

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.

Presidential headquarters for Senator W. G. Harding were opened in Chicago Monday.

Notices announcing a wage increase of 15 per cent affecting 2500 employes were posted in Rockville, Conn., Monday in the seven woolen mills.

The condition of Dowager Queen Alexandra, who is suffering from a bronchial cold, is causing anxiety, says the London Star. Alexandra is 75 years old.

The noted Madrid toreador, Galito, whose real name was Joseito Gomez, was killed Sunday night at Place de Talavera, as he was about to dispatch the fifth bull of the evening.

Thomas Annear, superintendent of the Denver United States mint, has received instructions to purchase bar silver in the open market. The government price will be \$1 an ounce.

The peace resolution adopted by the senate Saturday was formally presented to the house Monday and laid on the table.

The Chicago Motor Livemen's association has announced a 20 per cent increase in the prices of horses and cabs for funerals.

The U. S. supreme court failed again Monday to decide the validity of the prohibition amendment and the enforcement act and recessed until June 1.

The cold storage bill requiring that the date of the entry of goods into cold storage be marked on them when they are offered for sale and limiting the period of such storage was passed Monday by the senate. It now goes to conference.

The world's altitude record for a pilot and three passengers was broken at Mineola, N. Y., Monday by Clarence E. Coombs, who rose to the height of 17,150 feet. This is 50 feet higher than the altitude reached by Captain Lowell H. Smith, commanding officer of Puryear field in El Centro, Cal., last Monday.

The federal grand jury in Brooklyn returns indictments against Morris & Co. and the Cudahy Packing company of Chicago, charging profiteering in foodstuffs. The Morris company was alleged to have sold "City pork" to a dealer at 39 cents a pound, although a few days before the price had been 33 cents.

The Atlantic fleet, which has been at anchor in the Hudson river for the last two weeks, put to sea Monday. After maneuvering and practice runs, it is understood the fleet will go to Hampton Roads. Rumors were also current that additional ships may soon be sent to the Gulf of Mexico to join the Oklahoma and the destroyers now on duty there.

Government authorities captured 17 Chinese, six quarts of some liquid thought to be an opiate, 1000 quarts of whiskey, 1500 quarts of cognac, 14 five-gallon demijohns of aguardiente and five demijohns of Cuban wine on board the Cuban schooner Reemplazo off the coast of Florida at Tarpon Springs. The liquor was taken into Tampa, Fla.

The high cost of clothing, particularly women's apparel, slumped in San Francisco Monday. Advertisements appearing in the morning and afternoon newspapers announced reductions, either temporary or until further notice, amounting to 20 per cent. Several haberdasheries also announced material decreases in men's furnishings, exclusive of clothing.

Exclusion of aliens from control of oil resources within the empire, government aid in developing new supplies in other countries and restriction against disposal of oil stocks held by British nationals are features of Great Britain's petroleum policy, the senate was informed Monday by President Wilson. The information, given in a special report from the state department, was in answer to a senate resolution asking what disabilities attached to American participation in world petroleum resources. The governmental policy of Great Britain, the report added, also contemplated financial and technical aid to pioneer companies.

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Roseburg.—With the close of business on Saturday, May 8, approximately 500 applications had been filed in the Roseburg land office for Oregon and California grant lands, which were opened for filing on April 12.

The Dalles.—A controlling share in the stock of the Norman Cream company of this city has been purchased by the White Clover Ice Cream company of Portland. The new management proposes to make the local creamery one of the largest in eastern Oregon.

Corvallis.—Peter Whitaker of Pine Lake ranch reports a turkey that has laid an egg every day for 62 days and the agricultural college hen record of shows no signs of quitting. This beats 55 eggs in 55 days and the record of the G. B. Coon white leghorn hen which laid 57 eggs in 57 days.

Roseburg.—The Drager company has begun erecting what they declare to be one of the biggest fruit packing plants in the state. The present building, a frame structure 130x45 feet and part of it three stories high, is being wrecked and a modern packing plant 160x50 feet, with an annex, will be built.

The Dalles.—Due to increased production of the five-mile sawmill, lumber prices, effective last Thursday, have been cut 5 per cent by a local yard. It is hoped here that the reduction in the price of lumber may tend to relieve the serious housing shortage which has gripped this city for the last year and a half.

Baker.—The 12th annual show of the Union Livestock Show association at Union will be held Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, June 2, 3 and 4. There will be racing, wild west carnivals, dancing and other amusements. The automobile highway to Union has been improved. Many Baker people plan to go to Union for the show.

Bend.—That black volcanic cinders, inexhaustible deposits of which are found in the immediate vicinity of Bend, may solve the problem of finding a light aggregate to take the place of gravel in bridge concrete, which has been confronting the state highway commission for some time, is the belief of District Highway Engineer Stebbins.

Hood River.—Workmen are now engaged in completing new garage, warehouse and residence structures here, the total cost of which will exceed \$75,000. One of the garages will cost in excess of \$25,000, and another \$20,000. Both will be equipped with every metropolitan convenience. A new coal bunkers and warehouse will cost about \$15,000. The remainder of the total sum represents residence buildings.

Salem.—An unassigned surplus of \$841,618.51 is shown in the report prepared by the state industrial accident commission here Friday and filed with Governor Olcott. Assets set out in the report include bonds in the hands of the state treasurer amounting to \$3,691,261.65; cash, \$316,978.14; cash in bank, \$98,477.67; premiums in course of collection, \$40,093.69, and accrued interest estimated at \$90,285.53.

Monmouth.—Both bonds and special tax for a new high school gymnasium carried in the special election held here Wednesday. It was an easy victory, the tax of \$6000 carrying by a vote of 27 to 13, and the \$5000 bonds was voted for 52 to 29. Mr. Berggraff, an Albany architect, has planned a building for the sum to be expended and in addition to its use as a gymnasium it will be used for community gatherings. The gymnasium will have a seating capacity of 800.

Salem.—Bonds issued by the Grants Pass, Medford and Ochoco irrigation district will be certified by state irrigation securities commission as soon as the records of each project are completed and filed with the state engineer, according to a decision reached at a conference held here recently. The Grants Pass district, in Josephine county, has voted bonds in the sum of \$184,000, the Medford district \$1,250,000, and the Ochoco district \$100,000. The three projects are now under development.

The Dalles.—The Dalles will build a civic auditorium at a cost of \$125,000. This was decided Thursday, when citizens went to the polls and gave the project a majority of 154 votes. Six hundred and twenty-four votes were cast. General obligation bonds to the extent of \$50,000 also were voted. The bonds carried by a majority of 285. While considerable opposition to the auditorium bond issue developed, the valiant work of the American Legion, which is strongly behind the proposition to give music, literature and art a home in this city, carried the project over by a safe margin.

The Cow Puncher

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

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CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

Bert Morrison's confession had, however, set up another very insistent train of thought in Irene's mind. She realized that Bert, with all her show of cynicism and masculinity, was really a very womanly young woman, with just the training and the insight into life that would make her almost irresistible should she enter the matrimonial market. And Bert and Dave were already good friends; very good friends indeed, as Irene suspected from fragments of conversation which either of them dropped from time to time. Although she never doubted the singleness of Dave's devotion, she sometimes suspected that in Bert Morrison's presence he felt a more frank comradeship than in hers. And it was preposterous that he should not know that Bert might be won for the winning. And meantime . . .

Another winter wore away; another spring came rushing from the mountain passes; another summer was upon them, and still Irene Hardy had not surrendered. A thousand times she told herself it was impossible, with her mother to think of—and always she ended in indignation over her treatment of Dave. It was outrageous to keep him waiting . . . and somewhere back of her self-indignation flitted the form—the now seductive form—of Bert Morrison.

Irene Hardy chose to be frank with herself over the situation. She had not doubted the sincerity of her attachment for Dave Elden; but, had she experienced such a doubt, the entry of Bert Morrison into the drama would have forever removed it. In fairness she admitted that things could not continue as they were. If she continued to trifle with Dave Elden—Yes, trifle. She would be frank. She would not spare herself. She had been trifling with him. . . . She would lay her false pride aside. In the purity of her womanhood, which he could not misunderstand, she would divest herself of all convention and tell him frankly that—that—

She was not sure what she would tell or how she would tell it. She was sure only that she would make him know. At the very next opportunity. . . .

It came on a fine summer's evening in late July, while Dave and Irene drifted in his car over the rich ripening prairies. Everywhere were fields of dark-green wheat, already beginning to glimmer with the gold of harvest; everywhere were herds of sleek cattle sighing and blowing contentedly in the cool evening air. Away to the west lay the mountains, blue and soft as a pillow of velvet for the head of the dying day; overhead, inverted islands of brass and copper floated lazily in an inverted sea of azure and opal; up from the southwest came the breath of the far Pacific, mild and soft and gentle.

"We started at the wrong end in our nation building," Dave was saying. "We started to build cities, leaving the country to take care of itself. We are finding out how wrong we were. Depend upon it, where there is a prosperous country the cities will take care of themselves. We have been putting the cart before the horse."

But Irene's eyes were on the sunset; on the slowly fading colors of the cloudlands overhead. Something of that color played across her fine face, mellowing, softening, drawing as it seemed, the very soul to cheeks and lips and eyes. Dave paused in his speech to regard her, and her beauty rushed upon him, engulfed him, overwhelmed him in such a poignancy of tenderness that it seemed for a moment all his resolves must be swept away and he must storm the citadel that would not surrender to siege. . . . Only action could hold him resolute; he pressed down the accelerator until the steel lungs of his motor were drinking power to their utmost capacity and the car roared furiously down the stretches of the country road.

It was dusk when he had burnt out his violence, and, chastened and spent, he turned the machine to hum back gently to the forgotten city. Irene, by some fine telepathy, had followed vaguely the course of his emotions; had followed them in delicious excitement and fear and hope. She sensed in some subtle feminine way the impulse that had sent him roaring into the distances; she watched his powerful hand on the wheel; his clear, steady eye; the minute accuracy with which he controlled his flying motor; and she prayed—and did not know what or why she prayed. But a color not all of the dying sunlight lit her cheek as she guessed—she feared—she hoped—that she had prayed that he might forget his fine resolves—that his heart might at last outrule his head. . . .

In the deepening darkness her fingers found his arm. The motion of the car masked the violence of her trembling, but for a time the pounding of her heart would not allow her speech. "Dave," she said, at length, "I want to tell you that I think you—that we—that I—Oh, I've been very selfish and proud—"

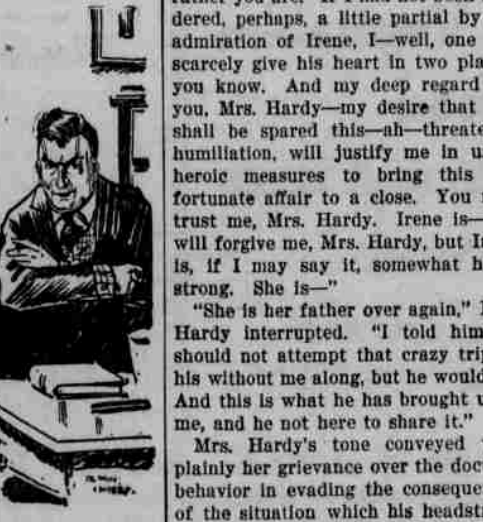
Her fingers had followed his arm to the shoulder, and the car had lided to a standstill. "I have fought as long as I can, Dave. I—I always wanted to—to lose, you know; and now—I surrender!"

Elden lost no time in facing the unpleasant task of an interview with Mrs. Hardy. It was even less pleasant than he expected. "Irene is of age," said Mrs. Hardy, bluntly. "If she will, she will. But I must tell you plainly that I will do all I can to dissuade her. Ungrateful child!" she exclaimed, in an outburst of temper, "after all these years to throw herself away in an infatuation for a cow puncher when there are men like Mr. Conward!"

"Conward!" interrupted Dave. "He has the manners of a gentleman," she said, in a tone intended to be crushing. "And the morals of a coyote," Dave returned hotly. "O-o-o-h!" said Mrs. Hardy, in a low, shocked cry. That Elden should speak of Conward with such disdain seemed to her little less than sacrilege. Then, gathering herself together with some dignity: "If you cannot speak respectfully of Mr. Conward you will please leave the house. I shall not forbid you to see Irene; I know that would be useless. But please do not trouble me with your presence."

When Dave had gone Mrs. Hardy rang up Conward's number. "Oh, Mr. Conward!" she said. "You know who is speaking? . . . Yes. You must come up tonight. I do want to talk with you. I—I've been insulted—in my own house. By that—that Elden. It's all very terrible. I can't tell you over the telephone." Conward called early in the evening. Mrs. Hardy had heard the bell and bustled into the room. She had not yet recovered from her agitation, and made no effort to conceal it. "Come into my sitting room, Mr. Conward. I am so glad you have come. Really, I am so upset. It is such a comfort to have some one you can depend on—some one whose advice one can seek, on occasions like this. I never thought—"

"There, there," he said. "You must control yourself. Tell me. It will relieve you, and perhaps I can help." "Oh, I'm sure you can," she returned. "It's all over Irene and that—that I will say it—that cow puncher."



Flatterers Are Seldom Proof Against Their Own Poison.

To think it should have come to this! Mr. Conward, you are not a mother, so you can't understand. Ungrateful girl! But I blame him. And the doctor. I never wanted him to come West. It was that fool trip, in that fool motor—"

Conward smiled to himself over her unaccustomed violence. Mrs. Hardy must be deeply moved when she forgot to be correct. He had readily surmised the occasion of her distress. It needed no words from Mrs. Hardy to tell him that Irene and Dave were engaged. He had expected it for some time, and the information was not altogether distasteful to him. He had come somewhat under the spell of Irene's attractiveness, but he had no deep attachment for her. He was not aware that he had ever had an abiding attachment for any woman. Attachments were things which he put on and off as readily as a change of clothes. He planned to hit Dave through Irene, but he planned that when he struck it should be a death blow. Their engagement would lead a sharper edge to his shaft.

It may as well be set down that for Mrs. Hardy Conward had no regard whatever. Even while he shaped soft words for her ear he held her in contempt. To him she was merely a silly old woman.

From the day he had first seen Mrs. Hardy his attitude toward her had been one of subtle flattery, partly because it pleased his whim and partly on that same day he had seen Irene, and he was shrewd enough to know that his approach to the girl's affections must be made by way of the acquaintance which he would establish under the guise of friendship for her mother. Since his trouble with Dave Conward had a double purpose in developing that acquaintance. He had no compunctions as to his method of attack. While Dave was

manfully laying siege to the front gate Conward proposed to burglarize the home through the back door of family intimacy. And now that Dave seemed to have won the prize Conward realized that his own position was more secure than ever. Had he not been called in consultation by the girl's mother? Were not the inner affairs of the family now laid open before him? Did not his position as her mother's adviser permit him to assume toward Irene an attitude which, in a sense, was more intimate than even Dave's could be? He turned these matters over quickly in his mind and congratulated himself upon the wisdom of his tactics.

"It's very dreadful," Mrs. Hardy was saying, between dabbings of her perfumed handkerchief on eyes that bore witness to the genuineness of her distress. "Irene is not an ordinary girl. She has in her qualities that justified me in hoping that—that she would do—very different from this. Need I conceal from you, Mr. Conward—from you, of all men—what have been my hopes for Irene?"

Conward's heart leaped at the confession. He had secretly entertained some doubt as to Mrs. Hardy's purpose in opening her home to him as she had done; absurd as the hypothesis seemed, still there was the hypothesis that Mrs. Hardy saw in Conward a possible comfort to her declining days. He had no doubt that her vanity was equal to that supposition, but he had done her less than justice in supposing that she had any directly personal ambitions. Her ambitions were for Irene. She had hoped that, by bringing Conward into the house, by bringing Irene under the influence of a close family acquaintance with him, that young lady might be led to see the folly of the road she was choosing. She had hoped that he would be the successful suitor for Irene. And Conward's heart leaped at the confession.

"I suppose I need not conceal from you," he answered, "what my hopes have been. It is reasonably safe to judge a daughter by her mother, and by that standard Irene is one of the most adorable of young women."

"I have been called attractive in my day," confessed Mrs. Hardy, warming at once to his flattery. "Have been?" said Conward. "Say rather you are. If I had not been rendered, perhaps, a little partial by my admiration of Irene, I—well, one can scarcely give his heart in two places, you know. And my deep regard for you, Mrs. Hardy—my desire that you shall be spared this—ah—threatened humiliation, will justify me in using heroic measures to bring this unfortunate affair to a close. You may trust me, Mrs. Hardy. Irene is—you will forgive me, Mrs. Hardy, but Irene is, if I may say it, somewhat headstrong. She is—"

"She is her father over again," Mrs. Hardy interrupted. "I told him he should not attempt that crazy trip of his without me along, but he would go. And this is what he has brought upon me, and he not here to share it!"

Mrs. Hardy's tone conveyed very plainly her grievance over the doctor's behavior in evading the consequences of the situation which his headstrong folly had created.

"She is set in her own mind," Conward continued. "We must not openly oppose her. We must adopt other tactics."

"You are very clever," said Mrs. Hardy. "You have been a student of human nature."

Conward smiled pleasantly. Little as he valued Mrs. Hardy's opinion, her words of praise fell very gratefully upon him. Flatterers are seldom proof against their own poison.

"Yes, I have studied human nature," he admitted. "The most interesting—and the most profitable—of all studies. And I know that young couples in love are not governed by the ordinary laws of reason. That is why it is useless to argue with Irene—sensible girl though she is—on a subject like this. We must reach her some other way."

"The way that occurs to me is to create distrust. Love is either absurdly trustful or absurdly suspicious. There is no middle course, no balanced judgment. In the trustfulness of love little virtues are magnified to angelic qualities, and vices are quite unseen. But change that trust to suspicion, and a hidden, sinister meaning is found behind the simplest word or act. We must plan two campaigns: One, which I have already suggested, and one, if that should fail, to cause Elden to distrust Irene. No, no," he said, raising his hand toward Mrs. Hardy, who had started from her seat, "there must be no vestige of reason, except that the end justifies the means. It is a case of saving Irene, even if we must pain her—and you—in the saving."

"It's very dreadful," Mrs. Hardy repeated. "But you are very thorough; you leave nothing to chance. I suppose that is the way with all big business men."

"You can trust me," Conward assured her. "There is no time to be lost, and I must plan my campaigns at once." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

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New South Wales is to be classed as a "new country" and "The Last Great West." Already about six million produced annually, and the wheat acreage Forty million bushels of wheat are acres of its lands are under crops. age is increasing by leaps and bounds. The country is largely devoted to pastoral purposes, and wool is "king."

New South Wales Information Bureau.
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