

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.

All Italy joined Tuesday in the celebration of the 50th anniversary of the proclamation of Rome as the capital of United Italy.

Scattered returns from Tuesday's referendum on a new Nebraska state constitution indicated passage of the 41 proposed changes.

It is rumored that four cases of bubonic plague have been discovered in Flomo. The theaters have been closed and other precautions taken.

The firm of Moorhead & Elmore of Washington, D. C., has been suspended by the New York stock exchange, it was announced Tuesday afternoon. No reason was given.

Peter Rowe was instantly killed Tuesday at San Juan, Tex., when a motor-truck tire exploded while he was inflating it with air. The top of his head was blown off and a nearby brick wall blown in.

Madame De Buyer-Mimeure, formerly Miss Daisy Polk, of San Francisco, has been made a chevalier of the legion of honor in recognition of her services to France during the war, it is announced.

William of Hohenzollern, former German emperor, has written a new will, which is declared to be his last testament. He has entrusted it to the keeping of Notary Schroot at Amerongen, says a Doorn dispatch.

Mrs. Irene Root Gordon of San Francisco has obtained an annulment of her marriage to James M. (Bluebeard) Watson, confessed murderer of nine women, who is serving a life term in San Quentin state penitentiary.

Rear-Admiral Andrew Long, who has been in command of division four of the Atlantic fleet, has been appointed director of naval intelligence, succeeding Rear-Admiral Albert C. Niblack, recently assigned as naval attache at London.

General Wrangel's latest cavalry drive against the bolshevik in south Russia has won him valuable strategic positions on the railway. More than 2000 prisoners and quantities of supplies were taken, it is reported in advices from the Crimea.

The general assembly of Connecticut Tuesday afternoon ratified the nineteenth amendment in accord with a message of Governor Holcomb to the second special session in a week. The vote in the senate was 25 to 0. The vote in the house was almost unanimous.

Extraordinary rumors are in circulation throughout Lanarkshire to the effect that the leaders of the Scottish communist movement have planned a sensational coup to be sprung at Blantyre, eight miles southeast of Glasgow, says a dispatch to the Westminster Gazette from Hamilton, Scotland.

Theodore Schudde, a German, arrested in San Francisco several weeks ago, pleaded guilty in Chicago Tuesday to obtaining \$1600 from the government under false pretenses while posing as Lieutenant Arthur Kincaid, an American army officer. He was sentenced to three years in Leavenworth prison.

Reports received in Philadelphia Tuesday by S. D. Warriner, head of the anthracite coal operators' wage scale committee, showed, it was announced, a general return to work of hard coal diggers. The men quit the mines because of dissatisfaction with the recent award of the anthracite coal commission.

The boys who in '61 answered the call of "Father Abraham" are in session in Indianapolis. The city and state were formally turned over to them by Mayor Charles W. Jewett and Governor James P. Goodrich at a semi-official meeting and reception marking the formal opening of the 1920 reunion of the G. A. R.

Chinese in the famine-ridden province of Shantung are poisoning entire families to avoid slow death by starvation, according to Tokio cable advices to the Nippon Jiji, Japanese language newspaper in Honolulu. T. H. A hundred million dollar fund is needed to save the people in the starvation districts, the advices added.

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Salem.—The Watson Bucket Plow company, with headquarters at Portland, has been incorporated by C. B. Hurt, Sam Hewey, William Watson, A. H. Hickman and C. L. Anderson. The capital stock is \$500,000.

Marshfield.—The Coos and Curry Airplane company has been organized on Coos Bay. The company will not operate until the spring of 1921, but in the meantime will complete plans and purchase planes necessary for conducting business.

Eugene.—Among the early-day exhibits at the Lane county fair last week was a drum that was made 61 years ago in Waupaca, Wis., and that still has one of the original heads. The drum was exhibited by F. H. West. It was made in 1859 by Mrs. West's father.

Hood River.—The upper valley will harvest a record potato crop of excellent quality this season, according to J. F. Thompson, grower of the district, here to make an exhibit at the county fair. Mr. Thompson estimates the total yield of 1920 at 100 carloads, an increase of 20 per cent over last season.

Salem.—The work of coding the laws of Oregon for the year 1920, as authorized under an act of the legislature of 1919, has been completed by Conrad Patrick Olson of Portland, code commissioner and former member of the Oregon supreme court, and will be ready for distribution within the next two months.

Boardman.—The United States reclamation service has begun the study of drainage problems in the vicinity of Boardman with a view to forestalling any damage to the lands of the west extension through lack of proper attention. Pipes are being sunk to locate to present water table, and a thorough investigation is to be made.

The Dalles.—In spite of the assumption that there are no peaches in Wasco county this year owing to the late freeze in the spring, E. R. Jackman, county agent, says that in the Pine Creek region, several miles from Dufer, the orchards were bearing full crops of splendid fruit and were apparently untouched by the late frost.

Bend.—That the forest fire in the yellow pine belt near Fox butte burned over 2500 acres and killed approximately 1,500,000 feet of high-grade timber, worth over \$70,000, was the statement of Forest Supervisor Plumb, who returned from the scene of the conflagration. A cruise will be made shortly to determine the exact amount of the loss.

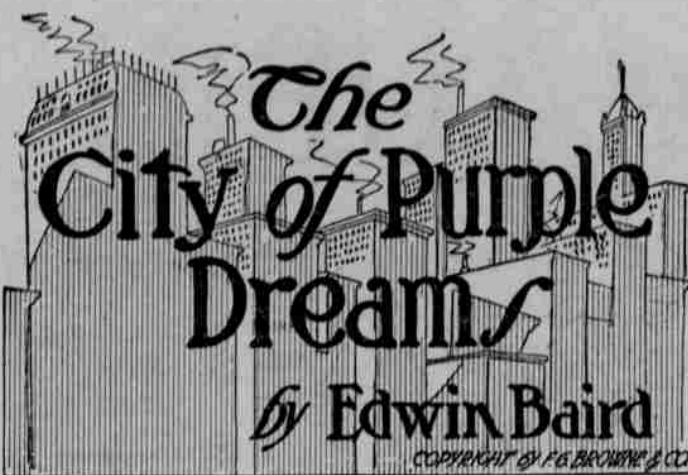
Bend.—Fire which started Saturday in the yellow pine forests of the Fox Butte country has spread rapidly and now includes at least 1500 acres of some of the best timber in central Oregon. The fire is the largest this season in the national forest. Two hundred and fifty acres was the biggest fire which forest employees have had to fight this year.

Portland.—George A. Bright, forest examiner, and F. W. Furst, forest assistant, have just returned from a cruising trip which covered over four months in the Oregon national forests. They cruised 20,000 acres in the Ochoco national forest and about 8000 acres on the Deschutes forest. They covered a total distance of 3000 miles in a forest service car.

Salem.—Thomas A. Hayes of Portland has filed with the secretary of state petitions of his candidacy for United States senator from Oregon at the general election to be held in November. Mr. Hayes will make the race under the independent banner, and will be opposed to Robert N. Stanfield, republican, and George E. Chamberlain, democrat. His petitions contain 4590 signatures.

Salem.—In Oregon counties where school boards pay their teachers in excess of \$100 a month little trouble is being encountered in obtaining efficient instructors, while in counties where the maximum monthly salary is less than \$100 the directors have been unable to supply the vacancies, according to a report prepared here by J. A. Churchill, state superintendent of schools, following a complete survey of school conditions in the state.

Ontario.—With record-breaking displays of all kinds and a generally higher grade of pure-bred stock in all classes, the 11th annual Malheur county fair open here last week. The weather was cold and threatened rain, but this did not reduce the attendance. Great interest has been manifested by the various communities of the county in the struggle for community honors for which total of \$500 in prizes will be awarded. The contest lies largely between Nyssa, Adrian, Dead Ox Flat and Cairo. One of the best exhibits was brought 80 miles by auto from Bonita, a hamlet in Cow valley.



CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

These were busy days for Fitzhugh, days filled with suspense and excitement and acute money fever. By the end of the year his entire capital was tied up in spring wheat, which was lurching and plunging like a sinking ship; and every downward swoop drove his fortune upward. Though Fitzhugh's money was all on paper he was growing rich with galloping leaps, and already he was planning a deal to follow that might send his fortune soaring toward the million mark.

It was in the beginning of March, while the Metropolitan Opera company was playing a two weeks' engagement at the Auditorium, that he received (through Artie) at his club an invitation to a box party given by Mrs. Otis.

"Well, well, tell us how you managed it."

"I told her," sputtered Artie, choking with mirth. "I told her I had a frightfully aristocratic fellow putting up at my place who was all the talk of Lunnon. Mondays and Wednesdays are her opera nights, don'tcher know, and she'd just been telling me that a chap who was to have rounded out her party tonight had fallen her at the last moment, and then I mentioned this frightfully aristocratic fellow, and I saw her prick up her ears, and before I left she told me to bring him along. She doesn't know, don'tcher know, it's you, and she'll be dreadfully—"

"Her daughter will be there?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. She was in the room at the time. She'll be dreadfully surprised, too."

"No doubt. Sparkie, you've got the brain of a Napoleon. Going home? Then I'll take you out in my car."

They left the Union league club together and entered Fitzhugh's new 90-horse power automobile glistening at the curb.

The perennial favorite, "La Boheme," was sung that evening. In spite of Mrs. Otis (who had borne Artie's "surprise" with commendable composure, sending only one terrifying glance at that rash joker), Fitzhugh contrived to sit near Kathleen, and by the time "Rodolfo" and "Mimi" had chorused "Amore" he was subtly making love to her, saying little by word of mouth but speaking volumes with eye and mien.

It was near the end of act two, and he did not know whether "Mimi" was making merry with the Bohemians in the Quartier Latin or dying of starvation in "Rodolfo's" attic, and he did not know whether Mrs. Otis was watching him or discussing with the lady next her a corset display in Michigan avenue, that his hand found Kathleen's and smothered it in a burning pressure.

"I have loved you," murmured he, very close to her ear, "for three years. Today, in fact, is the anniversary—the second of March. Three years ago today I found this"—from under his cuff he slipped a dainty handkerchief of exquisite lace and dropped it in her lap. "I loved its owner then. I love her now. I have always loved her. I always shall love her. Everything I have I owe to her."

She picked up the bit of lace, bent her eyes on it. The warm color had crept from her cheeks, leaving them, if he could have seen, as white as her arms and shoulders—an exquisite, fine-grained white as pure and as beautiful as the petals of a milk-white rose.

The act was nearing its close. The ocean of melody had touched high tide. "I am waiting for my answer," he whispered.

She made no sign that she heard.

"If there's any hope, if I've a ghost of a chance, smile when you look at me again. You needn't speak. Only smile."

Some friends of Mrs. Otis, making an entr'acte call, had peeped in her box to say "how do," and Mrs. Otis, dimpling and gracious and stout (and watching her daughter from the corner of one eye) stood gossiping with them a few moments in the corridor entrance.

As the lights came on Kathleen had leaned back in her chair, pressed her lovely shoulders against the cushions and breathed deeply. Now she very deliberately walked to the seat her mother had vacated, and, with her back partly toward Fitzhugh, she engaged herself in airy conversation with Artie Sparkie and the third man of the party, a middle-aged bachelor named Chickering. Not once had she glanced Fitzhugh's way. Not once did she notice his existence.

There is one thing at which even the most determined of lovers will stop, and that thing is indifference. Indifference raises a wall there is no scaling.

"Fool! . . . Fool that I was ever to imagine she cared! . . . A girl like her—what idiot!"

He determined that when the act ended he would excuse himself on

some pretext and rush into the streets, and walk and walk, as he had walked on this same night three years ago.

He did not look very far beyond that. Only he repeated to himself that for him everything was over. All his ambitions, all his dreams and aspirations had gone for naught. He thought of Esther.

But all at once he sat up very straight, and his deep-brooding melancholy slipped away from him. His sinewy fingers spread, then clenched quickly—his familiar battle sign. Was he, Daniel Randolph Fitzhugh, to be lashed into oblivion by a girl's indifference?

He was not aware act three had closed until the roar of hand-clapping apprised him of it. Automatically he joined in. As the lights came on he heard Artie's voice:

"I say, Miss Otis, won't you come for a stroll in the corridor? It's frightfully warm here."

"I really prefer staying here, thank you, Mr. Sparkie, but you go."

When he knew Artie had gone Fitzhugh walked over to say goodbye.

But as he drew near she rose hurriedly and hastened toward the curtains at the rear of the box, leaving him with her mother, who, with her lorgnette to her eyes, was placidly and studiously ignoring him. Kathleen vanished into the corridor, and, turning, drew the curtains together so that her face and neck and shoulders were framed in the aperture. And for a long moment her soft pensive eyes gazed into his leaping black ones.

And the smile on her lips was heavenly. And the light in her eyes, afraid yet glad, spoke with an eloquent tongue.

Then the curtains fell together, and he was alone with Mrs. Otis.

CHAPTER X.

The following October Fitzhugh bought a seat on the Board of Trade. His Golden Goddess, Luck, ever beamed upon him, and this, no less than his breadth of grasp on the market, and all its wealth of tentacles, swelled his fortune with tremendous booms. His speculations in May and



"I Have Loved You," murmured he, very close to her ear.

July wheat had alone netted him two hundred thousand dollars. Winter wheat had increased his capital by two more similar notches. It was now well past seven hundred thousand dollars, and was rushing on toward the million mark.

All this within four years! Yet whenever he caught himself being awed by the magic he had wrought he would quell his rising ego by severe self-admonition: "Don't get too confident. Remember it's all gambling. Once your luck changes it will go as fast as it came—maybe faster. You're liable to lose the whole pile in one swoop."

Esther and the thought of her gave him bad moments. Directly she left the hospital she had come again to him, and he had been forced to the ignominy of lying to placate her. This angered him. Soon afterward she had gone to Paterson, N. J., where from time to time he heard from her. He tried repeatedly to give her money, but always unsuccessfully. She repulsed every effort he made. Her unspoken reproach, her silent refusal of his checks, for she returned them without a word, worried him more than anything else she could have done.

What Fitzhugh could not understand was Otis's unrelenting bitterness. He never planned a venture, never made a move, but some hidden hand was against it. He was not slow to discover whose hand it was. Nor was he long in discerning that its owner had nothing save enmity for him. Since Kathleen's return from abroad he had taken eager advantage of every op-

portunity to be with her. And here, too, he had encountered that same opposing force. At first he never suspected Otis. He had thought Otis a man who disdained society as a frivolity only for women to amuse themselves with. He was soon to learn, however, that it is often those who leer the loudest at smart society who secretly revere it most. Hypocritically a snob, the flinty old capitalist was as well versed in all those little tricks and artifices and petty subterfuges of socially disparaging a person as the most sophisticated dowager.

Fitzhugh's perplexity became a torment. One evening (it was at a charity ball) he reminded Kathleen of the "La Boheme" evening one year before.

"I shouldn't bring it up," he ended, "only this is our anniversary," and anniversaries are always the time for recalling things."

She lowered her eyes to the cluster of violets on her corsage. They were his violets. He had long ago learned her passion for the flower and seldom the day passed but he showered her with them.

"You do care a little? Don't you—Kathleen?"

"I—you know I like you."

He said tensely: "I don't want you to like me."

"I want you to love me. You know I love you. Can't you—don't you love me, Kathleen?"

The violin sobbed with its delicious melody. She began toying with the violets. Her fingers were unsteady. The violets fell to the floor.

"Don't you?" he insisted, as he recovered and returned them.

"Don't I what?"—planning the flowers to her corsage.

"Love me."

Having finally arranged the bouquet and stilled her trembling fingers, she permitted her arms to rest beside her on the chair. Instantly she felt his hand close upon hers. The sobbing of the violin increased. It was some wild thing of Mozart's.

"Kathleen! Kathleen!"

She was overpoweringly conscious of his nearness. The flesh of his hand seemed to burn into hers. Every nerve in her body throbbled to its pressure. All the restraint of years of breeding and tradition, which thus far had held her back, were now snapping asunder; and she felt herself being swept on toward that which she feared yet longed to attain. She could no longer resist. She gave herself utterly to the half-frightened deliciousness of surrender.

"Ah . . . I love you. . . . I do love you . . ."

They were snugly ensconced behind the shielding palm. The violinist was in a poetic frenzy. The attention of all was held by him. Nobody saw them. The shadows of the March afternoon were thickening, and the room was in semi-darkness.

After a while he spoke, very softly.

"So we are engaged," he said, and in spite of him his voice trembled.

"Yes," she murmured, unclosing her eyes. Still leaning against him, she asked wistfully: "And are you very, very happy?"

He held her close.

"I never dreamed," said he, "that any man could be so divinely happy. Least of all myself."

Presently she sat up, with a start, and removed his encircling arm.

"You must remember," she said hastily, "it is only between ourselves. We mustn't announce it yet."

He detected a strange note in her voice.

"I understand," he answered quietly.

"You see, if I promise to marry you—"

"If you promise?"

"I mean when we announce our engagement. I shall have to oppose father and mother. I've never breathed a word to them, you know. When I found you had said nothing to mother that night I—I thought it best, all round, to wait a little while. So I've never spoken. But now . . . I shall have to fight for you. I shall have to defend you. You must help me all you can, and always remember if I seem severe or exacting it is because I care for you so."

"Once," he mused, looking down at her with the unutterable joy of possession, "you spoke rather strongly of my egotism. I think, sometimes, I have a right to be egotistical."

"Indeed, you have!" she exclaimed, purposely misunderstanding him.

"Your success is the most wonderful thing in the world."

"I didn't mean exactly that," he smiled. "But go on: tell me I've accomplished wonders."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Simple Cure for Hiccoughs.

This is the method of treating obstinate hiccough that Dr. D. Francisco Vanegas employs. He describes it in the Revista de Medicina Cirurgia Practica (Madrid). The patient lies down and draws up his knees until his thighs are pressed tightly to his abdomen, the lower part of the legs being pressed against the thighs by bending the knees. The position is held for several minutes. The effect of this is to press the abdominal organs up against the diaphragm and to sustain the pressure until the diaphragm ceases its spasmodic contractions.

Green is Nature's Color.

Green is a restful color. Oculists say that of all colors green is the most friendly to the optic nerve. In lands where eternal snows or eternal white sands flash up their glaring reflections, men have to shade their eyes or go blind. But green grass never bothers the eye. One can stare a forest in the face all day with impunity. Nature's greens never get on our nerves.

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Conclusion.

Another reason why it would be impracticable for a man to carry a fur muff is because he would soon ruin it by wiping his mouth on it.—Arkansas Thomas Cat.

And the Audience Smiled.

A well-known statistician was giving some statements about a certain industry at a public dinner. "These are not my figures, ladies and gentlemen," he said. "They are the figures of a man who knows what he is talking about."

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Will To Do Is Imperative.

Thoughts of doubt and fear never accomplished anything, and never can. They always lead to failure. Purpose, energy, power to do and all strong thoughts cease when doubt and fear creep in. The will to do springs from the knowledge that we can do.—Allen.

Felony and Citizenship.

If a person who has lost his citizenship as a result of conviction for a felony receives a pardon from the governor of the state or the president of the United States, his citizenship may be restored and he is again eligible for office; otherwise he is ineligible.

Rowing in Top Hats.

Oarsmen in the early days of the Oxford-Cambridge boat races wore top hats.

Silly Beliefs.

There are still some places where people believe a felon on the finger is caused by having pointed the finger at the moon, and that some headaches are caused by having one's hair cut while the moon is crescent.

Well Expressed.

A teacher of English in one of our colleges describes a money lender as follows: "He serves you in the present tense, lends in the conditional mood, keeps you in the subjective and ruins you in the future."

Those Good Old Times.

The literature of the ancients, written in mud, had to be backed well before given circulation. Some of the authors probably had to get stewed before they could do their work effectively.—Nashville Banner.

The first fire engine in America was presented to the town of Shelburne, Nova Scotia, by King George III in 1774.