

SUMMARY OF THE OREGON NEWS

The Rapid Reader's Review of Recent Reports Rewritten

Gus Johnson, of Marshfield, was sentenced to an indefinite term in the penitentiary for receiving money from a man when he knew that the coin had been stolen.

Stanley Henderson, locomotive engineer for Perham & Gilder was pinned under the engine and severely scalded, when the engine turned over while at work at North Bend.

The registration in Marion county totals 13,000. The enrollment at Salem was swelled by women from 2630 to 5067. The totals for the county exceed by 500 the original estimates.

Rufus Mallory, who was elected in 1866 to the national house of representatives, died at Portland at the age of 82 years. He was twice appointed United States district attorney for Oregon.

Charles W. Tiddball of the Good Samaritan hospital, Portland, Ore., was among those rewarded with bronze medals for an act of heroism by the Carnegie hero fund commission.

Gillnetters at the mouth of the Columbia river reported a good catch on the first day of the salmon fishing season. Some of the boats brought in 400 pounds of fish. Trappers in Bakers bay are getting ready.

Anti-Cigarette Day was observed by the close of the Sunday schools in Portland and Multnomah county Sunday. The occasion was the quarterly temperance lesson taught in the Sunday schools.

By orders of Colonel C. H. McKinstry of the United States engineers, the dredger Chinook will be set to dredge a channel 35 feet deep across the bar at the mouth of the Columbia river during the present year.

Crops in the vicinity of Monmouth have been benefited by the recent showers, it is reported. The prospects for wheat, oats, barley and other cereals look bright. Clover is growing rapidly and the increased acreage of barley is doing well.

Portland's bank clearings and postal receipts for the month of April exceed the record of the corresponding month last year. Building permits show a total of about \$800,000, and real estate transfers aggregated \$677,512.

Friday, May 8, is military day in Corvallis. The date of the annual inspection of the Oregon Agricultural College cadets and military department has come to be one of the big city events. In appreciation of the annual military event the city will be decorated with bunting and flags.

Originality of performance and unique designing won for the senior class of the Oregon Normal school the silver cup offered by President J. H. Ackerman at the May-day exercises at Monmouth. Miss Edna Phillips, queen of the day, made the presentation of the cup.

Appointment of a dairy inspector to enforce the law requiring dealers to furnish pure milk in Eugene has been requested by dairymen. They offered to pay for the cost of the inspection and suggested that a license be applied to prevent them from charging higher prices.

The pelt of a seventeen-foot cougar, which was killed by Paul West who lives four miles above Seaside, on the banks of the Necanicum, was brought into Seaside. The pelt will be taken to Astoria for bounty of \$10. The beast was caught in a trap after it had killed several of West's young stock.

In L. G. Martin, under arrest at Dalles for the alleged attempt to swindle two banks by bad drafts for \$32,500, Pinkerton detectives at the Portland agency have made identification of James E. Cox, a man who is charged with swindling St. Paul and Reed City, Mich., banks out of a total of \$7500 last May.

Under public ownership of the state printing department, the first three months of 1914 show a saving of \$1,805.85 a month, or a total of \$5417.54 for the quarter over prices that would have been charged under the old system, according to the quarterly report of State Printer R. A. Harris, just submitted to the state printing board.

The Corvallis council is considering the installation of a municipal paving plant. Petitions for \$4,000 yards of paving to be laid during the summer have been presented to the council. Figures presented to the council by a paving expert from Seattle were to the effect that the difference between the cost of contract paving and municipal paving of the amount of paving petitioned for in Corvallis will be sufficient to build 2 1/2 paving plants.

Replying to a telegram from Abigail Scott Duniway, inspired by a luncheon party in honor of Emma Smith Devos, president of the National Council of Women voters, Senator Chamberlain assures Mrs. Duniway he will vote and work for the Bristow bill to give suffrage to women. There's a humorous feature to this for the Bristow bill is a copy of a bill Senator Chamberlain introduced at the beginning of the session, so that Mrs. Duniway is earnestly beseeching Senator Chamberlain to stand by his own bill.

OREGON NEWS NOTES OF GENERAL INTEREST

Events Occurring Throughout the State During the Past Week.

Finda Father After 25 Years.

Pendleton.—For 25 years Floyd S. Kerslake lived as Floyd Griffith, under which name he married Hattie J. Taylor, a Pendleton girl. He learned 10 days ago that his mother took him when a baby from his father, a wealthy farmer near Salem, Ore., and gave him the name of his step-father. Recent communication between father and son established the identity of the latter. The Kerslakes have gone to Salem to meet the father of the bridegroom at the latter's request.

Elk Farm Is Proposed.

Hermiston.—An elk farm is about to be established at Hermiston. J. R. Raley, a young attorney of Pendleton and first president of the Roundup, who owns 100 acres in alfalfa adjoining Hermiston, is negotiating with the government for a band of elk cows and one bull to be shipped from Wyoming to Sumner. Mr. Raley proposes to raise elk meat for the market. Under the law the original herd cannot be sold for meat, but the increase from a domestic herd may be used.

Craft on Spit, 8 Aboard.

Gold Beach.—The gasoline schooner Randolph, with a crew of four, went ashore on the north spit of Rogue river. The lifesaving crew from Bandon arrived, but was unable to give assistance.

The Randolph has a full cargo of cannery supplies for the Wedderburn Trading company, which may be saved. Captain John Anderson is in command of the vessel.

Mine Planters Drowned.

Fort Stevens.—A launch loaded with mine planting equipment and manned by five soldiers was swamped at the mouth of the Columbia river. Corporal Klempe and Private Price of the Thirty-fourth company, coast artillery, were drowned. The other occupants were hauled from the water by the crew of a yawl which rushed to the rescue. Heavy weather caused the accident.

Road Decision Postponed.

Salem.—Just where to spend the \$175,000 remaining of the state highway fund was a problem discussed by the state highway commission. The original fund for the year was about \$238,000.

NORMAL TO OPEN JUNE 22

Special Courses are Prepared for Teachers of State.

Monmouth.—The largest attendance in its history and an interest in the modern methods for instruction, unparalleled in years, are the prospects for the 1914 summer session of the Oregon Normal school, announced by President J. H. Ackerman. The summer term will open on June 22 and close July 31.

Provisions have been made to meet the requirements of four classes of students—those who have had experience in teaching and who wish to enlarge their professional or academic knowledge, those who are preparing to teach in the schools that follow the state course of study, those who wish special methods in grades from the first to the eighth, inclusive, and those who wish to take regular normal work with a view to graduation from the Oregon Normal school, leading to a state certificate without examination.

Good Crop Outlook.

Portland.—Reports from various sections of the state indicate that the grain crop of 1914 will be the largest in the history of the state. Not only is there a largely increased area in agriculture but, because of unusually favorable conditions, a larger than normal yield to the acre is looked for in most districts.

Thought It Was Medicine—Poison.

Albany.—According to physicians, Mrs. Lulu Hornback, wife of Ernest Hornback, a local restaurant man, took a dose of sulphuric acid and poison solution in mistake for medicine. She died of corrosive poisoning, after suffering several hours.

Motor Car Returns Grow.

Salem.—Secretary of State Olcott announces that \$7511 was received in April as fees for motor vehicle registrations, dealers and chauffeurs' licenses, as against \$5450 in April last year.

Woodmen Select Pendleton.

Pendleton.—Pendleton has been selected as the place for the next Eastern Oregon district convention of the Woodmen of the World, which will be held May 22. L. I. Bosk, head consul of the order, is to come from Denver to attend the sessions.

Teak the Echo Seriously.

A good story is told by Judge Rentoul which has reference to the acoustic properties of the Central criminal court, London. These are not so perfect as they might be, and there is a decided echo from the walls. Some time ago Judge Rentoul sentenced a prisoner to six months' hard labor. When the judgment was passed, "Six months' hard labor" was echoed from the back of the court. Taken aback, the prisoner turned to the warder by his side and inquired anxiously, "Are these sentences to run concurrently?"

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as that break ball of mine so hard that it nearly picked "Piggy" off his feet. Good thing he held it, eh? Oh, these fellows are only lucky—that's all. They are just shutting their eyes and taking a clout at it!"

"Three innings to go," thought Bruno—"three innings."

"Steve!" he called, Sullivan moved over and sat down by the acting manager. "I'm going out to warm up for a minute," said the old man. "Delay this inning all you can."

Bruno and the change catcher slipped out of the side gate as late as the sixth inning.

"What that old fool going in?" demanded Nash, still smarting from the peeping which he had received.

"You shut up!" snarled Sullivan. "These fellows have been murdering speed today. Bruno will make suckers of 'em. See if he doesn't."

"Can you do it?" asked the catcher anxiously when Smelzer came back to the bench. "How's the arm?"

"Sore," said Bruno briefly. "I'm taking an awful chance, Steve, but if I leave Dad in there they'll just about knock him endways next inning. I guess the old girl will stand three innings all right, and the control's there. That's the main thing. We'll work that mask trick on 'em if we get a chance. I haven't tried it against this club since June."

When Umpire Burke made the announcement at the beginning of the seventh the Canaries welcomed the announcement with derisive hoots and jeers.

"Well, here's grandpa!" they shouted. "Old man, what are you going to do with that \$10,000 curio?"

Bruno set his spurs in the box and began to pitch. It was the first time for many years that he had gone into the box knowing that his arm was not "right." He was grinning cheerfully when he slipped over the first strike, but the smile soon faded from his face. The \$10,000 arm, so long coddled and nursed and petted like a spoiled child, was sending in its sharp protest.

The nervous fans chirped up marvelously when the first hitter splashed out via third base and the second one fouled to Sullivan. The third batter—and this was the demon Jimmy McLennon, whose hitting was taking him to the big league next season—lined a single into center and presumed upon his luck to the extent of attempting to steal second base. The Hon. Stephen Sullivan came up on his toes with a perfect throw, and the chesty outfielder perished in a cloud of dust and a whirl of arms and legs—Sullivan to McRae.

"Nice pegging, kid," said Smelzer as the battery trudged to the bench.

"Yes; Mac had it waiting for him when he slid," said Steve. "How's the old girl? Hurt you much?"

Between themselves they usually referred to the \$10,000 arm as "the old girl."

"She's awful fretful around the shoulder. You know, she ain't been feeling right since that twelve inning game."

The Blue Jays succeeded in getting two men on the bases in their half of the seventh, but Billy Keith, the first baseman, sent a line drive fairly at the shortstop's head. Instinct caused that young man to throw up his hands to save his face, and the ball stuck, was passed on for a double play, and the side was out.

"Take that horseshoe out of your pocket!" vociferated the faithful retailers on the bleachers. "You ought to be arrested."

Bruno wriggled through the eighth inning somehow. He was holding the Canaries, but his arm was tottering the cost for him as well as a cash register might have done the job. Every ball cost him an effort, and the pain in the shoulder was becoming unbearable.

The redoubtable "Wingo" Jones doubled after two men were out, but the next man poked a weak infield fly, and Bruno trudged back to the bench with the blessings of the multitude thundering after him.

Bruno at last was more or less of a joke, and Oscar Peterson refused to waste time with the old man. He carried three strikes over for Smelzer, and Bruno limped back to the bench. Not for anything would he have taken a hard swing at a ball. Two more Blue Jays were plucked in quick order, and Sullivan helped to peel off the pitcher's sweater.

"Well, Steve," said Bruno, "it looks as if this one run lead will have to do us."

"One run is a whole lot when you ain't got it," said Steve philosophically. Judging by the "crabbling" on the visitors' bench, the Canaries thought so too.

Corson, their catcher, was the standard bearer of their forlorn hope. Rube Corson was a dangerous batter if he could get a ball anywhere between his waist and his knees. A high ball he could do nothing with.

W exasperating precision, Bruno lobbed over two strikes, each one fully as high as the law allowed. Corson thought they were too high and barked at the umpire. Then he vented, swearing savagely under his breath.

"Why, Clarence!" said Sullivan in a high falsetto. "Shame on you! I believe you're angry!"

Corson wagged his bat up and down and took a good spike hold. Oh, what he would do to one between the belt and the stockings! Murder! Corson waited, nervously chopping circles with his bludgeon, glaring at old Bruno. Bruno's face was toward the plate, and Bruno was in position to pitch, but his eyes were lowered, and his face wore an expression of deep thought.

Corson seized the opportunity to paw another hole in the ground and rub his right palm against his thigh in order to take a firmer grip on the bat. Without looking up, Bruno stepped suddenly forward, and over came the ball, taking Corson entirely by surprise.

"A peach!" said Umpire Burke. "Get out!"

The Blue Jays on the bench howled with delight, the infield sent up a scattering volley of yells, and the fans hopped up and down. Corson went back to the bench, tearing up the turf with his lagging spikes, for all the world like a little child dragging his feet in a dusty road.

"A-b-b-b-b!" he growled when his

teammates began to taunt him with tough talk with reproaches. "Who'd have thought that old stiff would have the nerve to pull that bush league trick in a tight game like this?"

The pitcher was next on the list, and Harry Keane, manager of the Canaries, sent in a substitute for Peterson—a big, rawboned outfielder named Merrill. Merrill was overanxious and very nervous, and Bruno kept him waiting a long time. Then he sent up such a feeble looking cripple of a ball, much to the disgust of the crowd.

"Hub-b-Strike!" said Burke.

Merrill thumped the plate with his bat.

"Mercy!" said Steve Sullivan. "You are angry, too, aren't you, Eddie? I'll bet you won't hit the next one at all. If you could hit hard enough to earn your one-hundred-five a month Keane wouldn't have been playing you on the bench all season."

Now, it was a sprained ankle that sent Merrill to the bench, and Sullivan knew it. The big outfielder spluttered incoherently, and over came the ball. Merrill collected himself for another giant swing—and flew out back of second base.

By this time the fans were in a terrible commotion, and there was considerable excitement on the visitors' bench. Keane was on his feet, running up and down in front of his players and baying them with the rough side of his tongue.

"Here's an old man, a thousand years dead and buried, and you're going to let him win this pennant from you? Are you? What's he got out there today? Nothing but a wish and a prayer—nothing a-tall! Oh, you're a fine bunch!"

Rayburn, the second baseman, seeing that he was going to get nothing but "strikes," chopped at the first one and dropped a Texas leaguer over on the third base line and halfway between two fielders. He could not have placed it better had he used a messenger boy, and the throw to second did not come near catching him. Two bases on a Texas leaguer!

"Sap" Halsey, the right fielder, also smashed at the first ball and drove a vicious liner toward first base. Billy Keith knocked it down and chased after it, and Bruno, his aged legs working like drumsicks, raced over and toed the bag ahead of Halsey. All in vain, for Keith could not make the toes in time. Result, Halsey on first and Rayburn on third, ready to sneak home on a fumbled throw to second, a passed ball or a hit.

Jimmy McLennon, the .325 hitter and prospective big leaguer, toiled away two of the three bats which he had been swinging and advanced to the plate. He was the worst man Bruno might have been called upon to face in this crisis.

The veteran stood still for several seconds, glancing from first to third, as if watching the runners. Bruno was thinking hard. Here was a man who was almost certain to hit any sort of a ball that came over the plate. Pittman had been warming up for two innings, and Heinie had at least a sound pitching arm, but he was young and had nerves. Bruno was an old man without a nerve in his body, unless those were nerves which were sending fiery pains through his left shoulder.

"No," thought Bruno; "no, it was put up to me. I'll stick, and I won't walk this bird either. The next fellow is a good hitter too."

The veteran stabbed the turf with his spikes and spun courageously. He had not pitched a curve ball thus far. It was likely that the Canaries knew it. Halsey would steal on that first ball anyway, but would Keane have the nerve to send Rayburn along to the plate on a double steal? Bruno doubted it. Keane would be more likely to place his dependence upon Jimmy McLennon's bat. Bruno signified to Halsey to hold the ball and let Halsey go down. It was gambling upon what McLennon might do, but Bruno felt reasonably certain that the better would wait for Halsey to reach second base.

Attempting a curve with his arm in its painful condition seemed like burning up the far end of the \$10,000 wing, but Bruno set himself and let fly, and out of the corner of his eye he saw Halsey start down on the pitch. The ball went twisting across the outside corner, and McLennon swept his bat over the plate, taking the one chance in a thousand that the movement might confuse the catcher and make him miss the ball. Steve whirled toward third base with his arm raised for the throw, but Rayburn dodged back to the bag, and the stage was set for trouble.

"Now, then, Jimmy," shouted Keane. "we've got this old man just where we want him! Lay on it, boy! Lay on it!"

The home fans became silent. The few Canaries rooters present set up a valiant twittering, a very small noise in a great and apprehensive hush.

Bruno hitched at his belt. It was his sign for his "break" ball. This time, with desperation to lend the wrist its old time snap, the ball broke for him, and McLennon misjudged it. His pile driving smash tipped a foul against the wire setting of the grand stand.

Mechanically Steve dropped his mask behind McLennon and trotted after the ball. Would the old fellow have the nerve to try his best trick in a pinch of this sort? Two strikes and no balls! Was there a chance to beuckle McLennon into that instant's inattention? Sullivan threw the ball back as soon as he picked it up and Bruno took it with one hand. That was the sign. Yes, the old fellow was going to try it! Steve Sullivan had some nerve himself, but he stole a glance at Rayburn, crouching on third base like a greyhound in leash, and he thought of what might happen if there should be a fumble at the end of that blind jump behind the plate. Steve had no great supply of imagination, but for an instant he had the feeling that his belt buckle had been turned to ice.

Bruno, standing in the box, knew that this was his only hope. There

was one more effort in his tortured old \$10,000 arm, and all he asked was the chance to make that effort and speed enough to sneak that ball over the plate—somehow.

Sullivan came slowly back toward the plate in order to give Bruno time to set himself. McLennon was motionless, save for a slight oscillating movement which he imparted to the bat.

Steve squatted behind the batter and picked up his mask, half raising it to his face.

"You're the terrible hitter who's going up to the big leagues next season, they tell me," said he, with a sneer. "You can hit some in the bushes, but once you get up there Christy Mathewson and the rest of those boys will take that big bat away from you and you'll be so light without it that you'll float!"

McLennon half turned his head.

"Oh, you be!"

It was all over before any one found time to yell. As McLennon took his eyes off the pitcher, Steve jerked the mask away and leaped forward like a panther. McLennon swung back again, but the mischief had been done. The last thing the demon hitter heard before the storm broke was the thud of the ball in the glove and Burke's yell: "Batter out!"

Half an hour later Dave Bullen tore himself away from the wine party at the corner place. The mayor was there and many prominent citizens, and they were all very happy. The owner found the Blue Jays in the clubhouse singing like linnets and scuffling in the shower room, where they were living over again the excitement of the last inning—that is to say, all but two of them.

Smelzer was sitting in his chair in front of his locker, his left arm pressed tight against his side and his right hand clasped over his left shoulder.

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Bruno Knew That This Was His Only Hope.

[Posed by Eddie Plank, Athletics.] He had not removed his soggy uniform shirt. Sullivan, stripped to the waist, was sitting beside him.

Bullen walked over to Bruno's corner.

"Bruno," said he, "that was the greatest—why, what's the matter?"

The old pitcher looked up, his face twisted with pain.

"My arm!" he said. "My arm!"

"He threw it away in that last inning," said Sullivan. "I saw Chris Townsend do the same thing five years ago—in with a sore arm and kill it off in one inning."

"She's gone this time, Dave," said Bruno miserably. "Just as sure as I'm sitting here I felt her go sailing clean over the plate when I threw that last ball. These young fellows may hurt their arms and come back again, but I guess I'm all done, Dave."

"Well," said the owner slowly, "I wasn't figuring on pitching you next season anyway. I'm sorry I didn't tell you before, but Grubb's contract expires this month, and I had you picked out for his job."

"Manager!" groaned Sullivan, for Bruno seemed unable to rise to the occasion. "Oh, pretty soft; pretty soft!"

"Yes," said Bullen, "and even if I hadn't had you in mind right along, Bruno, I'd have given it to you on the strength of what you did for me today."

"Me?" said Bruno. "Why, Steve here had as much to do with that as I did. All I had to do was let that ball over. Steve had to take a burglar's chance on stopping that strike. If you're handing things around pass something to Steve Sullivan here."

"Good idea!" said Bullen. "You're the manager now. Why don't you raise Steve's salary?"

"By grab," said Bruno, "I will!"

FALSEHOOD.

Do not let us lie at all. Do not think of one falsity as harmless, another as slight and another as unintended. Cast them all aside. They may be light and accidental, but they are ugly soot from the smoke of the pit, for all that, and it is better that our hearts should be swept clean of them, without one care as to which is larger or blackest.—Ruskin.

Your Mother?

Here's to the woman who has a smile for every joy, a tear for every sorrow, a consolation for every grief, an excuse for every fault, a prayer for every misfortune, an encouragement for every hope.—Salute Folx.

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FRANK J. CHENEY, sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1913.

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