

NEWS NOTES OF CURRENT WEEK

Resume of World's Important Events Told in Brief.

The formation of a glue trust is believed to be under way.

Manufacturers and importers are begging congress to let the present tariff alone.

President Taft greatly lauds the genius, persistence and tenacity of the Jewish people.

Ex-President Castro has taken personal charge of his legal fight to remain in America.

Turks refuse flatly to cede Adrianople to Bulgaria and peace negotiations are broken off.

The Supreme court refuses to permit Union Pacific stockholders to buy Southern Pacific stock.

The Supreme court has ruled that cotton brokers must stand trial for attempting to corner cotton.

The newly-elected woman mayor of Warrenton, Or., walked through the snow to attend her first council meeting.

A decision of the Supreme court greatly curtails the power of the states over railways and express companies.

Women of the allied Balkan states show utmost fortitude over their griefs and sufferings resulting from the war with Turkey.

Sixteen persons whose ages aggregated 1070 years were gathered at a holiday dinner at Marshfield, Or. Their ages averaged nearly 70 years.

William Rockefeller, whom the house money trust investigating committee was unable to serve with a summons, is now in the Bahama islands.

The woman city recorder of Park City, Utah, is accused of padding the payrolls of that city. Shortages are also alleged in other departments under her supervision.

A move has been started to pay the fines of the Boise, Idaho, newspapermen who were sentenced to jail for criticizing the Idaho Supreme court for its decision barring Progressive candidates for presidential elector from the ballot, and Colonel Roosevelt has sent the first \$10.

Senator Jeff Davis, senior member of the upper house from Arkansas, is dead.

Trans-Atlantic steamships have adopted a new route in order to avoid icebergs.

Operations in the hop market are completely blocked by refusal of the growers to sell.

The Russian crown prince has completely recovered from the recent attempt upon his life.

A one-legged boy playing on the street in Portland was hit by an automobile and his other leg broken.

Over five hundred persons were killed in automobile accidents on the streets of New York City during 1912.

The Bates & Chesapeake steamship company, rivals of the Pacific Mail, have failed with liabilities of \$300,000.

Vexed by a sharp letter from Attorney General Wickersham, the United States attorney for South Dakota has resigned.

A New York actor will serve six months in the Ludlow street jail rather than pay his divorced wife \$50 per week alimony.

Turks declare they have made every possible concession in the peace conference and the Balkan allies threaten to resume hostilities.

A New Yorker tried to mail a package of live lobsters under the parcels post law, but the package was refused as unmailable. Had the lobsters been dead there would have been no objection.

PORTLAND MARKETS

Wheat—Track prices: Club, 80¢; 80½¢; bluestem, 85¢; 86¢; forty-fold, 81¢; red Russian, 78¢; valley, 81¢.

Barley—Feed, \$22.50@23.00 per ton; brewing, nominal; rolled, \$25.50@26.50.

Corn—Whole, \$27; cracked, \$28 ton. Hay—Timothy, choice, \$17@18 per ton; mixed Eastern Oregon timothy, \$12@15; oat and vetch, \$12; alfalfa, \$11.50; clover, \$10; straw, \$6@7.

Millstuffs—Bran, \$22 ton; shorts, \$24; middlings, \$30.

Oats—No. 1 white, \$25@25.50 ton. Fresh fruits—Apples, 50¢@1.50 per box; grapes, Empress, \$5 per barrel; Malaga, \$8; cranberries, \$12.50.

Potatoes—Jobbing prices: Burbanks, 50¢@60¢ per hundred; sweets, 2¢@3¢ per pound.

Onions—Oregon, 1¢ per sack. Vegetables—Artichokes, \$1.25@1.50 per dozen; cabbage, 1¢ per pound; cauliflower, \$2.50 per crate; celery, \$3.50@4; head lettuce, \$1.50@2; sprouts, 8¢ per pound; garlic, 50¢@6; turnips, 75¢ per sack; carrots, 75¢; beets, 75¢; parsnips, 75¢.

Eggs—Fresh locals, candled, 32¢@35¢ per dozen.

Butter—Oregon creamery, cubes, 37¢ per pound; prints, 38¢@39¢.

Poultry—Hens, 15¢; broilers, 15¢; turkeys, live, 22¢@23¢; dressed, choice, 26¢@27¢; ducks, nominal; geese, 13¢.

Pork—Fancy, 10¢@10½¢ per pound. Veal—Fancy, 14¢@14½¢ per pound.

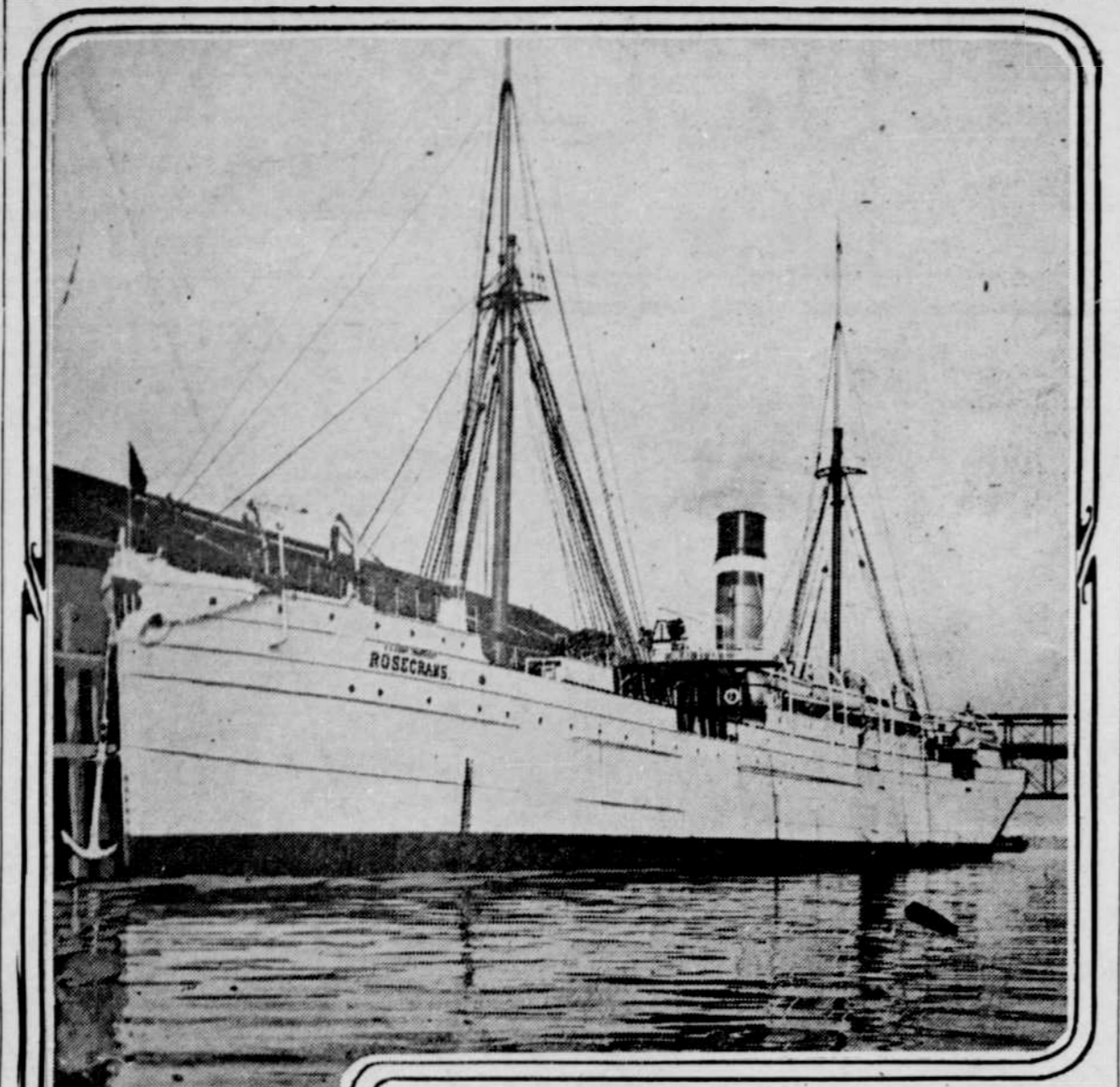
Hops—1912 crop, prime and choice, 18¢@20¢ per pound.

Cattle—Choice steers, \$7@7.75; 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@9; good heavy calves, \$6@7; bulls, \$3@5.50; stags, \$5@6.

Hogs—Light, \$7.50@8.10; heavy, \$6.50@7.25.

Sheep—Yearling wethers, \$4.25@5.75; ewes, \$4@4.85; lambs, \$5@6.75.

OIL TANK STEAMER ROSECRANS, WRECKED AT MOUTH OF COLUMBIA JAN. 7, 1913.



30 MEET DEATH OFF COLUMBIA

Oil Steamer Rosecrans Sinks On Peacock Spit.

Lifesaving Crews Battle All Day With Gale—Ocean Tugs Rescue Lifeboat and Crew.

Iwaco, Wash.—Twenty-nine men perished in the sea, one died after being rescued and three are believed to be safe from the wreck of the oil tank steamer Rosecrans, which went on the rocks at Peacock Spit at 5:20 o'clock Tuesday morning.

Fred Peters, third quartermaster, who clung to a plank, swam until unconscious and was washed ashore at Fioga Point, seven miles from the scene of the wreck, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Three of the remaining 33 of the ill-fated crew were rescued by the Point Adams life-saving crew. One man, an oiler, died in the stern of the life-saving boat.

The heroic rescue by the life-saving crew was effected at 3:30 o'clock after the three men had clung to the rigging of the vessel for almost five hours after the Rosecrans sank, at 10:30 a. m. The Rosecrans went aground in a gale estimated at about 70 miles. It was five hours later when the vessel was sighted for the first time after repeated efforts to locate the wreck and heroic battling against the storm by the life crews and three tugs, the Onontia, the Fearless and the Tatoosh. At 3 o'clock the Point Adams life-saving crew effected a rescue of the three men who clung to the rigging.

The Cape Disappointment life crew had been capsized and several of the members badly injured in the repeated attempts to reach the Rosecrans.

From 3 o'clock in the afternoon until about midnight the Point Adams life-saving crew and its three rescued men were storm-tossed on the outside of the bar in a disabled craft unable to get to shore. At midnight the tug Onontia located the survivors on the wreck of the Rosecrans' crew, an oiler, had perished from the long strain.

The Rosecrans is a total wreck. Her captain, L. F. Johnson, and three other dead bodies, have been picked up by the life-saving crew. Besides wreckage from the oil-tanker and two of her lifeboats, which were washed ashore, nothing more from the wrecked steamer reached land.

It was daylight before an effectual attempt to make to sea was undertaken. It was 8:30 a. m. before the scene of the wreck was sighted, as the wireless "S. O. S." "Striking the bar and breaking to pieces," from the ill-fated steamer had been long before.

Consul-General Is Dead.

London—Paul Nash, United States consul general at Budapest, died suddenly at a hotel here. Although it was apparent that death was due to natural causes, an inquest will be necessary. Consul General Nash arrived here only the day before. At the hotel he asked for a quiet room, as he was suffering from insomnia. He was found dead there next morning. Nash was 36 years old and had been in the diplomatic service at Bangkok, Venice, Vladivostok, Rheims and Budapest.

Indians' Skulls Exhumed.

White Salmon Wash.—Skulls and other bones of Indians are being exhumed by the Limerick & Gallagher crew, removing a hill of sand on the C. D. Moore farm, to be used for filling in a trestle on the North Bank road a few miles east of this place. Mr. Moore has dug up bones and crude utensils of early Indian life several times, and when the railway was built many evidences of Indian occupation were uncovered. Historians maintain that there was once an Indian population of over 40,000 along the Columbia.

Apple Men Take Heart.

Hood River, Or.—"It is an ill wind that blows no one good," and the apple men expect the disastrous freeze that swept the Southern California orange district to cause an advance in apple prices. J. S. Crutchfield, a Pittsburg commission man, said that the happening of two things would greatly aid the marketing of the year's fruit. "One," he said "is a destructive cyclone in the banana belt and the other a hard freeze in the orange belt."

Fire Put Out With Milk.

Santa Cruz, Cal.—With the water supply cut off by frozen pipes, the family of A. D. Houghton, in Cliff Drive, near Capitola, resorted to pans of milk in fighting a fire that threatened to burn the home Monday morning. The flames were extinguished with small loss.

Dog Is Sent By Parcel Post.

Yonkers, N. Y.—A brindle bulldog was the first parcel post package mailed in Yonkers. It was in a box addressed to William Trier, of 30 Woodworth avenue. Although live animals are not accepted for transportation through the mails, Postmaster Warren made an exception, as it was the first parcel, and had a carrier deliver it. The postmaster went in his private carriage to deliver personally a six-pound roast from New York addressed to a Yonkers housewife, so it might be in time for dinner.

Dust Sweeps Over Snow.

Walla Walla, Wash.—The weather man sprang a new one on the valley Wednesday in a dust storm in January with snow on the ground. The storm developed in the southeast about the middle of the afternoon and cut from view the Milton, Freewater and Colgate Place stations, which usually are visible from the observatory building. Residents who saw it thought it fog until assured by Observer Grover that it was nothing but dust particles. The dust apparently came from snow-covered and wet ground.

Coldest Reported Is 24 Below; Winter wheat Menaced.

Chicago—Winter, as the term is understood in the Great Lakes region, already more than three months overdue, made another and more successful attempt Sunday and Monday to fasten itself upon the Middle West. The deadly cold, originating in Western Canada, where 16 degrees below zero prevails at many points, is spreading rapidly over the country. It reached Chicago in the form of a snow storm, which later turned to rain and still later to heavy sleet, with continued falling of the temperature.

The intense cold has not yet arrived in Chicago, but government forecasters say it will be here soon and remain a long time.

Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa and all Northwestern states report below zero weather and growing colder.

Suffragists Rout Chief.

Washington, D. C.—Major Sylvester, superintendent of the Capitol police, who announced that the Washington suffragists would not be allowed to hold a pageant on March 3, the day before the inauguration, was routed by the suffragists almost as soon as he made the rash announcement. James F. Oyster, president of the chamber of commerce, quickly took up the suffragists' cause, and did other prominent men, and Sylvester receded from his position. The women will hold their demonstration as planned.

Valdez Is Swept By Gale.

Valdez, Alaska.—The most severe storm in the history of this part of Alaska raged here Wednesday. A furious gale blew here and a blizzard swept the mountain passes. A telegram received here said the Fairbanks stage was stalled on the summit in Thompson Pass. The horses were frozen to death, but the passengers found shelter and telegraphed for assistance. The steamship Northwestern, which had just arrived from Seattle, swung around while attempting to tie up at the wharf.

Lowest Temperatures in 20 Years—Smudge Pots Avail Little—Water Kept Running.

Los Angeles—Freezing weather, such as Southern California has not experienced in 20 years, swept down from Tehachapi's top on the great orange belt of San Bernardino, Ventura, Riverside, Los Angeles, Orange and San Diego counties Sunday.

The Flying Mercury

by ELEANOR M. INGRAM
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ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WAUTERS
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SYNOPSIS.

The story opens on Long Island near New York city, where Miss Emily Ffrench, a relative of Ethan Ffrench, manufacturer of the celebrated "Mercury" automobile, loses her way. The car has stopped and her cousin, Dick Ffrench, is too muddled with drink to direct it aright. They meet another car which is driven by a professional racer named LeStrange. The latter fixes up the Ffrench car and directs Miss Ffrench how to proceed homeward. Ethan Ffrench has disintegrated his son, who plainly that he would like to have her marry Dick, who is a good-natured but irresponsible fellow appearing as a partner of Ethan Ffrench wanting an expert to race with the "Mercury" at auto events, has engaged LeStrange, and at the Ffrench 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 drives and they meet when he appeared to a disadvantage. LeStrange tells Emily that he will try to educate her in the art of driving an automobile expert. Dick undertakes his business schooling under the tutelage of LeStrange. Dick is sheer grit and in making a test race meets with an accident. Emily is invited to the moonlit garden of the Ffrench home. Under an impulse he cannot control he kisses her and she leaves him, confessing in her own heart that she returns his love. The uncle of Emily, learning of her attachment to LeStrange, informs her that the man is his disbarred son, whom she has never seen before being adopted by him. He claims that his son ran away with a disolute actress, refused to acknowledge him, and orders Emily to think of Dick as her future husband.

CHAPTER VIII.

Six o'clock was the hour set for the start of the Beach race. And it was just seventeen minutes past five when Dick Ffrench, hanging in a frenzy of anxiety over the paddock fence circling the inside of the mile oval, uttered something resembling a howl and rushed to the gate to signal his recreant driver. From the opposite side of the track LeStrange waved gay return, making his way through the officials and friends who pressed around him to shake hands or slap his shoulder caressingly, jesting and questioning, calling directions and advice. A brass band played noisily in the grand-stand, where the crowd heaved and surged; the racing machines were roaring in their camps.

"What's the matter? Where were you?" cried Dick, when at last LeStrange crossed the course to the central field. "The cars are going out now for the preliminary run. Rupert's nearly crazy, snarling at everybody, and the other man has been getting ready to start instead of you."

"Well, he can get unready," smiled LeStrange. "Keep cool, Ffrench; I've got half an hour and I could start now. I'm ready."

He was ready; clad in the close-fitting khaki costume whose immaculate daintiness gave no hint of the certainty that before the first six hours ended it would be a wreck of yellow dust and oil. As he paused in running an appraising glance down the street-like row of tents, the white-clothed driver of a spotless white car shot out on his way to the track, but halted opposite the latest arrival to stretch a cordial hand.

"I hoped a trolley car had bitten you," he shouted. "The rest of us would have more show if you got lost on the way, Darling."

The boyish driver at the next tent looked up as they passed, and came grinning over to give his clasp.

"Get a move on; what you been doin' all day, dear child? They've been givin' your manager sal volatile to hold him still." He nodded at the agitated Dick in ironic commiseration.

"Go get out your car, Darling; I want to beat you," chaffed the next in line.

"Strike up the band, here comes a driver," sang another, with an entrancing French accent.

Laughing, retorting, shaking hands with each comrade rival, LeStrange went down the row to his own tent. At his approach a swarm of mechanics from the factory stood back from the long, low, gray car, the driver who was to relieve him during the night and day ordeal slipped down from the seat and unmade.

"He's here," announced Dick superfluously. "Rupert—where's Rupert? Don't tell me he's gone now! LeStrange—"

But Rupert was already emerging from the tent with LeStrange's gauntlets and cap, his expression a study in the sardonic.

"It hurts me fierce to think how you must have hurried," he observed. "Did you walk both ways, or only all three? I'm no Eve, but I'd give a snake an apple to know where you've been all day."

"Would you?" queried LeStrange provokingly, clasping the goggles before his eyes. "Well, I've spent the last two hours on the Coney Island beach, about three squares from here, watching the kiddies play in the sand. I didn't feel like driving just then. It was mighty soothing, too."

Rupert stared at him, a dry unwilling smile slowly crinkling his dark face.

"Maybe, Darling," he drawled, and turned to make his own preparations. "Fascinated and useless, Dick looked on at the methodical flurry of the next few moments; until LeStrange was in his seat and Rupert swung in beside him. Then a gesture summoned him to the side of the machine.

"I'll run in again before we race, of course," said LeStrange to him, above the deafening noise of the motor. "Be around here; I want to see you."

Rupert leaned out, all good-humor once more as he pointed to the machine.

"Got a healthy talk, what?" he exulted.

The car darted forward.

A long round of applause welcomed LeStrange's swooping advance on the track. Handkerchiefs and scarfs were waved; his name passed from mouth to mouth.

over his shoulder, as they dashed out again.

An oil-smeared mechanic patronizingly explained:

"You can't have cars manuevering all over the track and people tripping over 'em. You get sent off to light 'n, and if you don't go they fine you laps made."

Machines darted in and out from their camps at intervals, each making a frenzy of excitement among its men. At ten o'clock the Mercury car came in again, this time limping with a flat tire, to be fallen on by its meannest.

"We're leading, but we'll lose by this," said LeStrange, slipping out to relax and meditatively contemplating the alternate driver, who was standing across the camp. "Ffrench, at twelve I'll have to come in to rest some, and turn my machine over to the other man. And I won't have him wrecking it for me. I want you, as owner to give him absolute orders to do no speeding; let him hold a fifty-two mile an hour average until I take the wheel again."

"Me?"

"I can't do it. You, of course."

"You could," Dick answered. "I've been thinking how you and I will run that factory together. It's all about about your going away, why should you? You and your father take me as junior partner, you know I'm not big enough for anything else."

"You're man's size," LeStrange assured, a hand on his shoulder. "But—it won't do. I'll not forget the offer, though, never."

"All on!" a dozen voices signaled; men scattered in every direction as LeStrange sprang to his place.

The hours passed on the wheels of excitement and suspense. When LeStrange came in again, only a watch convinced Dick that it was midnight.

"You gave the order?" LeStrange asked.

"Yes."

He descended, taking off his mask and showing a face white with fatigue under the streaks of dust and grime.

"I'll be all right in half an hour," he nodded, in answer to Dick's exclamation. "Send one of the boys for coffee, will you, please? Rupert needs some, too. Here, one of you others, ask one of those idle doctor's apprentices to come over with a fresh bandage; my arm's a trifle untidy."

In fact, his right sleeve was wet and red, where the strain of driving had reopened the injury of the day before. But he would not allow Dick to speak of it.

"I'm going to spend an hour or two resting. Come in, Ffrench, and we'll chat in the intervals, if you like."

"And Rupert? Where's he?" Dick wondered, peering into the dark with a vague impression of lurking dangers on every side.

"He's hurried in out of the night air," reassured familiar accents; a small figure lounged across into the light, making vigorous use of a dripping towel. "Tell Darling I feel faint and I'm going over to that grand-stand cafe a la car to get some pie. I'll be

back in time to read over my last lesson from the chauffeur's correspondence school. Oh, see what's here!"

A telegraph messenger boy had come up to Dick.

"Richard Ffrench?" he verified.

"Sign, please."

The message was from New York.

"All coming down," Dick read. "Limousine making delay. Wire me at St. Royal of race. Bailey."

Far from pleased, young Ffrench hurriedly wrote the desired answer and gave it to the boy to be sent. But he thrust the yellow envelope into his pocket before turning to the tent where LeStrange was drinking cheap black coffee while an impatient young surgeon hovered near.

The hour's rest was characteristically spent. Washed, bandaged, and refreshed, LeStrange dropped on a cot in the back of the tent and pushed a roll of motor garments beneath his head for a pillow. There he intermittently spoke to his companion of whatever the moment suggested; listening to every sound of the race and interspersing acute comment, starting up whenever the voice of his own machine hinted that the driver was disobeying instructions or the shrill klaxon gave warning of trouble. But through it all Dick gathered much of the family story.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"Water," He Demanded Tersely.

It was not a tranquilizing experience for an amateur to witness the start, when the fourteen powerful cars sprang simultaneously for the first curve, struggling for possession of the narrow track in a wheel to wheel contest where one mistouch meant the wreck of many. After that first view, Dick sat weakly down on an oil barrel and watched the race in a state of fascinated endurance.

The golden and violet sunset melted pearl-like into the black cup of night. The glare of many searchlights made the track a glistening band of white, around which circled the cars, themselves gemmed with white and crimson lamps. The cheers of the people as the lead was taken by one favorite or another, the hum of voices, the music and uproar of the machines blended into a web of sound indescribable. The spectacle was at once ultramodern and classic in antiquity of conception.

At eight o'clock LeStrange came flying in, sent off the track to have a lamp relighted.

"Water," he demanded tersely, in the sixty seconds of the stop, and laughed openly at Dick's expression while he took the cup.

"Why didn't you light it out there?" asked the novice, infected by the speed fever around him.

"Forgot our matches," Rupert flung

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