

## 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.

Three persons were instantly killed and four so severely injured that they died a short time later when the north-bound Texas special struck an automobile near Luxello Saturday.

Revised reports from eight states swept by Sunday's tornado placed the number of dead at 161, with 105 in northern states and 55 in southern, as follows: Indiana, 36; Illinois, 30; Ohio, 26; Michigan, 11; Missouri, 1; Wisconsin, 1; Georgia, 38; Alabama, 17.

Senator Newberry of Michigan, who returned to Washington Monday, will not resume his seat in the senate until questions as to his status arising from his conviction in the Michigan election conspiracy cases have been disposed of.

Nine hundred employees of the Chicago municipal garbage reduction plant struck Monday, demanding an increase in pay from \$4 to \$4.50 per day. The city council finance committee had recommended an increase to \$4.40 a day.

The Nebraska supreme court Saturday upheld the constitutionality of the law enacted at the last session of the legislature. The state is given the right to confiscate automobiles that have been used for illegal transportation of liquor.

It costs women working in Spokane department stores from \$19 to \$23 a week to "live as a person should live," according to statements sent to the state industrial commission in answer to the board's questionnaires. The present minimum is \$13.20 a week.

Caroline Jones, 18 years old, was found guilty of voluntary manslaughter by a jury at Durango, Colo., trying her on a charge of killing Karl Bay, who was slain on the street at Bayfield in January. The penalty is from one to eight years in the penitentiary.

William Jennings Bryan, in an address at Fremont, Neb., Sunday, predicted the United States would enter the league of nations. He said the entrance would be on conditions that would leave the country independent to decide when it is proper to resort to war.

John G. Weller, of Oakland, Cal., convicted of criminal syndicalism, was refused a new trial and an arrest of judgment by Judge James G. Quinn Monday and sentenced to San Quentin prison for from one to 14 years on all four counts on the indictment upon which he was convicted.

An appropriation of \$1,415,000 for aerial mail service from New York to San Francisco was written into the annual postoffice appropriation bill Monday just before it passed the senate and was sent to conference. The house rejected a similar proposal, but senate leaders were hopeful.

Gold bullion valued at \$2,000,000, to be used in paying interest on Anglo-French bonds due next October, arrived in New York Tuesday on the steamship Lapland. The consignment, the first to be sent here from Great Britain for this purpose, it was said, was consigned to J. P. Morgan & Co.

Grant Smith, a negro, alleged assailant of Ruby Anderson, 14, Sunday night was lynched by a mob from a telephone pole in Fleming county near Mayslick, Mason county, Kentucky. Early in the evening he had been taken from officers at the Paris, Ky., jail, following his arrest at Pontiac, Mich.

Frederick Francois Marsal, Paris, speaking in the chamber of deputies Tuesday on the financial position of the country, said: "The daily expenditure of France was 42,000,000 francs in 1914, 63,000,000 francs in 1915, 82,000,000 francs in 1916, 104,000,000 francs in 1917, 127,000,000 francs in 1918 and 139,000,000 francs in 1919."

The future of American schools in Turkey, especially Syria, is causing uneasiness in American official and educational circles in Constantinople. The French already have intimated that one French instructor should be placed in each institution, and in some circles this is regarded as the first step in a probable movement by the French for domination in the schools.

## STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Eugene.—Lane county taxes are coming in at the office of Sheriff Fred G. Stickels at the rate of between \$3000 and \$10,000 a day, according to Earl Luckey, head of the tax department.

Eugene.—Sam Rubenstein, local fur dealer, who has just returned from a trip to the Middle West, where he disposed of a big shipment of furs, says there is a good market in that part of the country for all that the trappers of Oregon and Pacific Northwest may obtain.

Umatilla.—The recent rains have been a blessing to the growing crops and the alfalfa grower has hopes for a bumper crop unless the water shortage is acute. Farmers have their fields in good shape on the project and with many new irrigating ditches the prospects are good.

Salem.—The chamber of commerce of Enterprise and the Union County Ad club of La Grande have adopted resolutions indorsing the 2-mill elementary school tax measure, according to telegrams received at the offices of J. A. Churchill, state superintendent of public instruction.

Salem.—Sam A. Kozler, assistant secretary of state, has mailed out several thousand pamphlets containing a digest of the election laws of Oregon. The pamphlet is a biennial product of the secretary of state's office and is much sought by voters and officeholders in all sections of Oregon.

Bend.—A change in operation which will mean the addition of 150 men to the payroll of the Brooks-Scanlon Lumber company in this city, and which will increase the production of the plant by 50 per cent, will be made early in April. A third shift will be added to the company's big pine mill here.

Boardman.—The school board has voted to apply for the establishment of an agricultural course in the high school under the Smith Hughes act. C. C. Johnson, instructor in the State college at Pullman, has been offered the position when the course opens. Other teachers elected to fill vacancies were Naomi Runner and Blanche Scharman, both of Falls City.

Salem.—The law enacted at the 1919 session of the legislature providing for a tax of 1 cent a gallon on gasoline and 1/2 cent a gallon on distillate sold in Oregon has returned to the state up to March 1, 1920, proceeds totaling \$390,912.22, according to a report prepared by Sam A. Kozler, assistant secretary of state. The law went into operation on February 26, 1919.

Roseburg.—With the object of organizing the sheep and goat raisers in Douglas county, Agriculturist C. J. Hurd has called a meeting which will be held here April 2, when breeders will be urged to improve the grade of their herds by heading them with pure-bred sires. Another matter to be considered is the co-operative uniform marketing and grading of wool.

Astoria.—The second unit of the Astoria Flour company's big plant was placed in operation Thursday. The first unit is now running to practically full capacity and within the coming few weeks this mill will be turning out 4000 barrels of flour a day. This will make the total capacity of the company's two plants approximately 5200 barrels of flour, as well as a large amount of feed, every 24 hours.

Salem.—Because of alleged standardization of prices charged by surety companies for bonding contractors engaged in state highway work, and the resulting additional cost of thousands of dollars to the state, J. M. Devers, attorney for the state highway commission, is working out a plan he expects to submit to the state legislature at its next session. The proposed measure provides that the state shall assume the burden of furnishing these bonds.

Pendleton.—Eighteen thousand acres of Indian lands will be leased upon sealed bids on May 8. Announcement of the availability of this land for lease has been made by E. L. Swartzlander, superintendent of the Umatilla Indian reservation here. There are about 204 parcels in the offering. Not more than 800 acres can be leased to one person. The rules under which the land is leased also provide that two-year leases only will be accepted except when both parties agree to a four-year lease.

Salem.—Proceedings were filed in the circuit court here Friday by Edward A. Jory, representing the Marion county taxpayers' league, to enjoin W. I. Needham, sheriff, and other county officials, from collecting taxes alleged to exceed the 8 per cent limitation by approximately \$48,000. The taxes involved include \$25,470 levied by the Marion county court for common school purposes, \$12,500 with which to provide a tuition fund, \$10,000 for making repairs to the Silvertown armory, and approximately \$1000 for effecting transfers of school funds in the several districts.

## TORNADOS DESTROY TOWNS; MANY DIE

### Middle West and South Swept Severe Twisters.

### LOSSES IN MILLIONS

#### Brunt of Storm Hits Elgin, Ill., Edger-ton, Ind., and Part of West Point, Ga., Wiped Out.

Tornadoes that struck in half a dozen states today caused a death list that may pass three score, caused property damage reaching many million dollars and played havoc with wire and railway service in widespread areas.

The greatest damage was done in Chicago suburbs and Elgin, Ill., where the known death list was 23 and a number of other persons were missing.

Atlanta reported that the death list in Georgia and Alabama was at least 36.

Apparently there were three distinct storms, one driving northward into Illinois and dying out on the shores of Lake Michigan, just north of Chicago; one striking in Georgia and Alabama and another sweeping through Indiana and passing into Ohio and Michigan.

Points suffering greatest damage follow: Chicago suburbs—15 killed, hundreds injured, a dozen or more missing and damage of upwards of half a million dollars done.

Elgin—Eight known dead, several missing and scores injured. Property damage estimated at nearly \$4,000,000.

La Grande, Ga.—Death list reported as high as 30 and heavy property damage.

West Point, Ga.—Five reported killed.

Agricola, Ala.—Five killed.

Zulu, Ind.—Five killed; heavy property damage.

Townley, Ind.—One killed.

Monroeville, Ind.—One killed.

Geneva, Ind.—Three killed.

Greenville and Union City, O.—Sixteen reported killed.

Hart, Mich.—One dead.

Fenton, Mich.—Seven killed.

Genoa, O.—Several reported killed.

East Troy, Wis.—One killed.

St. Louis—One killed.

West Liberty, Ind.—Seven persons killed.

Nashville, O.—Three persons killed and scores injured.

New Cannon Fires Missile 120 Miles. Paris.—Delamare Maze, a French inventor, Saturday sold to the French government the patent of a new long range gun which after thorough tests, has shown it has a range of from 100 to 120 miles. The shell leaves the muzzle of this gun at a speed of approximately 4158 feet each second. Premier Lloyd George announced in the British parliament recently that England had been negotiating with France to secure the right to use the plans of the gun. The Belgian government is now manufacturing a similar cannon at Liege. American military attaches in Europe have written to the government asking that American representatives may be present at tests.

In connection with the development of this piece of ordnance which is called "the Turbon cannon," it may be recalled that two years ago last Tuesday the Germans began to bombard Paris with their long range "big Berthas," the shells falling in the city as if from an airplane.

Idaho Wheat Stores Big. Boise.—Idaho has today in wheat reserve—unsold wheat from the 1919 crop—a total of 2,618,700 bushels, or 14 per cent of the crop. This fact is brought out in a statement on survey of grains in the state by Julius H. Jacobson, Idaho field agent of the government crop reporting service. The other grains on hand are: oats, 1,925,000 bushels; barley, 470,000 bushels; corn, 84,000 bushels. This agent says that the value of Idaho farm land is increasing rapidly each year, the average value per acre being \$14.63.

Driver Kills Wife, Self. Billings, Mont.—Enraged because his wife locked him out of the house and refused him money, Frank I. Jones, a taxicab driver, Sunday smashed in a rear door of their home here with a hammer, entered his wife's bedroom and after struggling to wrest some money from her, shot her through the forehead and turned the revolver on himself. Indications are that death in each case was instantaneous.



## The COW PUNCHER

By Robert J.C. Stead  
Author of  
*Kitchener, and other poems*  
*Illustrations by Irwin Myer*

### DAVE BECOMES WEALTHY.

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. Dave's father dies and Dave goes to town to seek his fortune. A man named Conward teaches him his first lesson in city ways. Dave has a narrow escape, is disgusted and turns over a new leaf. Fate brings him into contact with Melvin Duncan, who sees the inherent good in the boy and welcomes him to his home, where he meets Edith, his host's pretty daughter. Dave becomes a newspaper reporter and advances rapidly to a position of responsibility.

### CHAPTER VI—Continued.

During the following days Dave had a keener eye than usual for evidences of "industrial development." He found them on every hand. Old properties, long considered unsalable, were changing owners. Money moved easily; wages were stiffening; tradesmen were in demand. There was material for many good stories in his investigations. He began writing features on the city's prosperity and prospects. The rival paper did the same and there was soon started between them a competition of optimism. The great word became "boom." The virus was now in the veins of the community, pulsing through every street and byway of the little city. Dave marvelled, and wondered how he had failed to read these signs until Conward had laid their portent bare before him. But as yet it was only his news sense that responded; his delight in the strange and the sensational. He was not yet inoculated with the poison of easy wealth.

His nights were busy with his investigations, but on Sunday, as usual, he went out to the Duncans'. Mrs. Duncan explained that Edith had gone to visit a girl friend in the country; would be gone away for some time. Dave felt a foolish annoyance that she should have left town. She might at least have called him up. Why should she call him up? Of course not? Still, the town was very empty. He drove with Mrs. Duncan in the afternoon, and at night took a long walk by the river. He had a vague but oppressive sense of loneliness. He had not realized what part of his life these Sunday afternoons with Edith had come to be.

A few days later Conward strolled in, with the inevitable cigarette. He smoked in silence until Dave completed a story.

"Good stuff you're giving us," he commented, when the article was finished. "Remember what I told you the other day? It's just like putting a match to tinder. Now we're off."

Conward smoked a few minutes in silence, but Dave could not fail to see the excitement under his calm exterior. He had, as he said, decided to "sit" in in the biggest game ever played. The intoxication of sudden wealth had already fired his blood.

He slipped a bill to Dave. "For your services in that little transaction," he explained.

Elden held the bill in his fingers gingerly, as though it might carry infection, as in very truth it did. He realized that he stood at a turning-point—that everything the future held for him might rest on his present decision. There remained in him not a little of the fine, stern honor of the ranchman of the open range; an honor curious, sometimes terrible, in its interpretation of right and wrong, but a

fine, stern honor nevertheless. And he instinctively felt that to accept this money would compromise him for evermore. As he turned the bill in his fingers he noticed that it was for one hundred dollars. He thought it was ten.

"I can't take that much," he exclaimed. "It isn't fair."

Dave had often asked himself where it all would end.

The firm of Conward & Elden had profited not the least in the wild years of gain-getting. Their mahogany-finished first-floor quarters were the last word in office luxuriance. Conward's private room might with credit have housed a premier or a president. Its purpose was to be impressive rather than to give any other service, as Conward spent little of his time there. On Dave fell the responsibility of office management, and his room was fitted for efficiency rather than luxury. It

repeated. "It's just ten per cent of my profit."

"You mean you made a thousand dollars on that deal?"

"Exactly that. And that will look like a peanut to what we are going to make later on."

"We?"

"Yes. You and me. We're going into partnership."

"But I've nothing to invest. I've only a very little saved up."

"Invest that hundred."

Dave looked at Conward sharply. Was he trifling? No, his eyes were frank and serious.

"You mean it?"

"Of course. Now, I'll put you onto something, and it's the biggest thing that has been pulled off yet. There's a section of land lying right against the city limits that is owned by a fellow over in England; remittance man who fell heir to an estate and had to go home to spend it. I am arranging through a London office to offer him ten dollars an acre, and I'll bet he jumps at it. I've arranged for the necessary credits, but there will be some expenses for cables, etc., and you can put your hundred into that. If we pull it off—and we will pull it off—we start up in business as Conward & Elden, or Elden & Conward, whichever sounds better. Boy, there's a fortune in it."

"What do you figure it's worth?" said Dave, trying to speak easily.

"Twenty-five dollars an acre?"

"Twenty-five dollars an acre!" Conward shouted. "Dave, newspaper routine has killed your imagination. Twenty-five dollars an acre! Listen!"

"The city boundaries are to be extended—probably will be by the time this deal goes through. Then it is city property. A street-railway system is to be built, and we'll see that it runs through our land. We may have to 'grease' somebody, but it's a poor engineer that saves on grease. Then we'll survey that section into twenty-five-foot lots—and we'll sell them at two hundred dollars each for those nearest the city down to one hundred for those farthest out—average one hundred and fifty—total nine hundred and sixty thousand dollars. Allow, say, sixty thousand for grease and there is still nine hundred thousand, and that doesn't count resale commissions. Dave, it's good for a cool million."

Dave was doing rapid thinking. Suddenly he faced Conward and his eyes met. "Conward," he said, "you don't need my little hundred to put this thing. Why do you let me in on it?"

Conward smiled and breathed easily. There had been a moment of tension. "Oh, that's simple," he answered. "I figure we'll travel well in double harness. I'm a good mixer—I know people—and I've got ideas. And you're sound and honorable and people trust you."

"Thanks," said Dave, dryly.

"That's right," Conward continued. "We'll be a combination hard to beat."

Dave had never felt sure of Conward, and now he felt less sure than ever. But the lust of easy money was beginning to stir within him. The bill in his hands represented more than three weeks' wages. Conward was making money—making money fast, and surely here was an opportunity such as comes once in a lifetime.

"I'll go you," he said to Conward, at last. "I'll risk this hundred, and a little more, if necessary."

"Good," said Conward, springing to his feet and taking Dave's hand in a warm grasp. "Now we're away. But you better play safe. Stick to your paycheck here until we pull the deal through. There won't be much to do until then, anyway, and you can help more by guiding the paper along right lines."

"It sounds like a fairy tale," Dave demurred, as though unwilling to credit the possibilities Conward had outlined. "You're sure it can be done?"

"Done? Why, son, it has been done in all the big centers in the States, and at many a place that'll never be a center at all. And it will be done here. Dave, bigger things than you dare dream of are looming up right ahead."

### CHAPTER VII.

David Elden smoked his after-dinner cigar in his bachelor quarters. The years had been good to the firm of Conward & Elden; good far beyond the wiliness of their first dreams. The transaction of the section bought from the English absentee had been but the beginning of bigger and more daring adventures. Conward, in that first wild prophecy of his, had spoken of a city of a quarter of a million people; already more lots had been sold than could be occupied by four times that population.

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commanded a view of the long general office where a battery of stenographers and clerks took care of the details of the business of Conward & Elden. And Dave had established his ability as an office manager. His fortitude, his fearlessness, his impartiality, his courtesy, his even temper—save on rare and excusable occasions—had won from the staff a loyalty which Conward, with all his abilities as a good mixer, could never have commanded.

He had prospered, of course. His statement to his banker ran into seven figures. Dave was still a young man, not yet in his thirties; he was rated a millionaire; he had health, comeliness, and personality; he commanded the respect of a wide circle of business men, and was regarded as one of the matrimonial prizes of the city; his name had been discussed for public office; he was a success.

And yet this night, as he sat in his comfortable rooms and watched the street lights come fluttering on as twilight silhouetted the great hills to the west, he was not so sure of his success. He was called a success, yet in the honesty of his own soul he feared the coin did not ring true. He felt that the crude but honest conception of the square deal which was the one valuable heritage of his childhood was slipping away from him. He had little in common with Conward outside of



"It would be mean to put over anything like that on a man, and a girl wouldn't have me."

their business relationship. He suspected the man vaguely, but had never found tangible ground for his suspicion.

He was turning the matter over in his mind and wondering what the end would be, when a knock came at the door.

"Come," he said, switching on the light. "Oh, it's you, Bert! I'm honored. Sit down."

Robert Morrison threw her coat over a chair and sank into another. Without speaking she extended her shapely feet to the fire, but when its soothing warmth had comforted her limbs she looked up and said:

"Adam sure put it over on us, didn't he?"

"Still nursing that grievance over your sex?" laughed Dave. "I thought you would outgrow it."

"I don't blame him," continued the girl, ignoring his interruption. "I am just getting back from forty-seven tens. Gabbie, gabbie, gabbie. I don't blame him. We deserve it."

"Then you have had nothing to eat?"

"Almost. Only insignificant indigestibles—"

Dave pressed a button, and a Chinese boy (all male Chinese are boys) entered.

"Bring something to eat. Go out for it, and be quick. For two."

"You've had your dinner, surely?" asked Bert.

"Such a dinner as a man eats alone," he answered. "Now for something real. You stick to the paper like the ink, don't you, Bert?"

"Can't leave it. I hate it—and I love it. It's my poison and my medicine. Most of all I hate the society twaddle. And, of course, that's what I have to do."

"Bert," Dave said, suddenly, "why don't you get married?"

"Who, me? Then she laughed. "It would be mean to put over anything like that on a man, and a girl wouldn't have me."

"Well, then, why don't you buy some real estate?" he continued, jocularly. "Every man should have some disposition—something to make him forget his other troubles."

"A little late in the meal for that word, isn't it? But the fact is, I have invested."

A look came into his face which she did not understand. "With whom?" he demanded, almost peremptorily.

"With Conward & Elden," she answered, and the rogishness of her voice suggested that her despised femininity lay not far from the surface. "Were you about to be jealous?"

"Why didn't you come to me?" she realized that he was in deep earnest. "I did," she answered candidly. "At least, I asked for you, but you were out of town, so Conward took me in hand and I followed his advice."

"Do you trust Conward?" he demanded, almost fiercely.

"Well, he's good enough to be your partner, isn't he?"

The trust hurt more than she knew. He had his poise again.

Now we pick up Irene Hardy again.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The smallest known bird is a Central American humming bird that is about as large as a blue bottle fly.