

# 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.

Population statistics for 1920 announced Monday by the census bureau included Everett, Wash., 27,614, an increase of 2800, or 11.3 per cent.

Several rich strikes of gold quartz have been made lately in Grant county, Oregon, the last being that made by Ralph Curl on Canyon mountain, about three miles east of Canyon City.

The first chamber of the Dutch parliament Saturday voted, 31 to 2, for the adherence of Holland to the league of nations. The second chamber cast an affirmative vote on February 19.

The third congressional district convention of the Non-partisan league, meeting at Norfolk, Neb., Monday night, decided not to endorse a candidate for the April 20 primary election.

The secretary of the interior was requested in a resolution adopted by the senate to report what steps had been taken to develop traffic and population along the government railway in Alaska.

The British ambassador at Washington will hereafter receive £20,000 yearly. His salary will be £2500 and entertainment allowance £17,500. Premier Lloyd George announced in the house of lords. Sir Auckland Geddes was recently appointed.

Vice-President Thomas R. Marshall declared at Phoenix, Ariz., that he was not to be considered a candidate for the democratic nomination for president. "In fact," he said, "I intend to retire from public office when my present term expires."

By refusal of the supreme court to review the case, federal court decisions holding that the transportation of women from one state to another in private automobiles for immoral purposes comes within the provisions of the white slave act will stand.

The prohibition amendment to the federal constitution was assailed in supreme court Monday by Rhode Island as revolutionary and defended by the government as legitimate addition to the nation's basic law over which the court held no jurisdiction. Throgs attended the session.

Wall street was thrown into a state of demoralization Monday and many hundreds of thousands of dollars were lost and won within a few minutes when news agencies which serve the district misstated the decision of the United States supreme court in the stock tax case and declared stock dividends were taxable.

Gold valued at \$1,250,000 is being shipped from England to this country, according to announcement made in New York by Kuhn, Loeb & Co. This is the first large shipment in several months. Gold coin worth \$3,000,000 also has been received from Canada at the sub-treasury. A large amount was received from the same source last week.

Announcement that they will seek a writ of mandate in the state supreme court directing the state railroad commission to pass on high apartment and hotel rates here was made by officials of the San Francisco Tenants' Protective association. This action was to be in addition to actions to be filed in the superior courts against alleged extortionate acts of certain landlords.

Reflecting the seriousness of the fuel-oil situation, the geological survey announced Tuesday that the demand for crude oil in January was about 4,750,000 barrels greater than in December. This demand, the announcement said, will require a continued increase in domestic production and in Mexican imports, together with heavy drafts on stocks on hand which now are none too large.

Immediate and extensive enlargement of naval docking and basing facilities on the Pacific and legislation to provide a naval reserve force of at least 200,000 were advocated Monday before the house naval committee by Secretary Daniels. The secretary asked authority to start construction of a new naval base on San Francisco bay below Mare island and urged that \$10,000,000 be made available at once. He first estimated the cost at \$75,000,000, but later said it might be done for \$40,000,000.

## STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Tillamook.—The influenza situation continues bad in all parts of the county several deaths having occurred. The city hall, which has been turned into an emergency hospital, has averaged 20 patients for the past two weeks.

Salem.—At a meeting of the Tri-County Medical society here Friday night the physicians went on record as favoring the construction of the proposed new Salem hospital and pledged their financial support in the sum of \$25,000.

Medford.—The Medford school board announces a new schedule for teachers' salaries. Teachers in the first six grades will receive a minimum of \$1200, teachers in grades seven and eight a minimum of \$1250, and teachers in the high school a minimum of \$1400.

Medford.—The Radovan fruit dryer has resumed operation after being closed down for several weeks by a fire which destroyed machinery and equipment valued at \$50,000. New machinery was installed a week ago and drying of apples is in full swing again.

The Dalles.—The city council Thursday appointed a board of three local citizens to determine the cost of a civic auditorium and American Legion memorial, the proposition to be placed upon the ballot and voted upon at the next primary election which will be held in May.

Fossil.—The ground was covered with two inches of snow Tuesday morning. It stayed on nearly all day. Farmers and stockmen felt greatly relieved to have even that much moisture at this time. For several weeks the springlike weather has caused general concern among Wheeler county residents.

Eugene.—The Eugene Mill and Elevator company is working three eight-hour shifts on a \$70,000 milling contract for the United States Grain corporation in order to complete it before April 1, according to E. D. Paine, manager of the company. This flour, which is all from Willamette valley wheat, is intended for the export trade.

Albany.—Albany school teachers will receive a material increase in salaries for the next school-year. Because of lack of funds the school board has been unable to meet requests for a big raise this year, but a budget \$11,500 greater is available for next year's work and the board has decided to use all of this increase for the payment of larger salaries.

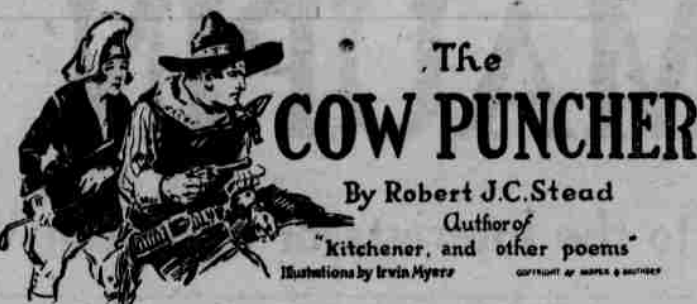
Hood River.—The W. H. Hicks Lumber company, which operates a plant about seven miles from Underwood, Wash., on the Little White Salmon river, will begin the season's run about March 15. M. D. Hicks, superintendent of the mill, who resides here, states that about 25 men will be employed. With lumber in keen demand, he expects a prosperous year.

Baker.—J. M. Swaggard, a Washington Gulch farmer, living six miles west of Baker, announced his stock is multiplying in fours. Swaggard is the owner of a ewe that is the mother of four lambs, all in excellent health. Two of the youngsters are bucks and two are ewes. With lambs selling at \$10 each at weaning time, the lucky owner has to smile while he figures his resources for his income tax statement.

Salem.—More than 300 annual reports of insurance companies operating in Oregon have been received at the offices of the state insurance commissioner. There are about 50 more of these reports to be received before the commissioner can make up his final statement showing the number of insurance companies operating in the state, together with the amount of their resources and their annual business.

Eugene.—The new office of district freight and passenger agent, with headquarters at Eugene, has just been created by the Southern Pacific company and has been announced by President Sproule in connection with the naming of the new officers who will have jurisdiction on the Pacific system of the Southern Pacific. The office will be filled by H. D. Morse, who during the period of government ownership has held the position of traveling freight and passenger agent with headquarters at Salem.

Albany.—The safety deposit boxes in the vault of the Seio State bank were looted Thursday night by burglars, who dug their way through a brick wall at the rear of the building. The wall also formed one side of the vault. A large quantity of liberty bonds and other securities were taken. The bank has no list of the contents of the boxes, so no accurate estimate of the amount lost can be made until each holder of the safety deposit boxes reports his individual loss. It is believed however, that the loss may reach \$20,000.



## The COW PUNCHER

By Robert J.C. Stead  
Author of  
"Kitchener, and other poems"

Illustrations by Irvin Myers

### ENTER EDITH DUNCAN.

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 get well acquainted during her enforced stay. They part with a kiss and an implied promise. Dave's father dies and Dave goes to town to seek his fortune. A man named Coward teaches him his first lesson in city ways. Dave has a narrow escape, is disgusted and turns over a new leaf.

### CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

Fortunate fate, or whatever good angel it is that sometimes drops unexpected favors, designed that young Elden should the following day deliver coal at the home of Mr. Melvin Duncan. Mr. Duncan, tall, quiet and forty-five, was at work in his garden as Dave turned the team in the lane and jacked them up the long, narrow drive connecting with the family coal chute. As the heavy wagon moved straight to its objective Mr. Duncan looked on with approval that heightened into admiration. Dave shoveled his load without remark, but as he stood for a moment at the finish, wiping the sweat from his coal-grimed face, Mr. Duncan engaged him in conversation. "You handle a team like you were born to it," he said. "Where did you get the knack?"

"Well, I came up on a ranch," said Dave. "I've lived with horses ever since I could remember."

"You're a rancher, eh?" queried the older man. "Well, there's nothing like the range and the open country. If I could handle horses like you there isn't anything would hold me in town."

"Oh, I don't know," Dave answered. "You might get sick of it."

"Did you get sick of it?"

Elden shot a keen glance at him. The conversation was becoming personal. Yet there was in Mr. Duncan's manner a certain kindness, a certain appeal of sincere personality, that dissipated suspicion.

"Yes, I got sick of it," he said. "I lived on that ranch eighteen years and never was inside school or church. Wouldn't that make you sick? . . . So I bent it for town."

"And I suppose you are attending church regularly now, and night school, too?"

Dave's quick temper fired up in resentment, but again the kindness of the man's manner disarmed him. He was silent for a moment, and then he said:

"No, I ain't. That's what makes me sick now. I came in here intendin' to get an education, an' I've never got even a start at it, except for some things perhaps wasn't worth the money. There always seems to be somebun' else—in ahead."

"There always will be," said Mr. Duncan, "until you start."

"But how's it to be done?" Dave questioned with returning interest. "Schools an' books cost money, an' I never save a dollar."

"And never will," said Mr. Duncan, "until you start. But I think I see a plan that might help, and if it appeals to you it will also be a great convenience to me. My wife likes to go driving Sundays, and sometimes on a weekday evening, but I have so many things on hand I find it hard to get out with her. My daughter used to drive, but these new-fangled automobiles are turning the world upside down—and many a buggy with it. Well—as I saw you driving in here I said to myself, 'There's the man for that job of mine, if I can get him; but I'm not rich and I couldn't pay you regular wages. But if I could square the account by helping with your studies a couple of nights a week—I used to teach school and haven't altogether forgotten—why, that would be just what I want. What do you say?'"

"I never saw anything on four feet I couldn't drive," said Dave, "an' if you're willing to take a chance I am. When do we start?"

"First lesson tonight. Second lesson Thursday night. First drive Sunday." Mr. Duncan did not explain that he wanted to know the boy better before the drives commenced, and he felt that two nights together would satisfy him whether he had found the right man.

Dave hurried back to the conlyard and completed the day's work in high spirits. It seemed he was at last started on a road that might lead somewhere. After supper he surprised his fellow laborers by changing to his Sunday clothes and starting down a street leading into the residential part of the town. There were speculations that he had "seen a skirt."

Mr. Duncan met him at the door and showed him into the living room. Mrs. Duncan, plump, motherly, lovable in the mature womanliness of forty, greeted him cordially. She was sorry Edith was out; Edith had a tennis engagement. She was apparently

deeply interested in the young man who was to be her coachman. Dave had never been in a home like this, and his eyes, unaccustomed to comfortable furnishings, appraised them as luxury. He soon found himself talking with Mrs. Duncan about horses, and then about his old life on the ranch, and then about coming to town. Almost before he knew it he had told her about Reenie Hardy, but he had checked himself in time. And Mrs. Duncan had noticed it, without comment, and realized that her guest was not a boy but a man.

Then Mr. Duncan talked about gardening, and from that to Dave's skill in backing his team to the coal chute, and from that to coal itself. Dave had shoveled coal all winter, but he had not thought about coal except as something to be shoveled and shoveled. And as Mr. Duncan explained to him the wonderful provisions of nature—how she had stored away in the undiscovered lands billions of tons of coal, holding them in reserve until the world's supply of timber for fuel should be nearing exhaustion, and as he told of the immeasurable wealth of this great new land in coal resources, and of how the wheels of the world, traffic and industry and science, even, were dependent upon coal, and the man who handled the coal, Dave felt his breast rising with a sense of the dignity of his calling. He had had to do with this wonderful substance all winter, and not until tonight had it fired the divine spark of his imagination. The time ticked on, and although he was eager to be at work he almost dreaded the moment when Mr. Duncan should mention his lesson. But before that moment came there was a ripple of laughter at the door, and a girl in tennis costume and a young man a little older than Dave entered.

"Edith," said Mrs. Duncan, "Dave arose and shook hands. Then Mr. Allan Forsyth was introduced. Mr. Forsyth shook hands heartily, but Dave was conscious of being caught in one quick glance which embraced him from head to heel. And the glance was satisfied—self-satisfied. It was such a glance as Dave might give a horse when he would say, 'A good horse, but I can handle him.' It was evident from that glance that Forsyth had no fear of rivalry from that quarter. And having no fear he could afford to be friendly."

Dave had no distinct remembrance of what happened just after that, but he was conscious of an overwhelming desire to hear Miss Duncan sing. How



How Like Reenie She Was!

like Reenie she was! And just as he was beginning to think Mr. Duncan must surely have forgotten his lesson he heard her asking him if she should sing. And then he saw Forsyth at the piano—why couldn't he leave her to do it herself, the butt-in?—and then he heard her fine, silvery voice rising in the notes of that song about the land where the sun should never go down. . . . And suddenly he knew how lonely, how terribly, terribly lonely he was. And he sat with head bowed, that they might not know. . . .

And then there were other songs, and at last Mrs. Duncan, who had slipped away unnoticed, returned with a silver teapot and cups of delicate china, and sandwiches and cake, and they sat about and ate and drank and talked and laughed. And when he looked at his watch it was eleven o'clock!

"I guess we didn't get any lesson tonight," he said as he shook hands with Mr. Duncan at the sidewalk.

"I am not so sure," replied his tutor. "The first thing for you to learn is that all learning does not come from books. A good listener can learn as much as a good reader—if he listens to the right kind of people." And as Dave walked home the thought deepened in him that it really had been a lesson, and that Mr. Duncan had intended it that way. And he wondered what remarkable fortune had been his. The air was full of the perfume of balm o' Gilead, and his feet were light with the joy of youth. And he thought much of Edith and of Reenie Hardy. In subsequent lessons Dave was rapidly initiated into many matters besides parlor manners and conversation. Mr. Duncan placed the first and greatest emphasis upon learning to write and to write well. They had many philosophic discussions, in which the elder man sought to lead the

younger to the acceptance of truths that would not fail him in the strain of after life, and when a conclusion had been agreed upon it was Mr. Duncan's habit to embody it in a copy for Dave's writing lesson.

As soon as Dave had learned to read a little Mr. Duncan took him one day to the public library, and the young man gazed in amazement up and down the great rows of books. Presently a strange sense of inadequacy came over him. "I can never read all of those books, nor half of them," he said. "I suppose one must read them in order to be well informed."

Mr. Duncan appeared to change the subject. "You like fruit?" he asked. "Yes, of course. Why?"

"When you go into a fruit store do you stand and say, 'I can never eat all of that fruit, crates and crates of it, and cartons more in the warehouse? Of course you don't. You eat enough for the good of your system and let it go at that. Now just apply the same sense to your reading. Read as much as you can think about, and no more. The trouble with many of our people is that they do not read to think but to save themselves the trouble of thinking. The mind, left to itself, insists upon activity. So they chloroform it."

Dave's talks with Mr. Duncan became almost nightly occurrences, either at the Duncan home or when he drove the family—for the master of the house often accompanied them—or when they met downtown, as frequently happened. And the boy was not slow to realize the broad nature of the task to which Mr. Duncan had set himself. His education was to be built of every knowledge and experience that could go into the rounding of a well-developed life.

The climax seemed to be reached when Mr. Duncan invited Dave to accompany him to a dinner at which a noted thinker, just crossing the continent, had consented to speak.

"It will be evening dress," said Mr. Duncan. "I suppose you are hardly fitted out that way?"

"I guess not," said Dave, smiling broadly. He recalled the half-humorous sarcasm with which the Metford gang referred to any who might be seen abroad in their "Hereford fronts." He had a sudden vision of himself running the gamut of their ridicule.

But Mr. Duncan was continuing. "I think I can fix you up," he said. "We must be pretty nearly of a size and I have a spare suit." And almost before he knew it it was arranged that Dave should attend the dinner.

It was an eventful night for him. His slowness soon wore off, for during these months he had been learning to accept any new experience readily.

And as he sat among this company of the best minds of the town he felt that a new world was opening before him. His good clothes seemed to work up in some way through his subconsciousness and give him a sense of capability. He was in the mental atmosphere of men who did things, and by conforming to their customs he had brought his mind into harmony with theirs, so that it could receive suggestions, and—who knows?—return suggestions. And he was made to think, think, think.

### CHAPTER V.

The summer was not far gone when Dave, through an introduction furnished by Mr. Duncan, got a new job. It was in the warehouse of a wholesale grocery, trundling cases and sacks of merchandise. It was cleaner than handling coal, and the surroundings were more congenial and the wages were better—fifty dollars a month to begin.

"The first thing is to get out of the deadline," said Mr. Duncan. "I am not hoping that you will have found destiny in a wholesale warehouse, but you must get out of the deadline. As long as you shovel coal you will shovel coal. And you are not capable of anything better until you think you are."

"But I've liked it pretty well," said Dave. "As long as I was just working for my wages it was dull going, but it was different after I got to see that even shoveling coal was worth while. I suppose it is the same with groceries, or whatever one does. As soon as you begin to study what you handle, the work loses its drudgery. It isn't a man's job that makes him sick of his job; it's what he thinks of his job."

A light of satisfaction was in his teacher's eyes as Dave made this answer. Mr. Duncan had realized that he was starting late with this pupil, and if there were any short cuts to education he must find them. So he had set out deliberately to instill the idea that education is not a matter of schools and colleges, or courses of reading, or formulae of any kind, but a matter of the five senses applied to every experience of life. And he knew that nothing was coarse or common that passed through Dave's hands.

Edith becomes interested in Dave.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Soldiers' Hat Cords.  
The colors of the cords on the hats of soldiers stand for distinctive branches of the army. Blue is for infantry; yellow, for cavalry; red, for artillery; red and white, for engineer corps; salmon and white, signal corps; maroon, medical corps; black and red, ordnance corps; buff, quartermaster corps; gold and buff, commissariat officer.

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At wholesale and retail. Mail orders promptly filled. Smith's Wall Paper House, 104-110 Second St., Portland.

### Witty in Time of Misfortune.

When the conflagration that destroyed Drury Lane theater, in 1809, broke out, Sheridan, the principal shareholder, was in the house of commons. Declining the adjournment offered out of sympathy, he hurried to the theater, only to be pushed back by a soldier, with the curt warning: "Stand back, sir!" "My friend," replied the witty dramatist, "surely a man may warm himself by his own fire!"

### Music's Great Power.

"Those who think that music is one of the trifles of existence," said Gladstone, "are in grievous error, since from the earliest times it has been one of the most potent factors for molding and forming characters."

Garfield Tea stimulates the liver, corrects constipation, cleanses the system and rids the blood of impurities. All druggists. Adv.

### Scientific Research.

Phillip, who had received as a birthday present a beautiful new microscope, presently astounded the cook with the exclamation: "Hey, cook, lend me a flea, will you? I'll give it back to you in three minutes!"

### Truest Sympathy.

The noblest and the most powerful form of sympathy is not merely the responsive tear, the echoed sigh, the answering look; it is the embodiment of the sentiment in actual help.—Exchange.

### They Suffer for Other's Sake.

"Locking up an anarchist," said Bill the Burg, "is good for him. But it's kind o' tough on the other fellers that have to live in the same jail."

### Marriage at Sea.

If the master of a British ship considers that the circumstances warrant it, he can solemnize a marriage on board, and the ceremony will be considered quite legal and binding.

A postal card to Garfield Tea Co., Brooklyn, N. Y., asking for a sample will repay you. Adv.

### Pines in Argentina.

In one region of government forest land in Argentina it is estimated that there are at least 1,000,000 pine trees large enough for profitable lumbering.

### We Fancy They'd Like It.

Lawn Tennis Report—"Because the play was not spectacular, the brilliant skill was not appreciated by the majority of the spectators—it was 'as cavalier before swine.'"—Boston Transcript.

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