

SUMMARY OF THE OREGON NEWS

The Rapid Reader's Review of Recent Reports Rewritten

A new strawberry cannery is being built at Hood River and it is expected the plant will be in operation in time for the care of this year's crop.

Work of remodeling the statehouse at Salem is progressing rapidly and it will be completed this summer, it is expected.

Halibut fishing at Newport promises to be a thriving industry this year. A number of Portland men are interested in boats which will be used.

Bandon is the scene of some activity on account of gold being found in paying quantities in black sands. Work is returning \$3 to \$30 a ton.

With the stock show but little more than a month ahead, Union is making preparations to hold the annual event on a vast scale.

Bumper crop of strawberries is predicted for the Marion county section, the growers seeing no dangers ahead aside from possibility of frosts. Rains have not hurt blossoms.

What is said to be a new kind of oyster has been discovered in the reefs off Newport. The bivalve is larger than transplanted eastern variety and resembles the Japanese product.

In event the president issues a call for militia, the Oregon militia will concentrate and organize for field service at Clackamas, under plans arranged by the militia division of the war department.

The damage to the prune crop in a radius of 15 miles from Salem is said to be about \$300,000 as result of recent heavy rains. If the cold weather continues the loss will be heavier, says Robert Paulus, secretary of the Salem fruit union.

Representative Hawley has received by parcel post squared pieces of manzanita of beautiful color from Ashland. The committee on agriculture plans giving the speaker a gavel made of wood from the various states represented by its members. Hawley was asked to procure the manzanita.

In his initiative petition, which was filed with the secretary of state April 24, William A. Carter, republican candidate for governor, estimates that a saving of over \$500,000 annually will be saved the taxpayers of the state by the abolition of certain boards and commissions and the consolidation of others provided for in the petition.

Whether the prohibition party will put up a candidate of its own for governor or will endorse one of the candidates of the other parties already in the field will be the most important step to be decided at the state convention of the prohibition party to be held in Portland May 5 and 6.

Greek drama in the original Greek tongue for the first time in the Pacific northwest will be played in Portland May 12 and 14 by the students and faculty of Reed college. The Antigone of Sophocles is the accompaniment of the special music written by Mendelssohn is the drama selected for production.

If a plan approved by the local school board and the local dental association is carried out Pendleton will next year install a free dental clinic in her public schools for children who cannot afford to consult the dentist. The board will equip an office, and the local dentists will donate their services free of charge on certain days.

Thousands of voters of Oregon are debating the question of the effect that woman suffrage in this state will have upon the prohibition election next fall. Many take the view that the women will vote upon this proposition as their husbands and brothers do. Others argue that the women will in many instances take upon themselves the responsibility of voting as they think best.

President Wilson has been asked to sanction the organization in Portland of a regiment of prospectors and miners to take the field in Mexico. This regiment would be composed of men who are accustomed to the outdoor life, and their ability to give good account of themselves, either in field or mountain, under any and all circumstances, is their chief claim for recognition.

Representative Sinnott has introduced a bill conveying to Klamath Falls all the unsurveyed lands on Lake Ewanna for a public park. He has also submitted to the committee on public lands an amendment to the coal land leasing bill, providing that lessees pay all the state and county taxes on leaseholds. This, he thinks, will tend to remove the objections to the policy of reserving such lands in public ownership.

The secretary of the treasury informs Senator Chamberlain that information gathered from the departments regarding room in the federal building at Astoria indicates that a three story building having 9000 feet of ground area will be necessary. The cost of such a building, to be brick faced and fire proof throughout, will be \$250,000. Senator Chamberlain will introduce a bill providing for the erection of such a building on the present site.

OREGON NEWS NOTES OF GENERAL INTEREST

Events Occurring Throughout the State During the Past Week.

Want Men to Call Own Recall.

Eugene.—A writ of mandamus asking the circuit court to compel William Smeed, chairman, W. H. Wood, member of the school board, and W. J. King, clerk of the Walthersville school district, in this county, to call a special election for the recall of Smeed and Wood, has been filed. The recall was invoked upon these men some time ago, but they refused to call the election. In their official capacity they were the only ones who could call such an election, and it is in this unsettled state that the matter has remained. The trouble is over the employment of a teacher and his salary, about which some of the patrons of the school complained.

Registration for State is 179,716.

Salem.—Secretary of State Olcott announced Monday that the total registration as reported to him by the county clerks was 179,716. There are only four days remaining on which to register for the primary, and, unless there is a big increase on these days, the total will not be more than 200,000 or about 40,000 more than it was in 1912, when the women were not entitled to vote and the population of the state was considerably smaller.

Coos Line is Rushed.

Marshfield.—The construction work on the Willamette-Pacific railroad, between Marshfield and the Tenmile lakes, a distance of 17 miles, is progressing as fast as labor can hasten it. Hauser & Houser, the contractors, have all but three miles and a half of the right-of-way cleared and it is expected the force of about 600 men will be doubled soon.

Birds Come Back.

Klamath Falls.—Not in many years has the number of geese in the Klamath country been as large as now, when the big game birds are returning for nesting. All day and all night, the honks of flocks are to be heard, as the birds wend their way toward upper Klamath lake, and steamboat men say that the lake is literally alive with them.

CAVALRY SURVEY IS MADE

After Conference With Officials Lieutenant Hennessey Talks of Project.

Portland.—Pendleton, Klamath Falls, Medford, and possibly Baker will be among the Oregon towns at which cavalry troops will be organized for the regiment projected by Lieutenant P. J. Hennessey, U. S. A., who is detailed as military instructor at the Oregon agricultural college, Corvallis.

It is regarded as certain that troops, consisting of about 65 men each, could be raised at each of these towns, and at other towns in southern, central and eastern Oregon. The Rogue River valley, of which Medford is the center, could possibly provide two or more troops. Another might be raised at Roseburg.

Lieutenant Hennessey came to Portland from Salem, where he had a conference with Governor West about raising the regiment. He found the chief executive enthusiastic over the idea, even to the point of announcing his desire to become a member of the organization.

Polk Fair is Under Way.

Monmouth.—Active preparations have been begun by the pupils in the schools of this city and other sections of southern Polk county for the annual school children's industrial fair to be held in Dallas next September. Valuable prizes in livestock and cash are on the list. More than \$500 in prizes has been offered by altruistic citizens of the county.

Manslaughter in Alexander Verdier.

Grants Pass.—William Alexander, a 75-year-old prospector, was convicted by a jury in the circuit court of manslaughter. Alexander was charged with the murder of John Norling and Curtis Masterson in a cabin on Sucker creek on January 13, and the present trial was for the killing of Norling, he not having yet been on trial for the killing of Masterson.

To Dismiss Baker Cases.

Baker.—The case against all city officials of Copperfield, indicted following the crusade by Governor West, will be dismissed, District Attorney Godwin has announced, following the acquittal of Mayor William Stewart on a charge of violating liquor laws, by a jury in five minutes.

Alleged Murderer Held.

Marshfield.—James Ferrari, accused of killing John Kelly at Henryville, was indicted by the Coos county grand jury at Coquille for first-degree murder.

Most Extraordinary.

"He has certainly raised his family in an old fashioned way." "Bo?" "Why, that man's children actually ask him for advice." — Washington Herald.

Advertising.

The reason a merchant is a merchant is because he isn't satisfied with his business if he doesn't do any advertising and isn't satisfied with his advertising if he doesn't do any business.—Dallas News.

A Marvelous Escape

By RYLAND BELL

During the French revolution at first the people thought only of getting a constitution from the king, and many of the best men and women of France were interested in the movement. But it is easier to start a rebellion among those who get the least of the good things of the world than to control it after it is well under way. The movement soon fell under the control of the lowest, most oppressed classes, and their prime object was to eradicate by the guillotine the royal family and the nobility, whom they considered their natural enemies. By this time, massed by the taste of blood, they were bent on executing those who would not follow them in their passion for murder, and from that time till the end many a good man and woman fell under the ax.

Jean Odinow was walking in the Champs Elysees in Paris, moaning, weeping and wringing his hands. Through the trees he could see a crowd, above which towered the guillotine that was doing its work in exterminating the nobility of France, in the Place de la Revolution. The crowd, curious to see the horrible work, encircled the instrument, the executioner, the condemned and the soldiers whose business it was to keep the victims in place.

Jean could neither bring himself to join these outcraeks nor could he keep far away. He knew that his sweetest heart, Julie Le Brun, was standing among the condemned, waiting her turn to be executed. He could hear the knife drop every few minutes and wondered whether or no it had released her from suffering. There were many to be dispatched that day, and since the work was not commenced till late in the afternoon, though the day was ending, it had not been finished.

Near the guillotine stood the victims, with their hands tied behind their backs, arranged in three lines, Julie Le Brun, a girl of eighteen, in the second. The first line had been nearly exhausted when the ax got caught above and would not come down. No one of the officials present was capable of fixing it, and a mechanic was sent for.

Waiting causes disorganization. The soldiers lowered their muskets to the pavement and stood at rest. Behind them stood the crowd. Now and again some curious person would push or be pushed forward toward the prisoners. The soldiers would order these intruders back. There was considerable delay in finding a mechanic, and when one came he did not seem familiar with the contrivance by which the ax was suspended and dropped. All this took time and the day was fading into darkness.

The lines of prisoners became somewhat confused. The soldiers behind them also became disordered. The prisoners, the soldiers and the rear line of prisoners at times were lapped. Julie dropped back into the third line and was at the end of it. An artisan in a blue blouse, anxious to see the death of an aristocrat, pushed forward between Julie and the next prisoner.

By this she found herself as much a part of the crowd as the prisoners, and a woman at the former was next to her, and Julie stood behind her. The girl's heart stood still with a wild hope. A soldier was within a few feet of her, but he was endeavoring to force back a man who was trying to get forward to a place where he could see the guillotine. Julie backed farther out, the gap before her being immediately filled with those who were pushing forward. Turning, she slowly forced her way to the rear. The crowd pressing against her, no one noticed that her hands were tied behind her. At last she reached the rear of the crowd and was free. Then she ran like a deer toward the trees in the Champs Elysees.

"Monsieur," she said to one she met, but whose features she did not distinguish in the gloaming, "have you a knife in your pocket?" "Non, Monsieur!" "Oh, Jean!" "It is you, Julie, in the flesh or in the spirit?" "Cut the cord! Be quick!"

He then saw that her hands were bound behind her, and, recovering from the shock and with a wild joy in his heart, he released them. Then both hurried away. Julie felt that it could not be possible that she could get away without being followed. Even if not missed before, her escape was sure to be known when her name was called for execution. When she became exhausted Jean begged her to rest, but so great was her terror that she ran on till she could go no farther.

They were by this time near the summit of the rise on which later Napoleon built the arch to commemorate his victories. Jean, taking Julie in his arms, carried her into a side street. Dreading lest some of that class that was crying for blood would suspect and stop them, they crawled numbersed under the front steps of a house and there remained till the night had fully settled and Julie had recovered from her exhaustion. Then they sallied forth and walked leisurely till they had reached one of the city gates and, having satisfied the guards that they were ordinary persons going home, went forth free.

The lovers walked the way to Bonlogne, where they succeeded in persuading the captain of a vessel about to cross the channel to England to take them aboard.

EDUCATION.

If we work upon marble it will perish, if we work upon brass time will efface it, if we rear temples they will crumble into dust, but if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellow men, we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten to all eternity. —Daniel Webster.

THE ORPHAN

She Accepted an Unknown Husband

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

I lost my parents when I was very young—indeed, so young that I do not remember them—and was sent to an orphan asylum near my home in the east. That is the only home I ever knew as a child or until I was grown.

One day shortly before I attained my majority the matron brought me to the institution. I did so, but he did not appear to be especially interested in it.

When I reached my eighteenth birthday the matron called me into her room and told me that, though she was sorry to part with me, by the rules of the institution I must go forth to make my own living. The news was a crushing blow to me. I had never known any other home than the asylum, and there is always a dread at a change of conditions. Moreover, I knew of no way by which I could make a living unless as a servant, and from what I had heard of a servant's life it was disagreeable.

A few days later I was called into a room used for meetings of the directors of the asylum, and there sat a lady, who said to me:

"My work in behalf of the institution is to find husbands for our girls who have grown to marriageable ages. The matron tells me that we cannot keep you here any longer; that your only way of making a living seems to be going out to service and that is not to your liking. She further thinks that you would make some man an excellent wife. I have an application from a farmer in the far northwest for one of our girls. Of course we consider no such applications that are not accompanied by vouchers as to the applicant's respectability. The man I refer to—his name is Nolan—has a farm consisting of a good many acres—farms are large in that country—well stocked with farming implements and money in bank. How would you like to go out there and marry him?"

My first impulse was to decline any such cold blooded arrangement; my

second, to get further information. I asked the man's age and was told that he was about thirty-five. Could I see a photograph of him? He had sent me no photograph. Supposing I should find him so disagreeable that I would decline to marry him? The lady took a bundle of letters from a pigeonhole, selected the one to which she referred and said:

"This is a very advantageous case. The writer agrees, provided either party declines to accept the other, to pay the expenses of the girl who comes to him to this or any other city within the limits of the United States or Canada. Besides, he pays her expenses to his place."

I withdrew, telling the lady that I would think the matter over and give her an answer as soon as I could come to a decision. I passed a horrible week vibrating between two courses—the one to go out to service, the other to go to the farmer. If I chose the latter course, unless I found the man agree, I should feel constrained to marry him—if he wanted me—rather than put him to so much expense for nothing. Nevertheless I had the option to decline him, and it was this that decided me. I accepted his offer.

We heard a great deal about the bride adorned to go to the bridegroom, happy auspicious honeymoons, and all that. My departure to meet my expected husband was more like going to my own funeral. I clung to the matron, and needed all her encouragement to induce me to go even after all arrangements had been made for my going.

"Trust me," she said, "you will find a good man who will love you, and you will love him. You will have a home and in time will be the mother of a happy family."

I passed the time during the journey wondering what kind of man I should find at the end of the route. I fancied a lean man whose exposure to all kinds of weather had made him prematurely old. He had probably lost some of his hair, and farmers seldom take care of their teeth. He would walk as if following the plow.

After crossing a river I slipped on

the other side of the car a man reading a newspaper whose face seemed to be familiar to me. I thought I had seen him somewhere before until he looked toward me, when, since he showed no sign of recognition, I concluded that I was mistaken. Probably I had seen some one who resembled him.

After awhile, when there were but few passengers in the car, he offered me some periodicals to read, and this furnished him with a pretext to open conversation. I did not know it then, but there is a far greater freedom in the west than in the east between travelers, even those of opposite sex. There was something pleasing in the man's manner, and I should not have been sorry to while away the time chatting with him had I not been drawing near the end of my journey, and my heart was beginning to sink at the prospect of the meeting in store for me. However, my new found friend did most of the talking, telling me about the country and the amount of wheat that was raised in the state, dwelling especially on the new methods of farming which were then beginning to attract the attention of farmers. He had been to Washington, where he had gained from the agricultural department certain scientific methods of making the soil productive. On this subject he spoke with enthusiasm, but I noticed that when our conversation was turned on any other he was disposed to be taciturn.

One thing about him pleased me very much. He asked me no questions about where I came from or where I was going. He left the train at a station some ten miles from the one at which I would leave it, and my mind, now unoccupied, became filled with terror over the meeting that would take place within half an hour.

When the train drew up at the station and I left the car I was approached by a man who appeared to have recently emigrated from some country of northern Europe, who asked me in broken English if I were "the woman vat was comin' to be married."

"Oh, heavens! Had I come all this way to marry this man? I would take the next train back. But I could not do that without funds.

"Yes," I replied in a voice scarcely audible.

"You come this way?"

He led me to a side of the station where stood a two seated wagon and offered to help me in, but I balked.

"I'm going back," I said. "It was agreed that if I chose to go back you would furnish me with a ticket."

"I take you to Mr. Nolan's farm," he replied.

"You are not Mr. Nolan?"

"No; I Oscar."

I breathed thanks to heaven and stepped into the wagon, experiencing the relief of one who has been relieved from sudden death.

It was twelve miles to the Nolan farm, and the roads being bad, we were three hours on the way. I could not refrain from trying to pump out of Oscar some information about the man I was to meet, but the farm hand spoke but little English, and I was not very successful. I asked him why Mr. Nolan did not come to the station to meet me, and he said he did not know. Being disposed to borrow trouble, I at once inferred that he did not care to show himself till he had got me into a desolate country where I would be at his mercy.

The long drive was at last ended, and I drove up to a neat farmhouse, though plainly built. I was relieved to see a woman come out to meet me. She smiled on me kindly and kissed me.

"I am Mrs. Rogers," she said. "Oscar is Nolan's sister. I live a mile down the road and have come here to welcome you. I am sure you will be happy among us."

"But," I stammered, "maybe your brother will not be pleased with me."

"Oh, yes, he will," she said confidently.

"Why do you think so?"

"Well, first, because you are very lovely."

"This was, to say the least, reassuring."

"And, secondly?" I asked.

"Because he has seen you and picked you out for his wife."

"See me?"

"Yes. A year ago, there being no unmarried women here to choose from, he went east for a wife. He saw you and applied for you."

"Applied for me?"

"Yes; he was desperately smitten with you. He has seen you once since then."

"When?"

"I will call him and let him speak for himself. He asked me to receive you and tell you before meeting him that he has loved you ever since you showed him through the asylum. I only remain for you to make up your mind whether you will remain as my wife. Meanwhile you can come to my house and be my guest."

She called her brother. He came with a smile, and I saw the man with whom I had parted only a few hours before. I married him and wrote to my former friends at the asylum, thanking them for providing a husband for me with whom I was more than well pleased.

Veraine and the Burglars. According to a contemporary, a Paris beggar, seeing an old man about to give him a halfpenny, showed his contempt for the gift by taking a silver coin from his own pocket and bestowing it on the almsgiver. Let us hope the recipient fared better than Paul Veraine did under somewhat similar circumstances. One night the poet woke up to find a couple of burglars in his room. Shortly before he had been driven by poverty to sell every stick of furniture and was reduced to sleeping on a sack. His visitors were so touched by this evidence of dire poverty that they gave him a franc apiece and took their departure. "Unfortunately," Veraine had to admit when he related the story, "both the coins were bad ones."—London Tattler.

Very True. Do not talk about yourself in company. It can be done so much more satisfactorily after you have left.—Lippincott's.

Good Politics. Good politics should be merely a matter of good business and good sense.—Omaha Bee.

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