

MONDELL EXPECTS REDUCTION IN TAXES

Way Declared Open for Lifting of Burdens.

FISCAL YEAR WAITED

Disapproval of Administration Program Indicated—Proposed Law Changes Not Revealed.

Washington, D. C.—Hope for a reduction in taxes is held out by Representative Mondell of Wyoming, republican leader of the house, in a statement prepared for the final issue Monday of the Congressional Record and made public Saturday.

"We shall enter the new session of congress in December and the new congress in March," said Mr. Mondell's statement, "with the way opened for a substantial reduction of the tax burdens."

The republican leader said reductions would not be possible until after the close of the fiscal year which begins next month.

The proposed changes in the tax laws also were not revealed by Mr. Mondell, although he indicated his disapproval of the administration programme for the discard of the excess profit levies.

He contended that such action at this time would mean a "shifting of burdens from large incomes and profits to the small and normal incomes and profits."

No hope for a return to pre-war expenditures and appropriations was expressed by the republican leader, although he predicted that for the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1921, a reduction "by upwards of \$1,000,000,000" would be effected, making the annual government expenses approximately \$3,250,000,000. Fewer government employees and smaller appropriations for the army and navy were cited by Mr. Mondell as possibilities for reductions after July 1, 1921.

Five Killed in Irish Riot.

Londonderry.—Five persons were killed, ten others seriously wounded, several of them probably fatally, and about 100 others were less seriously injured during desperate rioting here Saturday night.

The fighting was accompanied by several attempts at incendiarism, one of which resulted in the burning of a large store.

The rioting was a continuation of Friday night's disorders, when nationalists and unionists engaged in clashes for several hours, and the military had to be called out.

An unrecorded number of persons suffering from minor wounds went home without receiving treatment. Among the wounded are several shipyard workers with bad gunshot wounds.

The military, fully equipped, had taken position at the head and foot of Bridge street, which is the nationalist quarter, and on Fountain street, the unionist quarter. An armored car was drawn up at Carlisle road, between these localities. Nevertheless another night of terror followed.

From shortly after 9 until 11 o'clock pandemonium reigned, a shot fired from one party into a crowd of rival partisans developed with ominous speed into violent rioting.

Germany Plans Big Loan.

Berlin.—Approval of a credit amounting to 3,000,000,000 marks will be asked of the new reichstag next week, according to an official news bulletin issued Monday. This money to be used to meet urgent emergency expenditures.

The ministry of finance will also be called upon to mobilize a credit of 5,000,000,000 marks to meet current obligations growing out of the Versailles peace treaty.

Paris.—The Grand National Steeplechase of France, run Sunday on the Auteuil track was won by Coq Gaulois, with Heros XII finishing second, Troytown third and Poethlyn fourth. The stakes are valued at 150,000 francs.

Never since racing came into existence in France has a larger crowd gathered at a race track. The magnificent weather attracted 70,000 persons.

Seattle.—Mayor Caldwell Saturday signed an ordinance recently passed by the city council providing for 10-cent cash and 6½-cent "token" car fares on Seattle's municipal street railway system. The increased fares become effective July 19. Present fares are 5 cents. Under the new ordinance, tokens will be sold in 25-cent lots.

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Salem.—Charles H. Record of Union has filed application with the state engineer for the appropriation of water from Goose creek for placer mining purposes.

North Bend.—The Coos Bay Fish & Canning company of this city is engaged in making extensive improvements on its plant preparatory to the opening of the fishing season.

Among the candidates for admission to West Point military academy on July 1 are Private Alonso P. Renton and Private Malcolm B. Caldwell, both of Oregon Agricultural college, Corvallis.

Baker.—Not in several years has the prospect been so favorable for crops in the dry-land districts of Baker county as it is this year. Unless the unforeseen happens the county will turn in a big grain production.

Hood River.—The first motor truck of strawberries to go over the Columbia river highway to Portland this season was one Saturday which delivered to the Starr Canning company a load carrying 3000 pounds of fruit, for which more than \$450 was paid.

Albany.—A carload of 27 heavy draft horses was shipped out of Albany by express Friday, billed to Coeur d'Alene, Idaho. The expressage amounted to almost \$500, but the shippers estimated that, considering the feed bill and time lost, it would cost almost as much to send the horses by freight.

Astoria.—The great demand for standing fir timber in Clatsop county again was illustrated by a deed filed in the county clerk's office Thursday afternoon. By it William Fraser sells to the Yerrek Logging company a claim of 160 acres of timber in the southeast township of the county for \$40,000.

Roseburg.—The prune market remains quiet here and no attempts have so far been made by buyers to negotiate contracts for this year's crop. Usually by this time the greater portion of the product is contracted by the packers. Some of the companies are still holding a part of last year's crop in warehouses.

Albany.—From the time they enter the city limits until they leave, tourists may pass through Albany without leaving the pavement at any point. The work of paving streets which connect with the Pacific highway at each end of the city has been completed and all other important roads connect with paved streets also.

Baker.—Local wool sellers are wearing a most distressed countenance. Much wool was purchased some time ago for as high as 54 cents a pound, and at present the market is about 15 cents lower. As a result the majority of the dealers are anything but happy and all are hoping for a sudden rise in the wool market.

Medford.—The force of workmen detailed by Superintendent Sparrow of Crater National park to open up the road to Crater Lake has the road open now within four miles of the lake and by Sunday probably will have it open all the way to the lake rim, giving Shriners returning from the Portland convention an opportunity to visit the lake.

Salem.—The secretary of state has received two checks aggregating \$10,193.82, covering the sales of gasoline and distillate in Oregon for the month of May by the Associated Oil Company of California and the Shell Oil company of California. The Associated Oil company tax for the month was \$7,056.65 and the Shell Oil company \$3,137.17.

Salem.—F. A. Elliott, state forester, returned this week from Bend, where he obtained an emergency landing field to be used by aviators engaged in patrolling the forest of central Oregon during the approaching fire season. The field contains several hundred acres and is located near Crane prairie. Another emergency field will be located a short distance south of Mount Jefferson, according to Mr. Elliott.

Bend.—Under the direction of a citizens' committee headed by Mayor Eastes, W. R. Speck, Standard Oil manager, Friday suspended deliveries of gasoline to all garages and service stations. With only 3000 gallons of motor fuel on hand, and no shipments promised, sale of gasoline will be confined to the pine milling companies, mail stages, physicians and proprietors of milk routes.

Albany.—A supply of gasoline to relieve the serious shortage which has existed here the last few weeks is now assured for Albany. A car of 12,500 gallons which the Albany Automobile Dealers' association ordered from Bakersfield, Cal., arrived Friday and three more cars are on the way to arrive at intervals of four days. The dealers say they will have enough now to supply not only the local trade but tourists also.

THREE NEGROES LYNCHED

Mob Storms Police Station and Removes Victims.

Duluth, Minn.—Three negroes were lynched here Wednesday night by a mob estimated at 5000 persons, which overpowered the police, took possession of police headquarters and seized the negroes, who were held in connection with an attack on a young white girl.

Not a shot was fired in the attack on the police station, the members of the mob using bricks and other missiles, and in the final stages of the fight streams of water from fire hose taken from the police themselves.

A mock trial was held by the mob in the station and three negroes were found guilty and three others also held in connection with the assault were acquitted and turned back to the police.

Quiet was restored at 1:40 A. M. around the Duluth police headquarters, as the mob had dispersed and the curious persons were not permitted to remain long in the vicinity. No further disorder was expected by the authorities.

Eight policemen and a newspaper reporter suffered minor injuries in the attack on the police station. They were hit by bricks or other missiles or were swept off their feet and severely bumped in the water fight.

It was reported that three or four trucks and automobiles loaded with members of the mob had started at midnight toward Virginia, where it was said four other negroes had been arrested in connection with the same case.

The negroes were roustabouts with a circus that appeared here, and the alleged attack was made on the 17-year-old white girl at the circus grounds.

TRAIN HITS MAN TIED TO RAIL BY ROBBERS

Excelsior Springs, Mo.—George Underwood, Carrollton, Mo., was forced by two men to enter a motorcar here Wednesday night, was taken to a spot near the Wabash tracks, half a mile from Excelsior Springs, robbed of \$70 and bound to the rails with a barbed wire.

A passenger train passing half an hour later cut off his left foot and hand.

When Underwood was discovered lying beside the track after the train had passed, he was insensible from loss of blood and shock.

After recovering sufficiently to talk he gave the police a meager description of the outlaws, search for whom is now under way. The deed caused great indignation here, and talk of lynching if the robbers were found was freely made. Underwood's condition is precarious and it is feared that he will not survive.

YEAR'S TOLL IN U. S. FROM CANCER 100,000

New York.—Medical experts' estimate of the number of deaths from cancer in the United States in 1919, place the figure at 100,000 and the number of persons afflicted at present at 500,000. Dr. Frederick Dugdale of Boston, a vice-president of the allied medical association of America, declared Wednesday at the organization's ninth annual convention.

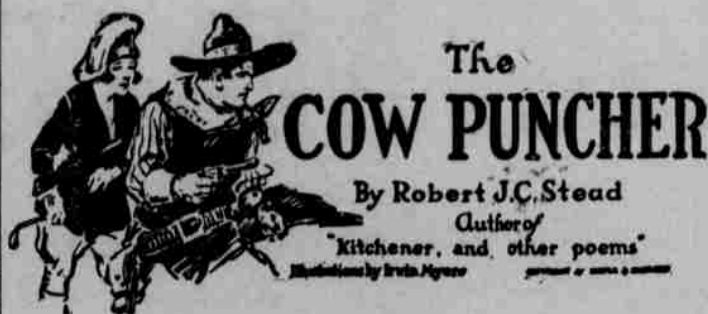
Sufficient evidence has been gathered, he said, to support the theory that the disease originates in a constitutional or blood ailment, that the individual has within his body the predisposing causes of it and that it requires only certain "exciting causes" to develop. Cure is possible, he said, if the exciting causes are removed and the predisposing factors properly treated.

Coal Operators Differ

Washington, D. C.—Although agreeing upon the advisability of granting increased freight rates to the railroads, Illinois coal operators have presented widely different views to the interstate commerce commission as to the means of applying advanced rates on coal. F. H. Harwood, representing the Illinois coal traffic bureau, said that rate advances should be made with as little disruption of existing rate relationships as possible.

Mexicans Tire of Jack Johnson.

El Centro, Cal.—The newspaper El Monitor at Mexicali, lower California, has printed the statement that Judge Luis Cacho at Tijuana has ordered Jack Johnson, former world's heavyweight champion, to leave the territory within 30 days from June 5. Mistreatment of several Mexican girls, including his wife's maid, was said to be charged against Johnson.



The COW PUNCHER

By Robert J.C. Stead
Quithero,
Kitchener, and other poems
Illustrations by Irvin Meyer

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

"Your country needs you more," she whispered. "It is better that way. And what a man you are in uniform! I think I see you smashing heads instead of bottles. Six out of six, Dave! It's awful, but you must do it. Already we know what has happened in Belgium. You will forget your own wrongs in the greater wrongs of others. . . . And I shall join the service as a nurse. My father was a doctor, and I can soon pick it up."

She chatted on, but he had become suddenly grave. "I don't think that is your course, Irene," he said. "This is going to be a bigger job than it looked. The government will get soldiers and nurses; the popular imagination turns to such things. But it will be neither soldiers nor nurses that will win the war. I feel sure of that now. Millions of men will be taken from production and turned to purposes of destruction. They will be taken from offices, where they need little food, and put in the trenches, where they need much food. Countries will be devastated; armies will retreat, destroying all food as they go. Ships will go down with cargoes of wheat; incendiary fires will swallow warehouses of food. I believe my place is in the trenches; but those less fit for the fight than I must, in some form or other, produce food. That includes the women; it includes you."

"We? But what can I do?"
"Since I left home I've thought a good deal of the old ranch. I despised it in those prosperous days—those days we thought were prosperous—but the prosperity is gone and the ranch remains. It still lies out there, just as it did when you and your father motored down that afternoon a dozen years ago. I think you'll have to go back there, Reenie. I think you'll have to take the boy Charlie, and what other help you can get, and go back to the old ranch and raise something for the soldiers to eat. You can do it. There are good men to be had; men who can't very well carry a rifle, but can drive a plow. And believe me, Reenie, it's the plow that's going to win. Go back and put them at it. Think of every furrow as another trench in the defenses which shall save your home from the fate of Belgium's homes. It's not as easy as going to the front; it hasn't got the heroic ring to it, and I suppose there are many who will commercialize it. Let them. We shall need their profits after the war to pay our debts. But it's the thing that must be done. And you'll do it, won't you?"

"I'll do whatever needs to be done, Dave. I'd rather be by your side, or as near as may be, but if you say that my duty lies back on the old ranch I shall go back to the old ranch and raise food for my soldier. And when it's all over we shall ride those old hillsides again. . . . Up the canyon, you remember, Dave? The little niche in the wall of the canyon, and all the silence and the sunlight? . . . Forever. . . ."

CHAPTER XV.

Any philosophy which accepts the principle that the great, overshadowing events of life are subject to an intelligent controlling influence must of necessity grant that the same principle applies to the most commonplace and every-day experiences. The course of the greatest stream of events may well be deflected by incidents so commonplace as to quite escape the notice of the casual observer.

Some such thought as this comforted me—or, at least, would have comforted me, had I thought it—when a leaking gasoline tank left me, literally as well as figuratively, high and dry in the foothills. The sun of an August afternoon blazed its glory from a cloudless sky; low in a valley to the left a ribbon of silver-green mountain water threaded its way through fringes of spruce and cottonwood, while on the uplands beyond sleek steers drowsed in the sunshine, and far to the westward the Rockies slept unconcerned in their draperies of afternoon purple. All these scenes the eye took in without enthusiasm, almost without approval, and then fell on the white-washed ranch buildings almost in the shadow underneath. And in these days a ranch—almost any ranch—meant gasoline.

I soon stood at the door. My knock attracted a little chap of two and a half or three years; his stout hands shoved the screen back, and I found myself ushered into his company. There evidently was no one else about, so I visited, and we talked on those things which are of importance in the world of three-year-olds.

"Muvver's don to the wiver," he confided. "She tum back pwetty soon."

"And father?" I asked. "Where is he?"

Into the dark eyes came a deeper look; they suddenly shone with the spirituality of a life only three years removed from the infinite. By what instruction, I afterward wondered, by what almost divine charm had she been able to instill into his young mind the honor and the glory and the pride of it? For there was pride, and something

more than pride—adoration, perhaps—in his words as he straightened up and said in perfect English: "My father was a soldier. He was killed at Courcellette."

I looked in his little sunburnt face, in his dark, proud eyes, and presently a strange mist enveloped the room. How many little faces, how many pairs of eyes! It was just fading away when a step sounded on the walk, and I arose as she reached the door.

"The Man of the House has made me at home," I managed to say. "I am shipwrecked on the hill for a little gasoline."

"There is plenty out in the field, where the tractor is," she replied. "You will find it without difficulty. Or if you care to wait here, Charlie may be along presently."

Her voice had sweet, modulated tones, with just that touch of pathos which only the Angel of Suffering knows how to add. And her face was fair, and gentle, and a little sad, and very sweet.

"He has told me," I said. There seemed no reason why I should not say it. She had entered into the sisterhood—that universal sisterhood of suffering which the world has known in these long, lonely years. . . . And it was between us, for we were all in the family. There was no occasion to scrape acquaintance by slow, conventional thrust and parry.

"Yes," she said, sitting down and motioning me to a chair. "I was bitter at first. I was dreadfully bitter at first. But gradually I got a different view of it. Gradually I came to feel and know that all we can feel and



"My Father Was a Soldier—He Was Killed at Courcellette."

know here is on the surface—on the outside, as you might say, and we can't know the purpose until we are inside. It is as though life were a riddle, and the key is hidden, and the door behind which the key is hidden is called Death. And I don't believe it's all for nothing; I won't believe it's all for nothing.

"Then there is the suffering," she continued, after a pause. "I don't know why there should be suffering, but I know if there were no suffering there would be no kindness. It is not until you are hit—hard hit—that you begin to think of other people. Until then all is selfishness. But we women—women of the war—we have nothing left to be selfish for. But we have the whole world to be unselfish for. It's all different, and it can never go back. We won't let it go back. We've paid too much to let it go back."

It was hard to find a reply. "I think I knew your husband a little," I ventured. "He was a—man."

"He was all that," she said. She arose and stood for a moment in an attitude of hesitation; her fingers went to her lips as though enjoining caution. Then with quick decision she went into an inner room, from which she returned in a moment with a letter.

"If you knew him you may care to read this," she said. "It's very personal, and yet, some way, everything is impersonal now, in a sense. There has been such a common suffering, that it seems to flood out over the individual and embrace us all. . . . So this is really, in a sense, your letter as well as mine."

I took it and read:

I have had many letters to write since my service began as a nurse in the war, but never have I approached the task with such mixed emotions. The pain I must give you I would gladly bear myself if I could; but it is not all pain; underneath it, running through it in some way I cannot explain, is a note so much deeper than pain that it must be joy.

You have already been advised that David Eiden was among those who fell at Courcellette. It is true to say that you have the sympathy of a grateful nation. How grateful the nation really is we shall know by its treatment of the heroes who survive the war and of the dependents of those who have crossed over. But nothing can rob you of the knowledge that he played a man's part. Nothing can deprive you from that universal fellowship of sympathy which is springing up wherever manhood is valued at its worth.

A new Order has been born into the world; the Order of Suffering. Not that it is new, either; it has been with us since the first mother went into the shadow for her first child; but always suffering has been incidental, a matter of the individual, a thing to be escaped if possible. But now it is universal, a thing not to be escaped, but to be accepted, readily, bravely, even gladly. And all who so accept it enter into the new Order, and wear

its insignia, which is unselfishness and sympathy and service. And in that Order you shall not be least, measured by either your sacrifice or the spirit in which you accept it.

But you are yearning for his last word; for some voice which will seem to you now almost a voice out of the grave, and I am happy to be able to bring you that word. It was something more than chance that guided me that night—as it is every night.

We were well behind the line of actual fighting, but I had become detached from my party in moving to another station; lost, if you like, yet not lost; never have I gone so directly to so great a destination. While trying to get my location, I became aware of a presence; it will sound strange to you, but I became intensely aware of your presence. Of course I knew it could not be you, in the flesh, but you it seemed to be, nevertheless. I moved as though led by an invisible hand, and presently I found a bit of shattered wall. In the gloom I could just discern the form of a man lying in the shelter of the wall—if you could call it shelter—it rose scarce a foot above the ground.

I knelt beside him and turned my torch on his face. It was pale even through the brown skin; the eyes were closed; the hair was wet and plastered on the forehead; there were smears of blood on it and on his cheeks. As my light fell on his lips they framed a smile.

"Reenie," he said, "it was good of you to come. I knew you would come. . . . I am here, Dave." I answered, and I think you will forgive the impersonation. "Now let me find out where you are hurt and we'll fix you up, and get you moved presently."

He opened his eyes and looked at me with the strange look of a man whose thread of consciousness is half-unraveled. "Oh, it's you, Edith," he said, when he had taken me in. "Funny, I thought it was Irene. I must have been dreaming." I questioned him again about his wound and began feeling his hair. "It's not there," he said. "Guess I got it all over my hands. They got me this time. Don't waste time on me. Some other fellow may have a chance."

I found, with a little examination, that the case was as bad as he supposed. Fortunately, the wound had induced a local paralysis and he was not suffering to any great degree. I placed my hand in his and felt his grip tighten.

"I'm going to stay till it's over, Dave. We'll see it out together."

"That's decent," he answered, and then was still for quite a time.

"I've often wondered what was on the other side," he said, at length. "I shall know presently."

"You are not afraid?" I whispered.

"No. Only sort of—curious. And—reverent, I guess. Reverent. . . . You know I haven't been much on religion. Never seemed to get the formula. What is the formula? I mean the key—the thing that gives it all in one word?"

"In one word—sacrifice. 'He that loseth his life shall find it.'" I quoted.

He did not answer, but I could see his lips smiling again. His breath was more labored. A few drops of rain fell, and some of them splattered on his face.

Presently he chuckled. It was an eerie sensation, out on that broad plain of death, alone by the side of this man who was already far into the shadow—to hear him chuckle.

"That splash of water—you remember—it made me think of the time we pulled the old car into the stream, and the harness broke or something like that, and I had to carry you. You remember that, Reenie?" I could only say, "Yes," and press his hand. His mind was back on the old, old trails.

He became suddenly sober. "And when Brownie was killed," he went on. "I said it was the innocent thing that got caught. Perhaps I was right. But perhaps it's best to get caught. Not for the getting caught, but for the—the compensations. It's the innocent men that are getting killed. And perhaps it's best. Perhaps there are compensations worth while."

His voice was weaker, and I had to lean close to catch his words.

"I'm going out," he said. "Kiss me, Reenie."

And then I kissed him—for you.

Suddenly he sat up. "The mountains!" he exclaimed, and his voice was athrill with the pride of his old hills. "See the moonlight—on the mountains!"

Then his strength, which seemed to have gathered itself for this one last vision of the place of his boyhood, gave way, and he fell back, and he did not speak any more.

And what can I add? Dear, it is not defeat. It is promise. It is hope.

Some day we shall know. But until then we shall go on. It is woman's lot to carry on. But not in despondency, not in bitterness, not in anger or despair. He didn't go out that way. He was reverent—and a little curious, and he went out with a smile. And we shall go on, and carry his smile and his confidence through the valley of our sacrifice. What am I doing, speaking of our sacrifice?

I salute you, sister in the Order of Suffering—and of hope.

EDITH DUNCAN.

I handed the letter back to her, and for a time I had no words. "Won't you let me tell the story?" I said, at length. "The world is full of sorrow, and it needs voices to give that sorrow words, and perhaps turn it into hope—as this letter does."

She hesitated, and I realized then how much I had asked. "It is the story of my life—my soul," she said. "Yet, if it would help—"

"Without names," I hastened to explain. "Without real names of places or people."

And so, in that little whitewashed home, where the brown hills rise around and the placid mountains look down from the distance, and a tongue of spruce trees beyond the stream stands sentinel against the open prairie, she is carrying on, not in despondency and bitterness, but in service and in hope. And so her sisters, all this world over, must carry on, until their sweetness and their sacrifice shall fill up and flood over all the valleys of hate. . . .

And if you should chance that way, and if you should win the confidence of young Three-year-old, he may stand for you and say, with his voice filled with the honor and the glory and the pride of it:

"My father was a soldier. He was killed at Courcellette."

THE END.

Believed to Bar Mosquitoes.

Many plants are popularly believed to keep away mosquitoes, among them being several species of eucalyptus, the castor-oil plant, the chinaberry tree, etc. Scientific observations have not confirmed the popular idea on this subject.

Important Date in History.

On the tenth of October in 1845, the United States Naval academy at Annapolis was opened. George Bancroft, the historian, who was then secretary of the navy, was largely instrumental in establishing the academy.