SAYS MISS FLYNN IS SECOND JOAN

Young Woman Proves Popular Since Her Arrest and Conviction-Innumerable Offers of

Aid.

SPOKANE, Wash., Dec. 13 .-Elizameth Gurley Flynn, who in Spokane is referred to as the "Joan of Arc" of the free speech movement, is today one of the most popular women in the city. The young woman, who recently w saconvicted of conspiracy and sentenced to serve three months in the county jail, is out on a bond of \$5000 pending her arose. appeal to a higher court.

fense of the Industrial Worker move- hummocks, to come to a stop opposite out."

Referring to the switchmen's strike Miss Flynn said:

lost their strike because they were ing lot, with bloodshot eyes, a flicker not properly organized. It is not the of the daredevil in expression, beyond part of the dissatisfied workmen." In speaking of the I. W. W. move-

inflow of supporters from the east tumble. and contributions from the same sources." Industrial Workers have been re-

leased from Fort Wright, having served their terms. They are too

trailists are still confined in the discovered that a horse had gone lame. ous work. The crews on the various Franklin school.

Reports from the great northwest th' lameness yourself, Barney Mallan," exhibit train, which is now touring the middle west, are to the effect that it is attracting unusual attention. Being stocked with choice specimens of northwestern products. the people flock to it at every stop. They inspect the displays carefully and listen to the talks of the demonstrators. Those in charge say that many of the visitors declare their intentions to remove to the northwest next spring.

CLAIMS CHAMPIONSHIP OAFU ILLEMUIIEUS

SPOKANE, Wash., Dec. 13.-Modestly laying claims to the premiers honors as a Marathoner on a typewriting machine, H. B. Press, who is transcribing the evidence in the Cunningham case at the Alaska coal land inquiry in Spokane, has issued a challenge to operators to a contest of speed, accuracy and endurance Orde saw this point. He picked up his for anywhere from \$50 to \$5,000 a reins and spoke to his team. side, open to the world. He stipulates, however, that at no time for squarely in the way. The others, risany one minute during the trial shall ing, slowly surrounded the rig. the speed beless than 50 words a one of the competitors is exhausted. Since coming to Spokane, ten days ed above the river bank, ago, Press has worked full eight hours daily, transcribing from graph- ure of the boss, his soft hat, his flamonhone, stopping only long enough to ing red beard, his dingy mackinaw change cylinders and place fresh coat, his dingy black and white check- against any single brand, Heinzman paper in the writing machine. He ed fiannel shirt, his dingy blue trousers writes at a speed ranging from 65 to tucked into high socks, and, instead of 80 words a minute and frequently ariving boots, his ordinary numbermakes bursts of 100 words, which man's rubbers. In a moment he thrust hemaintains for pages of amtter. He orde. He stared at the young man, believes he can outdistance are on- and then, with a wild Irish yell, leaperator in the world in a Marathon ed upon him. Orde, caught unawares, and will go anywhere to back up his was unable to struggle against the gi-

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Chas. B. Boyd to Susie L. Allen, land in Ashland J. W. Keyes to W. C. Green, lot 2, block -, Bungalow ad. to Medford

Mary L. Herbig to Lewis H. Wyant, lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6, block G., R. R. add. to

to Ashland 1000 A. D. Helman to Clarence Lane, land on Helman street, Ash-

land Everett Finley to J. M. Keeney, 80 acres, section 16, town-

ship 38, 2 w..... 3500 C. B. French to Ella M. Howard, part sec. 16, township

30, 1 e...... F. R. Roe to S. J. Evans, 20 acres, section 23, township

C. E. and Pearl A. Hooper to Laura Erb, 120 acres, sec-

tions 41-12, township 39, H. J. Gardner to Wm. May-

hild, lot6, block 69, Central Point

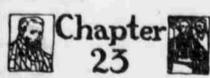
S. A. Pattison to Wm. Mayfield. lot 7. block 69, Central Point Nanev Churchain to Minnie

Peninger, part lot 62. Central Point 100

Che

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

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GROUP of three small log cab- ain't ye short handed now?" ins marked the Johnson and later the Heinzman camp. From the chimneys a smoke he cried. "It sure be! lounged about the sunny side of the at last, "at the usual wages-dellar largest structure. Orde clucked to his and a half for the jam, three for the horses, and the spidery wheels of the rear. I doubt if you'll see much of huge crowd, when she spoke in de- buckboard swung lightly over the wet Heinzman's money when this leaks

"Hello, boys!" said he cheerfully. No one replied. Orde looked them over with some interest. They were a "The switchmen have practically dirty, unkempt, unshaven, hard look-

fault of the strike-breakers, either, the first youth, hardened into an enbut the lack of organization on the during toughness of fiber-bad men from the Saginaw in truth and, unless Orde was mistaken, men just off a drunk and therefore especially dangerous, men eager to fight at the drep of "The free speech fight will take the hat and ready to employ all the on renewed vigor this week with an terrifying weapons of the rough and

"Who's your boss?" asked Orde. "The Rough Red." a man snarled. been celebrated in song. A big, broad to leaders of the free speech move- a bull and savage as a wild beast, it lar. ment, to resume at the fight at pres- was said that while jobbing for Morri- The Rough Red's enormous strength, son & Daly in some of that firm's Sag- daredevil spirit and nimbleness of body One hundred and twenty Indus- inaw valley holdings the Rough Red made him invaluable at this danger-He called the driver of that team be- beats now had their hands full to keep fore him, seized an iron starting bar the logs running. The slightest check



said he. To appeal to the charity of

such a man would be utterly useless. A huge riverman planted himself

He drove deliberately ahead, forcing minute and this must continue until the men to step aside, and stopped his

horses by a stub. He tied them there and descended. A huge form appear-

Orde made out the great square figthrough the brush and stood before against the wall, and the Rough Red's face was within two feet of his own.

"And how are ye, ye ould darlint?" shouted the latter, with a roll of oaths, "Why, Jim Bourke" cried Orde, The Rough Red jerked him to his

feet and pounded him mightily on the

10 "You ould snoozer!" he bellowed. "Where th' blankety blank did ye come from? Byes," he shouted to the men, "it's me ould boss on th' Au-Sable six year back-that time, ye mind, whin we had th' ice jam! Glory

be, but I'm glad to see ye!" "I didn't know you'd turned into the Rough Red," laughed Orde,

The Rough Red grinned. "What have ye been doin'?" "That's just it, Jimmy," said Orde,

drawing the giant one side, out of ear shot. "All my eggs are in one basket, and it's a mean trick of you to hire out for filthy lucre to kick that "What do ye mane?" asked the

Rough Red. "You don't mean to tell me," countered Orde, "that this crew has been ! sent up here just to break out those 600 measly little rollways?"

"Thim?" said the Rough Red. "Thim? Not much! Thim's my body-265 guard. They can lick their weight in wild cats, and I'd loike well to see th' gang of highbankers that infists this river thry to pry thim out. We were 50 sint here to foight. Me boss and th' any mestake about it." sucker that's droiven this river has

a row on!"

"Jimmy," said Orde, "didn't you know that I am the gentleman last mentioned? I'm driving this river, and that's my dam-keeper you've got hid away somewhere here, and that's my water you're planning to waste!"

What?" In a tone of vast astonishment, the Rough Red mentioned his probable deserts in the future life.

"Luk here, Jack," said he after a moment, "here's a crew of white water birlers that ye can't beat nowheres. What do ye want us to do? We're now gettin' \$4 a day and board from that murderin' ould villain Heinzman, so we can afford to wurrk for ye

Orde hesitated.

"Oh, please do now, darlint," wheedled the Rough Red, his little eyes agleam with mischief. "Sind us some more peavies, and we'll hilp ye on yure rollways. And till us afore ye go how ye want this dam, and that's th' way she'll be. Come, now, dear, and

Orde slapped his knee and laughed. "This is sure one deuce of a joke!"

Twenty or thirty rivermen "I'll take you boys on," said Orde



Chapter

HUS Orde, by the sheer good luck that sometimes favors men engaged in large enterprises, not only frustrated a plan likely to bring failure to his interests, but Orde had heard of this man, of his filled up his crews. It may be repersonality and his deeds. Like Silver marked here, as well as later, that the Jack of the Muskegon, his exploits had "terrors of the Saginaw" stayed with the drive to its finish and proved reweak from the lack of food, according faced man, with a red beard, strong as liable and tractable in every particu-

and with it broke the man's leg. "Try at any one point meant a jam, for there was no way of stopping the unending

Jams on the river, contrary to general belief, are of very common occurrence. Throughout the length of the drive there were probably three or four hangups a day. Each of these had to be broken, and in the breaking

was danger. Orde after the rear was well started patrolled the length of the drive in his light buckboard. At times he remained at one camp for several days watching the trend of the work. The improvements made during the preceding summer gave him the greatest satis-

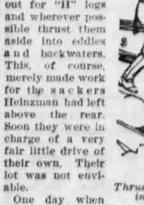
No trouble was experienced until Heinzman's rollways were reached. Here Orde had boomed a free channel to prevent Heinzman from filling up the entire river bed with his rollways. When the jam of the drive had deman had not yet begun to break out. Hardly had Orde's first crew passed, however, when Heinzman's nien began to break down the logs into the drive. Long before the rear caught up Heinzman's drive was in the water, mingled with the sixty or eighty million

feet Orde had in charge. The situation was plain. All Heinzman now had to do was to retain a small crew, which should follow after the rear in order to sack what logs the latter should leave stranded. As it was impossible in so great a mass of timbers and in the haste of a pressing labor to distinguish or discriminate was in a fair way to get his logs sent downstream with practically no ex-

"Vell, my boy," remarked the German quite frankly to Orde as they met on the road one day, "looks like I got you dis time, eh?"

Orde laughed. "If you mean your logs are going gantic riverman. He was pinned back down with ours, why, I guess you have. But you paste this in your hatyou're going to keep awful busy, and it's going to cost

you something to get 'em down." Orde's drivers kept a sharp lookout for "H" logs and wherever possible thrust them aside into eddies and backwaters. This, of course, merely made work for the sackers Heinzman had left above the rear. Soon they were in



into eddies. Orde's buckboard drew into camp he

sent Bourke away to repair damages. while he called the cookee to help unpack several heavy boxes of hardware. They proved to contain about thirty small hatchets, well sharpened and each with a leather guard. When the rear crew had come in that night Orde distributed the batchets.

the work I want you all to keep a whenever you strike one I want you to blaze it plainly so there won't be

"What for?" asked a Saginaw man. A riverman nudged him.

"Just do what you're told to on this river and you'll see fun sure."

Three days later the rear crew ran into the head of the pond above Reed's dam. To every one's surprise, Orde called a halt on the work and announced a holiday.

Now, holidays are unknown on drive. Barely is time allowed for cating and sleeping. Nevertheless all that day the men lay about in complete idleness. The pond filled with logs, From above the current, aided by a fair wind, was driving down still other logs-the forcrunners of the little drive the Heinzman logs from above you astern. At sight of these some of the men grumbled. "We're losin' what we made," said they, "We left them logs and sorted 'em out once already.' Orde sent a couple of axmen to blaze

the newcomers. A little before sun- driving, and if that crew of his hasn't down he ordered the sluice gates of the dam opened.

Sure enough, after supper Orde sud-

"Night work," said the men to one another.

denly appeared among them "Get organized, boys," said he brisk- reins. "We've got to get this pond all shileed before morning."

The men took their places,

"Sluice through everything but the 'H' logs," Orde commanded. "Work them off to the left and leave them." The sluicing, under the impetus of a big crew, went rapidly. "There's near million an hour going through there," speculated Orde, watching the burdend waters of the chute. And in this work the men distinguished easily the new white blaze marks on Heinzman's logs, so they were able to shunt them one side into the smoother water, as Orde had commanded.

As the last log shot through Orde cried. "Tear out the booms!"

The chute to the dam was approached, as has been earlier explained, by two rows of booms arranged in a V, or funnel, the apex of which emptied into the sluiceway and the wide, projecting arms of which embraced the width of the stream. The logs, floating down the pond, were thus concentrated toward the sluice; also the rivermen, walking back and forth the length of the booms, were able easily to keep the drive moving.

Now, however, Orde unchained these boom logs. The men pushed them ashore, clamped in their peavies and, using these implements as handles, carried the booms back into the woods. Then everybody tramped back and forth, round and about, to confuse the trail. Orde was like a mischlevous boy at a school prank.

The blazed logs belonging to Heinzinto the corner toward the power canal. where, caught against the grating, they to be floated singly and pushed one by space. one against the current across the pond and into the influence of the sluice gate. Some of them would be hard to

"I guess that will keep them busy for a day or two," commented Orde. This as Orde has said, would be sufficiently annoying to Heinzman, but man was getting down his logs with a described. One day the chore boy, who

of twenty had been sent in to Heinzman's drive. This was gratifying. "We're making him scratch gravel, anyway," said Orde. men entered into the spirit of the raing. In fact, their enthusiasm

was almost too exuberant. Orde had constantly to negative new and ingenious schemes. "No, boys," said he, "I want to keep

on the right side of the law. We may need it later." Logs rarely jam on rising water, for

the simple reason that constantly the surface area of the river is increasing, thus tending to separate the logs. On the other hand, falling water, tending to crowd the drive closer together, is especially prolific of trouble. Therefore, on flood water the watchers scattered along the stretches of the river had little to do-save strand

Heinzman's logs for him. Up to a certain point this was all very well. Orde took pains not to countenance it officially and caused word to be passed about that, while he did not expect his men to help drive Heinzman's logs, they must not go out

of their way to strand them, "If things get too bad, he'll have sples down here to collect evidence on us," said Orde, "and he'll jug some of us for interference with his property. We don't own the river."

Inside of two weeks Orde had the great satisfaction of learning that Heinzman was working-and working hard-a crew of fifty men. "A pretty fair crew, even if he was

taking out his whole drive," commented Orde. The gods of luck seemed to be with he new enterprise. The water held out to carry the last stick of timber over the shallowest rapids. Weather

conditions were phenomenal-and per-

fect. All up and down the river the

work went with vim and dash.

After this happy fashion the drive went until at last it entered the broad, deep and navigable stretches of the river from Redding to the lake. Here, barring the accident of an extraordithe broad, placid bosom of the stream last night." the logs would float. As Orde sat in his buckboard, ready to go into town for a first glimpre of Carroll in more "Boys," said he, "while you're on than two months, he gazed with an immense satisfaction over the broad watch out for these 'H' logs, and river moving brown and glacierlike, as though the logs that covered it were viscid and composed all its substance. The enterprise was practically assur-

ed of success. For awhile now Orde was to have a

breathing spell. A large number of men were here laid off. The remainder, under the direction of Jim Denning, would require little or no actual supervision. Until the jam should have reached the distributing booms above Mourovia the affair was very simple. Before he left, however, he

called Denning to him. "Jim." said he, "I'll be down to see you through the sluiceways at Redding, of course. But now that you have a good, still stretch of river I want you to include in our drive all possibly can. If you can fix it, let their drive drift down into ours." "Then we'll have to drive their logs

for them," objected Denning .. "Sure," rejoined Orde, "but it's easy air, much to do perhaps he'll lay most of them off here at Redding."

Denning looked at his principal for a moment, then a slow grin overspread his face. Without comment he turned back to camp, and Orde took up his

"Oh, I'm so glad to get you back!" cried Carroll over and over again as she clung to him. "I don't live while you're away. And every drop of rain that patters on the roof chills my heart, because I think of it as chilling Dear heart, don't leave me

She shook her head at him slowly, a mysterious smile on her lips. Without explaining her thought she slipped from his knee and glided across to the tall golden barp, which had been brought from Monrovia. The light and diaphanous silk of her loose peignoir floated about her, defining the maturing grace of her figure. Abruptly she struck a great crashing chord.

Then, with an abandon of ecstasy, she plunged into one of those wild and sea blown, saga-like rhapsodies of the



man, drifting slowly, had sucked down Hungarians, full of the wind in rigging, the storm in the pines, of shricking, vast forces hurtling unchained had jammed. These logs would have through a resounding and infinite

"What Is that?" gasped Orde, She ran to him.

"Oh, it's you, you, you" she cried. He beld her closely. "Do you think it is good to get quite so nervous, sweetheart?" he asked gently then, "Remember"

"Oh, I do! I do!" she broke in earwould have little real effect on the nestly. "Every moment of my waking faction, especially the apron at the main issue, which was that the Ger. and sleeping hours I remember him. Always I keep his little soul before me crew of less than a dozen men. Nev. as a light on a shrine. But tonightertheless Orde in a vast spirit of fun oh, tonight, I could laugh and shout took delight in inventing and executing aloud like the people in the Hible, with practical jokes of the general sort just flapping of hands?" She snuggled herself close to Orde with a little murmur had been over to Spruce Rapids after of happiness. "I think of all the beauscended the river as far as this Heinz. mail, reported that an additional crew tiful things," she whispered, "and of the noble things and of the great things. He is going to be sturdy, like his father-a wonderful boy, a boy all

of fire"-"Like his mother," said Orde. She amiled up at him. "I want him just like you, dear," she pleaded.



[TO BE CONTINUED.]

STILTON CHEESE.

It Differs In the Making From the Or-

dinary Cheese. Stilton cheeses differ from ordinary cheeses in the method of manufacture. Each Stilton is made in a circular mold, or vat, two feet deep and about nine inches in diameter, perforated at the sides and bottom. When the milk has been turned into curd by means of rennet it is transferred into the vat. which is fined with a coarse woven cloth, with a ladle. When a thin layer of curd covers the bottom of the mold s little dry sait is sprinkled over it. This is supposed to create the blue mold aften found in Stiltons. Then more curd is added in layers until the vat is full. The whey gradually drains through the cloth and out of the holes into the pan in which the vat stands After the curd has stood for twentyfour hours a tin disk is laid on the top and a weight applied to hasten the expulsion of the whey. When quite firm, the cheese is removed from the vat and placed on a shelf to dry. After some days the cloth is taken off and the cheese is left to ripen in a special room, the temperature of which never

Settling the Preliminaries.

varies,-London Answers.

"Oh, Jennie," said the other girl, "I nary flood, the troubles were over. On had such a queer dream about you

"Don't say another word if it was the unlucky kind," Jennie interrupted. "It wasn't, I dreamed I saw you going up the great white way to the pearly gates."

"Wait! How was I dressed?" "All in shining white." "And did I have on my white pic-

"Go on."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

NITROGEN IODIDE.

"What would be the consequences of

A Wonderful Substance That a Mere Breath Would Explode.

firing a barrelful of nitrogen lodide it would be impossible to say," declares a writer in the London Strand Maga zine, "simply because the stuff is too awful to be made in such quantities. "It may sound like a joke, but it is nevertheless the truth, that the tread of a housefly is sufficient to explode this dangerous material. It is not necessary that a fly should walk over the compound. It has only to let one foot come into contact with the explosive, when the lolt causes it to explode and to blow the insect into the

"Another manner in which the peculiar property of this explosive can be demonstrated is by scattering a small quantity of the dry powder over a sheet of clean paper. It then resembles pepper and only needs a few sharp breaths of the manipulatorfust sufficient to make them roll-to cause each speck to ignite and explode, meantline giving off a long, thin column of dense purple smoke. If a barrelful of nitrogen lodide could be made it would have to be kept moist to prevent danger. By comparison gunpowder is a mild, innocent, inoffensive material."

Can't Lose Them. First Author-Do you ever lose any of the manuscripts you send out?

The future belongs to him who knows how to walt.-Russian Proverb

back.-Judge.

Long Enough.

Transient-Kindly tell me whether this ticket will allow me a stopover

Station Agent-It depends. What do you want to stop for?

Transient-To visit some distant relatives of mine, the Jinkses.

Station Agent-Then you'll have plenty of time. This ticket is good for the next train.

Transient-See here! Do you know how long I intend to stop? Station Agent-Not exactly, but 1 know the Jinkses .- I'uck.

Called His Bluff. "Yes," said young Windig boastingly, "I pass most of my time between

"That's what your cousin told me," rejoined Miss Cayenne. "My cousin!" repited Windig. "Wb

Chicago and New York."

what did she say?" "She said," replied Miss Cayenne, "that you fived in a little town in Ohio."-Chicago News.

It Came Naturally.

The joke editor was puzzled. The editress of the woman's page was away on her belidays, and he had been placed in charge of her department temporarily. Finally he made a stabat the thing thus:

"Debutante.- No, we would not advise you to serve 5 o'clock ten in mousseline de soie. Couldn't you borrow a few cups and saucers?"

She Knew Him.

Second Author-No. They all come "My hubby has just written that he feels awfully lonesome at home with-

"Don't worry. You mustn't believe all be says.' "I don't. That's why I'm worrying." London Illustrated Bits.



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