

Pele, Goddess of Fire, Boss of Kilauea Volcano, Awes Native Sons

Professors Mix Dignity With Red Bandanna Knots

Visitors to Western Camps Pay Dearly for Mustang Bucks; "Old Timers" Mending Saddles, Getting Equipment Ready for Reception

DENVER—(A.P.)—When the tired New York business man, the lady, from Boston, the Professor and the college kids come out of the East they want to see the west at its "widest and wooliest."

The woman from Boston, the business man, the professor and the college boys alike get galled and sore muscled for the sake of being "pioneers."

The business man and the college lads may even draw their guns and blaze away at the blue

Rufe's Ravings

Hereafter this humorous weekly column, written by Rufe White, will appear in the feature section of the SUNDAY OREGON STATESMAN.

"NOW IS THE TIME....."

TO KILL SPRING PESTS"

SEZ A BULLETIN from O. A. C.

I'M WONDERIN' is this applies to the flock of magazine agents and door to door peddlers this fine spring weather is bringin' out.

SEZ A FRIEND: When we were kids it always happened that the kid with the regular football, the new headgear, nose guard and a pair of boughten football pants was the bummiest player in the gang.

WHEN A MERCHANT suffers a nervous breakdown it doesn't come from the constant bang, bang, bang! of the cash register.

SALEM'S SOCIAL activities are not all confined to bridge parties and pink teas.

THERE'S ONE thing about bald headed men. They believe in reducing the overhead and they always come out on top.

MANY A GUY who goes to his boss with a sure-fire excuse finds that he's sure fired afterwards.

I DID A SMALL favor for one of our local court judges the other day. "Much obliged" sez the judge.

"ANXIOUS OSCAR" writes in and wants to know how long a person can live without brains.

THE MOST versatile person I know is the one who wades out into the breakers and shouts back that the water is warm.

ONE OF LIFE'S nuisances is the bozo who stops you on the street and makes you listen to the same story you had a hard time laughin' at 20 years ago.

THERE'S ONE THING can be said for the banquet and hot air luncheon bound....He sure is a glutton for punishment.

LOOKS LIKE the political garden is goin' to produce its usual crop of hardy perennials.

IT'LL SOON BE time for the anglers to be dealin' out fish stories that will make everybody gasp. That is, everybody who believes them. Which means nobody.

SOME OF THESE guys who would "Walk a mile for a Camel" kick like the dickens when wife asks them to go down to the corner and get a bottle of milk for the baby.

PROH AGENTS found a case of likker buried in a flower garden. But the flowers that bloom in the spring tra la had nothing to do with the case.

THESE MEXICAN matadors ain't got nothin' on American politicians when it comes to steppin' into the arena and throwin' the bull.

AN THAT'S enough. Station BLAH signa' off.

TWINKLE, TWINKLE STAR STORY HERE

Rev. E. H. Shanks Writes Another Narrative for Junior Readers

Rev. Ernest H. Shanks

"How wonderful the stars are tonight," said Beatrice as she sat at her window looking out into the starlit night. "Come here, Sue, and look at this beauty hanging in the western sky."

Sue came over to the window and said she thought it was the most perfect star she had ever seen. Just then Ann, the eldest of the three sisters, came into the room. Beatrice called her to see the stars.

"It is early yet," said Ann. "Let us go out into the garden for a few minutes. We can see the heavens better from there, and talk about the stars."

The three sisters put on their coats and went out into the garden where they had an unobstructed view of the sky. It was a clear, calm night, and the stars were unusually brilliant.

"What makes the stars brighter than usual?" asked Sue. "It is the condition of the atmosphere," said Ann. "The air is free from dust particles and there is no haze. The stars are always just as bright, but seldom do we find the air conditions so free from dust and moisture as tonight."

The girls stood for some minutes looking, first in one direction and then in another. "Where is the North Star, Ann?" asked Sue.

"There it is, Sue. Can you make out the Great Dipper?" Ann pointed it out. "The North Star, or Pole Star, it is sometimes called, is the one there at the upper corner. It is called a fixed star and the other stars move around it. It is always there in that same position."

"Are there other fixed stars, Ann?" asked Sue. "Yes, a great many. I cannot tell you how many; but thousands and each one is in the center of great systems of stars and planets like our own."

"Why are some brighter than others, and some larger?" asked Sue. "Some are much farther away, and there is a great difference in size. Some fixed stars are so far away that it requires millions of years for their light to reach us. You know how fast a flash of light travels. Some are many hundred times larger than our own sun. Stars are in groups; that is, certain stars always remain in their same position with respect to their own group. Up there is one group

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EVE'S TWO LOVERS

EDGAR POE NORRIS

THIS JIMMY Lochinvarian thought of John Ingate's died in the moment of his birth. The gleam in his eye faded. No he couldn't do that... It wasn't he decided, because he lacked the nerve. She had chosen and he must abide.

Those faint bells tolled on, and now they sounded more ominous to him. "You mustn't trouble yourself," Eve replied at last.

"Oh, it will be a pleasure—you know that," he responded intently. She smiled. "Oh! WILL IT?" He was impelled to laugh. "You know what I mean."

He sat down and phoned his sister. "Come down immediately. I have something for you to do... Never mind, hurry down."

He didn't want to explain, and he couldn't, anyway, with Eve listening. "Women know about these things," he said apologetically, when he put up the receiver.

"Oh, I'm afraid you are going to too much trouble." She was ashamed. She did want a lovely wedding. "Now you are to go home and take a nap. You'll need to be fresh and all that. Run along." He was good humoredly commanding in tone.

"These letters—" "Never mind about the letters. Holiday today." "I wish you wouldn't say any-

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Sabbath School Lesson

Arranged From the Improved Uniform International by F. J. ROOZE

THE STORY OF CREATION Lesson Text—Genesis 1:12-25. Golden Text—In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.—Gen. 1:1.

Everything that God had a beginning. God the uncaused cause is the cause of all things. Let this fundamental truth, though beyond the power of the human mind to grasp, be believed and all our problems of philosophy and theology will be solved.

I. The Origin of the Universe—Gen. 1:1. It was created by God. All things came into being by the will and act of a personal God. Create means to bring into existence that which had no previous existence.

II. The Regeneration of the Earth—1:3-25. Between verses one and two is clearly marked an interval of per-

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"EACH LOVES THING KILLED," IS CLAIM

Poet's Line True of Women Also, New Castle Records Indicate

By Central Press.

NEW CASTLE, Pa., April 10.—The poet's line, "For each man kills the thing he loves," was written to include women, too, says Dorothy Pegran, who is on trial here for the confessed murder of Sergeant Phillip L. Tulley, U. S. marine corps.

Tulley was on recruiting duty. On Jan. 17 Dorothy Pegran came from Pittsburgh to live with him. She was accepted by his landlady as the wife of the marine.

Two days later, about 1:15 a. m., Tulley staggered into the bedroom of his landlady and said, "My God, get a doctor. My wife has shot me."

The police were called and when they got there they found Tulley and the woman in a pool of blood. After firing three bullets in her lover, Dorothy turned the gun upon herself and attempted suicide. Tulley died seven hours later, while Dorothy's wound was a superficial one.

Upon notifying the marine authorities in Pittsburgh it developed that there was a Mrs. Phillip L. Tulley accredited as his wife. The alleged real wife took the body, and Tulley was buried in Arlington national cemetery.

The woman claiming to be Mrs. Tulley insists that she is the wife of the dead marine but can produce no marriage certificate.

Indirectly a third woman was the cause of the murder, authorities believe. A married woman of this city, who has since died, had become enamored with Tulley and kept phoning him at his rooming house. On the night of Jan. 18 she called him twice, and when he went to meet her Dorothy followed. When he returned about midnight the argument over the third woman started and the murder ended the argument, police declare.

The accused woman is penniless but friends came to her rescue and engaged three attorneys.

"I never loved a man in my life like I did Sergeant Tulley, and when you love a man like I did him, you just can't tell what's liable to happen," Miss Pegran says. "I wouldn't care if they could chloroform me, but I don't want to be electrocuted. I want to be freed of this charge of murder they have against me, but life isn't ever going to be the same for me after this."

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Old Woman Is Twice Seen Another Lava Flow Feared

Superstitious Natives Believe Myth That Eruption Follows Appearance of Quaint Figure, Periodic Outbreak Thought Impending

HONOLULU—Pele, goddess of fire, who in Hawaiian mythology controls Kilauea volcano on this island, has been seen twice of late, say believers in the superstition.

Many are the Hawaiians who think the "appearance" of the goddess presages a lava flow or eruption and is meant as a warning. Kilauea has been inactive since late spring of 1924.

Before the volcanic outbreaks of 1907, 1916 and 1919 an unidentified old woman, presumably Pele, was supposed to have been abroad and the eruptions due to her influence.

An aurora behind the reappearance of the fatal goddess has been constructed in the tales now being told by the natives. A Japanese was driving in the Kona district when he noticed an old woman sitting by the side of the road. As he passed her the engine of his machine stopped and he was unable to start it. A second, third and fourth automobile came up and likewise stopped.

The driver of the fourth car, however, was more polite and offered the elderly creature a lift. She accepted, climbing into the back seat. Then without difficulty the driver was able to start this engine and he passed the other cars which soon thereafter were able to move again. A little later the polite driver turned in his seat to speak to his passenger but the car was empty. This is the native fable corroborated in the reported first appearance of Pele.

The Honolulu Advertiser was unable to locate the driver of the car but found that the verification of the goddess' second appearance consisted in these happenings as told by natives:

About 11 o'clock one morning Mrs. Mary Mamaki, a well known and much respected Hawaiian, was at work back of her house. She heard voices and turning beheld two strangers, a very old Hawaiian man and woman, dressed in the fashion of olden Hawaiian days. They were carrying a basket of peculiar design.

Mrs. Mamaki made them welcome. They asked what she was doing and she replied, "Planting taro for ourselves and Pele for the future." The reply seemed to please her guests who seated themselves on the ground in the manner of old Hawaiians.

The visitors said they were thirsty and asked for a bottle of water. They drank half of it and put the bottle in their basket. Next they requested tobacco. Their hostess had only cigarettes. They took two, smoked half of each, extinguished them and put the unburned halves in the basket. The guests then showed an interest in the taro patch, and finally asked for some plants. Several were offered but they took only two, which also went into the basket.

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Gold, silver and copper production materially increased.

The fish industry showed a slight decrease, the total being \$38,163,845 in 1924, and \$37,609,451 in 1925. The shortage was attributed partly to a small salmon run in the Bristol bay district and to restrictions made by the government for preservation of the industry.

Mrs. Mamaki remarked that she feared the dry weather would be bad for the taro. The man told her not to worry. "Pele is planting taro and there will be lots of rain in Kona." They shook hands with their hostess and walked down the patch.

Mrs. Mamaki's attention was distracted momentarily by a passing automobile and when she looked again the couple had vanished.

Heart of Peach Belt Waits Bursting Buds to Celebrate

FORT VALLEY—Fort Valley, the heart of Georgia peach belt, is awaiting the time of bursting buds and blossoms to stage its annual spring festival.

The clouds of pink and white bloom, reaching in many sections as far as the eye can see, frequently remain unshaken on the trees for more than a week. The festival will be held when the orchards are at their loveliest.

The Creek Indians, middle Georgia aborigines, used to dance here against a background of pines, their thanks to the Great Spirit, giver of maize, health, and good hunting. Nowadays, in similar annual rites, middle Georgia youth interprets the coming of spring, mild winds, and peach blooms the back-drop being a horizon-wide expanse of shell pink petals and frisky peach tree green.

Miss Dorothy Hale, high school girl, in the title role, "The Prodigal Peach," will re-enact the history of the fruit for which Georgia has become famous.

Trade Figures Disclose Alaska Good Investment

JUNEAU, Alaska.—Trade figures compiled by John C. McBride, collector of customs for the territory, show that Alaska, for which the United States in 1925 paid \$7,200,000, exported \$62,223,735 worth of products in 1925 alone. The territory closed the year with a favorable trade balance of \$29,024,224. There was an increase of \$1,828,133 in the total value of merchandise shipped from and into Alaska.

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The "dude" ranches, this time of year are scenes of great activity. The cowboys are getting ready for the summer's flock of "dudes"—the same who still pull the old gags about selling the Brooklyn Bridge or the Grand Central station to the country boys, also called "suckers."

The ranch hands are spending rainy days in the barn patching saddles and bridles for the "dudes" use. In a month or so cowboys will climb into "chaps", those wooly, bag-like things that are imagined to cover the legs of any true son of the range, and gallop away to the station to meet the season's first batch of visitors.

They even will take a stagecoach to haul the guests home in. The boss will get a brace of murderous looking pistols out of his bureau drawer where he placed them last fall. With these slung round his waist he looks like a cross between a movie western hero and villain and a "dude" immense.

When the guests arrive, some of the cowboys also get out, and escort the stagecoach home with shouting and shooting.

"Real spirit of the west", the business man says knowingly to the lady from Boston. He yells because of the shooting. She does not reply. She wonders whether she will ever get back home with a whole scalp. She has heard they still fight Indians everywhere west of Chicago.

The woman teacher from Boston even dons divided skirts—as near as her modesty will allow her to assume what she believes is the character of a fascinating young cowgirl. The business man cuts quite a figure in chaps, although they do not hide the flabbiness of his legs, and his stomach bulges over an ammunition belt.

The professor has a hard time mixing dignity and beribboned nose glasses with a red bandanna knot around his neck. The college boys are determined to break every mustang outlaw on the range to their will. It's usually a cocklebur under the saddle that makes the "mustang" mean.

All of the visitors pay dearly for the pleasure of ranching it. In return, attired in wide hats, they get the thrill of bouncing bumpily over the hills on horses that dozed by the corral fence all winter, except when the cowboys latched them to hay wagons. The "dudes" even have the joy of getting thrown—"bucked off"—they will brag when they return home—when their horses crimp their muscles almost as violently as though they were flicking off flies.

Ontario Gold Find Brings Scenes of Klondike Days

HUDSON, Ont.—The old melodrama of the Klondike gold rush is once more being re-enacted with this little snow-buried hamlet as its latest stage setting.

The reported finding of gold in the Red Lake district in northern Ontario has aroused Hudson from its customary winter hibernation and converted it into a bustling centre of activity, the gathering point for hundreds of adventurous spirits lured here by the hope of plucking a fortune from the earth.

All of the characters and properties of the "Far North" movie thrillers are to be seen in real life here today—the dog team, the pack and the packer, the snow shoes, the Ojibwa Indians, the bearded prospector, the dance hall, the hastily constructed stores, the log cabins, shacks, and tents which house the new arrivals.

Hudson is on the northern transcontinental line of the Canadian National Railways some 240 miles east of Winnipeg and 12 miles to the west of St. Louis Look-out. It is the nearest railway point to the Red Lake district. Hudson was little more than a name on the railway map a short time ago.

The Busy Reader's Newspaper

VOLUME 1. Published in the interest of those seeking full and accurate survey of the week's local developments. NUMBER 13

This section of the Sunday newspaper is dedicated to those busy persons who are unable to find time to read carefully every copy of the daily papers. By spending only a few moments here, you can be well informed on local happenings during the past week. Reviewing, day by day, what happened, we begin with:

Monday, April 5 People of Salem, it developed, will have at least four propositions on which to vote at the special election to be held in connection with the primaries, Friday, May 21. Three ordinances passed at City Council meeting call for a special millage levy for street repairs, a special millage levy for bridges, and a \$50,000 bond issue for the fire department. Beyond doubt, the proposal to make the city recorder appointed by the mayor will also be voted upon.

Doom of Salem street cars was forecast in a proposal placed before the council, calling for the gradual retirement of present service and the addition of bus lines. The matter was placed in the hands of a committee. The council was urged to grant permission for the continuation of the fill for the Liberty street bridge project.

Raise more fiber flax was a slogan broadcast by linen officials who foresee shortage. Horace Addis, of Portland, was elected president of the State Fair Board, filling the vacancy caused by the resignation of Wayne Stuart, former president.

Tuesday, April 6 "World commerce will center about the Pacific ocean in the near future. Europe is a grave yard. It is dead. Its people are dead," declared Bert E. Hancy, former member of the United States shipping board in an address before Salem Kiwanians Tuesday noon. "Instead of trading with people who cannot pay, why not trade with the Orient and with South America? If we have brains enough to take something for ourselves our future is made," he declared.

At a meeting of the county council of the Marion County Child Health Department, most encouraging reports were presented by delegates from the leading communities of the county. Courtenay Dinwiddie, director of the Common-

wealth Fund, New York City, praised local workers highly on their progress. Guy Fitch Phelps, author, lecturer and former pastor, debated prohibition with H. H. Stallard, manager of the Oregon Prohibition Referendum Corporation. Mr. Phelps defended present laws before a packed church audience. Wednesday, April 7

In connection with the protest of Governor Hartley of Washington against the Stanfield bill providing that the government restore to the state of Oregon title to Sand island at the mouth of the Columbia river and his request that the Washington delegation vote against the measure, Attorney General Van Winkle of Oregon cited two United States supreme court decisions holding that the island is in the state or Oregon. Hal Hibbard Camp, Spanish American War Veterans, announced a harmonica contest in which all boys are eligible to compete on Friday, April 16. The Salem Boys chorus will also appear on the Army program that night, proceeds going toward the fund to erect a statue of Theodore Roosevelt on Battle Rock. Relatives and friends of Archie Cody, slayer of Sheriff Goodman of Harney county, appeared before Governor Peck here and urged that the death sentence imposed on the prisoner be commuted to life imprisonment. Cody is scheduled to be hanged in the state penitentiary here Friday, April 16. At a meeting of the board of directors of the new Oregon Lumber Mills, Inc., it was decided to go ahead with preparation of the site. W. C. Knighton the architect, was instructed to start on the preparation of plans and specifications for all the buildings to be constructed. Bids will be called for as soon as plans are completed. Thursday, April 8 The Oregon Statesman issued its annual legume crop slogan. There are indications of big development in the Santiam mining district in the near future. A. W. Daves filed in the

King of Mine Fires Burns After Sixty-seven Years

Summit Hill Mine Flames Rage in Area One Mile Long and 1,500 Feet Wide; Started February 1859; Annual Tonnage Consumed Is 14,000,000

SUMMIT HILL, Pa., April 8.—Anthracite strikes may come and go but, like Tompny's brook, the Summit Hill mine fire apparently goes on forever.

It has been burning for 67 years—ever since February, 1859, and is the most destructive, expensive and famous mine fire in the history of mining in the United States.

The area involved is about one mile long and 1500 feet wide. More than \$3,000,000 have been expended in fighting the fire. The tonnage of coal consumed by this "king" of mine fires can only be guessed, but estimates run as high as 14,000,000.

The coal area embracing the scene of the fire is owned by the Lehigh Coal & Navigation company, founded in 1820.

Summit Hill lies in the Panther Creek valley in what is known as the Schuylkill or Lower coal field of the anthracite regions.

In the years since the fire first was discovered many stories have been told of its origin. The true story, vouched for by company men, is that it was through hot coals being with ashes, the cause of

fire in the homes of coal consumers.

It was common in the days before the Civil war to have large stoves at the bottom of the slopes for the comfort of the men. The "bottom man" at old No. 1 slope when the fire started was one Daniel Boyle. Among other things it was his duty to attend to the stove. One morning he was a little late in arriving and in hurrying to get the stove burning gave it a severe raking, shaking down red hot coals with the ashes.

An empty car was standing near and he shoveled the ashes and hot coals into it. The cars in those days were built entirely of wood, sheet iron bottoms not as yet being used. By the time he finished, one of the drivers hitched his mule to the car and hauled it to one of the unused gangways. He had been ordered to place a car there by the foreman the previous day in accordance with the foreman's intention to place several men in that section to do some repair work. The foreman, however, changed his mind, and the car, as well as the repairing, was for-

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