

# POPE PIUS X IS DEAD

## Pontiff's Demise Hastened By Grief Over Great War.

Rome—Pope Pius X died at 1:20 o'clock Thursday morning. He had been ill for several days, but alarming symptoms did not develop until Wednesday morning.

Throughout the day Drs. Marchisava and Amici devoted their utmost energies to stimulating their patient and keeping him alive. The cardinals were informed of the Pope's grave condition and some of them who entered the sick room describe the impressive scenes, especially when the pontiff, rousing himself from time to time, spoke.

"In ancient times the Pope by a word might have stayed the slaughter, but now he is impotent," he said once. Prayers were said by thousands and

the papal secretary, who take charge of affairs in such an emergency, were out of Rome, so little was the death of the Pope expected.

Outside the apostolic palace the scene was mournful.

The Giornale D'Italia, discussing the difficulties of holding a conclave for the election of a Pope while the world is at war, says that even if Italy were among the belligerents every facility would be given the sacred college to meet. It expressed the belief that a new Pope might be chosen from among the foreign cardinals, for instance, Cardinal William Van Rossum, of the archdiocese of Utrecht, the Netherlands, who would be representative of a neutral power.



POPE PIUS X.  
259th Incumbent of Papal See, Since Year 67, A. D.

the bells of the churches sounded when the sacrament was exposed upon all the altars. When the court learned of the Pope's condition there was the deepest concern. King Victor Emmanuel personally informed Queen Helena and the news was communicated to the Queen mother.

Extreme unction was administered by Monsignor Zampini, sacristan to His Holiness. The sisters of the Pope and his niece were overcome with grief. Cardinal Merry del Val knelt by the side of his bed, where other cardinals joined in, the members of the household intoning prayers.

The dying Pope, in a moment of lucidity, said:

"Now I begin to think as the end is approaching that the Almighty in his inexhaustible goodness wishes to spare me the horrors Europe is undergoing."

Wednesday was one of the most anxious days in the history of the papacy. The whole world knew that the Pope was indisposed, but it was supposed that he was suffering from his usual ailment, the gout. Up to noon even the members of the household were unaware of the seriousness of the developments. Almost without warning came the word that the Pontiff was at death's door.

All day his agony continued. At times he revived and was able to say a few words, but hope of saving him was finally abandoned. Several times throughout the city and at the palace the rumor spread that the end had come, only to be denied later.

In the presence of Cardinal Merry del Val, the papal secretary, and Cardinals Ferrata, Cagiano and Biletti, and the two sisters of the Pope, a bulletin on the condition of the Pontiff was posted early in the afternoon on the bronze door of the Vatican where the Swiss guards stood watch. A great crowd outside gazed with grief-stricken faces up at the Pope's chamber on the second floor.

Confusion reigned at the Vatican because those, with the exception of

### Early Career of Pope.

Giuseppe Melchiorre Sarto, known to the world as Pope Pius X., was elected to the Pontificate on August 4, 1903, since which time his administration of that exalted office has been confronted with some of the most momentous problems, religious and governmental, with which the Holy See has had to deal in recent times.

They have included, on the one hand, his determined attitude in maintaining the purity of Catholic faith, beginning with his syllabus condemning criticism of the holy scriptures and of the origin of Christianity, and later bringing forth the famous Encyclical "Pascendi" which expounds and condemns the system of modernism; and, on the other hand, the painful struggles which he had inherited with France over the separation of church and state, and later with Spain on similar issues, and more recently with Portugal as a result of the revolution which overthrew the monarchy.

Pope Pius was born on June 2, 1835, at Riese, in the Venetian provinces, the first child of Gian-Battista Sarto, a postman, and his wife Margherita. They were of the upper peasantry, if one may use the term, and besides the boy destined to be Pope there were seven children, a son and six daughters. The father's salary of 40 cents a day and the mother's modest earnings from making dresses afforded them only the necessities of life.

Giuseppe's early career was fortunately influenced by the village priest, who took a liking for the boy, taught him to read and write and drummed into the youthful head the rudiments of Latin. With this impetus Giuseppe at the age of 11 years entered the seminary at Castelfranco, not far from his birth place, and for four years every day, rain or shine, he tramped to school, usually barefooted, until he reached the outskirts of the village, where he would slip on his shoes to keep up appearances. Two pairs of shoes was his yearly allowance.

Pendleton to Get Another Park. Pendleton—Pendleton is to have another park. The latest addition is to be jointly constructed by the city and by the O. W. R. & N., and it is to face the depot. The present site is a triangular area, known for years as "Pendleton's Prairie." In windy weather it is cloudy in dust, and in wet weather it is ankle deep in mud. The Commercial association of this city has been trying to solve the problem, and now the railroad company offers to donate the land on condition that the city will care for it.

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Hood River Roads Asked. Hood River—Charles Steinhuser was elected president and J. R. Barroll secretary of the Upper Valley Good Roads association. The organization aims to obtain construction of one or two trunk lines from the lower orchard districts. The upper valley is divided into seven communities and one resident from each district has been appointed on a committee to circulate a petition asking for the employment of an engineer to select the most economical routes for the proposed highways.

Polk Court Term Is Over. Dallas—The August term of the Circuit court for Polk county has adjourned after one of the longest terms ever held in this county. An effort will be made at the next session of the legislature to get the terms of court changed so that court will not convene during August, when farmers are particularly busy with their crops.

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## This Salmon Season Is Best in Three Years

Astoria—Not since 1911 have the salmon fishing interests of the Columbia river had so successful a season as the one which will close next week. This is particularly true so far as the gillnetters and seiners on the lower river, the wheelmen and seiners on the upper river and the canners are concerned. The cold storage men, however, suffered a severe blow when the European war was declared, shutting off their principal market, and as a result the pack of that product, which promised to be exceptionally large, was curtailed. Strange to say, the catch by the traps was not so large as was to have been expected and that is the only class of gear that has not made a fairly good harvest.

Taken as a whole, the pack of spring salmon is approximately 40 per cent ahead of last year, the canned pack being fully 60 per cent better and pickled or cold storage output being 20 per cent less. The total canned pack for the season is slightly over 250,000 full cases of 48 pounds and is about 130,000 cases in excess of last year. The cold storage output for the season approximates 4375 tiers of pickled fish. The steelhead run was short and also the pack of frozen fish is fully 300 tons short of the previous year.

## Northwest Dried Fruits Greatly Reduced in Price

Portland—The housewife in search of cheaper foodstuffs in this period of war prices can turn gratefully to dried fruit. It is one product that has not gone up in price because of the war.

Dried apples, dried prunes, dried peaches, dried pears and raisins, quite to the contrary, have slumped sharply in price. Still lower prices may be expected unless sea traffic can be resumed shortly.

The reason for this is that 40 per cent of the dried fruit output is sold in foreign countries. France is an especially heavy buyer of dried prunes in particular. Germany and Austria take large quantities of apples and prunes. England is also a heavy buyer. Spain is one of the principal purchasers of apples. Even little Bulgaria, down in the Balkans, buys great quantities of American dried fruit products.

This instance is cited by dealers in foodstuffs to show that the law of supply and demand is governing the present prices, and that they have not been yanked skyward merely through lust for profit. In this case, the supply being greater than demand, there is a declining market. Where prices have gone up, it is pointed out, demand is ahead of the available supply.

Such is the situation in the rice and bean market. On rice, one of the most important of food commodities, the price locally has advanced all the way from 50 cents to \$2 a bag of 100 pounds, according to quality. There was a rise of half a cent Wednesday, and another the day before. At New Orleans, fancy head rice, the best quality, was \$7 on board cars, the highest price in 10 years.

### Many Years' Delay by State Is Made Issue

Eugene—The State of Oregon has ten days in which to explain a delay of 14 years between the granting of school land deeds to one Hyde and the filing of a suit to set aside these deeds, which are alleged to have been obtained fraudulently.

If the state has a good excuse the test case of the State of Oregon against Hyde may proceed and on the basis for similar suits affecting thousands of acres of Oregon school lands.

This decision was voiced by Judge Harris, before whom the test case is on trial. The court sustained Hyde's demurrer on the ground that the state has been guilty of laches, or unreasonable delay. Other contentions in Hyde's demurrer were overruled.

The state contends that Hyde entered into agreement with persons to make application for school lands, but that large quantities of apples and prunes, because, it is alleged, Hyde agreed to pay from \$1 to \$20 to the applicants. As soon as they obtained a certificate of title they transferred it to Hyde, the prosecution alleges.

### Orengo Club Reverts.

Orengo—Citizens of Orengo have transformed the Civic improvement league into the Orengo Chamber of Commerce. A nominal fee will be charged and a board of five directors will be elected from the officers. The old officers will have charge until the annual meeting. Steps were taken toward establishing a cannery for the next season's business. Another meeting will be held next week for further discussion and to plan collection of subscriptions for stock. Several hundred dollars already have been subscribed.

### Pendleton to Get Another Park.

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The PLACE of HONEY-MOONS  
By HAROLD MACGRATH  
Pictures by C.D. RHODES

Eleanora de Toscani was singing in the hall, perhaps intended for Edw. Courtland's appearance there. Maliciously, he snatched about where fancy dictated. He might be in Paris one day and Kamchatka the next. Following the opera he goes to a cafe and is accosted by a pretty young woman. She has his name, Nora's name is Nora. Eleanora is shocked by the mysterious disappearance of the prima donna. Realizing that he has abducted her, his alibi is satisfactory to the police and the charge is dismissed. Eleanora goes to Lake Como to rest after the shock. She is followed by a number of admirers, among them the prince who really procured her abduction. Courtland also goes to come and there meets Jimmie Harrigan, retired playwright and father of Eleanora's daughter. Harrigan takes Courtland into his favor at once. He introduces Courtland to his daughter, but the latter, out of sign of ever having met him before. She is mysteriously availed of by the prince, who takes a strong fancy to the young man. Nora's suitors become more and more persistent.

### CHAPTER X—Continued.

"Abby, I wouldn't climb those stairs for a bottle of Horace's Falernian, served on Seneca's famous citron table."

"Not a friend in the world," Abbott laughed, he hustled him into the hallway and fled. Then Courtland went his way alone.

Harrigan was in a happy temper. He kissed his wife and hugged Nora under the chin. And then Mrs. Harrigan launched the thunderbolt which, having been held on the leash for several hours, had, for all of that, lost none of its ability to blight and scorch.

"James, you are about as hopeless a man as ever was born. You all but disgraced us this afternoon."

"Mother!"

"Me!" cried the bewildered Harrigan. "Look at those tennis shoes; one white string and one brown one. It's enough to drive a woman mad. What in heaven's name made you come?"

Perhaps it was the after effect of a good dinner, that dwindling away of pleasant emotions; perhaps it was the very triviality of the offense for which he was thus suddenly arraigned; at any rate, he lost his temper, and he was rather formidable when that occurred.

"Damn it, Molly, I wasn't going, but Courtland asked me to go with him, and I never thought of my shoes. You are always finding fault with me these days. I don't gamble, I don't gamble, I don't run around after other women; I never did. But since you've got this social bug in your bonnet, you keep me on hooks all the while. Nobody noticed the shoe strings; and a joke they would have looked upon it as a joke if they had. After all, I'm the boss of this ranch. I don't want to wear a white string and a black one. I'll do it here!"

He caught up a book on social usages and threw it out of the window. "Don't ever show a thing like that under my nose again. If you do, I'll hike back to little old New York and start the gym again."

He ruminated one of the colonel's perfects (which he had been saving for the morrow) between his teeth, and stalked into the garden.

Nora was heartless enough to laugh. "He hasn't talked like that to me in years!" Mrs. Harrigan did not know what to do—follow him or weep. She took the middle course, and went to bed.

Nora turned out the lights and sat out on the little balcony. The moonshine was glorious. So dense was the earth blackness that the few lights twinkling here and there were more like fallen stars. Presently she heard a sound. It was her father, returning as silently as he could. She heard him fumble among the knickknacks on the mantel, and then go away again. By and by she saw a spot of white light move hither and thither among the grape arbors. For five or six minutes she watched it dance. Suddenly all became dark again.

"Nora, are you there?"

"Yes. Over here on the balcony. What were you doing down there?"

"Oh, Nora, I'm sorry I lost my temper. But Molly's begun to nag me lately, and I can't stand it. I went after that book. Did you throw some flowers out of the window?"

"A bunch of daisies?"

"Marguerites," she corrected.

"All the same to me. I picked up the bunch, and look at what I found inside."

He extended his palm, flooding it with the light of his pocket lamp. Nora's heart lightened. What she saw was a beautiful uncut emerald.

### CHAPTER XI.

A Comedy with Music.

The Harrigans occupied the suite in the east wing of the villa. This consisted of a large drawing room and two ample bedrooms, with window balconies and a private veranda in the rear, looking out toward the green of the pines and the metal-like luster of the copper beeches.

prevalled upon the face of the waters and defied all save the keenest scrutiny to discern where the mountain tops ended and the sky began. It was a day for indoors, for dreams, good books, and good fellows.

Here they all were. Mrs. Harrigan was deep in the intricate maze of the Amelia Ars di Bologna, which, as the initiated know, is a wonderful lace. By one of the windows sat Nora, winding interminable yards of lace hemming from off the willing if aching digits of the Harone, who was speculating as to what his Neapolitan club friends would say could they see, by some deftly of crystal gazing, his present occupation. Celeste was at the piano, playing (pianissimo) snatches from the operas, while Abbott looked on, his chin in his palms, and a quality of ecstatic content in his eyes.

"Play the fourth ballade," urged Abbott.

As Celeste began the andante, Nora signified to the Harone to drop his work. She let her own hands fall. Harrigan gently closed his book, for in that rough kindly soul of his lay a mighty love of music. He himself was without expression of any sort, and somehow music seemed to stir the dna and not quite understandable longing for utterance. Mrs. Harrigan alone went on with her work; she could work and listen at the same time. After the magnificent finale, nothing in the room stirred but her needle.

" Bravo!" cried the Harone, breaking the spell.

"You never played that better," declared Nora.

"That's some!" Harrigan beat his hands together thunderously. "Great stuff, eh, Harone?"

The Harone raised his hand as if to express his utter inability to describe his sensations. His elation was that ascribed to those fortunate mortals whom the gods lifted to Olympus. At his feet lay the lace hemming, hopelessly snarled.

"Father, father!" remonstrated Nora; "you will wake up all the old ladies who are having their siesta."

"Bah! I'll bet a doughnut their ears are glued to their doors. What! Somebody's at the porteuilla. Probably the padre, come up for tea."

He was at the door instantly. He flung it open heartily. It was characteristic of the man to open ever-

ly with a flourish. "What a beautiful uncut emerald!"

"You take two jumps?" she asked sweetly. It was only a chance shot, but she hit on the truth.

"And you remember?" excitedly.

"One lump for mine, please," said Courtland, smiling.

She picked up a cube of sugar and dropped it into his cup. She had the air of one wishing it were poison. The recipient of this good will, with perfect understanding, returned to the divan, where the padre and Harrigan were gravely toasting each other with benedictine.

Nora made no mistake with either Abbott's cup or the Harone's; but the two men were filled with but one desire, to throw their hats out of the window. What had begun as a beautiful day was now becoming black and uncertain.

The Harone could control every feature save his eyes, and these openly admitted deep anger. He recollected Herr Rosen well enough. The encounter over at Cadenabbia was not the first by many. Herr Rosen! His presence in this room under that name was an insult, and he intended to call the interloper to account the very first opportunity he found.

Perhaps Celeste, sitting as quiet as a mouse upon the piano stool, was the only one who had been watching currents drifting dangerously about. That her own heart ached miserably did not prevent her from observing things with all her usual keenness. Ah, Nora, Nora, who have everything to give and yet give nothing, why do you play so heartless a game? Why hurt those who can do no more help loving you than the earth can help whirling around the calm dispassionate sun? Always they turn to you, while I, who have so much to give, am given nothing! She set down her tea cup and began the aria from La Boheme.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## NOT A NATION OF SAVERS

In the Matter of Thrift the United States is Far Behind European Countries.

A table prepared by Dr. Henry S. Williams for Moody's Magazine places the United States at the bottom of a list of 15 countries as a nation of savers. The comparison is on the number of savings bank depositors per thousand of population and ranges from 54 in Switzerland to 99 in this country. Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Belgium and New Zealand follow the Swiss. France leads the big nations, then come Holland, Germany, England, Australia, Japan and Italy.

Our 10,800,000 depositors, with their \$4,728,000,000 deposits, or almost \$440 per depositor, may be contrasted with Germany's 22,500,000 depositors with but \$4,842,000,000, or only \$189 per head. The United Kingdom had almost 15,000,000 depositors, but only a little over \$1,250,000,000. France has nearly as many depositors with a couple of hundred millions less, but this takes no account of the investments of French thrift. Russia has 8,000,000 depositors, but only \$800,000,000 between them. Austria has 6,500,000, with about the same amount as Great Britain. Italy has as many depositors as Russia, but with one-fourth more deposits. Japan has about 20,000,000 depositors, but they do not average \$9.

The savings habit, it can be seen, is very much more general abroad here, the opportunity is very much less. Three-fourths of our saving is being done in the New England and Eastern States. Then come the Middle West, the Pacific Coast, the South and the Western States.

There was a knock at the door. The managing director handed Harrigan a card.

"Herr Rosen," he read aloud. "Send him up. Some friends of yours, Nora; Herr Rosen. I told Mr. Jill to send him up."

The padre drew his feet under his cassock, a sign of perturbation; Courtland continued to unwind the snarl of lace dropped by the Harone; the Harone glanced fiercely at Nora, who smiled enigmatically.

Herr Rosen! There was no outward reason why the name should have set a chill on them all, turned them into expectant statues. Yet, all semblance of good fellowship was instantly gone.

Mrs. Harrigan smoothed out the wrinkles in her dress. From the others there had been little movement and no sound to speak of. Harrigan still waited by the door, seriously contemplating the bit of pastebord on his hand.

Herr Rosen brushed past Harrigan unceremoniously, without pausing and went straight over to Nora, who was thereupon seized by an uncontrollable spirit of devilment. She hated Herr Rosen, but she was going to be as pleasant and as engaging as she knew how to be. She did not care if he misinterpreted her mood. She welcomed him with a hand. He went on to Mrs. Harrigan, who colored pleasantly. He was then introduced, and his acknowledgment each in introduction with a careless nod. He was there to see Nora, and he did not propose to put himself to any inconvenience on account of the others.

Herr Rosen instantly usurped the chair next to Nora, who began to pour the tea. He had come up from the village prepared for a disagreeable half hour. Instead of being greeted with icy glances from stormy eyes, he encountered such smiles as this adorable creature had never before bestowed upon him. He was in the clouds. That night at Cadenabbia had apparently knocked the bottom out of his dream. Women were riddles which only they themselves could solve for others. For this one woman he was perfectly ready to throw everything aside. A man lived but once; and he was a fool who would hold to tinsel in preference to such happiness as he thought he saw opening out before him. Nora saw, but she did not care. That in order to reach another she was practicing infinite cruelty on this man (whose one fault lay in that he loved her) did not appeal to her pity. But her arrow flew wide of the target; at least, there appeared no result to her archery in malice. Not once had the intended victim looked over to where she sat. And yet she knew that he must be watching; he could not possibly avoid it and be human. And when he finally came forward to take his cup, she leaned toward Herr Rosen.

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