

# PEACE RESOLUTION TO BE AMONG FIRST

## Proponents Firm in Determination to Call Matter Up.

# HARDING IS SILENT

## President Holds Important Conferences, Probably Concerning Foreign Relations.

Washington, D. C.—Senate proponents of an immediate peace with Germany by congressional resolution are understood to be standing firmly by their intention to present such a resolution promptly on the convening of the extra session of congress.

This information was obtained Saturday after a day of White House conferences, at which the advisability of a congressional declaration of peace, together with other questions involved were understood to have been discussed.

Whether the intention of peace-by-resolution senators has been approved by President Harding and whether it has the support of senators generally, were matters on which no information was available.

The conferences were generally considered in the bearing on international affairs as probably as the most important that President Harding has held since his inauguration.

Senator Knox, ex-secretary of state and author of the republican peace resolution; Colonel George Harvey of New York selected as ambassador to Great Britain; Myron T. Herrick of Ohio, understood to be under consideration for ambassador to France, and Stephane Lauzanne, French journalist, who came to American with ex-Premier Viviani, were among those whom the president saw.

By inference the day's developments were coupled with the visit of M. Viviani. Gossip about his mission persistently has suggested that he is supposed to persuade the administration not to push its peace declaration, but rather to consider on what basis it might accept the Versailles treaty.

Senator Knox and the president spent more than two hours together. The senator's visit started a new outcropping of speculation about the fate of the peace resolution.

The impression given was that a definite policy was yet to be framed.

### Mild Winter Aids Crops.

Washington, D. C.—The condition of cereal crops in the northern hemisphere were described as "generally favorable" by the department of agriculture's bureau of crops Saturday in a summary of foreign crop prospects. The mild winter in almost all the reporting countries was held to have been an important factor in the crop situation. The bureau said that nothing reliable had come through as to Russian crops.

Due to mild weather, seeding was reported to have started in Saskatchewan and Alberta, Canada, a month earlier than usual. Winter rains improved the autumn-sown cereals in France. Spring cultivation was reported unusually advanced in the United Kingdom. Crops in Finland were said to be in a "promising condition" and in Belgium late wheat was reported somewhat irregular.

The Italian crops were reported as making normal progress and the wheat area in Roumania was estimated at 5.3 per cent over last year.

Fair and mild weather in Germany was declared to have been favorable to the cereal crops.

The total wheat acreage in India was estimated at 23,352,000 acres.

From the southern hemisphere, Argentine reported a continuation of favorable climatic conditions. Excessive rains were reported from Australia, but the latest figures indicated the output of wheat would reach 147,000,000 bushels.

The bureau noted an effort to encourage production of hemp in western Canada.

### Ireland's Week Bad One.

Dublin.—Last week's casualties among crown forces again were heavy, says the official review, which places them at 46. Nineteen casualties were sustained by the police, five of them being men killed and 14 wounded. The military had 13 killed and 14 wounded.

Sinn Fein assassinations of civilians, the motive for which, according to the review, was friendly relations of the victims with the police and military, numbered nine.

London.—Ex-President Wilson, according to Reynold's newspaper, is expected here for a 10-day visit at the end of April. It says rooms for a party of eight have been reserved.

# JOHN BURROUGHS BURIED

## Great Naturalist Paid Last Tribute by Admiring Friends.

West Park, N. Y.—In a rustic house, the retreat of John Burroughs for nearly half a century, 150 representatives of the thousands of nature lovers who admired his outdoor life and writings, gathered Saturday at his funeral. The ceremonies were short, of great simplicity and reminiscent of the career of the great naturalist.

By train and by automobile the little groups arrived throughout the forenoon at Riverby, the naturalist's home, situated where the Shawangunk mountains meet the waters of the Hudson. Scientists and manufacturers of prominence mingled in sorrow with the neighborhood children. Publishers and horticulturists bowed with religious men from the holy cross monastery.

Among the mourners were Thomas A. Edison, Henry Ford and Harvey S. Firestone, who for several years have spent their vacations outdoors with Mr. Burroughs. Next to Mr. Edison stood an aged and gray-haired man who had pedaled his bicycle from Binghamton, more than 300 miles away. He was C. C. Branhall, an acquaintance of the naturalist since childhood.

The funeral service began with the soft violin strains of Pissuti's "Remembrance." The Lord's prayer was repeated and lines written by Earl Williams which Mr. Burroughs felt characteristic of his own self where read.

# 15,000 HOMELESS IN MANILA FIRE

Manila.—Fifteen thousand were rendered homeless here by a fire Friday night, the most destructive here in more than 20 years, which destroyed 3000 houses in the northern section of the city, a native quarter known as the San Lazaro district. Two bodies were found in the ruins.

Police roughly estimate the loss at \$3,000,000. The razed area consisted mostly of small native structures occupied as dwellings and stores. It extended over 30 acres.

American sailors from the flagship Huron of the Asiatic fleet and American soldiers from the Manila barracks were cheered by thousands as they marched into the burning district to assist in fighting the flames. They razed houses surrounding the burning area, making a fire break, which halted the progress of the fire.

### Railroads Pay Billions.

Washington, D. C.—Railroad wages for 1920 totaled \$3,733,816,186, the interstate commerce commission announced Saturday. Wages for the first quarter were \$795,616,330, for the second \$801,063,930, for the third \$1,052,109,451, and for the fourth \$982,606,789, with the back pay for May and June under the retroactive increase of July 29 amounting to approximately \$102,419,680 to be added in the total.

Reports of back pay, said the commission, are not complete and therefore the figures are somewhat below those to appear in the final annual report.

### London On Coal Ration.

London.—The board of trade issued orders Sunday rationing and reducing coal. Illuminated street signs are prohibited, the regulations being virtually identical with those of the 1919 strike.

Sunday was given up to meetings of miners, railway men and transport workers. These meetings were called to give directions for the triple alliance conference Wednesday. Judging by the resolutions adopted, a strong feeling prevails in favor of a strike of the railway men and transport workers to support the miners.

### 10,000 Idle in Portland.

Salem, Or.—There is more unemployment in Oregon at present than for four years past, according to a statement just issued by C. H. Gram, state labor commissioner. Mr. Gram said, however, that with the resumption of road work, farm operations and the opening of mills throughout the state, most of the idle labor would be absorbed early in the summer.

It was estimated that there are 10,000 unemployed men in Portland, not all of whom, however, are without funds.

### Pulp Wood Use Grows.

Washington, D. C.—A new record for consumption of pulp wood in California, Oregon, and Washington was made in 1920. The department of agriculture announced Monday that the amount consumed exceeded the highest record previously made by 23,000 cords, or 7.4 per cent. The 1920 production exceeded that of 1917 by 14 per cent. Hemlock pulp wood consumed last year led all other species combined by 72,000 cords.

# STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Bend.—Building costs in Bend have fallen 20 per cent in the last month, a survey of unit expenses just completed by the local contractors' association showed.

Salem.—After waiting for more than 23 years, O. P. Hoff, state treasurer, Saturday received a check in the sum of 3 cents, which he overpaid for Spanish-American war bonds issued in the year 1898. Mr. Hoff has framed the check, which will occupy a conspicuous place in his office.

Eugene.—Fire that broke out in R. H. Pierce's garage in this city at 4 o'clock Saturday morning destroyed the building, entailing a loss estimated at \$70,000. Most of the cars destroyed were in storage or in the garage for repairs and besides these Pierce lost 20 cars of his own, most of them old.

Salem.—The girls of the state accident commission have organized a baseball team, and will play a series of games with the girls of other departments of the state government during the coming summer. The girls are practicing nightly, and considerable rivalry is promised in the games to come.

Astoria.—The conditions in the logging industry are improving slightly, although the demand for logs is not yet brisk. The Niagara Logging company's camp in the Upper Naselle river district resumed operation last week and the crew began assembling at the Deep River Logging company's camp.

Salem.—Work of completing the paving between Salem and Dallas will be resumed in a few days, according to an announcement made by the state highway department. This work was tied up more than a year ago when the residents of Polk county engaged in a dispute over the route of the west side Pacific highway.

Bend.—Loading and skidding of logs at Shevlin-Hixson camp No. 1 began Monday. Two machines started loading and two skidding, which means the employment of more than 100 additional men. Fallers went to work a week ago at camp No. 1, but no work is being done as yet at camp No. 2, as snow still lies on the ground.

Salem.—Trips, which caused considerable damage to the prune crop of this vicinity a few years ago, have reappeared, according to a bulletin sent out by the Oregon Growers' Co-operative association. Orchardists have been asked to aid in stamping out this pest, with the co-operation of the Oregon Agricultural college and other agencies.

Salem.—Dr. W. H. Lytle, state veterinarian, has gone to eastern and central Oregon where he is making a study of conditions as they affect the livestock interests. In the absence of any forced liquidation, Dr. Lytle said the livestock men were in substantial financial condition, and that the losses would not be as heavy as originally anticipated.

Salem.—There were 401 accidents in Oregon industries in the week ending March 31, according to a report issued by the state accident commission. Of the total accidents reported 377 were subject to provisions of the compensation act, 21 were from firms and corporations that have rejected the law and three were from public utility corporations not subject to the provisions of the act.

Klamath Falls.—A voluntary reduction of freight rates affecting Klamath Falls, proposed in a brief filed by the Southern Pacific company with the interstate commerce commission on March 12, will average 13 per cent of the present rate, said M. A. Callaghan, chairman of the chamber of commerce traffic department, who is back from San Francisco, where he interviewed railway officials.

Salem.—Funds of a school district cannot be expended for the vaccination of children attending the schools of the district, according to a legal opinion given by L. H. Van Winkle, attorney-general. The opinion was sought by the school directors of Baker, who had refused to audit a bill presented by a physician of that city. This physician, it was said, was employed by the school board to vaccinate a number of children for a contagious disease.

Salem.—No person, regardless of his influence or standing, will be immune from prosecution for violation of the traffic laws, according to a statement issued here by T. A. Raffety, in charge of field agents for the automobile department. Mr. Raffety said that many complaints regarding careless driving had been filed in his office during the last few days and that he had been asked to make every effort to curb these violations. Additional traffic officers will be stationed on the main highways and all persons who exceed the speed limit or otherwise violate the traffic laws will be taken into custody and prosecuted, he said.



**The Homesteader**  
by Robert J. C. Stead  
Author of "The Cow Puncher," Etc.  
Illustrations by Irwin Myers  
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**"HUNGRY—HUNGRY."**

Synopsis.—Disatisfied because of the seemingly barren outlook of his position as a school teacher in a Canadian town, John Harris determines to leave it, take up land in Manitoba and become a "homesteader." Mary, the girl whom he loves, declares she will accompany him. They are married and set out for the unknown country. They select a homestead, build a home and begin their life work of making the prairie fertile farm land. Returning from selling his first crop, Harris finds his wife despondent almost to insanity from loneliness, and with the immediate expectation of becoming a mother. A son is born to them, to whom they give the name of Allan. The story now jumps forward twenty-five years. Harris is prosperous and all for getting rich. Mary is toll-worn and saddened over the change in her husband. Allan works with his father, Beulah, the pretty daughter, is rebellious at the shut-in farm life. Jim Travers is an unusual hired man.

**CHAPTER IV—Continued.**

"Jim," she said, after a while, when the noise of the milking was drowned in the creamy froth, "I'm getting near the end of this kind of thing. Father's getting more and more set on money all the time. He thinks I should save along too to pile up more beside what he's got already, but I'm not going to do it much longer. I'm not afraid of work, or hardship either. I'd live in a shack if I had to, I'd—"

"Would you live in a shack?" said Jim.

She shot a quick look at him. But he was quietly smiling into his milk pail, and she decided to treat his question impersonally.

"Yes, I'd live in a shack, too, if I had to. I put in my first years in a sodhouse, and there was more real happiness romping up and down the land than there is now. In those days everybody was so poor that money didn't count. . . . It's different now."

Jim did not pursue the subject, and the milking was completed in silence. Jim finished first, and presently the rising hum of the cream separator was heard from the kitchen.

"There he goes, winding his arm off—for me," said the girl, as she rose from the last cow. "Poor Jim—I wish I knew whether it's just human kindness makes him do it, or whether—" She stopped, coloring a little over the thought that had almost escaped into words.

When the heavy grind of the separating was finished Jim went quietly to his own room, but the girl put on a clean dress and walked out through the garden. At the lower gate she stooped to pick a flower, which she held for a moment to her face; then, toying lightly with it in her fingers, she slipped the latch and continued along the path leading down into the ravine. To the right lay the bench where the sodhouse had stood, not so much as a mound now marking the spot; but the thoughts of the girl turned yearningly to it, and to the days of the lonely but not unhappy childhood which it had sheltered.

Presently she reached the water, and her quick ear caught the sound of a muskrat slipping gently into the stream from the reeds on the opposite bank; she could see the widening wake where he plowed his swift way across the pond. Then her own figure stood up before her, graceful and lithe as the willows on the bank. She surveyed it a minute, then flicked the flower at her face in the water, and turned slowly homeward. She was not unhappy, but a dull sense of loss oppressed her—a sense that the world was very rich and very beautiful, and that she was feasting neither on its richness nor its beauty. There was a stirring of music and poetry in her soul, but neither music nor poetry found expression. And presently she discovered she was thinking about Jim Travers.

Her mother sat in the dining room, knitting by the light of the hanging lamp. Her face seemed very pale and lonely in the soft glow.

"Don't you think you have done enough?" said the girl, slipping into a sitting posture on the floor by her mother's knee. "You work, work, work, all the time. I suppose they'll have to let you work in heaven."

"We value our work more as we grow older," said the mother. . . . "It helps to keep us from thinking."

"There you go!" exclaimed the girl; but there was a tenderness in her voice. "Worrying again. I wish they'd stay home for a change."

The mother pried her needles in silence. "Slip away to bed, Beulah," she said at length. "I will wait up for a while."

Late in the night the girl heard heavy footsteps in the kitchen and bursts of loud but indistinct talking.



**"Say, Jim, Honestly, What Makes You Do It?"**

asked Beulah, as the two women bustled themselves with the morning work in the kitchen.

"Dear knows," said her mother, wearily. "I hope he doesn't take it in his head to go out there, too."

"Who, Dad? Oh, he wouldn't do that. His heart's quite wrapped up in the farm here. I wish he'd unwrap it a bit and let it peek out at times."

"I'm not so sure. I'm beginning to think it's the money that's in the farm your father's heart is set on. If the money was to be made somewhere else his heart would soon shift. Here I've slaved and saved until I'm an old woman, and what better are we for it? We've better things to eat and more things to wear and a bigger house to keep clean, and your father thinks we ought to be satisfied. But he isn't satisfied himself. He's slaving harder than ever, and now he's got this notion about going West. Oh, you'll see it will come to that. He knows our life isn't complete, and he thinks more money will complete it. All the experience of twenty years hasn't taught him any better."

Beulah stood aghast at this outburst, and when her mother paused and looked at her, and she saw the unbidden wells of water gathering in the tender eyes, the girl could no longer restrain herself. With a cry she flung her arms about her mother's neck, and for a few moments the two forgot their habitual restraint and were but naked souls mingling together.

**CHAPTER V.**

Notwithstanding Harris' late hours the household was early astir the following morning. At five o'clock Jim

"Your father is hungry," said the mother. "Hungry—hungry, and he thinks that more land, more money, more success, will fill him. And in the meantime he's forgetting the things that would satisfy—the love that was ours, the little devo—Oh, child, what am I saying? What an unfaithful creature I am? You must forget, Beulah, you must forget these words—words of shame they are!"

"The shame is his," declared the girl, defiantly, "and I won't stand this nonsense about homesteading again—I just won't stand it. If he says anything more about it I'll—I'll fly off, that's what I'll do. And I've a few remarks for him about Riles that won't keep much longer. The old badger—he's at the bottom of all this."

"You mustn't quarrel with your father, dearie, you mustn't do that."

"I'm not going to quarrel with him, but I'm going to say some things that need saying. And if it comes to a showdown, and he must go—well, he must, but you and I will stay with the old farm, won't we, mother?"

"There, there now," the mother said, gently stroking her daughter's hair. "Let us forget this, and remember how much we have to be thankful for. We have our health, and our home, and the bright sunshine, and—I declare," she interrupted, catching a glimpse of something through the window, "if the cows haven't broken from the lower pasture and are all through the outfield! You'll have to take Collie and get them back, somehow, or bring them up to the corral."

Pulling a sun-bonnet upon her head Beulah called the dog, which came leaping upon her with boisterous affection, and hurried down the path to the field where the cows stood almost lost in a jungle of green oats. She soon located the breach in the fence and, with the help of the dog, quickly turned the cows toward it. But alack! just as victory seemed assured a rabbit was frightened from its hiding-place in the green oats and sailed forth in graceful bounds across the pasture. The dog, of course, concluded that the capture of the rabbit was of much more vital importance to the Harris homestead than driving any number of stupid cattle, and darted across the field in pursuit, wasting his breath in sharp, eager yelps as he went. Whereupon the cows turned outward again, not boisterously nor insolently, but with a calm persistence that steadily wore out the girl's strength and patience. She was in no joyous mood at best, and the perverseness of things aggravated her beyond endurance. Her callings to the cattle became more and more tearful, and presently ended in a sob.

"There, now, Beulah, don't worry; we will have them in a minute," said a quiet voice, and looking about she found Jim almost at her elbow, his omnipresent smile playing gently about his white teeth. "I was down at the creek filling the tank, when I saw you had a little rebellion on your hands, and I thought re-enforcements might be in order."

"You might've hollered farther back," she said, half reproachfully, but there was a light of appreciation in her eye when she dared raise it toward him. "I'm afraid I was beginning to be very—foolish."

She tripped again on the treacherous buckwheat, but he held her arm in a strong grasp against which the weight of her slim figure seemed but as a feather blown against a wall. Then they set about their task, but the sober-eyed cows had no thought of being easily deprived of their feast, and it was some time before they were all turned back into the pasture and the fence temporarily repaired behind them.

"I can't thank you enough," Beulah was saying. "You just keep piling one kindness on top of another. Say, Jim, honest, what makes you do it?"

But at that moment the keen blast of an engine whistle came cutting through the air—a long clear note, followed by a series of toots in rapid succession.

"I guess they're running short of water," said Jim. "I must hustle." So saying he ran to the ford of the creek where the tank-wagon was still standing, and in a minute his strong frame was swaying back and forth to the rhythmic clanking of the pump.

Meanwhile other things were transpiring. Harris had returned from town the night before with the fixed intention of paying an early visit to the Farther West. He and Riles had spent more time than they should breathing the village air, while the latter drew a picture of rising color of the possibilities which the new lands afforded. Harris was not a man who abused himself with liquor, and Riles, too, rarely forgot that indulgence was expensive, and had to be paid for in cash. Moreover, Allan occasioned his father some uneasiness. He was young, and had not yet learned the self-control to be expected in later life. More than once of late Allan had crossed the boundary of moderation and John Harris was by no means indifferent to the welfare of his only son. Indeed, the bond between the two was so real and so intense that Harris had never been able to bring himself to contemplate their separation, and the boy had not even so much as thought of establishing a home of his own. The idea of homesteading together assured further years of close relationship between father and son, and the younger man fell in wholeheartedly with it.

But Jim smiled and said: "No accident at all. I have merely decided to go homesteading."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

After 30 you can't make anybody mad by not inviting him to a picnic.