

SUMMARY OF THE OREGON NEWS

The Rapid Reader's Review of Recent Reports Rewritten

Portland has a population of about 242,227, according to figures presented by the Oregon State Hardware Men's association met in Portland for a four days' session beginning Tuesday.

Dust Manos, a Greek, who killed Bill Karahall, a fellow countryman, at Philomath, was arrested near Corvallis.

The milk and cream tests being conducted in various rural schools of Polk county have proven to be helpful to the dairy industry of the county.

Thomas B. Kay, state treasurer, has announced his candidacy for re-election, subject to the action of the republic party.

Five cars of Rogue River Valley potatoes were shipped to the United States army on the Mexican-Texas border. The price received was 75 cents a sack f. o. b. Medford.

Senator Chamberlain has introduced a bill in congress authorizing Multnomah county and Clark county, Wash., to construct an interstate bridge across the Columbia river at Vancouver.

Senator Chamberlain has referred to the house committee various protests by salmon packers against Representative Lafferty's bill, requiring the date of the pack to be placed on the cans.

Farmers are finding good use for the oyster shells being dug out of the channel by the government dredger at work at Coos Bay. A large bed of the shells has been struck and the shells are excellent for a fertilizer.

In view of the protests by northwestern apple growers and shippers against the McKellar cold storage bill Congressman McKellar informed Representative Sinnott that his bill was not intended to apply to fruit.

A law, and order league, having for its object "the enforcement of all laws of city, county and state, and especially those pertaining to gambling and immorality," has been organized in Bend.

Logging operators in Coos county have their landings clear and 11,000,000 feet of logs have come out on the high water in the last few days. One jam of 2,000,000 feet occurred in the South Coos river, but they were released.

James E. Godfrey, of Salem, has been appointed income tax agent in the internal revenue service on recommendation of Collector Miller and Senators Chamberlain and Lane. His compensation will be \$7 per day and \$4 per day in lieu of subsistence.

With a declaration against it by Attorney-General Crawford, all members of the state desert land board, with the exception of Secretary of State Olcott, have gone on record against Governor West's plan of irrigating public lands by state and federal cooperation.

The good roads convention held at Independence declared for the Pacific Highway being built on the west side of the Willamette river, or for two highway, if necessary. It also went on record in favor of constructing permanent hard surface highways on all main traveled roads in Polk county to connect with the Pacific Highway on the north and south.

In John Lytle, under arrest in Grand Island, Neb., for criminal assault upon a young girl, who he has confessed, Detective Sergeants Day and Hyde, of the Portland police, believe that they have at last caught the murderer of five-year-old Barbara Holzman and cleared up a mystery which has baffled the police since March, 1911.

With a capital stock of \$641, the Corvallis Cannery, operated by the Benton County Growers' Association, did a \$65,000 business in 1912. The cannery packed 17,840 cases of fruits and vegetables, this being 28 carloads of 26,000 pounds each. The cannery paid the growers approximately \$18,000, minus 25 per cent retained as working capital for 1914. Besides this about \$4000 was spent for additional room and equipment.

Russell Hawkins presented Jonathan Bourne, Jr., with a solid gold plate as a Christmas remembrance from citizens of Nehalem, Wheeler, Tillamook and Bay City, with an inscription testifying their "Lasting appreciation, respect and esteem and particularly in recognition of loyal, indefatigable, intelligent and effective effort in upbuilding the wonderful state of Oregon and welfare of the people."

Receiving reports that more boys in the state are smoking cigarettes than ever before, Superintendent of Public Instruction Churchill has announced that a campaign, having as its slogan "swat the deadly cigarette," would be started in the schools at once. So determined is Mr. Churchill to put an end to smoking by school boys he has announced that no smokers, no matter how excellent their handwriting, will be allowed to exhibit in the children's industrial fair department at the State Fair, and none will be eligible for competition for which the prizes will be free trips to the exposition at San Francisco.

A GIRL GENERAL

She Displayed Military Genius Unconsciously

By TIMOTHY L. DODGE

"It's all very well to educate a man in the science of war," said the old veteran, "but if he hasn't got the faculties in him that go to make a leader his education won't do him any good. We had a lot of book generals in the war between the states, and we had some born generals. The former did a lot of harm, and the latter—well, the latter did a lot of harm to the enemy."

"You wouldn't expect to find military talents in a woman, would you? Well, I spent four years under generals of all kinds, and the genius for war that came most particularly under my observation was displayed by a girl."

"In the spring of 1862, when the army was with us at Shelbyville, Tenn., my captain told me that there was a girl from general headquarters for me to go south on secret service in the force of Confederates occupying the territory south of us."

"I soon saw that the first man in line, the corporal, was heading too far downstream. When he reached the middle of the river he went over the ledge and I saw him disappear. The next man was frightened, but wished I could go over the ledge and be drowned, to save myself from a hanging. I was turning my horse in that direction when the man next in my rear, who had come up beside me, seized my bridle rein."

"When I was looking him in the face I saw a round hole appear in his forehead. He fell from his horse and was swept away with the current. He had been shot, but who had shot him was a mystery. I glanced to the opposite bank and saw a little cloud of smoke, but no one who had fired a shot."

"Two of the four men were now eliminated. The man behind me was a brave fellow. He spurred forward and, drawing his revolver, ordered me to proceed. But we hadn't gone six yards before I heard a crack, and at the same time my man fell from his saddle. Where he was hit I did not know, but if he wasn't killed he was doubtless drowned."

"Turning my head, I saw the fourth man urging his horse as fast as he could through the rapid current toward the southern shore. He had evidently had enough of trying to run me into camp and was trying to save himself from the invisible marksmen."

"I was now free as a bird, and it didn't take long for me to gather my faculties sufficiently to understand that some one had saved me from my captors, though I was not quite sure but that I would be the next victim. However, I lost no time in pushing forward to the northern side of the river, and my horse carried me up the steep ascent on to the bank. There I looked about me and at the base of a tree saw a girl lying on the ground, with a rifle beside her. I spurred toward her, dismounted and recognized the girl I had left not an hour before."

"She was in a dead faint, but I picked her up and kissed her back to consciousness. She had seen me captured and my captors start for the river. Her military eye had taken in the situation at once. Running home, she had got a rifle, and returning lay in concealment with a view to attacking the enemy while crossing the stream. Seeing the leader heading too far down, she had waited till he fell over the ledge; then, taking advantage of the confusion, she had opened fire."

"There are many instances in history where generals have seized upon just such a moment to rout an enemy, but this is the only affair of the kind that came under my own personal observation. Besides, it saved my life."

"I got the girl back to her house and then pushed my horse to his utmost to place as many miles as possible between me and that region. Fortunately I eluded those on the watch for me and got my information to the general. He commended me highly for my work and recommended me to the governor of my state for a commission."

"What became of the girl?" asked one of the listeners. "Your force advanced as soon as I got to camp, and I saw her again frequently. After the war I went down there and married her."

Aluminum We'ds. The soundness of an aluminum weld may be tested in water if bubbles accumulate on the surface within forty-eight hours the weld is defective.

Fat and Fashionable. According to the Moorish idea of beauty, the chief charm of a beautiful woman is that she can only waddle, not walk. The fatter she is the more beautiful she is considered. If she can stand two or three hundred pounds of flesh she is the envy of all her sex.

The Moorish shape—if shape it can be called—approaches the perfection of feminine beauty when it resembles, or rather exceeds, the circumference of a barrel.

What a paradise for the fat woman! There she can eat and drink and feast to her heart's content, denying herself nothing, living an easy, indolent, luxurious life, with no horror of accumulating fat, but rather rejoicing in it. There the ambition of a woman is to acquire bulk. Physical culture she would regard as an enemy to beauty, and to take Turkish baths and diet herself would be considered the height of folly. She wants to be beautiful, and to be beautiful she must be fat.

St. Louis Globe Democrat.

THE TWISTED VINE

A Story of the Orinoco

By CLARISSA MACKIE

It was very quiet in that jungle along the upper reaches of the Orinoco river.

Charles Goodell, collector, stood on the high bank of the river and looked longingly up at the cluster of mauve orchids clinging to the top of a rotting tree trunk that overhung the river. It was a lofty tree, and, bowed with disease and age, it bent its head, decked with the delicate butterfly blossoms, over the glacial river that it would bridge when it crashed down in the hurricane season.

Goodell's Carib Indians had refused to climb the tree and were now squatting sullenly around a little fire on which a bird was cooking.

The mauve orchids tempted Goodell beyond discretion. He decided to mount the tree and secure them himself, although he knew the risk he ran in doing so.

If the tree should fall under his weight he would be flung into the river, a prey to the vicious alligators or the venomous snakes that abounded. But the securing of this particular specimen would not only be a triumph, but it meant a liberal sum of money added to the store he was saving up for a home and the girl he expected to make his wife on his return.

He had examined the orchid through his fieldglasses, and he was convinced that it was the long lost specimen that Mr. Clay, his employer, had offered \$10,000 for. There were the delicate mauve outer petals with the hearts of flaming crimson and orange, with marvellous striplings of black.

There were two ways of reaching the mauve orchids. One was to climb the tree trunk with the risk of weighting it down to destruction when he reached the upper part. This way was hindered by a tangle of great vines that

he dropped into the river the monster's tail caught him ere he fell, and falling in that, the deadly water serpents would put him out of existence.

Already the body moved slightly, but his fascinated eyes did not leave the hideous head among the orchids. The fat eyes regarded him with cold hatred; the ugly mouth grinned.

He heard the distant shouts of his Indians. Even if they had come to him they could not help him. His first downward movement would be the signal for the beginning of the end.

He closed his eyes and prayed. He thought of his mother and of Alice Blake, the girl he was to marry.

His grip loosened on the twisted vine, so drowsily imbued with life; his feet slipped.

The vine moved. He looked up and saw that the ugly head was lowered.

Again he slipped down and again the vine moved.

Cold sweat broke out on his body and his face dripped.

Now he bent his body and looked down at the tall of the serpent. It had loosened from the vine and was moving to and fro like the pendulum of a clock.

Death above and death below! Well, he would die fighting.

His hand found his revolver, and he wriggled around until he could see the head again.

It had fattened itself among the orchids and was regarding him coldly as before. He would wait until it lifted again, and when its throat was presented to view he would try to blow the head off. It would be difficult at that distance with a single shot, and the death agonies of the reptile might involve his own death.

Goodell closed his eyes again and muttered a prayer as the strongest men die in moments of danger. The head was lifting again and resumed its swaying movement. Higher, higher it went, until the mottled throat was revealed.

Spit! The bullet went over its head. His arm was unsteady; he must try again. Again he raised the automatic revolver, and again it sounded on the heavy jungle air.

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