WORLD HAPPENINGS OF CURRENT WEEK

Brief Resume Most Important Daily News Items.

COMPILED FOR YOU

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

Dr. Harry R. Lemens, aged 40, formerly private physician to the emperor of Japan, was killed in an automobile accident in Alton, Ill., Saturday.

Police and cavalry were obliged to charge strikers who organized a demonstration in Naples Saturday. Several soldiers, policemen and strikers were wounded.

A bomb was thrown at Chefik Pasha, minister of agriculture, at Cairo, as he was driving to the ministry Sunday morning. No one was injured. Two students were arrested, one of whom confessed he threw the bomb.

The average expenditure for food increased 2 per cent in the month ending January 15, according to statistics made public at the labor department. This is an increase of 9 per cent over January, 1919, and 104 per cent since January, 1913.

Out of a total of 12,644 bills introduced in the house since the special session opened, May 10 last, clerks counting up reported that 205 had passed. Of the number passed 114 have become law.

A million-dollar university for Indians and community centers for Spanish-Americans will be located in the southwest by the inter-church world movement, says a dispatch from Albuquerque, N. M.

Robbers locked the paymaster of the Saylor mine, seven miles north of Des Moines, Ia., in a vault in the office of the mine just before noon Saturday and escaped with the entire two weeks' payroll of $15,000.

Amendment of the Volstead prohibition enforcement act so as to permit the states by referendum to authorize sale of 2.75 per cent beer and 10 per cent wine is proposed in a bill introduced by Representative Minahan, democrat, New Jersey.

Three hundred persons made their way through front and side exits of a theater Saturday night in Sioux Falls, S. D., while firemen fought a blaze in the projection rooms in a futile effort to save the life of John Theobald, 24 years old, an operator.

Representative Fess, republican, Ohio, has introduced a bill providing for physical training for all school children from the ages of 6 to 18. He pointed out that a large percentage of the men taken into the army during the war were physically defective.

The $70,000,000 powder plant at Nitro, W. Va., not only will be sold on the installment plan for $8,500,000, but the government will throw in $9,000,000 worth of loose materials for good measure. This, Chairman Graham of the house war investigation committee, declared recently in the house.

The bill to authorize sale of three large army camps and to provide for fulfillment of war-time contracts for purchase and equipment of numerous other military posts was finally agreed to in conference Friday and the conference draft was agreed to by the senate. The house is expected to act within a few days.

E. J. Crips, an engineer for 30 years for the Oregon Short Line railroad, died in his engine cab on the morning passenger train Saturday, says a dispatch from Dillon, Mont. He was seated in his usual manner, his hand clutching the throttle, and was leaning out the window watching the track ahead when death claimed him.

Another issue of about $300,000,000 of treasury certificates of indebtedness may be expected about March 15, Secretary Houston announces. He declares, however, that he sees "nothing in the present situation to indicate that it will be either necessary or desirable to increase the interest rate on the certificates." The last issue bore 4¾ per cent.

Retail meat dealers throughout the country must reduce their prices as the wholesale price of meat declines or else submit their books to federal agents for investigation of their profits. This definition of the government's attitude was announced Sunday night by Attorney-General Palmer. Instructions to serve the notice on retail meat dealers have been sent to every United States attorney, he said.

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Salem.—Salem children under 18 years of age must attend school at least five hours a week under a new law passed at the last regular session of the state legislature, and put into effect by the local school directors.

Philomath.—President Epley of Philomath college has returned from California where he raised $12,000 for the college endowment fund. The subscriptions bring the total to $35,000 of the $50,000 proposed in increased endowment.

The Dalles.—The suit against Clyde T. Bonney, principal of the Antelope high school, and former Wasco county school superintendent, has been dismissed by District Attorney Galloway at the request of H. E. Willerton, county treasurer, and A. E. Gronewald, county superintendent.

Eugene.—Initiative petitions for a constitutional amendment extending the term of office of the sheriffs, county clerks, county treasurers, county surveyors and county coroners from two years each to four years, appeared in Eugene recently and many signatures have been obtained.

Roseburg.—J. W. and M. G. Smith, who recently arrived here from the east, both familiar with the sawmill industry, have purchased the Vinson mill at Cole's Valley. The deal includes several hundred acres of fine timber and the new proprietors will operate the plant to full capacity.

Bend.—Of 8000 feet of frontage in the Bend business section, owners of one-fourth of this property have signed a petition for hard-surfaced streets. Out of town owners are being communicated with on the subject. The improvement, it is estimated, would cost approximately $64,000.

Salem.—Because of the increased business in the inheritance tax department of the state treasurer's office, R. A. Reid of Portland was appointed special inheritance tax auditor and will have charge of all Multnomah county estates. Mr. Reid formerly was deputy clerk of Multnomah county.

Klamath Falls.—A dispatch from Washington last week said that Secretary Lane had definitely decided not to lease 10,000 acres of marsh lands on Upper Klamath lake to Doak & Brown, San Francisco contractors, under any conditions, and that as far as he was concerned the matter was finally closed.

The Dalles.—A new bank has been organized in The Dalles with a capitalization of $200,000, financed exclusively by local men. The financial institution will occupy the building formerly the home of Hotel Albert. The new bank has applied to the state bank commission for a charter for a national bank or a state bank.

Salem.—When the soliciting teams filed their reports last week it was found that more than $7000 of the required $10,000 to insure the successful operation of the Salem commercial club during the year 1920 had been pledged. The remaining $3000 needed to complete the quota, it is believed, will be forthcoming at an early date.

Salem.—In order to encourage contractors to store materials for state work during the year 1920 and thereby guard against delays of operations due to the car shortage, the highway commission at its last meeting authorized the state engineer to estimate material up to 75 per cent of its actual cost and include the same in the contractor's monthly estimate.

Klamath Falls.—Mrs. Toby Riddle, Winema in the Modoc tongue, descendant of a long line of Modoc chieftains, is dead at the Klamath reservation. She was official interpreter for the government during the Modoc rebellion and was at the conference on April 11, 1873, when General E. R. S. Canby and Dr. Thomas were treacherously slain by Captain Jack, the Modoc leader.

Salem.—Enlargement of the box factory to meet future demands and increases in the payroll to a total of $300,000 for the year 1920, were announced by the Charles K. Spaulding Logging company in an address by Oliver Meyers, superintendent of the plant, at the regular weekly luncheon of the Commercial club. Last year the corporation employed 200 men with an aggregate payroll of $227,000.

Marshfield.—A stock growers' association has been organized at Gold Beach for the protection of farm animals from predatory beasts, and for the purpose of securing better prices for the animal products of the county. One of the measures agreed upon is the establishment of prices for cattle, hogs and sheep, and the association will work with the wool growers' association to protect the small producers from low prices.

The Cow Puncher

By Robert J. C. Stead
Author of "Kitchener and Other Poems"

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

"MY NAME IS CONWARD."

Synopsis.—David Elden, son of a drunken, shiftless ranchman, almost a maverick of the foothills, is breaking bottles with his pistol from his running cayuse when the first automobile he has ever seen arrives and tips over, breaking the leg of Doctor Hardy but not injuring his beautiful daughter Irene. Dave rescues the injured man and brings a doctor from 40 miles away. Irene takes charge of the housekeeping. Dave and Irene take many rides together and during her father's enforced stay they get well acquainted. They part with a kiss and an implied promise.

CHAPTER III.

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Dave's opportunity came sooner than he had expected. After the departure of the Hardys things at the old ranch were, as both father and son had predicted, very different. They found themselves on a sort of good behavior—a behavior which, unhappily, excited in each other grave suspicions as to purpose. The tension steadily increased, and both looked forward to the moment when something must give way.

For several weeks the old man remained entirely sober, but the call of the appetite in him grew more and more insistent as the days went by, and at last came the morning when Dave awoke to find him gone. He needed no second guess; the craving had become irresistible and his father had ridden to town for the means to satisfy it. The passing days did not bring his return, but this occasioned no anxiety to Dave. In the course of a carouse his father frequently remained away for weeks at a stretch.

He moped around the ranch buildings, sat moodily by the little stream, casting pebbles in the water, or rode over the old trails on which she had so often been his companion.

Then the old man's horse came home. Dave saw it coming up the trail, not running wildly but with nervous gallop and many sidelong turnings of the head. As the boy watched he found a strange emptiness possess him; his body seemed a phantom on which his head hung overheavy. He spoke to the horse, which pulled up, snorting, before him; noted the wet neck and flanks, and at last the broken stirrup. Then, slowly and methodically, and still with that strange sensation of emptiness, he saddled his own horse and set out on the search. . . .

After the last rites had been paid to the old rancher, Dave set about at once to wind up his affairs, and it was not until then that he discovered how deeply his father had been involved. The selling of the cattle and the various effects realized only enough to discharge the liabilities, and when this had been done Dave found himself with a considerable area of unmarketable land, a considerable bundle of paid bills and his horse, saddle and revolver. He rode his horse to town, carrying a few articles of wear with him. It was only after a stiff fight that he could bring himself to part with his one companion. The last miles into town were ridden very slowly, with the boy frequently leaning forward and stroking the horse's neck and ears.

He sold horse and saddle for sixty dollars and took a room at a cheap hotel until he should find work and still cheaper lodgings.

In the evening he walked through the streets of the little cow town. It snubbed him with its indifference. . . . He became aware that he was very lonely. He realized that he had but one friend in the world; but one, and of her he knew not so much as her address. . . . He began to wonder whether he really had a friend at all; whether the girl would not discard him when he was of no further use, just as he had discarded his faithful old horse. Tears of loneliness and remorse gathered in his eyes, and a mist not of the twilight blurred the street lamps now glimmering from their poles. He felt that he had treated the horse very shabbily indeed. He wanted old Slop-eye back again. He suddenly wanted him with a terrific longing; wanted him more than anything else in the world. For the moment he forgot the girl and all his homesickness centered about the beast which had been so long his companion and servant and friend.

"I'll buy him back in the mornin'; I will, sure as h—l," he said, in a sudden gust of emotion. "We got to stick together. I didn't play fair with him, but I'll buy him back. Perhaps I can get a job for him, too, pullin' a light wagon or somethin'."

The resolution to "play fair" with Slop-eye gradually restored his cheerfulness and he walked slowly back to the hotel.

The men's sitting room now presented a much more animated picture than when he had registered earlier in the evening. It was filled with ranchers, cowboys and cattlemen of all degrees—breeders, buyers, traders, owners and wage earners, with a sprinkling of townspeople and others not directly engaged in some phase of the cattle business. Soon he was in a group watching a gaudily dressed individual doing a sort of sleight of hand trick with three cards on a table.

"Smooth guy, that," said someone at his side. The remark was evidently intended for Dave, and he turned toward the speaker. He was a man somewhat smaller than Dave, two or three years older, well dressed in town clothes, with a rather puffy face and a gold-filled tooth from which a corner had been broken as though to accommodate the cigarette which hung there.

"Yes," said Dave. Then, as it was apparent the stranger was inclined to be friendly, he continued, "What's the idea?"

The stranger nudged him gently. "Come out of the bunch," he said in a low voice. When they had moved a little apart he went on, in a confidential tone: "He has a little trick with three cards that brings him in the easy coin. He's smooth as grease, but the thing's simple. Oh, it's awful simple! Now you watch him for a minute," and they watched through an opening in the crowd about the table. The player held three cards—two red ones and a black. He passed them about rapidly over the table, occasionally turning his hand sideways so that the onlookers could see the position of the cards. Then he suddenly threw them face down on the table, each card by itself.

"The trick is to locate the black card," Dave's companion explained. "It's easy enough if you keep your eye on the card, but the trouble with these rubes is they name the card and then start to get out their money, and while they're fumbling for it he makes a change so quick they never see it. There's just one way to beat him. Get up close, but don't say you're getting interested. Then when you're dead sure of a card crack your fist down on it. Glue yourself right to it and get out your money with the other hand. When he sees you do that he'll try to bluff you, say you ain't in on it; but you just tell him that don't go, this is an open game, and he's got to come through, and the crowd'll back you up. I stuck him once—a whole hundred first crack—and then he barred me. Watch him."

Dave watched. Saw the black card go down at one corner of the board; saw a bystander fumbling for a five-dollar bill; saw the bill laid on the card; saw it turned up—and it was red.

"That is smooth," he said. "I'd 'a' sworn that was the black card."

"So it was—when you saw it," his companion explained. "But you were just like the sucker that played him.

"You Ain't Playin'," Said the Dealer. "You Ain't In on This."

You couldn't help glancing at the jay getting out his money, and it was in that instant the trick was done. He's too quick for the eye, but that's how he does it."

Dave became interested. He saw two or three others lose fives and tens. It was plain his companion's tip was straight. There was just one way to beat this game, but it was simple enough when you knew how. He sidled close to the table, making great pretense of indifference, but watching the cards closely with his keen black eyes. The dealer showed his hand, made a few quick passes, and the black card flew out to the right. This was Dave's chance. He pounced on it with his left hand, while his other plunged into his pocket.

"Sixty dollars on this one," he cried, and there was the triumphant note in his voice of the man who knows he has beaten the other at his own game.

"You ain't playin'," said the dealer. "You ain't in on this."

"That don't go," said Dave very quietly. "You're playin' a public game here, an' I chose to play with you this once. Sixty dollars on this card." He was fumbling his money on the table.

"You ain't playin'," repeated the dealer. "You're a butt-in. You ain't in this game at all."

"Sure he's in," said the crowd.

"That ain't right," whined the dealer, "but you got it on me. Turn 'er up."

The card was red.

Dave looked at it stupidly. It was a moment or two before he realized that his money was gone. Then, regardless of those about, he rushed through the crowd, flinging bystanders right and left, and plunged into the night.

He walked down a street until it lost itself on the prairie; then he followed a prairie trail far into the country. The air was cold and a few drops of rain were falling in it, but he was unconscious of the weather. He was in a rage through and through. Slop-eye was now a dream, a memory, gone—gone. Everything was gone; only his revolver and a few cents remained. He gripped the revolver again. With that he was supreme. No man in all that town of men schooled in the ways of the West was more than his equal while that grip lay in his palm. At the point of that muzzle he could demand his money back—and get it.

Then he laughed. Hollow and empty it sounded in the night air, but it was a laugh, and it saved his spirit. "Why, you fool," he chuckled, "you came to town for to learn somethin', didn't you? Well, you're learnin'. Sixty dollars a throw. Education comes high, don't it? But you shouldn't kick. He didn't coax you in, an' gave you every chance to back away. You butted in and got stung. Perhaps you've learned somethin' worth sixty dollars."

In his innocence of the ways of the game it never occurred to him that the friendly stranger who had showed him how to play it was a friend of the sharper, and probably at this moment they were dividing his sixty dollars—the price of old Slop-eye—between them.

Early next morning he was awake and astir. The recollection of his loss sent a sudden pang through his morning spirits, but he tried to close his mind to it.

"No use worryin' over that," he said, jingling the few coins that now represented his wealth. "That's over and gone. I traded sixty dollars for my first lesson. Maybe it was a bad trade, but anyway I ain't goin' to squeal." He whistled as he finished dressing, ate his breakfast cheerfully, and set out in search of employment.

Almost the first person he met was the stranger who had schooled him in the gambling game the night before. There was something attractive about his personality; something which invited friendship and even confidence, and yet beneath these emotions Dave felt a sense of distrust, as though part of his nature rebelled against the acquaintanceship.

"That was the rottenest luck you had last night," the stranger was saying. "I never saw the beat of it. I was hopin' you'd stay and raise him next time; you might have got your money back that way."

"Oh, I don't mind the money!" said Dave, cheerfully. "I don't want it back. In fact, I figure it was pretty well spent."

"Lots more where it came from, eh?" laughed the other. "You're from the ranches, I see, and I suppose the price of a steer or two doesn't worry you a hair's worth."

"From is right," Dave replied. "I'm from them, an' I ain't goin' back. As for money—well, I spent my last nickel for breakfast, so I've got to line up a job before noon."

The stranger extended his hand. "Shake," he said. "I like you. You're no squealer, anyway. My name is Conward. Yours?"

Dave told his name and shook hands. Conward offered his cigarette box, and the two smoked for a few moments in silence.

"What kind of a job do you want?" Conward asked at length.

"Any kind that pays a wage," said Dave.

"I know the fellow that runs an employment agency down here," Conward answered. "Let's go down. Perhaps I can put you in right."

Conward spoke to the manager of the employment agency and introduced Dave.

"Nothing very choice on tap today," said the employment man. "You can handle horses, I suppose?"

"I guess I can," said Dave, "some."

"I can place you delivering coal. Thirty dollars a month, and you board with the boss."

"I'll take it," said Dave.

The boss proved to be one Thomas Metford. He owned half a dozen teams and was engaged in the cartage business, specializing on coal. He was a man of big frame, big head, and a vocabulary appropriate to the purposes to which he applied it. Among his other possessions were a wife, numerous children and a house and barn, in which he boarded his beasts of burden, including in the term his horses, his men and his wife, in the order of their valuation. The children were a by-product, valueless until such time as they also would be able to work.

Dave learns lesson No. 2 from Conward.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Churchman's Good Advice.

Let the brothers take care not to appear longfaced, gloomy or overpious; but let them be joyous about their faith in God, laughing and good mixers.—St. Francis of Assisi.

Light Waves' Pressure.

By the use of delicate apparatus which he invented a Russian scientist has demonstrated that light waves exert a measurable mechanical pressure.

Polite Dismissal.

Verona and Effie were playing house one day, when Bernice joined them. They were not particularly anxious to see her that day, and Verona said: "Well, Bernice, you can be the cook, and this is your day out."

Failure.

Failure is but a mile post along the trail of life, unless we call it the end of the journey.—Forbes Magazine.