

# 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.

King Albert and Queen Elizabeth of Belgium went to England by airplane Sunday. They landed at Farnborough in Kent, flying from Brussels in 3 hours and 57 minutes.

Five robbers Monday held up the store rooms of a former Kansas City saloon keeper and drove away with two truckloads of whisky. The liquor was valued at \$20,000.

Milwaukee bread prices were raised Monday by 180 bakers, members of the Master Bakers' association. Small loaves cost 11 cents, large loaves 16 cents and rolls 18 cents.

Two constables of the Timoleague (Cork, Ireland) police station were shot dead on patrol duty Monday by men in ambush. At Bandon Sergeant Flynn was shot dead and another constable wounded.

Captain Lowell H. Smith broke the world's altitude record for an airplane carrying a pilot and three passengers Monday when he ascended 17,100 feet at El Centro, Cal. The plane was in the air two hours and 40 minutes.

Only about 861,000 acres of winter wheat will be harvested in Colorado this year, compared with 1,064,000 acres last year, according to estimates of the Colorado co-operative crop reporting service, announced this week.

John Buchanan, 34, a farmer living at the home of his brother near Albion, Neb., Friday shot and killed Mrs. Grace Chapman, mother-in-law of his brother, and then killed himself. The killing of Mrs. Chapman was without known provocation.

Governor Marcus Holcomb, of Connecticut, replying to the request made by the "flying squadron" of suffragists representing the 48 states, again has declined to call a special session of the Connecticut legislature to act on the woman suffrage amendment.

A vote by Thursday or Friday on the resolution to end the status of war with Germany and Austria is the aim of senate leaders in arranging to call up the resolution. Republicans plan to keep it continually before the senate until the vote is reached.

President Wilson reviewed the season's opening circus parade Monday from the east portico of the white house. Seated in a chair, he laughed at the antics of the clowns and several times removed his cap in acknowledgment of the greetings by the circus folks.

Net income of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad in 1919 totaled \$7,643,045, equivalent to \$6.57 a share on the preferred stock, according to the annual report, made public Monday. This compared with income of \$6,241,509, or \$5.36 on preferred stock in 1918.

Fred H. Derfus, assistant chief probation officer of the juvenile court, Cincinnati, Saturday sent back to his parents in Bay City, Mich., a 15-year-old boy who was taken into custody on a charge of attempting to steal an elephant. The boy's parents are prominent Bay City citizens and the officers refused to divulge his name.

Madge Anna Sawyer, 21, Seattle, Wash., a bride of two months, Monday shot and killed her husband, Howard I. Sawyer, a mechanical engineer, on their cruising motorboat moored in Lake Union, here. Mrs. Sawyer told the police she and her husband had been quarreling. She shot merely to frighten him, she said.

Federal investigators have determined that the Utah-Idaho Sugar company with headquarters in Salt Lake City, by selling sugar at 22.75 cents a pound wholesale, to which price it was raised May 1 from 13 cents, are realizing a net profit of \$14.15 a hundred-pound sack, United States District Attorney Isaac Blair Evans announced.

Winter wheat production this year was forecast Saturday at 484,647,000 bushels by the department of agriculture, which based its estimates on conditions prevailing May 1. The crop showed a slight improvement from April 1, the forecast of production being 1,030,000 bushels larger than estimated a month ago. Compared with last year's crop, the prospective wheat crop has been reduced 33.8 per cent.

## STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Medford.—The Russ mill in this city has been taken over by the Monarch Seed and Feed company, Leo J. Mische, president from Ralph W. Elden of Central Point who has operated it for the last two years.

Cove.—French Bros., dealers in thorough-bred sheep, and their mother, Mrs. Adelaide McKennon, of Clarksville, Ark., completed the sale of their 680-acre farm, one mile out of Cove, Saturday to Steward McAnish and sons, J. S. and L. B.

Salem.—Mrs. May Gordon reported to the police Friday night the theft of 4000 loganberry tips. Mrs. Gordon had cut the tips for market. Sheriff Needham sent out a warning advising all persons who are accosted by vendors of loganberry tips to notify his office.

Salem.—Due to the fact that only one squadron of airplanes will be assigned to the Pacific coast for forest fire patrol work during the summer of 1920, and that this patrol will be confined to California, F. A. Elliott, state forester, has started arranging his field forces for the coming season.

Salem.—Because the state highway department is alleged to have infringed upon patents of Warren Brothers in disregard of a legal opinion submitted by Attorney-General Brown the state now faces the possibility of having to pay to the corporation approximately \$240,000 in royalties.

Baker.—After a three days' visit in Baker, during which time they have inspected dairies which are furnishing milk to the city grocery stores, meat markets, restaurants and grills, F. M. Phillips and W. B. Duncan, deputies of the Oregon dairy and food commission, report that they have found conditions in this district "fair."

Salem.—Because the city of Salem apparently has shown no disposition to pay outstanding warrants dating back as far as 1914, and in some instances has not paid the interest on these obligations local bankers have notified the council that they do not take kindly to the idea of advancing money for street improvements during the present year.

Tillamook.—The measure for higher education and elementary schools and the 4 per cent road amendment were unanimously endorsed Tuesday night at a business meeting and banquet in the Tillamook hotel of the Tillamook County Business Men's association, which was largely attended by merchants and dealers from all over the county.

Heppner.—State Engineer Percy Cupper was in Heppner last Friday evening attending a meeting of the board of directors of the John Day irrigation district. A number of problems were discussed with Mr. Cupper, and it is believed the preliminary work will soon make possible financing the district for sufficient funds to carry on the first development work.

Salem.—Sunday, May 16, has been designated as educational day in a proclamation issued by J. A. Churchill, state superintendent of public instruction. Ministers throughout the state will be asked to arrange special educational programs or to devote one of their sermons to an explanation of the educational measures to be voted on at the special election on May 21.

Hood River.—All embargoes against movement of freight are lifted and the Apple Growers' association is rushing shipment of apples in an effort to clean up the 80 carloads remaining here. While the fruit, of Newtown variety and in good condition, will keep for an indefinite time, the agency wishes to complete the deal and be ready for the strawberry harvest, which will begin the latter part of this month.

Salem.—Oregon will not get any captured German field guns or other confiscated war equipment until congress passes an act providing for the distribution of this class of material, according to a telegram received at the executive office from P. C. Harris of the adjutant-general's office at Washington. One bill is now before congress, however which, if passed, will allow Oregon a number of guns of 77 caliber and above.

Arrangements have been completed for increasing the size of the Tumalo fish hatchery near Bend, and building brooding ponds and dikes, as the result of a trip made by Warden Burdick and Clanton and Game Commissioner Gill over the week end. The party also visited Twin lakes, south of Bend, to investigate conditions preventing steelhead and eastern brook trout planted there from spawning. The lakes have no spawning grounds, so it will be necessary to continue planting and stocking them by artificial propagation. Steelheads planted several years ago now weigh from five to ten pounds.

## 8 KILLED; 38 HURT IN TRAIN WRECK

### Electric Cars Hit Head-On Near Bertha Station.

## TWO CHILDREN DEAD

### Front Coach, Lifted Into Air, Sweeps Along Floor of Other, Pinning and Crushing Victims

Portland.—Eight persons, three of them women and two of them little children, were killed and 38 other persons were injured Sunday when two fast-moving Southern Pacific red electric trains met head-on near Bertha station, just outside the city limits of Portland.

Four of the injured were so seriously hurt that they may die. The failure of an engineer-motorman, long in the service of the company, to obey orders, was the cause of the wreck. This engineer, Elias K. Willetts, of train 124, inbound from Hillsboro to Portland, died in his cab as the two trains crashed.

His train, No. 124, ran past Bertha station, where it was under orders to pass train 107, the McMinnville passenger, outbound from Portland.

It did not stop at Bertha at all, but proceeded at high speed down about half a mile of straight track beyond that station toward Portland.

At the end of this tangent of straight track the track starts to swing in a curve around a high bank. This was the point where the two trains met head-on.

Train 107 from Portland, with three cars, was just rounding this curve. The inbound train, with two cars, had just reached it. They met at high speed, each engineer having time only to throw on the emergency air before they crashed.

Evidently each train had been hidden from the engineer of the other until they were within 200 or 300 feet of each other on the single track.

The wreck occurred at 10:23 A. M. The forward coach of the fast-going train 124 from Hillsboro bored into and through the vestibule of the forward car of train 107, lifted it slightly and shoved it partly off the track. But the lifted end of this front car of the outbound train from Portland sheared through the forward car of train 124, crushed the vestibule and continued on for about a quarter car-length into the coach.

It was here that all the deaths occurred. There were many people, including women and children, seated near the front of the inbound Hillsboro car. The heavy steel bumper of the other car, lifted as it was, slid along the floor of their car, plowed into them and crushed them. For the most part they died there as they sat, poor, mangled, twisted remnants of human beings.

This car in which they died was a passenger coach. Usually on the red electric trains of the Southern Pacific the smoker and baggage car is at the head of the train. This was the case with train 107.

But on train 124, composed of only two cars, this order was reversed. The day coach, with many women and children aboard it, was first and the smoker last.

Those killed in Sunday's collision near Portland were: Mrs. Chas. A. Crooks, Hillsdale, Or. Frederick J. Pebler, 304 Ross street, Portland, an engineer who was off duty.

Mrs. C. R. Arundell, Dosch station, Or. Robert Arundell, 4, Dosch station, Or.

Fleufot Dosch Josselyn, 7, Dosch station, Or.

Silas K. Willetts, engineer of inbound train, 868 East Kelly street, Portland. Newton Hoover, Beaverton, Or. Ina L. Hatch, Hillsdale, Or.

### Ten Held for Mail Fraud.

Kansas City, Mo.—William H. Woods, a resident of Chicago, was indicted jointly with nine other persons by a federal grand jury here Saturday on 36 counts, charging use of the mails to defraud in selling land. Nearly 2000 persons in Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa and Michigan, according to District Attorney Wilson, have been victimized for an amount totaling approximately \$200,000.

### Poles Win Way to Kiev.

Warsaw.—Polish cavalry entered the city of Kiev Saturday morning on the heels of the retreating bolshevik. The infantry kept up its advance toward Kiev, cavalry detachments keeping contact with the infantry.

# The Cow Puncher

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

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## CHAPTER X.—Continued.

Elden swung on his heel and paced the length of the office in quick, sharp strides. When he returned to where Miss Warden stood, wrapped about in his misery, his fists were clenched and the veins stood out on the back of his hands.

"Scoundrel!" he muttered. "Scoundrel! And I have been tied to him. I have let him blind me; I have let him set the standards. Well, now I know him." There was a menace in his last words that frightened even Gladys Warden, well though she knew the menace was not to her, but ranged in her defense.

"Here," he said, taking some bills from his pocket. "You must tell him you can't go—tell him you won't go; you must return his money. I will lend you what you need. Don't be afraid. I will go with you."

"But I can't take your money, either, Mr. Elden," she protested. "I can't stay here any longer. I will have no job and I can't pay you back. You see I can't take it, even from you. What a fool I was! For a few clothes—"

"You will continue to work—for me," he said. She shook her head. "No, I can't. I can't work anywhere near him."

"You won't need to. The firm of Conward & Elden will be dissolved at once. I have always felt that there was something false in Conward—something that wouldn't stand test. Now I know."

There was a sound of a key in the street door, and Conward entered.

## CHAPTER XI.

Conward paused as he entered the room. He had evidently not expected to find Elden there, but after a moment of hesitation he nodded cordially to his partner.

"Almost ready, Miss Warden?" he asked, cheerily. "Our train goes in—"

He took his watch from his pocket and consulted it. "Dave's eyes were fixed on the girl. He wondered whether, in this testing moment, she would fight for herself or lean weakly on him as her protector. Her answer reassured him."

"It makes no difference when it goes, Mr. Conward. I'm not going on it." Her voice trembled nervously, but there was no weakness in it. The money which Dave had given her was still crumpled in her hand. She advanced to where Conward stood vaguely trying to sense the situation, and held the bills before him. "Here is your money, Mr. Conward," she said. "Why, what does this mean?"

"Here is your money. Will you take it, please?" "No, I won't take it until you explain—"

She opened her fingers and the bills fell to the floor. "All right," she said. Conward's eyes had shifted to Dave. "You are at the bottom of this, Elden," he said. "What does it mean?"

"It means, Conward," Dave answered, and there was steel in his voice—"it means that after all these years I have discovered what a cur you are—just in time to balk you, at least in this instance."

Conward flushed, but he maintained an attitude of composure. "You've been drinking, Dave," he said. "I meant no harm to Miss Warden."

"Don't make me call you a liar as well as a cur."

The word cut through Conward's mask of composure. "Now by God! I won't take that from any man!" he shouted, and with a swing of his arms threw his coat over his shoulders.

Dave made no motion, and Conward slowly brought his coat back to position.

"I was right," said Dave, calmly. "I knew you wouldn't fight. You think more of your skin than you do of your honor. Well—it's better worth protection."

"If this girl were not here—" Conward protested. "I will not fight—"

"Oh, I will leave," said Miss Warden, with alacrity. "And I hope he soaks you well," she shot back, as the door closed behind her.

But by this time Conward had assumed a superior attitude. "Dave," he said, "I won't fight over a quarrel of this kind. But remember, there are some things in which no man allows another to interfere. Least of all such a man as you. There are ways of getting back, and I'll get back."

"Why such a man as me? I know I haven't been much of a moralist in business matters—I've been in the wrong company for that—but I draw the line—"

"Oh, you're fine stuff, all right. What would your friend Miss Hardy think if I told her all I know?"

"You know nothing that could affect Miss Hardy's opinion."

"It's too bad your memory is so poor," Conward sneered. "Why were your lights off that night I passed your car? Oh, I guess you remember! What will Miss Hardy think of that?"

drove into the country with Bert Morrison, when on the brow of a hill he switched off his lights that they might better admire the majesty of the heavens. That Conward should place an evil interpretation upon that incident was a thing so monstrous, so altogether beyond argument, that Dave fell back upon the basic human method reserved for such occasions. His fist leaped forward, and Conward crumpled up before it.

Conward lay stunned for a few minutes, then, with returning consciousness, he tried to sit up. Dave helped him to a chair. Blood flowed down his face, and as he began to realize what had occurred it was joined with tears of pain, rage, humiliation.

"You got that one on me, Elden," he said, after a while. "But it was a coward's blow. You hit me when I wasn't looking. Very well. Two can play at that game. I'll hit when you're not looking . . . where you don't expect it . . . where you can't hit back. I know the stake you're playing for, and—I'm going to spoil it." He turned his swollen, bloody face to Dave's, and hatred stood up in his eyes as he uttered the threat. "I'll hit you, Dave," he repeated, "where you can't hit back."

"Thanks for the warning," said Elden. "So Irene Hardy is to be the stake. All right, I'll sit in. And I'll win."

"You'll think you've won," returned Conward, leeringly, "and then you'll find out that you didn't. I'll present her to you, Dave, like that." He lifted a burnt match from an ash-tray and held it before him.

Dave's impulse was to seize the thick, flabby throat in his hands and choke it lifeless. With a resolute effort he turned to the telephone and lifted the receiver.

"Send a car and a doctor to Conward & Elden's office," he said when he had got the desired number. "Mr. Conward has been hurt—fell against a



"Ever Contemplate Marriage?" Said Miss Morrison, With Disconcerting Frankness.

desk, or something. Nothing serious, but may need a stitch or two." Then, turning to Conward: "It will depend on you whether this affair gets to the public—on you and Miss Warden. Make your own explanations. And as soon as you are able to be about our partnership will be dissolved."

Conward was ready enough to adopt Dave's suggestion that their quarrel should not come to the notice of the public, and Gladys Warden, apparently, kept her own counsel in the matter. In a time when firms were going out of business without even the formality of an assignment, and others were being absorbed by their competitors, the dissolution of the Conward & Elden establishment occasioned no more than passing notice. The explanation, "for business reasons," given to the newspapers, seemed sufficient.

Irene Hardy found herself in a position of increasing delicacy. Since the day of their conversation in the tearoom Dave had been constant in his attentions, but, true to his ultimatum, had uttered no word that could in any way be construed to be more or less than platonic. She had now no doubt that she felt for Dave that attachment without which ceremonies are without avail and with which ceremonies are but ceremonies. And yet she shrank from surrender. . . . And she knew that some day she must surrender.

The situation was complicated by conditions which involved her mother and Conward. It was apparent that Conward's friendship for Mrs. Hardy did not react to Dave's advantage. Conward was careful to drop no word in Irene's hearing that could be taken as a direct reflection upon Dave, but she was conscious of an influence, a magnetism, it almost seemed, the whole tendency of which was to pull her away from Elden.

Mrs. Hardy had invested practically all her little fortune in her house. The small sum which had been saved from that unfortunate investment had been eaten up in the cost of furnishing and maintaining the home. Doctor Hardy, in addition to his good name, had left his daughter some few thousand dollars of life insurance, and this was the capital which was now supplying

their daily needs. It, too, would soon be exhausted, and Irene was confronted with the serious business of finding a means of livelihood for herself and her mother.

She discussed her problem with Bert Morrison, with whom she had formed a considerable friendship. She wondered whether she might be able to get a position on one of the newspapers.

"Don't think of it," said Bert. "If you want to keep a sane, sweet outlook on humanity, don't examine it too closely. That's what we have to do in the newspaper game, and that's why we're all cynics. Keep out of it."

"But I must earn a living," Irene protested. "Ever contemplate marriage?" said Miss Morrison, with disconcerting frankness.

The color rose in Irene's cheeks, but she knew that her friend was discussing a serious matter seriously. "Why, yes," she admitted, "I have contemplated it; in fact, I am contemplating it. That's one of the reasons I want to start earning my living. When I marry I want to marry as a matter of choice—not because it's the only way out."

"Now you're talking," said Bert. "And most of us girls who marry as a matter of choice—don't marry. I've only known one man from whom a proposal would set me thinking. And he'll never propose to me—not now. Not since Miss Hardy came West."

"Oh," said Irene, slowly, "I'm—I'm so sorry!"

"It's all right," said Bert, looking out of the window. "Just another of life's little bumps. We get used to them—in time. But you want a job. Let me see; you draw, don't you?"

"Just for a pastime. I can't earn a living that way."

"I'm not so sure. Perhaps not with art in the abstract. You must commercialize it. If you, on the one hand, can make a picture of the Rockies, which you can't sell, and, on the other, can make a picture of a pair of shoes, which you can sell, which, as a woman of good sense, in need of the simoleons are you going to do? You're going to draw the shoes—and the pay-check. Now I think I can get you started that way, on catalogue work and ad cuts. Try your pencil on something—anything at all—and bring down a few samples."

So Irene's little studio-room began to take on a practical purpose. It was work which called for form and proportion rather than color, and in these Irene excelled. She soon found herself with as much as she could do, in addition to the duties of the household, as maids were luxuries which could no longer be afforded and her mother seemed unable to realize that they were not still living in the affluence of Doctor Hardy's income. To Irene, therefore, fell the work of the house, as well as its support.

But her success in earning a living did not seem in the slightest degree to clear the way for marriage. She could not ask Dave to assume the support of her mother; particularly in view of Mrs. Hardy's behavior toward him, she could not ask that. She sometimes wondered if Conward—for a long while she refused to complete the thought, but at length, why not? Why shouldn't Conward marry her mother? And what other purpose could he have in his continuous visits to their home? Mrs. Hardy, although no longer young, had by no means surrendered all the attractions of her sex, and Conward was slipping by the period where a young girl would be his natural mate. If they should marry—Irene was no plotter, but it did seem that such a match would clear the way for all concerned. She was surprised, when she turned it over in her mind, to realize that Conward had won for himself such a place in her regard that she could contemplate such a consummation as very much to be desired. Subconsciously, rather than from specific motive, she assumed a still more friendly attitude toward him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Meaning of "Selah."

The word Selah, which occurs so frequently in the Psalms, is usually believed to be a direction to the musicians who chanted the Psalms in the temple. Matthewson, the great musical critic, wrote a book on the subject, in which, after rejecting a number of theories, he came to the conclusion that it is equivalent to the modern "da capo," and is a direction that the air or song is to be repeated from the commencement to the part where the word is placed.

### Bananas.

The banana is a perennial herbaceous plant, growing from year to year from an underground root stock with a stem or stalk from 10 to 15 feet high above the ground. The plant has drooping leaves, but no branches like fruit trees of the north countries. Each stalk produces one large cluster of fruit. After fruiting, the stalk is cut down to the surface of the ground and grows up again from the root.