

# THE TURNER TRIBUNE

VOL. X.

TURNER, OREGON, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1926.

NO. 21.

## HAPPENINGS OF CURRENT WEEK

Bits of Best News Items From Everywhere.

### PUT IN CONCISE FORM

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

A 2000-room hotel to be called the Coolidge, in honor of the president, will be started in Chicago within 60 days. Plotke & Grosby, builders, have announced. The hotel will be 25 stories and cost \$5,000,000.

During the world war, Eric Hageard of Oushead, Me., served and escaped on two transports which were torpedoed. Sunday he was drowned with his little boat, laden with lobster traps, capsized in the heavy surf.

Duplication of the cable from Bamfield, Vancouver island, to Fanning island, in mid-Pacific, will be completed by September 30 this year. The work, which is being done by the Telegraph Construction & Maintenance company, will cost £2,400,000.

Gen experts of seven nationalities are contending for possession of part of the famous Romanov crown jewels, which the soviet government has placed on the market. Americans are the most active bidders, closely followed by French and British experts.

A stipulation that husband and wife be full partners and share equally their joint net income will be contained in a marriage contract for which Doris Stevens, president of the National Woman's party and wife of Dudley Field Malone, will seek legislative sanction.

Sixteen citations into court for violation of the 123-year-old state Sunday blue law were made in Nashville, Tenn., Sunday. Among those summoned for operating their business on the Sabbath were the publishers of two newspapers and the manager of the city street car company.

Hundreds of persons Sunday watched the transfer of more than 900 prisoners to the new Los Angeles county jail. The prisoners staged a small riot before leaving the old overcrowded prison, wrecking two tanks and endangering the building for a while by setting fire to a pile of debris.

Information spread in government circles Sunday that the department of justice was prepared to move quickly against certain phases of bread and food products mergers. The character of the proceedings remained a carefully guarded secret and no official of the department would discuss it.

Word from the state of Chiapas, southern Mexico, says the tomb of Cuauhtemoc, the last emperor of Mexico, has been discovered in the mountains, where the memory of the heroic Aztec still is revered. According to the story, the guarding of the tomb has been handed down from generation to generation.

In one of the largest transactions of its kind in the industrial history, involving approximately \$165,000,000, Blair & Co., Inc., and the Chase Securities corporation of New York, Saturday acquired control of the Associated Oil company, one of the largest producing and refining companies on the Pacific coast.

Prohibition was the foremost topic in New York church circles Sunday. Several ministers discussed the subject in their sermons, referring to the statement last week by Rev. James Empringham, secretary of the church temperance society, who now favors modification of the Volstead act to legalize light wines and beer.

Twenty robbers early Saturday sacked a small town railroad office near Peoria, Ill., seizing equipment which they later used to hold up and rob a Rock Island freight train, from which they took about \$10,000 worth of alcohol. Cutting the air hose on the 70-car train, the robbers held the crew prisoners while their mates carted the barrels of alcohol away in trucks.

Premier Mussolini's speech in the chamber of deputies Saturday, in which he warned Germany against the anti-Italian campaign carried on in the reich, was characterized frequently in political circles as almost equivalent to a declaration of war against Germany. All day long Mussolini's words of warning were discussed, and his speech was declared to be one of the best, certainly the most significant, of his international statements since the Corfu incident.

## INQUIRY WANTED BY WALSH

Montana Senator Turns on Mellon's Aluminum Company.

Washington, D. C. — A general investigation by the senate of the practices of the Aluminum company of America, in which Secretary Mellon is a stockholder, appeared Monday night as a possibility.

Such an inquiry was proposed to the judiciary committee by Senator Walsh, democrat, Montana, prosecutor of the investigation to determine whether the department of justice has proceeded with due diligence in determining whether the company has violated federal court decrees.

After the committee had taken this proposal under advisement, Attorney General Egan advised the senate in an "informal" opinion that the justice department was without authority under present law to compel the federal trade commission to furnish evidence in the case which the commission holds to be "confidential."

Refusing to furnish a "formal" opinion to congress under a policy which "has obtained for more than a century," the attorney-general said the authority to compel production of the "confidential" evidence furnished by the aluminum company appeared to reside in the senate, which ordered the investigation by the commission.

Senator Walsh's proposal, which is to be considered again Thursday by the judiciary committee, is that the senate direct the commission to furnish this evidence to its investigating committee. The commission withheld it from the justice department on a 3-2 vote.

Characterizing this action as "senseless," Senator Walsh, in his report, requested that the senate call not only for this evidence, but for all of that in the possession of the commission upon which that body based its conclusions in 1924 that the company had violated the 1912 consent decree.

## "Gigolo" Headgear Scream.

Chicago.—The latest scream in feminine headgear is entitled the "Gigolo," a small felt concern with a high crown, pushed up at the back and pulled down in front over the boyish bob. It originated in Paris and the name "Gigolo" is a term applied to a dancing man.

Hats of six centuries are being displayed at the exposition of the Allied Millinery Industries, which opened Monday. The belle of 1890 donned a flat sailor with three large plumes sprouting from the side of its flat crown when she wanted to be particularly devastating. The first tennis girl wore a cumbersome heavy white tam, with her wide-skirted, full-skirted "sports" dress and the girl of 1904 thought she was a complete knockout in her immense straw cartwheel of Merry Widow influence.

## Chair Yields to Solon.

Washington, D. C.—Senator Heflin of Alabama took the floor during Monday's tax debate in the senate, but not in the usual parliamentary sense at all. He took it actually, for the chair in which he was sitting suddenly collapsed and left him sitting on the rug.

It happened so suddenly and noiselessly that only one or two of his colleagues seated near him in the rear of the chamber knew it.

A democratic speech by Senator King of Utah was in progress at the time.

## Faculty Women Smoke.

Berkeley, Cal.—The clubhouse of the woman's faculty at the University of California has decided to permit smoking and to offer cigarettes for sale.

Irresistible demand is the explanation of the move, Miss Marian Ransome, manager of the clubhouse, said. "It was the only thing we could do," she declared. "Members of the club are mature women and certainly know whether they want to smoke. Smoking may be injurious to young people and perhaps should not be sanctioned in Stephens union. No students live at the faculty club."

## United States Claim Rejected.

Washington, D. C.—Controller-General McCarl has set his official foot down on an expenditure of \$3000 by the president's co-ordinating commission on national parks and national forests for a tour made last summer. As a result James T. Gratiot, owner of the Diamond G. ranch near Yellowstone national park, apparently will receive nothing for furnishing the party with horses and camping equipment during the 15 days' visit.

## Rail Men Ask Increase.

Chicago.—Applications for wage increases which spokesmen of the railway managements said would exceed, in some cases, 1920 peak rates, was filed with the railroads Monday by the train service brotherhoods.

Officials of the Chicago & Northwestern said that their employees in filing the application, had announced that the demands were being made today upon all roads of the country.

## FARMERS WELL OFF, U. S. REPORT SAYS

General Gain in Production Declared Undesirable.

### LESS DEMAND SEEN

Slightly Smaller Crop of Wheat Indicated With Stocks "Not Burdensome."

Washington, D. C.—Declaring the farmers generally in a better position today than at any other time since 1920, the department of agriculture, in a statement Sunday night on the farm outlook for 1926, said: "Any general expansion in production this year would tend to place farmers in a less favorable economic position than at present."

There was little likelihood, the department said, of a larger domestic and foreign demand for agricultural products. On the contrary, there were indications of a possible decrease in the demand in the latter part of the year.

"No reduction in farm wages may be expected," it was added, "and the cost of farm equipment will probably remain at present levels. Sufficient funds will be available for agricultural credit in most regions at about the same rates as in 1925."

A slightly smaller world crop of wheat was indicated, with world stocks at the beginning of the new crop year "not burdensome."

Domestic stocks were likely to be smaller, and the statement declared it an average of hard spring wheat equal to that of last year was planted and average yields secured, export and domestic prices might be expected to be "more in line with those in other exporting countries than at present."

Corn acreage equal to last year, the statement added, would suffice, with average yields, to meet feeding and commercial requirements as fully as in 1925. Relatively low prices probably would continue for oats unless yields were greatly reduced.

For cattle, the department said the "immediate and long time outlook" was favorable with a "reasonable constant demand" for beef anticipated. The number of steers was said to be the lowest in many years, but present breeding stocks were apparently large enough to "supply as much beef as it will pay cattle producers to raise."

The outlook for the hog industry appeared favorable, with prices maintained at high levels. Hogs in areas of commercial production were said to be the smallest in five years and the present "strong domestic demand for pork products" seemed likely to continue most of 1926.

Although profits were likely to be less than during the last two years, the department forecast a "good year" for the sheep industry.

The dairy industry generally was said to be in a relatively strong position. Slight increases in young stock during the next two years might be desirable, the department said. Should the present trend in foreign production continue upward, however, and consumption in Europe fail to increase, foreign competition in domestic markets would be an important price factor.

## CLAMS PROPAGATED FROM EGG TO ADULT

Albany, N. Y.—Science has stolen another march on mother nature, the state conservation commission announced Sunday it had learned to propagate from eggs to adult little neck clams, soft shell clams, scallops and mussels. The commission last September announced it had successfully domesticated the wild oyster and was raising it by hand, so to speak, in the Glenn Cove hatchery.

William Firth Wells, conservation biologist, perfected the oyster culture work and laid the foundation for other shellfish propagation. The commission believes that Mr. Wells' discoveries will not only assist a falling industry—for the business of taking shellfish constantly becomes more precarious because of the uncertain supply—but will also increase a very desirable food.

## Father Kills Family.

San Diego, Cal.—Thomas M. Petoe, his wife and one daughter are dead and another daughter is in a serious condition as a result of what police say was Petoe's attempt to blot out his family with gas. The four were found in the gas-filled kitchen of Petoe's home. An automatic pistol was found near Petoe and it was thought that the man forced his family to lie down on the kitchen floor while he turned on the gas.

## STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Medford.—Building permits in Medford for January are \$53,435; for January, 1925, the total was \$12,715.

Salem.—Non-resident registrations of motor vehicles in Oregon during January aggregated 1442, according to a report prepared by the state department.

Sweet Home.—The farmers at Sweet Home and around Holley are overhauling their plows this week. If the good weather continues they will begin spring plowing immediately.

McMinnville.—Despite the fracture of two vertebrae in his neck, Marvin Kuykendall, 21, of Yamhill, was Saturday discharged from a local hospital and pronounced out of danger.

Aloha.—Thieves entered the grain and feed store of J. Shilling Wednesday night and escaped with 150 sacks of feed. A few weeks ago Sidwell's garage was entered, but the robbers were frightened away and obtained nothing.

Portland.—Fire losses of 1925 amounted to \$1,107,566.95, 13 lives were lost, 10 injured, 33 arrested on arson charges and 139 for violation of fire prevention laws, according to the annual report of Edward Grenfell, fire marshal.

Independence.—A mysterious explosion in the Valsetz home of L. A. Pitts, timber feller in camp No. 1 of the Cobbs-Mitchell Lumber company, at 3 o'clock Saturday morning, started a fire in which the 15-month-old Pitts baby was burned to death.

Hillsboro.—The Washington County Rod and Gun club unanimously voted to support the movement to close the Big and Little Nestucca rivers to commercial fishing at a meeting held recently. The action was taken in the form of a resolution.

Albany.—Ivan Murphy and Henry Hawk are in the Linn county jail awaiting trial on charges of possession of deer meat out of season. The pair was arrested near Brownsville by Sheriff Richard, Deputy Sheriff Lillard and Deputy Game Warden Hawker.

Wheeler.—Early Saturday fire broke out in the roof of the fuelroom at the plant of the Westwood Lumber company here, but quick action of the hose crew in the mill soon put the blaze under control. It was thought that sparks from the burner ignited sawdust on the roof.

Salem.—Expansion of the plant of the Oregon Pulp & Paper company here at a cost of approximately \$450,000 will be made during the present year, according to reports current in Salem. Money with which to make the improvement probably will be obtained through a common stock issue.

Pendleton.—Bridge and road building contractors have received material benefits as the result of the mild weather that has prevailed this winter, according to members of the county court, and construction work in Umatilla county has gone forward much more rapidly than had been estimated.

Portland.—January wheat exports from Portland totaled 1,730,170 bushels valued at \$2,783,659, marking a material increase over the same foreign shipments for the opening month of 1925 when they aggregated 279,934 bushels at \$493,410. In January, 1924, there were 2,169,615 bushels sent foreign, valued at \$2,331,635.

Pendleton.—A new era of development for the irrigated district in the west end of Umatilla county looms with the approach of the time when the water that will be stored in the McKay reservoir is available for use. The dam is expected to be finished this fall and water will be available from the reservoir in the spring of 1927.

Salem.—The state prison show, which closed a five-night stand at the prison here Saturday night, attracted more than 3000 persons, according to the box office receipts, which amounted to slightly more than \$1500. After the expenses of the production have been paid the balance of the receipts go to a fund for the betterment of prison conditions.

Astoria.—A strange fish which has failed of identification locally was on exhibition at a market here Saturday. The fish is about eight inches long with a shovel-shaped head. The mouth is on top of the head at the extreme end and is well equipped with teeth. The fish was dug out of the sand on the Gearhart beach and was found two feet below the surface.

Vale.—A three-day hearing in the Willow Creek adjudication matter has been concluded before Judge Dalton Biggs, in the circuit court. A large number of Brogan ranchers were present, and other parties to the case were represented by counsel. Tuesday and Wednesday was taken up by arguments on what lands were to participate in the distribution of Willow Creek water, and the quantity various lands were entitled to.



## The BLACK GANG

A Sequel to Bulldog Drummond.  
BY CYRIL MCNEILE SAPPER  
W. W. W. PUBLISHERS

### THE CLERGYMAN

SYNOPSIS.—To a gathering of anarchists in Harking, London suburb, Zaboloff, foreign agitator, tells of the operations of a body of men who have become a menace to their activities. He says they are masked and wear long black cloaks and are acting without the law. He is interrupted by the men he is describing (the Black Gang), who break up the meeting, sentencing some of the participants to condign punishment and carrying away others. A memorandum found on Zaboloff gives an address in Hoxton, which the leader of the attacking party considers of importance. Sir Bryan Johnstone, director of criminal investigation, hears from Inspector McIvor, sent to arrest Zaboloff the night before, of his disappearance. He has been seized and chloroformed and his raid frustrated. Hugh Drummond, man of leisure, tells Johnstone of seeing the kidnapers and their victims. He becomes an unpaid agent of the police, under McIvor. William Atkinson, ostensibly pawnbroker and money lender, really Count Zadova, director of anarchy in England, does business in another London suburb. A mysterious stranger invades the premises. Drummond attempts to burglarize the premises to get evidence. While so engaged, with two companions, a bomb is hurled at them. The explosion kills "Ginger Martin," expert burglar. Drummond and his friends escape, talking with them a bag they find on the floor.

### CHAPTER V—Continued

"Well, there, old son, at the moment you have me beat," conceded Hugh, who sort of figured it out this way. Whoever the bird is who bunged that bomb, he recognized me as being the leader of our little bunch. I mean it was me he was staring at through the door, with eyes bulging over with tenderness and love. It was me that bally bomb was intended for—not Ginger Martin, though he was actually doing the work. And if this were prepared to wreck his own office just to get me out of the way—I guess I must be somewhat unpopular. "The reasoning seems extraordinarily profound," murmured Peter. "Now the great point is—does he know who I am?" continued Hugh. "Our great difficulty before Zaboloff was kind enough to present us with the address of their headquarters was to get in touch with the man at the top. And now the headquarters are no more. No man can work in an office with periodical howlers falling on his head from the roof, and a large hole in the wall just behind him. I mean there's no privacy about it. And so—unless he knows me—he won't be able to carry on the good work when he finds that neither of my boots has reached the top of St. Paul's. We shall be parted again—which is dreadful to think of. Why, we might even pass one another in the street as complete strangers."

"I get you," said Peter. "And you don't know him."

"Not well enough to call him Bertie. There's a humpbacked blighter up there who calls himself a count, and on whom I focused the old optic for about two seconds the other evening. But whether he's the humorist who bunged the bomb or not is a different matter." He glanced up as the door opened. "What is it, Denny?"

"I found this bag, sir, in the pocket of the coat you were wearing tonight." His servant came into the room carrying the chamol leather bag, which he handed to Drummond.

The door closed behind him, and Hugh stared thoughtfully at the bag in his hand.

"I'd forgotten about this. Saw it lying on the floor, just before we hopped it. Hello! it's sealed."

"For goodness' sake be careful, boy!" cried Phyllis. "It may be another bomb."

Hugh laughed and ripped open the bag; then his eyes slowly widened in amazement as he saw the contents. "Great Scott!" he cried. "What the devil have we got here?"

He emptied the bag out on to the table, and for a moment or two the others stared silently at half a dozen objects that flashed and glittered with a thousand fires. Five of them were white; but the sixth—appreciably larger than the others, and they were the size of walnuts—was a wonderful rose pink.

"Precious stones. These are diamonds." "But they must be worth a lot," said Phyllis, picking up the pink one. "Worth a lot!" said Toby dazedly. "Worth a lot! Why, Mrs. Hugh, they are literally worth untold gold in the right market. They are absolutely priceless. I've never even thought of such stones. That one that you're holding in your hand would be worth over a quarter of a million pounds, if you could get the right buyer."

For a moment no one spoke; then Hugh laughed cheerily. "Bang goes next month's dress allowance, old thing!" He swept them all into the bag, and stood up. "I'm laying even money that the bomb-thrower is coughing some and then again over his bread-and-milk. This bag must have been in the desk." His shoulders began to shake. "How frightfully funny!"

### CHAPTER VI

#### In Which There is a Stormy Supper Party at the Ritz

It was just about the time that Ginger Martin's wife became, all unconsciously, a widow that the sitting-room bell of a certain private suite in the Ritz was rung. The occupants of the room were two in number—a man and a woman—and they had arrived only that morning from the Continent. The man, whose signature in the register announced him to be the Reverend Theodosius Longmoor—looked a splendid specimen of the right sort of clergyman. Tall, broad-shouldered, with a pair of shrewd, kindly eyes and a great mass of snow-white hair, he was the type of man who attracted attention wherever he went, and in whatever society he found himself. A faint waning in his speech betrayed his nationality, and, indeed, he made no secret of it. He was an American, born and bred, who had been seeing first hand for himself some of the dreadful horrors of the famine which was ravaging Central Europe.

And with him had gone his daughter Janet—that faithful, constant companion of his, who since her mother's death had never left him. She was a good-looking girl, too—though perhaps unkind people might have said girlhood's happy days had receded somewhat into the past. Thirty, perhaps—even thirty-five—though her father always alluded to her as "My little girl."

There was something very sweet and touching about their relationship; his pride in her and her simple, loving adoration for dad. Undoubtedly a charming couple, had been the verdict of their chance acquaintances—so simple, so fresh, so unassuming in these days of complexity and double-dealing.

After dinner, because his little Janet was tired, the Reverend Theodosius and his daughter remained in their suite.

And for two hours until he got up and rang the bell, the Reverend Theodosius was engrossed in work; while his little Janet, lying on the sofa, displayed considerably more leg than one would have expected a vicar's daughter even to possess. And occasional gurgles of laughter seemed to prove that Guy de Maupassant appeals to a more catholic audience than he would have suspected.

She was knitting decorously when the waiter came in, and her father ordered a little supper to be sent up. "Some chicken, please, and a little fole gras. I am expecting a friend very soon—so lay for three. Some champagne—yes. Perrier. Joutet '04 will do. I'm afraid I don't know much about wine. And a little Vichy water for my daughter."

The waiter withdrew. "What time do you expect Zadova?" Janet asked.

"He should have been here by now. I don't know why he's late."

"Did you see him this afternoon?" "No. I was down at the office, but only for a short while."

The sound of voices outside the door caused Janet to resume her knitting, and the next moment Count Zadova was announced. For an appreciable time after the water had withdrawn he stood staring at them; then a smile crossed his face.

"Magnificent," he murmured. "Superb. Madame, I felicitate you. Well though I know your powers, this time you have excelled yourself. I have the most wonderful news for you."

Reverend Theodosius bit the end off a cigar and stared at his visitor with eyes from which every trace of kindness had vanished. "It's about time you did have some good news, Zadova," he snapped. "Anything more d-d disgraceful than the way you've let this so-called Black Gang do you in, I've never heard of."

But the other merely smiled quietly. "I admit it," he murmured. "Up to date they had scored a faint measure of success—exaggerated, my friends, greatly exaggerated by the papers. Tonight came the reckoning, which incidentally is the reason why I am a little late, tonight—he leaned forward impressively—"the leader of the gang himself honored me with a visit. And the leader will lead no more."

"You killed him," said the girl, helping herself to champagne.

"I did," answered the count. "And without the leader I think we can ignore the gang."

"That's all right as far as it goes," said the Reverend Theodosius in a slightly mollified tone. "But have you covered all your traces? In this country the police get peevish over murder."

The count gave a self-satisfied smile. "Not only that," he remarked, "but I have made it appear as if he had killed himself. Listen, my friends, and I will give you a brief statement of the events of the past few days. I suddenly found out that the leader of this gang had discovered my headquarters in Hoxton. I was actually talking to Letter in my office at the time, when I heard outside the call of an owl. Now from the information I had received, that was the rallying call of their gang, and I dashed into the passage. Sure enough, standing by the door at the end was a huge man covered from head to foot in black. Whether it was bravado that made him give the cry, or whether it was a ruse to enable him to see me, is immaterial now. As I say—he is dead. But—and this is the point—it made me decide that the office there, convenient though it was, would have to be given up."

"I was completing the final sorting out of my papers with my secretary, when the electric warning disc on my desk glowed red. Now, the office was empty, and the red light meant that someone had opened the door outside. I heard nothing, which only made it all the more suspicious. So between us we gathered up every important paper, switched off all lights and went out through the secret door. Then we waited."

He turned to the clergyman, who sat motionless save for a ceaseless tapping of his left knee with his hand. "As you know, monsieur," he proceeded, "there is an opening in that door through which one can see into the room. And through that opening I watched developments. After a while a torch was switched on at the further door, and I heard voices. And then the man holding the torch came cautiously in. He was turning it into every corner, but finally he focused it on my desk. I heard him speak to one of his companions, who came into the beam of light and started to pick the lock. And it was then that I switched on every light, and closed the other door electrically. They were caught—caught like rats in a trap."

The hunchback paused dramatically, and drained his champagne. If he was expecting any laudatory remarks on the part of his audience he was disappointed. But the Reverend Theodosius and his little Janet might have been carved out of marble, save for that ceaseless tapping by the man of his left knee. In fact, had Count Zadova been less pleased with himself and less sure of the effect he was about to cause he might have had a premonition of coming danger. There was something almost terrifying in the big clergyman's immobility.

"Like rats in a trap," repeated the hunchback gloatingly. "Two men I didn't know, and—well, you know who the other was. True, he had his mask on by way of disguise, but I recognized him at once. That huge figure couldn't be mistaken—it was the leader of the Black Gang himself."

"And what did you do, Zadova? How did you dispose of one or all those men so that no suspicion is likely to rest on you?"

The hunchback rubbed his hands together gleefully. "By an act which, I think you will agree, is very nearly worthy of yourself, monsieur. To shoot was impossible—because I am not sufficiently expert with a revolver to be sure of killing them. No—nothing so ordinary as that. They saw me watching them: 'I can see his eyes, Hugh,' said one of them to the leader, and I remembered suddenly that in the passage not far from where I stood were half a dozen bombs—'What is it, monsieur?'"

He passed in alarm at the look on the clergyman's face as he slowly rose.

Evidently the reverend gentleman is quite wrought up over something. What's going to happen?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Variation in Story

Leon Bloy, to whose memory a monument has been erected in France, was a deep student of ingratitude. One day a lady asked him if the children of his era were usually ingrate. "Yes, madame. Allow me to tell you a story. There was a young villager who wanted to leave the parental roof, and who pestered his father into dividing up the family live stock and giving him his share—" "I know that story," interrupted the lady. "It is the parable of the Prodigal Son. Subsequently he returned, repentant, to his father's home." "No, madame," said Bloy. "In my story it is the pigs that return."

The birth rate is higher in Japan than in any other country in which vital statistics are kept.