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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 slight earthquake shock was felt in Tivens, Portugal, at 10:10 o'clock Sunday night. The disturbance followed several days of unusual heat.

President Coolidge signed the tax reduction bill Friday, making it law, although he fears it may result in a treasury deficit of \$100,000,000 a year hence.

Major John G. Quekemeyer, who was aide to General Pershing in the world war, died in the Military Academy hospital at West Point, N. Y., Sunday. He was 41 years old.

John K. Frank, in flight or in jail since New Year's eve, Saturday was at liberty at his home in Los Angeles on bonds pending hearings of charges of swindling banks here out of \$338,000.

Whether his critics enjoy it or not, the birthday of Luther Burbank, plant wizard and self-styled infidel, likely will be observed in California this year under circumstances tinged with a religious atmosphere.

Six watchwomen on duty at grade crossings of the Pennsylvania railroad's St. Louis division main line have perfect safety records during more than seven years of service, the road announced in Chicago Sunday.

Up to date this season 28,000,000 bushels of wheat have been moved through the Vancouver, B. C. port, against a little more than 25,000,000 for the whole of the 1924-1925 season. Demand from the orient this year has featured wheat and flour.

An appropriation bill carrying \$79,847,000 for the departments of state, justice, commerce and labor was reported to the house Saturday by its appropriations committee. The amount is \$2,353,000 above last year's bill, but \$59,480 below budget estimates.

The house agriculture committee has approved the McNary-Woodruff bill to authorize the government to acquire additional forests, but the proposed \$4,000,000 program for nine years was reduced to \$2,000,000 for each of the fiscal years 1928 and 1929.

Victor A. Holmes of Beattyville, Ky., was found guilty of wilful murder Saturday and sentenced to life imprisonment. The jury decided that Holmes deliberately set out a 200-foot cliff an automobile in which his wife and their two-year-old child were seated.

Impeachment proceeding against George W. English, federal judge in the eastern district of Illinois, if voted by the house, will prolong the present session of congress at least five or six weeks beyond the May 15 or June 1 dates now tentatively set for adjournment.

Rates on lumber and related products in carload lots, from Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana and California to destinations in Iowa, have been found unreasonable, and the interstate commerce commission Saturday ordered new rates prescribed on or before May 17 next.

Cardinal Cagliero died in Rome Sunday. He was 83 years old. Born at Castelnuovo d'Asi, in the archdiocese of Turin, he was created and proclaimed cardinal in 1915. He celebrated his 60th anniversary as a priest in 1922. Cardinal Cagliero was head of the Salesian mission to America.

Will H. Hays, chairman of the laymen's committee of the Presbyterian church in the United States, Sunday announced the opening of a nationwide campaign to raise \$15,000,000 for establishment of a service pension fund to care for aged Presbyterian educators. Andrew Mellon, secretary of the treasury, is treasurer of the committee to direct the campaign.

The senate refused Friday 33 to 26, to adopt a report assailing the department of justice for the manner in which it conducted an investigation to determine whether the Aluminum company of America had violated federal court decrees. With this action, Senator Robinson of Arkansas, the democratic leader, abandoned a resolution which he had presented and which would have authorized the president to employ special counsel to enter contempt proceedings against the company.

DRIVE STARTED ON DRY LAW

Six Years' Trial Declared to Show Law Unenforceable.

Washington, D. C.—The battle cry of the anti-prohibitionists for a modified form of prohibition to correct alleged evils among the youth of today and save the morals of the coming generations was sounded Monday and Tuesday night by numerous speakers at the second annual "face the facts" conference of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment.

Called to meet on what was described as a "propitious day in view of the principles of liberty and self-control" by George Washington, hundreds of delegates to the conference heard a series of emphatic speeches in support of legislation for legalization of light wines and beer for members of both houses of congress, the clergy, leaders of women's clubs and others.

The speakers generally assailed conditions which have arisen with prohibition, declared six years of the law had shown it could not be enforced, and called for immediate relief.

Senator Edge, republican, New Jersey, one of the recognized "wet" leaders in congress, renewed at the association's Washington birthday banquet the vigorous attacks launched during an afternoon session at which Senator Edwards, democrat of the same state, was the principal speaker.

Declaring the campaign of modificationists was "not a campaign for booze, but rather a practical effort for temperance unobservable today," Senator Edwards said he would welcome a nationwide referendum on modification of the Volstead act and amendment of the 18th amendment to a point of common sense legalization of spirits and liquors with all the safeguards that can practically be devised.

"In that manner and that alone," he asserted, "can we solve the entire problem, if ever it can be solved."

Senator Edge declared a referendum of this nature would "demonstrate to our law-making bodies the changed public opinion," and should carry with it "a concrete proposition for relief so that citizens could vote intelligently for or against."

He advocated a plan modeled after the Canadian experiment and predicted an "overwhelming verdict for common sense, sanity and decency," if the law were put to such a test. He said he was hopeful that at hearings to be held by a senate judiciary subcommittee constructive plans and suggestions "will be brought out which will make possible the adoption of some such definite and concrete plan."

The democratic delegation in the house from New York attended the conference en bloc, because, its members said in a statement, they believed it would aid in "calling attention to the manly, vigorous virtues of temperance and self-control of George Washington which enabled him to make proper use of beer and wine and even strong spirits and to avoid the abuse thereof."

Wet Governors Rapped.

Hagerstown, Md.—Governors who can sing the "Star-Spangled Banner" are badly needed in New York and Maryland, Wayne B. Wheeler, general counsel of the Anti-Saloon League of America, declared in an address here Saturday. Mr. Wheeler attacked Governors Smith of New York and Ritchie of Maryland for their opposition to the Volstead act. "The states of Maryland and New York would be better off if their governors would get up and sing the 'Star-Spangled Banner' and forget their own song, 'How Dry I Am,'" he said.

Fight With Dogs Fatal.

Yonkers, N. Y.—Henry Griffin, a one-armed mechanic was found dead Monday on a lonely road after an encounter with two hunger-crazed dogs. His clothes were torn away and his body scarred by tooth marks. The road over a large area bore witness to the struggle. One of the dogs was killed in a small building at Zedlers grove, but the other was still being hunted by eight policemen with shotguns.

Cattle Die in Marsh.

Klamath Falls, Or.—Scores of cattle, seeking food, have been caught in a thick mire of the marsh between the mouth of Seven-Mile creek and Wood river and have starved to death, according to a report made Saturday to Dr. G. S. Newsome, county health officer.

Wife Slain, Man Dying.

Fresno, Cal.—In what police believe to be a carefully prepared murder and attempted suicide, Joe Puello, 49, shot and killed his wife, Rosie Puello, 31, and then turned the gun on himself Monday.

Asserting that the present city ordinance creating a theater censor board is a "joke" and that members have no power, the Seattle censors resigned in a body Saturday.

RICH CHURCHMAN GIVES UP WEALTH

Millions Consecrated to World Betterment.

FAMILY GETS SHARE

Heirs to Get Income, but on Death Principal Goes to Swell Charity Donations.

New York.—Sir Henry Lunn, prominent layman and editor in the Protestant church in England, who amassed a fortune after retiring as a medical missionary in India, has put into practice his belief that surplus wealth acquired by big business men should be devoted to the betterment of mankind. The World Alliance for International Friendship, through the churches, Sunday announced that he had turned over most of his vast properties to trustees who will administer the revenue for religious and social work, including international peace.

The exact value of the properties was not given, but the announcement said they totalled millions. They include the enterprises conducted by Sir Henry Lunn, Ltd., of London. This firm operates a tourist business and owns or controls many large hotels in Switzerland and other parts of Europe. The funds accruing from the businesses will be administered by the Lunn foundation for the benefit of the movements which Sir Henry has supported during the past ten years. He is a leader in the church unity movement and is now touring this country in behalf of that movement.

The only property not deeded to the trustees of the foundation consisted of trust funds created for members of his family. Upon death, each beneficiary's share will go to the trustee.

Sir Henry, in a letter to a friend whom he asked to become a trustee of the Lunn foundation, wrote: "I have always held that the head of a large business is entitled to a reasonable remuneration for his work, and that he is trustee for all beyond that sum."

"In a complex civilization like ours, where the rewards of commercial success are very great, the primitive idea of tithes has become an anachronism and an absurdity, and no system of proportional giving can satisfy the demands of justice, where the income is many times that of a prime minister."

"You will, therefore, understand me, when I tell you that, prefatory to the important engagements which I have undertaken to fulfill on my journey round the world, I have decided to divest myself of all my property and form an incorporated society which will provide the necessary funds for continuing in the future the publication of the review of the churches, issued to the clergy of all communions."

"You will appreciate the relief it will be to me, as I start out to visit the leading cities of the United States and the capitals of our dominions, to know that the question of financial gain from business developments has entirely passed out of my life."

Radio Pictures Planned

Berlin.—Munich's broadcasting station will be the first to send out a daily picture to radio fans, using a wireless, coupled with a telephone. The service will start with the broadcasting daily of meteorological maps, which will be sketched by the Bavarian meteorological station.

These maps can be received on an ordinary set to which is coupled a small, inexpensive picture set connected with pencils, which draw the outlines.

Canoe Tips, Boy Dies

Eugene, Or.—An effort to rescue D. T. Bayly and a woman companion whose canoe had upset in the mill race here Saturday cost the life of Carl Adams of Springfield. The canoe in which the Adams boy and his brother, Burton, 14, were paddling to the rescue struck an eddy and overturned. Carl sank. Burton made his way to shore after a struggle in the eddy. Bayly and his companion also reached the bank safely.

Amundsen Blimp Tried

Rome.—The dirigible Norge, with which Raold Amundsen plans to journey to the north pole, carried out a successful eight-hour trial flight over Rome Saturday. The blimp, carrying 30 persons including Engineer Noble and the Norwegian and Italian members of the polar expedition, circled over Rome several times.

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Salem.—There were five fatalities due to industrial accidents in the state of Oregon during the week ending February 18, according to a report prepared here by the state industrial accident commission.

Westport.—An epidemic of influenza is affecting almost every home in Westport. Four entire families are confined to their homes. Many pupils are out of school. There have been no deaths and no pneumonia or other complications to date.

Pendleton.—The completion of the bridge at Stanfield across the Umatilla river was the occasion for a celebration which was held Friday under the auspices of the business interests of the town. The bridge was opened to traffic Saturday.

Baker.—News of the first copper strike on Goose creek was received in Baker Saturday. Prospecting has been under way for several months. One thousand feet of tunnel has been dug. The strike of chalcopryite was made 25 feet below the surface and 600 feet from the mouth of tunnel.

Eugene.—The Eugene chamber of commerce has sent a telegram to Dr. Harry Woodburn Chase, president of the University of North Carolina, in which it was stated that the business men of Eugene were eager for a favorable reply to the invitation to become president of the University of Oregon.

Grants Pass.—Under auspices of the Grants Pass Women's club, a Pioneer day celebration will be staged here March 6 for all pioneers in southern Oregon. An exhibit of early-day furniture and relics will feature the event. A luncheon will be given and a program will be held during the afternoon.

Roseburg.—Blinger Herman, ex-representative from Oregon and ex-commissioner of the United States general land office, Friday observed his 83d birthday anniversary. As a special event of the day he was visited by his four brothers—T. Mandell, Cass, Ernest and Frank Herman—all of Myrtle Point.

Eugene.—The Southern Pacific company will in the near future abandon its street-car line between Eugene and Springfield, it was stated in a letter received Saturday by Herbert J. Cox, president of the Springfield chamber of commerce, from E. L. King, superintendent of the Portland division of the company.

Grants Pass.—In an effort to concentrate agricultural endeavors within the Grants Pass irrigation district, farmers here have signed up to plant 2000 acres of strawberries this spring, to induce contractors to come here and take the entire crop. The strawberry growers have set an objective of 500 acres in production within two years.

Pendleton.—Tests of application of commercial fertilizers to wheat lands, which has been carried on under direction of the county agent for two years, will be continued this year, according to Fred Bennion, county agent. Application of two types of fertilizer, one a top dressing, the other a sodium nitrate, were made on some plots Saturday.

Medford.—Because ill health would prevent her from any longer having personal charge of the historic Bruner building in Jacksonville, Mrs. Alice Applegate Sargent, widow of the late Colonel H. H. Sargent, this week deeded that structure and her collection of relics contained therein to the Native Daughters' organization of Jacksonville.

Salem.—Through the planting of approximately 600 acres of hops on the Sumas Lake drainage district project in Canada, T. A. Livesley of Salem and his associates hope to supply the entire hop demands for the Canadian brewing business. This was the announcement made here Saturday by Mr. Livesley, who returned recently from Canada.

Vale.—The water situation in the upper country where a shortage was feared last month, has changed greatly with added snowfall around Ironside, Brogan, Bonita and elsewhere in the county. H. G. Kennard, state watermaster, reports 121,000 acres feet in the big reservoir to date. With the big run-off in April and May, the reservoir will undoubtedly be overflowing.

Eugene.—W. W. Neely, 83, of Mapleton, Saturday night was declared the champion old-time fiddler of Oregon by a committee of judges at the old-time dance and entertainment staged at the armory for the benefit of the children's farm home at Corvallis. Twenty-five men, most of them aged, took part in the contest, which was held before 4000 persons. Neely played a fiddle that he said he bought in 1861. He is a farmer of the Siuslaw valley and says he has been fiddling for 73 years.



BY CYRIL MCNEILE SAPPER

CHAPTER VIII

In Which Hugh Drummond and the Reverend Theodosius Longmoor Take Lunch Together

"Not, Hugh!" Peter turned a little irritably from his covert inspection of the Reverend Theodosius Longmoor. "You've got Peterson on the brain. Why, that old bird is no more like him than my boot."

"Nevertheless, it's Peterson," answered Drummond doggedly. "It's just that one trick he can never shake off—that tapping with his left hand on his knee—that made me spit him."

"Well, granted you're right," conceded Darrell grudgingly, "what do we do now, sergeant major?"

"I don't know, Peter. I've got to think this out."

"You're perfectly certain, Hugh?" said Peter, who was still far from convinced.

"Absolutely, old man," answered Drummond gravely. "The clergyman over there is Carl Peterson, late of the Elms, Godalming. And the game has begun again."

Darrell gave a short laugh as he noted the gleam in his leader's eyes. "I'm thinking," he remarked slyly, "that this time the game is going to make us go all out."

"So much the better," grinned Hugh. "Well, add him to our collection, Peter, and then we'll present the whole bunch to the zoo. And, in the meantime, he shall lunch with us when Phyllis arrives, and prattle on theology to an appreciative audience. Incidentally it will appeal to his sense of humor; there's no difficulty about recognizing us. Look out, he's coming over."

They turned as the clergyman crossed toward them.

"Jolly old tum-tum beginning to shout for nourishment," said Hugh with an affable smile as he joined them. "My wife should be here at any moment now, Mr.—"

"Longmoor is my name," said the clergyman, beaming on them. "It is very charming of you to take such compassion on a lonely old man."

"Staying here all by yourself?" asked Drummond politely.

"No; my daughter is with me. The dear child has been my constant companion ever since my beloved wife's death some years ago. We have just returned from a visit to the famine-stricken area," replied the clergyman. "Most interesting—but most terribly sad. You know—I don't think I caught your name."

"Drummond, Captain Drummond," answered Hugh mechanically. "And this is Mr. Darrell. I think I have had the pleasure of making your daughter's acquaintance already. She was manufacturing woolen garments for the Austrians down here, and I retrieved an elusive ball of wool for her."

"That is just my daughter all over, Captain Drummond," beamed the Reverend Theodosius. "Never wasting her time, always doing something for the good of humanity."

But at the moment it is to be regretted that Hugh was not worrying his head over the good of humanity. Inconceivable though it was, judged on the mere matter of appearance, that the Reverend Theodosius was Carl Peterson, it was still more inconceivable that the wool knitter could be Irma.

Of course Peterson might have changed his daughter—but if he hadn't, what then? What had he said to Peter Darrell when the girl, recognizing him all the time, was sitting in the next chair? How much had she overheard? And suddenly Hugh began to feel that he was floundering in deep water.

He glanced at his watch and turned to Darrell.

"Confound the girl, Peter! She's nearly forty minutes late."

"Picked up a pal, old boy," answered that worthy. "Picked up a pal and they're masticating a Bath bun somewhere. Why not leave a message at the door, and let's go on with it? I'm darned hungry."

The Reverend Theodosius beamed from behind his spectacles.

"'Tis ever the same," he murmured gently. "But it is the prerogative of the sex."

"Well, let's toddle in and take nourishment," said Hugh, taking hold of the clergyman's arm with his hand and pushing him toward the restaurant.

"By the way, what about the daughter? Isn't she going to honor us?"

"Not today," answered the Reverend Theodosius. "She is lurching upstairs with the poor fellow I told you about, whose office was wrecked last night. He is sadly in need of comfort. I understand that the police are satisfied that three scoundrels were involved

Just as he was standing in Berkeley square, waving his stick vaguely as a maternal aid to thought, that he felt a touch on his arm.

"Excuse me, sir," said a voice at his elbow, "but I would like a few words with you."

He looked down, and his eyes narrowed suddenly. Standing beside him was the hunchback, Mr. Atkinson, and for a moment Hugh regarded him in silence. Then, dismissing a strong inclination to throw this unexpected apparition under a passing furniture van, he raised his eyebrows slightly and removed his cigar from his mouth. Evidently the next move had begun, and he felt curious as to what form it would take.

"My powers as a conversationalist are well known," he remarked, "amongst a large and varied circle. I was not, however, aware that you belonged to it. In other words, sir, who the deuce are you and what the dickens do you want to talk to me about?"

"Something which concerns us both very intimately," returned the other. "And with regard to the first part of your question—do you think it necessary to keep up the pretense, especially as there are no witnesses present? I suggest, however, that as our conversation may be a trifle prolonged, and this spot is somewhat draughty, we should adjourn to your house; Brook street, I believe, is where you live, Captain Drummond."

Hugh removed his cigar, and stared at the hunchback thoughtfully.

"I haven't the slightest wish to have a prolonged conversation with you in any place, draughty or otherwise," he remarked at length. "However, if you are prepared to run the risk of being slung out of the window if you bore me, I'll give you ten minutes."

He turned on his heel and strolled slowly toward his house, while the hunchback, shooting venomous glances at him from time to time, walked by his side in silence. And it was not until some five minutes later when they were both in Drummond's study that any further remark was made.

It was Hugh who spoke, standing with his back to the fireplace, and looking down on the misshapen little man who sat in an arm-chair facing the light. An unpleasant customer, he reflected, now that he saw him close to for the first time; a dangerous, vindictive little devil—but able, distinctly able. Just such a type as Peterson would choose for a tool.

"What is it you wish to say to me?" he said curtly.

"A few things, Captain Drummond," returned the other, "that may help to clear the air. In the first place may I say how pleased I am to make your acquaintance in the flesh, so to speak? I have long wanted a little talk with the leader of the Black Gang."

"I trust," murmured Hugh solicitously, "that the sun hasn't proved too much for you."

"Shall we drop this beating about the bush?" snapped the other.

"I shall drop you down the stairs if you talk to me like that, you d-d little microbe," said Hugh coldly, and the other got to his feet with a snarl. His eyes, glaring like those of an angry cat, were fixed on Drummond, who suddenly put out a vast hand to screen the lower part of the hunchback's face. With a cry of fear he recoiled, and Hugh smiled grimly. So it had been Mr. Atkinson himself who had flung the bomb the night before; the eyes that had glared at him through the crack in the door were unmistakably the same as those he had just looked into over his own hand. With the rest of the face blotched out to prevent distraction there could be no doubt about it, and he was still smiling grimly as he lowered his hand.

"So you think I'm the leader of the Black Gang, do you?" he remarked. "What are your grounds for this somewhat startling statement?"

"My grounds are these," said the hunchback, recovering his self-control: "Last night my office in Hoxton was wrecked by a bomb. That bomb also killed a man."

"It did," agreed Hugh grimly.

"One of the three men who broke in. The other two escaped—how, I don't know. But one of them was recognized by the clerk downstairs."

"I gathered that was the story," said Hugh.

"He was recognized as the leader of the Black Gang—an unknown person. But today—at the Ritz, Captain Drummond—my clerk, who had brought me a message, recognized him again, without his disguise. No longer an unknown man, you understand—but you."

Drummond smiled, and selected a cigarette from his case.

"Very pretty," he answered, "but a trifle crude. As I understand you, I gather that your shrewd and intelligent clerk states that the leader of the Black Gang broke into your office last night in order to indulge in the doubtful pastime of throwing bombs about the premises. He further states that I am the humorist in question. Allowing for the moment that your clerk is sane, what do you propose to do about it?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Fight Came First

The kindly old party saw two urchins fighting with more gusto than damage to themselves. He hurried up and separated the combatants. "Now, then," said he, "what's the argument about?" The warriors glared at each other while a youthful bystander piped up: "Argument, boss? There's no argument! They're fighting! Tomorrow will be the argument!"

Don't make imaginary evils, when you know there are so many real ones to encounter.

CHAPTER IX

In Which Count Zadowa Is Introduced to "Alice in Wonderland"

A quarter of an hour later the two young men stepped into Piccadilly. Evidently Phyllis was not proposing to turn up, and nothing was to be gained by remaining. The next move lay with the other side, and until it was played it was merely a question of marking time. At the entrance to the Ritz they separated. And it was