

SUMMARY OF THE OREGON NEWS

The Rapid Reader's Review of
Recent Reports Rewritten

BRIEF NEWS OF OREGON

Roseburg will vote June 8 on an issue of \$300,000 improvement bonds. The Washington county fair will be held in Forest Grove October 6 to 9 inclusive.

The state convention of the P. E. O. Sisterhood was held in Forest Grove May 25 to May 27.

Governor Withycombe reappointed John F. Logan, of Portland, as a member of the parole board.

Eugene's \$100,000 high school building is now completed, and grading of the grounds is in progress.

Group Two of the Oregon State Bankers' association held an interesting annual meeting in Lebanon.

The annual convention of the Grand Army of the Republic will be held in McMinnville June 14, 15 and 16.

The Oregon State Conference of Social Agencies met at Reed College in Portland for the annual gathering.

Over 100 persons took the state bar examination, which was held in the capitol Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of this week.

The Willamette valley and Cascade mountain wagon road, crossing the Cascade mountains from Lebanon to Prineville, is now open for travel.

Portland has a goat dairy. F. J. Stevens, who has a goat ranch at Falls City, has brought part of his herd to Portland and has started the dairy.

Dr. Henry D. Kimball, founder and for eight years president of Kimball College of Theology, department of Willamette University, is dying in Pasadena, Cal.

J. A. Churchill, superintendent of public instruction, has announced that the four-year high schools of Oregon will graduate 2045 pupils, 831 of whom are boys, and 1214 girls, this spring.

E. I. Cantine, who has been state highway engineer, was appointed chief deputy under State Engineer Lewis, in accordance with a law passed at the recent session of the legislature.

Hearings to adjudicate the water rights of Wallowa river and its tributaries will be held June 1 at Enterprise, Lostine, Wallowa and Joseph, it is announced. There are about 600 claimants.

Governor Withycombe has referred to Attorney-General Brown a complaint of Frederick Zogg, that more than 100,000 Idaho sheep are being pastured on the West Fall range, in this state.

The new state pure food law prohibits the use of alcohol or liquor in any form in the manufacture of candy. Any manufacturer caught violating this law will be prosecuted, according to State Dairy and Food Commissioner Mickie.

According to official announcement, the O. W. R. & N. company will begin work the 1st of June on the construction of its new shops at The Dalles. Approximately \$200,000 will be expended for the improvements under consideration.

The Oregon Agricultural College Cadet Band of 52 pieces has been engaged by the Oregon Commission at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, as the official Oregon band, and for two weeks early in June will give daily concerts in the Oregon building.

The Klamath Sportsmen's association has been advised by Master Fish Warden Clifton that \$90,000 trout fry are to be furnished at once by the state, to be planted in the Lake of the Woods, Diamond Lake and Four-Mile Lake, north of Klamath Falls.

Barring a few inevitable fatalities in scholarship, 86 University of Oregon students will be graduated from 31 courses this year. The class is small as compared with previous ones, which is explained by the withdrawal from the university of the engineering courses.

Olson & Johnson, of Missoula, Mont. were awarded the contract for the construction of the proposed wing to the Eastern Oregon hospital for the insane at Pendleton by the state board of control. The award was made on the alternate calling for tile floors, which made their proposal \$83,126.

Fire insurance cost the people of Oregon last year \$4,239,378, which was \$573,863 more than the losses. This information, contained in a report just made by State Insurance Commissioner Harvey Wells, shows also that the losses paid in 1914 amounted to \$815,267 more than in 1913.

D. C. Herrin, representing the life insurance companies on the commission appointed by Governor Withycombe to draft an insurance code for presentation to the next legislature, has appointed the members of the committee to aid in drafting a bill which will cover the subject of life insurance.

Fifty-seven accidents, none fatal, were reported to Labor Commissioner Hoff during the week from the various industries of Oregon. Eleven of those injured were employed on railroads, eight in saw mills and seven in logging operations, the rest being divided among many different kinds of labor. Hereafter all accidents will be reported to the state industrial accident commission, instead of to Mr. Hoff, a law so providing being passed at the last session of the legislature.

Latest News Photos of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition

Attendance at Huge World's Fair Breaks All Records

The photographs on this page show latest views of the great Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco. Since its opening on Feb. 20 the Exposition has met with remarkable success in its attendance. During the first thirty days more than two million persons passed through the gates, establishing a record over all other world's expositions. Every country in the world is represented. The most marvelous collection of exhibits in operation is shown, and the latest scientific and mechanical devices are exhibited.

Love at Blister Creek

Romance of a Bank Clerk
Who Turned Cowboy

By AMOS L. PARLINO

The moon sailed high over the double X-2 ranch and looked down on the house of the boss, where Mrs. Beach was sewing the evening meal with unusual stompings at elegance, because the daughter of the ranch owner was visiting there with her father, Lemuel Harlow.

The round table in the dining room glistened and glittered with polished glass and silver, while Beth Harlow laughed and talked and charmed the Beaches, as well as her father, who adored her.

And the moon smiled down on the bunk house of the double X-2 and on the fifteen men gathered about the rough table. Wung Soo, the Chinese cook, muttered to and fro, bearing in huge platters of beefsteak and hot biscuits and bearing away empty dishes.

"Hi! gal! Melian man eat like like wolf! No can cook make, no time!" complained Wung Soo, with a gleeful grin, as he saw his wands vanishing.

A roar of laughter went around the table, and a well aimed biscuit sent Wung Soo clattering into his kitchen.

"They're eating chocolate layer cake up at the big house," remarked fat Henry Pately regretfully. "All on account of the boss and his daughter."

"Seen her yet?" queried Dick Lane.

"Um—um! A peach!" chuckled Henry.

"Oh, say, Henry; it's all right to enjoy your food, but can't you keep it out of your conversation?" muttered Dick. "Admitting the lady is lovely, why not call her a rose instead of a peach?"

"Because," said Henry simply, "peaches are best thing I know, and so is she."

"You don't know her—and never will. Do you think a New York beauty would look at a measly cow puncher?" "She might—at some," protested Henry, and they laughed again.

There was one present who was silently finishing his supper. He was a comparative newcomer. He had been there three months, and none of the companions knew much of his history. Gregory Deane had come out of the east—they knew that. He could ride like a centaur—they discovered that—he was every inch a man, and they liked him, only he was so quiet, reserved and sad looking.

"Most suicidal looking guy that ever rode down to Blister Creek," had been Henry Pately's description of Gregory Deane. "Every time I go out in the dark I'm expecting to stumble over his corpse—Burr-r-r!"

Gregory's stern face did not relax at the sound of merriment. His heart

was a well aimed biscuit sent Wung Soo clattering into his kitchen.

was too sore, too bitter against fate to respond to the cheerful mood of his companions.

While he ate the coarse fare in the moonhouse of the double X-2 he was thinking of the Harlows, father and daughter, and wondering what they would say if they knew he was there.

It was pure chance that had led him to Lemuel Harlow's ranch, and it was his personality which had tempted Boss Beach to take on an inexperienced man at this season. The boss had not regretted his bargain, although Gregory continued to be an unsolved mystery to him.

"I cannot tell you anything about my past life, but I can assure you that it is clean," was all Gregory would say, so Beach had taken him on and liked him.

"Some trouble back there in the east," he had told his wife, and again this very afternoon, when the Harlows had driven into the yard the boss had happened to glimpse Gregory's

face. It had turned as white as the distant snow capped mountain peaks, and a look of grim despair had settled down over its accustomed gravity.

"The poor cuss has had a blow—did he ever know Lem Harlow back there?" mused the boss, as Gregory vanished in the direction of the bunk house. "If he did and ever got in bad with the old man I pity him! Harlow's as hard as nailer!"

Gregory had known Lem Harlow. He had worked in Harlow's bank in New York, and there had come a black day when funds were missing, and Gregory had been suspected, and it had actually been proved that Gregory was guilty.

And Lemuel Harlow, out of the magnanimity of his heart had hushed the matter up, and Gregory had gone free and friendless, for he was without relatives.

He had gone away hopelessly. Beth Harlow, whom he loved and who was not averse to him, had believed him guilty. Now, an unkind fate had sent him to seek employment at the Harlow ranch, and it was only this very afternoon that he had learned that Lemuel Harlow was his employer.

"I'll hand in my time tonight," he decided fiercely, as he arose from the table.

He found Boss Beach in the little one story frame office building, smoking a peaceful pipe.

"Hi, says, Greg," said the boss pleasantly. "What's bothering you tonight?"

"I'm going, Mr. Beach—in the morning," said Gregory bluntly.

"I'm sorry—we like you first rate. Is it a matter of wages?"

"No—I'm restless. I'll have to move along."

Beach eyed him keenly. "Want an other job?"

"Not around here."

"Well, my brother has a place down in Arizona, sheep ranch—he wants an assistant superintendent. You're educated and can keep his accounts and do his business. It's eighty a month to start."

"Thank you, Mr. Beach. I'd like that!" cried Gregory eagerly.

"Well, then, I'll have to let you go," said the other reluctantly. "If you leave here at daybreak you can ride over to Blister station and catch the express—that is, if you're in a hurry."

"I'd go now if it was necessary."

"Good. Then suppose you ride down to the Creek office and send a telegram to my brother. Here, wait a moment."

He drew a telegraph blank across the desk and scribbled a few lines. "Take that down and tell Smith to send it out tonight. I'll see you in the morning and have your pay fixed up."

Gregory Deane mounted his black horse and rode away from the ranch out into the white radiance of the moonlit prairie. Black Peter's hoofs seemed to skim the trail so lightly, did he tread the ground and the magic of the night entered Gregory's veins and he felt almost light hearted.

Perhaps in Arizona he might bury himself among strangers and start anew. Of course he could never shake off the old life and the clamor of his love for Beth would sweeten the rest of his days.

"If she had only believed in me!" he muttered as he rode along.

It was late when he returned to the ranch, and he paused at the gate and looked long at the lights burning in the boss' house. Somewhere inside that house Beth Harlow was smiling—Beth, whom he had loved, would always love, but would never be his, because men had decided that he was a thief when he was guiltless.

Suddenly there was the sound of a piano and a woman's sweet soprano voice singing that old Scotch ballad, "Douglas, Tender and True."

"Could you come back to me, Douglas," Douglas, in the old likeness that I once knew—I would be so faithful, so loving—Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!"

It was Beth singing his favorite song. Did she still care or could she sing it because she did not care—had she forgotten him?

At last once the song wavered, broke and was still. The sound of the piano died away in broken discord.

Gregory opened the gate of the corral and put up his horse for the night. Then he sought his quarters in the bunk house, where his comrades were either sleeping, reading or playing cards. He said goodnight to a few intimates and then went up to pack his belongings.

There was a few hours' sleep, and then the breaking dawn aroused him to a new day and a new life.

Wung Soo had a breakfast ready for him and grinned over the silver half dollar which Gregory tossed at him when the meal was over.

Black Peter was at the door, and Gregory had fastened on his heavy and diebags. His trunk would follow later.

Boss Beach was in the office and handed Gregory his pay envelope, with a word of regret and hearty handclasp farewell.

"Any time you want to come back I'll make room for you, boy," he said with emotion. "Good luck, and what more can I wish you, Greg?"

"Forgetfulness," said Gregory quietly, as he gripped the other's hand.

He waved farewell to the boss as Black Peter cantered down the yard to the gate. At the gate Gregory turned and looked back at the house. None where there he thought. Beth Harlow was sleeping.

He took off his hat in silent farewell. "Goodbye—forever," he whispered and believed that it was to be.

Blister creek danced in the first rays of the morning sunshine. Black Peter beat his head to the brink of the sparkling water.

Behind them came the light foot, heels of a flying pony.

Gregory turned sharply about and

The Fountain of Energy at Night



THE heroic Fountain of Energy at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco, is shown here spouting its spectacular stream when under illumination at night. This fountain is one of the greatest sights of interest in South Garden at the Exposition and faces the main entrance to the grounds. It has an allegorical significance, as it symbolizes the force that achieved the Panama canal, the motive for the great International Exposition. Be sure to visit the great Exposition.

One of the Rarities at the World's Greatest Exposition



THIS scene is the interior of one of the queer houses in Tehuantepec Village, which is one of the novel attractions on "The Zone," the 3,000 foot amusement street of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. San Francisco. The rug displayed here is valued at \$50 per inch and is a great rarity. The many wonderful concessions of this carnival district hold many a hearty good time in store for both young and old who visit the Exposition. Queer kinds of villages, new kinds of rides thrilling in the extreme and amazing lightening features are among the attractions offered. Be sure to visit the great Exposition.

"The Captain," Trained Horse, and His Giant Model at San Francisco



ONE OF THE WONDERS OF THE PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION "ZONE."

THIS photograph shows "The Captain," a trained horse, on the great amusement section, "The Zone," at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco, and a giant model of the horse used to attract the attention of passersby on the thoroughfare. "The Captain" is able to add, subtract and multiply up to six figures. He is also able to spell simple words.

Mr. Beach's calico pony scampering down the trail. On his back was a slender girl clad in a hastily donned linen frock, her hair flying over her shoulders. A pair of silver bedroom slippers adorned her bare feet, and her blue eyes were wide with fright and her cheeks pink with excitement.

"Gregory! Gregory!" she called. "Don't go away!"

"Beth," he responded. "What are you doing here?"

The calico pony scuttled to a standstill and Beth Harlow, brave and fearless, was looking at Gregory's strong arms.

When she opened her eyes he was still holding her, gazing upon her to speak to him, to look at him.

She smiled such a heavenly smile. "I was afraid I wouldn't reach you in time," she murmured. "Why were you going away, Gregory?"

"Because you came," he answered sternly. "I didn't know that your father was my employer until I saw you arrive yesterday afternoon. I am

leaving now—you must understand that after what has happened in the past I could not meet you both."

"Why?" she demanded.

"Because I am branded as a defaulter."

"Then, you do not know?" she asked amazed.

"What do you mean?"

"You do not know that my father hired detectives—that they proved that I was the cashier, was guilty? He confessed and father let him go free. He made up the losses out of his own pocket. We have tried to find you—detectives traced you to this vicinity and I persuaded father to let me come along, too. I wanted to be the one to tell you the good news in case we discovered your whereabouts."

"Last night I was talking to the office with father and Mr. Beach when you came into the outer room and told him you were going to leave. I saw your dear face, Gregory, and oh, my heart ached!"

"Then, I had wanted to see you alone first and tell you, and you started so early. I was awakened by the sound of your going, and I hung on some clothes and—here I am!"

"And you did all this for me?" asked Gregory dazedly.

"Yes."

"Why?"

Beth shrugged herself out of his arms and flashed into her own saddle.

"Guess," she called over her shoulder.

"I'm going, Mr. Beach—in the morning," said Gregory bluntly.

"I'm sorry—we like you first rate. Is it a matter of wages?"

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HEADING THE PROCESSION ON MEMORIAL DAY

By M. QUAD
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It was about a week before Memorial day a few years ago that one Horatio Sparrow, a resident of the village of Okemos, entered the drug store in that burg looking as if he had something serious on his mind, and on being encouraged a little he said to the druggist:

"Doc, don't say nothing to a living soul, but the town of Okemos is to be jarred from center to circumference this evening!"

"In what way?" was asked.

"Never you mind, but be at the post office at 7 o'clock. Meanwhile get ready to feed the earth tremble!"

"Is it dynamite, Horatio?" was guessed.

"You be there and see!"

Horatio was a man that never got excited when he woke up in the morning and found a cow in his garden, and the druggist felt quite sure he had something big on hand. He must have told him, for there was a big crowd at the post office at 7 o'clock in the evening, and all expected to hear big news. Deacon Holden took charge of things, as usual, and as the crowd got impatient he said:

"It is understood, fellow citizens, that Horatio Sparrow is going to launch a thunderbolt here tonight, and it is with more than ordinary interest that I call the meeting to order. Stand out, Horatio, and let's hear all about it."

Horatio stood out. He looked pale, but determined. He'd been thinking for a week of what he was going to say, and he started off as smooth as grease:

"The drums are beating a wild alarm. There is a war of flags, a march of men and a wall of women and children. War is upon the land. The life of the nation is at stake."

"By John, but that's slowry language!" exclaimed the deacon.

"Anything more, Horatio?"

"I just want to call your attention to the fact that Okemos has never had a Memorial day parade," replied the orator. "We've never paraded and never decorated."

"By John, but that's a strong p'nt!" abouted the deacon. "Hang me if Horatio ain't knockin' things sideways. No, sir; we've never had a parade nor decorated any graves, and we ought to be ashamed of ourselves. It is your suggestion that we celebrate the day this year, Horatio?"

"That's a p'nt, deacon."

"And it's as strong as a log chain. Yes, sir; we'll celebrate the day, and in order to make it a howlin' success I'll agree to take charge of the parade."

"But I object to that," said Horatio. "Havin' originated this idea, I think it's fair as to ride on horseback at the head of the procession."

There was a painful pause, and then Abner Jones, who was in freeman's uniform, jumped off the counter and said:

"There shouldn't be no jealousy about this thing. Horatio would lead purty fine on his spotted horse, and the deacon would be no slopsh in his cocked hat, but if there's to be any feelin' over it I'll take the job off their hands. As I'm foreman of the fire company, it comes in my line anyhow."

"I don't propose to give up my right for nobody," said Horatio.

"And I'm thinkin' I'm the man to boss things," added the deacon.

"It appears to me," said Silas Lapham, as he stood up and rubbed his hands together, "that we are not working in complete harmony in this matter. It will be the event of the century. Let us sacrifice any selfish interests as individuals and work to make the affair a general good advice."

"That's powerful good advice," said the deacon, as he rapped on the stove with his cane—"powerful good. I al-lus stand ready to sacrifice, and I hope the rest of you do. Any further p'nt, Silas?"

"You can call it a p'nt or not," said Silas, "but bel'm there seems to be a controversy here I think it better be settled by selectin' me to boss things."

"I'll never surrender my rights!" said Horatio Sparrow.

"Nor me!" yelled Abner Jones.

It was evident that the meeting was on the point of breaking up in a row when Joe Richard came sauntering in as calmly as could be. The deacon saw him and called out:

"Feller patriots, before this meetin' breaks up in a row that will send the price of Okemos real estate down 50 per cent and put our civilization back fifty years let's hear what Joe Richard has to say about it."

"What's the question?" asked Joe.

"About Memorial day. Shall we decorate?"

"Decorate what?"

"Why, the soldiers' graves."

"I don't see how you are goin' to do it," said Joe as he scratched his ear. "So far as I know or her bin able to find out nobody from Okemos went to war. It therefore follows that no Okemos man was ever killed. It follows, again, that you might look the graveyard over for a month and not find a soldier's grave to decorate. T'ens to me that you had better git yer grave rust."

Two minutes later Joe was the only man left in the postoffice. It was as if he had said—there was nothing to decorate, and all the blowing had been for nothing.