

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.

Samuel Grossman, president of the defunct Riley-Shubert-Grossman company, a Chicago mail-order concern, was found guilty of using the mails to defraud by a jury Tuesday.

Secretary Colby, on behalf of the American government, has tendered a verbal apology to the British ambassador for the burning of a British flag here last week by Irish women.

A landslide has buried part of the village of Achupayas, in the province of Chimborazo, Ecuador. Several houses were buried. Fourteen bodies have been unearched. Many persons were injured.

Trustees of the general education board of the Rockefeller foundation announced Monday appropriations totaling \$20,251,900 for various purposes of general education and for the development of medical schools.

Municipal Councillor Margala, in the course of a council meeting Friday night in Valencia, Spain, threatened to invoke the existing law prohibiting bull fights, unless the city provides sufficient opportunities of educating the children.

Herbert C. Hoover, candidate for the republican nomination for president, made the commencement address at Swarthmore (Pa.) college Tuesday and received an honorary degree of doctor of laws. He did not touch on politics.

Fourteen persons were killed, 100 others were injured and many buildings were destroyed by the explosion of 80 carloads of explosives near Turin, Sunday, according to a Rome dispatch to the London Exchange Telegraph company.

The Dominion government will introduce legislation this week compelling Canadian makers of the news print to supply 15 per cent of their total output to Canadian publishers, according to the Citizen. The bill will not fix the price.

The Mexican embassy in Washington has been formally delivered to Alvaro Torre Diaz, representative of the de facto government in Mexico by Salvador Diego Fernandez, minister and charge d'affaires appointed by the late President Carranza.

Mayor Charles Davis of El Paso, Tex., issued an order Monday that "every loafer in El Paso must go to work," because of the acute labor situation which he declared was imperiling El Paso industries and the agricultural district about El Paso.

Another appeal for the return of her baby, who was stolen from its crib last Wednesday, was issued Monday night by Mrs. George H. Coughlin of Norristown, Pa. More letters claiming to be from the kidnapers, and demanding ransoms ranging from \$6000 to \$20,000, were received at the Coughlin home.

The share of the United States in the first 20,000,000 marks gold of reparation bonds which Germany is required to issue under the Versailles treaty will be about \$500,000,000, it was stated in Paris Monday. This sum will be for the first 20 months' occupation of the Rhineland by American troops.

Senator Robert M. La Follette of Wisconsin, operated on at Rochester, Minn., Monday, was declared "out of danger" in a statement issued by Dr. W. J. Mayo, attending surgeon. The operation, which was for the removal of the gall sac, was successful although more serious than anticipated, the surgeon announced.

The first real test of the league of nations as a practical working body will be made when the council meets in London on June 14 to deal with the case of Persia versus the bolsheviks. The greatest importance is attached to this case by the supporters of the league, partly because the case has unusual complications.

Three thousand Czech-Slovak troops who fought under Admiral Kolchak in western Siberia arrived at Vancouver, B. C., from Vladivostok Sunday on the steamship Ixon and were immediately disembarked, marched to the Canadian National railway station and started for Montreal, whence they will sail for Trieste.

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

The Dalles.—The new Wasco County bank opened its doors for business Tuesday morning. In honor of the occasion 20 Portland business men attended the opening as guests of the city.

Medford.—The Medford postoffice is now using the cancellation die, "Crater Lake National Park," with the sanction of the postmaster general. The use of this die was advocated by the chamber of commerce, which assumed the expense of its manufacture.

Salem.—The state irrigation securities commission, at a meeting Wednesday, certified to \$6000 of bonds issued by Multnomah county drainage district No. 1. The money derived from the sale of these bonds will be expended in development of the project.

The Dalles.—The resources of The Dalles were appraised by a delegation of 20 Portland business men who came to this city on a tour of inspection in connection with the opening of the Wasco County bank, a new financial institution which is backed by former Portland bank men.

Baker.—Alex Sewell, a Baker contractor, is accused by Harry Quinn of the National Mines company of the theft of a fur coat and an electric sweeper. Sewell declares the articles were given him by John Thomas, who will be a witness at a hearing June 10. Sewell is under bond of \$300 to answer.

Albany.—Shorthorn breeders of Linn county, accompanied by several from other counties and visitors from different places, made a successful tour of the western part of the county recently on an inspection of leading Shorthorn herds. This tour of inspection of Shorthorn herds probably will be made an annual event.

Fossil.—The date for the annual encampment of the Wheeler County Pioneer association has been set for July 15-18 at the Julia Henderson grounds, 12 miles south of Fossil. The program on Sunday, July 18, will include religious services, with a picnic dinner at 2 P. M., followed by a patriotic address and election of officers.

Eugene.—The Corvallis and Dallas water supply problem this summer may be a serious one, said R. S. Shelley, supervisor of the Siuslaw national forest. Both cities obtain water from streams in the national forest. This summer promises to be drier than usual, said Mr. Shelley, and he predicts a veritable water famine for the two towns.

Salem.—P. C. Harris, adjutant-general of the United States army, has advised Governor Olcott that Francis J. Clark of Portland has passed the examinations and will be admitted to the West Point Military academy from Oregon. Mr. Clark was one of the members of the Oregon national guard appointed by the executive to take the examination.

Union.—About twice the usual crowd turned out for the opening day of the 12th annual Union livestock show here Tuesday. The weather was ideal, with the warm sunshine a welcome change after the cold, backward spring. The show was one of the largest and best ever held in Union, the entries in the cattle and heavy horse classes being unusually numerous.

Salem.—Taxes estimated at \$5,878,587.38, based on the prospective property valuation of the state for the year 1921, will be due and payable in the year 1921, as the result of the passage of the higher educational measure, elementary school bill, blind institution act and soldiers', sailors' and marines' educational aid law, at the recent special election in Oregon, according to figures compiled here.

The Dalles.—With a view of exterminating coyotes between the John Day and Deschutes rivers by formation of a trapping district, Professor O. N. Nelson, in charge of the sheep department at Oregon Agricultural college, will visit Antelope June 10. He will speak at Friend and Wapinitia on June 12 and will point the way to small sheep raisers to pool their wool and thus get a better price for it.

Hood River.—C. H. Castner, manager, has announced the closing of pools and final returns on the 1919 Spitzbergen and Newtowns handled by the Hood River Fruit company. His prices follow: Extra fancy Spitzbergen, average \$2.04; fancy, \$1.57; C grade, \$1.17, and general average \$1.86. Extra fancy Newtowns, averaged \$1.83; fancy, \$1.57; C grade, \$1.40, and general average, \$1.73. The shipping agency charged 15 cents a box for all fruit that sold for more than \$1.50 a box and 10 cents for all sales at less than \$1.50.

SCARCITY OF PAPER CAUSED BY MAKER

Senate Committee Suggests Legal Prosecution.

CHARGE PRICE-FIXING

Report Says Unsafe for Publisher to Criticize or Protest in Any Way to Manufacturer.

Washington, D. C.—The newsprint paper which has handicapped American newspapers is "more the result of artificial obstruction than of natural laws," according to the report of the senate committee which investigated the paper situation. The committee Saturday recommended that the department of justice institute proceedings under the Sherman and Clayton acts against print-paper manufacturers.

Manufacturers were charged by the committee "with unjust, illegal and discriminatory" practices. Present prices for newsprint paper were held by the committee to be "excessive and unwarranted."

Other recommendations made by the committee include:

Establishment of a federal newsprint board to supervise the manufacture and distribution of print paper, should government efforts to maintain a reasonable price fail.

Amendment of the Lever food-control act to penalize profiteering in newsprint paper.

Imposition of an excise tax of 10 cents on Sunday newspapers weighing more than 1.28 pounds a copy, so as to limit such editions to 80 pages until an adequate paper supply can be secured.

Appropriation of \$100,000 for the purpose of experimenting with substitutes for wood pulp.

Establishment of a rate of 1 cent a pound on sheet print paper to any part of the country when sent by parcels post, without increasing the present limit of 70 pounds provided under the postal regulations.

The committee also recommended that consideration be given by the government to the establishment of a newsprint paper mill to supply the government's needs, with any surplus paper to be sold to small consumers.

The report, which was submitted to the senate just before adjournment, was based on extensive hearings by the committee at which testimony was heard from newspaper and periodical publishers and paper manufacturers, dealers and jobbers.

Publishers of small newspapers were declared by the report to be in the hands of "unscrupulous profiteers and exploiters," while even the large newspaper publishers are at the mercy of the manufacturers. The report added that it "was not and still is not safe for a publisher in any way to criticize or protest to a manufacturer," while the "big publishers not having mills of their own are in a hold-up market," while the small publishers are being driven from the business by threatened bankruptcy.

Navy Cost Cut Denied.

Washington, D. C.—Secretary Daniels, criticizing the new naval appropriation bill as falling to meet some of the navy's most vital needs, declared Saturday that congress had not reduced naval expenditures, but "merely postponed them until after the elections" at the cost of naval "progress and efficiency."

The secretary said congress had failed to provide for the "adequate development" of the naval establishment on the Pacific coast, to make "even half-way provision for the naval aviation," to authorize the construction of a "single new ship" and to appropriate sufficient money for essential ship repairs.

Paper Shortage Serious.

Washington, D. C.—Senator Smoot, republican, Utah, chairman of the joint commission on printing, announced in the senate Saturday that because of the shortage of print paper only enough copies of the Congressional Record would be printed to supply members of the senate and house. He announced it also had been decided to limit the number of copies of speeches that might be printed for any one senator.

Albanians and Italians Clash.

London.—Albanian insurgents have annihilated an Italian battalion near Alessio and Italian warships have shelled that city, according to a Vienna dispatch to the Exchange Telegraph company.

The Cow Puncher

Copyright by Harper & Brothers

By
Robert J. C. Stead
Author of
"Kitchener and
Other Poems"

Illustrations by
IRWIN MYERS

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"I guess I'm all right," he managed to answer, "but I got a job on—an important job on. I must get it done. There is not time—"

But her woman's intuition had gone far below his idle words. "There is something wrong, Dave," she said. "You never looked like this before. Tell me what it is. Tell me, Dave. Perhaps I—can help."

Dave was silent for a moment, watching her. Suddenly it occurred to him that Edith Duncan was beautiful.

If she had not quite the fine features of Irene she had a certain softness of expression, a certain mellowness, even a certain sweetness of lip and eye; a certain womanly delicacy—

"Edith," he said, "you're white. Why is it that the woman a man loves will all him, and the woman he only likes—stays true?"

"Oh!" she cried, and he could not guess the depths from which her cry



"Yes," he answered, "I have to kill a man."

was wrong. . . . "I should not have asked you, Dave," she said. "I'm sorry."

They stood a moment, neither wishing to move away. "You said you had something that must be done at once," she reminded him at length.

"Yes," he answered. "I have to kill a man. Then I'm going to join up with the army."

Her hands were again upon him. "But you mustn't, Dave," she pleaded. "You can't fight for your country then. You will only increase its troubles in these troubled times. Don't think I'm pleading for him, Dave, but for you, for the sake of us—for the sake of those—who care."

He took her hands in his and raised them to his shoulders and drew her face close to his. Then, speaking very slowly, and with each word by itself, "Do you really care?" he said.

"Oh, Dave!"

"Then come to my room and talk to me. Talk to me! Talk to me! For God's sake talk to me! I must talk to someone."

She followed him. Inside the room he had himself under control again. He told her the story, all he knew.

When he had finished she arose and stood looking with unseeing eyes upon the street. For the second time in his life Dave Elden had laid his heart bare to her, and again after all these years he still talked as friend to friend. That was it. She was under no delusion. Dave's eyes were as blind to her love as they had been that night when he had first told her of Irene Hardy. And she could not tell him. Most of all she could not tell him now. . . . She had waited all these years, and still she must wait.

Dave's eyes were upon her form, silhouetted against the window. It occurred to him that in form Edith was very much like Irene. He recalled that in those dead past days when they used to ride together Edith had reminded him of Irene.

When she stood silent so long he spoke again.

"I'm afraid I haven't played a very heroic part," he said, somewhat shamefacedly. "I should have buried my secret in my heart; buried it even from you; perhaps most of all from you. But—you can advise me, Edith. I will value whatever you say."

She trembled until she thought he must see her, and she feared to trust her voice, but she could delay a reply no longer.

"Dave," she said at length, "why should you take Conward's word in such a matter as this?"

"I didn't take Conward's word. That's why I didn't kill him at once. It wasn't his word, it was the insult that cut. But she tried to save him. She threw herself upon me. She would have taken the bullet herself rather than let it find him. That was what—that was what—"

"I know, Dave." She had to hold herself in check lest the tenderness that welled within her, and would shape words of endearing sympathy in her mind, should find utterance in speech. "I know, Dave," she said.

"The next thing, then, is to make sure in your own mind whether you ever really loved Irene Hardy. Because if you loved Irene a week ago you love her tonight."

"Edith," he said, "there is no way of explaining this. You can't understand. I know you have given yourself up to a life of service, and I honor you very much, and all that, but there are some things you won't be able to understand. You can't understand just how much I loved Irene. Have you never known of love being turned to hate?"

"No. Other impulses may be, but not love. Love can no more turn to hate than sunlight can turn to darkness. Believe me, Dave, if you hate Irene now you never loved her. Listen: 'Love beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things!'"

"Not all things, Edith; not all things."

"It says all things."

Dave was silent for some time. When he spoke again she caught a different sound in his voice—a tone as though his soul in those few moments had gone through a lifetime of experience.

"Edith," he said, "when you repeated those words I knew you had something that I have not. I knew it, not by words but by the way you said them. You made me know that in your own life, if you loved, you would be ready to endure all things. Tell me, Edith, how may this thing be done?"

She trembled with delight at the new tone in his voice, for she knew that for him life would never again be the empty, flippant, selfish, irresponsible thing which in the past he had called life.

"In your case," she said, "the course is simple. It is just a case of forgiving."

He gazed for a time into the street, while thoughts of bitterness and revenge fought for domination of his mind. "Edith," he said, at length, "must I—forgive?"

"I do not say you must," she answered. "I merely say if you are wise you will. Nothing, it seems to me, is so much misunderstood as forgiveness. The one who is forgiven may merely escape punishment, but the one who forgives experiences a positive spiritual expansion."

"Is that Christianity?" he ventured. "It is one side of Christianity. The other side is service. If you are willing to forgive and ready to serve I don't think you need worry much over the details of your creed. Creeds, after all, are not expressed in words but in lives. When you know how a man lives you know what he believes—always."

"Suppose I forgive—what then?"

"Service. You are needed right now, Dave—forgive my frankness—your country needs you right now. You must dismiss this grievance from your mind, at least dismiss your resentment over it, and then place yourself at the disposal of your country."

"That is what I had been thinking of," he said. "At least that part about serving my country, although I don't think my motives were as high as you would make them. But the war can't last. It is unbelievable."

"I'm not so sure," she answered gravely. "Of course I know nothing about Germany. But I do know something about our own people. I know how selfish and individualistic and sordid and money-grabbing we have been; how slow and incompetent and self-satisfied we have been; and I fear it will take a long war and sacrifices and tragedies altogether beyond our present imagination to make us unselfish and public-spirited and clean and generous. I am not worrying about the defeat of Germany. If our civilization is better than that of Germany we shall win, ultimately, and if our civilization is worse than that of Germany we shall be defeated ultimately—and we shall deserve to be defeated."

"But I rather think that neither of the alternatives will be the result. I rather think that the test of war will show that there are elements in German civilization which are better than ours, and elements in our civilization which are better than theirs, and that the good elements will survive and form the basis of a new civilization better than either."

"If that is so," Dave replied, "if this war is but the working of immutable law which proposes to put all the elements of civilization to the supreme test and retain only those which are justifiable by that test, why should I—or anyone else—fight? And," he added, as an afterthought, "what about that principle of forgiveness?"

"We must fight," she answered, "because it is the law that we must fight; because it is only by fighting that we can justify the principles for which we fight. If we hold our principles as being not worth fighting for the new civilization will throw those principles in the discard. And that, too, covers the question of forgiveness. Forgiveness, in fact, does not enter into the consideration at all."

Germany but because we love certain principles which Germany is endeavoring to overthrow. The impulse must be love, not hate."

She had turned and faced him while she spoke, and he felt himself strangely carried away by the earnestness of her argument. What a wonderful woman she was! And as he looked at her he again thought of Irene, and suddenly he felt himself engulfed in a great tenderness, and he knew that even yet—

"What am I to do?" he said. "What am I to do?"

In the darkness of her own shadow she set her teeth for that answer. It was to be the crowning act of self-renunciation and it strained every fiber of her resolution.

"You had better go overseas and enlist in England," she told him calmly, although her nails were biting her palms. "You will get quicker action that way. And when you come back you must see Irene, and you must learn from your own heart whether you really loved her or not. And if you find you did not, then—then you will be free to—to think of some other woman."

"I am afraid I shall never care to think of any other woman," he answered, "except you. But some way you're different. I don't think of you as a woman, you know; not really, in a way. I can't explain it, Edith, but you're something more—something better than all that."

He had sprung to his feet. "Edith, I can never thank you enough for what you have said to me tonight. You have put some spirit back into my body. I am going to follow your advice. There's a train east in two hours and I'm going on it. Fortunately my property, or most of it, has dissolved the way it came."

She moved toward him with extended hand. "Goodbye, Dave," she said.

He held her hand fast in his. "Goodbye, Edith. I can never forget—I can never repay—all you have been. It may sound foolish to you after all I have said, but I sometimes wonder if—if I had not met Irene—if—" He paused and went hot with embarrassment. "What would she think of him? An hour ago he had been ready to kill or be killed in grief over his frustrated love, and already he was practically making love to her. Had he brought her to his room for this? What a hypocrite he was!"

"Forgive me, Edith," he said, as he released her. "I am not quite myself. . . . I hold you in very high respect as one of God's good women. Goodbye!"

CHAPTER XIV.

When Irene Hardy pursued Dave from the house the rous of his motor-car was already drowned in the hum of the city streets. Hatless, she ran the length of a full block; then, realizing the futility of such a chase, returned with almost equal haste to her home.

"What is the meaning of this?" she demanded of Conward. "Why did he threaten to shoot and why did he leave as he did? You know. Tell me."

"I am sure I wish I could tell you," said Conward with all his accustomed suavity. In truth Conward, having somewhat recovered from his fright, was in rather good spirits. Things had gone better than he had dared to hope. Elden was eliminated, for the present, at any rate, and now was the time to win Irene.

She stood before him, flushed and vibrating and with flashing eyes. "You're lying, Conward," she said de-



"You're Lying, Conward."

liberately. "First you lied to him, and now you lie to me. There can be no other explanation. Where is that gun? He said I would know what to do with it."

"I have it," said Conward, partly carried off his feet by her violence. "I will keep it until you are a little more reasonable, and perhaps a little more respectful."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

If folks were paid according to their executive ability, a good cook would draw more salary than a college professor.—Galveston News.