

SAYS MISS FLYNN IS SECOND JOAN

Young Woman Proves Popular Since Her Arrest and Conviction—Innumerable Offers of Aid.

SPOKANE, Wash., Dec. 13.—Elizabeth 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.

Miss Flynn yesterday addressed a huge crowd, when she spoke in defense of the Industrial Worker movement.

Referring to the switchmen's strike Miss Flynn said: "The switchmen have practically lost their strike because they were not properly organized."

In speaking of the I. W. W. movement, she said: "The free speech fight will take on renewed vigor this week with an inflow of supporters from the east and contributions from the same sources."

Industrial Workers have been released from Fort Wright, having served their terms.

Reports from the great northwest exhibit train, which is now touring the middle west, are to the effect that it is attracting unusual attention.

CLAIMS CHAMPIONSHIP OVER TYPEWRITERS

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.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Table listing real estate transfers with names, addresses, and values (e.g., Chas. B. Boyd to Susie L. Allen, 10; J. W. Keyes to W. C. Green, 10).

The Riverman

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

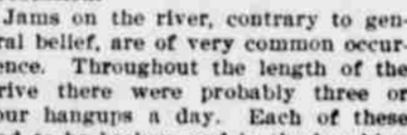
Chapter 23

A GROUP of three small log cabins marked the Johnson and later the Heinman camp. From the chimneys a smoke arose. Twenty or thirty rivermen lounged about the sunny side of the largest structure.



Chapter 24

THUS 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 filled up his crews.



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.



"Why, Jim Bourke!" cried Orde.

Orde saw this point. He picked up his reins and spoke to his team.

A huge riverman planted himself squarely in the way. The others, rising slowly surrounded the rig.

He drove deliberately ahead, forcing the men to step aside, and stopped his horses by a stub.

Orde made out the great square figure of the boss, his soft hat, his flaming red beard, his dingy mackinaw coat, his dingy black and white checked flannel shirt, his dingy blue trousers tucked into high socks, and, instead of driving boots, his ordinary number-man's rubbers.

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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 descended the river as far as this Heinzman had not yet begun to break out. Hardly had Orde's first crew passed, however, when Heinzman's men 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 against any single brand, Heinzman was in a fair way to get his logs sent downstream with practically no expense.

"Well, 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 down with ours, why, I guess you have. But you paste this in your hat—you'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 packers.

Heinzman had left above the rear. Soon they were in charge of a very fair little drive of their own. Their lot was not enviable.

One day when Orde's backboard drew into camp he sent Bourke away to repair damages while he called the cookee to help unpack several heavy boxes of hardware.

"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 eating 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 forerunners of the little drive 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 sundown he ordered the sluice gates of the dam opened.

"Night work," said the men to one another. "Get organized, boys," said he briskly. "We've got to get this pond all sluiced 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 a million an hour going through there," speculated Orde, watching the burdened 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 booms, 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 trumped back and forth, round and about, to confuse the trail. Orde was like a mischievous boy at a school prank.

The blazed logs belonging to Heinzman, drifting slowly, had sucked down into the corner toward the power canal, where, caught against the grating, they had jammed.

These logs would have to be floated singly and pushed one by one against the current across the pond and into the influence of the sluice gate. Some of them would be hard to come at.

"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 would have little real effect on the main issue, which was that the German was getting down his logs with a crew of less than a dozen men.

Nevertheless Orde in a vast spirit of fun took delight in inventing and executing practical jokes of the general sort just described.

One day the chore boy, who had been over to Spruce Rapids after mail, reported that an additional crew 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 thing. In fact, their enthusiasm was almost too exuberant.

breathing spell. A large number of men were here laid off. The remaining, under the direction of Jim Denning, would require little or no actual supervision.

Until the jam should have reached the distributing booms above Monrovia 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 the Heinzman logs from above you their drive drift down into ours."

"Then we'll have to drive their logs for them," objected Denning.

"Sure," rejoined Orde, "that's easy driving, and if that crew of his hasn't 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 reins.

"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 you. Dear heart, don't leave me again."

She shook her head at him slowly, a mysterious smile on her lips. Without explaining her thought she slipped from his knee and gilded across to the tall golden bar, which had been brought from Monrovia.

The light and diaphanous silk of her loose petticoat 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 Hungarians, full of the wind in rigging, the storm in the pines, of shrieking, vast forces hurtling unchained through a resounding and infinite space.

"What is that?" gasped Orde. She ran to him. "Oh, it's you, you, you!" she cried. He held 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 earnestly. "Every moment of my waking and sleeping hours I remember him. Always I keep his little soul before me as a light on a shrine. But tonight—oh, tonight, I could laugh and shout aloud like the people in the little, with clapping of hands!"

She snuggled herself close to Orde with a little murmur of happiness. "I think of all the beautiful 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 smiled up at him. "I want him just like you, dear," she pleaded.

Orde looked at her. "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 spies 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 the new enterprise. The water held out to carry the last stick of timber over the shallowest rapids. Weather conditions were phenomenal—and perfect. 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 extraordinary flood, the troubles were over.

NITROGEN IODIDE. A Wonderful Substance That a Mere Breath Would Explode.

"What would be the consequences of firing a barrelful of nitrogen iodide it would be impossible to say," declares a writer in the London Strand Magazine, "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 jolt causes it to explode and to blow the insect into the air."

"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 sharp pepper and only needs a few sharp breaths of the manipulator—just sufficient to make them roll—to cause each speck to ignite and explode, meantime giving off a long, thin column of dense purple smoke. If a barrelful of nitrogen iodide 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? Second Author—No. They all come back—Judge.

The future belongs to him who knows how to wait.—Russian Proverb

She Knew Him. "My hubby has just written that he feels awfully lonesome at home without me." "Don't worry. You mustn't believe all he says." "I don't." "That's why I'm worrying!"—London Illustrated Bits.



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["TO BE CONTINUED."] STILTON CHEESE.

It Differs in the Making From the Ordinary 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 lined with a coarse woven cloth, with a ladle. When a thin layer of curd covers the bottom of the mold a little dry salt is sprinkled over it.

This is supposed to create the blue mold often 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 twenty-four 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 varies.—London Answers.

Settling the Preliminaries. "Oh, Jennie," said the other girl, "I had such a queer dream about you last night!" "Don't say another word if it was the unucky 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 picture hat?" "Yes." "Go on."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Advertisement for George A Butt jewelry designs. Includes text: 'Our Xmas stocks of jewelry embrace the most original and the latest of beautiful effects in gold, and cut glass.' and 'George A Butt, 135 W. Main St., Cor. G.'

Advertisement for Gold Ray Granite Co. Includes text: 'GOLD RAY GRANITE CO. Office: 209 West Main St., Medford, Ore. Operating Quarry at Gold Ray, Oregon. BUILDING, MONUMENTAL AND CRUSHED GRANITE. DEALERS IN.'

Advertisement for Rex Grocery. Includes text: 'WHY PAY 35c FOR A 5 POUND PACKAGE OF OATS WHEN WE HAVE THEM FOR 30c? Rex Grocery. "One Price to Everybody"'