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WORLD HAPPENINGS OF CURRENT WEEK

Brief Resume Most Important Daily News Items.

COMPILED FOR YOU

Events of Noted People, Governments and Pacific Northwest, and Other Things Worth Knowing.

C. W. Horner, proprietor of a store at the Roseburg, Ore., camp ground, Tuesday received through the mail his wife's wedding ring and a highly prized brooch stolen from his home 11 years ago.

Caught in a 60-mile gale in Lake Superior Sunday, the wooden steamer Orinoco foundered and went down with a loss of four of her crew.

The chlorine gas treatment for colds, one of the discoveries of the chemical warfare service, was taken by President Coolidge Tuesday in an effort to remove the remaining traces of the bronchial infection which confined him to the White House last Saturday and Sunday and since has troubled him slightly.

The ruins of an old synagogue in Capernaum, the Palestinian village where Jesus first preached to the Jews, were unearthed Tuesday, according to a cable from Haifa, from the Danish scholar, Dr. Sommerfeld, who is carrying on excavations in that region.

The right of women to a voice in the government in the Presbyterian church in the United States was sustained by the 64th general assembly at San Antonio, Tex., Tuesday. The assembly voted to permit women to be elected to important executive committees.

Another record has been added to the list of achievements of Oregon-bred Jersey cattle by the long-distance swim performed recently by four heifer calves belonging to Sam Carson of Hermiston. The four swam a distance of nine miles down an irrigation ditch.

Lieutenant Bossoutrot, French aviator, broke the altitude record for a plane carrying 3000 kilograms in his flight on Saturday. It was officially confirmed Tuesday. He rose 1942 meters, breaking the record of 1629 meters set by Lieutenant H. Harris of the United States.

The indictment of Senator Wheeler, democrat, Montana, by a federal grand jury in his own state was justified by the evidence, Senator Sterling, republican, South Dakota, a member of the special senate investigating committee, asserted in a minority report read Monday to the senate.

The lifting of restrictions in the Methodist church law against amusements, including only "diversions which cannot be taken in the name of the Lord Jesus," were recommended by a standing committee of the Methodist Episcopal general conference in Springfield, Mass., Monday.

That a superior court judge as a peace officer has the right to carry a weapon was the contention of Superior Judge Struckmeyer of Maricopa county, Arizona, Tuesday, who dismissed a complaint against Superior Judge Abbey of Pinal county, charging the jurist with carrying a pistol.

Republican members of the senate foreign relations committee were told by President Coolidge at the White House conference Tuesday that his position with reference to the world court question was the same as indicated in his message on the subject and in various statements since made.

The Gooding bill, restricting the interstate commerce commission in its application of the long and short haul of the interstate commerce act, was passed by the senate Monday, 54 to 23. The bill is the first important one on railroad questions passed at this session by the senate and concludes a fight carried on more than 20 years by the intermountain rate territories. The measure had been under debate for a week.

The \$10,000,000 agricultural credit corporation, originally tentatively formed in Chicago at the suggestion of President Coolidge for the relief of the agricultural northwest, already has come to the relief of more than 150 banks in North and South Dakota, Montana, Iowa and Minnesota, it was disclosed Tuesday by James R. Howard, a vice-president of the organization and president of the National Transportation Institute. The corporation has been in actual operation scarcely more than a month.

SIGNS JAP EXCLUSION BILL

Coolidge Decides on Measure as Whole Approval Is Reluctant.

Washington, D. C.—President Coolidge deploring its provision for Japanese exclusion, but heartily approving its main features, Monday signed the immigration bill.

Steps were taken immediately by the department of labor to prepare for administration of the law, which provides for further restriction of immigration after June 30 when the existing quota law expires and for total exclusion of Japanese immigration after that date.

The president approved the bill reluctantly, issuing a statement after he had affixed his signature in which he said he regretted the impossibility of severing from the measure the exclusion provision which he and Secretary Hughes had opposed strongly during the course of the legislation through congress.

"There is scarcely any ground for disagreement as to the result we want, but this method of securing it is unnecessary and deplorable at this time," the president said with reference to the exclusion section. "If the exclusion provision stood alone I should disapprove it without hesitation, if sought in this way at this time."

The president pointed out that the bill put before him was a comprehensive act dealing with the whole subject of immigration and setting up improved administrative machinery and also that the existing act automatically expires June 30.

"I must, therefore, consider the bill as a whole and the imperative need of the country for legislation of this general character," he added. "For this reason the bill is approved."

Occasion was taken by the president in his statement to declare that he gladly recognized that the enactment of the exclusion provision "does not imply any change in our sentiment of admiration and cordial friendship for the Japanese people, a sentiment which has had and will continue to have abundant manifestation."

Secretary Hughes, who had opposed vigorously the proposal to exclude Japanese immigrants by law, holding that exclusion should be accomplished by diplomatic arrangement, conferred with the president just before the bill was approved.

Proponents of Japanese exclusion in congress expressed gratification over the signature of the bill by the president, although they had held that should the executive veto the measure they could command sufficient strength to pass it over his veto. Chairman Johnson of the house immigration committee, one of the strongest of the exclusion advocates, called at the White House after the bill was approved and was presented with the pen with which the president had signed the measure.

Masanao Hanihara, the Japanese ambassador, whose note of April 11 suggesting the possibility of "grave consequences" if the exclusion section was adopted had the effect of making an issue of the exclusion clause, called at the state department after the president had signed the bill. The ambassador was furnished with a copy of the president's statement, but at the Japanese embassy it was said he would have no statement to make "at this time."

TAX COMPROMISE VOTED BY HOUSE

Washington, D. C.—The tax reduction bill was put up to President Coolidge for final enactment into law Monday by congress.

Like the senate, the house, by an overwhelming majority, approved the conference compromise on the main provisions. The vote was 376 to 9.

An early decision by the president was forecast by those close to him on the basis of his insistent demands that congress hasten action on tax reduction.

The bill provides for a 25 per cent reduction on income taxes payable this year; permanent revision downward of the income, miscellaneous and excise taxes; additional reduction after this year of 25 per cent on earned incomes of \$10,000 and under, and numerous changes in the administrative provisions, most of which were proposed by the treasury.

Although carrying the democratic proposal for reductions in the income rates, the bill was acclaimed by leaders of both parties in the house, as was done also in the senate, as "fair and just."

Sentence Given Girl.

Bakersfield, Cal.—Eleanor Walling, 20, who confessed to being a principal in the holdup of the State bank of Taft, was sentenced to serve an indeterminate term at San Quentin Monday by Judge H. A. Peairs Monday. In her confession Miss Walling implicated "Scotty" Taylor and Bill Crockett as being the two who entered the bank March 13 and at the muzzle of guns relieved employees of \$5700. Taylor has confessed.

JAPANESE HONOR U. S. ARMY FLIERS

Trans-Pacific Flight Declared Epochal by Japs.

MEN EAGER TO BE OFF

Next Few Days to Be Passed in Tuning Up Craft for Leap Over Sea to Chinese Coast.

Tokio.—The American army around-the-world fliers, after a busy round of entertainment in Tokio, during which they received much praise for their achievement in crossing the Pacific, left Sunday by rail for Kasumigaura with the announcement that they would be glad to "get back to work" in preparation for the resumption of their flight.

Japanese, British and American officials joined in paying tribute to the aviators after their arrival here from Kasumigaura, where they landed Thursday. Their planes were left at Kasumigaura. The aviators said they expected to spend four or five days overhauling their craft and to hop off from Kushimoto next Friday or Saturday.

An elaborate Japanese banquet at the famous Maple club, at which Lieutenant-General Yasumitsu, chairman of the joint army and navy reception committee, was host, concluded Tokio's program of entertainment. Officers of high rank in the army and navy were present, as were also members of the staff of the United States embassy.

General Yasumitsu congratulated the aviators on the success of their flight thus far. American Ambassador Woods also spoke.

Sunday afternoon the fliers were received by Prince Kuni, honorary president of the Imperial Aviation society. The prince congratulated the Americans in behalf of the imperial family. "Your glory is shared by the whole of mankind," the aviators were told this morning by Yoshinao Kozai, president of the Tokio Imperial university, in an address at the university. The minister of education attended this meeting which was under auspices of the university and the Aeronautical Research association of Japan.

Eight Are Drowned in Lake.

Spokane, Wash.—Eight persons were drowned in Christina lake, British Columbia, when a launch in which ten persons were riding broke apart Sunday afternoon, according to word received here. The dead are: Daniel Englund and son Danny of Wenatchee; Ruth Sturman, school teacher, Colville, Wash.; Axel Carlson, cascade, B. C.; Ben Johnson, cascade, B. C.; Kaute Palm, Hiltop, B. C.; McDonald, Kettle Falls, Wash.; and Skamds, cascade, B. C. A man named Ferguson and his sister of Kettle Falls were rescued. Englund for ten years was in charge of a 600-acre apple orchard at Ellisford, near Oroville, Wash. Recently he was in charge of an irrigation project at Cascade.

Bogus Coin Plant Found.

Portland, Or.—In a liquor raid Sunday night on the home of W. F. Jennings, 6436 East Eighty-first street Southeast, members of the police vice squad came upon a complete counterfeiters' outfit and arrested five persons who were turned over to W. S. McSwain, federal agent, pending investigation. Those arrested were: Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Jennings, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jennings and Luke Jennings. Officers reported that all paraphernalia necessary for making \$10 gold coins, \$1 coins and 50-cent and 10-cent pieces was found in the home, including acids, chemicals, moulds and metals of various kinds. The raiding officers found no liquor in the house.

Four Burned to Death.

Pocatello, Idaho.—Mrs. Isaac Kovene and her three sons, aged 4, 6 and 8, were burned to death early Saturday when their home at Georgetown, Idaho, near Montpelier, was destroyed by fire. An infant girl was found by neighbors some distance from the burned home and it is believed Mrs. Kovene carried the baby to safety and then was trapped when she entered the burning home to rescue her sons.

Toulouse, France.—"Somebody smashed a basket of eggs in front of your store," said a well-dressed stranger to the proprietor of a jewelry shop in the Place President Wilson Saturday. The jeweler took a broom and went out to clean up the mess. When he returned the stranger had vanished and so had a case containing 100,000 francs' worth of jewels.

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Eugene.—The governor of Arizona has refused to sign the requisition papers for Lewis Arnold, under arrest at Phoenix and wanted here for alleged larceny by bailee of two diamond rings.

Gaston.—Orion Horine and Swede Larsen, farmer boys of Gaston, received \$150 for six gunnysacks of Chittam bark, representing two weeks' work in the woods. They sold it in Portland.

Salem.—Copies of the proposed new state income tax bill to be initiated by the state grange at the November election have been printed, and the necessary petitions will be placed in circulation within the next few days.

Eugene.—Nine petitions containing more than 600 signatures asking that an election be ordered for the recall of Willard A. Elkins and Mrs. Roy Loomis, members of the school board, have been filed with the school clerk here.

Albany.—The lack of rain in this section is seriously damaging the spring grain and to some extent the fall grain. Clover also is being dwarfed by the lack of moisture. Farmers are fearing a repetition of a failure of spring crops such as struck the valley several years ago.

Salem.—Modification of the quarantine against California products probably will be modified in a proclamation to be issued here. This was announced by Governor Pierce Saturday following a conference with Dr. W. H. Lytle, state veterinarian and secretary of the state livestock sanitary board.

Pendleton.—The sale of wool at Pilot Rock, originally set for Saturday, May 31, has been postponed until Tuesday, June 3, according to a statement by Mac Hoke, secretary of the Oregon Wool Growers' association. Approximately 400,000 pounds of wool will be offered at auction at the sale.

Eugene.—Lark Bilyeu, pioneer attorney of Eugene, for many years prominent in democratic party activities in Oregon and 354-degree Mason, died at the Pacific Christian hospital here Saturday at the age of 72. Today was his birthday. He is survived by his widow and one son, Coke I. Bilyeu.

Salem.—Three fatalities were due to industrial accidents in Oregon during the week ending May 23, according to a report prepared here by the state industrial accident commission. The victims included Carl Mathias, Holbrook, laborer; William A. Balard, Albany, laborer, and Clemens Oster, Bend, faller.

Salem.—"When it costs more to market products through a co-operative organization than through the present marketing system, that organization will never get very far." This was set out in a letter prepared by C. E. Spence, state market agent, which was received at the executive department here recently.

Medford.—According to a telegram received Saturday by the Rogue River Valley Canning company, the California Pear Growers' association has announced the opening price for Bartlett's for canning purposes as follows: No. 1 grade, \$55 per ton; No. 2 grade, \$32.50 per ton. The price last year was \$50 and \$25.

Albany.—The home of Mrs. Jennie Kelley in north Albany was destroyed by fire Friday. Mrs. Kelley, who had lived in the house for the last 45 years, is blind. Mr. and Mrs. Roy Kelley lived with the aged woman and worked her farm. Only by courageous fighting was the Albany fire department able to save the barn and other out-buildings.

Baker.—While a large part of Baker's population was attending the baseball game with Weiser, five prisoners escaped from the Baker county jail about 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon. They broke out through the roof of the courthouse and easily reached the ground. Search was started within an hour. Farmers and nearby cities were notified by telephone.

Cottage Grove.—Mrs. George Kappaf claims the honor for the first garden peas for the season. She served them upon the family table upon May 21, which is somewhat early even in this favored portion of the famous fertile, fruitful Willamette. Peas are going to be a good crop this year. So far weather conditions have been ideal and there have been no aphids to bother them.

Salem.—Dairymen of Marion county at a meeting held here Saturday night went on record opposed to the referendum of the so-called oleomargarine law enacted at the last session of the legislature. The law prohibits the sale of oleomargarine in the state and is being attacked by the associated industries of Oregon, with headquarters in Portland. Enactment of the oleomargarine law was one of the outstanding features of the 1923 legislature, and was preceded by numerous debates and public hearings.

The Red Lock

By DAVID ANDERSON
Author of "The Blue Moon"

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THE BOUND BOY

Three generations ago life on the banks of the Wabash was the life of the frontier—the back-woods—of the outposts of civilization. Life there was simple and strenuous. Men were strong and the primitive emotions awayed them. And this is a tale of the days of our grandfathers and of those conditions.

David Anderson, a native of this region, knows it as few do. His "Blue Moon," which told of the pearl fishery, was a great success. "The Red Lock" takes up a time a little later—when the pearl fishery was giving place to permanent settlers. It is a tale of the Flatwoods.

Yes; we have no canal construction in this story. The red lock is a lock of hair recurring in the generations of the Collins—an inheritance from a pirate ancestor who even in those days was regarded as an undesirable citizen. And this red lock played the mischief with one Colin so adorned.

So we have Ken Colin, who mysteriously disappeared, red lock and all; Texie, his pretty and loyal sister; Big Jack, a bound boy who loves Texie, and various red-blooded pioneer people who are involved in the results of the reappearance of the red lock.

Nature lovers and woodsmen will find much here to interest them. For the author is close to nature's heart, and his pages show his relationship. And Big Jack is an adept in woodcraft, with an efficient eye for an enemy's trail and the quickness of the wild animal life of the Flatwoods.

CHAPTER I

The Bound Boy.

A girl came out of the back yard of a red-roofed cottage at the up-stream edge of Buckeye, passed around a rather tastefully built barn, with its flanking cribs and pens, crossed the fallow pasture lot in a corner of which it stood, climbed the fence and picked her way up the face of the cliffs that roughly walled the village on three sides, until she stood at last among the jagged and broken pinnacles at the top of Black Rock, a lighter speck against the gray green background of the Flatwoods.

Away beyond the bend where the placid Wabash lost itself among the hills the sun crawled toward the rim of the West. Pendant above the distant timber line its round splendor, burnished bright by the wonder of May, turned a lingering glance at the serene world.

But the girl was not watching the sunset. The splendor of the wide-spread landscape at her feet was lost on her.

Crawling out from under the sunset, halving the village and winding away up the river between cliff and bottom, ran the River road, the one slim artery that connected Buckeye with the great world outside the Flatwoods.

The girl's eyes were on the road. Far up the river—twenty miles of gravel and gray sand—it led to the city. On clear days she had sometimes made out the hazy whiteness of its roofs and spires—the gateway of another world—a world that the errant fancies of girlhood peopled with many a wonder.

Seven years ago to a day she had stood there and watched the Millford stage carry her brother away to the end of that road—through the dim-

Seven Years Ago Today She Stood There and Watched the Millford Stage Carry Her Brother Away to the End of the Road.

splred gateway and out into the great world beyond. The East—it swallows up many a man of the West. It had swallowed her brother up. It never gave him back.

The eyes, grown pensive, turned slowly to the upstanding pinnacle of sandstone, polished smooth by a thousand winds, alive in the bronze glow that struck up from the distant riffs. Three names had been rudely carved

there, one above the other, so long ago that storm and frost had begun to obliterate them.

The girl picked up a piece of ragged shale and with a sharp corner scraped clean each knife stroke, till the three names stood out clear as the day they were first carved there:

KEN
TEXIE
JACK

She dropped the piece of shale; thoughtfully passed her fingers over the names and glanced down at the foot of the upstanding pinnacle. In a sheltered pocket of the great rock, where only the tempered rays of the sun could strike it, lay a tiny bed of leaf mold set with clumps of yellow orchids not yet abloom—lady slipper. In the quaint and expressive vernacular of the Wabash country—that had doubtless been transplanted from the deep woods.

The girl stooped above the tiny flower bed—a friendly spot in its setting of stern rocks; plucked away an obstructive weed or two; let her sobered eyes stray back to the red-roofed cottage, across a small orchard that lay spread at her feet, and out over the rather pretentious farmstead to which the orchard belonged.

Pretentious—just that; a promise of comfort and affluence never fulfilled. There was every evidence that the farmstead had been laid out on a scale much more elaborate than was usual in the Flatwoods; but nothing had been finished—an attempt that failed; a dream that never came true.

Outlined among the weeds and encroaching brambles lay the extensive foundation of the farmhouse, but it had been carried little beyond the foundation. A few stilted square logs, cut and hewed in the upland woods—had been laid. Of the few timbers of the superstructure, some had fallen entirely, others had fallen at one end and hung straining, while even the firmest canting far out of plumb.

Back of this creaking skeleton of time-blackened timbers, and nearer the cliff, stood a mite of a log cabin, rudely constructed, where doubtless a man had housed while dreaming his unfinished dream of house and barns and happy homestead. Rooted beside the door and almost completely covering the cabin, a crimson rambler of many years' growth—a far wanderer that no surroundings can degrade—offered a fragrant suggestion that a woman had shared the dreams of the man.

Three horses grazed in the barn lot down near a big elm that stood at the road gate; some geese squatted along the diminutive rivulet, leading from the spring; out in the feed lot lolled a bunch of cattle, fine and thrifty as could have been seen the length of the Wabash.

The eyes of the girl suddenly waked from brooding; darted to a point a short distance up the cliff; lived. The slouch hat and drab corduroy hunting blouse of a tall young woodsman with an immense spread of shaggy hair fitted past a break in the steep and rugged path that picked its way among the rocks from the uplands. She was just in time to see him reach up, put his hand on the top rail of the fence and vault over into the barn lot. The girl missed a breath. Few men in the Flatwoods could have made that leap.

Down by the big elm at the road gate one of the horses, a powerful gelding, glossy black save for one white lock in his forehead, raised his head; came trotting up the lot. The big woodsman put his arm about the arched neck; laid his face against the glossy mane and stroked the soft nose. "Good ol' Graylock!" he muttered. "Bound 'n' free, if you a man's man."

A shadow subdued the bold frankness of his face, as a chance cloud draws across a fair field; he gazed hard at the wind-staggered skeleton of the unfinished farmhouse.

His roving eye, following the glow of approaching sunset, found the girl upon the rock; her pliant body softly outlined against the silver-green background of the woods.

"Texie—y—"

In another moment he was racing up the cliff. The girl was waiting for him by the upstanding pinnacle of sandstone, a half sadness in her eyes that gradually subdued the eagerness in his. He laid his big hand on her shoulder; slid it down her arm and gathered her fingers in his great palm. There was not even a twitch of response. He dropped the fingers, backed away a step and stood studying her.

"Jack—? Do y'u know what day this is?"

He puzzled to find the answer she doubtless had in mind; finally ventured the only one he could think of—"Tuesday, May 10th, 1840."

She stared around at him. "You know that ain't what I mean."

The girl pointed to the carved names on the monolith of sandstone. He followed the motion; stepped past her and ran his hand over the three names, lingering an instant over the middle one.

"Fore Ken—" he muttered, "—he

could 'a' be'n anything he wanted to, 'a'most."

The girl's eyes flinched and turned back to the dim frayed end of the road; the inn stood silent.

"Seven years ago 't'day," she mused, "you and me stood up here on Black Rock and watched the Millford stage haul 'im away off sponder to the city, and out in the big world 't' college, and then we—cut them names—"

She paused. He seemed to feel that an answer was expected of him, but made none.

"Two years we got letters—wonderful ones at first. I 'low you ain't forgot how we use 't' come up here—you and me—and read 'em." She spoke more to herself than to him. "Then the letters got fewer and farther 'tween, till fin'ly they got 't' triflin' ther' wasn't no satisfaction in gittin' 'em."

"Then, y'u know, that terrible one come from the president of the college, tellin' how awful—Ken was carryin' on, and advisin' father 't' take 'im home. But he never come, and a



And What Word Could Alter the Stern Fact That He Was a Bounty Boy—Bound Out to Her Own Father.

little while afterwards the president writ another letter, tellin' how Ken had—killed a man and run away from school, leavin' all them debts. That was five years ago—and the last we ever heard of—"

It is curious and interesting how some of the greatest names of the Anglo-Saxon race have lodged, like river drift, along the byways and waterways of what was once the great American woods.

Ken, Texie, Jack—the first two Collins; the third a Warhope—names that have been spread wide on English history. And of the two ancient families, probably no purer strain existed than the far-fung thread that had found lodgment here in this out-of-the-way corner of the earth—the great Flatwoods that seventy years ago stretched for many an unbroken mile along the north bank of the upper Wabash.

The man swept a hand toward the distant end of the road. The girl glanced at him.

"Ten more days"—there was a strained firmness in his voice, as if what he was about to say came hard to him—"and I'm ridin' out yonder m' self."

He felt her eyes upon him.

"Ten more," he went on. "This is the tenth of May. When it's the twentieth, I'll be twenty—and free. Ten more—I be a countin' 'em."

A deep seriousness clouded his face; he stared down at the warped skeleton of the unfinished farmhouse. The girl fumbled the bit of ribbon at her waist.

"My father dreamed that dream," he went on. "B'fore it could come true, the Seminoles bolted their reservation and he dropped everything and rushed away to the head of the rangers. You know how he felt—at Okechobee."

He paused a moment; gripped his hat and went on. "Mother never saw a well day no more. You know how she lingered along down there under the rose vine till I was twelve. When she—died, it was found out Pap Simon had a mortgage on everything. He foreclosed; had me—bound out to 'im; and—"

The girl stole a look at his face. It was so hard and bitter that she dared not venturi a word. And what word could alter the stern fact that he was a bound boy—bound out to her own father?

"Wild and savage and terrible, like ol' 'Red Colin' must 'a' looked."

(TO BE CONTINUED)