

SUMMARY OF THE OREGON NEWS

The Rapid Reader's Review of Recent Reports Rewritten

BRIEF NEWS OF OREGON

Considerable building activity is expected in Lebanon this summer. Linn county expended \$161,943.95 in improvement of its highways during 1914.

The Hood River commercial club is interesting itself in the improvement of a city park.

A short course for Klamath county farmers and their wives is to be held the week of February 22 to 27.

Bids for the construction of the \$122,000 Pendleton postoffice will be opened at Washington, D. C., March 25.

Fully 1000 men, representing the retail interests of the whole state of Oregon, met in Portland Monday to attend the annual convention of the Retail Merchants' association.

Seven tons of acclimated seed corn will be distributed to Oregon farmers along the lines of the O.W. R. & N. company, commencing March 1, by C. L. ("Farmer") Smith, of that company.

Two boys, each about 19 years old, giving the names of Jack Anderson and Frank Riley, are in the county jail at Eugene charged with burglary of the jewelry store of L. Weiss in Eugene.

Captain R. W. Collins, U. S. A., Coast Artillery Corps, instructor of flier, left Eugene Monday for his third annual inspection of the Coast Artillery Corps. He was accompanied by Adjutant-General White.

With six cow testing associations carrying slightly more than 3000 dairy cows on official test, dairymen of Coos county lead all counties of the United States in this progressive plan of building up the dairy herds.

Forty-eight accidents were reported to Labor Commissioner Hoff during the week, but there was no fatality. Fifteen accidents occurred among the men engaged in lumbering and logging, and 13 among railroad employees.

The house has appropriated \$366,000 for the Umatilla reclamation project, and \$377,000 for the Klamath project. Twenty-five thousand dollars has been appropriated for fire protection of lands involved in the Oregon & California land grant suit.

George Isackson, of Portland, has received the contract for the erection of the postoffice building at The Dalles, at a price of \$79,658. The construction will be of sandstone. The building will be two stories above a basement 70 by 78 feet.

The success of the Powder River Gold Dredging company in its operation of dredges in the Sumpter district, has led to the adoption of this means of saving the values at several old placer properties, including that at Gold Center in the Sumpter district.

Taking the remarks of an I. W. W. speaker as an insult to Americans, M. J. Parcells, a soldier from Vancouver barracks, knocked the speaker from his stand at Fifth and Alder streets in Portland and started a small riot which was only quelled by the timely arrival of the police.

Governor Withycombe has granted a conditional pardon to Earl Shortzen, 17 years old, who is in the Marion county jail. He was arrested February 4 on the charge of stealing a pulley and log chain which he sold for 50 cents. He was convicted and sentenced to a term of 30 days.

The district forester at Portland announces that during the fiscal year 1914, there were 521 timber sales made from the national forests in Oregon, and 142 from the forests in Washington. This represents 24,594,000 feet board measure for Oregon and 199,146,000 feet board measure for Washington.

The largest property sale closed last week in the state involved the transfer of the Ben Harrison mine, located in the Greenhorn district not far from Baker, to the American Smelting & Refining company for a consideration understood to be about \$500,000. About 40 men have been employed at the mine, which produces approximately \$15,000 a month when in operation.

As spring comes on it becomes more and more apparent that there will have to be more reseeded in Umatilla county than was thought a few weeks ago. Farmers whose first examinations led them to believe that their grain was not damaged by the cold weather are now admitting that some of their fields will have to be reseeded. The lack of moisture in the ground resulted in much freezing out during the cold snaps.

President Kerr, of the Oregon Agricultural college, has announced the appointment of guides for the Oregon building at the San Francisco exposition. These men were selected by a committee, which took into consideration the scholastic record of the applicants, their appearance and personality and the knowledge of the state of Oregon as indicated by the answers given to questions asked in a recent examination. Lectures were given by a number of members of the faculty, preparing the applicants for the examination. Out of about 300 men who applied for appointment 120 were allowed to take the examination and 28 were appointed. In addition 22 alternates were chosen.

A Youthful Matchmaker

How an Office Boy Won the Nickname Dan Cupid.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Dan Morgan's freckled face always lighted expectantly when he heard Miss Fern's bell ring for him. His hands went up to his mop of red hair in a vain endeavor to smooth it to sleekness and he never kept her waiting.

This morning he was keenly alert for the summons. His hair had been liberally greased with vaseline and presented a dark, smooth appearance that almost hid his identity. He had anxiously suffered the jibes of the clerks as they came in through the wicket gate, where he checked off the time of their arrival and departure morning, noon and night, and as a proof that he resented their joking several exceedingly prompt young men were listed as tardy that morning.

"Ting!" went the bell.

Dan looked up at the indicator. It was Miss Fern's bell.

Miss Fern was the head stenographer. She had a tiny office to her self and her assistants were grouped in a larger office beyond. "Why, Dan," she cried as her eyes fell on his metamorphosed hair, then as she noticed the look of disappointment on his homely countenance, she added hastily: "What have you been doing Dan? You've got those unruly locks under control now, haven't you?"

"I sure have," said Dan proudly. "All de fellers are gixing me and I checked some of 'em off late, too but, say, Miss Fern, this isn't so bad what?"

He revolved slowly before the lovely young woman whose dark blue eyes were sparkling with suppressed merriment, but her lips were entirely grave.

"Dan, there isn't a curl left!" she cried.

"Sure there isn't. Vasoline did it. My mother did give me a talking to. I greased the pillowcase, but I'm going to buy her another one. It's worth it not to go around like a house on fire, eh?"

"It must be, Dan," laughed Fern at last. "But we liked you just the same, you know."

"Maybe you did, but some of 'em didn't."

"Never mind the rest of them. Please take these letters in to Mr. Arkright and—"

Just then the door opened, and the dark countenance of the chief clerk frowned upon the office boy.

"Dan, why are you idling your time?" he began, when Miss Fern turned a cool shoulder toward him.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Fern. I thought he was fooling around."

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handsome face flooded with sudden color. "I thought you had gone."

"I am sorry to disturb you, Mr. Arkright," said Vera, "but I have a favor to ask of you."

So she sat down and told him about the repentant Dan and his desire for another chance to make good.

"I'll try him in here. I need some one to keep my files straight," said Arkright decisively. "I'll see Humphrey in the morning and make it all right with him. Come around tomorrow, Dan, and remember, and you must learn to curb your tongue."

"Yes, sir; I'll remember, and thank you so much for—"

"Thank Miss Fern," said Arkright abruptly.

When Vera and the little red headed boy were outside the office door they danced an ecstatic jig before going home.

"You sure are the best friend I ever had, Miss Fern," said Dan, as they parted on the corner. "I wish I could do something for you."

"I shall surely ask you to help me if I need it, dear," said Vera sincerely and she went on her way with a lighter heart because of Dan's happiness.

A few mornings afterward Dan came into Vera's office with his face shining from a brisk application of soap and water and his hair standing out on his head in its pristine flaming glory.

Dan pointed a finger toward it and grinned.

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Washington as a Young Soldier



This interesting portrait of Washington depicts him as a young soldier and was painted about the time of his serving in the British army under Braddock. Although the British general was defeated and killed in the battle of July 9, 1755, when Washington served him as an aid, the fame which the young Virginian gained then helped materially in guiding the Americans to a choice for commander in chief.

"Dan Morgan, if you ever say an other word about this I'll be sorry you came back," she threatened quickly.

"Free," muttered Dan, and he backed out of her presence, feeling entirely belittled. Then he peeped into Arkright's office and saw him sitting before his desk with his head bowed on his arm in an attitude of dejection.

"What's the matter with you, Dan?" asked Dan to himself as he stood in the little corridor that connected the two offices. Then he remembered some stirring love dramas he had witnessed at the moving picture shows and a shiver of doubt shook his freckled face. For the moment Dan Morgan was positively tentative.

He stepped to Vera's door and opened it gently.

"Miss Fern, Mr. Arkright would like to see you a moment," he said, and vanished.

Vera, with the glove and handkerchief still crumpled in her slim hand, held her head very haughtily and went into Arkright's office.

She hesitated, for the man still sat there with his head bowed on the desk. Then she asked faintly:

"You wished to see me, Mr. Arkright?"

He lifted his head and looked at her from languid eyes. Then the swift color darkened his face and he got up and faced her.

"I did not send for you, Miss Fern," he said slowly, as he placed a chair for her. "But I really wanted to see you. I love you an apology."

Vera turned away her head and her long lashes veiled her eyes.

"Yes?" she questioned.

"About the glove," he murmured unobtrusively.

"And the handkerchief. I found them and I kept them," he admitted.

"It is nothing," murmured Vera.

"Nothing?" he cried suddenly, "nothing to you, perhaps, but Miss Fern, it means everything to me. I found them and they were yours and they spoke of your presence when you were not here in a word, Vera Fern, I love you!"

He folded his arms and looked at her from glowing eyes.

The lovely color flooded Vera's face, but still she said never a word nor did she turn toward him.

"I love," he went on bitterly, "and I would have had courage to tell you of my love and ask you to be my wife but Humphrey gave me to understand that you were engaged to him, and so I knew that my cause was hopeless still."

"Engaged to Henry Humphrey?" repeated Vera scornfully. "Why, Mr. Arkright, I have never exchanged a word with him beyond the barest civilities and the necessary transaction of business. Still, very presumptuous," she ended haughtily.

Arkright took a step toward her. His eyes glowed strangely.

"Do you mean that you are free-hearted whole, Vera?" he asked.

Vera turned toward him at last. Her soft eyes shone. "I am free," she admitted gently, "but I am not heart whole, Mr. Arkright."

"Not heart whole?" Then—his face brightened, and he held out his hands. "could it be possible for me to win your heart after all?"

"Impossible!" laughed Vera, as she went to him gladly. "For you have bid my heart in your possession—always!"

"Bless that red-headed cherub