

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.

Walter T. Varney, aviator, flew 21,800 feet above San Francisco Saturday. He established what is claimed to be a Pacific coast altitude record.

Chicago police are searching for the "meanest thieves" who stole 123,000 Bibles, valued at \$37,500, from the Prison Bible society. The Bibles were carried away in a moving van.

The National Guard during March made a net gain of 3279 in enlistment. It was officially announced Monday. The guard numbers 42,600, or about 24 per cent of the maximum of 179,000.

B. F. Ramsey is dead and W. T. Cook, a civilian pilot, is in a hospital in a serious condition. Their plane fell into a tall spin and crashed to earth west of Sioux Falls, S. D., Monday.

An order in council requesting King George to ratify the peace treaty with Bulgaria on behalf of Canada has been passed as a result of the adoption by the senate and house of commons, it is announced.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Searle are acquitted of charges of killing Mrs. Hilda Neamy, whose body was found in the furnace of her home in Lead, S. D., last January. Mrs. Neamy was Mrs. Searle's mother.

A shipment of approximately \$800,000 in gold arrived in New York on the steamship Royal George Saturday, making the total gold consignments from Great Britain since the first of the year about \$78,800,000.

A storm of rain, snow and sleet prevailed over the entire length of Nebraska Sunday. West of McCook the snowfall was heavy and the sleet caused demoralization in telegraph and telephone communication.

The price of liberty bonds fell below 88 for the first time Monday, in New York, when new low records were made in four issues under heavy selling. The second 4 1/4's closed 87.88, second 4's at 88, third 4 1/4's at 91.60, fourth 4 1/4's at 88.06.

Contracts were signed at the shipping board late Monday whereby the Northwest Steel company of Portland will build seven large steel tankers in lieu of three steel cargo ships for which contracts were canceled after the armistice was signed.

Vassar college will not graduate a "school marm" this year, according to results of a survey of the senior class, made public in New York. Low salaries, it was said, had caused students to turn to business, social service and other professions.

Ten Irish pickets arrested last week at the British embassy in Washington were held for a federal grand jury Monday by United States Commissioner Richardson on charges of violating a federal statute making it a felony to "assault" a diplomatic representative of a foreign government.

A bill to re-enact the law imposing a tax of 80 per cent on excess war profits was introduced Monday by Representative Johnson, republican, South Dakota, as a means of raising revenue for a soldier bonus. There also would be a levy on the privilege of issuing stock dividends.

Six hundred million dollars will be needed by the railroads this year to finance the purchase of new equipment, the Association of Railway Executives announced Saturday. Presidents of 65 railroads met in Chicago to discuss division of the \$300,000,000 loan provided by the transportation act.

Eagles have been attacking lambs recently near Peterson's butte, about ten miles southeast of Albany, Or., which is a rare occurrence in this section of the state. An eagle was killed last week at Rock hill, just east of Peterson's butte, and this bird and another one are reported to have been invading the sheep pastures.

The Chicago Express, eastbound, one of the fastest trains on the Erie railroad, was abandoned by its crew early Sunday night at Port Jarvis, New York. There were 250 passengers, milk and mail aboard. The train was run on a siding and left there. The crew walked to the town hall, where a railroad workers' meeting was in progress.

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Eugene.—During the past few days Miss Azila Howard, secretary of the Lane county chapter of Red Cross, has written ex-soldiers' insurance to the amount of \$47,000.

Salem.—J. S. Hickey, 80 years of age and for more than ten years postmaster at Scotts Mills has resigned his office and will retire as soon as his successor is named.

Bend.—Fifty-four gold medals were ordered recently by County School Superintendent Thompson. They will be given as awards to first place winners in the tri-county meet to be held in Redmond.

Roseburg.—According to an ordinance passed by the city council, voters of this city will pass upon the proposed bonding measure at the election May 21 for providing a municipal light and water system.

Klamath Falls.—Barbers have advanced the price of hair cutting from 50 to 75 cents and shaves from 25 to 35 cents, effective April 5. Shampoos have gone up from 50 to 65 cents and baths, which were 25 cents, now cost a dime more.

Bend.—While playing with a 32-caliber pistol at her home here Wednesday morning, 8-year-old Tressa Huntley, daughter of Mrs. Florence Huntley, accidentally discharged the gun, the bullet piercing her left thigh. The bone was not touched and it is believed recovery will be rapid.

The Dalles.—Recommendation is made to the city council by a committee appointed to investigate, that the proposal of building a civic auditorium in this city at a cost of \$125,000 be placed on the ballot at a special election to be called May 12. The auditorium plan includes a spacious theater, rest rooms and a fully-equipped gymnasium.

Hood River.—Lead poisoning from spray applications on clover crops has been fatal to a number of Hood River valley horses recently. The horses had been eating hay cured in orchards. Growers have been warned to use care in spraying orchards from which they expect to harvest hay. Victor Beauregard, east side rancher, has lost two valuable horses from poisoned hay.

Baker.—Reports from the Long Creek and Muddy Creek districts are to the effect that a second winter is being experienced, and hay is becoming so scarce that there is likely to be a severe loss of stock if the winter lasts much longer. Because of the snow, all farm work has been discontinued. Up in the hills timber is reported to be strewn about and large trees uprooted are lying across the roads.

Halfway.—Pine Valley residents are making another effort to divide Baker county. It is proposed to cut off what is called the Panhandle, once a part of Union county but later annexed to Baker, and form a new county. The great distance from the Panhandle to Baker, the county seat, is the source of dissatisfaction. Parts of the county are 100 miles from Baker, with poor wagon roads and poor train connections.

Roseburg.—After being without a band for two years, Roseburg is to have a musical organization again. The salary of the leader will be paid by the city council and the sum of \$50 expended for music. A petition requesting such action was presented to the council bearing the signatures of almost 200 taxpayers. An agreement was also signed by 36 musicians, pledging themselves to weekly practice and a weekly open-air concert during the summer months.

Salem.—Members of the Oregon Jersey Breeders' association, which will hold a three days' jubilee in the Willamette valley beginning May 3, will be entertained at a banquet at a local hotel on the night of May 6, according to announcement here. The guests will include: M. D. Munn of St. Paul, Minn.; R. M. Gow of New York city; Hugh G. Van Pelt of Waterloo, Ia.; and Roger H. Brown of Indianapolis. The purpose of the tour of the Willamette valley is to ascertain at first hand to what is being accomplished along the line of improving the Jersey herds.

Salem.—Although the current expense of conducting the state government is in excess of \$300,000 a month, there remains in the general fund of the treasurer only \$11,686.86 to meet these obligations until the tax money for the year 1920 commences to arrive shortly after May 1, according to a financial report prepared by O. P. Hoff, state treasurer. The report shows total expenditures during the period from January 1 to March 31 of \$6,762,967.38, and a balance in the state highway fund of \$1,617,528.84. Under the classification of cash on hand there is \$2,427,705.10, but this is said to be merely a paper showing, as outstanding warrants will absorb most of this sum.

BILL WOULD GIVE LAND TO SOLDIERS

Tentative Scheme Means Reclamation Huge Areas.

ALLOW MONEY CREDIT

Veterans Will Get \$1.50 for Each Day of Service—Total Fund to Go Toward Purchase.

Washington, D. C.—The draft of a soldiers' settlement bill combining the salient features of the Mondell-Lane bill and the Fordney bill, together with some recommendations made by the American Legion, has been completed by the Hawley subcommittee of the house ways and means committee.

This tentative bill which makes possible the reclamation of large areas by both irrigation and drainage, is understood to stand a good chance of being adopted by a full committee. An appropriation of \$25,000,000 is made for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1921, and the same sum thereafter each year for nine consecutive years, meaning a total of \$250,000,000.

For the administration of the functions arising under the bill a national soldier's settlement board is created consisting of five members to include the secretary of the interior and not less than three soldiers.

The board is authorized to acquire lands necessary for soldier settlements by gift or purchase and the secretary of the interior, with the approval of the president, is authorized to withdraw such public lands as may serve the purpose. The board is empowered to perform all work necessary for the permanent development of the project selected, to be one or more in each of the several states in which such projects are found feasible.

The lands are to be subdivided into soldier farm units suitable for the support of a family and dedicating may be made for community and other public purposes. Townsites suitable for the purposes of the project may be established and developed.

Veterans of the world war, either soldiers or sailors, shall be allowed a credit of \$1.50 a day for the total number of days served between April 6, 1917, and November 11, 1918, the full amount thus computed to be applied on purchase price of the land. The balance shall be paid in amortizing payments extending over a period of 40 years or less, at the option of the settler.

Germans Leave Ruhr.

Berlin.—The withdrawal of all German troops no longer needed in the Ruhr district has already begun. This semi-official announcement was made Monday. The German government has notified the French government, according to official announcement that it has received reports that French troops are advancing toward Aschaffenburg (23 miles southeast of Frankfurt) and, if true, Germany is obliged to point out the danger of collisions with the German troops. France has replied that it has no intention of occupying Aschaffenburg and adds that neither was Stockstadt occupied, though it had been necessary on military grounds to push forward advanced posts near Stockstadt.

Apple Crop Outlook Big.

Yakima, Wash.—Yakima orchards will yield one of the largest apple crops of apples this year in their history, according to H. M. Gilbert, a veteran grower and fruit shipper, who said Saturday that it had become evident, with spring development of the trees, that fears felt last winter that the fruit buds had been killed by extreme cold were entirely groundless so far as apples were concerned. Peaches were killed to some extent but Mr. Gilbert said there would be a fair crop of that fruit, as well as of cherries, apricots and prunes, while pears appeared not to have suffered at all.

Non-Stop Flight Record.

San Diego, Cal.—Records for the longest non-stop flight on the Pacific coast were broken Sunday when Lieutenant F. D. Hackett flew from Mather field, Sacramento, to Ream field in a De Haviland U. S.-9 plane in four hours and one minute. A new record was also established in the length of time the flight was made, this being the shortest time recorded in covering the air line distance between the two fields, 490 miles.

The Cow Puncher

By Robert J. C. Stead
Author of "Kitchener and Other Poems"
Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

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CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

The outcome was that Mrs. Hardy insisted upon Irene embarking at once upon a finishing course. Afterward they traveled together for a year in Europe. Then home again, Irene pursued her art, and her mother surrounded her with the social attractions which Doctor Hardy's comfortable income and professional standing made possible. Her purpose was obvious and but thinly disguised. She hoped that her daughter would outlive her youthful infatuation and would at length, in a more suitable match, give her heart to one of the numerous eligibles of her circle.

To promote this end Mrs. Hardy spared no pains. Young Carlton, son of a banker and one of the leading men of his set, seemed a particularly appropriate match. Mrs. Hardy opened her home to him, and Carlton, whatever his motives, was not slow to grasp the situation. For years Irene had not spoken of Dave Elden, and the mother had grown to hope that the old attachment had died down and would presently be quite forgotten in a new and more becoming passion. The fact is that Irene at that time would have been quite incapable of stating her relation toward Elden and its influence upon her attitude to life. She was by no means sure that she loved that sunburnt boy of romantic memory; she was by no means sure that she should ever marry him, let his development in life be what it would; but she felt that her heart was locked, at least for the present, to all other suitors. She had given her promise, and that settled the matter.

Notwithstanding her indifference the girl found herself encouraging Carlton's advances, or at least not meeting them with the rebuffs which had been her habit toward all other suitors, and Mrs. Hardy's hopes grew as the attachment apparently developed. But they were soon to be shattered.

Irene had gone with Carlton to the theater; afterward to supper. It was long past midnight when she reached home. She knocked at her mother's door and immediately entered. Her hair was disheveled and her cheeks were flushed, and she walked unsteadily across the room.

"What's the matter, Irene? What's the matter, child? Are you sick?" cried her mother, springing from her bed.

"No, I'm not sick," said the girl brutally. "I'm drunk!"

"Oh, don't say that," said her mother soothingly. "Proper people do not become drunk. You may have had too much champagne and tomorrow you will have a headache."

"Mother! I have had too much champagne, but not as much as that precious Carlton of yours had planned for. I just wanted to see how despicable he was, and I floated downstream with him as far as I dared. But just as the current got too swift I struck for shore. Oh, we made a scene, all right, but nobody knew me there, so the family name is safe and you can rest in peace. I called a taxi, and when he tried to follow me in I slapped him and kicked him. Kicked him, mother. Dreadfully undignified, wasn't it? . . . And that's what you want me to marry, in place of a man!"

Mrs. Hardy was chattering with mortification and excitement. Her plans had miscarried. Irene had misbehaved. Irene was a difficult, headstrong child. It was useless to argue with her in her present mood. It was useless to argue with her in any mood. No doubt Carlton had been impetuous. Nevertheless he stood high in his set and his father was something of a power in the financial world. As the wife of such a man Irene might have a career before her—a career from which at least some of the glory would reflect upon the silvering head of the mother of Mrs. Carlton.

"Go to your room," she said at length. "You are in no condition to talk tonight. I must say it is a shame that you can't go out for an evening without drinking too much and making a scene. . . . What will Mr. Carlton think of you?"

"If he remembers all I told him about himself he'll have enough to think of," the girl blazed back. "You know what I have told you—and still Mister Carlton stands as high in your sight as ever. I am the one to blame. Very well. I've tried your choice and I've tried my own. Now I am in a position to judge. There will be nothing to talk about in the morning. Mention Carlton's name to me again and I will give the whole incident to the papers . . . with photographs . . . and names. Fancy the feature heading, 'Society Girl, Intoxicated, Kicks Escort Out of Taxi.' Good night."

But other matters were to demand the attention of mother and daughter in the morning. While the scene was occurring in Mrs. Hardy's bedroom her husband, clad in white, toiled in the operating room to save the life of a fellow being. There was a slip of an instrument, but the surgeon tolled on; he could not at that juncture

pause; the life of the patient was at stake. When the operation was finished he found his injury deeper than he supposed, and Irene was summoned from her heavy sleep that morning to attend his bedside. He talked to her as a philosopher; said his life's work was done and he was just as glad to go in the harness; the estate should yield something, and there was his life insurance—a third would be for her. And when Mrs. Hardy was not at his side he found opportunity to whisper, "And if you really love that boy out West marry him."

The sudden bereavement wrought a reconciliation between Mrs. Hardy and her daughter. Mrs. Hardy took her loss very much to heart. While Irene grieved for her father Mrs. Hardy grieved for herself. It was awful to be left alone like this. And when the lawyers found that, instead of a hundred thousand dollars, the estate would yield a bare third of that sum, she spoke openly of her husband's improvidence. He had enjoyed a handsome income, on which his family had lived in luxury. That it was unequal to the strain of providing for them in that fashion and at the same time accumulating a reserve for such an eventuality as had occurred was a matter which his widow could scarcely overlook.

Her health had suffered a severe shock, for beneath her ostentation she felt as deep a regard for her late husband as was possible in one who measured everything in life by various social formulae. She consulted a specialist who had enjoyed a close professional acquaintance with Doctor Hardy. The specialist gave her a careful, meditative and solemn examination.

"Your condition is serious," he told her, "but not alarming. You must have a drier climate and, preferably, a higher altitude. I am convinced that the



"No, I'm Not Sick," said the Girl Brutally. "I'm Drunk."

conditions your health demands are to be found in —" He named the former cow town from which Irene's fateful automobile journey had had its start, and the young woman, who was present with her mother, felt herself go suddenly pale with the thought of a great prospect.

"Oh, I could never live there!" Mrs. Hardy protested. "It is so crude. Cowpunchers, you know, and all that sort of thing."

The specialist smiled. "You will probably not find it so crude, although I dare say some of its customs may jar on you," he remarked, dryly. "And it is not a case of not being able to live there. It is a case of not being able to live here. If you take my advice you should die of old age, as far, at least, as your present ailment is concerned. If you don't—and he dropped his voice to just the correct note of gravity, which pleased Mrs. Hardy very much—"If you don't, I can't promise you a year."

Confronted with such an alternative, the good lady had no option. She accepted the situation with the resignation which she deemed to be correct under such circumstances, but the boundless prairies were to her so much desolation and ugliness. Irene gathered that her mother did not approve of prairies. They were something new to her life, and it was greatly to be suspected that they were improper.

CHAPTER IX.

Very slowly it dawned upon Mrs. Hardy that this respectable, thriving city, with its well-dressed, properly-mannered people, its public spirit, its aggressiveness, its churches and theaters and schools, its law and order, and its afternoon teas, after all, was the real West; sincere, earnest; crude, perhaps; bare, certainly; the scar of its recent battle with the wilderness still fresh upon its person; lacking the finish that only time can give to a landscape or a civilization; but lacking also the moldiness, the mustiness, the insufferable artificiality of older communities. Even Mrs. Hardy, steeped for sixty years in a life of precedent and rule and caste, began to catch the enthusiasm of a new land where precedent and rule and caste are something of a handicap. "We must buy a home," she said to

Irene. "We cannot afford to continue living at a hotel, and we must have our own home. You must look up a responsible dealer whose advice we can trust in a matter of this kind."

And was it remarkable that Irene Hardy should think at once of the firm of Conward & Elden? It was not. She had, indeed, been thinking of a member of that firm ever since the decision to move to the West. The fact is Irene had not been at all sure that she wanted to marry Dave Elden. She wanted very much to meet him again; she was curious to know how the years had fared with him, and her curiosity was not unmixed with a finer sentiment; but she was not at all sure that she should marry him.

"What, Dave Elden, the millionaire?" Bert Morrison had said. "Everybody knows him." And then the newspaper woman had gone on to tell what a figure Dave was in the business life of the city. "One of our biggest young men," Bert Morrison had said. "Reserved, a little; likes his own company best; but absolutely white."

That gave a new turn to the situation. Irene had always wanted Dave to be a success; suddenly she doubted whether she had wanted him to be so big a success. She had doubted whether she should wish to marry Dave; she had never allowed herself to doubt that Dave would wish to marry her. Secretly, she had expected to rather dazzle him with her ten years' development—with the culture and knowledge which study and travel and life had added to the charm of her young girlhood; and suddenly she realized that her luster would shine but dimly in the greater glory of his own. . . .

It was easy to locate the office of Conward & Elden; it stood on a principal corner of a principal street. Thence she led her mother, and found herself treading on the marble floors of the richly appointed waiting room in a secret excitement which she could with difficulty conceal. She was, indeed, very uncertain about the next development. . . . Her mother had to be reckoned with.

A young man asked courteously what could be done for them.

"We want to see the head of the firm," said Mrs. Hardy. "We want to buy a house."

They were shown into Conward's office. Conward gave them the welcome of a man who expects to make money out of his visitors. He placed a very comfortable chair for Mrs. Hardy; he adjusted the blinds to a nicety; he discarded his cigarette and beamed upon them with as great a show of cordiality as his somewhat beefy appearance would permit. Mrs. Hardy outlined her life history with considerable detail and ended with the confession that the West was not as bad as she had feared and, anyway, it was a case of living here or dying elsewhere, so she would have to make the best of it. And here they were. And might they see a house?

Conward appeared to be reflecting. As a matter of fact, he saw in this inexperienced buyer an opportunity to reduce his holdings in anticipation of the impending crash. His difficulty was that he had no key to the financial resources of his visitors. The only thing was to throw out a feeler. "You are wanting a nice home, I take it, that can be bought at a favorable price for cash. You would consider an investment of, say—"

He paused, and Mrs. Hardy supplied the information for which he was waiting. "About twenty-five thousand dollars," she said.

"We can hardly invest that much," Irene interrupted, in a whisper. "We must have something to live on."

"People here live on the profits of their investments, do they not, Mr. Conward?" Mrs. Hardy inquired.

"Oh, certainly," Conward agreed, and he plunged into a mass of incidents to show how profitable investments had been to other clients of the firm. Then his mood of deliberation gave way to one of briskness; he summoned a car, and in a few minutes his clients were looking over the property which he had recommended. Mrs. Hardy was an amateurish buyer, her tendency being alternately to excess of caution on one side and recklessness on the other. Conward's manner pleased her; the house he showed pleased her, and she was eager to have it over with. But he was too shrewd to appear to encourage a hasty decision. He did not seize upon Mrs. Hardy's remark that the house seemed perfectly satisfactory; on the contrary, he insisted on showing other houses, which he quoted at such impossible figures that presently the old lady was in a feverish haste to make a deposit lest some other buyer should forestall her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Observation of Oil Belt Philosopher. A scientist has just discovered that fish are intelligent. We had observed also that they don't bite on everything that comes along.—Baxter Citizen.

A London choir of one thousand voices has been organized under the auspices of the League of Arts to sing at public ceremonies.