

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.

The Japanese steamer *France Maru* has arrived in Naples with 547 Italian soldiers, the last of the Italian Vladivostok forces.

One hundred and eighty-eight casualties, mostly slight, occurred as a result of a conflict in Jerusalem on Easter Sunday. The military are in control of the situation.

The youngest daughter of Archduke Frederick, the Archduchess Mary Alice, has become engaged to marry Baron Frederic Haldbot, who is a scion of an old Prussian family.

A lone outlaw in St. Louis killed one police officer, seriously wounded three others, and he himself was killed when he held up and robbed the Easton-Taylor Trust company here of \$20,000 late Monday.

The Mexican embassy has announced receipt of advices from Mexico City officially denying recent reports that Ambassador Bonillas had been killed or wounded during a political demonstration.

The body of Jeanne Anna De Kay, 20 years old, whose disappearance from Hull house, Chicago, December 30, was followed by a national search, was found Monday in Lake Michigan near the municipal pier.

The motion of Henry Albers, wealthy Portland miller sentenced to serve three years' imprisonment and pay a fine of \$10,000 for seditious utterances, for a rehearing of his case, is denied by the United States circuit court of appeals.

The second courtmartial trial in Manila of Major Dennis P. Quinan, United States army, former judge advocate of the Philippine department, charged with embezzlement and conduct unbecoming an officer, is closed. It is unofficially stated he was acquitted.

A delegation representing six Ottawa associations of war veterans Monday presented a petition to Acting Premier Foster for a bonus of \$2000 for every man who served in France, \$1500 for service in England and \$1000 for service in Canada. The petition had 100,000 names.

The first airplane to rise from and alight again on the deck of a warship was one of those aboard the *Furious* while the British fleet was off Vigo recently, says the London Times. Airplanes ascended from the *Furious* during the war, but were unable to land on the vessel again.

Striking street-car men Monday demanded \$6000 a day for the time they are out of work as the result of suspension of car service due to the refusal of the Toledo, O., city council to permit a fare increase to take care of a wage boost. The men expect the city to compensate them, it was said.

Japanese troops Monday occupied Vladivostok after eight hours of severe fighting in all parts of the city. Some of the officials of the revolutionary regime already have been arrested and deported. All Russians have been disarmed and the Japanese imperial flag was flying in the place of the Russian ensign from all government buildings.

Judge John M. Wilson Monday sentenced the seven I. W. W. convicted on March 13 of second-degree murder for the Centralia, Wash., armistice-day massacre, to 25 to 40 years in the state penitentiary at Walla Walla. Roberts, the eighth defendant, was imprisoned in the state hospital. Immediately after sentence was pronounced Vanderveer gave notice that he would appeal the case. The I. W. W. who were sentenced were: Britt Smith, O. C. Bland, Bert Bland, John Lamb, Eugene Barnett, Ray Becker and James McInerney.

The federal government has put an end to the picketing of the British embassy in Washington, which was renewed Monday morning by women sympathizers with the movement for an Irish republic. United States District Attorney Laskey informed Matthew O'Brien, counsel for the women, that if his clients persisted they would be prosecuted under a federal statute which makes the offering of an insult to a diplomatic representative of a foreign government or to his official residence a felony, punishable by a penitentiary sentence.

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

North Bend.—Women here are swatting the high cost of millinery, under the direction of Miss Doolittle, a millinery expert sent out by the extension department of Oregon Agricultural college to teach millinery work.

Bandon.—Machinery for the manufacture of sweetened condensed milk has been installed at the Nestle Food company's plant in this city during the past two months, and the manufacture of the new product will begin this week.

Medford.—Members of the Jackson county farm bureau have received the announcement made by Miss Florence Pool, county home demonstration agent, that the farm bureau would purchase sugar by the carload and sell it at retail to members.

Bandon.—A mammoth sperm whale, measuring 75 feet in length, has floated ashore about three miles north of here at the mouth of Cut creek. The animal had apparently been captured by a whaling ship, robbed of its sperm oil and the carcass turned loose.

Marshfield.—Irving Ross, a young man of Isthmus inlet, was found Tuesday afternoon beneath a tractor he had been using as power for plowing. The tractor had reared backward and fallen on him. Mr. Ross' injuries are serious and he may not recover.

Salem.—Measures to be submitted to the voters of Oregon at the special election to be held on May 21 are to be printed on a ballot of their own and not on the regular primary nominating ballot, according to a legal opinion given by Attorney-General Brown.

Salem.—Contracts for the purchase of Marion county hops for fall delivery are being made at 65 cents a pound, and indications point to an advance to 70 cents within the next few weeks. For the crops of 1921 and 1922, buyers are offering 45 and 55 cents.

Bandon.—The F. T. McMullen dairy farm at Denmark in northern Curry county has been sold to Kenneth Perkins of Bandon, the consideration being \$30,000. The McMullen farm is one of the modern dairy plants of this section. Mr. Perkins has taken possession.

Newport.—C. J. Harrison of Corvallis, former owner of a sawmill at Harfirs, Lincoln county, which he sold recently, has purchased a small sawmill at West Yaquina. Mr. Harrison will probably move the mill, as its present location is almost inaccessible except at high water.

Salem.—Judge Kelly has overruled a demurrer to the complaint in the case brought by the Marion Tax Payers' league through Edward Jory to restrain Sheriff Needham from collecting approximately \$48,000 in taxes levied in Marion county in excess of the 6 per cent limitation.

Newport.—About 7000 feet of first grade clear lumber came ashore on the beach Sunday night nine miles north of Newport and more has come ashore near Alsea bay. It is believed to be part of a deckload lost from a lumber schooner near Bandon, 100 miles south, Friday night.

Burns.—The Harney Valley irrigation district is now organized for the construction of the reservoirs and the building of the canals necessary to place water on the 125,000 acres comprised in the district. At the last meeting William Hanley filed his bond and took the oath of office, and was elected president.

Eugene.—As a result of the series of meetings held throughout the county to boost the pure-bred livestock industry last week and the final rally in Eugene Saturday, 72 new members were added to the roll of the Lane County Pure-Bred Livestock association, according to Ira P. Whitney, county agricultural agent, who was one of the speakers at each of the meetings. The total membership is now 159.

Astoria.—There are at present approximately 15,000 tons, or 150,000 barrels, of flour stored at the port docks ready for export and flour is arriving at the rate of about 4000 barrels a day. Sufficient flour is on hand now to make nearly two full cargoes. One steamer, which will take 75,000 barrels, is expected to leave Seattle this week, but when the next flour steamer will come has not been announced.

Salem.—Governor Olcott, in reply to many inquiries received at the executive offices during the past few weeks, has reiterated his statement made just prior to the special session of the legislature last January, that he would resign as secretary of state immediately following the primary election in May and appoint the successful republican candidate at the nominating election. Although Mr. Olcott is serving as both governor and secretary of state, he has returned to the state treasurer his salary connected with the state department.



The COW PUNCHER

By Robert J.C. Stead

Author of "Kitchener, and other poems"

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

"Real estate is the only subject I would trust him on," she continued. "I must say, Dave, that for a shrewd business man you are awfully dense about Concord."

He remained silent for a few moments. He decided not to follow her lead. He knew that if she had anything explicit to say about Concord she would say it when she felt the time to be opportune, and not until then.

"How much did you invest?" "Not much. Just what I had."

"You mean all your savings?" "Why not? It's all right, isn't it?"

He had risen and was standing by the window.

"It's all right, isn't it?" she repeated.

"I'm afraid it isn't," he said, at length, in a restrained voice. "I'm afraid it isn't."

"What do you mean?" she demanded.

"Bert," he continued, "did it ever occur to you that this thing must have an end—that we can't go on forever lifting ourselves by our own bootstraps? We have built a city here, a great and beautiful city, almost as a wizard might build it by magic overnight. There was room for it here; there was occasion; there was justification. But there was neither occasion nor justification for turning miles and miles of prairie land into city lots—lots which in the nature of things cannot possibly, in your time or mine, be required for city purposes. These lots should be producing; wheat, oats, potatoes, cows, butter—that is what we must build our city on. We have been considering the effect rather than the cause. The cause is the country, the neglected country, and until it overtakes the city we must stand still, if we do not go back. Our prosperity has been built on borrowed money, and we have forgotten that borrowed money must some time be repaid."

"You mean that the boom is about to burst?" she said.

"Not exactly burst. It will not be so sudden as that. It will just ooze away like a toy balloon pricked with a pin."

There was silence for some minutes. When she spoke at length it was with a tinge of bitterness. "So you are unloading?"

"The firm is, I beg you, Bert, to believe that if I had known your intention I would have tried to dissuade you."

"Why me particularly? I am only one of the great public. Why don't you give your conclusions to the world? Now that you see the reaction setting in doesn't honesty suggest what your course should be?"

There was reproach in her voice, Dave thought, rather than bitterness.

He spread out his hands. "What's the use? The harm is done. To predict a collapse would be to precipitate a panic. It is as though we were passengers on a boat at sea. You and I know the boat is sinking, but the other passengers don't. They are making merry with champagne and motorcars—if you can accept that figure—and revelry and easy money. Why spoil their remaining few hours by telling them they are headed for the bottom?"

After a moment she placed her fingers on his arm. "Forgive me, Dave," she said. "I didn't mean to whine."

"You didn't whine," he returned, almost fiercely. "It's not you. You are too good a sport. But there will be lots of whining in the coming months."

Manilike, it did not occur to Dave that in that moment the girl had bidden goodby to her savings of a dozen years and had merely looked up and said, "Forgive me, Dave, I didn't mean to whine."

He glanced at his watch. "It's late for a theater," he said, "but we can ride. Which do you say—auto or horseback?"

"I can't go horseback in these clothes and I don't want to change."

Dave pressed a button and the omnipresent Chinese "boy" stood before him. "My car," he said. "The two-passenger car. I shall not want a driver." Then, continuing to Miss Morrison: "You will need something more than that coat. Let me see. My smoking jacket should fit."

In a few minutes they were threading their way through the street traffic in Dave's machine. Presently the traffic thinned, and the car hummed through long residential avenues of comfortable homes. On and on they sped, until the city streets and the city lights fell behind and the car was swinging along a fine country road through a land marked with streams and bridges and blocked out with fragrant bluffs of young poplars.

At last, after an hour's steady driving in a delight of motion too keen for conversation, they pulled up on the brow of a hill. Dave switched off his lights, the better to appreciate the majesty of the night, and in the silence came the low murmur of water. There were no words. They sat and breathed it.

Suddenly, from a sharp bend behind in the road, flashed the lights of an approaching car. Dave was able to

switch his own lights on again only in time to avoid a collision. The oncoming car lurched and passed by furiously, but not before Dave had recognized Concord as the driver. Back on its trail of dust floated the ribald notes of half-intoxicated women.

"Close enough," said Dave when the dust had settled. "Well, let us jog back home."

They took the return trip leisurely, drinking in the glories of the night and allowing time for the play of conversation. Bert Morrison was a good conversationalist. Her points of interest were almost infinite. And they were back among the street lights before they knew.

"Oh, I almost forgot," Bert said, as they parted, as though she really had forgotten. "I was at a reception today when a beautiful woman asked for you—asked me if I had ever heard of Mr. David Elden."

"What, Dave Elden, the millionaire?" I said. "Everybody knows him. He's the beau of the town, or could be if he wanted to." Oh, I gave you a good name, Dave."

"Thanks, Bert. That was decent. Who was she?"

"She said her name was Irene Hardy."

CHAPTER VIII.

Upon the return of Irene Hardy to the East it had slowly become apparent to her mother that things were not as they once had been. It seemed as though she had left part of her nature behind—had outgrown it, perhaps—and had created about herself an atmosphere of reserve foreign to her earlier life. It seemed as though the loneliness of the great plains had settled upon her.

"Whatever has come over Irene?" said Mrs. Hardy to the doctor one evening. "She hasn't been the same since she came home. I should not have let her go west alone."

The doctor looked up mildly from his paper. It was the custom of the doctor to look up mildly when Mrs. Hardy made a statement demanding some form of recognition. From the wide initiation into domestic affairs which his profession had given him Doctor Hardy had long since entirely ceased to look for the absolute in woman. He had never looked for it in man. He realized that in Mrs. Hardy he did not possess a perfect mate, but he was equally convinced that in no other woman would he have found a perfect mate, and he accepted his lot with the philosophy of his sixty years. So instead of reminding his wife that Irene had not been alone when she went west he remarked very mildly that the girl was growing older.

Mrs. Hardy found in his remark occasion to lay down the book she had been holding and to sit upright in a rigidity of intense disapproval. Doctor Hardy was aware that this was entirely a theatrical attitude, assumed for the purpose of imposing upon him a proper humility. He had experienced it many times.

"Doctor Hardy," said his wife after the lapse of an appropriate period. "do you consider that an intelligent remark?"

"It has the advantage of truthfulness," returned the doctor complacently. "It is susceptible of demonstration."

"I should think this is a matter of sufficient interest to the family to be discussed seriously," retorted Mrs. Hardy, who had an unfortunate habit of becoming exasperated by her husband's good humor. "Irene is our only child, and before your very eyes you see her—you see her—Do you know, I begin—I really begin to suspect that she's in love."

It was Doctor Hardy's turn to sit upright. "Nonsense!" he said. "Why should she be in love? It is the unfortunate limitation of the philosopher that he so often leaves irrational behavior out of the reckoning. 'She is only a child.'"

"She will be eighteen presently. And why shouldn't she be in love? And the question is—who? That is for you to answer. Who did she meet?"

"She met no one with me. My accident left me to enjoy my holiday as best I could at a ranch deep in the foothills, and Reenie stayed with me there. There was no one else—"

"No one? No ranchmen, cowboys—cow punchers—I think I have heard"—with nice disdain.

"No. Only young Elden—"

"Only? Who is this young Elden?" "But he is just a boy. Just the son of the old rancher of whom I have told you."

"Exactly. And Irene is just a girl. Doctor Hardy, you are all very well with your fevers and your chills, but you can't diagnose a love case worth a cent. What about this young Elden? Did Irene see much of him?"

The doctor spread his hands. "Do you realize that there were four of us at that ranch—four only, and no one else for miles? How could she help seeing him?"

"And you permitted it?" "I was on my back with a broken leg. We were guests at their home. They were good Samaritans to us. I

couldn't chaperon her. And besides they don't do things that way in that country. You don't understand. It's altogether different."

"Andrew," said Mrs. Hardy, leaning forward, and the word was ominous for she used his Christian name only in moments of crisis, "was Irene ever with this young man—alone?"

The doctor arose to his feet and trod heavily upon the rich carpetings. "I told you you don't understand," he protested. "The West is not the East. Everything is different—"

"I suppose human nature is different," she interrupted meaningly. Then her head fell upon the table and her hands went up about her hair. It had been brown hair—once but was now thin and streaked with gray. "Oh, Andrew," she wept, "we are ruined! That we should ever have come to this!"

It was now Doctor Hardy's turn to be exasperated. There was one thing his philosophy could not endure. That was a person who was not and who would not be philosophical. Mrs. Hardy was not and would not be philosophical.

"This is all nonsense!" said the doctor, impatiently. "There is nothing to it, anyway. The girl had to have some company. What if they did ride together? What—"

"They rode together? Alone?" "They had their horses along," said the doctor, whose impatience had made way for sarcasm.

"You are mocking me. In this hour of shame you are making jests. Call Irene."

The girl was summoned. Her fine face had lost some of its brownness, and the eyes seemed deeper and slower, but she was still a vision of grace and beauty as she stood in response to their call, framed in the curtains of an archway. Her quick sense caught the tense atmosphere, and she came forward with parted lips and extended fingers.

"Yes?" she said. "What is wrong? Can I help?"

"Your father has confessed," said Mrs. Hardy, trying hard to speak with judicial calm. "Now tell us about your relations with this young Elden, this cow puncher. Let us know the worst."

Irene's eyes flew from her mother to her father's face, and there they caught something that restored their calm.

"There was no worst," she said with a ripple of laughter, "but there was a good deal of best. Shall I tell you the best?"

"Irene," said her mother severely, "did you permit that young man to make love to you?"

"I did not give him permission, if that answers you, because he didn't ask it."

Mrs. Hardy had risen. "Andrew, you hear that? She confesses. It's dreadful! Horrible! What will everybody say?"

"No worse than you have said, I'll be bound," put in the doctor.

"Yes, take her part. What care you for the family name?"

"I have a right to speak for the family name," said the doctor firmly. "It was mine before it was yours. I cannot see that the family name has been compromised in the slightest degree. This is Irene's first adventure. It will pass away. And even if it does not—he is a manly boy."

Mrs. Hardy surveyed her husband hopelessly, then turned to Irene. "Have you made any promises?"

"Only that I wouldn't make any promises until he had his chance. That seemed fair."

"I suppose you are receiving letters from him?"

"No."

"Why doesn't he write?"

"For the first time Irene's eyes fell and the color mounted richer in her cheeks. She had to confess now, not for herself but for him.

"He can't write," she said.

"Merciful heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Hardy, collapsing into a chair. "Andrew, bring me a stimulant."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Beating the Train.

"Now, Thomas," said the foreman of the construction gang to a green hand who had just been put on the job, "keep your eyes open. When you see a train coming throw down your tools and jump off the track. Run like blazes!" "Sure!" said Thomas, and began to swing his pick. In a few minutes the Empire State Express came whirling along. Thomas threw down his pick and started up the track ahead of the train as fast as he could. The train overtook him and tossed him into a ditch. Badly shaken up, he was taken to the hospital, where the foreman visited him. "You blithering idiot!" said the foreman, "didn't I tell you to take care and get out of the way? Why didn't you run up the side of the hill?" "Up the side of the hill, is it, sor?" said Thomas through the bandages on his face. "Up the side of the hill? By the powers, I can't bate it on the level, let alone runnin' up hill."

First Safety Bicycles.

The first of the safety bicycles was put on the market in 1880. In this the high front wheel was reduced and the rear wheel was about two-thirds the height of the front one. The machines with wheels of the same size appeared in 1885. Bicycling began to be popular about 1891, and the "craze" reached its height about 1895, when wheels had become low enough in price to be within the means of the multitude.

Explained.

"Wonder why woman is so perverse and contrary." "You must remember that she was made out of one of the crookedest parts of man."

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Hard Luck, Indeed.

Robert was decided in his refusal to go with his family to a dinner at his uncle's house. When pressed for a reason he said: "Well, it's mighty tough on a guy to have nothing to play with but girls and them all relations, at that."

Worse Than Egg Profiteers.

Client—"This bill of yours is exorbitant. There are several items in it that I don't understand at all." Lawyer—"I am perfectly willing to explain it; the explanation will cost you \$10."—Boston Transcript.

The Past.

I have said that I deemed it a great thing for a nation, in all periods of its fortunes, to be able to look back to a race of founders and a principle of institution in which it might seem to see the realized idea of true heroism. That felicity, that pride, that help is ours. Our past, both its great eras, should announce, should compel, should spontaneously evolve as from a germ a wise moral and glorious future.—Henry Chorley.

Beyond Feeling.

Shirley's grandmother had been seriously ill for several days so I inquired of the tiny miss: "How is grandma feeling this morning?" With a solemn expression Shirley answered: "She isn't feelin' this mornin', she's dead."—Exchange.

At Lunch Time.

The struggle to make both ends meet often results in an empty middle.—Boston Transcript.

Peculiar Feeling.

Celia had been ill for many weeks. One day when she was stronger and had been put in a chair, she slipped down to the floor and stood for a moment on her feet. "Oh," she said in a much surprised voice, "I feel heavy to myself."

Might Be Worth It.

It is estimated that an expenditure of \$10,000,000,000 would be required to equip the United States with all tillage tools necessary to bring its farms up to the highest possible production.

Rest the Eyes.

Look up every once in a while from your work and lay it down for a minute or two now and then, and let your interest focus on more distant things. Thus you will give the eyes a little rest by focussing in another position.

Silly Jamie.

The other day Jamie came running into the house crying at the top of his voice. He was followed by Jane, who explained by saying: "Mother, I'm ashamed of Jamie—he's so unbrave, crying 'cause a little dog chased him."