

THE TURNER TRIBUNE

VOL. X.

TURNER, OREGON, THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1926.

NO. 25.

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.

An offering of \$500,000,000 in 30-year bonds was announced Sunday by Secretary Mellon in connection with the regular March financing program of the treasury.

Mrs. Blanche Dunbar, 32, screen actress, formerly associated with the American Film company at Santa Barbara, died at Hollywood, Cal., Sunday following an attack of heart disease.

When the Billings, Mont., municipal band started its weekly practice on the top floor of the city hall Sunday, a prisoner in the cell house in the basement became violently insane and had to be placed in a padded cell.

President Coolidge is convinced the country faces continued prosperity. The recent drop in security values on the stock market benefited conditions rather than forecast any slump in business and industry, is the White House view.

Forty-nine women, one from each of the states and the District of Columbia, have been invited to attend a mass meeting in their honor, to be held by the American Woman's association at Madison Square Garden on Thursday night, March 18.

A mass meeting at Poli's theater in Washington, D. C., Sunday under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus of the District of Columbia adopted resolutions protesting against "the policy of religious persecution being followed by the present government of Mexico."

Several hundred persons were marooned in drifted snow in various parts of Minnesota over the week end. At Milaca, hundreds of basketball fans and players were held imprisoned, while at Fergus Falls, 30 automobile loads of persons who attended an automobile show were detained by drifts.

Andrew Volstead Sunday said that non-alcoholic drinks tasted as good as the alcoholic beer and wine. He spoke at a forum discussion of the 18th amendment, of which he is the author. Heckling and applause met various statements made by the ex-member of congress. Several dry and wet leaders appeared on the same platform.

Run-proof stockings and frocks soon will be on the market. This was announced by Sir Nicholas Gratton Doyle at a luncheon of the textile industry in London. Samples of the new knit fabrics were distributed among the guests to take home to their wives. The inventor of the "run-proof" textile is A. Serra of Lyons, France.

On his 77th birthday, Luther Burbank, famous plant wizard, who recently proclaimed himself an infidel, Saturday sent out a message to the children of the world telling them that their happiness will be in direct proportion to their loving thoughts "toward any person and animal and even towards plants, stars, oceans, rivers and hills."

The senate was thrown into an uproar Saturday when Senator Heflin, democrat, Alabama, was assailed by half a dozen senators simultaneously for his position on Muscle Shoals. Standing at bay, the Alabama senator fought back in characteristic manner, and during the sharp repartee the galleries and senate floor rocked with laughter.

An enterprising student at the state agricultural college at Manhattan, Kan., is paying his way by arranging "dates" for students. Finding that competition had reduced the income to be had from all the ordinary student jobs, this student announced that he would undertake to obtain a date for any student of either sex. His commission is usually a quarter.

Remarkable improvement in operations of the United States Rubber company during 1925 compared with recent years was revealed Sunday in the annual report, which showed sales of \$206,473,737, an increase of \$34,259,384 over 1924, and net income of \$17,309,876, more than double the net income of \$8,268,025 in the preceding year. The figures are exclusive of any income from rubber plantations owned by the company, which cover 120,000 acres in the far east.

BILL PROPOSES WATER CUT

Aid Offered Western Settlers by Irrigation Chairman.

Washington, D. C.—Chairman Smith of the house irrigation committee Monday introduced a bill to adjust water right charges on a number of western reclamation projects in line with recent recommendations of the interior department.

On the Boise project in Idaho payments would be suspended on approximately 7000 acres temporarily unproductive because of soil conditions. The amounts of which settlers would be relieved temporarily of paying is not stated.

The Klamath project in Oregon would be relieved of \$152,887 on account of construction work on land found to have been unproductive. Suspension of charges also would be authorized on acreage which the reclamation bureau might find to be temporarily unproductive.

Deductions from the cost of the Okanogan project in Washington would include \$227,783 on construction for unproductive lands and \$427,872 on account of errors in survey and levying of charges.

Minidoka project in Idaho would be relieved of \$9172.

Deductions on the Umatilla project in Oregon would include \$490,390 on construction work, and approximately \$400,000 for mistakes in surveys and faulty construction work. Payments would be suspended on temporarily unproductive soil in the east and west divisions.

The Yakima project in Washington would be relieved of \$3068 on account of unproductive soil as well as allowed to suspend payments on more than 4000 acres held temporarily useless.

\$20,000,000 AWARDED TO PENNILESS MINER

San Francisco, Cal.—George Campbell Carson, copper miner and desert wanderer, who has looked up at the stars many nights from a bed of sand for want of a better couch, was placed in a position by the United States circuit court here Monday to receive a fortune of millions of dollars from the American Smelting & Refining company for alleged infringement upon a patent.

Every court into which the miner has brought his case has sustained him, the list including the United States supreme court. The company sought to try the case all over again on new grounds, but the circuit court said today that the bulk of Carson's legal troubles was closed and that he should be given his due.

The case concerned improvements and refinements in the side charging of reverberatory furnaces used for smelting copper ore. The patented process greatly facilitated the work. The smelting companies adopted the process, Carson contended, without giving him or his patent credit.

Marietta Holley Dead

Watertown, N. Y.—Within a few feet of the little farm house in which she was born, Marietta Holley, who wrote stories and novels under the pen name of "Samantha" and "Josiah Allen's Wife" that stirred the interest of another generation, died Monday in the country home she built near Pierpont manor and which she called "Donny View."

Living to be 80 years of age, Miss Holley could never understand why her books attracted such attention and why her plots appealed to hosts of readers.

Coolidge Warns House

Washington, D. C.—President Coolidge served notice Monday on Chairman Butler of the house naval committee that he believes the \$85,000,000 five-year building program for the naval air service calls for too large a peace-time expenditure. Mr. Butler was summoned to the White House to go over provisions of the bill which his committee has reported. Later Mr. Butler declined to discuss his conference with the president.

Merger Plans Pending

Washington, D. C.—Tentative plans for a unification of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific and the St. Louis-San Francisco railroads to meet competition of other roads contemplating consolidations in the southwest were disclosed Monday.

Merger plans were disclosed at a hearing before the interstate commerce commission.

Farm Aid to Be Asked

Washington, D. C.—Farm organization leaders at a conference Monday night completed plans for the long-heralded drive upon congress for agricultural relief legislation. It is expected to be launched with the opening of the house agriculture committee of hearings on a number of farm relief bills, including the Dickinson surplus measure.

SURVEY REPORTS FARMS SQUEEZED

Investigation of Year Supplies Much Data.

UNREST CAUSE NOTED

Weakened Position, Isolation and Unorganized, Farmers Turn to Political Aid.

New York.—Radical tendencies among farmers—once the backbone of American conservatism—reflect a serious economic maladjustment, which, unless checked, must eventually adversely affect the national business structure, says the National Industrial Conference board in a report issued Sunday. The report, based on a year's investigation, declared the contrast between the agrarian swing toward the left to be "one of the most significant reversals in the political life of the United States" and "curiously contrasts with the increasing conservative trend of our urban population."

The board, which is supported by manufacturing, mining, transportation and public utility industries, asserted that its sponsors must study and understand the problem of the farmer, because farm production is closely woven in the national economic structure. Diffusion of corporate ownership among city dwellers has increased materially the interest in and understanding of industrial problems, the board said, while the average farm represents a capital of about \$12,000, usually individually owned, and the farmers, to a large degree unorganized and isolated, "naturally have tended more and more to resort to political pressure to obtain relief."

"But the agricultural problem," the report says, "is to no greater extent a question of what will be the consequences for our entire economic and business life if American agriculture continues to lag behind in comparison with the general economic developments of the country."

Reviewing the decline of farm production as compared with urban population growth, the report said this trend had been steady since 1880, the reduction since 1900 being estimated at 20 per cent. All the facts indicate, the board found, that since the beginning of the present century, "the cost of agricultural production prices and markets have not been such as to make it pay to maintain the same rate of increase of farming production as existed before that time."

The farmers' weakened position in meeting foreign competition was attributed to the tendency of his expenses to rise more rapidly than the prices of his produce. Overhead, capital costs, labor and operating costs rose 300 per cent in the last quarter century, the report said, while wholesale prices of farm products increased only 120 per cent.

Actual earnings of the average farmer in 1924 were computed at \$730 as against average earnings of \$1572 in transportation, \$2141 in clerical lines and \$1650 by government employees. The per capita income of the farming population in 1921 was given as \$188, against \$701 for urban dwellers.

Court Jolts Rancher

Detroit, Mich.—After avoiding payment of \$7 a month alimony for more than 25 years, Sidney D. Sanderson of Marion, Or., must pay the accumulated alimony and interest to his ex-wife, Katherine M. Sanderson Mumford, according to an order issued by Judge Henry A. Mandell Saturday. Harvey R. M. Wilde, attorney for Mrs. Mumford, placed the amount at \$5193.

The alimony was awarded by Judge W. L. Carpenter December 2, 1901, at which time Sanderson moved to Marion, out of the jurisdiction of the Michigan court. Sanderson is said to own a ranch near the Oregon town. According to the court order, the property will be sold to pay the past due alimony, unless Sanderson makes a cash settlement in the next 30 days.

"Pitilackers" They Are

Philadelphia.—A person indifferent to the suffering of an animal is a "pitilacker." The Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals announces that "pitilacker" was the prize winning name selected from nearly 500 submitted in a contest. "Pitilacker" was coined by Mrs. M. Melvaine Brady, Mickleton, N. J., a newspaper woman whose husband is an editor in Philadelphia. Words were submitted from many countries.

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF

Salem.—There was one industrial fatality in the state of Oregon during the week ending February 25, according to a report prepared by the state industrial accident commission. The victim was Alex M. Gallacher, Newport.

Halsey.—Emmett Cook, who lives southwest of town, was seriously injured Friday by an enraged bull. The doctors say he will recover. He was untying the animal when he was attacked and only after a battle was he able to get clear.

Eugene.—The entire holdings of the Coast Range Lumber company at Marble were sold at sheriff's sale Saturday to the Continental and Commercial Trust & Savings Bank of Chicago for \$256,962.95 on a judgment given the bank here a short time ago.

Madras.—The Jefferson county unit of the Eastern Oregon Wheat league held an all-day session Saturday pursuant to a call by the Mud Springs grange of Madras and the Opal City grange of Clover. The meeting was presided over by County Judge John M. King.

Eugene.—Miss Bernice Collier, a stenographer of this city, who died in St. Vincent's hospital in Portland February 21, bequeathed \$500 to her nurse, Miss Lydia Anderson, who attended her during her last illness, according to the will filed for probate here Friday.

Salem.—The state land board, during the month of February, turned over to the state treasurer \$96,450.23.

Eugene.—The ice factory in Springfield, formerly owned by the Weinhard estate of Portland, will be placed in operation soon, after an idleness of several years according to Al Perkins of Springfield, who has received a letter from Henry Wagner of Portland, owner of the building and plant. The factory will be operated by electricity.

Salem.—Salem's public auto park opened Monday after being closed since last December. Last year the park was not opened until April 1. All profits derived from the operation of the Salem auto park are used in making improvements for the accommodation of tourists.

Vernona.—Helen, 4-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Simms of this place, was killed instantly Friday while playing on a pile of cedar logs on the highway near town. One of the poles rolled upon her, crushing her head. The family came here recently from Louisiana.

Hood River.—Director Jardine of the Oregon experiment station was here Saturday to confer with Superintendent Childs and Horticulturist Brown, of the branch station here, on plans for buildings on an experimental farm of 25 acres just south of the city on the west side.

Oregon City.—Thomas Kelland, a farmer near Central Point, was injured critically Friday when a horse became frightened and dragged him some distance at the end of a log chain, which had tangled around Kelland's foot. He was taken to the Oregon City hospital and tonight was expected to recover.

Klamath Falls.—Crooked creek unit, a valuable tract of pine timber on the Klamath Indian reservation, will be sold at Klamath agency May 11, it was announced Friday by reservation authorities. The 30,000,000 feet in the reservation timber unit will attract bidders from many of the smaller mills in the county, it is believed. It is near the railroad.

Bend.—Charged with violating the city's traffic ordinance, Mrs. Louis Bennett appeared before her husband, police judge, in Bend Saturday and paid a \$1 fine. The offense was over-time parking. "It is my duty to warn you," Judge Bennett informed his wife, "that if you are ever brought into court for a second offense, the penalty will be heavier."

Eugene.—The Southern Pacific company will discontinue its street-car service between Eugene and Springfield July 1, if its application to the state public service commission is granted, according to announcement here Saturday. This line also serves several streets in Eugene and it is understood that the buses will also be used on these streets when the change takes effect.

Salem.—John J. Quinlan, supervisor of industry at the penitentiary, returned Sunday from Gold Hill, where he inspected the machinery of the state lime plant, to be moved to the prison. Warden Lillis said that the plant would be in operation here in two or three weeks. Lime rock will be shipped to Salem and converted into fertilizer. Convicts employed in this plant will be incorrigibles, clad in prison stripes.



The BLACK GANG

A Sequel to Bulldog Drummond.

BY CYRIL MCNEILE SAPPER

CHAPTER IX—Continued

"In certain eventualities, Captain Drummond, I propose to send an anonymous letter to Scotland Yard. Surprised though they would be to get it, it might help them to clear up the mystery of Mr. Lattier's insanity. It may prove rather unpleasant for you, of course, but that can't be helped."

"It's kind of you to give me a loophole of escape," said Drummond pleasantly. "What are the eventualities to which you allude?"

"The nonreturn to me of a little bag containing diamonds," remarked the hunchback quietly. "They were in the desk which was wrecked by the bomb."

"Dear, dear," said Hugh. "Am I supposed to have them in my possession?"

"I can only hope most sincerely for your sake that you have," returned the other. "Otherwise I'm afraid that letter will go to the police."

For a while Drummond smoked in silence; then, with a lazy smile on his face, he sat down in an armchair facing the hunchback.

"There are one or two things I have to say to you before depriving myself of the pleasure of your company. By the post following the one which carries your interesting disclosure will go another letter addressed to Sir Bryan Johnstone himself. I shall be in the office when he opens it—and we shall both be roaring with laughter over the extraordinary delusion that I—quite the biggest fool of his acquaintance—could possibly be the leader of the Black Gang. And, as if to prove the utter absurdity of the suggestion, this second letter will be from the leader of the Black Gang himself. In it he will state that he was present at 5 Green street, Hoxton, last night in an endeavor to obtain possession of the anarchist and Bolshevik literature stored there. That he took with him a professional burglar to assist him in opening the safe and other things which might be there, and that while engaged in this eminently virtuous proceeding he found that he was trapped in the room by some mechanical device. And then will come a very interesting disclosure. He will state how suddenly he saw through a crack in the door a pair of eyes looking at him. And their color—see, what is the color of your eyes?—gray-blue, very noticeable. Much the same as old Longmoor's—though his are a little bluer. And then the owner of the eyes was so inconsiderate as to throw a bomb in the room; a bomb which killed one of the men, and wrecked the desk. So that the owner of the eyes, gray-blue eyes just like yours, is a murderer—a common murderer. And we hang men in England for murder." He paused and stared at the hunchback. "This is a jolly game, isn't it?"

"And you really imagine," said the hunchback contemptuously, "that even your police would believe such a story that a man would wreck his own office, when on your own showing he had the men trapped inside it?"

"Probably not," said Drummond affably. "Any more than they would believe that I was the leader of the Black Gang. So since they're such a wretched crowd of unbelievers I don't think it's much good playing that game. Waste of time, isn't it? So I vote we play another one, all on our own—a little game of make-believe—like we used to play in the nursery."

"I haven't an idea what you're talking about, Captain Drummond," said the hunchback, shifting uneasily in his chair. "For all trace of affability had vanished from the face of the man opposite him, to be replaced by an expression which made Mr. Atkinson pass his tongue once or twice over lips that had suddenly gone dry."

"Haven't you, you rat?" said Drummond quietly. "Then I'll tell you. Just for the next five minutes we're going to pretend that these two astonishing statements which the police—stupid fellows—won't believe are true. We're going to pretend—only pretend, mind you—that I am the leader of the Black Gang; and we're going to pretend that you are the man who flung the bomb last night. Just for five minutes only, then we go back to reality and unbelieving policemen."

And if during the following five minutes strange sounds were heard by Denny in the room below, he was far too accustomed to the sounds of breaking furniture to worry. It wasn't until the hunchback pulled a knife that Drummond warned to his work, but from that moment he lost his temper. And because the hunchback was a hunchback—though endowed with Nature with singular strength—it jarred on Drummond to fight him as if he had been a normal



"Someone Has Been in This Room, Denny," Said Drummond.

man. So he flogged him with a rhinoceros-hide whip till his arm ached, and then he flung him into a chair, gasping, cursing, and scarcely human.

"You shouldn't be so realistic in your stories, Snooks, I shall call you Snooks," he remarked affably, though his eyes were still merciless as he looked at the writhing figure. "And I feel quite sure that that is what the leader of the Black Gang would have done if he had met the peculiar humorist who threw that bomb last night. Bad habit—throwing bombs."

With a final curse the hunchback staggered to his feet, and his face was diabolical in its fury.

"You shall pay for that, Captain Drummond, stroke by stroke, and lash by lash," he said in a shaking voice. Drummond laughed shortly.

"All the same, old patter," he remarked. "Tell old Longmoor with my love—" He paused and grinned. "No, on second thoughts I think I'll tell his reverence myself—at the appointed time."

"What will you tell him?" sneered the hunchback.

"Why, that his church isn't the only place where dry-rot has set in. It's prevalent amongst his pals as well. Must you go? Straight down the stairs, and the card tray in the hall is only electro-plate—so you might leave it."

With a great effort Mr. Atkinson pulled himself together.

think that I'm not a congenital idiot. I'm glad you have discovered that it's not much use threatening me; but to tell you the strict truth, I prefer threats to nauseating hypocrisy. So much so in fact that the thought of that starving nobleman impels me to take more exercise. Ever read "Alice in Wonderland," Snooks? A charming book—a masterpiece of English literature. And there is one singularly touching, not to say fruity, bit which concerns Father William—and a genteel young man."

With a look of complete bewilderment on his face Mr. Atkinson felt himself propelled through the door, until he came to a halt at the top of the stairs.

"It's a little poem, Snooks, and some day I will recite it to you. Just now I can only remember the one singularly beautiful line which has suggested my new form of exercise."

Mr. Atkinson became aware of a boot in the lower portion of his back, and then the stairs seemed to rise up and hit him. He finally came to rest in the hall against an old oak chest of the pointed-corner type, and for a moment or two he lay there dazed. Then he scrambled to his feet to find three young men, who had emerged from a lower room during his flight, gazing at him impassively; while standing at the top of the stairs down which he had just descended and outlined against a window was the huge, motionless figure of Drummond. Half cursing, half sobbing, he staggered to the front door and opened it. Once more he looked back—not one of the four men had moved. They were just staring at him in absolute silence, and, with a sudden feeling of pure terror, Count Zadowa, alias Mr. Atkinson, shut the door behind him and staggered into the sunlit street.

CHAPTER X

In Which Hugh Drummond and the Reverend Theodosius Have a Little Chat

"Come up, boys," laughed Hugh. "The fog of war is lifting slowly."

He led the way back into the study, and the other three followed him.

"That object, Ted, you will be pleased to hear, is the humorist who threw the bomb at us last night."

"The devil it was," cried Jerningham. "I hope you gave him something for me. Incidentally, how did he run you to earth here?"

"Things have moved within the last two or three hours," answered Drummond slowly. "Who do you think is stopping at the Ritz at the present moment? Who do you think lunched with Peter and me today? Why—Peterson, my buckos—no more and no less."

"Rot!" said Toby Sinclair incredulously.

"No more and no less. Peterson himself—disguised as a clergyman called Longmoor. And with him is dear Irma encased in woolen garments. Of course, they're mixed up with that swab I've just kicked down the stairs—in fact, we've booted the fox. The nuisance of it is that by putting two and two together they've spotted me as the leader of our bunch. How I don't quite know, but they indubitably have. They also think I've got those diamonds; hence the visit of the hunchback, who did not know they were in the desk when he bunged the bomb. In fact, things are becoming clearer all the way round. . . . Hullo! What's this?"

He had opened his desk as he spoke, and was now staring fixedly at the lock.

"It's been forced," he said grimly. "Forced since this morning. They've been over this desk while I've been out. Push the bell, Ted."

They waited in silence till Denny appeared in answer to the ring.

"Someone has been in this room, Denny," said Drummond. "Someone has forced this desk since half-past eleven this morning."

"There's been no one in the house, sir," answered Denny, "except the man who came about the electric light."

"Electric grandmother," snapped his master. "You paralytic idiot, why did you leave him alone?"

"Well, sir, Mrs. Drummond was in the house at the time—and the servants were all round the place," Denny looked and felt aggrieved, and after a while Drummond smiled.

What sort of a man was it, you old fathead?"

"A very respectable sort of man," returned Denny with dignity. "I remarked to Mrs. Denny how respectable he was, sir. Why, he actually went some distance down the street to call a taxi for Mrs. Drummond to go to the Ritz. . . ."

His words died away, as he stared in amazement at the expression on his master's face.

"What the devil is it, Hugh?" cried Ted Jerningham.

"He called a taxi, you say?" muttered Drummond. "The man who came here called a taxi?"

"Yes, sir," answered Denny. "He was leaving the house at the same time, and as there was none in sight he said he'd send one along at once."

"And Mrs. Drummond went in the taxi he sent?"

"Certainly, sir," said Denny in surprise. "To the Ritz, to join you. I gave the order myself to the driver."

The veins were standing out on Drummond's forehead, and for a moment it seemed as if he was going to hit his servant. Then with an effort he controlled himself, and sank back in his chair with a groan.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

French chemists have developed an artificial resin from which panels for radio sets are to be made.