The Observer

MORO, OREGON.

FRIDAY.....April 10, 1913

SUMMARY OF THE OREGON NEWS

The Rapid Reader's Review of Recent Reports Rewritten

M. E. Miller of St. Helens has entered the race for the republican nomination for state labor commissioner.

Medford now has a playground which has been established under the auspices of the Parent-Teacher association.

"Portland Rose day," on June 16, 1915, will be one of the special events set aside in the celebrations at the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

In addition to the building of a pavilion the State Fair Board has decided to erect a brick auditorium for use at the fair this year.

A strong effort is being made by the commercial clubs of Dallas and Independence to finance the county to oil the roads between Independence and Salem during the coming summer.

Every word in the first 92 pages of the spelling book was spelled before the winner of the spelling bee, held at the Grange Hall at Mulino, could be announced.

For transporting Myrtle Kellett from Eureka to Portland for alleged immoral purposes, Dr. Harrison Keene of Eureka, Cal., was sentenced to one year in the county jail.

"A Bigger and Better Round-up," is the slogan which the directors of Pendleton's annual frontier show adopted at a meeting held to discuss plans for the 1914 exhibition.

Plans for the development of the hog industry of Lane county and for the establishment of a packing plant, with a capital of $40,000, are being formulated by the Springfield Provision company.

Before the first of May the state highway commission will advertise for and open bids for the construction of the Columbia highway from Multnomah county to Astoria.

Holding turkey raffles, playing cards for the drinks, and betting on horse racing, are forms of gambling under the Oregon statute, according to an opinion of the attorney general given to Joseph Putnam of Monument.

Rules and regulations governing the annual Polk county school children's industrial fair, which will be held in Dallas September 17, 18 and 19, have been sent out to the schools of the county. Preparations are being made by the pupils and a large exhibit is expected.

Over six tons of election supplies were shipped by Secretary of State Olcott to the county clerks of the 34 counties of the state for the primary election to be held May 15. This is more than twice as great a quantity as was ever prepared before for an election in Oregon.

Postmaster Elmer Russell, of North Bend, discovered a new use for parcel post when an unusual odor emanated from a package near a warm radiator in the office. The offensive package was removed and found to contain skunk hides, being forwarded to a New York furrier.

The first excursion train ever run into the Siuslaw Valley over the new Willamette Pacific, according to present plans, will carry a band of Eugene Radiators, dressed in uniform, to participate in the annual Florence rhododendron carnival, May 20 to 25.

George R. Castner, formerly county judge of Hood River county and for many years fruit inspector, left for Pendicton, B. C., where he has been employed by the Canadian government to assist in the fight that is being waged against the fire blight, which threatens the orchards of the Vernon district.

A. H. Averill, president of the Portland chamber of commerce, has wired Senator Chamberlain urging him to see the secretary of the navy, to secure the assignment of warships for the Rose festival and enough men to make a good showing in the parades. Senator Chamberlain will secure as good naval representation as possible.

Approximately $1,000,000 will be spent at Eugene in 1914 for public and private improvements according to plans which are being announced from time to time for construction. The greater part of this amount will be expended in the construction of buildings, both public and private, but a measurable sum will also go for improvement of the plants of the public service companies.

The Salem Cherrians are preparing to hold a society circus at the armory, April 24-25. Its official name is the "Cherringo." All the freaks and attractions of the most up-to-date circus are to be on hand. The glee clubs of the Willamette, University of Oregon and Oregon Agricultural college have been engaged, and also the Willamette university and Salem high school bands.

When Secretary of State Olcott closed the doors of his office Saturday, a total of 228 dandidates had filed their declarations of candidacy for office. Of the total number of candidates who have filed declarations, 175 are republicans, 39 are democrats and 14 are progressives. For the office United States senator, governor, representatives in congress in the first and third districts, and national committeeman, all three parties are represented by candidates.

OREGON NEWS NOTES OF GENERAL INTEREST

Events Occurring Throughout the State During the Past Week.

Baron Takes Life.

Grants Pass.—Baron Arnold Becker von Rosenveldt committed suicide at Leonard Home, near Holland, about 40 miles from this city, by shooting himself through the head with a .32 caliber revolver.

Arnold Becker, as he was known here, was an Australian nobleman by birth, but was born in Washington, D. C., under the flag of his own country, his father having been connected with the Austrian diplomatic corps at the time. He never was naturalized as a United States citizen and still retained his title and rank in the Austrian army.

Irrigation Project is Up.

Pendleton.—Expressing the belief that the flood waters of the Umatilla River are sufficient to make possible the irrigation of several thousand acres of the Umatilla Indian reservation, Major E. L. Swartslander, Indian agent, lent added impetus to the agitation for the project. Major Swartslander declared that as an official of the Indian service he would unqualifiedly indorse the move and would cooperate in any movement for the establishment of a system of flood or storage irrigation system.

No Bonds for Andrew H. Bossen.

Engene.—Andrew H. Bossen of Springfield Junction, charged with the murder of his wife, Edith, by poisoning, was bound over by Judge Wells, of the justice court, without bonds. The testimony at the preliminary hearing was practically the same as that at the coroner's inquest. Mrs. Bossen's sister, Dolly Levens, testified that just before Mrs. Bossen died she told her that Bossen had given her poison. A neighbor also testified to the same effect.

Sex Instruction Is Recommended.

Salem.—Prominent educators of the state, in a conference relating to educational features of social hygiene, recommended that specific work in sex instruction be required in the colleges of the state. This instruction, it was recommended, should be given in separate departments for men and women.

TWO TIDELAND MEASURES

Half of Signatures Needed in County For Initiative Petitions Secured.

Portland.—Success is attending the effort to place the tideland measures on the ballot at the November election through initiative petition.

Half of the signatures needed in Multnomah county have been secured, it is announced. Throughout other counties support as substantial is confidently expected.

There are two of the tideland measures. When these are adopted by popular vote the result will be recovery to the people of their rights to the foreshore of navigable streams.

One of the measures is a bill for an initiative act "to authorize cities and towns to construct, operate and maintain municipal wharves, docks, etc."

Another portion of the title gives the state right to lease tideland for dock construction to upland owners when the property is not required for public purposes. A reasonable compensation to the public for use of the tidelands is provided for.

All of which means that by passage of the bill the foreshore will revert to public control and ownership of extreme frontage, that other great ports have found vital to their development, will be adopted for all Oregon and will apply to every city having water transportation.

Law Held Invalid.

Astoria.—The act passed by the 1913 legislature, compelling a firm or corporation, which is using the word "Cooperate" in its name and which is not strictly a co-operative association within the terms of the 1909 law, to change its name within 60 days after the 1913 act became operative, is unconstitutional. Such was the ruling made by Judge Eakin of the circuit court.

Study of Farming Grows.

Monmouth.—The study of agriculture has become popular at the Oregon Normal school. The enrollment in that class has advanced to a place among the largest classes in school. The cause is attributed to the desire of many students to gain a thorough knowledge in school gardening, which will commence as soon as the planting season opens.

Douglas Timber Value $45,000,000.

Roseburg.—According to information received from the immigration commission of Oregon, Douglas county leads all other counties in the state with regard to its standing timber.

Dunes May Grow Trees.

Eugene.—Completion of the five year task of reforesting Mount Hebo, in Tillamook county, and the beginning of an experiment with the forestation of the sand dunes about Gardiner, have been announced by H. L. Rankin, supervisor of the Siuslaw National forest. The Mount Hebo burn, which was one of the largest tracts of burned-over land in the west, was caused by the great fire of 1861, when the Indians set fire to the timber of the coast and destroyed vast areas.

THE HUSBANDS OF EDITH

By GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON

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something appalling had happened, she was sure of it!

At last there hove in sight, coming from the direction in which lay the prison, a group of three men. It was a jaunty party, evidently under the influence of many libations.

They bore down upon her. The next instant they were solemnly shaking hands with her, much to her dismay.

"Cons'ance, we've been lookin' f'fer you ever'where in town. W-where on earth 've you been?" asked Mr. Rodney thickly, with a laudable attempt at severity.

"Ever sinch 'leven o'clock, Conshance," supplemented Freddie, trying to frown.

"My dear Miss F-Fowler," began Odell-Carney in his most suave man-

A Small Package Passed Into the Huge Paw of the Man.

ner, "it is after 2 o'clock. In—in the morning at that. You—you shouldn't be sittin' here all 'lone thish—this hour in the morning. Please come home with us. Your mother hash—has ask us to fetch you—I mean your sister. Beg pardon."

"I—I cannot go, gentlemen," she stammered. "Please don't insist—please don't ask why. I cannot go"—

"I shay, Conshance, by Jove, the joke's on you," exclaimed Freddie. "I know who 't ish you're waitin' f-for. Well, he can't come. He's locked in."

"Freddie, you are drunk!" in deep scorn.

"I know it," he admitted cheerfully. "We've looked ever'where for you. We're your frien's. He said it was at 'n eatin' house. We've been ever' eatin' house in Inchbrook. Was here first of all. Leave it to Rodney. Wassen we, Rodney? You bet we was. You wassen here at 'leven o'clock. Come on home, Conshance. 'S all right. He's safe. He can't come."

"But he will come, unless something terrible has happened to him," she almost sobbed in her desperation. "Cousin Alfred, won't you go to the jail and see what has happened?"

"Permit me," interrupted Odell-Carney with grave dignity. "Your friend, Miss Fowler, is not in jail. He is out"—

"Not in jail!" she almost shrieked. "I knew it! I knew it could not go wrong. But where is he?"

"He's out on bail. We bailed him out at half past 10— Wot!" She had leaped to her feet with a short scream and was clutching his arm frantically.

"On bail? At half past 10? Good heavens, then—then—oh, are you sure?"

"Poshtive, abs'lutely."

"Then what has become of my 9,000 crowns?"

"You c'n search me, Conshance," murmured Freddie.

"I don' know what you're talkin' 'bout, Cons'ance," said Mr. Rodney in a very hurt tone. "We—we put up security f'r five thous'n dollars, that's what we did. This is all the thanks we getsh for it. Ungrachful!"

Constance had been thinking very hard, paying no heed to his maudlin defense. It rapidly was dawning upon her that these men had secured her lover's release on bail at half past 10 o'clock, an hour and a half before she had given her [illegible] of 9,000 crowns to the jailer. That being the case, it was becoming clear to her that the wretch deliberately had taken the money knowing that Brock was not in the prison and with the plain design to rob her of the amount. It was a transaction in which he could be perfectly secure; bribing of public officials is a solemn offense in Austria and Germany. She could have no recourse, could make no complaint. Her money was gone!

"Where is Mr. Br—Mr. Medcroft?" she demanded, her voice full of anxiety. If he were out of jail why had he failed to come to the meeting place?

"He's locked in," persisted Freddie.

"That's just it, Miss Fowler," explained Odell-Carney gilbly. "You shee—see, it was this way: We got him out on bail on condition he'd pear tomorrow morning 'fore the magistrate. After we'd got him out he insisted on coming 'round here so's he could run away with you. That wassen a gentelmanly thing to do affer we'd put up our money. We coul'n' afford have him runnin' away with you. So we had him locked in a room on top floor of the hotel, where he can't get out 'n' leave us to hold the bag, don't you see. He almos' cried an' said you'd be waitin' at the church or—or something like that bally song, don't you know, an' as a lash reshort, to keep him quiet like a good ferrer—feller, we said we'd come an' get you an' 'splain everything saffs—sasfac—ahem!—anssisfac'rily."

She looked at them with burning eyes. Slow rage was coming to the flaming point. And for this she had sat and suffered for hours in a street restaurant! For this! Her eyes fell upon the limp horses and the dejected stable boy. Two hours!

"You will release him at once!" she stormed. "Do you hear? It is outrageous!"

Without another word to the dazed trio she rushed to the curb and commanded the boy to assist her into the saddle. He did so, in stupid amazement. Then she instructed him to mount and follow her to the Tirol as fast as he could ride. The horses were tearing off in the darkness a moment later.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Prodigal Husband.

THE unlucky Brock, wild with rage and chagrin, had paced his temporary prison in the top story of the Tirol from 11 o'clock till 2, bitterly cursing the fools who were keeping him in durance more vile than that from which they had generously released him. He realized that it would be unwise to create a disturbance in the house by clamoring for freedom, because, in the first place, there already had been scandal enough, and, in the second place, his distrustful bondsmen had promised faithfully to seek out the devoted Connie and apprise her of his release. He had no thought, of course, that in the meantime she might be duped into paying a bribe to the guard.

Not only was he direfully cursing the trio, but also the addlepated Medcroft and his own addlepated self. It is to be feared that he had harsh thoughts of all the Medcrofts, as far down as Raggles. His dream of love and happiness had turned into a nightmare; the comedy had become a tragic snarl of all the effects known to melodrama.

It occurred to him at 2 o'clock that pacing the floor in the agony of suspense was a very useless occupation. He would go to bed. Morning would bring relief and surcease to his troubled mind. Constance was doubtless sound asleep in her room. Everything would have been explained to her long before this hour. She would understand. So, with the return of his old sophistry, he undressed and crawled into the strange bed. Somehow he did not like it as well as the cot in the balcony below.

Just as he was dropping off into the long delayed slumber, he heard a light tapping at his door. He sat up in bed like a flash, thoroughly wide awake. The rapping was repeated. He called out in cautious tones, asking who was there, at the same time slipping from bed to fumble in the darkness for his clothes.

"'Sh!" came from the hallway. He rushed over and put his ear to the door. "It is I. Are you awake? I can't stay here. It's wrong. Listen. Here's a note—under the door. Good night, darling! I'm heartbroken."

"Thank God, it's you!" he cried softly. "How I love you, Constance!"

"'Sh! Edith is with me! Oh, I wish it were morning and I could see you. I have so much to say."

Another querulous voice broke in: "For heaven's sake, Connie, don't stand here any longer. Our reputations are bad enough as it is. Good night—Roxbury!" He distinctly heard the heartless Edith giggle. Then came the soft, quick swish of garments and the nocturnal visitors were gone. He picked up the envelope and, waiting until they were safely down the hall, turned on the light.

"Dearest," he read, "it was not my fault and I know it was not yours. But, oh, you don't know how I suffered all through those hours of waiting at the cafe. They did not find me until after 2. They were drunk. They tried to explain. What do you think the authorities will do to me if they find that I gave that horrid man bribe money? Really, I'm terribly nervous. But he won't dare say anything, will he? He is as guilty as I, for he took it. He took it knowing that you were free at the time. But we will talk it over tomorrow. I've just got back to the hotel. I wouldn't go to bed until Edith brought me up to hear your dear voice. I am so glad you are not dead. It is impossible to release you tonight. Those wretches have the key. How I loathe them! Edith says the hotel is wild with gossip about everything and everybody. It's just awful. Be of good heart, my beloved. I will be your faithful slave until death. With love and adoration and kisses. Your own Constance.

"P. S. Roxbury has not made a sign. Edith is frantic."

Several floors below the relieved and ecstatic Brock, Mrs. Medcroft was soon urging her sister to go to bed and let the story go until daylight. She persisted in telling all that she had done and all that she had endured.

"We must never let him know that we actually gave that wretch nearly $2,500, Edith. He would never forgive us. I admit that I was a fool and a ninny, so don't tell me I am. I can see by the way you are looking that you're just crazy to. It's all Roxbury's fault, anyway. Why should he get up and make a speech in London without letting us know? Just see how it has placed us! I think Mr. Brock is an angel to do what he has done for you and Roxbury. Yes, my dear, you will have to confess that Roxbury is a brute—a perfect brute. I'm sure, if you have a spark of fairness in you, you must hate him. No, no! Don't say anything, Edith. You know I'm right."

"I'm not going to say anything," declared Edith angrily. "I'm going to bed."

"Edith, if you don't mind, dear, I think I'll sleep with you." After a moment of deep reflection she added pisitively: "There is so much that I just have to tell you, deary. It—it won't keep till daylight."

Bright and early in the morning the tired, harassed night farers were routed from their rooms by a demand from the management of the hotel that they appear forthwith in the private office. This order included every member of Mr. Rodney's party, excepting the Medcroft baby. Considerably distressed and very much concerned over the probable outcome of the conference, the Rodney forces made their way to the offices—not altogether in an open fashion, but by humiliatingly unusual avenues. The Rodney family came down the back stairs. Brock was solemnly ushered through the public office by Mr. Odell-Carney and Freddie Ulstervelt. It is not stretching the truth to say that they were sour and sullen, but, as may be suspected, from peculiarly different causes. At last all were congregated in the stuffy office, very much subdued and very much at odds with each other. Mr. Githens was there. Likewise the gentleman from the bank and a prominent person from the department of police.

Miss Fowler glanced about uneasily and was relieved to discover that her treacherous jailer was not there to confront her with charges. It had occurred to her that he might, after all, have tricked her into committing a crime against the government.

It was quite noticeable that Mrs. Rodney and Katherine did not speak to the Medcroft contingent—in fact, they ignored them quite completely. Mrs. Rodney was very pale and very deeply distressed. She cast many glances at the red eyed and sheepish Mr. Rodney—glances that meant much to the further torture of his soul.

"I am sorry to inform you, Herr Rodney, that the rooms which you now occupy and those of your friends are no longer at your disposal. They have been engaged for from some time this day by a"—

"Look here," interrupted Odell-Carney bluntly, "if you mean that we are not wanted here any longer, why not say so? Don't lie about it. We are leaving today, in any event, so wot's the odds? Now, come down to facts. Why are we summoned here like a crowd of school children?"

The manager looked at Mr. Githens and then at the police officer.

"Ahem! It seems that Herr Grabhetz of the police department desires to ask some questions of your party in my presence. You will understand, sir, that the hotel has been imposed upon by—by these people. It seems, also, that the bank insists upon having some light thrown upon the methods by which Mrs. Medcroft secures money on her letter of credit."

"You are welcome to all that, sir," declared Mr. Odell-Carney, "but I am interested to know just why my wife and I are brought into this affair."

"Because you are guests of Mr. Rodney, sir, I regret to state. We have no complaint against you, sir. You are well known here. The—the others are not. They are—what you call it? Humbugs! It may be that they also have swindled you!"

Mr. Rodney at this point leaped to his feet and rushed over to shake his fist in the face of the insulting hotel man. But Edith Medcroft arose suddenly like a tragedy queen and spoke, her clear, determined voice stilling the turbulent spirit of her outraged host.

"One moment, please," she said. "This all can be satisfactorily explained. No wrong has been done. It will all be cleared up in time. We'"—

"In time?" interrupted the manager. "Madam, this is the time. You are here with a man who is not your husband, yet who purports to be such."

"It may throw some light on the matter if I announce that the gentleman in question is my affianced husband." It was Miss Fowler who spoke. Every one stared at her as she moved over to Brock's side.

"If you will look in the office you will find a telegram there for me," went on Mrs. Medcroft, pale, but absolutely confident. The manager called out through the door. Absolute silence reigned while the reply was awaited.

"No telegram for Mrs. Medcroft last night or today," announced the manager sternly as he glanced through the slim bunch of blue envelopes. "There are four here for a Mr. Brock, who has not yet arrived in"—

"Brock!" shouted three voices in one.

A tall man, forgetting his English and his eyeglass, sprang forward and grabbed the telegrams from the manager's hand. "Holy mackerel! Give 'em here!" he shouted. Two eager, beautiful young women were hanging to his elbows as he ruthlessly broke one of the seals. "The chump! It's from Rox! They're all from Rox—and they are two or three days old!"

Just then the unexpected happened.

The office door opened with a bang, and the real Roxbury Medcroft stepped into the room. He halted just inside the door and looked about in momentary bewilderment.

"This is a private"— began the manager, stepping forward. A flying fig-

The Real Roxbury Medcroft Stepped Into The Room.

ure sped past him; a delighted little shriek rang in his ears. He saw Edith Medcroft hurl herself into the arms of her own husband. At the same moment Brock bounded across the room and pounced eagerly upon the welcome intruder.

"This is my husband!" cried Edith, triumph in her voice, tears in her eyes, as she faced the astonished observers. "Now, what have you to say?"

CHAPTER XV.

What? Another Husband.

IT was a perfectly natural, but not an especially obvious question. The little manager threw up his hands and cried out in a sad mixture of French, English and Helvetian:

"What? Another husband? Madam, how many more do you propose to inflict us with? We cannot allow it! The management will not permit you to change husbands the instant a new guest arrives in the house. It is not to be heard of—no, no!"

"Are you afraid that the books won't balance?" asked Brock, with a joyous grin, a great load off his heart. "Ladies and gentlemen, permit me to introduce Mr. Roxbury Medcroft, my friend and fellow conspirator. He is the husband of this lady, not I. I am to be the husband of this lady, thank God!"

There was a moment of absolute silence—it may have been stupor. The two audiences faced each other with emotions widely at variance. It was Mrs. Rodney who spoke first.

"Is this true, Edith?" she quavered.

"Yes, yes, yes!" cried Edith, her eyes dancing.

"Then, what are you doing here with a man who isn't your husband?" demanded Mrs. Rodney, suddenly aflame.

"I can explain everything to you later on, Mrs. Rodney," interposed Mrs. Odell-Carney calmly. She had divined at least a portion of the truth, and she was clever enough to put herself on the right side. Edith cast an involuntary look of surprise at the Englishwoman. "I have known everything from the first. Mrs. Medcroft and I are closer friends than you may have thought." She gave Edith a meaning look and a moment later was whispering to her in a private corner of the private office: "My dear, I don't know what it means, but you must tell me everything as soon as possible. I am your friend. Whatever it all is, it's ripping!"

Medcroft finally waved every one aside in the most degage manner imaginable.

"Don't crowd me! Hang it all, I'm not a curiosity. There isn't anything to go crazy about. My friend, Mr. Brock, has just done me a trifling favor. That's all. The whole story will be in the London papers this morning. Buy 'em. I'm going up to my wife's room to see my baby. I'll come down and explain everything when I've had a bit of a breathing spell. It's annoying to have had this fuss about a simple little matter of generosity on the part of my friend, who, I've no doubt, has been a most exemplary husband. I'll see to it, by Gad, that he receives the proper apologies. And, for that matter, my wife may have something to say about the outrage that has been perpetrated."

"When did you arrive, old man?"

"Last night on the 12:10. I registered as Smith. It was so late that I decided not to disturb Edith. They said in the office that you'd gone to bed, Brock. Now that I recall it, they said it in a very odd way too. In fact, one of the clerks asked if I had it in for you too."

"You were here all night?" murmured Constance in plaintive misery.

"Well, not precisely all night, Connie. Half of it," replied Roxbury. "Brock, you ass, I telegraphed you I was coming and asked you to meet me at the station. I telegraphed twice from London and"—

"Don't call me ap ass," grated Brock. "Why didn't you send 'em to me as Medcroft? I haven't been Brock until this very morning."

"'Pon my soul, Brock, it was rather stupid of me," he confessed sheepishly. "But, you see," with an inspired smile, "one of 'em was to congratulate you on winning Connie. By Jove, you know, I couldn't very well address that one to myself."

"But—but he hadn't won me," stammered Constance Fowler.

"Edith," said Roxbury, deep reproach in his voice, "you wrote me that a week ago." Edith merely squeezed his arm.

Odell-Carney came forward and extended his hand. "Permit me to introduce myself, sir. I am George Odell-Carney. It has given me great pleasure to serve you without knowing you. In my catalogue of personalities you have posed intermittently as a demmed bounder, a deceived husband, a betrayed lover, a successful lover and a lot of other things I can't just now recall. Acting on the presumption that you might have been a friend in distress, I worked hard in your interest. Now I discover, to my gratification, you are a perfect stranger, whom I am proud to meet. Permit me to offer my warmest felicitations and to assure you that Mr. Brock will make a splendid brother-in-law." He hesitated a moment and then went on: "So you are the chap that really put in those c'nfended memorial windows. 'Pon me word, sir, they are the rottenest"—

"Carney!" came the sharp reminder from his wife.

"I should have said," revised Mr. Odell-Carney, "you are the chap who played the deuce with the building grafters in the county council. Remarkable!"

"Yes," said Roxbury, striving to grasp something of the situation as it appeared to the other. "We beat them. The bill is lost. It will never go to the council. The subcommittee will not recommend it. Thanks, Brock, old man. You have saved London a good many millions, I daresay. It was you who did it after all."

Before noon the hotel was agog with the full details of the remarkable story. Cabled dispatches in the newspapers gave the gist of the clever trick played by the Medcrofts, and the whole of England was to ring with the stories of Mrs. Medcroft's pluck and devotion.

The management of the Tirol implored the Medcrofts to remain—forever. The bank and the police were profuse in apologies and explanations, and Mr. Githens departed by the first train.

Freddie Ulstervelt, killing two birds with one stone, arranged a splendid dinner for that night in honor of the prodigal husband of Edith and also in open compliment to the vivacious Mlle. Le Brun.

Later in the day it occurred to him that he might just as well kill three birds as two, so he planned to announce the betrothal of Miss Fowler and Mr. Brock, the wedding to take place a fortnight hence in Mayfair. The Rodneys were invited to "stop over" for the spread. It is left for the reader to supply the answer to this simple question:

Did they stop over?

THE END.

WIRELESS AMATEURS TO FLASH REAL NEWS

Organize Club In Kansas to Serve Nearby Papers.

Topeka, Kan.—With the organization of the Central Kansas Radio club the first wireless system for the purpose of transmitting news is being formed. The organization is composed of young men interested in wireless telegraphy and who will furnish the smaller papers of the state with the news from neighboring towns. The service will be given free by the wireless operators, who are seeking proficiency rather than money. In this way the less pretentious dailies will receive a service now denied them because of the cost of telephoning or telegraphing. Some of the operators have secured the government license required, and the others will apply for it.

It has already been decided to equip wireless plants in Salina, Abilene, Solomon, Bennington, Chapman, Minneapolis and Junction City. Other towns are arranging to get in.

The scheme is the outgrowth of the wireless enthusiasm of Henry Goodel, a high school boy in this city, and Lee Henry, a photographer at Minneapolis, Kan. They have been sending radiograms to each other for several weeks, increasing the length of their messages steadily until now they can send news stories.

The youngsters plan to use the international code. They hope soon to arrange for the relay of messages that will have to travel over forty or fifty miles, as that distance is about the capacity of the weaker instruments.

SNEEZED 4,000 TIMES.

Then Miller Broke a Blood Vessel and Obtained Relief.

Middletown, N. Y.—John Miller, a farmer of Long Eddy, Sullivan county, came near sneezing to death. He was in the woods cutting down trees when he took a pinch of some new snuff he had just purchased. He began sneezing and kept it up for more than five hours.

When he found he could not stop sneezing he drove to a train and came to this city to consult a physician. On his journey he just escaped being put off the train for causing a disturbance. On his arrival here he gave one final sneeze and broke a blood vessel, which caused his nose to bleed. This stopped the sneezing, and he was all right.

He estimated that he sneezed about 4,000 times, or on an average fifteen sneezes a minute for more than five hours. He bit his tongue several times during the sneezing.

SENTENCED TO SIMPLE LIFE.

Two Year Term as a Hermit the Punishment of a Forger.

San Jose, Cal.—Frank E. Murray, convicted forger, was sentenced by Superior Judge William Beasly to serve two years as a hermit in the mountains forty miles from here.

Because Murray is fifty-eight years old the judge was not inclined to give him a jail sentence.

One of the conditions of the sentence is that Murray may accept employment, but he must not visit a city or town in two years. The court will keep in touch with him during that time.

"What this man needs is to be kept away from temptation for awhile," said Judge Beasly.

Synopsis of the Annual Statement of the

Sterling Fire Insurance Co.

of Indianapolis, in the state of Indiana, on the 31st day of December, 1913, made to the Insurance Commissioner of the state of Oregon, pursuant to law:

CAPITAL.	
Amount of capital stock paid up	$ 850,000.00
INCOME.	
Net premiums received during the year	$ 424,625.62
Interest, dividends, and rents received during the year	78,538.01
Income from other sources received during the year	1,756.82
Total income	$ 504,920.45
DISBURSEMENTS.	
Net losses paid during the year	$ 169,154.50
Commissions and salaries paid during the year	156,117.00
Taxes, licenses, and fees paid during the year	25,147.79
Amount of all other expenditures	44,750.52
Total expenditures	$ 395,169.81
ASSETS.	
Value of stocks and bonds owned (market value)	264,382.80
Loans on mortgages and collateral, etc.	1,129,437.86
Cash in banks and on hand	119,481.88
Premiums in course of collection written since September 30, 1913	67,986.75
Interest and rents due and accrued (and commission on reinsurance) premiums	3,968.25
Total assets	$ 1,607,019.61
Less special deposits in any state (if any there be)	33,645.37
Total assets admitted in Oregon	$ 1,573,374.24
LIABILITIES.	
Gross claims for losses unpaid	$ 86,933.58
Amount of unearned premiums on all outstanding risks	294,015.21
Due for commission and brokerage	88.85
All other liabilities	14,497.02
Conflagration reserve	20,192.91
Total liabilities exclusive of capital stock of $850,000.00	$ 365,727.57
Total premiums in force December 31, 1913	$ 484,759.20
BUSINESS IN OREGON FOR THE YEAR	
Total risks written during the year	$ 45,699.00
Gross premiums received during the year	648.12
Premiums returned during the year	175.23
Losses paid during the year	436.98
Losses incurred during the year	436.98
Total amount of risks outstanding in Oregon December 31, 1913	38,033.00

Sterling Fire Insurance Co.

By JOHN C. BILLHEIMER, Pres.

Statutory general agent and attorney for service: H. L. PATTIE.