

COOLIDGE AND DAWES CHOSEN

Republican National Convention Comes to End. Lowden Declines to Run.

Convention Hall, Cleveland, O. — President Coolidge was nominated Thursday by the republican national convention in a proceeding which was actually a ratification meeting.

Only dissenting votes from Wisconsin and North Dakota prevented the president's nomination by acclamation and making it unanimous.

Nominated by his personal friend, Dr. Marion Leroy Burton, president of the University of Michigan, the president received solid blocks of votes from all the states on the final rollcall except from those mentioned.

Before the first and only rollcall was half completed the story of his victory had been told, as state by state the votes of solid delegations from east, west, north and south were thrown to his support.

CALVIN COOLIDGE



Convention Hall, Cleveland, O. — Charles G. Dawes of Illinois, the "Hell-and-Maria" general, was nominated for the vice-presidency by the republican national convention Thursday night after it once had nominated Frank O.

Lowden, ex-governor of Illinois, and he had refused to accept the place. The convention was later adjourned.

President Coolidge's nomination was accomplished with only a ripple of dissent from Wisconsin and North Dakota, but the nomination of his running mate came only after the convention had once chosen Lowden and had been forced by his declination to choose another—the "Hell-and-Maria" general.

After a short race with Herbert Hoover, who came into the balloting after the declination of Lowden, Dawes galloped off with the nomination.

Motions to make it unanimous and by acclamation were disturbed only by the dissent from Wisconsin and North Dakota.

In a brief and spectacular fight in which William Butler, President Coolidge's campaign manager, had said to Senator Reed of Pennsylvania, "It



must be Hoover," and Senator Reed had replied, "I can't be done, it must be Dawes," the Dawes supporters, after the declination of ex-Governor Lowden of Illinois, marshaled their forces and put the general across for the nomination.

be given any theater showing American films and have warned "patriots," as the most active supporters of the boycott term themselves, not to use intimidation as a weapon for gaining the assent of the theater owners to plans to bar American pictures.

The leading Tokio theaters plan to continue using the American films.

Tax Refund to Be Prompt.

Washington, D. C.—Taxpayers who paid the full amount of their income tax on March 15 will not have to wait until December for the refund of one-fourth of the amount, as seemed likely as the result of the failure of the deficiency appropriation bill in the recent session of congress.

Director of the Budget Lord has approved an arrangement by which the treasury will pay the refund out of another appropriation. The deficiency bill carried an appropriation of \$16,140,000 for refunds to those who paid the entire amount of their tax on March 15 in advance of the action of congress in the new tax law granting a 25 per cent cut on taxes on incomes of 1923. Congress in the annual treasury department appropriation bill appropriated \$105,000,000 for tax refunds in connection with the settlement of disputed tax cases. Under the arrangement which has now been made the treasury will draw upon the \$105,000,000 fund in refunding amounts due to taxpayers who paid in full on March 15.

Two Bombs Shake City.

Harrisburg, Ill. — Two dynamite bombs exploded early Sunday, shaking the entire city, and causing the partial destruction of two houses and breaking the windows of several other adjacent homes. No persons were injured by the explosions.

The bombs were thought to have been sent by persons opposing recent liquor raids in Saline county, Ill.

Isabel, S. D. — A tornado which struck Glad valley, in Ziebach county, west of here, late Saturday, caused probably a score of injuries. Property damage may run over \$100,000, according to word received here today.

Johnson City, Tenn.—Twelve known dead, four seriously injured, more than a dozen houses, barns and mills demolished and thousands of acres of farm crops ruined, constitute the toll of the most disastrous cloudburst ever recalled in this section. It appeared to have its center near Hunter, on Little Stoney creek and Blue Springs creek, where a house, in which two families lived, went to pieces, taking nine lives.

St. Paul, Minn.—Magnus Johnson, Minnesota's "dirt farmer" senator, was nominated on the farmer-labor ticket by an overwhelming plurality in Monday's statewide primary, returns available at 10:30 P. M. showed. He defeated two opponents.

EXPECT VALUATION REPORTS

Commerce Body Likely to Act This Summer on Railroad Values.

Washington, D. C. — Valuation reports fixing the final values of important railway systems of the United States are expected to be issued by the interstate commerce commission this summer. The valuation work has progressed to the stage where a number of reports on large systems may be completed in the next few months.

The field work of the bureau of valuation, involving investigations made in the field by engineers, land appraisers and accountants, has been practically completed.

Records of the bureau of valuation show that the underlying reports which are made the basis for tentative final valuations have been completed as to approximately 95 per cent of the total steam railway mileage in the country.

Tentative valuation reports have been completed as to 22 per cent of the mileage.

Valuation of railroads began in 1913, when congress made an initial appropriation of \$100,000. In that year the commission had 31 employees in its bureau of valuation and expended \$19,372.91 for valuation work.

By 1915 the expenditures had increased to \$2,183,296, and the number of employees had increased to 1291. Expenditures and the number of employees increased until 1919, when expenditures totaled \$3,569,093 and the number of employees totaled 1530.

In 1920 expenditures decreased to \$2,989,021 and the number of employees dropped to 990. The following year the expenditures were \$2,733,000 and the number of employees 926. In 1922 expenditures further decreased to \$1,595,000 and the number of employees declined to 855. At present the bureau of valuation has approximately 250 employees and congress has authorized an appropriation of \$647,000 for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1925.

Valuation of the railroads was started in 1913 with the general expectation that it would be completed in about three years. The magnitude of the undertaking was not realized at that time. The work is now in its tenth year and it is estimated that two or three more years will elapse before final valuations have been made on all the railways of the country, although officials directly in charge of the work decline to give an estimate at this time as to just how much longer it will be before final valuation reports have been completed.

When the reports have been issued the final values found will have to be brought up to date, the final values being fixed as of June 30, 1915, 1916 or 1917.

Many of the final values fixed by the commission will be contested in the courts by the railroads and litigation will delay the final establishment of value as a basis for rate making.

Japanese Seek Entry.

Seattle, Wash. — Immigration inspectors examining 233 Japanese who arrived here Monday aboard the Admiral oriental liner President McKinley with passports from Japan, found scores who claimed long years of residence in this country could not speak a word of English, according to officers of the immigration station.

Advice received by the department in Seattle asserted that 2700 Japanese will seek entrance to the United States through this port before July 1, when the Japanese exclusion act becomes effective. Dozens of brides and bridegrooms were among the passengers.

Warship Hits; Floated.

Norfolk, Va.—The battleship West Virginia, which went aground soon after leaving Hampton roads for France Monday, was pulled off the mud bank, where she had held fast at high water and proceeded to Lynn Haven roads to anchor for minor repairs.

Mine sweepers and tugs pulled the ship free. Aboard were members of the navy contingent of the American Olympic team, whose departure has now been delayed through the cracking of a condenser head and the losing of a tower when the West Virginia struck in a dredge channel.

Stolen "Treasure" Lead.

Reno, Nev.—Six bars of bullion, stolen last Friday from a railroad at Gerlach, Washoe county, Nevada, and supposed to be worth \$6000, were really 97 per cent lead, according to a dispatch received from a special agent by Chief Kirkley of the Reno police. One man, under arrest here, confessed the theft of the "treasure" and it was being searched for in San Francisco, Sacramento and other places. The value of the bars is \$60.

Baby Drowns in Pail.

Albany, Or. — The nine-month-old baby of Mr. and Mrs. J. Fitzwater of Stayton was drowned Saturday afternoon when it fell into a pail of water setting on the porch.

Mrs. Fitzwater left the house to attend to some duties in the yard. The child crawled after her until it was attracted by the pail. The infant fell head first into the container and was dead when its mother returned to the house.



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THE RED LOCK

SYNOPSIS.—On the banks of the Wabash stand Textie Collin and Jack Warhope, young and very much in love. Textie is the only daughter of old Pap Simon, rich man and money-lender. Jack is the orphaned boy of Pap Simon, who had foreclosed a mortgage on the Warhope estate. At first Textie and Jack talk sadly of Ken Collin, the girl's missing brother. Then Jack says that in ten days his servitude will be over, that he will seek his fortune. Both know what that will mean to them. Textie and Jack talk of the red lock of "Red Collin," inherited by Ken. And Jack says he's coming back as soon as he finds gold in California. Then arrives the new preacher, Rev. Caleb Hopkins. Pap Simon introduces the villagers to the new preacher, who was a college mate of Ken.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

"Really, Miss-Collin, there is very little to tell. Your brother was the—ah—most puzzling psychological problem that I ever tried to solve. He could have been one of the most brilliant scholars the institution ever turned out. He literally drank up everything the college had to give, and that without apparent effort—as the desert drinks the dew. His penmanship; his drawing; his command of English—very remarkable. I was his roommate and classmate, and yet I never saw him apply himself seriously to study. I don't think he did. And that was probably his limitation—learning came too easy to him. It can, you know."

He stopped, as if he had no more to say; stared at his napkin and folded it with careful precision.

"The president's letter said that—"

The girl seemed unable to finish the question, but the preacher guessed what she wanted to know. He again fumbled his napkin, unfolded it, and looked around the table. It was an embarrassing moment.

"With all due respect to you, his family"—he glanced at Mrs. Curry and the woodsman—"and friends, though I would rather not speak of it at all, and should not do so, only that it is my duty as your minister to tell you the truth—Kenwood Collin was a very severe trial to the college authorities. His talent for learning was equaled only by his talent for mischief. Yet, wild as he was known to be, nobody thought that he would ever have forged his father's name. He was deeply in debt before his very clever forgeries were even suspected, much less detected.

"Then came his sensational killing of a gambler over a card game, and his subsequent escape somewhere into the great underworld of the city. Since that, nothing more seems to have been heard of him."

There was a moment's silence. The girl leaned forward; her lips apart; her eyes wide.

"Pore Ken—" she said softly. "He couldn't he'p bein' what 'e was. It was the—red lock."

The preacher raised his spectacled eyes up from his plate and stared at the girl curiously.

"Red lock—"

"Didn't you know 'e had it?"

The preacher looked his bewilderment.

"Then please, please, don't mention that you know it! Please, don't ever! I loved you knowed, bein' his roommate, or I wouldn't 'a' told. He was that 'shamed 'e had it, and always kep' it combed under so's it didn't show."

The banker had been staring at the tablecloth. He lifted his face.

"The 'curse of Collin,'" he commented thoughtfully. "He was a sea pirate in the days of Queen Elizabeth. 'Red Collin,' they called 'im. Looks like his blood would 'a' run out o' b' this time, but it hasn't. Every three 'r four generations it shows up, generally one child in a family with a lock o' hair as red as fire. Nobody would think a lock o' hair and a drop o' blood could set a child back hundreds o' generations 't what ol' 'Red Collin' must 'a' be'n, but it does."

"The minute I saw that red lock on Ken, I knowed 'e was doomed. I've licked 'im and reasoned with 'im and prayed over 'im—but I knowed all the time it wouldn't do no good. That's the main reason I sent 'im off 't the kind of a college I did—where there ain't nobody much but preachers 'a' runnin' it. He didn't like 't go 't that kind, but I hoped bein' 'trowed amongst men like that might head off what I knowed 'was 'im."

The preacher leaned back in his chair; dropped his hands in his lap.

"Permit me to say," he observed in his jerky fashion, "that was as grave a mistake as you could possibly have made."

"Mebbe so," the old man answered,

her hand to remain slightly longer than it had before, then she gently withdrew it.

"Miss-Textie—you will grant me the privilege of calling you by your first name, will you not?"

She did not answer.

"Your—brother, my—roommate, was very enthusiastic about his pretty sister. But even he did not do you justice. You are—"

He stopped abruptly, stared past her into the night, as if groping for words to clothe a thought unusual with him. The look of a tired student came slowly back to his face, and his shoulders dropped as if weary with bearing the burdens of others. Mumbling a further word or two, he turned from her, crossed the foot-log with mincing step, and passed on through the orchard toward the parsonage.

The girl walked back up the path and sat down on the porch step.

Words were never too plenty with the woodsman, even in his most fluent moments. He leaned against a post and looked down at her. She seemed busy with her thoughts. The silence was so deep that the clink of the dishes, as Mrs. Curry put them away, and the crinkle of the old banker's letters, as he sat reading them at the head of the dining-room table, carried to them out on the porch.

The man roused himself from the spell of the silence; stepped off the porch and sat down by the girl's side.

"What d' y'u think of him?" she asked.

It was characteristic of the woodsman that he should answer by another question.

"What d' you?"

The girl laughed—a contented little laugh like the lilt of the happy water at the bridge.

"Oh, I think he's—"

There came a groan from the dining-room, and the sound of a heavy fall. They sprang up and dashed into the house, just as Mrs. Curry ran in from the kitchen. The money-lender lay sprawled on the floor, in one hand an open letter, in the other an empty envelope.

The girl darted across the room and bent above the shrunken figure.

"Jack—! Jack—!"

"Textie, no, don't be flustered. It's just another one o' them faintin' spells. He'll be all right in a minute."

He raised the old man in his great arms and laid him on a sofa at the side of the room.

Mrs. Curry had hurried back to the kitchen for cold water and cloths, and Textie was urging Jack to run for the doctor, when the old banker opened his eyes.

"Doctor!"—he panted hard for breath. "Who wants a doctor? It's jist another one o' them fainty spells. Look there!"

He held up the letter. The girl glanced at it carelessly; then, with a quick exclamation, turned it toward the woodsman. And thus holding it between them they read it slowly, word by word.

"Somewhere in New York, May 2, 1849.

"Simon Collin, 'Buckeye, Ind.

"Sir:

"I caught a fellow with a card up his sleeve and called him. He beat me on the draw, and here I am. This girl here says I can't last till the ink's dry, and I'm not doubtin' her. She's always played square with me. I reckon you wouldn't allow her inside of your little old synagogue down there in the Flatwoods, but she'd be the whitest one there—except Sis.

"You've been one b—l of a father to me. I've heard you pray by the yard, and I've heard cussin' that was more religious. You starved mother's life out, and you're starvin' the life out of Sis, but you didn't starve my life out, d—n you. I've got a drop of ol' Red Collin in me—him that brought all this cussed red lock mess into the family. I've had my fling—and that's more than you can say, with all your money that you've wrung out of better men."

"I reckon I've got but a few minutes to live. I'd give half of them to see Sis. But if you'd come in right now, I'd try to get up and kick you out, I'm dyin' as ol' Red Collin died—with my boots on. I'm expecting to meet him and you both—in h—!"

"KEN CO—"

"P. S.—Mr. Collin is dead. He died before he could quite finish signing his name. You can see the blot where the pen fell. I am respecting his wishes and sending this letter without any street address, or other marks, whereby you might trace him. His confidence I shall never betray. I will only say that he shall have decent burial."

"THE GIRL."

"But ain't he some looker—Barrin' that killin' rig he's hobbed up in?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Strange Mongolian Whisky.

A kind of whisky known as sirik is distilled from mare's milk by the natives of Mongolia. This milk, which is thicker than cow's milk, has a sort of sour taste even when fresh. After being allowed to stand for several days it attains the consistency of buttermilk. Then it is put into a huge pot and covered with what looks like a barrel with both ends knocked out. The vessel is suspended in the middle of the barrel, a kettle of cold water is set on the top, and after a few minutes of boiling in this primitive still the milk is changed into pure spirit.

In funeral wealth, according to her area, Mexico is reputed to rank first in the whole world.