

OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

General News of the Industrial and Educational Development and Progress of Rural Communities, Public Institutions, Etc.

HIGHWAY CHANGE OPPOSED

Grants Pass Men Want Pacific Route Left as at Present.

Grants Pass—Eighty-five enthusiastic business men gathered at luncheon Wednesday for the purpose of discussing the proposed change of the Pacific Highway from Southern Oregon to Eastern Oregon. It was the sentiment of those present that the Pacific Highway should remain a permanent factor through the Rogue River valley; that with the Siskiyou on the south, the Coast range on the west and the Calapoosias on the north the natural scenery of the country affords the most attractive stretch that could be covered in a day by automobile in Oregon.

That such attractions as the Josephine County caves, and historic Table Rock, Mount Laughlin and Crater Lake, and miles of mountain streams and good roads warrant the support of all organizations and counties in Western Oregon was declared.

Resolutions expressing Grants Pass sentiment and personal letters will be sent to Oregon congressmen, together with scenic views along the Pacific Highway through Josephine county.

IMPROVEMENTS FOR INDIANS

Chemawa School Appoints Full-Blood Indian Librarian.

Chemawa—Superintendent Wadsworth has received notice that within a short time he will receive a new range for use in the kitchen at the Salem Indian school, a new electric dough mixer which has been needed in the bakery for many years, and a power lawn mower for use on the spacious lawns at the school.

The new auditorium is to be supplied with modern equipment, consisting of a drop curtain, another for use in connection with the moving picture machine, and three different sets of scenery.

The library which was established a few weeks ago is to have an appropriation of \$300 with which to purchase books for the use of the red children. Paul Kinniook, a full-blood Indian from Alaska, has been appointed librarian.

Incorporation Held Legal.

Salem—The Supreme court held that the incorporation of Bay City, which, it is believed, will in a few years become an important shipping point, is legal. The high court sustained a decision of Circuit Judge Galloway, of Tillamook county.

W. E. Proctor, of Bay City, brought the suit as a relator in the name of the state to have determined the legal status of the municipality. The boundary lines in the petitions for the election and those given in the court records were not the same, and it was feared the discrepancy invalidated the election.

"Now that we are certain we have a city," said Mr. Proctor, "the work of building and extending streets will be started. Much sewer and street improvement has been held up pending the decision."

Bar Admittance Expensive.

Salem—At the coming examination for students who wish to be admitted to the bar there will be none who will be admitted unless they receive at least a per cent of 70 on examination papers, according to a statement by Supreme Court Clerk Moreland.

Nor will there be any under 21 years of age who will be allowed to take the examination at the coming quiz, and it will cost \$20 instead of \$10 to be an applicant.

The examination will be held June 3, the day the law goes into effect, and the same day that the new Justice of the Supreme court goes into office.

Milwaukie May Get City Delivery.

Milwaukie—This place will have a trial mail delivery in the near future, according to reports received here. Application was made for delivery of mail by carrier from the Milwaukie postoffice, and Representative Hawley secured a promise that an inspector will be sent to investigate and report on the establishment of trial city delivery. Milwaukie has from 1200 to 1300 people, and it is considered certain that the place will secure permanent city delivery when an investigation has been made.

Railroads Will Raise Fill.

Chemawa—The Southern Pacific Railway company is planning on raising six feet the fill across Lake Labish in order to increase the efficiency of the road and at the same time lighten the labor of the trainmen. For many years difficulty has been experienced in handling heavy trains over this part of the road. Trains going in either direction and stopping at this station found it difficult to get over the grade when stopping in the low places at either side of the station.

Railroads Ordered to Appear.

Salem—Calling upon several railroads of the state to appear before it on May 14 to justify its present regulation relative to block signals, passing tracks, switches and operation of trains, the State Railroad commission issued orders to the Southern Pacific, Portland, Eugene & Eastern, Salem, Falls City & Western, Oregon Electric, D. W. R. & N., Walla Walla Valley traction company and the Pacific Railway & Navigation company.

MEDFORD PLANS CANNERY

Merchants and Growers of Rogue Valley Behind Move.

Medford—As an auxiliary to the irrigation movement plans were formulated Saturday at a joint meeting of members of the commercial club and the Merchants' association to secure a cannery factory in the valley. The merchants of the city will be asked to subscribe \$2000 and the fruit growers will furnish \$5000. A committee, consisting of John H. Carlin, W. F. Isaacs, George T. Collins, P. S. Steenstrup and E. A. Welch was named, to solicit subscriptions from the merchants and active work has been started. It is expected that the \$2000 will be readily secured.

As soon as this money is obtained a mass meeting of ranchers will be called, the outline of the proposed cannery presented and the \$2000 will be loaned without interest to the proposed association.

The cannery will be similar to the one now operating at Puyallup, Wash. Ranchers may subscribe for stock at \$10 a share to any amount, but each subscriber will have but one vote. The profits of the association above operating expenses will be divided among the growers.

A large board of directors and a small executive board will be named, and if the cannery is built a practical man from Puyallup will be secured to take active charge.

LATE HARVEST IS ADVISED

Oregon Growers Told How to Market Pears Successfully.

Washington, D. C.—If the pear-growers of the Rogue River valley, in Oregon, will delay picking their fruit for at least two weeks beyond the usual picking season, and then properly cool and store their fruit prior to shipment, they can, in the judgment of the department of agriculture, extend their marketing season six or seven weeks and get better prices in the East, after the California pears are gone.

This conclusion is reached by A. V. Stubenrauch and H. J. Ramsey, who were sent to the Rogue River country last fall to make experiments to determine just how the Oregon pear-growers can handle their fruit in order to market it to best advantage in the East. Their report, which contains much technical information for the pear-growers of the Rogue River valley and other sections of Oregon where pears are grown commercially, has just been published in Bureau of Plant Industry Circular No. 114.

Crop Contracts Secured.

Hood River—The management of the Apple Growers' association, Hood River's new amalgamation of apple marketing agencies, is now securing the signatures of growers to contracts for the shipment of the year's apple and strawberry crops. The greater portion of next week will be passed by the members of the association in holding a series of meetings in the important sections of the valley, where all of the details of the new selling concern will be explained.

P. S. Davidson has been elected president of the new association and C. W. Hooker, secretary, the latter having been a member of the board of directors of the Apple Growers' union.

Clatsop Pupils Progressing.

Astoria—L. R. Harrington, state field worker for the juvenile industrial fair branch of the Oregon Educational department, passed the past week, in company with County Superintendent O. H. Byland, visiting schools in this county, with a view of arousing the interest of the pupils and parents in the work.

Mr. Harrington is familiar with this branch of school work and he succeeded in enlisting pupils and parents in the industrial work. He complimented the county superintendent and the teachers on the progress that has been made and predicted that Clatsop county will rank high among the counties of the state in its exhibits, both agricultural and industrial, at the local and state fairs.

Ashland Farmers to Exhibit.

Ashland—Agriculturalists in this locality are preparing to enter the lists of Eastern land show exhibits, on recommendation of the Oregon Development league. Inasmuch as the State Immigration commission bears the expense of forwarding and exhibiting these displays, it is planned to gather a large collection of dry farm and other products from this district during the coming summer and have them classified in a systematic manner to forward East in due season.

Students Study Engines.

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis—Advanced students of farm-power machinery at the college are studying four types of traction engines which recently have been shipped to the college for demonstration purposes.

The students are testing their engines on the campus and college farm.

Eight-Hour Day to Be Urged.

Salem—Plans to initiate a bill providing for an eight-hour day generally for women were announced by Colonel E. Hofer and a mass meeting will be held here to promote the move.

SPUDS SENT TO OHIO ON SALE

Contributions to Flood Sufferers Found in Markets.

Cincinnati—Many householders in Cincinnati who Saturday bought sacks of potatoes advertised for sale at a reduced price by a large grocery of Cincinnati, were surprised when they opened them to find they contained cards saying that the potatoes had been grown in Oregon or Washington and had been donated to the sufferers by the recent disastrous floods in the Dayton district.

The grocery firm had advertised that it would sell 10,000 sacks of Western potatoes at about half the regular price, or 36 cents a bushel. The buyer for the firm said they had been offered him at a low price by a member of the flood relief committee, who had told him the committee had received huge shipments of potatoes from the West, and that because the tubers were a perishable commodity the committee had decided to sell them. He said the price at which he bought them enabled his firm to sell them at a small profit at 36 cents, though the prevailing price of potatoes in Cincinnati retail market is now 60 cents a bushel.

No statement from the relief committee was obtainable.

JAPAN WILL ENTER PROTEST

Ambassador Chinda Will Deal Direct With Washington.

Washington, D. C.—News that the Japanese government had instructed Ambassador Chinda to make formal protest against the California alien land bill, now awaiting Governor Johnson's signature, was received in Washington official circles with interest, although it was not unexpected. The protest probably will be presented to Acting Secretary John Bassett Moore at the State department.

Pending the return of Secretary Bryan from Sacramento, no statement from the administration is expected here. It is known that President Wilson has had suggested to him the referendum as a possible means of delaying for nearly two years the effect of the California law in event it is signed by the governor, but no intimation of how the idea was received has been forthcoming.

JAPANESE COMMEND WILSON

Leaders in Tokio Advise People to Preserve Calm Attitude.

Tokio—The Japanese press Sunday expressed a general appreciation of the efforts of President Wilson in behalf of a land bill in California that would not be objectionable to the Japanese. Leaders of public opinion in Japan are advising that an attitude of calmness be maintained in the present situation. Such men as Baron Shibusawa and Chairman Nakano, of the Tokyo chamber of commerce, publicly assert confidence that the American government and people alike are opposed to discriminatory measures of legislation.

Priest Will Lead Troops.

El Paso, Tex.—Father Felix Garrand, parish priest of Guerrero, Chihuahua, is to lead a group of Federal troops in the campaign against the revolutionists of Northern Mexico.

"I am changing the cascode for the sword," he wrote General Antonio Robago, military governor of Chihuahua state. "Having been marked for death by the revolutionists, I offer my services, promising to raise a force of 200 men loyal to the government."

General Robago accepted the offer, commissioning the priest to raise a volunteer corps.

Guerrero, in the mountainous district west of Chihuahua City, was the birthplace of the Madero revolution.

Miners Vote to Return.

Nanaimo, B. C.—Although well organized efforts were made by union representatives to call out all mine workers in the Nanaimo district, when the question was decided by ballot more than 90 per cent of the votes cast were in favor of fulfilling the agreement with the mine owners and continuing work. The vote was taken in the court house and all clubs, hotels, saloons and breweries were closed by order of the mayor, perfect order prevailing in the municipality. More than 2000 men were interested.

Fire-Prevention Congress Called.

Philadelphia—A call for a national fire-prevention congress in this city October 13 to 18 next has been sent out by Powell Evans, chairman of the Philadelphia Fire Prevention commission. The call was sent to the governors of all states, mayors, fire marshals and insurance commissioners, trade bodies and insurance companies, labor unions and manufacturers of approved devices. All states are expected to send delegates.

Rustie's Libretto Best.

New York—Out of 250 contestants for \$1000 offered by the De Koven Opera company for the best libretto of a light opera, the prize has been won by Hillard Booth, who raises chickens in North Carolina. The winning libretto is called "Jean Lafitte," and deals with the romantic adventures of a notorious gulf pirate who went to General Jackson's aid at the battle of New Orleans.

Japan Orders Three Dreadnoughts.

Tokio—Contracts have been placed for the construction in Japanese yards of three dreadnoughts. They will be sister ships to the Fusu, the displacement of which is 30,000 tons.

SERIAL STORY

The Chronicles of Addington Peace

By B. Fletcher Robinson

Co-Author with A. Conan Doyle of "The Hound of the Baskervilles," etc.

THE TRAGEDY OF THOMAS HEARNE

"Does not that sad underworld of crime in which you move sometimes drive you into a cynical disbelief in all mankind?" I suggested.

It was a bitter night, and the inspector and I were blowing our tobacco from seats confronting before a roaring fire. The wind rattling at the haup of the window added the luxury of a reminder that it must be extremely unpleasant in the sleet-swept streets outside.

"Not how bad men are; it is how good they are that is surprising," quoted Peace, with a nod of his head.

We sat in silence for a while before he spoke again.

"I have let a breaker of the law go free in my time—perhaps more than once," he continued. "The law cannot take cognizance of all the tricks that Fate plays on man."

I smelt a tale, and remained silent. Peace laughed.

"You think you have driven me into story-telling?" he said.

"I am at your mercy; but I hope so," I told him.

He leant forward, tapping the ashes from his pipe against the brass of the fender. Then he began—

"About a year ago I received a message from Guy's hospital that there was a patient lying very ill who wished to see me. I recognized him the moment I set foot in the ward—a gentleman born and bred who had slipped down the ladder from running his own horses to dodging the police as a bookmaker's tout. He was a half-and-half man—too lazily clever to be quite honest, and too honest to be quite a criminal. Poor Jack Henderson! A good man gone wrong—let that be his epitaph when it comes to setting up his headstone."

"Well, Henderson," I said, "what's the trouble?"

"I'm done, Peace," he whispered. "They've no more use for me this side of the black river; but I wanted to see you before I answered the call."

"You mustn't talk like that," I said, though he was looking pretty bad. "They'll put you on your legs again in a month. You can bet on that, my lad."

"It don't matter much either way"—he smiled, in a quiet way he had—so let us get to business. You had your share of trouble, I understand, in the matter of Julius Craig last spring."

"I nodded."

"I was in that job," he said; "and after what happened I should like to tell you the truth about it. I may have been a pretty bad lot in my time, Inspector; but I had my limits, and murder was one of them."

"I won't try to give you his exact words, for the poor fellow spoke very slowly, with big pauses in between. But this is close upon the story as he told it to me."

I expect you know the Blue Shield in Percher street. Take them one with another, the customers are about the worst crowd in all London. One Saturday night, towards the end of March—last year—I had joined the gang there, hoping to meet some friend with the price of a drink upon him, for I was broke to the wide, wide world. Bill Redman, who was afterwards lagged for bank note forgeries in Manchester, had just ordered me a whiskey, and I was sitting on a stool watching the barman reach down the special Scotch, when in walked a moon-faced fellow, very fat and prosperous, with a dark blue overcoat and a diamond in his necktie. He looked about him, screwing up his eyes as a near-sighted man will do, and then came over to where I was sitting.

"Mr. Henderson, I believe?" he said.

"That's my name," I told him, wondering who he might be.

"I have been recommended to you by a—by a mutual friend," he said; "but I cannot discuss my business here. My carriage is waiting, if you will give me your company for ten minutes."

I hesitated a moment, until Redman, who seemed to know him, leant across, whispering that I should be a fool to refuse. The stranger pushed me into a brougham that was standing by the pavement opposite the door and we started off at a smart pace. Once in Regent's park, however, the driver pulled his horse to a walk, and my companion began to do his talking.

"Five hundred sovereigns would be

useful to you these days—eh, Mr. Henderson?"

There was a smile all over his fat face as he said the words, and he chuckled softly to himself with a sound like water coming out of a bottle. It seemed an offer of life to me—a promise of everything the lack of which makes each day a torment to the man who has known clean comfort.

"Is it murder?" I asked him.

"Oh, my dear sir, you surprise me!" he cried, lifting his flabby hands. "What a horrible suggestion! Allow me to explain at once. Have you ever heard of Julius Craig?"

"The company promoter, who organized the Spanish mine swindle? Of course I have."

"Did you know him by sight?"

"He used to come racing. A tall, thin, melancholy-looking fellow with a black beard—wasn't he?"

"Yes, that is Julius Craig. He is now in Princetown prison with six more years to run. The climate of Dartmoor is not suited to his health. He is anxious to change his residence; nor do I blame him, Mr. Henderson, for it is the most desolate spot in all England. I am in a position to offer you the sum I have mentioned if you will arrange his escape. Do you agree?"

"Yes," I told him.

"Ah, that is most satisfactory. Tomorrow I will send you half the money with some little suggestions of my own as to your plan of campaign. The second half you will receive when Mr. Craig is free. By the way, there are some curious relics of the stone age on the moors. Perhaps you might read up the subject and appear at Princetown as a student; yes, Mr. Henderson, that will suit you well—a student of prehistoric man."

He chuckled until the carriage shook. It was like driving with a good-tempered blanc mange.

"I shall be glad of any advice you can give me," I said.

He pulled a cord, and when the carriage stopped I got out and stood waiting.

"Good night and good luck to you," he said, his great white face shining upon me from the window as he shook my hand. "I have your address. Drive on, Williams."

I might have been an old and trusted friend from the warmth of his manner. Yet as the carriage rolled away I noticed that he raised the little flap at the back to see that I didn't try to follow him.

The packet arrived next morning. The notes I stowed away in an inside pocket. The typewritten instructions were unsigned and undated.

According to them Craig was a member of gang "D," employed on a convict farm, in draining and inclosing a portion of moor by a stream known as the Black brook. Above the stream rose a small hill on which was an ancient cairn and stone circle that in my character as a student would offer an excuse for my presence.

Though communication with Craig could not be regularly established, he knew that an attempt was in preparation. The sight of a man in a white waterproof loitering on the cairn hill would be his signal that all was ready.



Sudden fogs were frequent upon the moor, and when they came while the convicts were at work in the fields, the chance of escape was excellent; for the authorities did not chain their men, and the warders rarely used their rifles. They trusted to the huge moors upon which men who escaped were easily retaken, half dead from fatigue and starvation.

Craig would make a rush for the cairn hill. From thence it was my duty to convey him to Torquay, thirty miles away on the coast. Once there he would know where to go, and my responsibility ended. A letter to the Torquay post office, under the name of W. Slade, would be forwarded to the writer if I required further assistance or had any questions of real importance.

That was all; but it was enough for me. Here was a scheme into which I could put my heart. There was no low-down swindling, no dirty work about it. I felt as gay as a schoolboy off for a holiday.

And so in three days' time that ragged rascal Jack Henderson disappeared from London, and the well-dressed Mr. Abel Kingsley, vaguely described in the visitors' book of the

Princetown Arms as of Memphis University, U. S. A., was sitting on the cairn hill above the prison that held Julius Craig.

To the far horizon there stretched the melancholy moors, deserted washes of rush marshes and stunted heather, broken here and there by outcrops of granite, that crowned the rolling ground like the ruins of a hundred feudal castles. For Dartmoor is a huge granite tableland, and on its barren surface no corn will grow nor tree flourish.

Beneath the rampart of its containing hills lies the garden of Devon, a land of orchards and pleasant woods, of cornfields and pasture farms; but the moors have defied the farmer and remain the same sad wilderness that prehistoric man inhabited four thousand years ago. You can see where he built his hut circles, and set up his great stone avenues to the honor of dead chieftains.

It was an uncanny sort of place altogether, and I shivered as I sat in that lonely cemetery of the forgotten dead.

The huge prison was built on the opposite slope of the shallow valley, and the farm which the convicts had won field by field stretched down from its walls to a brook at the foot of the cairn hill where I was. On the further edge of the brook a gang was at work incising some new ground, and through my glasses I soon made out the man I was after. The last time I had seen him was on his own couch at Ascot, with the girls buzzing round him like wasps after sugar, and there he was digging trenches with a spade. It's a funny world!

About twenty men were in the gang. On the outer side a couple of warders strolled up and down with rifles under their arms. There was nothing but a low hedge to stop the convicts if they knocked down the guards with their spades and made a run for it. But when I looked back across the wastes of the moor I understood. In a city a man may vanish in a crowd, but on Dartmoor he must tramp a dozen miles before he can find even a bush to hide him. In clear weather the mounted warders of the pursuit would ride him down in half an hour.

The Princetown Arms, a gray, weather-beaten square of granite, was a pleasant country inn standing near the center of the village. It was too early in the year for tourists. Indeed, as I discovered, there was only one man beside myself staying in the house, a Mr. Thomas Hearne, whose address in the visitors' book was briefly London. When I came down to dinner that night I found him already seated at a little table with my knife and fork laid opposite. I wasn't anxious to make new acquaintances, but I couldn't very well ask them to lay another table for my benefit. So I took my chair, and wished him good evening as politely as possible.

He was a small, gray-bearded man of over sixty, as I reckoned, and he seemed as disinclined for conversation as ever I was. For that I thanked my luck, and worked through the dinner with my brain busy with one plan after another. It was just as coffee was served that he asked the question which startled me.

"The landlord tells me you are studying the stone remains on the moor," he said. "Is it your opinion that they're Neolithic or Druidical?" I cursed the landlord under my breath. I had told him my story, but I had forgotten he might pass it on to others.

"The latter, undoubtedly," I said; though, if the truth be told, I had no opinion whatever.

"I cannot agree with you. They were here before ever the Druids came over the sea. May I ask what arguments you adduce in support of your theory?"

Everything I had read about those confounded stones slipped out of my mind in an instant. There was no good trying to bluff him, for he probably had the subject at his fingers' ends. So I nodded my head wisely, and suggested it was a bit too big a subject to start after dinner. (CHRONICLES TO BE CONTINUED.)

Unable to Appreciate It. To some men popularity is always auspicious. Enjoying none themselves, they are prone to suspect the validity of those attainments which command it.—George Henry Lewes.