldiers were burned or otherwise injured, some of them seriously, but not fatally. The ariship had just arrived from Frankfurt.

Flood Descends on Town. Albuquerque, N. M.—A disastrous cloudburst five miles northwest of Estancia, in the Estancia Valley, Thursday afternoon, made many settlers homeless and it is believed caused loss of life. A wall of water six feet high swept down on the town, flooding stores and homes and causing great damage. Railway and telephone and telegraph lines were destroyed. Relief parties have left for the scene of the disaster.



GOV. WOODROW WILSON, OF NEW JERSEY

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## CHAPTER I.

### The Man Who Dared.

The official starter let his raised arm fall and leaned forward, peering across the blended glare and darkness.

"What?" he shouted, above the pulsing roar of the eleven racing machines lined up before the judges' stand. "What?"

There was a flurry around the central car, whose driver leaned from his seat to stare down at the man who had slipped from beside him to the ground. The great crowd congesting the grand-stand pressed closer to the barrier, staring also, commenting and conjecturing.

"The mechanic of the Mercury is off his car!"

"Well—"

"The automobiles hadn't started; he must be sick!"

The referee was already pushing his way back, bringing the report from the hastily summoned surgeon.

"Heart disease," he announced right and left. "Stanton's mechanician just dropped off his seat, dead."

But Stanton himself had already swung out of his car, with the energetic decision that marked his every movement.

"My man is out," he tersely stated to the starter. "I've got to run over to my camp and get another. Will you hold the start for me?"

The question was rather a demand than a request. There was scarcely one among the vast audience who would not have felt the sparkle gone from this strong black wire of sport they had come to sip, if Ralph Stanton had been withdrawn from the twenty-four-hour contest. He had not only fame as a skillful and scientific racer; he had the reputation of being the most spectacularly reckless driver in America, whose death could be but a question of time and whose record of accidents and victories verged on the appalling. He knew his value as an attraction, and the starter knew it, although preserving impassivity.

"Five minutes," the official conceded, and drew out his watch.

Already a stream of men were running toward the Mercury camp with the news. Stanton sprang into his machine, deftly sent it forward out of the line, and shot around into the entrance to the huge oval field edged by the Death track; a mile of white ribbon bordering a green meadow.

The row of electric-lighted tents, each numbered and named for its own racing car, was in a turmoil of excitement. But most agitated was the group before the tent marked "9, Mercury."

"Durand's down and out—give me another man," called Stanton, halting his noisy, flaming car. "Quick, you—"

But no one stepped forward from the cluster of factory men and mechanics. Only the assistant manager of the Mercury company responded to the demand:

"Yes, go; one of you boys. I'll make it right with you. You, Jones."

"I'm married, sir," refused Jones succinctly.

"Well, you then, Walters. Good heavens, man! what do you mean?"

For the burly Walters backed away, actually pale.

"I'll dig potatoes, first, sir."

"Why, you used to race?"

"Not with Stanton, sir."

There was a low murmur of approval among his mates, and a drawing together for support. Stanton stepped down from his car, snatching off his mask to show a dark, strong face grim with anger and contempt.

"You wretched, backboneless cowards!" he hurled at them, his blue-black eyes flashing over the group. "Do you know what I and the company stand to lose if I'm disqualified for lack of one of you jellyfish to sit beside me and pump oil? Isn't there a man in the camp? I'll give fifty dollars myself to the one who goes, a hundred if I win."

"I'll promise twice that," eagerly supplemented Green, the assistant manager. He had private bets on Stanton.

Not one of the clustered workmen moved.

"Damn you!" pronounced the driver, bitterly and comprehensively. "I'll repeat that offer to the man who will go for the first three hours only, and meanwhile will send to New York and find a red-blooded male."

The men looked at one another, but shook their heads.

"No? You won't? You work your miserable bodies three months to earn what I offer for three hours. What's the matter with you, don't I risk my neck?" He turned, sending his powerful voice ringing down the line. "Here, hunt the paddock, all of you—two hundred dollars for a man to ride the next three hours with me!"

"You can't take a man from another camp, Stanton," protested the frantic Mr. Green. "He might trick you, hurt the car."

His appeal went down the wind unheeded, except for one glance from the racer's gleaming eyes.

"He won't trick me," said Stanton. The crowded stands were a bulk of awaying, seething impatience. The paddock was in an uproar, the Mercury camp the center of interest. But no volunteers answered the call. The pattering machine, its hood wrapped in jets of violet flame, headlights and tail-lights shedding vivid illuminations around the figure of its baffled master, quivered with impotent life and strength. Raging, Stanton stood, watch in hand, his face a set study in scorn.

Suddenly the harsh rasp of the official klaxon soared above the hubbub, a-aring, booming.

"Four minutes," panted the despairing assistant manager. "Stanton—"

Some one was running toward them, some one for whom a lane was opened by the spectators from other camps who had congregated.

"Get aboard," called ahead a fresh young voice. "Get aboard; I'll go."

"Thank Heaven for a man!" snarled Stanton, as the runner dashed up. "Why, it's a boy!"

"You'll go?"

"I'll go," assured Floyd, and faced the driver; a slim, youthful figure in a mechanic's blue overalls, his sleeves rolled to the elbows and leaving bare his slender arms; his head, covered like a girl's with soft closely cropped curling brown hair, tilted back as his steady gray eyes looked up at Stanton.

"You? You couldn't crank a taxicab," flung the racer, brutal with disappointment and wrath. "You'd go? A boy?"

"I'm as old as the driver of the Singer car, and scant five years younger than you—I'm twenty-one," flashed the retort. "And I know all there is about gasoline cars. I guess you're big enough to crank your own motor aren't you, if I can't? You've got thirty seconds left; do you want me?"

Met on his own tone, Stanton gasped, then caught his mask from the man who held it.

"Why don't you get on your own clothes?" he demanded savagely. "Are you going to race like that? Jump, you useless coward there—can't you pass him his things? Telephone the stand that I'm coming, some one."

There was a wild scurry of preparation, the telephone bell tingled madly.

"Yes, Floyd is one of our new factory men," hurried Mr. Green, in breathless explanation, as Stanton took his seat. "He's a gas-engine wonder—he knows them like a clock—he tuned up this car you've got, this morning—"

The klaxon brayed again. A trim apparition in racing costume darted

from the tent to swing into the narrow seat beside the driver, and Stanton's car leaped for the paddock exit with a roar answered by the deafening roar of welcome from the spectators.

"Seven minutes," snapped the starter, as the Mercury wheeled in line.

Stanton shrugged his shoulders with supreme indifference, perfectly aware of his security, since the start had not been made. But his mechanician leaned forward with a little gurgle of irresistible, sunshot laughter.

"Don't worry," he besought. "Really, we'll get in seven minutes ahead."

His mocking young voice carried above the terrific din of the eleven huge machines, and Stanton turned upon him, amazed and irritated at the audacity. The starter also stared, and showed fully the flared gray eyes dancing behind the goggles, the red young mouth smiling below the mask, the shining young curls which the cap failed to cover. He stared, then slowly relaxed into a smile, and went forward.

"The talking done while I'm up, is done by me," stated Stanton forcibly. "Remember."

"Don't you ever need a rest?" queried Floyd.

Stanton opened his lips, and closed them again without speaking. His trained glance went to sweep his opponents, gaging their relative positions, their probable order on the first turn, and his own best move. The successive flashlights on either side were blinding, the atmosphere was suffocating with the exhaust gasoline and acetylene fumes. It was as familiar to him as the odor of sawdust to the circus dweller, as the strong salt wind to a habitant of the coast;

back stretch. To go in meant to lose the whole time gained. As they took the back turn, Floyd again leaned over.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## DESERVED TO MAKE A SALE

### Book Agent at Least Showed That He Had the Valuable Quality of Perseverance.

The book agent who walked into Peter Steffen's office looked like an ingenious fellow, but Steffen, glancing up in a hurry, spied his grade in a minute and muttered to himself:

"Confound that boy. Now, how did that fellow get in?"

Aloud, he said: "You're wasting your time here. I won't buy anything today."

"If you'll only let me show you—"

"No," shouted Steffen. "It won't take a minute—"

"But, really, my dear sir, this is something out of the common—"

"No use. I can't read," said Steffen.

"But your family, sir, would you deprive them—"

"I would," said Steffen. "If I had any. I'm an orphan."

"Well, you might want something to throw at the cat," suggested the book agent.

"How you think?" demanded Steffen, "the I would demean my cat by throwing your miserable publication at her?"

The book agent was only dashed a second.

"What about me," he asked, instructively. "Don't you want something to throw at me the next time I come?"

the unusual element lay in the boy beside him. Man, he refused to acknowledge him.

The sharp crack of a pistol, the fall of a flag, and the whole struggling, flaming flock sprang forward toward the first turn, wheel to wheel in death-edged contest. And Stanton forgot his mechanician.

The Mercury led the first circuit, as usual. It was very fast, and its pilot took the chances more prudent drivers avoided. Still, the lead was less than the car's own length, two of its closest rivals hanging at its flanks, when they passed the tumultuous grand-stand. Just ahead lay again the "death curve." There was a swift movement beside Stanton, the pendent linen streamers floating from his cap were deftly seized and the dust swept from his goggles with a practiced rapidity.

"Car on each side an' one trying to pass," the clear voice pierced the hearing. "No room next the fence."

Stanton grunted. The boy knew how to rise in a speeding machine, then, and how to take care of his driver, he noted. Nevertheless, he meant to take that fence side.

And he did. As the other drivers shut off power to take the dangerous bend more slowly, Stanton shot forward at unchanged speed, cut in ahead and swept first around the turn, taking the inside curve. The spectators rose with a universal cry of consternation; the Mercury swerved, almost facing the infield fence, skidding appallingly and lurching drunkenly on two wheels, then righted itself under the steering-wheel in the master's hands, and rushed on, leading by a hundred feet.

The people cheered frantically, the hand crashed into raucous music. Stanton's mechanician got up to lean over the back of the flying car and feel the racer's casings.

"You're tryin' to tires," he imparted, his accents close to the driver's ear.

That was the first time that Stanton noticed that Floyd limped and blurred his final "k" in moments of excitement. It might have sounded effeminate, if the voice had not been without a tremor. As it was—

At the end of the first hour, the bulletin boards showed the Mercury five laps ahead of its nearest rival. And then Floyd spoke again to his driver.

"What?" Stanton questioned, above the noise of the motor.

"We've got to run in; I'm afraid of the rear inside shoe. It won't stand another skid like the last."

Stanton's mouth shut in a hard line.

"I will not," he stated. "Get back in your place. You can't tell."

"I can."

Stanton declined no reply, sliding past one of the slower cars on the



Stanton Stood, Watch in Hand, His Face a Set Study in Scorn.