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PEG'S SACRIFICE

By MARGARET WILDER.

Peggy was excited and happy. Sitting before the big mirror, she brushed out the tangled curly hair, singing to herself. Tonight, oh, what fun! That great big marvelous dance she had looked forward to for the last three weeks was really about to happen.

Before her on a chair lay the blue evening dress and slippers, and they actually seemed to match her shining eyes.

"Oh, mamma," she cried, as the door opened. "I'm just crazy to go—why—why mamma, what is it?"

"Surprise and alarm were mingled in Peggy's voice. Her mother, sweet and young looking, came to her daughter's side and put her arm around Peggy's waist.

"Darling, I—I can hardly tell you. Oh, Peggy, what if I should ask you to give up that dance tonight?"

Peggy's eyes lost some of their glow. "Why, mamma—what's happened?" she managed to say.

"Mrs. Palmer's voice broke a little. "Your Aunt Alice is ill out in Chicago. I just received this telegram from Uncle Jack, and he wants me to come there tonight. And—and—you know, Peg, I can't leave a two-year-old baby alone in the house and since he is not well anyway, I hate to entrust him to a neighbor, yet I hate—Peg, I hate to keep you home!"

Peggy's heart seemed to be sinking within her, but her sweet lips turned and smiled at her mother's wistful face.

"Run right along, mamma. Of course I'll stay with Bob Boy. Oh, my love to Aunt Alice, and just make her get well. Probably knowing you are near will do her more good than any amount of medicine."

Mrs. Palmer kissed her daughter several times, and Peggy understood the deep sympathy and appreciation which her dear little mother could not express in words.

At eight o'clock that night all was still in the Palmer house. Peggy sat by little Bob Boy's crib, musing. The music was starting now, she knew. She could picture the orchestra jazzing away at their many different instruments, and she wondered what the girls were wearing, and how pretty they looked.

Bob Boy was sleeping peacefully. Peggy's mother heart went out to her tiny brother, and she was glad a hundred times over that she had stayed with him, instead of leaving such a warm little bundle with some careless neighbor. But she could not help that dull ache in her heart, in spite of everything, but not a tear passed her eyes.

An hour dragged by, and the house was still as a mouse. Peggy leaned over her little brother and kissed him, straightened the cool sheet under his pink chin and then tip-toed quietly down the stairs. She went to the parlor window and looked out. What a night! A glorious moon hung low in the sky, and every little star twinkled and flirted with her, as if trying to entice her out into the night. As she looked she saw a tall, slender soldier boy limping along the sidewalk. She rested her head against the window sash and her thoughts flew back over the space of a whole year. She, too, had had a soldier boy, but he had not been her sweetheart. They had not known each other long enough for that. Yet why had she watched the papers for every battle fought, in hopes of seeing his name, and why had she felt that stab of deep disappointment when the postman had failed to bring even one of those longed-for letters? She was watching the limping soldier as he approached with dreamy, wistful eyes, and not until he had actually turned and came up her front steps did she realize the truth. She heard the bell as in a dream; then the color rushed into her face, and she went quickly to the door.

The boy entered and looked intently into Peggy's flushed face.

"Peggy! Are you surprised?" His voice was eager as he awaited her reply. Peggy couldn't speak. She didn't trust herself just then.

He continued: "I hope you don't mind my running in this way. Our ship arrived this afternoon. I have a day or so to go home in before I leave for camp. My ticket is for the one o'clock train tonight."

Peggy suddenly took his big hand in hers.

"Roy, why didn't you write ever?" "Because," replied Roy slowly, "just one little girl's image has been in my mind for this past year—it was yours, Peg—I didn't believe you cared—so—so—I was afraid to write for fear I'd say too much."

Suddenly Peg was in his arms.

"You—never, never could say too much!" She was half-laughing, half-sobbing.

Late that night after Roy had left Peg received a telegram. The crisis was past—Aunt Alice would get well—and they would pack mother off home tomorrow.

Peg prayed long and earnestly that night. She thanked God for his many blessings.

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Got Busy Quickly.

"Well, what's the first thing your son did after graduating from that expensive college?"

"Touched me for \$300 to buy some girl an engagement ring."—Kansas City Journal.

MORE THAN USUALLY WARM

Sailors Declare the Gulf Stream is Outdoing Itself at This Season, For Some Reason.

Marine men blame the Gulf stream for the summer weather prevailing along the Atlantic coast. They say the water of the Gulf stream is almost boiling.

In Norfolk, Va., the temperature was 86 degrees. A hundred miles out to sea just before the Gulf stream is reached the temperature was 101, according to information brought there by marine men. Within one day's run from Norfolk by water there was a difference of nearly 40 degrees in the temperature. It was no hot in the Gulf stream, marine men said, it was almost unbearable to remain on deck during the day.

Vessels passing through the peculiar water during the day say the weather is hotter than they have ever experienced before. A difference in the temperature of the water dipped from the Gulf stream with buckets from ships with that of the ocean itself is the difference, marine men report, between moderately cool water and that warm enough almost to poach an egg. The Gulf stream water is lighter than the remainder of the ocean and when first dipped foam and bubbles like water just on the point of boiling.

It was reported that an American destroyer would go out to the Gulf stream with a party of experts for the purpose of making observations for use by the government and to ascertain if reports brought in by merchant ships are authentic.

COULD FEEL FOR AFFLICTION

Man Had Not Forgotten How It Felt to Be Deprived of the Blessing of Sight.

He looked as if he owned a bank. And he was talking to a man who looked as if he owned two.

And while they confabbed in front of a hotel a wrinkled woman came up to them leading a wrinkled man. She was selling matches—5 cents a box, three for—

The one-bank man waved aside the matches, but put some money in the woman's hands, and asked her unlucky companion how he came to lose his sight.

The blind man said that he had never had any sight to lose. He was born that way.

The man of the two banks chipped in with a donation, then the couple moved on, the blind man, philosophically serene and the woman shrilling her slogan—"Matches! Five cents a box, three for—"

And the one-bank man said to the one who owned two:

"I had my eyes bandaged for a while. Blindness is a tragic thing."

Which showed that, in his case anyhow, a little knowledge was not a dangerous thing.—Washington Star.

Dolls in Literature.

A London writer has recently introduced the subject of dolls in literature. Almost anyone, who will trouble to search his memory, can discover a doll somewhere between the covers of many a book which he has read. Beginning with a "slighting reference to them under the name of babies," in Sydney's "Arcadia," and noting the mention of a doll by Charlotte Bronte, this writer concludes that, until the nineteenth century, dolls were neglected by English authors and that they appear more frequently in French than in English fiction. Dickens seems to have had more to say about dolls than any other English author; but the doll Nobby in "Peter and John," and the dolls' house in "Tono-Bungay" contained 85 dolls, although with none of them does the reader become personally acquainted, Jerry and Rosa in "The Golden Age," are also remembered.

German Farming Methods.

Germany may have led the world in some branches of technical skill but her farming methods left much to be desired if the bitter contempt poured upon them by a Bunyip soldier can serve as a standard. Bunyip, Victoria, Australia, is proud of his knowledge of soil culture, and 17 months spent as a prisoner of war at three places a day on a farm in Silesia, Germany, made one of its finest citizens more convinced than ever that Bunyip is always best. When he returned to Australia and applied for a farm he was asked, as a joke, if he could give a reference from his previous employer. His reply would have been gall and wormwood to the Silesian.

United States Sex Statistics.

The census of 1910 showed 2,001,878 more males than females in the United States. In all but Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Maryland, North Carolina, South Carolina and the District of Columbia, the males are in excess. In all the world females are a little in excess. The reverse in America is evidently due to the excess in male immigration.

Breaking It Gently.

"You were discharged?" "No, indeed!" "But you lost your job." "It happened this way: The boss informed me in the kindest possible manner that there would be no limit set for my vacation this year."

Airplane Service in Australia.

A company has been formed in Australia to conduct an airplane passenger and freight service among the principal cities of the commonwealth.

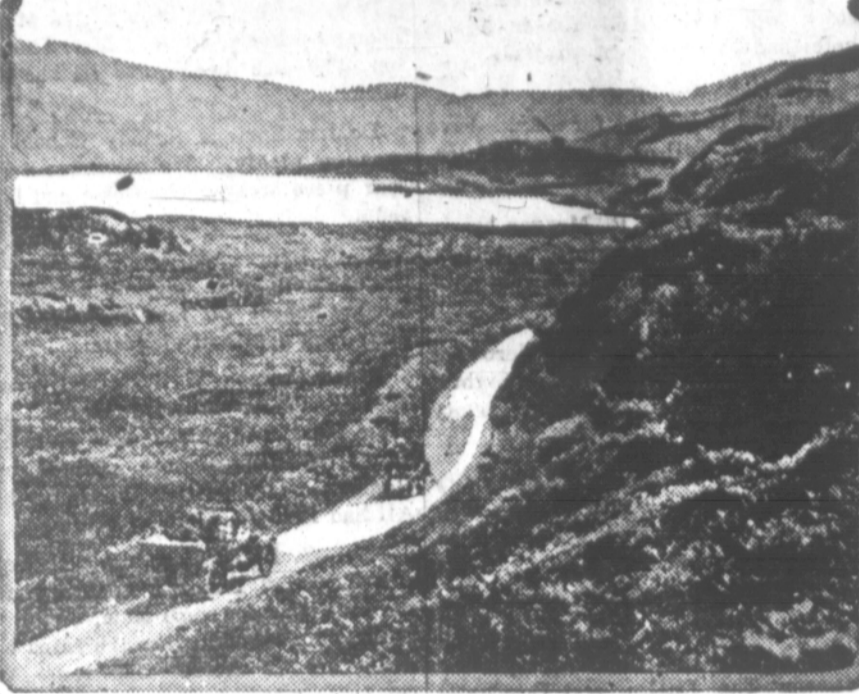
Uncle Eben.

"Dar ain' no use tryin' to bury de hater 'til some folks," said Uncle Eben, "not as long as dey kin keep dodgin' into de hardware store an' gettin' no cutlery."

Hit It Right That Time.

"How the Blanks could afford to give such a grand dinner I don't understand," said Mrs. Blunderby to her guest. "It was really a most presumptuous repeat."—Boston Transcript.

Motoring in Kerry



Looking Toward Coppal Lake.

ONE would not, of course, describe the Kerry roads as "good." There still exist motorists who visit a district not for the sake of rushing through it as fast as possible—they do not welcome postively bad roads, but, given roads which can be driven over, they are less keen on the goodness of the roads than the goodness of the views seen therefrom. Such, at all events, was the temperment of our party, says a writer in Country Life. Some one had said: "If you don't do" the coast route from Killorglin through Cahirciveen and Waterville to Parknasilla you will miss the finest thing in Ireland—perhaps in the British Isles," so we turned aside at this tempting prospect. And we did not regret our detour.

Soon after leaving Killorglin, where the Caragh lake lies, still and black in its opening in the hills, we began to have some foretaste of the glories before us. The road mounted into barren wildernesses, and on our right suddenly the vast blue expanse of Dingle bay was outspread, a dream in the sunshine. Grandeur and grandeur grew the vistas across that splendid inlet of the Atlantic, wilder and wilder the ranges on our left. At Mountain Stage, where there is a little railway station (though heaven alone knows what the traffic can be), the scenery was as noble as anything I have witnessed in Great Britain.

A railway accompanies the road at intervals, during this part of the journey; but it is a very unobtrusive railway, and appears to boast about a couple of trains per diem in each direction. Its final objective, of course, is the ferry for Valencia island. And it is for Valencia that another of our companions was bound—the telegraph line. For Valencia is one of the cable stations, and those ordinary looking wires, nine of them only, which pass from pole to pole along the hedge side, are throbbing, maybe, with messages for New York. A curious thought, in this solitude! But Kerry is sophisticated, in spots as it were. It contains three cable stations—the Valencia island one, the one at Ballinskelligs, and the one at Waterville. The result is that you suddenly come on queer cases of civilization: neat rows of villas, spruce and span gardens, and evidences—will not say of wealth, but at any rate of more comfort than is discernible in the thatched-roofed and generally poverty-stricken farms. A cable terminal, you learn with surprise, employs a hundred or more persons—skilled persons, too; the kind of persons who have to be paid a salary which sounds like untold wealth in this neighborhood.

Happy Valencia Island.

It was interesting to come to the Valencia island ferry and look across at a little town as neat as some nice French coast resort. But Valencia island, as we found, is by way of being both rich and happy; and even if its cable station did not bring unusual comforts, the Knight of Kerry is one of those landlords who see to it that their property, and the tenants thereon, are securely to behold. Valencia we all liked; it was, to be candid, rather a contrast to the nearby Cahirciveen—of which a small pupil had written (in one of the schools which we visited) in her essay: "Cahirciveen is a town with a great many houses, and most of them are public houses." For all that, Cahirciveen is very characteristic and picturesque. Beyond it the road was, alas, pretty rough; army lorries, we were told, had ploughed it up, and there had been no time, as yet, to put it under proper repair. An easy pace was not undesirable, all the same, for there was plenty to look at. On either hand the hedges, we saw with delight, were fuchsia—a testimony to the climate's softness. Everywhere we went in this part of Kerry we were astonished at the vegetation. Fuchsia grew astonishingly. On Valencia island there is one colossal tree of fuchsia, and here also we saw glorious pink geraniums positively smothering a cottage wall. Arum lilies flourished like weeds in the poorest gardens. Along the bog sides, and right down to the seashore, there were often acres of yellow iris.

But the bogs, to the eyes of a stranger, looked bleak, one must confess. Every mile of the way beyond Killorglin we had not been out of sight of those sombre brown scars which mark where the apparently exhaustless peat is being cut; and now, between Cahirciveen and Waterville these peat excavations were almost continuous. Behind the bogs rose long, empty hills, grey with bowlders or tinted here and there with the purple of bell heather. For some miles now we had been out of sight of the sea; but, descending a slope we came in view of it again.

and of the jolly little town of Waterville, situated so sweetly on Ballinskelligs bay, with the famous freshwater Lough Currane lying a mere 200 yards or 300 yards inland. Waterville has its terrace of pink villas, housing the cable staff; but it also owns a few hotels, and at one of these we were excellently housed. Irish hotels not being all they might be, one is glad to find a really satisfactory one, and moderate withal. Some of our party who paused to patronize the salmon and sea-trout fishing on Lough Currane were enthusiastic in their unanimous decision to return and make a longer sojourn. The lough, certainly is one of the most beautiful I have ever had the fortune to behold. Our car, on the good advice of the hotel proprietor, turned aside and explored the valley in which the lough lies, going as far as that dreamy tarn known as Coppal lake. Fishers who ply their craft in such scenery are indeed to be envied.

Some Glorious Scenery.

But the best was yet in store for us. Returning to the main road and leaving pleasant Waterville in our rear, we began the ascent of the Coomakista pass. Now, the Coomakista pass, I hereby announce to those who have not heard of it before, is one of the most glorious stretches of sea and mountain scenery in Europe. I know the Corniche on the Riviera, I have motored the new Italian roads above the Venetian plain, and also between Valona and Santi Quaranta in Albania, and I can seriously assert that the view which abruptly unfolded before us at the summit of Coomakista, though slightly smaller in size than the celebrated ones I have mentioned, beats them all for sheer loveliness and in the subtlety of what artists would call its composition.

Before us lay Darrynane bay, with its complicated contours, its endless islands round which the Atlantic rollers were creaming, its delicious coves of yellow sands, its huge woods, its grand encircling rocks and broken skyline. The car drew up without any order being given to our chauffeur. It was as though he felt that this tribute must be made to the extraordinary vision which had burst on us in this dramatic fashion. We stayed silent, by the stone dike which fenced us from the deep declivity, and gazed and gazed. It all seemed too exquisite to be true. And Darrynane, when at last we came to it—for we all agreed, now, that we must leave the main high road and look more closely at this wonderful Darrynane—was like a place in a fairy story. Just one small inn—embowered in flowers (for the slope is southerly, and we are on the Gulf stream)—and no other houses except one, that of the Liberator O'Connell's family; and spread out, as smooth as velvet, sheltered sands for bathers (if any should come); and rocks with pools of waving seaweed and anemones; and deep coves in which bass and pollock could be caught in scores by the merest tyro; and, to crown all, a magnificent lobster tea at the inn aforementioned. Well, I think to think that Darrynane, sleepy and bewitching, exists on the same planet as Paddington!

ONE OF WAR'S MASTER MINDS

Britain Owes Deep Debt of Gratitude to Patrick Quinan, of Whom Little is Known.

One of the most vital and at the same time mysterious figures in the war on the British side was Patrick Quinan, an American of Irish descent. Vital because he planned all the great munition works which enabled Great Britain to supply not only her own but her allies' needs in munitions; mysterious because his name was never allowed to be mentioned during the war and because he would never be interviewed.

Mr. Quinan reached England by way of South Africa. Trained at Du Pont's, he went to the South African Explosives company at Cape Town, then the largest in the British empire, owing to the demand for explosives for mining purposes. The vast factories laid out in England during the war—now somewhat of a white elephant, as their conversion to peace purposes is still unsettled—were all designed by Mr. Quinan.

Quinan is just over 40 years of age, and since the close of the war has disappeared. His name was never in any "honor list"—which is rather a distinction these times. He was never given any public recognition by any member of the government or the army. Still no one man did as much to help win the war as this retiring Mr. Quinan.

STATES HELP DISABLED MEN

Louisiana and Texas Are Prominent in the Work of Assisting the Unfortunates.

Much encouragement has come to the district officers of the federal board for vocational education, as local interest has been displayed in the work of re-education for disabled soldiers. The building in which men in "tryout" courses are taught at Tulane university was donated for the purpose. It is a modern, up-to-date building, spacious enough to accommodate the men who will need this type of training in this district. The shops at Tulane university will still be utilized, as will the automobile instruction, and related subjects in English and in simple arithmetic will be given in this building. In addition, it may be used as a social center for the men. An organization has been perfected among the disabled men in training, and other social organizations in the city have shown interest in planning entertainment for them. A splendid spirit has developed among the men and they seem much interested in their work.

A similarly satisfactory arrangement has been made in Texas at the Grubb school. Ten thousand dollars have been appropriated by the state for use in this school in connection with the work done by the board. The school receives pupils at any time, and no tuition is charged. Barracks are being built by the authorities to house the men, and a special mess hall is being prepared for them.

DEGENERACY DUE TO WEALTH

People of Sybaris Allowed Their Character to Be Sapped by Love of Luxury.

The present meaning of the word sybarite is a person devoted to luxury and pleasure. It is derived from the ancient city of Sybaris, situated in southern Italy near to the shores of the Gulf of Taranto. It was founded by the Greeks 720 B. C. and became very powerful. In the days of its opulence it was ruler over four nations with their 25 towns and could raise an army of 200,000 men and equip them well for the field. The walls surrounding the city were said to extend six miles and the suburbs covered an area of seven miles. It was the old story, however, for as the city grew in wealth its people degenerated and became noted for effeminacy and self-indulgence, and it is told of them that no trade that made a noise was allowed within the city limits. Seneca tells the story that one of the Sybarites complained that he had not rested comfortably during the whole night, and upon being asked why, he stated that he had found a rose leaf doubled up under his pillow, which had hurt him painfully. Thus it is easy to see how the word sybarite has been bestowed upon one who lives for pleasure and self-gratification.

The Result.

A prohibitionist said at a dinner: "Booze spoils everything. Yes, it even spoils the grand game of baseball."

Two local teams in a small town once agreed to play a match game, and the proprietor of the Red Dog saloon took the team he favored outside and said:

"Eggs, for every run you make today I'll give you a keg of beer."

"By a curious coincidence," the proprietor of the Tin Can saloon made an exactly similar speech to the other team. And what was the result?

"The result, gentlemen, was that the two saloonkeepers rushed frantically out on the diamond in the sixth inning and said the game must be stopped at once. The score stood at 50 to 57."

WAR TAUGHT HIM SOMETHING

Returned Doughboy Convinced, Among Other Things, That There is Little Gained in Kicking.

"There are thousands of returned soldiers to whom the war was a spiritual university," says Maule Redford Warren, in Everybody's. "They have won an understanding and a tolerance beyond their years. The best example I know is my friend Sidney, aged twenty-two, and endowed through the hard means of shot and shell with a maturity beyond his years."

"At home," Sid said, "I used to kick if things didn't go right. Well, sitting around in the mud over here I have begun to think a lot about some of the older people I know. They take things just as they come, I notice; don't kick much. Life seems to teach them that. Well, the war strikes me as just a lot of concentrated life. It's been that to me, anyhow. If ever I kick, it's sort of from force of habit. I honestly don't want to very much. I let the bad luck go with a grin, and if not, with set teeth, and I try not to count it at all. The good luck I count as clear velvet. It may not be a logical way of looking at life, but it's a practical way. Sitting here in the mud and getting old myself, I figure that is about the way the nice middle-aged people I know at home look at things. Being a good sport is about as good a thing as anyone can contribute to the world."

Perfectly Safe.

"Now," said the physician to the post who had summoned him, "you are not in good health, and I must forbid all brain work." "But, doctor," protested the poet, "may I not write some verses?" "Certainly," the doctor said, "write all the verses you want to."

Another War.

"What's the charge against this man?" asked the judge.

"Fighting in the public streets," replied the officer.

"You're fined nine dollars and ninety cents."

"What's the ninety cents for, judge?" asked the man at the bar.

"War tax."

"But the war's all over, your honor."

"Over, nothing! You were fighting, weren't you?"

OREGON NEWS NOTES OF GENERAL INTEREST

Principal Events of the Week Briefly Sketched for Information of Our Readers.

A farmers' week for Multnomah county will be held at Gresham, beginning February 9.

The Willamette University Glee club has left on a tour of Eastern Oregon and Washington.

Rabies, stamped out after a severe outbreak three years ago, is again appearing among coyotes in Klamath county.

North Bend has rejected the proposal of the Lumbermen Trust company of Portland to purchase \$90,000 of city bonds at par.

Captain Alex Scott of Bandon and two associates have put a line aboard the wrecked Chanslor and are holding it for salvage.

Damage to roads resulting from the rains in Hood River county will consume a large part of the road fund appropriated for 1920.

A movement is being launched at Oregon City to erect a memorial for 400 young men of Clackamas county who served in the war.

Arrangements are being made by the Klamath county farm bureau to import a carload of Shorthorn cattle to be sold at public auction.

The city council of Marshfield has ordered all boxes in restaurants removed, declaring there shall be no more partitions in eating houses.

The Clackamas County Farmers' union has decided to organize a warehouse association at Beaver Creek. Stock will be sold at \$50 per share.

Efforts are being made by the school board of Eugene to compel parents to observe the rules of the state board of health and vaccinate their children.

Permission to graze 17,720 head of stock in the Cascade national forest this year will be given, according to N. F. Macduff, supervisor of the forest.

A budget of \$126,250 adopted by the Pendleton school board for 1920-21 shows an increase of 25 per cent over last year. This is due to increased salaries of teachers.

A. R. Olsen has been appointed by the citizens of Burns chairman of a committee to arrange for the holding of the Cattle and Horse Raisers' annual convention next May.

Speaker Gillett has signed the bill which permits the construction of a bridge across the Columbia river between Washington and Oregon, two miles west of Cascade Locks.

Otto Hartwig, president of the State Federation of Labor, was appointed by Governor Olcott to succeed E. J. Stack as a member of the board of vocational education. Mr. Stack recently resigned.

Arrangements are being made by the livestock committee of the Klamath county farm bureau for importation of a carload of registered Shorthorn cattle for sale at public auction about March 1.

Cottage Grove millmen report that prospects for continued activity at profitable prices remain bright. The only cloud on the horizon is the continued car shortage, which hampers the delivery of orders.

F. W. Kehrl, bull association specialist of the United States department of agriculture, arrived in Toledo to take up with the Lincoln county agent the plan for organizing a Jersey bull association in the county.

H. P. Bars, professor of botany and plant pathology at Oregon Agricultural college, has been reappointed commissioner on the advisory board of the American Phytopathological society.

What is believed to be a case of sleeping sickness is attracting the attention of physicians at Hartsburg in the case of Caroline Williams, a student of the agricultural college, who was taken to the hospital a few days ago.

Within a short time after he had informed his wife that she would outlive him Andrew Jackson Marvin, aged 76 years and well known in Jackson county, shot and killed himself on his homestead 13 miles southwest of Jacksonville.

R. E. Clanton, master fish warden of Oregon, has announced that work on the new state hatchery on the upper Willamette river a mile above Oak Ridge will be awarded at once. The 1919 legislature appropriated \$5000 for this plant.

Seventy thousand one hundred and seventy-six eggs were laid by a flock of 425 "Oregon" at the Multnomah county farm the last year, according to James Dryden, professor of poultry husbandry at the college and originator of the "Oregon."

A meeting of fruit growers was held at Milton at which Fred Benion of Pendleton, agricultural agent at Umatilla county, and Professor H. Weatherston, state fruit inspector of Elgin, organized the East End Umatilla county farm bureau, which will embrace the fruit, stock, hay and grain sections adjacent to Milton, and Free water.

The public service commission will be petitioned by citizens of Salem to install warning signals at three railway crossings in the city.

Holes bored by crawfish in the earthen wing-dam diverting the waters of the Deschutes river through the plant of the Bend Water, Light & Power Co. are considered responsible for a wash-out which will cost the company several thousand dollars.

The Oregon League of Women Voters, with headquarters in Portland, filed articles of incorporation at Salem. The

officers and incorporators are Maria Hadden, Portland, president; Josephine Othua, Portland, recording secretary, and Thella Scruggs, Portland, treasurer.

Ballot titles for practically all measures and amendments approved at the recent special session of the legislature for submission to the voters at the special election to be held May 21, are being prepared by Attorney-General Brown, and will be completed early next week.

Federal inspection of the various Oregon national guard companies in Oregon will start about February 15, according to announcement made by Conrad Stratton, adjutant-general. Inspections will be under the supervision of Colonel Koester, commander of Vancouver barracks.

J. Skewis and S. S. Bullis have purchased the old Applegate Lumber plant on the Portland & Eugene near Medford and will start operations at once under the name of Southern Oregon Lumber.

The company plans to employ 1000 feet of lumber a year.

Some 20 Grass Valley men have formed a club, with L. A. A. president, for the purpose of a comprehensive farm program which they will be able to cost of producing wheat in addition, as well as making a study of other farm operations.

J. C. Reed, now specialist of the department of agriculture, is from the national capital, and will work with Dr. Fisher, state pathologist, in an effort to improve fruit orchards around McMinnville, Salem and Eugene.

In a letter addressed to Hines, director of the state railroad administration, the state labor commission has urged against the employment of cooks in railroad construction to the exclusion of American citizens.

A sale of \$5,000,000 of the Seneca national forest in Albany has been made during a few days by the forest service to the Merrill Lumber and Shingle company, according to an announcement by E. Ames, assistant district agent in charge of all timber sales in this district.

Active construction work on the Booth-Kelly Lumber company's system of logging railways above Wendling is under way. The line is being extended across the summit of the ridge to the McKenzie side of the mountains, tapping a tract of timber that has never been touched and said to be some of the finest in the county.

Bills passed by both branches of the legislature and not having the emergency clause attached will become effective as laws at midnight April 16, according to Sam A. Koser, assistant secretary of state. That time will mark the end of the 90-day period following the end of the session, when the new laws are made effective by statute.

There were five fatalities due to accidents during the week ending January 29, according to a report prepared by the state industrial accident commission. The victims were: Robert Reane, laborer, Portland; Alex E. Johnson, carpenter, Portland; Roy G. Christianson, miner, Homestead; John Martinson, laborer, Eau Claire, Wis.; Raymond Ward, laborer, Hillsboro.

The Enterprise Irrigation district has filed application with Percy Cupper, state engineer, for certification of bonds in the sum of \$40,000, with which to install a pumping system necessary to obtain water for the lands included in the project. The district is in Klamath county and it is proposed to obtain the water from the United States reclamation canal.

That the English people do not fear prohibition will strike their little island and stop the manufacture of beer for a few years at least is evidenced by the filing at Eugene of hop contracts wherein a big English firm agrees to buy the crop of three Lane county growers for four consecutive years, beginning this year. The contracts call for the payment of a total of \$230,000.

Organization of a new political party to be known as the land and labor league of Oregon, elimination of those features of the tentative platform declared objectionable to the grange, the adoption of resolutions directed to cover operations of the body in a future effort to gain governmental supremacy, marked the closing session of the convention at Salem, mad of delegates from the various unions of the state, farmers'