

SUMMARY OF THE
OREGON NEWSThe Rapid Reader's Review of
Recent Reports RewrittenCoyotes have been committing many
depredations in Crook county.Frank A. Hoffman, a pioneer of
1852, died at New Era, aged 90 years.
The Columbia county teachers' in-
stitute will be held at St. Helens No-
vember 4, 5 and 6.An automobile containing four per-
sons was cut squarely in two by an
O.W. R. & N. train at Telocaset and
the occupants sustained only minor
injuries.By a vote of 245 to 40 teachers at-
tending the Marion county institute at
Salem rejected a proposition to sub-
stitute summer school work for the
annual institute.Playing with a shotgun, believed to
have been not loaded, Ernest Brandt,
5-year-old son of John C. Brandt, dis-
charged the weapon and killed his ba-
by brother, Edward, 15 months old, at
Oregon City.Damage to the American steamer
Santa Catalina through the fire which
attacked her October 18 on the Colum-
bia river, will amount to \$300,000,
while her cargo has been damaged to
the extent of \$75,000.A. D. Baker, Portland manager for
the National Mercantile company of
Vancouver, B. C., was arrested at Por-
tland on a warrant from Seattle charg-
ing conspiracy to break a federal law
by using the mails to promote a lot-
tery.The registration of the state, not in-
cluding the figures of five counties
which have not been reported, is 289,
729. The counties yet to hear from
are Coos, Polk, Malheur and Wheeler.
These probably will increase the to-
tal registration by 20,000.There are 95,756 million board feet
of Douglas fir in the 23 national for-
ests in Alaska, Oregon and Washing-
ton, according to an estimate just com-
pleted by the forest service at Por-
tland. Western hemlock ranks second,
the report shows, with yellow pine
third.According to information obtained
by Labor Commissioner Hoff for his
biennial report, the onion industry of
Oregon is becoming greater yearly.
He gives the number of growers culti-
vating more than one acre as 197 and
the number of those growing about
one-quarter of an acre as 535.That the humane prison policy in
vogue in the Oregon penitentiary has
been a great success in reforming
wrongdoers and that the inmates' health
has been safeguarded by the
sanitary system adopted, is indicated
in the report of Superintendent Law-
son, filed with the board of control.In his biennial report, filed with the
state board of control, Dr. R. E. Lee
Steiner, superintendent, shows the per
capita cost of conducting the state in-
sane asylum has been \$14.64 a month,
or 48 cents a day. This included
clothing, food, medical treatment,
heat, light, water, repairs to building,
etc.The annual meeting of the Oregon
State Horticultural Society will be
held at Medford, December 2, 3 and 4.
A good attendance is expected. Speak-
ers will be present from California
and Washington and a number of the
members of the Washington State
Horticultural Society are expected to
attend.Receipts during 1914 for registration
of motor vehicles, motorcycles, dealers
and chauffeurs totaled \$77,258 dur-
ing the 10 months ending October 31,
according to Secretary of State Ol-
cott, a gain over 1913, when the re-
ceipts for the entire 12 months totaled
\$15,873. Fees received in October to-
taled \$898.50.The state desert land board has de-
cided to advertise the sale of the Tu-
mallo irrigation project lands some-
time during December, and will sell
the lands at \$40 per acre, which, it is
expected, will pay the state about \$5
profit an acre in addition to repaying
the appropriation of \$450,000 employed
in reclaiming the land.The initial report on the joint gov-
ernment and state survey of the Des-
chutes river reclamation projects has
been issued by the department of the
interior and the state engineer. The
report recommends consideration of
a west side irrigation unit of a little
over 15,000 acres, which may be con-
structed independently of others that
may be approved later.No fatalities were reported to Labor
Commissioner Hoff during the week
from the various lines of activity un-
der his jurisdiction. Seventy-one ac-
cidents were reported and 21 of the
accidents occurred in sawmills or other
wood working plants or in logging,
while railroad work came next in the
list of accidents with 18 on the list of
injured. Ten employees of paper mil-
lions were hurt.Governor West said he had learned
that an effort was being made by per-
sons whose names he did not divulge
to obtain possession of the mineral
deposits of Summer and Abert lakes,
reported to be worth from \$2,000,000
to \$30,000,000, under the old mineral
law. The state land board, at a meet-
ing several weeks ago, decided to
lease the lakes and has advertised for
bids. An offer of \$2,000,000 for the
property made by a New York syndi-
cate was rejected by the board.THE RURAL
CHURCHTHE FARMERS THE CUSTODIANS
OF THE NATION'S MORALITY.Co-operation of Church, School and
Press Essential to Community
Building.By Peter Radford,
Lecturer National Farmers' Union.The church, the press and the school
form a triple alliance of progress that
guides the destiny of every commu-
nity, state and nation. Without them
civilization would wither and die and
through their life we may attain its great-
est blessing, power and knowledge.
The farmers of this nation are greatly
indebted to this social triumvirate for
their uplifting influence, and on behalf
of the American plowman I want to
thank those engaged in these high
callings for their able and efficient
service, and I shall offer to the press
a series of articles on co-operation
between these important influences
and the farmers in the hope of in-
creasing the efficiency of all by mu-
tual understanding and organized ef-
fort. We will take up first the rural
church.The Farmers Are Great Church Build-
ers.The American farmer is the greatest
church builder the world has ever
known. He is the custodian of the
nation's morality; upon his shoulders
rests the "ark of the covenant" and
he is more responsive to religious in-
fluences than any other class of citi-
zenship.The farmers of this nation have
built 120,000 churches at a cost of
\$750,000,000, and the annual contribu-
tion of the nation toward all church
institutions approximates \$200,000,000
per annum. The farmers of the United
States build 22 churches per day.
There are 20,000,000 rural church com-
municants on the farm, and 54 per
cent of the total membership of all
churches reside in the country.The farm is the power-house of all
progress and the birthplace of all that
is noble. The Garden of Eden was
in the country and the man who would
get close to God must first get close
to nature.The Functions of a Rural Church.
If the rural churches today are go-
ing to render a service which this age
demands, there must be co-operation
between the religious, social and eco-
nomic life of the community.The church to attain its fullest mes-
sage of success must enrich the lives
of the people in the community it
serves; it must build character; devel-
op thought and increase the efficiency
of human life. It must serve the so-
cial, business and intellectual, as well
as the spiritual and moral side of life.
If religion does not make a man more
capable, more useful and more just,
what good is it? We want a practical
religion, one we can live by and farm
by, as well as die by.

Fewer and Better Churches.

Blessed is that rural community
which has but one place of worship.
While competition is the life of trade,
it is death to the rural church and
moral starvation to the community.
Petty sectarianism is a scourge that
blights the life, and church preju-
dice saps the vitality of many com-
munities. An over-churching com-
munity is a crime against religion, a
serious handicap to society and a useless
tax upon agriculture.The evils of too many churches can
be minimized by co-operation. The
social and economic life of a rural
community are respective units and
cannot be successfully divided by de-
nomination lines, and the churches
can only occupy this important field
by co-operation and co-ordination.The efficient country church will
definitely serve its community by lead-
ing in all worthy efforts at community
building, in uniting the people in all
co-operative endeavors for the gen-
eral welfare of the community and in
arousing a real love for country life
and loyalty to the country home and
these results can only be successfully
accomplished by the united effort of
the press, the school, the church and
organized farmers.No farmer can afford to buy a thing
he can raise, no matter how cheap it
is.Co-operation is the force that keeps
the wolf from the door.Is your farm declaring dividends,
or are you in the tenant class?A farm is a business establishment,
and should be so operated.A farm should be operated for net,
not for gross results.

Best Diarrhoea Remedy.

If you have ever used Chamberlain's Colic,
Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy you know
that it is a success. Sam F. Guin, Wash-
ington, Ala., writes, "I had measles and got
caught out in the rain, and it settled in my
stomach and bowels. I had an awful time,
and had it not been for Chamberlain's Colic,
Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy I could not
possibly have lived but a few hours longer,
but thanks to this remedy, I am now well
and strong." For sale by all dealers.—Ad-
vertisement.THE GALLANT
SHORTYBeing the Touching Tale of a
Cowboy's Courtship.

By IDA SPEED

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Most folks back east think a cowboy
is a regular Anti. Always on the
move; no politeness, no feeling, no
heart.Let 'em come out here and stay a
while in West Texas. Maybe these
cowpunchers don't know a knife from
a fork. Shorty Curtis used to say he
swallowed his table manners when he
was young, seen' he mostly eat in a
cow camp and didn't need 'em.But you talk about bel'n' plumb gal-
lant where a lady is concerned, and
hopin' the under dog and girin' away
the very shirt off their backs—the cow-
boys have got the world beat for their
endealin' charms.In this country the name "Shorty" is
usually applied to slim, loose built fel-
lows of six foot two, but this here
Shorty Curtis was a little dink, shore
enough.He was the real article in the cow-
punchin' line, quicker'n a flash of light-
nin' with a rope, and he could saddle
up in a bobcat and ride him, if neces-
sary.He worked over at the Bar L's ten
or seven miles from here, but one even-
ing he blowed in at the ranch and
asked me for the loan of a white shirt.
He had plenty of clothes, but they
were scattered from the Oklahoma line
to the Rio Grande, so he mostly dressed
in borrowed togs.He was on his way to a roundup at
the H Circle next day to git some Bar
L yearlin's that go that far and give
out.It was about an hour till supper time,
and I tried to git him to spend the
night, but he wouldn't stay.There was a family named Allen that
had come in a month back and took up
land three miles from the H Circle
headquarters, and word had just got
to Shorty that there was a good lookin'
daughter in the bunch."Guess I'll just drop by and swap
a little good cheer for a meal of vic-
tuals," he says.Then I know why he's wearin' such
loose spurs, for them girls from back
east consider it an insult for you to
take 'em off when you come in the house.
It bein' music to their ears to hear
'em jingle.Now, two of the nicest little girls in
this country would give their heads for
Shorty.One is his town girl down at Sweet
Springs, which she comes in a awful
handy when she's down there on busi-
ness, and the other is Miss Kilt Atch-
ison, his boss' daughter.But he's of that inhuman nature
which thinks a bird in the bush is
worth two in the hand, so away he
goes, by as well as die by.On his way to the roundup at the
H Circle next day, he comes in a awful
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ness, and the other is Miss Kilt Atch-
ison, his boss' daughter.But he's of that inhuman nature
which thinks a bird in the bush is
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goes, by as well as die by.We frequently have three or four
churches in a community which is not
able to adequately support one. Small
congregations attend services once a
month and all fall to perform the re-
ligious functions of the community.The division of religious forces and
the breaking into fragments of moral
effort is oftentimes little less than a
calamity and defeats the very purpose
they seek to promote.The evils of too many churches can
be minimized by co-operation. The
social and economic life of a rural
community are respective units and
cannot be successfully divided by de-
nomination lines, and the churches
can only occupy this important field
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possibly have lived but a few hours longer,
but thanks to this remedy, I am now well
and strong." For sale by all dealers.—Ad-
vertisement.that night, so he's got the good looker
all to himself. He told me when he
comes by my place the next day."Pete, I've had women stare me
down, but I'm blamed if ever I was
got away with before because one
wouldn't look at me."But I've noticed them women with
long eye winks often, and it's lookin'
down that's their strongest card.You may hold high, Jack, but it's low
and the game they're playin' fer, and
they mostly generally git it.Jesse got to sayin' that if he didn't
have a sweetheart back where she
comes from, she'd just love Shorty to
death.Sometimes she'd intimate that she
wasn't livin' out land and didn't have
to stay the three years out like her
folks did.I asked her one day if she hadn't
took Shorty away from them other two
girls."That's just the trouble," she says,
with a sigh. "If I could only look at
it as you do here I wouldn't mind, but
back where I came from they call it
takin' the leavin's. I suppose," she
says, "it's due to you havin' more boys
than girls here, and it's just the other
way back there."She said she just wished Shorty
hadn't ever had no girl but her.You can catch most any kind of a
dash if you use the right bait, and them
kittens of a love of Jesse's shore
done the work for Shorty.I wouldn't never have told him about
it if he had been dispoisal with the
women, but it was too good to keep.
For Jesse don't lie, and there was no
way for him to git around the number
of girls he'd had before Jesse ever
came.So he took to goin' to Headwater or
Square Deal when he had to go to
town to lay suspicion about the Sweet
Springs girl, and he nearly starved his-
self to death to keep from goin' to the
house because Jesse complained about
Kilt Atchison.And poor little Kilt lost all her cutie,
peri ways and went around with her
head not combed pretty near all day.Then, womankie, quick as she's
caught about the slickest fish in the
tank, Jesse gits plumb scornful of him.She don't keer to ride with him any
more, sayin' the sun is too hard on
her skin, and Ruth, who is freckled
as a turkey egg already, takes to goin'
out in her place.Pretty soon she knows more about
this country than Jesse would pick up
in a hundred years and can read
Shorty's brands and is learnin' the cow
business like a rauncher's daughter.She's a sweet, gentle girl and has
plenty of good horse sense, so Shorty
gits so he wants to talk to her and
just take it out in lookin' at Jesse.These nester shacks, consistin' of
two rooms and a lean-to kitchen, don't
give much room for dividin' up into
groups, so when Shorty comes to see
Jesse and they was settin' in the
parlor of a evenin' Ruth couldn't stroll
off into the library or the drawin'
room or her bedroom, as they do in
novels.All them bel'n' one and the same
with said parlor, her only place to
stroll was into the room where the old
folks was in bed or the kitchen, which
was only big enough to cook and eat
in and partitions that you could throw
a jack rabbit through.So on fine evenin's she would git out
on the gallery in the moonlight, and
Shorty, bein' polite thataway, would
name it to Jesse that they go out and
keep Ruth company.At first Jesse'd go and stay until
Ruth would go to bed. Then she got
so she'd stay a little while, not talkin'
any, and then make some excuse like
her head achin' and retire herself. But
finally one night when Shorty suggest-
ed the gallery Jesse was just out with
it all."If you come to see Ruth," she says
petulant, "just leave me out of it. If
you come to see me, just leave her out
of it. She's imposin' herself where
she's not wanted anyhow," she com-
plained, "and tryin' to work on every-
body's sympathy with her bad health
and goody goody ways. She's a hypo-
crite," she says, raisin' her voice, "and
on top of it all she tries to snoop
around and take my bean."Shorty tryin' to stop her all the
time, knowin' she can be heard from
the gallery. But there ain't no holdin'
that tongue, now it's started."She ought to be cookin' for some-
body," she continues. "It's all she's
fit for. I don't want you to speak to
her again, or to notice her."But here Shorty reaches for his big
white hat and turns abrupt.He's got a temper for all he's so jolly
and easy goin', and she's reached the
limit of bel'n' bullied and bossed."That's all I want to know about
you," he says, heartless, and walks out.
As he steps out on the porch he sees
Ruth has mounted his horse Trusty,
which he's left staked to the fence by
his thirty foot lariat, and which he's
give that name to on account of his
cant trust him no further than his
nose.That brood has gone about fifty
yards from the gate and is now turnin'
round and round preliminary to pitch-
in or runnin', as is his style of goin'.Shorty knows Ruth can't get off, nor
he can't reach her, so it's a time for
quick action.He dashes through the gate, gits the
rope from off the fence and makes for
the dark shape of a horse a few feet
away which proves to be old Nemo,
which Mr. Allen had just turned loose
for the night and who's hangin' around
hopin' for more milo maize.Shorty has snared Nemo and is on
his back by the time Trusty has got
through spinnin' around and started
runnin'.Collin' his rope as he goes, Shorty
starts to follow, and a dry mob comes
up in his throat as he thinks of that
orphan girl on that nasty, little three-
year-old.He wonders if she can stay on and
how fresh old Nemo is, and he praises
heaven that he's already rode Trusty
about twenty miles that day.Trusty makes for the sand hills, and
it's hard to keep him in sight.As he rounds them knolls and bobs
up again Shorty is expectin' each time
see by the dim light of the moon
that he's ridin' home.

"Stick on him!" he shouts. "Hold a

tight rein." But he she answers he

"NOBODY WOULD HAVE CARED," SHE SAYS
HOPELESS.can't bear, for the wind is goin' the
same way they are.He dips his spurs in deep, for he's
mostly holdin' on by 'em, and old
Nemo makes a final effort that brings
Shorty pretty near withn' ropin' dis-
tance.So he begins to swing his rope over
his head. Ruth's hair has all tumbled
down, and she's almos' layin' flat back
in the saddle as she pulls with all her
strength.Suddenly Trusty realizes somebody
is near him, and he turns his head side-
wise.Down comes Shorty's loop over it,
and the bronze wheels about and de-
pists Ruth on the ground.Shorty turns loose the rope which
has burnt his hand to the bone and,
as soon as he can, stops the horse.When he hurries back to Ruth with
his heart chert down in his boots he
finds she's badly jarred but not hurt
none.If you're got to git throwed in this
country always pick the sandhills for
a place to fight. They're like a feath-
er bed."Dear," he says soft. "Ruth, dear,
are you all right?"He puts his well hand under her arm
and helps her to rise."Yes," she says pitiful. "I'm all
right, but I might as well have been
killed. I felt like I wanted to ride and
ride till I was so far away I'd never
bother anybody again. Nobody would
have cared," she says hopeless."Ruth," Shorty says stern, lookin'
square into her eyes, "don't ever let me
hear you say that again."Then Ruth crumples up, produces a
handkerchief from somewhere and be-
gins to cry.I started this tale by announcin'
how gallant and sympathizin' the cow-
boys are. Shorty set down beside her
and sympathized. If he done any
more he failed to mention it to me, but
he didn't need to.He said what got him was her bein'
a unprotected orphan with no home
and no heartless flir who had so
many lovers she didn't know how to
appreciate 'em."Pete," he says solemn, "she never
had a sweetheart before in her life.
That's the way I like 'em," he says.
Oh, you gallant Shorty!

Shakespeare's Betany Attacked.

How did the strawberry get its
name? According to one authority,
because its runners are strawlike; ac-
cording to another, from the ancient
practice of laying straw between the
rows. The first seems the more prob-
able, as the wild strawberry was
known in England long before it was
cultivated. It is, of course, of the wild
fruit that Shakespeare writes in "King
Henry V."The strawberry grows underneath the net-
tle, and wholesome berries thrive and ripen
best
Neighb'rd by fruit of baser quality.We are generally disposed to take
Shakespeare's observation as impecca-
ble, but does the strawberry flourish
particularly "underneath the nettle?"I have gathered wild strawberries in
this and other countries, but the best
were not near nettle beds.—London
Chronicle.

White Socks Diplomacy.

She—Jimmy wears different socks
every day. He—How to you know?
She—By just looking at them. Sundays
he wears white ones; on Mondays he
wears them shined under the ankles,
and on Tuesdays he has a cute little
ring around them next to his shoelaces.
He—And the rest of the week? She—
He wears high shoes.—Detroit-Free
Press.

Big Ones For Little Ones.

Years ago there lived a certain
backwoods farmer who had a singular
faculty for overlooking the most ob-
vious things. Once he swam his horse
across a river and stopped at a house
near by to borrow a bucket."I want to water my horse down here
at the river," he explained.On another occasion he approached
a neighbor and surprised him with the
offer of a trade."I'd like to swap my three big pigs,"
he said, "for three little pigs.""What's that?" demanded the asto-
nished neighbor."Well, you see," answered the other,
"my pigs have got too big for their
pen."

Music Lovers.

"How do you know those people are
nervous lovers of music?""By the fact," replied Miss Cayenne,
"that they jumpled their youngest
boy to stop to turn to play the
piano."—Washington Star.

Headache and Nervousness Cured.

"Chamberlain's Tablets are entitled to all
the praise I can give them," writes Mrs.
Richard Oly, Spencerport, N. Y. They
have cured me of headache and nervous-
ness and restored me to my normal health."
For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.Stiletto or
Password?
An Episode In Mexico

By BURKE JENKINS

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Nick's little back room on the ground
floor was our customary meeting place.
Here we came together in the equality
of true democracy. There have been
evenings when eleven or twelve differ-
ent professions of our throbbing met-
ropolis were represented about Nick's
little three-legged table.This evening attentive ears were
turned toward Carusworthly, the opul-
ent. That gentleman busied himself
for a moment with a seltzer siphon.
"Yes," he commented, "I rather be-
lieve in secret societies, fraternities,
brotherhoods or whatever you choose
to call 'em—that is, some of them."He lounged into an easier attitude.
"It happened down in Mexico in the
state of Chihuahua—little, old, dried up

"THE TALE WAS RATHER A TALL ONE."

town—can't exactly recall the name,
but it began with a P.""Varrejo?" inquired Shaw, the de-
fective, quietly."The very place," agreed Carus-
worthly, glad to come by the name.

"You know your geography, Shaw."

"Have to," was Shaw's laconic an-
swer."Well," went on the narrator, "I
had been making a thorough investi-
gation of certain mines in which I was
interested.""Of course it had been convenient
to make my visits to the nearest ship-
ping points of the mines in my private
car, and I had managed pretty well
to avoid those bad hostilities of a fla-
gitant populace. I carried my own bol-
liten. On the night of which I'm tellin'
my car had been