

NEWS NOTES OF CURRENT WEEK

Resume of World's Important Events Told in Brief.

150,000 garment workers have been ordered out on strike for better wages.

A complete reorganization of the Mexican federal army has been commenced.

A baby weighing just 17 ounces was born at Aurora, Ill. It is healthy and perfect.

The Volunteers of America fed 12,000 hungry men and women in Chicago December 29.

California's Progressive legislators have invited the regulars to join with them in legislation.

A portrait of "Aunt Delia" by a noted Boston artist was presented to President Taft as a New Year's gift.

Portland had a total rainfall of 2.21 inches Sunday, causing much property loss by slides on the hills west of the city.

Roosevelt is preparing a magazine article in which he states that Japan, not Russia, first sued for peace in the Russo-Japanese war.

Turks appear inclined to present more moderate demands in the peace conference, and the allies show anxiety to close negotiations.

Idaho will call a convention to take up the matter of a state highway and branches, in conjunction with the same movement in adjoining states.

The London Times devoted an entire page to presenting the condition of the city's poor, and declares that the increase of pauperism is "dismaying."

Thomas Harding, aged 91, is dead at his home in Redland, Ore. He was famous as a newspaper writer and was the author of the poem entitled, "Remember the Maine."

The United States army officer who wrote a satirical poem on the exploits of the German-trained Turkish army says he had not the slightest idea his verses would create international complications.

A Chicago policeman, on discovering the basement of a church to be on fire while Sunday school was in session, quietly notified the teachers, who had the organist play "Onward, Christian Soldiers," while the pupils marched to safety.

Railways are making preparations for immense business in 1913.

Standard Oil stock took a sharp advance in the New York market.

A government attaché says plenty of fuel is the chief need of Alaska.

General Wood plans for a big military display at the inauguration of Wilson.

A 3-year-old child was burned to death in a Christmas tree fire at Rio Bonita, Cal.

Prune packers of Vancouver, Wash., are preparing a shipment of four carloads to go direct to Germany.

Archduke Ferdinand, of Bulgaria, plans for a new Slav empire under the rule of the Hapsburg royal family.

Admiral Dewey at 75 years of age says he stays young by keeping regular hours and avoiding midnight banquets.

The council of the city of Portland has forbidden the use of fireworks by the Chinese in celebrating their coming new year.

Chicago citizens have formed a law enforcement league to "help" the police enforce the existing laws.

Two bodies of Mexican federals fought each other for possession of a village, each thinking the other was a rebel force. Several were wounded before the error was discovered.

The widow of Victor L. Mason, of London, who was killed by a fall from an aeroplane, has sued an accident insurance company for the face value of a policy held by her husband, insuring him against violent death.

PORTLAND MARKETS

Wheat—Track prices: Club, 80c; bluestem, 84c; 40-fold, 81c; red Russian, 78c; valley, 81c.
Barley—Feed, \$22.50@23; per ton; brewing, nominal; rolled, \$26.50@27.50.
Corn—Whole, \$36 per ton; cracked, \$37.
Millstuffs—Bran, \$22.50 per ton; shorts, \$24.50; middlings, \$30.
Hay—Timothy, choice, \$17@18; mixed Eastern Oregon timothy, \$12@15; oat and vetch, \$12; alfalfa, \$15.50; clover, \$10; straw, \$6@7.
Oats—No. 1 white, \$25@26 per ton.
Fresh Fruits—Apples, 50c@\$1.50 box; pears, 75c@1.50; grapes, \$1.60; Malaga, \$8 barrel; cranberries, \$10.50@12 barrel; casaba, \$2.50 doz.
Potatoes—Jobbing prices: Burbanks, 60@65c hundred; sweet, 24c pound.
Onions—Oregon, 90c@81 sack.
Eggs—Fresh locals, candled, 32c dozen.
Butter—Oregon creamery, cubes, 37c pound; prints, 38c@39c.
Poultry—Hens, 14@14c; broilers, 14@14c; turkeys, live, 24@25c; dressed, choice, 27c; ducks, nominal; geese, 16c.
Pork—Fancy, 94@10c per pound.
Veal—Fancy, 34@34c per pound.
Wool—Eastern Oregon, 48c per pound; valley, 21@22c; mohair, choice, 32c.
Cattle—Choice steers, \$7@7.25; good, \$6.50@6.75; medium, \$6@6.35; choice cows, \$6@6.50; good, \$5.50@5.75; medium, \$4.50@5.25; choice calves, \$7.50@8.75; good heavy calves, \$6@7; bulls, \$3@5.50; steaks, \$5@6.
Hogs—Light, \$7.25@7.60; heavy, \$6.50@6.75.
Sheep—Yearling wethers, \$4.25@5.35; ewes, \$3.25@4.35; lambs, \$5@6.75.

PRESIDENT-ELECT, TOWN OF HIS BIRTH AND PRESBYTERIAN MANSE IN WHICH HE WAS BORN



HAWAII MAKES GREAT STRIDES

Governor of Islands Reports Progress and Prosperity.

Commerce, Homesteading, Transportation, Public Works, Health, Etc., Improve.

Washington, D. C.—Hawaii has enjoyed greater prosperity and progress during the last year than during any other in its history, according to Governor Frear's annual report, submitted to the Secretary of the Interior. The preceding four years had been notable for their prosperity, says the governor, but this year witnessed even greater strides forward.

In commerce, homesteading, improvement in class of immigrants, betterment of transportation facilities, construction of public works, public health, administration and public school facilities there had been marked advance.

That the United States reclamation act be extended to Hawaii is one of the governor's recommendations. He says there are large areas which should be made available by irrigation for settlement by Americans in colonies of considerable size.

Imports and exports of the islands during the year totalled \$84,100,000, an increase of \$14,680,000 over the preceding year. The increase was chiefly in trade with the United States, which constituted more than nine-tenths of the total. The increase in exports from the territory was 12 times as much as that in the imports, being \$13,500,000 against \$1,150,000. The exports, totalled \$55,400,000; the imports, \$28,700,000.

Governor Frear reports that "the percentage of homesteads taken by Americans and other Caucasians has been much larger this year than usual."

During the last two years the departure of Japanese steamer passengers exceeded the arrivals by 489.

PRICE-FIXING TO BE TESTED

Suit Is Begun Against Breakfast Food Concern.

Detroit—The Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake company is alleged to be violating the Sherman law in a petition in equity filed in the United States district court here by order of Attorney-General Wickensham to settle for all time the extent to which a manufacturer can control retail prices.

The company and its officers, engaged in the manufacture of Kellogg's toasted corn flakes, are charged with fixing prices at which the flakes are sold.

Smallpox Under Control.

Washington, D. C.—Rigid steps by the public health service have brought under control a threatened serious outbreak of smallpox along the West Virginia-Maryland border. Dr. R. S. Warren, detailed to investigate the situation, who has just returned to Washington, reported 11 cases in the vicinity of Martinsburg, W. Va. These cases, all within from three to ten miles of the city, are under proper control. All suspected persons in the region will be vaccinated and kept under observation for 15 days.

Wireless Spans Country.

Washington, D. C.—For the first time in history wireless greetings were flashed from the Mare Island navy yard at San Francisco to Washington. The message was from Captain Mayo, commandant of the Mare Island navy yard, and was received by the giant radio station at Arlington. It conveyed the wishes of Captain and other officers at the navy yard to the secretary of the navy and the officers of the navy and marine corps for a "merry Christmas and a happy New Year."

PRÉSIDENT-ELECT AT HOME

Staunton, Virginia, Gives Nioy Welcome to Wilson.

Staunton, Va.—Virginia enthusiastically welcomed home Governor Wilson, the eighth of her native sons to be chosen president of the United States. From the moment the president-elect crossed the state line at Alexandria in the afternoon, after he had a ten-minute glimpse of the national capital, until 9 o'clock, when he reached the little parsonage where he was born 56 years before, the reception was one of great enthusiasm, noisy demonstration and spectacular display.

Escorted by cavalry, militia companies and a torchlight procession, the governor and Mrs. Wilson motored through the streets of Staunton to the home of Rev. A. N. Frazier, pastor of the Presbyterian church. In this home Rev. Joseph R. Wilson, father of the president-elect, lived in 1856.

"It is fine to be back again," exclaimed the president-elect, as he stepped indoors.

Suffering from the effects of his cold, he returned immediately to the room in which he was born to rest.

Staunton was not alone in celebrating the arrival of the distinguished visitor. Fireworks shot across the skies and red lights threw a festive glare at all stations along the route. Mrs. Wilson stood with her husband on the rear platform of the train and enjoyed the demonstration.

Higher Wages and Shorter Hours Demanded by 7000.

Laredo, Tex.—Seven thousand shop employees of the National Railway of Mexico struck Friday because of the refusal of the management to grant an eight-hour day and an increase in wages. The strike was called simultaneously at Nuevo Laredo, San Luis Potosi, Mexico City and Aguan Calientes. At Nuevo Laredo 100 skilled mechanics and 100 other employees walked out. The shops are closed.

Because of the demoralized condition along the line of the railway as the result of the rebel activity the strike has caused the greatest concern. Railroad officials refuse to discuss the situation beyond saying that the strike will not cause a tieup of the lines and that they believe regular train service can be maintained.

At several points bridges and stations have been burned by the revolutionists and long stretches of roadbed destroyed.

The employees presented their demands some weeks ago with an ultimatum that if they were not acceded to, a strike would be called before the end of the year. No intimation had been given that Friday was selected as the date of the walkout.

Soldier of Fortune Dead.

Reno, Nev.—With both hands cut off and his skull fractured, Max Von Buelow, said to be a descendant of Count Von Buelow, the famous German general, was picked up on the railroad track near the state line and died two hours later in the railroad hospital at Sparks. Von Buelow was a gambler and soldier of fortune. Several years ago he married Miss Christine Plummer, a wealthy woman of Pueblo, Colo., and they traveled through Europe in regal style. Von Buelow was highly educated.

Castro Will Be Detained.

Washington, D. C.—Cipriano Castro, president of Venezuela, said to be a passenger on board the steamer La Touraine, due at New York from Havre, will be detained at the Ellis Island immigration station until Secretary Nagel, of the department of commerce and labor, has passed on his admission to the United States. This unusual course is because the State department has requested Secretary Nagel to apply the immigration laws strictly to the ex-president. That department is anxious to bar Castro.

Beef Cattle Are Scarce.

Chicago—Fewer cattle by 281,298 have been received at the Chicago stockyards this year than in 1911, according to figures given out here. Despite this fact, more money was paid for beef in 1912 than in 1911 by \$3,282,735. The total paid out this year was \$188,488,909.

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Big Mills Oust Hindus.

Vancouver, B. C.—Drastic steps have been taken by the management of the Small-Bucklin Lumber mills, at New Westminster, B. C., arising out of recent perjury cases. Owing to disclosures made to the effect that Hindus had been in the habit of paying foremen on jobs and other officials bribes to retain their positions, the owners of the mills have decided to dismiss almost 100 Hindus and to replace them with white labor. The shacks that the Hindus resided in were burned to the ground by the company.

Simple Ceremony Preferred.

Washington, D. C.—Inauguration ceremonies in the past have been too spectacular and pretentious, in the opinion of President-elect Woodrow Wilson. Governor Wilson talked with William Corcoran Eastis, recently chosen chairman of the inauguration committee. "The thing has been overdone in the past," said the governor to him. "I wish you would have the ceremonies as simple as may be consistent with dignity and order."

Gum Chewer Discredited.

Chicago—United States Judge Carpenter revealed one method he has of judging whether a person is testifying truthfully. If the witness chews gum and talks rapidly the chances are no great weight should be attached to his statements, the court said. This developed when the court told Joseph Burns, a witness chewing gum while on the witness stand: "The harder a person chews gum the less responsibility you can place in his testimony."

Oranges Picked on Canal.

Vancouver, Wash.—Along the Panama canal for more than two miles at a stretch, one can row in a boat and pick oranges all the way, according to a communication from P. M. Bates, a steam shovel engineer, to his son, W. C. Bates, an attorney of this city. The water is backed up from the Gatun dam, and there seems to be a general inundation. The water there is now about 65 feet deep. It will be 85 feet deep when it is turned in. The place mentioned where oranges may be picked is between Gatun and Gorgona.

Schrank Model Patient.

Oshkosh, Wis.—John Schrank, who attempted to assassinate Theodore Roosevelt, is reported to be a model patient at the Northern Hospital for the insane. The superintendent says he is faithful in his work and spends much of his time reading and writing and doing work around the criminal ward as it is required of patients there.

The FLYING MERCURY

by ELEANOR M. INGRAM
AUTHOR OF THE GAME AND THE CANDLE
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WAUTERS
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SYNOPSIS.

The story opens on Long Island near New York city, where Miss Emily French, a relative of Ethan French, manufacturer of the celebrated "Mercury" automobile, has her way. The car has stopped and her cousin, Dick French, is too much with drink to direct it aright. They meet another car which is run by a professional racer named LeStrange. The latter fixes up the French car and directs Miss French to proceed homeward. Ethan French has disappeared. He informs Emily that he would like to have her marry Dick, who is a good-natured but irresponsible fellow. It appears that a partner of Ethan French wanting an expert to race with the "Mercury" at auto races has engaged LeStrange, and at the French factory Emily encounters the young man. They refer pleasantly to their meeting when Dick comes along and recognizes the young racer. Dick likes the way LeStrange ignores their first meeting when he appeared to a disadvantage. LeStrange tells Emily that he will try to educate her indifferent cousin as an automobile expert. Dick undertakes to make a test race meets with an accident. LeStrange meets Emily in the moonlit garden of the French home. Under an impulse he cannot control he kisses her and she leaves him, confessing in her own heart that she returns his love.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued).

"I thought there was to be no more trouble," she faltered, distressed.

LeStrange looked down at her steadily, his gray eyes darkening to an expression she had never seen.

"Have I no right to ask his question, 'Is there no cancelling of a claim, is there no subsequent freedom? Is it all no use, Emily?'"

Vaguely awed and frightened, her fingers tightened on his arm in a panic of surrender.

"I will come to you, I will come! You know best what is right—I trust you to tell me. Forgive me, dear, I wanted to—"

He silenced her, all the light flashing back to his face.

"A promise; hush! Oh, I shall wait tonight with that singing in my ears. I have more to say to you, but not now. I must see Bailey, somehow, before I go."

"He is at the house; let me send him here to you."

"If you come back with him."

They laughed together.

"I will—Do you know," her color deepened rosily, "they call you 'Darling'; I have never heard your own name."

"My name is David," LeStrange said quietly, and kissed her for farewell.

"Uncle will like you when he knows you," she laughed in her heart. "Any one must like you!"

The servant she met in the hall said that Mr. Bailey had gone out, and Mr. French, also, but separately, the former having taken the short route across toward the factory. That way Emily went in pursuit, intending to overtake him with her pony cart.

But upon reaching the stables, past which the path ran, she found Bailey himself engaged in an inspection of the limousine in company with the chauffeur.

"You'll have to look into her differential, Anderson," he was pronouncing, when the young girl came beside him.

"Come, please," she urged breathlessly.

"Come!" repeated Bailey, wheeling, with his slow, benevolent smile. "Sure, Miss Emily; where?"

She shook her head, not replying until they were safely outside; then:

"To Mr. LeStrange; he is in the pavilion. He wants to see you."

"To LeStrange!" he almost shouted, halting. "LeStrange here?"

"Yes. There is time," he says there is time. He is going back as soon as he sees you."

"But what's he doing here? What does he mean by risking his neck without any practice?"

"He came to see me," she whispered, and stood confessed.

"God!" said Bailey, quite reverently, after a moment of speechless stupefaction. "You, and him!"

She lifted confiding eyes to him, moving nearer.

"It is a secret, but I wanted you to know because you like us both. Dick said you loved Mr. LeStrange."

"Yes," was the dazed assent.

"Well, then—But come, he is waiting."

She was sufficiently unlike the usual Miss French to bewilder any one. Bailey dumbly followed her across the park, carrying his hat in his hand.

A short distance from the pavilion Emily stopped abruptly, turning a startled face to her companion.

"Some one is there," she said.

"Some one is speaking. I forgot that Uncle Ethan had gone out."

She heard Bailey catch his breath oddly. Her own pulses began to beat with heavy irregularity, as a few steps farther brought the two opposite the open arcade. There they halted, frozen.

In the place Emily had left, where all her feminine toys still lay, Mr. French was seated as one exhausted by the force of overmastering emotion; his hands clenched on the arms of the chair; his face drawn with passion. Opposite him stood LeStrange, colorless and still as Emily had never conceived him, listening in absolute silence to the bitter address pouring from the other's lips with a low-toned violence indescribable.

"I told you then, never again to come here," first fell upon Emily's conscious hearing. "I supposed you were at least French enough to take a dismissal. What do you want here, money? I warned you to live upon the allowance sent every month to your bankers, for I would pay no more even to escape the intolerable disgrace of your presence here. Did you imagine me so despatched that I would accept even you as a success? Wrong; you are not missed. My nephew Richard takes your place, and is fit to take it. Go back to Europe and your low-born wife; there is no lack in my household."

The voice broke in an excess of savage triumph, and LeStrange took the pause without movement or gesture.

"I am going, sir, and I shall never come back," he answered, never more quietly. "I can take a dismissal, yes. If ever I have wished peace or hoped for an accord that never existed between us, I go cured of such folly. But hear this first, since I am arraigned at your bar: I have never yet disgraced your name or mine unless by the boy's mischief which sent me from college. The money you speak of, I have never used; ask Bailey of it, if you will." He hesitated, and in the empty moment there came across the mile of June air the roaring noon whistle of the factory. Involuntarily he turned his head toward the call, but as instantly recovered himself from the self-betrayal. "There is another matter to be arranged, but there is no time now. Nor even in concluding it will I ever come here again, sir."

There was that in his bearing, in the dignified carefulness of courtesy with which he saluted the other before turning to go, that checked even Ethan French. But as LeStrange crossed the threshold of the little building, Emily ran from the thicket to meet him, her eyes a dark splendor in her white face, her hands outstretched.

"Not like this!" she panted. "Not without seeing me! Oh, I might have guessed—"

His vivid color and animation returned as he caught her to him, heedless of witnesses.

"You dare? My dear, my dear, not even a question? There is no one like you. Say, shall I take you now, or send Dick for you after the race?"

Mr. French exclaimed some inarticulate words, but neither heard him.

"Send Dick," Emily answered, her eyes on the gray eyes above her.

"Send Dick—I understand, I will come."

He kissed her once, then she drew back and he went down the terraces toward the gates. As Emily sank down on the bench by the pavilion door, Bailey brushed past her, running after the straight, lithe figure that went steadily on out of sight among the huge trees planted and tended by five generations of Frenches.

When the vistas of the park were empty, Emily slowly turned to face her love.

"You love David French?" he asked, his voice thin and harsh.

"Yes," she answered. She had no need to ask if LeStrange were meant.

"He is LeStrange. He never meant you to know; he'd have left without your ever knowing, but for Miss Emily. I guess I don't need to remind you of what he's done; if it hadn't been for him we might have closed our doors some day. He understands the business as none of us back-number, old-fashioned ones do; he took hold and shook some life into it. We can make cars, but he can make people buy them. Advertising! Why, just that fool picture he drew on the back of a pad, one day, of a row of thermometers up to one hundred forty, with the sign 'Mercuries are at the top,' made more people notice."

Bailey cleared his throat. "He was always making people notice, and laughing while he did it. He's risked his neck on every course going, to bring our cars in first, he's lent his name as a racing driver to help us along. And now everything is fixed the way you want, he's thrown out. What did he do it for? He thought he needed to square accounts with you, for being born, I suppose; so when he heard how things were going with us he came to me and offered his help. At least, that's what he said. I believe he came because he couldn't bear to see the old place go under."

There was a sked of blue silk swinging over the edge of the table. Mr. French picked it up and replaced it in Emily's work basket before replying.

"If this remarkable story is true," he began, accurately precise in accent.

"You don't need me to tell you it is," retorted Bailey. "You know what my new manager's been doing; why, you disliked him without seeing him, but you had to admit his good work. And I heard you talking about his allowance, Mr. French. He never touched it, not from the first; it piled up for six years. Last April, when we needed cash in a hurry, he drew it out and gave it to me to buy aluminum. When he left here first he drove a taxicab in New York city until he got into racing work and made Darling LeStrange famous all over the continent. I guess it went pretty hard for a while; he'd been the things you called him, he'd have gone to the devil alone in New York. But he didn't."

An oriole darted in one arcade and out again with a musical whir of wings. The clink of glass and silver sounded from the house windows with a pleasant cheerfulness and suggestion of comfort and plenty.

"He made good," Bailey concluded, thoughtfully. "But it sounded queer to me to hear you tell him you didn't want him around because Mr. Dick took his place. I know, and Miss Emily knows, that Dick French was no use on earth for any place until Mr. David took him in hand and made him fit to live. That's all, I guess, that I had to say; I'll get back to work." He turned, but paused to "glance around." "It's going to be pretty dull at the factory for me. And between us we've sent LeStrange to the track with a nice set of nerves."

His retreating footsteps died away to leave the noon hush unbroken. As before, uncle and niece were left opposite each other, the crumpled newspaper where LeStrange's name showed



"Well, Then—But Come, He Is Waiting."

"He is married to some woman of the music halls."

"No."

"How do you know? He has told you?"

She lifted to him the superb confidence of her glance, although nervous tremors shook her in wavelike succession.

"If he had been married, he would not have made me care for him. He has asked me to be his wife."

They were equally strange to each other in these new characters, and equally spent by emotion. Neither moving, they sat opposite each other in silence. So Bailey found them when he came back later, to take the massive stand in the doorway, his hands in his pockets and his strong jaw set.

"I think that things are kind of mixed up here, Mr. French," he stated grimly. "I guess I'm the one to straighten them out a bit; I've loved Mr. David from the time he was a kid and never saw him get a square deal yet. You asked him what he was doing here—I'll tell you; he is LeStrange."

There is a degree of amazement which precludes speech; Mr. French looked back at his partner, mute.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)