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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.

Eggs at 70 cents a dozen proved more attractive to robbers of a Tacoma grocery store Wednesday night than money in the cash register.

For the first time in the history of the income tax law the amounts paid by individual taxpayers and corporations are now open to public inspection.

The general condition and strength of Dowager Queen Louise of Denmark, who has been ill some time, are less satisfactory, it was officially stated Wednesday.

H. W. Wager, aged 68, a Spokane candy maker, set fire to his home Thursday, took a dose of poison and then hanged himself to a tree in his yard, police said.

Freezing temperatures were reported over the upper Mississippi valley states Wednesday. Scores of points throughout Michigan, Wisconsin and Iowa reported 30 to 32 degrees.

The death list in the powder explosion of the scout cruiser Trenton off the Virginia capes Monday has increased to eight with the death in the naval hospital of two of the 16 injured taken there.

A marathon dance contest at Lerma park cabaret in Manila which started Saturday night ended Wednesday morning after one Filipino couple had completed 78 hours and 25 minutes of dancing, declared locally to be a world's record.

The department of agriculture issued a statement Wednesday night saying Secretary of Wallace, who is in a hospital here recovering from a recent operation, had authorized the "most positive denial" of rumors that he intended to resign his cabinet post.

Assertion that the land embraced in the Columbia basin irrigation project is sure to be irrigated was made by Charles H. Locker of Hancock, Md., federal engineer engaged in an investigation of the project, at a chamber of commerce luncheon in Spokane Tuesday.

No formal comment was available at the White House Wednesday on the recurring report that Secretary Wallace of the agriculture department is planning to retire from the cabinet in the near future. Mr. Wallace is in a hospital here recovering from an operation.

Three 7-year-old boys were instantly killed and 17 other children were injured, several seriously, late Thursday when an Interurban car crashed into a school bus about eight miles east of Lorain, O. Approximately 35 first and second grade pupils were in the bus when it was struck and overturned.

A statement urging that a half holiday be granted by employers to industrial workers throughout the country on election day, November 4, in order that they may have "equal opportunity" with all citizens to go to the polls, was issued by the executive council of the American Federation of Labor.

The recognition of the soviets, which was semi-officially announced for Friday last, now is understood to have been delayed by the Russians. Moscow, it was said, had intimated through its French supporters that even tacit reservations concerning debts would not be tolerated in the act of recognition.

Oregon had 120 automobile fatalities in 1923 as against 113 in 1922, 105 in 1921 and 87 in 1920. Portland had 39 fatalities in 1923 as compared with 40 in 1922, 38 in 1921 and 34 in 1920. Washington state had 240 fatalities in 1923, compared with 173 in 1922. Seattle's fatalities in 1923 were 55, compared with 44 the year before.

A bonded caretaker has been placed on guard at the residence of Miss Martha Shumate, of Winchester, Pa., wealthy spinster, who died last week leaving a hoarded fortune stuffed and crammed in nearly every nook and cranny of the house. Much of the gold coin is said to be of old mintage, many pieces being from the California mint, coined while the gold rush was at its height.

U. S. MARINES LAND IN CHINA

Contingent Reaches Taku on Cruiser Huron—Start for Peking.

Tientsin. — One hundred American marines were landed from the American cruiser Huron at Taku Monday morning, and left immediately for Peking.

Rumors of developments at the capital were circulated everywhere, but reliable news could not be obtained.

One persistent report said Shensi province troops were looting Tangchow, an important city on the grand canal, 15 miles east of Peking.

Further reinforcements for Wu Pei-fu went through Tientsin Monday, some coming by train direct from Chanwangtao, and others landing at Tangku from transports. All proceeded up the railway line toward Peking.

Wu Pei-fu, who was commander-in-chief of the Chinese national armies until the overthrow of the central government last Thursday by Feng Yu-hsiang, "the Christian general," and one of Wu's principal aides, is marching on Peking to regain his lost power.

Taku and Tangku are outer ports for Tientsin, both small towns.

An allied military train which left here in the morning for Peking is reported to have reached Fengtai, 10 miles from the walls of Peking, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

Loeb's Father Is Dead.

Chicago.—Albert Henry Loeb, multi-millionaire vice-president of Sears, Roebuck & Co., who had been ill for several months with heart disease, died Monday night at his Chicago residence. He had been brought back to the city from the magnificent Loeb estate at Charlevoix two weeks ago, but only his intimate friends knew of the transfer.

He was the father of Richard Loeb, who, with Nathan Leopold Jr., was sentenced to life imprisonment for the kidnapping and murder of Robert Franks. This shocking crime weighed heavily upon the father of the murderer and doubtless hastened his death. Mr. Loeb was 58 years of age and, until a few months ago was engaged in the most active period of his busy life.

Nicaragua Near Clash.

Managua, Nicaragua.—The Nicaraguan government has informed Honduras that any further violation of Nicaraguan territory by the regular troops of Honduras will be considered an act of open hostilities.

Warning was given in a dispatch that if the Honduran government did not immediately place troops to guard its frontier, in view of the present revolution in that country, Nicaragua would be forced to abandon the passive attitude it has observed, even in the presence of outrages on Nicaraguan territory, against which Nicaragua now most energetically protests, to do what he can to solve the problems of the farmer as secretary of agriculture.

Shenandoah Ends Long Cruise.

Lakehurst, N. J.—The navy dirigible Shenandoah came to earth at its home station here just at midnight Sunday after a journey of 9000 miles across the country and back which had taken 18½ days. After circling above the field of the navy air station the crew of the airship dropped a coil of rope from a tripod at 11:50 Saturday night. This was immediately grasped by the ground crew and the ship was drawn to earth, the control cabin touching ground just at midnight.

Minister Is Sentenced.

Fairmont, W. Va.—Convicted of conspiracy in connection with the shooting of Dan Washington, a negro, because of his alleged association with a white woman, Rev. E. O. Jones, general kleagle of the Ku Klux Klan here, was sentenced to five years in the state penitentiary. J. A. Landis was fined \$500 and sentenced to 60 days in jail. Ivan Poling was fined \$500. A six months' stay of execution was granted.

General Haan Is Dead.

Washington, D. C.—Major-General William G. Haan, retired, who commanded the 32d division in France, died at Mount Alto veterans' hospital here Sunday after an illness of several months.

General Haan was born in Indiana. He served in the war with Spain and in the Philippines. He won the distinguished service medal for meritorious conduct in the Argonne.

Sky Prowler Is Sighted.

London.—Dr. Baade, German astronomer, has discovered an object of the tenth magnitude, and planetary in aspect, moving so rapidly that he suspects it is a comet, says a message from Copenhagen to the Greenwich observatory. Should this prove to be true, the discovery would be of the greatest interest because of the proximity of the object's orbit to the earth.

RUSSIA, BRITAIN ARE NEAR BREAK

M. Zinovieff Declares Letter Impudent Forgery.

RELATIONS ARE ACUTE

Russian Ire Is Directed Against MacDonald for Allowing Subordinate to Sign.

Moscow.—Russo-British relations have reached an acute phase over the publication of the alleged Zinovieff letter, which the soviet government brands as an impudent forgery and an election campaign maneuver, designed to destroy the Anglo-Russian treaty and imperil the present friendly relations between the two governments.

Maxim Litvinoff, assistant commissar for foreign affairs, has sent a strong denial to M. Rakovsky, the charge d'affaires in London, and M. Zinovieff has denounced the whole affair in no uncertain terms to the British trade union congress, characterizing the document as a "gross falsification."

Soviet officials here take grave exception to the severe language employed in the British note and also resent the signing of the note by Mr. Gregory, an under-official, instead of Premier MacDonald, which they regard as an affront to the dignity of the soviet republic. They are especially irritated at the sentence in the British note: "The soviet government must say definitely whether it has or has not the power to stop such propaganda of organizations over which it cannot exercise control."

The British note as published in London does not contain the foregoing sentence in the form quoted, but tells the soviet government that if it has the power to carry out agreements it ought to do so and if it has not the power, and if the responsibilities which belong to the state in other countries, are in Russia in the keeping of private and irresponsible bodies, the soviet government ought not to make agreements which it knows it cannot carry out.

SECRETARY WALLACE DIES IN WASHINGTON

Washington, D. C.—The fifth break in the original Harding cabinet came Saturday with the death of Secretary of Agriculture Henry C. Wallace. His passing means the third change in the cabinet since President Coolidge assumed office following the death of President Harding a little more than a year ago.

It is believed to be probable that President Coolidge will tender the secretaryship of agriculture to ex-governor Frank O. Lowden of Illinois, who refused a place in the first Harding cabinet and subsequently rejected tenders of the ambassadorship to Great Britain and the republican vice-presidential nomination.

Ex-Governor Lowden's interest in agriculture was a prime reason for refusing to accept the other positions, ordinarily considered of greater importance, and an impression prevails that he will welcome the opportunity.

Child and Puppy Found.

Eugene, Or.—The fact that his little pet, a puppy, was with him perhaps saved the life of Halford, 3-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Jackson of Meredith, who wandered away from home Friday afternoon and remained in the mountains all night during a hard rain storm. The child and dog slept huddled together beneath a fir tree and when they were found at 3:30 Saturday morning, three miles from home, the boy was apparently no worse for the experience, although he was pretty badly chilled.

Searchers spent the night in the mountains and passed several times along the road near where the child and puppy were sleeping, but the boy failed to hear them.

Smuggled Chinese Dies.

New York.—Seven Chinese who were smuggled into this country from Hongkong in packing cases aboard a steamship, suffered so severely from starvation and hardship during the 30-day voyage that one of them died soon after taken into custody by the police Saturday and the six others were near death. Three Chinese of this city, charged with smuggling their seven countrymen, also were arrested. All are members of the Hip Sing tong.

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Hillsboro.—Announcement has been made by G. Phelps, owner of the Liberty theater, that he will invest \$25,000 in a new building, construction to begin at once.

Portland.—After mistaking a deadly poison for a throat gargle which she had been ordered to use, Cecilia Kay, 16, of 642 Tillamook street, used the acid Sunday and died before medical attention could reach her.

Salem.—Mailing of the voters' pamphlets, which contain the arguments of practically all candidates for office at the November election, was completed Saturday by the secretary of state. Approximately 370,000 pamphlets were sent out.

Salem.—Committees of the city council and the taxpayers held a session here Saturday and adopted the municipal budget for the year 1925. The budget aggregates \$252,318.35, or 59 cents less than the maximum permitted under the 6 per cent limitation law.

Eugene.—Thirty-nine fires outside the national forest were handled by Siuslaw national forest crews during the past season, according to a report issued Saturday by R. S. Shelley, supervisor. These fires burned over 1840 acres and damage amounted to \$3375, says the report.

Salem.—A parade of all military and patriotic organizations, addresses by men prominent in the affairs of the state and unveiling of a monument erected here in honor of departed soldiers, probably will be the outstanding features of the Armistice day celebration in Salem on November 11.

Brownsville.—Friends and relatives to the number of half a hundred called at the home of Rev. and Mrs. W. J. Craig Thursday night, bearing gifts and offerings of money. The occasion of the surprise party was the 80th anniversary of birth for Rev. Mr. Craig. He is a retired Methodist circuit rider and camp-meeting minister.

Silverton.—Mrs. Alf O. Nelson of Silverton has received word of the death of her father, Rev. J. A. Thorsen, at Minneapolis. Rev. Mr. Thorsen, who was 86 years of age, was a Minnesota pioneer minister. He was stationed at Rockville, Minn., for 40 years. Rev. Mr. Thorsen was known by many Lutherans on the Pacific coast.

Salem.—The body of an aged man, dressed in blue denim overalls and a blue jumper, which apparently had been lying exposed in the open between two and three months and which is now believed to be beyond hope of identification, was found early Sunday morning near the bank of the Willamette river about 11 miles north of Salem.

Salem.—A total of 371,169 voters in Oregon registered for the general election to be held November 4, according to a compilation completed here Saturday by Sam A. Koser, secretary of state. The registration prior to the general election in November, 1922, was 333,056, showing an increase of nearly 40,000 voters for the election to be held next month.

Salem.—If the interstate commerce commission acts favorably upon the report of two of its examiners with relation to railroad development in central and eastern Oregon and there are no delays because of litigation, actual construction work should get under way within the next year, according to H. H. Corey, chairman of the Oregon public service commission.

St. Helens.—Lumber shipments from St. Helens for the week ending Saturday night totaled about 2,000,000 feet. The steamer Multnomah, which departed Wednesday night for San Pedro, carried 985,000 feet of lumber and a number of passengers, and the steamer Munaires finished taking on a 1,000,000-foot consignment of lumber for New York and departed Saturday.

Redmond.—Borden, the 18-month-old baby of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Beck of this city, caused quite a disturbance in his neighborhood Friday, when during his play he pulled a patent case tin over his head and face. Frantic efforts of the mother and neighbors failing to remove it, so the little fellow was taken to a hardware store, where the tinsmith brought his shears into play with success.

Pendleton.—The drought that has prevailed in the wheat belt this fall has become so pronounced that its continuance will make it necessary for farmers to reseed much wheat, according to the belief expressed by Abo Molstrom, a prominent wheat grower. The stand of wheat is spotted in many districts, he said, and in some places the plants have begun to die. If a heavy rain does not fall within the next few days reseeding of large areas will be necessary, he said.



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CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

"Has Terle Colin passed the gate today, Uncle Asbury?" you know 'er, don't you?"

"Oh! Slime Colin's dater—the purty little gal w' the brown hair an' laughin' eyes—well, I reckon I do know 'er. No, she ain't passed the gate today, nary way—why?"

"Oh—she rid up this way—"

"Oh—she—no, she didn't pass." He hidled a step closer. "O! Slime hat 'er let loose at last, didn't 'er? Demn shame, though, 'e had 'er bumped off. Reckon they ain't found the feller yit that done it!"

The woodsman made no reply. It is even doubtful if he heard. His mind was flying fast from point to point of every possibility that lay between Black rock and the tollgate. He washed the froth of Graylock's nose; tightened the saddle girth; paid his toll and mounted.

"Thanks fr the drink, Uncle Asbury."

"I don't make no business o' waterin' horses," the old man called after him as he rode away. "But a horse like that—his welcome 'r drink, the well dry."

The concealed horse-boy, the woodsman pondered the significance of it; the possibilities of it; the horrible threat of it as he galloped down the road.

He glanced at the sun—within half an hour of the tree-top. He had blundered—Hopkins had just undercut him—but maybe the light would hold to redeem the blunder. His jaw tightened and he gave Graylock the rein, closely scanning every inch of the road—and every foot of river—that came into view as he passed.

Two miles above Black rock, just where a by-road, a mere wagon track, led off across the wooded bottoms, he found what he was looking for—a mass of horse tracks, with a print of two of a boot heel that he knew.

His lip twisted into a hard grin; tightened till they squeezed every mile of mirth out of it. He had lost the trail; like a hound at fault, had actually run by it—and here it lay, right where he had crossed it hours before.

He had been bending low in the saddle. He straightened and rode cautiously down the by-road through the dank and dismal bottoms. Where the narrow by-road approached Mud haul he again found what he was looking for—Brownie hitched to a tree, restless and prancing from side to side.

Hiding Graylock in a thicket, he unbuttoned his blouse, loosened his revolver in its holster and crept down the mucky bank toward the hiding-place of the horse-boy; crawled close to its lurking place—it was gone.

He came out of the bushes and found where the gangplank had freshly scarred the mud; searched the shore for footprints; found them—the marks of a shapely small shoe, and the print of a stylish boot heel.

A speck of color caught his eye near the scar of the gangplank—a spot of gold on the dank mud. He stepped forward and bent over it. The next moment he had snatched up something and stood gazing at it—a yellow orchid, flattened and faded, in all likelihood the very one he had found for her the Friday before—lady slipper light. Over the man's fine face appeared a light that transmuted it.

But there was a task calling—tense; insistent; mayhap horrible. Taking out his pocketbook, he put the flower carefully away; trotted hard down the river shore.

Knowing that the narrow by-road led through the wooded flats almost to Alpine island, angled sharply and crossed to the bluffs something more than a mile above Black rock, he went back to Graylock, led Brownie prancing and pawing the weeds, and rode cautiously on down the river.

Just short of the point where the narrow road angled toward the bluffs, he again hid Graylock, went on afoot so—"distance farther and stole through the trees to the river bank.

Creeping down to the edge of the water, with a caution so great that a crane wading a rod or two below failed to take the alarm, Jack crawled out among the limbs of a cottonwood that had uprooted and lopped over the stream and peered down the sides of the island, lying less than two hundred yards below.

A short distance down the south side, almost completely hidden among the willows and riding at the end of a rope hitched to a tree on the bank, lay a small horseboat with a skiff tied at its side—mistakenly the same tiny craft that had found concealment at the head of Mud haul.

The woodsman was just stealing back through the limbs of the cottonwood, with the bold intention of creeping farther down the bank and swimming out to the island, when a man came out of the snug little cabin, carefully closed the door, fumbled a while as if locking it and stood on the dim-

ly on the reef floor equally useless; listened a moment to the quick restless steps inside; crawled under the hand rail to the bank and, with every precaution known to woodcraft to hide his trail, recrossed the island to the skiff.

He shoved the skiff into the water, rowed up around the head of the island, down the south channel and back to the houseboat. Fastening the skiff to the rail, he unhitched the rope from the willow on the bank; sprang lightly to the forward deck, being careful to keep out of range of the crevice between the door and jamb; picked up one of the two light poles with which such craft are propelled; pushed off; suffered the snug little vessel to catch the drift of the current and, being careful to keep well within the shadow of the willows, let it drift down the channel.

Far down toward the lower point of the island a narrow pocket gashed into the rather steep bank—a place well known to the woodsman. Carefully withdrawing the boat from the current as he approached, he deftly turned the prow; poled the little vessel into the slack water of the pocket and far up under the overhanging vines and branches, where it would likely escape anything short of the very closest scrutiny, either from land or water; hitched it securely to a tree on the bank; went back to the deck and stood listening.

The girl inside the cabin had repeatedly wrenched at the doors as the vessel drifted down the channel. Several times she had called the name of Hopkins, begging him to release her, doubtless believing it was he that set the boat adrift. To all this the woodsman had returned no answer.

She must have known when the boat stopped, must have heard the scrape of the limbs and vines as it was pulled up into the pocket, for there followed an interval of silence. He could not resist the longing to steal once more to the narrow crevice where the bar of candle-light escaped. He brought his eye close; peeped within.

She was standing near the middle of the floor, listening intently and apparently in deep thought. As he watched, he saw a sudden light leap to her face and wake the wonder of her eyes. She crossed the floor; came close to the door and, with the caution of a woodcraft almost as fine as his own, softly called:

"Jack—"

It took the utter sound of the man's resolution to keep still. He watched the wonder of her eyes transform to disappointment and despair; watched her stand clasping and unclasping the slim fingers of her shapely small hands.

One consideration alone restrained him from beating to fragments the disabled padlock and setting her free—right in that stout cabin, with its doors secured by jammed locks that could not be opened without breaking, securely hidden at the end of a covered trail, was the safest place in the Flatwoods for her just then. There would be hard faces and quick fingers in the red-roofed cottage that night.

But even so, it was the most difficult thing the big woodsman had ever tried to do in his life to turn away from that door and go back to the skiff.

With set and serious face he rowed up the channel, around the head of the island, across to the mainland and carefully stepped ashore; dropped both oars into the river; set the boat adrift; stood a moment watching it float away and, with extraordinary pains to hide his trail, hurried back to Graylock.

CHAPTER XVIII

In the Dead Night.

Twilight had long faded into dark, the hazy stars seeming only to intensify the deep gloom of the woods, when Jack Warhope returned to Black rock, coming in by way of the feed-pens, and slipping the horses into the barn through the cattle sheds.

He crouched a long time on the kitchen step listening. No unusual sound disturbed the silence. Very carefully he fitted his key—the same that had come so near causing him trouble at the Inquest—into the lock; guardedly turned it; worked the door slowly open; entered; softly closed and locked it.

Stealing across the floor, he made his way to the small office room where the papers and safe were kept.

He tiptoed behind the curtains that hung over the entrance to a closet under the stair in the sitting room and stood still, his ears strung for every sound that rode the night.

It couldn't have been short of midnight, and his mind had gone back to the houseboat, riding safe and secure in the pocket of Alpine island, when there came the sound for which his ears were straining—hands outside prying at the window of the west room.

He drew his revolver, cocked it and took a position so that he could see through the curtains without causing them to move.

There came a low sound of crumpling wood; the muffled sither of cracking glass; the soft grate of the sash as it was slowly raised; finally the creak of the window-sill and the faint swish of clothing as somebody crawled through. The sounds were repeated—once—no more.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Temporary Substitute.

Mr. Peewee—"Good-by, dearie. I'll write every day." His Wife—"Be sure you do. And God be with you till I get back home. Then I'll look after you."

Highest City in Europe.

Madrid, in point of geographical elevation, is the highest city in Europe.