

HARDING CHOOSES HIS CABINET

List Is Complete, Barring Last-Minute Changes—
Selection of Denby Big Surprise.

St. Augustine, Fla.—President-elect Harding has reached a tentative decision on every place in his cabinet, and unless there are last-minute changes it will be composed of these men:

Secretary of state, Charles Evans Hughes of New York, ex-governor, justice of the supreme court, and republican nominee for the presidency.
Secretary of the treasury, Andrew W. Mellon of Pennsylvania, banker and financier, member of a family reputed to be among the wealthiest in this country.
Secretary of war, John W. Weeks of Massachusetts, ex-senator, and in 1916 a candidate for the presidential nomination.
Attorney-general, Harry M. Daugherty of Ohio, who managed Mr. Harding's pre-convention campaign.
Postmaster-general, Wiji H. Hays of Indiana, chairman of the republican national committee.
Secretary of the navy, Edwin Denby

were understood to have come to a decision within 24 hours.

In regard to none of these has there been an exchange of formal invitation and acceptance, but in every case the selections are expected by Mr. Harding's associates to stand.

Assignment of the navy portfolio to Mr. Denby, who is a Detroit lawyer, furnished the first real surprise, for his name had not been mentioned publicly in connection with the place until Monday.

It was understood that from the first he had been under consideration, however, and was held in reserve for just such a contingency as Mr. Harding faced last week when ex-Governor Lowden of Illinois declined to be considered.

It was expected that before the president-elect makes a formal tender to Mr. Denby he will call him into consultation and go over the naval problems with him.

Mr. Hoover's name had been one of the storm centers of the cabinet

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Albany.—Clifford McKinney, 17, was killed instantly just before noon last Thursday when he was struck on the head by a falling tree near his home, near Shelburne.

Bend.—Average cost of instruction of one pupil for one year in the Bend schools is \$97, the city school superintendent announced in his semi-annual report just issued.

Rainier.—The city council and property owners have decided to pave Water street, the main business street. County Surveyor Van Orshoven has completed the survey.

Rainier.—Farm bureau representatives from all parts of the state have been at work the last week obtaining members among the farmers of Columbia county. A total of 456 was signed.

Bend.—Corn intended for the manufacture of liquor, seized by state and county officials, was sold by the sheriff's office and the purchase price turned over to the Red Cross for charitable work.

Hood River.—The Apple Growers' association is co-operating with M. D. Armstrong, newly appointed county fruit inspector, who has police powers for the enforcement of spray programs in the fruit sections.

Pendleton.—The Smyth-Lonergan company plant, comprising an ice plant, ice cream factory, creamery and cold storage facilities, was destroyed by fire here Friday morning, at a loss estimated at \$75,000.

Ashland.—The body of William H. Leeds, 65 years old, who died here Friday morning, will be sent to California for cremation. Mr. Leeds came to Ashland from Pennsylvania in 1879. Elected state printer in 1892, he served eight years.

Eugene.—Oregon products are gradually gaining a foothold in California, according to J. O. Holt, manager of the Eugene Fruitgrowers' association and sales manager of the Oregon Co-operative Growers, who has just returned from a business trip to that state.

Hood River.—An interesting feature developed by the investigation of a committee of the apple growers' association, members of which have been gathering data on co-operative cider and vinegar plants, was that the pomace, usually wasted at northwestern cider mills, is valuable as a cow feed.

Toledo.—One hundred farmers from practically every section of Lincoln county and representing especially the dairy, wool and mohair industries adopted a resolution favoring passage of senate bill No. 284, legalizing co-operative associations. The farmers were attending the Lincoln "Enthusiasm" conference.

Eugene.—The wool and mohair growers of Lane county met at the chamber of commerce in this city Monday afternoon to organize a co-operative association. The plan of organizing included employment of a specialist whose business will be to supervise the assembling and grading of wool and mohair.

Hood River.—Only 40 carloads of apples remain here unsold, according to C. W. McCullagh, sales manager of the Apple Growers' association. The co-operative sales agency, holding practically all of the storage stocks remaining here, still has in its possession 136,272 boxes of the total crop of 942,987 delivered last fall.

Eugene.—The amount of taxes to be collected in Lane county this year is \$1,474,625.58, according to the certificate of the tax roll filed by Herbert Walker, assessor, in the office of County Clerk Bryson last week. Collections will start on March 1. Taxes in Eugene will be approximately 20 per cent higher this year than last.

Klamath Falls.—The Klamath Sportsman's association, fearing that the county's game and fish will be so depleted that this section will cease to be a sportsman's paradise unless immediate action is taken, at its meeting Friday night took the first step in a campaign to preserve and protect game of every sort in this county.

The Dalles.—After a winter of inaction, work upon the Columbia river highway between The Dalles and Mosier was resumed the first of this week. Division Engineer Scott announced. With favorable weather conditions, the road will be completed with a fine graveled surface and opened for traffic by April 1, in the opinion of Mr. Scott.

Vale.—At the suggestion of R. H. Baldock, divisional engineer for the state highway commission, the county court of Malheur county will ask the highway commission to improve the road from Vale to Ontario, which is part of both the John Day and Central Oregon highways, two state roads, and as an inducement will appropriate \$10,000 from the county emergency fund to assist in the improvement.

By
**ROBERT J. C.
STEAD**
Author of "The Cow
Puncher," Etc.

The Homesteader

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HOME, SWEET HOME.

"And we shall build our own home, and live our own lives, and love each other—always, only—for ever and ever?" she breathed.

"For ever and ever," he answered.

"Because it would seem like trying to prove you are innocent. And you don't need to prove anything to me. You understand? You don't need to prove anything to me."

And then, between the iron rods across the open window of the jail, his lips met hers.

In the foregoing the first love words are those of John Harris and Mary Allan when they plighted their troth and resolved to homestead in Manitoba. In the next love scene the second generation is making its vows. It is Beulah Harris and Jim Travers who have sealed their pact with a kiss. And in between there is a like-real-life story of the homesteading of John and Mary Harris, well told by Robert J. C. Stead, novelist, poet and Canadian official, author of "The Cowpunchers" and "Kitchener and Other Poems."

PRELUDE.

Six little slates clattered into place, and six little figures stood erect between their benches.

"Right! Turn!" said the master. March! School is dismissed; and six pairs of bare little legs twinkled long the aisle, across the well-worn hreshold, down the big stone step, and into the dusty road, warm with the rays of the Indian summer sun.

The master watched them from the pen window until they vanished behind a ridge of beech trees that cut his vision from the concession. While they remained within sight a smile played upon the features of his strong, sun-burned face, but as the last little cascade dress was swallowed by the wood he smiled died down, and for a moment he stood, a grave and thoughtful statue framed within the white pine sashings of the sash.

His brown study lasted only a moment. With a quick movement he walked to the blackboard, caught up a section of sheepskin, and began erasing the symbols of the day's instructions.

"Well, I suppose there's reward in heaven," he said to himself, as he set the little schoolroom in order. "There isn't much here. The farmers will pay a man more to doctor their sick sheep than to teach their children. If others can take the chance I can take it too. If it were not for her I would go tomorrow."

The last remark seemed to unlink a new chain of thought. The gray eyes lit up again. He wielded the broom briskly for a minute, then tossed it in a corner, fastened the windows, slipped a little folder into his pocket, locked the door behind him and swung in a rapid stride down a path leading from the little schoolhouse into the forest.

Ten minutes' quick walking in the woods, now glorious in all their autumn splendor, brought him to a point where the sky stood up, pale blue, vast, through the trees. The next moment he was at the water's edge, and a limpid lake stretched away to where the forests of the farther shore ginkled hazily with sky and water. He glanced about, as though expecting someone; he whistled a line of a popular song, but the only reply was from a saucy eavesdropper which, perched on a near-by limb, trilled back its own liquid notes in answer.

"I may as well improve the moments consulting my chart," he remarked to his undulating image in the water. "This thing of embarking on two new seas at once calls for skillful plotting." He sent himself on a stone, drew from his pocket the folder, and spread a map before him.

In a few moments he was so engrossed that he did not hear the almost noiseless motion of a canoe as it thrust its brown nose into the blue wedge before him. Kneeling near its stern, her paddle held aloft and dripping, her brown arms and browner hair glistening in the mellow sun, her face bright with the light of its own expectancy, was a lithe and beautiful girl. In an instant her eye located the young man on the bank, and her lips molded as though to speak; but when she saw how unobserved she was she remained silent and upright as an Indian while the canoe slipped gently toward the shore. Presently it cushioned its nose in the velvet sand. She rose silently from her seat, and stole on moccasined flip-toes along the stones until she could have touched his hair with her fingers. But her eyes fell over his shoulder on the papers before him.

"Always at your studies," she cried,

as he sprang eagerly to his feet. "You must be seeking a professorship." She stole the map from his fingers.

"I declare, if it isn't Manitoba!" Seizing his cheeks between her hands she turned his face to her. "Answer me, John Harris. You are not thinking of going to Manitoba?"

"Suppose I say I am?"

"Then I am going, too!"

"Mary!"

"John! Nothing unusual about a wife going with her husband, is there?"

"No, of course, but you know—"

"Yes, I know"—glancing at the ring on her finger. "This still stands at par, doesn't it?"

"Yes, dear," he answered, raising the ring to his lips. "You know it does. But to venture into that wilderness means—you see, it means so much more to a woman than to a man."

"Not so much as staying at home—alone. You didn't really think I would do that?"

"No, not exactly that. Let us sit down and I will tell you what I thought. Here, let me get the cushion. . . . There, that is better."

They sat for some minutes, gazing dreamily across the broad sheet of silver.

"And so you are going to Manitoba?" she said at length.

"Yes. There are possibilities there. It's a gamble, and that is why I didn't want to share it with you—at first. I thought I would spend a year; locate a homestead; get some kind of a house built; perhaps break some land. Then I would come back."

"And you weren't going to give me a word in all those preparations for our future? You have a lot to learn yet, John. You won't find it in that folder, either."

She had snatched his confession at an unguarded moment. He had not meant to tell her so much—so soon. As he thought over the wheels he had

Since the face and form of Mary Allan had first enraptured him in his little backwoods school district, a vast ambition had possessed his soul, and today, which had seemed to be its end, he now knew to be but its beginning. The ready consent of his betrothed to share his life in the unknown wilderness between the Red river and the Rocky mountains had been a tide which, taken at its flood, might well lead him on to fortune. At the conclusion of his fall term he had resigned his position as teacher, and with his small savings had set about accumulating equipment essential to the homesteader. Because his effects were not enough to fill a car he had "doubled up" with Tom Morrison, a fine farmer whose worldly success had been somewhat less than his deserts, and who bravely hoped to mend his broken fortunes where land might be had for the taking.

So John Harris and his bride took the passenger train from her city home, while their goods and chattels, save for their personal baggage, rumbled on in a box-car or crowded stolidly into congested side-tracks as the exigencies of traffic required.

At a junction point they were transferred from the regular passenger service to an immigrant train.

One or two of the passengers had already made the trip to Manitoba, and were now on the Journey a second time, accompanied by their wives and families. These men were soon noted as individuals of some moment; they became the center of little knots of conversation, and their fellow-immigrants hung in reverent attention upon every word from their lips.

"Tell us about the crops," said one of the men passengers. "What like wheat can ye grow?"

"Like corn," said the narrator, with great deliberation. "Heads like ears of corn. Wheat that grows so fast ye can hear it. Nothin' uncommon to walk into wheat fields when they's knee-high, an' have to fight yer way out like a jungle."

"Is the Indians werry big?" piped a little voice. "My pa's go'n' to make me a bone-arrow so I can kill 'em all up."

"That's a brave soldier," said the man, drawing the child to his knee. "But Ah know a better way to fight Indians than with bows an' arrows. Ah fights 'em with flour an' blankets an' badger-meat, an' it's a long way better."

The child climbed up on the friendly knee and interested himself in the great silver watch-chain that looped convenient to his fingers. "Go on wif your story, man," he said. "Ts listen-in."

And big Aleck McCrue forgot the immigrants crowded around, forgot the lurch of the train and the window-glimpse of forests heavy-blanketed with snow, as he plowed his fertile imagination and spread a sudden harvest of wonderment before the little soul that clung to his great watch-chain.

And so the Journey wore on. As day succeeded day the monotonous rumble of the car wheels the immigrants became better acquainted and friendships took root that in after years were to brave every storm of adversity and bloom forth in the splendid community of spirit and sacrifice which particularly distinguished the pioneers.

In the cold gray of a March morning, when the sun had not yet dispelled the mists of night, and the fringing woods back from the Red river loomed white and spectral through the frost, they re-entered the empire, and in a few minutes were detouring at Emerson, the boundary town and gateway to the prairies which for 1,000 miles stretched into the mysteries of the unknown.

Emerson was the gateway of the great invasion. The "farthest west" of rail communication, on the threshold of the prairie country, it seemed the strategical point for the great city which must arise with the settlement and development of the fertile kingdom of territory lying between the Lake of the Woods and the Rocky mountains, and between the forty-ninth parallel and the unknown northern limit of agriculture.

"A party for the front."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

No Statue of Georgian. The secretary of the statutory hall in the capitol says that there is no representative of Georgia in the Hall of Fame. Each state may contribute two statues of deceased citizens of the state, who "for historical renown or for civil or military services" are considered by the state as worthy of such commemoration.

To Restore Perfume of Flowers. It is stated that the perfume of flowers disappears as soon as the starch in the petals is exhausted. It may, it is said, be restored by placing the flower in a solution of sugar, when the formation of starch and the emission of fragrance will be at once resumed.



of Michigan, ex-member of congress, who served as an enlisted man in both the navy and marine corps.
Secretary of the interior, Albert A. Fall of New Mexico, now a senator.
Secretary of agriculture, Henry Wallace of Iowa, editor of farm publications.
Secretary of commerce, Herbert Hoover of California, ex-food administrator and leader in various movements for European relief.
Secretary of labor, James J. Davis of Pennsylvania and Illinois, union ex-steel worker, who has become the highest official in the Moose fraternity.

list, many republicans urging his appointment as secretary of state, interior, commerce or labor, and many opposing it because of his stand in favor of the league of nations. He was the first national figure with whom Mr. Harding conferred after his return to Washington from the Chicago convention last year and later Mr. Hoover went to Marion among the first "best minds" to be called into consultations.

Should he refuse a place, he may be asked to head a commission of reorganization of the executive departments of the government.

Mr. Harding let it be known that he expects to leave subordinate appointments in the executive departments to the cabinet members.

Wilson Says Peace Will Be Life Work

Washington, D. C.—President Wilson Tuesday expressed the determination to devote himself on retirement to private life to a continuation of his efforts toward world peace. He made his first public utterance since the election in receiving a delegation from the Woodrow Wilson club of Harvard university.

After their visit the delegates stated they were "deeply impressed with the great heart of the president and deeply touched by the president's faith in the ultimate accomplishment of his efforts towards peace and by the almost brilliant good humor with which he is leaving the White House."

He received the group in the company of Mrs. Wilson in his study. He said he would leave to historians the task of interpreting the events of the Paris peace conference.

If he ever devoted himself again to writing, he declared, it would be along impersonal lines.

Robert C. Stuart Jr., who headed the delegation, told the president that the club he represented wished upon the anniversary of the birth of Washington to extend their greeting to "you, the great American of our generation," and that inspired by Wilsonian ideals, the club purposed to perpetuate the ideals to which the president had given concrete expression.

Denby Ex-Buck Private.

Paris Island, S. C.—Edwin Denby, secretary of the navy to be, is remembered here as Private Denby, just plain "buck private" of marines, although later as Lieutenant Denby, morale officer, who pounded ideas of patriotism into the heads of thousands of rookies.

And Private Denby, despite bandicaps of age and weight, stood up staunchly under the regular "boot" training designed to harden up the youngsters.

Inaugural to Be Loud.

Washington, D. C.—For the first time, weather permitting, an inaugural address is to be heard March 4 by as many people as may pack themselves on the plaza fronting the capitol. President Harding's first formal statement will be carried throughout the throng by means of amplifiers.

A rowful of machinery has been installed beneath the capitol steps to catch and repeat every syllable uttered.