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STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Salem.—A check for \$52,701.62, representing the state's share of the tolls from the interstate bridge for the year ending December 31, 1917, was received at the state department here from the auditor of Multnomah county.

Eugene.—Eugene will have an army store of its own in a short time. Government groceries will be put on sale, thus eliminating the "unsight and unseen" mail orders. Mayor C. O. Peterson has made arrangements for the store here.

Salem.—There was one fatality in Oregon due to accidents during the week ending January 1, 1920, according to the report of the state industrial accident commission. The victim was W. H. Shaver, a logger, whose home address is Seattle.

Astoria.—The county court has purchased two concrete mixers at \$7032 each, delivered in Astoria. The machines will be used the coming summer in paving the Olney and Young's river highways, as well as in completing work on the road to Fort Stevens.

Salem.—Contracts thus far awarded for furnishing supplies for the several state institutions for the first six months of the year 1920 indicate that the prices quoted for the various commodities are from 5 to 10 per cent higher than when the previous bids were opened here in June, 1919.

Rainier.—A great deal of interest was taken by people of this city in the special bond election which was held Wednesday, all three charter amendments being carried by big majorities. The \$55,000 waterworks issue carried by a majority of 146 to 13, while the \$20,000 city-hall issue carried by a majority of 135 to 23.

Salem.—Percy Cupper of Salem, state engineer; Whitney L. Boies of Portland, and a third man to represent the interests of eastern Oregon, will leave next week for Washington, where they will attend a meeting of the executive committee of the Western States Reclamation association, which will open there on January 14.

Eugene.—Every divorce case filed in Lane county hereafter in which children are involved will be contested, according to an announcement of District Attorney L. L. Ray. Complying literally with the statutes the district attorney said that he will enter his appearance in all cases where the welfare of children is at stake.

Astoria.—Higher taxes will be the order of the day in Clatsop county on the roll which will be due for payment within the next few weeks. Notwithstanding the fact that the assessed valuation of taxable property has been materially increased in recent years, the millage will be the largest this year in the history of the county.

Albany.—A 19-acre chicken ranch 1 1/2 miles north of Albany sold this week for \$10,000. J. W. Newman was the seller and William H. Stuckrath, who came to Albany recently from Alberta, Canada, the buyer. The only personal property in the transaction was one cow and 140 chickens. There are two dwelling houses on the property.

Tillamook.—It will be several weeks before the actual output of cheese for 1919 is known, but it has been estimated that it will be somewhere around 6,000,000 pounds, an increase of 1,000,000 pounds over 1918. This output was sold for \$2,000,000, being an increase of \$700,000. The average price of milk will be about \$3.30 for 100 pounds.

Salem.—Revenues from the state insurance department for the year 1919 totaled \$235,085.05, according to Commissioner Barber, in his annual report to the governor. With the exception of an amount slightly in excess of \$19,000, representing the expenses of conducting the insurance department, the revenues have been turned over to the state treasurer and credited to the general funds.

Salem.—An official receipt for the inheritance tax of \$226,089.36, based on the appraisement of the H. L. Pittock estate, amounting to \$6,815,345.80, was issued by O. P. Hoff, state treasurer. The only change made in the original appraisement, as filed by O. L. Price, executor, was an item of \$150,000, which Mr. Price alleged was subject to exemption because it represented notes endorsed by Mr. Pittock, but not actually in his possession.

Salem.—All automobiles owned by motor vehicle dealers on March 1 will be subject to assessment by the county assessor, according to a legal opinion given by Attorney-General Brown. Should these cars be sold by the dealers, however, between March 1 and the date of making the tax levy in November or December, the assessment will shift from the seller to the purchaser, and the former may escape paying the tax by making a proper showing to the county assessor.

A Steam Shovelier

By R. RAY BAKER

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"There is no accounting for the tastes of some women when it comes to men," Glenquist observed, flicking the ashes from his cigar. "Maybe it's their intuition," he added, drawing his lungs full of smoke and exhaling through his nose.

The lawyer appeared more than usually loquacious this evening. He had a reputation for being rather taciturn when he was not in court, but with me he always threw off the cloak of reserve and chatted freely.

During our after-dinner chats, which always took place in his office on the seventh floor of the Boltwood building, we had decided the fate of bolshivism, solved the problem of H. C. L., settled the railroad ownership issue and thoroughly threshed out theosophy, spiritualism and new thought. Yes, we were congenial souls, were Glenquist and I.

As yet we had never discussed the most perplexing problem of the ages—love. Maybe it was because we were both confirmed bachelors and did not feel in a position to talk authoritatively on the question. However, the marriage of a mutual friend had brought the matter before us this evening, and casually I had inquired why Glenquist had never selected a lifelong companion.

"Suppose you tell your story," he suggested when I broached the subject. "Then I'll burden you with mine."

"I'll burden you with no story," I replied. "There's no story to it. I just naturally didn't take to the fair sex, or rather they didn't take to me. I guess it was mutual. Have you a story?"

For a moment he did not reply, and when he broke the silence it was to utter the words that opened this tale.

"Furthermore," he went on, "it is strange that brains do not appear to be considered much of an asset to a man when he asks a woman to become his wife. At least that is the case with some women, and very good, bright and capable women, too, I mean. Perhaps, as I say, it is their intuition, or their ability to see far ahead."

"In my case, perhaps, I deluded myself into thinking I had brains. Maybe I mistook my education for gray matter. Yes, there is a difference. A man may be fairly well educated and still lack an adequate amount of brains. On the other hand, without being conceded, it seems that I may claim to having at least a normal supply of thinking machinery. I am what you would call a successful criminal lawyer."

"I was terribly fond of Cassie Weldon six years ago. This was my home town, and also hers. We were classmates in high school, and when we were graduated I went to the university and she became a typist in a real estate office. During our last year in high school we had become very closely associated in social work and before we realized it were keeping steady company."

"When I was at college we corresponded regularly, and it seemed to me that she cared almost as much for me as I for her. I pictured her presiding in a nice little home when I got started on the road to success in my chosen profession, and although I did not broach the subject, I felt convinced she would see it that way. Perhaps I was somewhat egotistical, but really I do not believe it was that. To be sure, I was proud of the showing I was making in my studies and very hopeful of the future."

"Whenever I came home she professed to be happy over being with me, and I really believe she was. Our favorite pastime was walks in the woods with a camera, and I must confess that, deep down in a trunk, I still have a number of those snaps. Just for fun, I think I'll dig down and take a squint at them tomorrow."

"Things went on like this for some time, and I am sure that she did not keep company with any other particular fellow, although she occasionally went to dances and other entertainments with some male acquaintance who happened along and needed a partner for some special social event. This was only to be expected, seeing that we were not engaged and it not being natural for a young girl to stay at home and spend her evenings reading 'Robinson Crusoe' and 'Red Riding Hood.'"

"It finally dawned on me that I had better get busy. I was in the fourth year of my law course, but Cassie was growing more attractive each day, and as I was not home to look after my interests it behooved me to get an opinion on her hand."

"I had spent that summer working in an attorney's office in Clarksburg, and so had not seen Cassie any more during vacation than during the school term. It was in the fall, and I was home for a few days, when I felt that the opportune time had arrived."

"We were walking down one of the back streets on our way to the woods. A steam shovel was excavating for a skyscraper, and the noise seemed to give me nerve. 'Cassie,' I blurted out, 'don't you think that—er—er—it's about time we got—got—down to business and—well, become engaged?'"

"She was looking intently at the steam shovel. The thing appeared to

fascinate her, with its chuggy-chuggy chugging and its snorting as it strained at its base and seemed several times on the point of overturning itself, thrusting the huge shovel against the dirt wall and forcing it upward, gradually filling it, the tremendous, vibrating power of the machine winning against great resistance from the bank of dirt, as well as the law of gravitation.

"She watched the big crane swing the shovel round and dump its contents into a waiting wagon. Then the holding apparatus was again set at work on the bank of dirt and the process repeated. A lapse came with a break in the chain of wagons which carried the dirt away. Then Cassie turned to me.

"I knew this was coming—some time," she said, "and I dreaded the moment. Jim, I think a lot of you. You're very clever, but—there's one thing, a tremendous big thing, lacking in you. It's physical power, or the ability to control physical power. You may have a great mind, but you are puny physically. I admire strength, I admire power. If you were only like—like that steam shovel there, tearing away at the earth, crushing all resistance, I could be happy with you. Some day there'll be a mammoth building there where the machine is working."

"I can't help it, Jim, and probably it seems foolish to you; but I must tell you, no matter how it hurts, that if you were the engineer on that steam shovel you would stand a much better chance with me than you would as a lawyer. At least, you would be earning money with your strength, for the man that operates the shovel must be strong."

"I confess that little speech floored me. We started to walk away, but a wagon arrived, and the steam shovel started operations again, and Cassie had to watch it some more. I struggled, gulped and finally managed to say, weakly:

"Yes, and some day I'll have an office in that mammoth building."

"That was the last time I was ever with her. With mingled disgust, bitterness and sadness I went back to college and finished my course. I came home with my diploma and it was not long before I began to win success—success such as it is. I'm making good as a criminal lawyer. I'm winning victories right along in court, but when it comes to finances I admit I'm not overburdened. I have a few thousand in the bank and I'm making more every day, but I'll never be rich. Perhaps I would save more if I had an incentive—like that steam shovel engineer has."

"You mean—" I broke in, my eyes popping with astonishment.

"Yes, I mean that Cassie somehow got acquainted with the engineer of the steam shovel and married him. She took that man, grimy and ignorant, who worked with his hands. Instead of me, clean and educated, who worked with my brain."

Glenquist's cigar had gone out, and he rose and went across the room to a shelf where he kept matches. His cigar stand, at his elbow as he sat and talked, was never known to hold a match, although there was a place for a box of them. He took a few puffs and came back to the chair.

"Well, I made good on my boast that some day I would have an office in the skyscraper that was going up where the shovel was excavating," he observed.

He leaned back and looked dreamily into a nicotine cloud.

"It seems the engineer was rather clever in a way, at that," he continued. "At least he knew how to save coin, and somehow he managed to invest it advantageously."

He rose and went to the window, looking down on the traffic which slowly was being obliterated by gathering darkness.

"Come here," he said, and when I had obeyed, he pointed at a big yellow automobile just coming to a stop at the curb in front of the building.

"It's the owner of the building," he explained. "He usually collects my rent on this day of the month. He's coming at rather a late hour, but he's pretty sure he'll find me here."

We returned to our chairs, and Glenquist partook of a few puffs on his cigar.

"He'll be up here in minute," he said, "and I wish you'd observe him closely. He's the man I've been talking about—Cassie's husband."

Real Tobacco in Prussia.

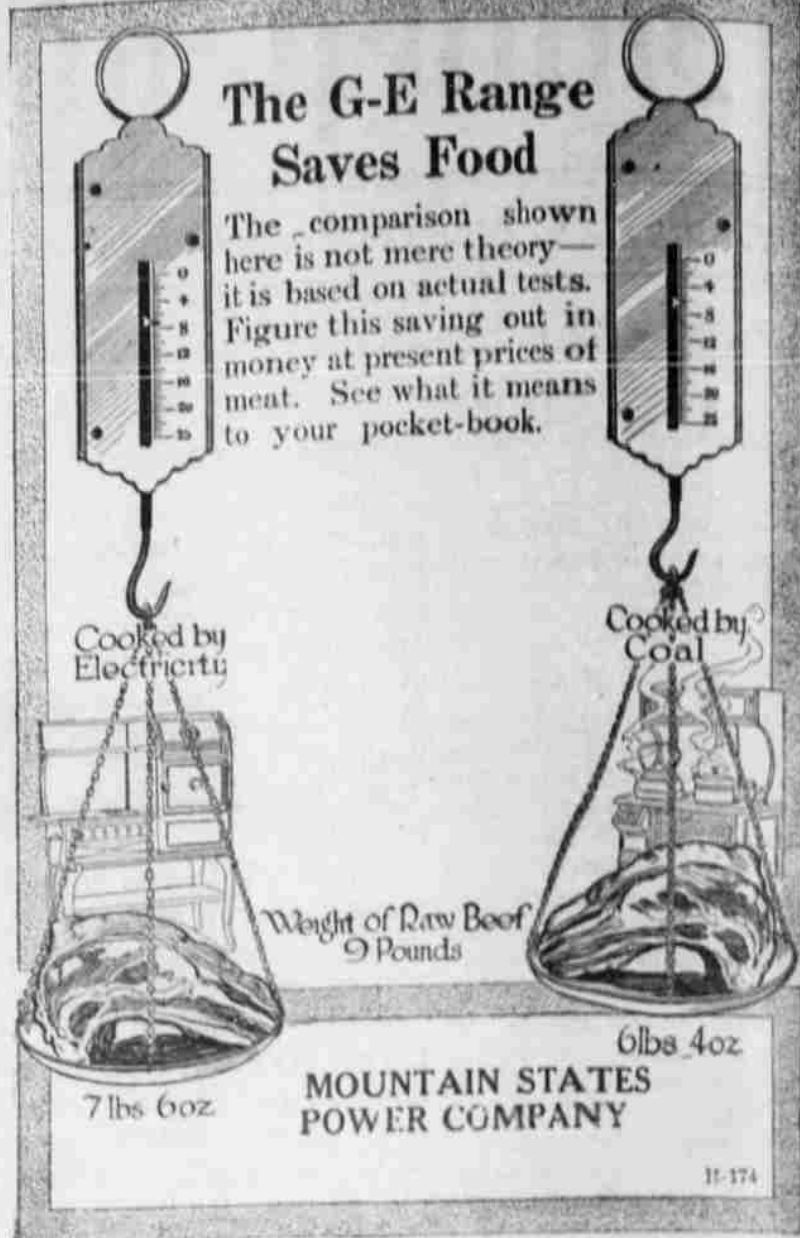
Real tobacco, good tobacco, was once grown in more than one Prussian province, an exchange says. In Brandenburg, particularly, so much tobacco was cultivated that Frederick II felt called upon in 1776 to regulate matters. First the quantity was cut down, and later it was allowed to be grown only in districts in which agriculture did not flourish. In one year alone, 1781-2, 168,000 hundredweight was grown. In 1780 Frederick ordered a Berlin chemist, Achard, to experiment with the object of improving the quality of the tobacco. Attempts were made at Lichtenberg, near Berlin, to introduce Virginia tobacco, and Achard was given a handsome pension for life for his "services in improving tobacco cultivation."

Jade From Burma.

Practically all the jade now mined comes from Burma, though New Zealand is a producer of some note. China takes practically the entire output. In Burma the privilege of mining it has been held by the same Indian or Shan tribe for many generations. The method employed is the crudest. The Chinese prefer jade which is of a dark green color, free from all mottles, and jade of this grade is worth its weight in gold.

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