

SUMMARY OF THE OREGON NEWS

The Rapid Reader's Review of Recent Reports Rewritten

A Chautauqua Association Organized in Corvallis.

A three days' fair will be held at La Grande, Or., September 22 to 24 inclusive. J. A. Russell was elected president and Herbert Hunter secretary.

Duncan McKinnon came all the way from Michigan to troll for salmon in the Willamette river at Oregon City. He had enjoyed the sport before.

All dancehalls in the state must be closed by 12 o'clock Saturday nights or the keepers are subject to arrest, according to an opinion rendered by Attorney General Crawford.

The Clackamas county court designated the trunk roads for a "permanent" hard surface improvement if the \$600,000 bond election carries May 15.

I. A. Taylor of Madras is trying to find enough acclimated seed corn to plant 300 acres. His project is so far the largest individual venture in corn so far undertaken in the Pacific northwest.

Representative Hawley introduced a bill to amend the act to authorize the sale of certain lands belonging to Indians on the Siletz reservation; making the net proceeds of the land sales payable to members of the tribe.

Oregon timber, the felling of trees, and their handling in the logging camps will be shown in moving pictures at the Panama-Pacific exposition. Arrangements for this were made at a meeting of the Oregon exposition commission.

The Apple Growers' association of Hood River has wired Representative Sinnott that they were informed that the express companies had issued new rates for carloads of western berries, advancing the estimated weights on 24 pint crates from 17 to 25 pounds, when the actual weight is 19 pounds.

Amid a storm of argument and disapproval on the part of the men of the Oregon Agricultural college who are in favor of retaining the "swallowtail" coat for use in formal affairs, the student body voted the adoption of resolutions declaring against the wearing of the full dress.

At the next meeting of the state land board it is expected that 80 sections, or 51,200 acres of newly surveyed school lands will be offered for sale. The board will advertise for the bids, probably fixing a minimum price of \$7.50 an acre. Most of the lands are in Malheur and Harney counties.

Oregon's oldest woman, Mrs. Mary DeLore, 117 years of age, died at Portland. She was born and reared near the old Hudson's Bay company trading post at Vancouver, Wash., her father being a trapper and her mother an Indian. She raised a large family, but outlived them all.

To reassure commercial and fruit interests around Medford the agricultural department positively assured Representative Hawley that it would maintain a permanent weather station at Medford, giving efficient service for the special benefit of fruit growers.

All of the members of the desert land board, except Treasurer Kay, joined with Governor West in demanding that the Des Chutes Land company, of which J. E. Morson is president, furnish the board with a financial statement showing the receipts and expenditures of the company and also a description of all the lands in the company's project which have been disposed of by selling options.

Before a contract can be made for the printing of the voters' pamphlet containing the initiative measures to be submitted at the next election it will be necessary for the emergency board to meet and authorize a deficiency in the public printing fund. It is estimated that the deficiency will amount to about \$15,000 by the end of the year.

State Labor Commissioner O. P. Hoff has investigated the state institutions and says he found that the eight hour law is being violated at all of them. He said he would take the matter up with the state board of control immediately and that if the law, as interpreted by the supreme court, was not observed, he would cause the arrest of those responsible.

The special committee of the Oregon Civic League on the department of schools has announced the recommendation of the following two changes in the school laws intended to accomplish a greater efficiency in the public schools: Give the county school superintendents power to nominate all teachers in the county school, and eliminate the one-room one-teacher school by consolidating the schools into several rooms.

For a second time the people of the state are to be given an opportunity of voting on the question of the abolition of capital punishment, for a constitutional amendment providing for its abolition will be submitted to the secretary of state for approval as to form in a few days. The amendment provides for life imprisonment. Several labor organizations, it is said, have endorsed the amendment. In the election of 1912 the people voted down a measure abolishing capital punishment.

A RESCUE

A Girl Led the Way, and a Man Followed

By F. A. MITCHEL

Have you ever been at the seashore on a clear, cold day in winter with a stiff breeze blowing? There is something exhilarating in buttoning your coat up to the chin and breathing the wind. Out on the water as far as you can see the waves seem to be tumbling over one another, like wild animals playing leapfrog. Now by at regular intervals a huge crest breaks into a curve. It is the mane of a gigantic horse and seethes on the smooth beach.

It was such a day as this that I stood on a dune looking seaward. It was all ocean and beach, except for a dock built of pilings and spiles, the waves rolling under the former and past the latter. Back of the dunes was a village, of which the inhabitants were fisher folk, making a precarious living out of the inconstant waters. Nevertheless I envied them on this breezy morning, when the air was full



"I PICKED UP THE OARS AND PULLED DISPERATELY."

of stimulating elements, for I was bored for a sailor and, mistaking my boiling, had got attached to a desk instead of a boat. And now I was taking a rest from indoor labor, spending a week end by the waters I loved so well. The cold wind struck my cheek, tingling, and made me for the moment forget the dingy piece of my daily occupation.

I looked upon the ocean over a bay, a point of land extending outward on either side. There were a few ships riding at anchor, and here and there was a sail out on the farther waters. Not far from shore I noticed a fishing smack coming before the wind under a single jib. She seemed to be laboring, and the only person in her was not sitting still at the tiller, but bailing desperately. Another eye than mine was on him, for below me, hurrying along the beach toward the dock, I saw a girl, her skirts fluttering in the wind, a shawl about her shoulders, a boy's cap on her head, seemingly unconscious of the cold, intent on the man fighting the waters in the boat.

I took her the situation and, descending from my perch, made toward her at an angle, joining her before she reached the dock.

"The man out there seems to be having a hard time of it," I said to her. She heard my words, but otherwise seemed to be unconscious of my existence, for she said:

"It's Bob. The boat is an old tub. There!" She caught her breath as a wave seemed inclined to continue to point downward, while the water swept the dock. "Thank heaven!" she cried, when she saw that the boat righted.

"But I'm afraid the next wave will sink her."

"What are you going to do?" I asked as we hurried on, she leading, toward the dock.

"Going out for him."

"Going out for him? What in?"

The boat put its nose down into another wave, and the girl was too intent upon it to pay any attention to my question, but a few minutes later we were out on the seaward side of the breakers, where a rowboat was fastened, reining and falling. The girl seized the rope tied to its bow, but I took it from her and pulled on it myself. When I got the boat on a wave, followed by the girl. Looking forward line, then the stern line, I picked up the oars and pulled desperately to keep from being blown upon the breakers. It was a hard pull, but I succeeded.

Meanwhile the laboring boat outside had pulled nearer and was passing on a line parallel with the shore some fifty yards from the end of the dock. Had I been compelled to pull against the wind I could not have reached her. The man in her was evidently trying to make the dock or had seen us and was doing what he could to enable us to reach him, for he went about in a half circle and stood against the wind, easing his boat as best he could whenever he saw a heavy wave coming. Our boat was broad and strong, and although we were every moment in danger, I believed she would keep right side up.

The girl was sitting in the stern of the boat and after considerable effort had succeeded in shipping the tiller. As soon as she had done this I made

better headway, not having to keep the boat on her course. My helmsman was evidently used to boats and knew how to steer a course which, since both we and our object were at the mercy of wind and tide, was most likely to bring us together. But the strength of the wind alone was so great that it was constantly blowing us off our course.

The object boat kept sinking out of sight in the hollow between two waves and in one of these depressions seemed to have gone under.

"Can he swim?" I asked.

I received no reply to my question (the boat appeared on the crest of a wave, when the girl gasped that she could swim, but not very well).

"Can you swim?" I asked, looking about the boat for something on which to float, for I was beginning to fear we should be capsize.

"Like a duck," was the comforting reply.

"We go over try to catch one of the oars."

Again the boat, which was now not more than 100 feet from us, went between two waves, and when seen again there was only her mast above the surface, and that was slowly settling. But Bob's head appeared, and he was swimming for his life. I had been in hopes that if his boat went down before we reached him, he would find something to cling to, but evidently he had not.

"Keep her straight toward him!" I shouted to my pilot.

She did not faint, and he did not lose his head. She kept her eye fixed on him—that is, when he was riding high—and exerted all her strength on the tiller ropes, now shouting to me to "pull strong on starboard," now "strong on port," then, after losing sight of our object for quite awhile, "back water."

She had scarcely spoken the last words when I saw the struggling man not a dozen yards astern. I obeyed the order, but gained nothing. Shipping the oars, I turned and took up a coil of rope I had noticed behind me and had kept in mind for an emergency.

Holding fast to one end, I threw the coil toward the swimmer, but did not reach him. Passing the line to the girl, I took up the oars again and backed water with all my strength. But I had lost distance, and it was some minutes before I could get near enough to warrant her taking another throw.

Twice she threw the rope, and twice it fell short. On the third throw it lay within a few feet of him. By a desperate effort he grasped it, and I backed the girl pulling on the rope. We got Bob beside us, when, dropping the oars, I pulled him in, though he was obliged, for fear of upsetting the boat, to wait till the side he was on was tilted upward.

As soon as I got him to be lost consciousness, but, leaving him to the attention of the girl, who took off her shawl and put it over him, I bent my efforts to getting ashore. But we had drifted near the rocky coast and would have been lost had we not been seen from the shore and a boat put out for us. So intent was I on the rescue that I did not see it till I had looked about me. Our friends reached us when we had drifted to within a quarter of a mile of the rocks and I had not sufficient strength left to pull away from them against the wind. They took us in tow, and in due time we were taken from the dock.

Fortunately they had brought a stimulant, which was given to the person we had saved, and he recovered before we had reached the shore. When all was over the girl collapsed, but only for a few moments. Then for the first time she seemed to realize her indebtedness to me, and with a world of gratitude on her features, but not spoken in words, she put out her hand to me.

My other hand was grasped by the man we had rescued, he too, expressing gratitude by look rather than by word. He was about the same age as the girl, though I could not tell whether he was older or younger. Both seemed to be about twenty. I proposed that we go where he could be warmed after his cold bath, and I led the way at a brisk pace up the dock, and over the beach to the dunes, then, on the beach, he was put to bed with a hot water bottle without and hot punch within. Before leaving I said to the girl:

"He must be very dear to you or you would not have risked your life for him."

"And yours," she replied.

"He is?"

"My brother."

And so this story by this one word is prevented from being a story at all, for had I, under an impulse, risked my life to save a girl's lover I should have been deprived of experiencing that tenderness toward her which might otherwise be expected under the circumstances. Indeed, I said to myself:

"Any girl who will do all that for her brother surely would stand by a lover."

And then there I became ambitious to be her lover.

The time came when I was rewarded for the service I had rendered in the way I desired. By saving a man I got a wife.

Beautiful India.

India bears the same relation to the Orient that Italy does to Europe. It is the home of palaces, temples, monuments; it is the home of beautiful art work in many materials. Most of its cities have a splendid historical past that is seen in richly ornamented temples and shrines, in the tombs of its illustrious dead and in palaces that surpass in beauty of decoration anything which Europe can boast.

"The Critic in the Orient."

Setting Him Right.

They were enjoying a motor ride and had just entered a country road.

"May I kiss your hand?" he asked, a little confusedly.

"No," she replied. "I have my gloves on."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Teaching Him.

Briggs—Did your wife scold you when you went home so late last night?

Griggs—No, don't know what it is to have a wife who was once a school teacher. Why, she made me write a hundred times on a slate, "I must be home by 10 o'clock."—Exchange.

ALONG THE HIGHWAYS

It's the Tramp That Can a Tale Unfold.

By M. QUAD

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At 11 o'clock at night he stood leaning against a lamp post at an angle of forty-five degrees. Only a tramp could have maintained it a minute.

"Where I'm going to sleep tonight the devil only knows—right here, maybe, if this old lamp post don't get tuckered out."

"This touring the country hasn't half bad. I wouldn't go so far as to recommend the heir to a million dollar estate to turn tramp, but at the same time I wish to say that enjoyable events are constantly happening in this profession. Perhaps the leading more clear of capital crimes than almost any other, and yet the first instinct is to go for it. The call goes forth in city and village to round it up, and country constables for fifty miles around are warned to be on the lookout."

"There has been a murder committed in a city, a village or out in the country, and the murderer has got away. The first thing the police do, failing to find the guilty party within a few hours, is to lay the crime to tramps. Their own records would show them that a tramp class is more clear of capital crimes than almost any other, and yet the first instinct is to go for it. The call goes forth in city and village to round it up, and country constables for fifty miles around are warned to be on the lookout."

"I am plowing along a country highway or taking a nap under a tree beside the road when the heavy hand of the law is laid upon me. The constable may have five or six men at his back, all armed and all regarding me as a most desperate character. I am bound and foot. There is much rejoicing."

"The procession heads for the county jail and makes a triumphal entry into the town."

"If I have been captured for a murder outside the county I am taken away after three or four days. If I am in the county I am kept in jail until the examination comes off."

"In the course of a week one of two things is sure to happen. The officers either get the right clew and I am set free or I am arraigned for examination. In the former case the sheriff comes to my cell and calls out:

"Here, you miserable old tramp, get out of this!"

"What for?"

"Because I say so. You are discharged from custody. Why in the devil didn't you say you weren't guilty?"

"But I did."

"Don't lie to me! Get out of this jail. People are calling me the biggest ass in the state. Get a hump on your self!"

"Let me tell you that the dilapidated gentleman reasoned things out long ago. He is no more a criminal by instinct than any other man. He doesn't want to lose his life or liberty. He is too greedy for gain. Not a tramp in town would quit the road if he got a legacy of \$5,000. Give him sufficient for today and the morrow may go hang. He may hit back if you hit him, but he has no cause to want to murder any one. He may steal to assuage hunger, but not for profit. Now and then you hear of some tramp robbing a farmhouse. He is either drunk or a fool. No pawnbroker will take anything from him because he is a tramp. No person will buy any of his plunder for fear of being compromised. The tramp with sense in his head knows this, and if a dozen farmhouses were open to him there would be no temptation."

"Suppose that a tramp stole \$25 in cash from a house. If he struck a town and went to a suit of clothes he'd be suspect of a new pair of shoes. A new hat or a new pair of shoes it might be made the grounds for his arrest. How would it profit him, then, to take the money?"

"I have worked for a farmer for six weeks on a stretch and taken the road with \$30 in my pocket. I have been arrested a day later and had to send him to the penitentiary."

"If I had a ten dollar bill in my pocket I might walk 200 miles and not find anybody to change a dollar bill on the streets of a town. I carried that bill with me for four months and then at last gave a tin peddler \$2 premium to change it. He felt sure that I had stolen it, but decided to take chances."

Synopsis of the Annual Statement of the Illinois Surety Company

of Chicago, in the State of Illinois, on the first day of December, 1912, made to the Insurance Commissioner of the State of Illinois, pursuant to law.

Amount of capital paid up.....\$500,000.00

Net premiums received during the year.....\$305,000.00

Interest, dividends and rents received during the year.....27,465.79

Income from other sources received during the year.....370.20

Total income.....\$822,836.99

Losses paid during the year, including adjustment expenses, etc.....\$128,708.19

Dividends paid during the year on capital stock.....20,000.00

Taxes, licenses, and fees paid during the year.....11,044.48

Amount of all other expenditures.....\$7,723.07

Total expenditures.....\$167,583.74

Value of stocks and bonds owned (market value).....\$20,000.00

Loans on mortgages and collateral.....179,000.00

Cash in banks and on hand, 1913.....\$2,000.00

Prepayments in course of collection.....\$9,300.00

Interest and rents due and accrued.....\$7,723.07

Total assets.....\$307,423.07

Less special deposits in any state (if any there be).....\$12,119.70

Total assets admitted in Oregon.....\$295,303.37

Gross claims for losses unpaid, 1912.....\$1,102.24

Amount of unearned premiums on all outstanding risks.....\$9,745.23

Due for commission and brokerage.....\$2,000.00

Capital and surplus.....\$295,303.37

Total liabilities, including capital and surplus.....\$295,303.37

Total premiums in force December 31, 1912.....\$2,000,000.00

Total risks written during the year.....\$1,000,000.00

Gross premiums received during the year.....\$1,000,000.00

Prepayments returned during the year.....\$1,000,000.00

Losses paid during the year.....\$1,000,000.00

Losses incurred during the year.....\$1,000,000.00

Total amount of risks outstanding in Oregon December 31, 1912.....\$1,000,000.00

Illinois Surety Company

By CHARLES E. SCHUCH, Secretary.

Statutory resident general agent and attorney for service: Frank E. Dooly, 207 N. 2nd St., Chicago, Ill.

McKay Bldg., Portland, Or.

"Three years ago in Connecticut a farmer's barn was robbed of fifty bushels of oats one night. His own hands were used to sack them up. The team used to draw them away was followed for six miles. I was within ten miles of the site of the robbery that night and next day I was arrested as the robber. I was held in jail for a week before being examined to allow of the sheriff working up the case, but when things finally came to a head you ought to have heard the justice score him. He was a man of sense, he was, and he made the sheriff out a born fool within ten minutes."

"If I stole the oats I must have stolen a lot more. I would have taken two sacks and load the oats. Where was the other man?"

"Oh, yes, there are events in the life of every dilapidated gentleman on the road, and the moral lesson to be drawn from most of them is in his favor. He does less lying than any salesman, less stealing than confidential clerks, and, as for immorality, your millionaire is convicted of it oftener than your tramp."

Appreciation.

Slim—You're a hard working wife. Fat—Yes, an' I wish I had two or three more like her.

An Australian Courtship.

When William of Tree Fern went up to Kate Ryan the moon was bright and the weather was feeling good. He escorted her home over the two mile road, and never a word said he but "It's a bonzer night for possums, Kate."

Next night he met her again and poured the same remark into her shell-like ear. This went on for a week, and Kate bore it patiently. In the belief that when the moon waned and darkness was upon the earth and the darkness thereof, William would be more explicit.

So one dark night she encouraged him all she could, but without making her husband loosen his tongue until the journey home was nearly complete. Then he blurted it out.

"Kate," he said, "er—'Yes, William,' she murmured. 'Er—a bloke wouldn't have a dorp's chance with the possums tonight!'" That settled Bill—Sydney Bulletin.

A Tasty Girl.

Kitty—I feel like something to eat. Jack—Naturally you look nice enough to Boston Transcript.

Soothing.

"Then you refuse to eat my first biscuit?"

"I don't refuse to eat it, my dear. I don't want to eat it. I wish to have your monogram engraved on it and then hang it upon my watch chain."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Defining It.

Instructor (at night school)—Give a sentence with the word "metaphysical." In It. Shaggy haired Puppl—On his way home Mr. Jones metaphysical. —Chicago Tribune.

Confidence imparts a wonderful inspiration to its possessor.—John Milton.

Synopsis of the Annual Statement of the United Firemen's Insurance Company

of Philadelphia, in the State of Pennsylvania, on the first day of December, 1912, made to the Insurance Commissioner of the State of Oregon, pursuant to law.

Amount of capital paid up.....\$400,000.00

Net premiums received during the year.....\$50,300.00

Interest, dividends and rents received during the year.....79,300.00

Income from other sources received during the year.....\$548.93

Total income.....\$129,148.93

Losses paid during the year, including adjustment expenses, etc.....\$28,000.00

Dividends paid during the year on capital stock.....\$10,000.00

Taxes, licenses, and fees paid during the year.....\$2,714.16

Amount of all other expenditures.....\$7,083.60

Total expenditures.....\$47,807.76

Value of real estate owned (market value).....\$20,000.00

Loans on mortgages and collateral.....\$100,000.00

Cash in banks and on hand, 1913.....\$2,000.00

Prepayments in course of collection.....\$9,300.00

Interest and rents due and accrued.....\$7,723.07

Total assets.....\$232,023.07

Less special deposits in any state (if any there be).....\$12,119.70

Total assets admitted in Oregon.....\$219,903.37

Gross claims for losses unpaid, 1912.....\$1,102.24

Amount of unearned premiums on all outstanding risks.....\$9,745.23

Due for commission and brokerage.....\$2,000.00

Capital and surplus.....\$219,903.37

Total liabilities, including capital and surplus.....\$219,903.37

Total premiums in force December 31, 1912.....\$2,000,000.00

Total risks written during the year.....\$1,000,000.00