

OREGON STATE NEWS OF GENERAL INTEREST

Principal Events of the Week
Assembled for Information
of Our Readers.

Miss Hazel Bartley of McMinnville has been chosen by the Linfield student body to reign over the festival on May 3 as May queen.

Building permits issued in McMinnville during the first three months of the year totaled \$15,980, figures at the office of the city recorder reveal. This is considerably lower than the same period last year when more than \$100,000 in building permits were issued during a similar period.

Gus Schirmer of Keating was seriously injured at a mine about five miles from Keating when a charge of dynamite exploded. Schirmer set the charge, and as it did not go off he went back in about an hour and a half to investigate it. The dynamite exploded and injured both eyes.

The government land office at Roseburg sold 14 tracts of grant land timber in ten counties for a total of \$115,074.75. The largest purchase was by the Fruit Growers' Supply company of San Francisco, which took 640 acres in Josephine county, near the California line, for lumber for box shooks.

State prohibition operatives participated in 125 arrests for liquor law violations during the month of March, according to a report filed with Governor Norblad by George Alexander, state prohibition director. Fines were imposed in the amount of \$15,865, with jail sentences aggregating 735 days.

Two more cases of rattlesnakes, containing a total of 71, together with one scorpion and a number of non-poisonous snakes, were found near Canyonville, making the third to be located in a week. McKinley Huntington discovered the dens. The nests were blown out with dynamite and the rattlers killed.

A recent school election both at Florence and at Cushman and held to consolidate the two high school districts resulted favorably, 68 Florence voters doing so unanimously and the Cushman district polling a still heavier vote, and with a majority for consolidation. Plans for a new high school building will now be made.

The famous Oregon caves—generally conceded to be one of the major attractions of the state—are to be completely renovated and lighted within the next few months, according to an announcement by Major John D. Guthrie, assistant district forester. The caves are in Josephine county, 32 miles southwest of Grants Pass.

Planting of 300 experimental acres of garden lands in the Salem district from the state fair grounds north to Gervais was announced at Salem by the Associated Seed company of Hartford, Conn. Only vegetable and garden seeds will be produced. The experiment presages development of more than 10,000 acres of garden land in that vicinity.

Approximately \$400,000 will be available for the protection of forest lands in Oregon during 1930, according to a report prepared by F. A. Elliott, state forester. This money will finance a personnel of more than 400 men and provide for improvements and equipment. There are approximately 10,500,000 acres of Oregon land under the jurisdiction of the state forester.

A total of 753 persons were killed and \$4,855 were injured in traffic accidents on Oregon highways during the six year period from 1924 to 1929 inclusive, according to figures compiled by T. A. Rafferty, chief of the state traffic squad. Recorded accidents during this period totaled 170,978. Oregon was one of six states in the Union showing a reduction in the number of fatal accidents during the year, Rafferty declared.

Ben Clelen of Albany recently put an end to the fishing career of a three foot gartersnake that he saw running for cover with a ten-inch eastern brook trout in its mouth. Clelen, with at least six other Albany people looking on, killed the snake at the Roaring river fish hatchery near Albany. The snake had seized the trout in a pool. The fish was restored to the pool and in a few minutes was swimming about, apparently unharmed.

According to the Jackson County Central Civic council plans are under way to preserve for southern Oregon the historic relics of the Jacksonville museum. Funds for better housing the collection and for hire of a caretaker are required. The museum includes the old Beckman banking building and contents intact, the first bank established in Oregon, as well as a big collection exhibited in the famous old-time U. S. hotel building and another collection housed in the first brick building erected in Jacksonville in 1854, still intact.

The several irrigation districts in Rogue river valley are turning the flood and natural flow of the streams into the canal system to conserve all available water. This is a purely precautionary measure against a predicted dry season.

John Eilbert, 40, a trapper and miner in the Coffee creek district, a remote section of the south Umpqua territory above Tiller, committed suicide and attempted to cremate his body in an abandoned cabin. He had been suffering from a leg infection.

Read the Observer for county news.

The Red-Headed Floorwalker

By CLARISSA MACKIE
(Copyright.)

MISS SADIE GILROY of the handkerchief, leaned confidentially toward her friend on the next stool. "Ethel," was what she said. "Ethel Martin thrust the last box of booties into its nook in the shelf, and drew nearer to the handkerchief counter. "Huh?" she inquired.

"Have you seen the new floorwalker?" asked Sadie.

"Yes."

"What's his name?"

"Hooney," said Sadie, and went back to wait on a customer.

Ethel Martin cast a long look at the profile view of Mr. Hooney, the new floorwalker, who was standing nearby. He was tall—his hair was red and lay in thick, glossy waves on his massive forehead. "I guess I know why they picked Hooney for this job," thought Ethel. "He's handy—people will find it easy to say: 'Oh, the red-headed floorwalker told me so and so.' I guess Sadie likes him, too. Wonder if she will change her mind?"

Sadie Gilroy was one of the prettiest girls in the large department store, but she had always been cool to masculine attention. Perhaps it was because her father shot himself to death and because her mother had worked herself almost to death, Sadie and Ethel kept house together, in a tiny apartment. Every morning at half past eight they reported for duty at the midtown store, where they held adjoining positions. They were both clerks and were well regarded by their associates. Once Sadie had explained her views upon marriage, and since then all the young men had fought shy of her, but she didn't care.

"He's the first one she's been interested in," thought Ethel. "I'll sure give her a boost if I get a chance. As for me, no red-heads, thank you! I've got temper enough for two!"

It was about this time that Ned Wayne in the shoe department became enamored of Ethel's fair beauty, and Sadie found herself alone.

Then, one day, Mr. Hooney paused at Sadie's counter and looked at the girl's soft dark hair, her brown eyes and her pretty face. He noted that her black frock was without a speck of dust and that her white collar and cuffs were spotless and dainty. "Some girl, that!" Mr. Hooney said to himself, but to Sadie he murmured:

"Warm?"

"It is warm here," agreed Sadie. "But it's cool at the benches," offered Mr. Hooney with a hint in his voice.

"It must be," sighed Sadie wistfully.

"Want to go to Coney tonight?" he asked, preparing to leave.

"I'd love to," said Sadie, surprising herself.

Months went by. Saturdays and Sundays at the beaches and evenings at a show were a regular thing, and sometimes the four of them played cards in the little flat.

One day there came a fearful smash-up when Mr. Hooney asked Sadie to marry him, and she, thinking overmuch of the past, told Mr. Hooney that it was against her principle to love any man.

Another day, when it was raining, a small mousey little woman came in, peering this way and that, and peered at the handkerchief counter with inquiring eyes. She spoke to Sadie Gilroy.

"Please, miss, I've heard there's a red-headed man got a fine job here—do you know him?"

"Around in the next aisle you will find the floorwalker," said Sadie. "Of course I knew he was no good—but you she's his wife," thought Sadie.

Just then she saw the mousey figure of Michael Hooney standing aloof within sight of the handkerchief counter. The little mousey woman must have missed him, for the crept past Sadie again and then she ran plump into Mr. Hooney.

"Umph!" grunted Mr. Hooney, unexpectedly.

With a shrill bleat of fear, the little woman humbly apologized.

Then, suddenly, the little woman saw Mr. Hooney's bright head.

"Are you the floorwalker, sir?" she gasped.

"Yes," admitted Mr. Hooney, bowing low. "What can I do for you, madam?"

"Well, you're not the red-head that I was looking for—he's not quite so tall—I may just reach his h-beart."

And she went scuttling off the side door. As she went, Sadie Gilroy lifted her sweet voice in a grave, though quavering call:

"Floorwalker! Mr. Hooney, please!"

It was the noon hour and it happened that there were no customers at the handkerchief counter.

Mr. Hooney came. "Yes," he said jolly.

"If you would just look at this, Mr. Hooney," murmured Miss Gilroy.

Mr. Hooney leaned majestically against the counter and bant his red head over the alp of paper. "I'm so sorry," he read. "Please forgive me. May I say 'yes'?"

Mr. Hooney smiled. "I'll wait for you tonight," he said.

Maybe it is

Personally he does not know the secret of success, but sometimes we are afraid it's work.—Dallas News.

Took Name From Province

The first artesian well was found in Europe in the province of Artois, hence the name "artesian."

Long Name Shortened

Cape Ann was first named Cape Trumbull by Capt. John Smith's map of New England, in memory of a woman who befriended him while he was held a slave by the Turks in his youth.

LIFER ACQUITS MAN WHO SERVED 5 YEARS

Barber Is Convicted of Crime Despite Alibi.

Marquette, Mich.—Whether Stanley Ridler of Detroit is serving 12½ to 25 years in the Michigan state prison at Jackson for a crime he did not commit is a question to which Arthur D. Wood, pardon and parole commissioner, is seeking the answer.

Anthony Machus, serving life in Marquette branch prison, has told Mr. Wood that he and an unnamed companion, now dead, carried out the hold-up for which Ridler was sentenced. Machus said he had kept silent because he did not wish to implicate his companion, but the death of the latter recently, he said, had removed this motive.

Believes Story.

Mr. Wood said he had gone over the Ridler case recently and was inclined to believe that Machus was telling the truth. Ridler has insisted all the time that he is innocent. Mr. Wood intended he would recommend a pardon for Ridler if his investigation bore out the story told by Machus.

Ridler was found guilty October 25, 1924, of holding up John A. Dietrich, superintendent, and Frank G. Welton, auditor of the Detroit Twist Drill company, February 10, 1923, as they were transporting an \$8,300 pay roll. Ridler was convicted on his third trial, the first two juries disagreeing. His defense was an alibi.

Mr. Wood said his inquiries showed that at the time of the pay roll robbery Ridler owned a five-chair barber shop and was in a comfortable financial condition. At his first trial the jury stood 9 to 3 for acquittal and at the second trial the vote was 11 to 1 for a verdict of not guilty.

Machus a Slay.

Between his second and third trials Ridler disappeared and his bond was forfeited. He was arrested later at the home of a relative. Ridler also was arrested in the slaying of Malcolm McGregor at the Halfway house, owned jointly by Ridler and Harry (Kid) Harris, but was discharged when the chief witnesses were unable to identify him.

Machus, a Chicago gangster, was one of four men who killed Patrolman Casimir Kalkiewicz while fleeing after taking \$27,000 from the Chicago street and Happer branch of the Central National bank, now the First National bank.

His companions were Stanley (Big Stack) Podulski, his cousin, John Podulski, and Walter Filipkowski. Machus, John Podulski, and Filipkowski were given life for killing Kalkiewicz, while Stanley Podulski, convicted of another robbery, was given 20 to 40 years.

Friends Come to Aid of Old Book Seller

St. Louis—Rare bits of binding, first editions, beautifully printed and bound volumes, and just ordinary musty, second-hand books have been relegated to the radio and talkies—according to George T. Tourville, dean of St. Louis bookellers.

For 50 years St. Louis book lovers had been dropping into George's shop to browse among the volumes, and George, always ready to gossip about his books, enjoyed a lucrative income.

But with the advent of the radio and the talkies, people were no longer interested in George's musty, dusty volumes, and the veteran bookseller found himself in financial straits.

Friends of Tourville, some of them men who as lads munched their sandwiches in his book shop, while they spent their noon hour devouring a volume, have come to the rescue.

These friends have devised a plan to rejuvenate the shop and put it on a paying basis. They plan to incorporate the shop and issue stock. Fifty shares will be sold to provide a working capital, Tourville receiving the remaining which will be non-voting stock until dividends equal the amount subscribed.

The veteran bookman will remain in charge of his beloved books.

Use Ultra Violet Rays in Crime Prevention

New York—Science's latest contribution to law enforcement agencies was discussed today, following a demonstration of a new device for burglar protection which sets off an alarm as soon as an invisible beam of ultra violet rays is interrupted or disturbed by an intervening body.

The rays may be used to apprehend any intruder with a barrage of tear gas or set off silent alarms.

Another demonstration showed how the photo-electric cell or "electric eye" may be used. Persons entering a room may be counted automatically as they cross a beam of light thrown across a doorway, the shadow of a passing body causing the "electric eye" to communicate with a counting machine.

Man With Wooden Leg Loses Other Leg in Fall

New York—Speaking of hard luck—Thomas Zoulik fell from the front of a subway train. When the police emergency squad extricated him, they found that his right leg had been broken. It would have been trivial. The left leg is wooden.

Penalties of Genius

Temperament is a sort of thermometer by which we register the boiling point of genius.—Los Angeles Times.

No United States "Penny"

A penny is not the official designation of any coin minted in the United States. It is merely a colloquial and popular name for a one-cent piece. The application dates back to the beginning of any money system.

Sally's House of Dreams

By LAURA MONTGOMERY
(Copyright.)

"I LOVE came to us both at the same moment," asserted Paul, his dark eyes laughing down at her. Sally nodded, pink flushing up into her creamy face. "Yes," she said frankly, "I fell for you when I saw you sitting up in that red fire truck. It must be awfully thrilling, a life like that."

Frank Smith cut in at that moment and bore her away triumphantly. Sally was pretty and up-to-the-minute and she had been rushed at this dance at the Country club.

Susan, however, was sulky. She had been delighted when Sally accepted her week-end invitation. She felt that she had achieved a social feather in her cap when the petted and popular young daughter of the Chicago millionaire had come to the small town on Fox river. But, as she later told her cousin Alice, she had not expected Sally to capture Paul.

"Oh," returned Alice calmly, "you had no brief on him. He's never run after you. Be's sport and don't spoil Sally's evening for her. She is an asset to our party."

Sally had only met Paul that afternoon, but he was a fast worker and he pleaded his case very successfully on the drive home along the river road.

"No," she answered, "I've never been engaged before."

"You've had plenty of bids, though. I can't believe it," responded the other. "It doesn't wear. But I don't expect you'll have to worry about that."

Susan's intention of manufacturing a rift in the love of love was frustrated for the simple reason that Sally, engrossed in her dreams, caught only fragments of Susan's chatter. She disposed of the subject by a vague smile. She knew that she had picked the only real man in the world for her.

"Well," greeted Susan, "you didn't hurry. Did you have a nice drive, Sally?"

"Wonderful," answered Sally. "Susan, have you ever been in love?"

"I don't believe in it," responded the other. "It doesn't wear. But I don't expect you'll have to worry about that."

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"You have come to ask me to approve of your engagement to my daughter," repeated Sally's father when Sally presented Paul. "This is startling news. I believe you had better postpone this interview for a few months until you are better acquainted with each other. I—I cannot give this matter much thought—at least just at present."

"Why, Daddy. How can you act so? I told you I had made up my mind. Paul can't help it if he's poor. If you could see him guiding that red fire motor truck you'd admire him."

Paul opened his mouth to speak, his dark eyes hurried.

"Don't believe in love-marriages when there is no money to keep up the house of dreams you've been prattling about, Sally. I want to see you happy and I'm willing to do what I can, but, as I told you, I've other things to think about at the present moment."

"I read about that merger that is swallowing up your fortune, Mr. Deering. It seems to me that if you got some sound backing you could get that crowd going. They are working on an unsound basis just now."

John Deering regarded Paul frankly. "I see you understand what's on my mind. I haven't told Sally because I hoped I'd pull out of the woods without worrying her, but I'm afraid all we have is as good as lost. The backing you mention is not given to a man who has lost out."

"Don't look like that, Daddy. You can live with us. I don't know what a fireman makes, but . . ."

Paul's face was swept by a vast amazement. "Who is this fireman?" Sally demanded at him cheerily.

"You're my fireman. That was when I first saw you. You were in that ducky red car tearing past the Opera House. I thought you'd crash into my radiator, but you swept past with an inch to spare."

"I belong to the volunteers, as every young man does in Hiverton, but—" he stopped to chuckle. "Sally, for all your sophisticated airs you're a lot to learn. Don't you know that young man owns the lumber yards there? My mother is in Italy, else I'd have taken you up to the Towers before you left town. I enjoy driving the fire truck, but I don't depend on that. That's why I suggested that you give that crowd a run. Mr. Deering I've plenty to put up and I believe we can beat them."

"Then it's all right," crooned Sally. "and I don't see that there is anything to bother about. Paul thought I was rich and I thought him poor. It's just that our minds were in reverse."

The two men smiled across her sleek head, but Mr. Deering squared his shoulders with an air of encouragement.

Definition

Incompatibility of temperament is when a man holds a different opinion from his wife.

So Why Borrow It?

Another thing about borrowing trouble—it puts you under obligation to yourself.—Toledo Blade.

Wrong Tendency

We need not less, but more moral sensitivity in a complex world. Any tendency of thought which inclines to destroy the "ought" in moral reasoning is dangerous.—Prof. Reinhold Niebuhr.

Heart Kept Busy

The human heart pumps over 2,000,000 times in the average lifetime. It accomplishes almost 150,000 foot-pounds of work a day, which is equivalent to raising one ton a height of 75 feet.

PRAISE LASHINGS FOR LOVE CRIMES

French Press Approve That Form of Punishment.

Paris.—The French press hailed as an admirable solution to prevalent "love crimes" the recent lashing in Temesvar, Rumania, of a woman sentenced to six years of forced labor for having killed her rival.

Madame Boruzsch, convicted of having murdered Mlle. Anna Lowinal last October, was given 60 blows of the lash on her naked back a few days ago. Various newspapers of central Europe voiced an indignant protest that a woman should be so badly flogged that her back resembled raw beefsteak after the ordeal.

Not so the Paris journals; echoing the satisfaction manifested by the Temesvar Hirlap at the added punishment inflicted on the murderess, Parisian editors are pointing out the excellence of this phase of Rumanian criminal procedure.

Despite the spectacle of a woman's back being slowly beaten into a bloody pulp, French critics are inclined to attach more importance to another angle of the affair. They find exceedingly significant the statement by the Temesvar Hirlap that since the flogging law went into effect the so-called love crimes have almost been exterminated in Rumania. Such crimes committed by women numbered 164 in 1920; this formidable figure was reduced to 38 in 1922, to 26 in 1923, to 22 in 1924, and dropped to 8 last year, thanks to the rigid application of the law of the knout.

Madame Dora Boruzsch has had her back pounded into a jelly, say the French journalists and the Temesvar Hirlap, but 156 persons who would normally be rotting in the cemeteries are now sleeping tranquilly in their beds. The Temesvar Hirlap looks favorably on the result, and so does the French press.

Enough of sloppy sentimentality, say the French; "love crimes" are committed not for love or love despised but by assassins enraged by the poison of self-love. Who will then have the courage, demands one Parisian editor, to propose in the chamber of deputies a similar law designed to save 156 lives?

Alabama Man of 110 Defies Centenarians

Birmingham, Ala.—Lionel Boutwell, one hundred and ten years old, who lives near Dublin, Ala., is challenging all the neighboring communities to bring out their centenarians and let him tell them a thing or two that happened before they were born.

Boutwell was born in August, 1818, a year before Alabama was admitted into the Union as a state. He can tell of events which took place more than 100 years ago, and is an interesting conversationalist. He was born in South Carolina, but his parents moved to Alabama when he was an infant, driving all the way in an ox wagon.

He lives with his son, Isaac Boutwell.

Boutwell is the father of eight children, six still alive. Those living are Mrs. V. B. Rowell, seventy-three, of Greenville, Ala.; W. B. Boutwell, sixty-nine, of Selma, Ala.; Isaac Boutwell, sixty-seven, of Dublin, Ala.; Henry Boutwell, sixty, of Farmersville, Ala.; Mrs. Clarissa Johnson, fifty-five, of Pritchett, Texas, and Mrs. F. H. Philpot, eighty, of Midwater, Texas.

Boutwell founded until the Civil war, when he enlisted in Company M, Sixth Alabama regiment, and served under Gen. Stonewall Jackson.

He recalls seeing Jackson, when the general was shot by one of his own men, throw up his hand with his cap in it and say, "Dey, you wounded me badly." During his service in the war Boutwell received a wound in the thigh from which he never fully recovered.

After the war, Boutwell returned to Alabama and resumed farming. His wife died five years ago.

Royal Air Force Raises Speed of Its Planes

London.—The huge fleet of the Royal air force is now undergoing the process of complete re-equipping for the benefit of speed and as a result of the lessons learned from the research which led to Great Britain's victory in the Schneider cup races.

Roughly, the Royal air force now is passing from the 150-mile per hour stage to the dizzy pace of 180. The classes of aircraft concerned are the single seater fighter, the interception fighter, the fleet fighter and the day bomber. It will come long before these four important classes are ready for service with their new equipment.

The Bristol "bulldog" is the new fighter with which four squadrons of the R. A. F. will be equipped, a type which with full service load has a speed of 174 miles per hour at 15,000 feet. It takes this machine but 27 minutes to reach 25,500 feet, at which height it is still below its ceiling.

Spends Time in Bed to Escape Colds

Berlin.—Because he feared contracting a cold, Fritz Babel, living in a German village, spent the greater part of his life in bed. He finally died of a broken blood vessel when a visitor raised a window in the stuffy room in which he lay.

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Never Is a Long Word

By ROSE MEREDITH
(Copyright.)

"WHY NOT?" demanded Jim Blake, when Dorothy Lane refused to marry him after she had worn his ring for two happy years. "Is there somebody else?"

"No—that is not 'exactly,' she blushed furiously, 'but one's ideas change.'"

"Right," declared Jim crisply, "and I am glad you have changed your mind now, and not waited until after we were married."

"I knew you would feel that way," she said, relieved, and drawing off the modest diamond she was wearing, she proffered it. "I am sorry, Jim," she said gently.

"What for?" He eyed her, nothing lovelier in his attitude than "Sorry it has ended this way—"

"That is up to you, Dorothy."

"Here is the ring, Jim."

He looked at it for a moment, hesitating; then he accepted it and slipped it into a pocket. "If you don't want it—of course I may give it to some one else—some day."

"No nice girl would want to wear a ring that was bought for another." There was a tinge of contempt in Dorothy's voice.

"Not?" queried Jim. "Why bother about whether a ring is new or second-hand, when one does not question love itself