

OREGON STATE NEWS OF GENERAL INTEREST

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

State highway department officials announced that the McKenzie pass has been opened to general traffic.

The Eugene city council has authorized the placing of a one-mill levy for two years before the voters at a special election designed to raise \$28,000 in the biennium for airport improvement. The election may be held June 18 in conjunction with the school election.

Final dividend of 15 per cent in the liquidation of the Bank of Nyasa, defunct, was authorized by A. A. Schram, state superintendent of banks. The dividend amounted to \$10,043. The bank aggregated \$46,953.53, with dividends totaling 47 1/2 per cent. The bank was closed in May, 1923.

The Sundquist Lumber company has leased the mill and dwellings at Wheeler belonging to the Westwood company and will install a double cut pony saw and make other improvements so that the capacity of the mill will reach 200,000 feet when it begins to operate in about two months.

Bend's city and county jails have become so crowded that it became necessary to provide other quarters for violators of the liquor laws, and as a result six prisoners were brought to Prineville by Chief of Police Thomas and given suites in the Crook county jail, which was absolutely empty at the time.

The ferry-boat Claggett, operating at Independence between Polk and Marion counties, will be treated to a new coat of paint this spring. The body color is to be white with yellow trim and the brace rods and other iron painted black. Due to the low stage of water the ferry is now using the summer landing on the Polk county side.

The two high cows in the Central Oregon Herd Improvement association for March were Myron Hager's grade Jersey, Babe, with a butterfat production of 807 pounds, and Pete Marbach's registered Holstein, Hollywood Ink, with a production of 773 pounds. Four herds have now reached marks in excess of 400 pounds of butterfat for the fiscal year.

Work of widening the Mapleton Hill road, which is now the main route over the mountain to Florence, has been started, and a county crew is operating a big shovel in this project. Motorists who drive over the Mapleton hill route are advised to use caution at the scene of the widening operations. The work probably will be completed in two months.

Hijackers raided the city police station in Eugene and made away with 13 gallons of grain alcohol. The liquor was held as evidence in the case of the state against Earl Johnson and Nye Matthews, arrested as under-operatives in an alleged liquor ring. The liquor thieves entered the front door, broke into the cabinet and stole the alcohol while no policemen were present.

Fifty thousand dollars in federal funds, is being distributed among the 3000 officers and men of the Oregon national guard through the office of the adjutant-general at Salem, representing three months' pay for attendance at armory drills. Practically every city of any size in the state is the home of a guard unit whose members will participate in this distribution of funds.

G. H. McCool, forest ranger on the Grande Ronde ranger district, reports an unusually light snow in the mountains, with only 45 inches at the snow stake, at an elevation of 6500 feet, which is 31 inches short of the average. Mr. McCool said: "Unless considerable rain falls we are sure to have an early fire season and the forest service is making every possible preparation to meet it."

Twenty Grants Pass high school boys were late to classes recently after having made an early pilgrimage to the top of Tokay heights, a government owned peak in the outskirts of the city, where initials identifying the 20 youths had been carved on trees. The boys were met at the top of the mountain by government officials who had ordered the early trip in lieu of a jail sentence. White paint now graces the trees, covering the initials.

Harold Hansen, of Milton-Freewater, was elected president of the Eastern Oregon Older Boys' conference for next year at the fellowship dinner at the Y. M. C. A. building at Baker. Other officers elected were Wesley Hershey, Cove, first vice-president; Allen Turner, Burns, second vice-president; and Arnold Elbert, Echo, secretary. The conference delegates voted to hold the meeting in Enterprise next year. The date was not selected.

At the end of the first quarter of 1929, Ashland held the record in the race for registration of out-of-state cars, according to figures received at the chamber of commerce office. Ashland's total registration to April first was 222.

Robert W. Loop, who has been civil engineer for the Eastern Oregon Light & Power company for the last four years, was appointed by the Baker county court as county engineer. Mr. Loop will maintain an office in the courthouse.

Read the Observer for county news.

SOMETHING IN A NAME? YES, SAYS U. S. BUREAU

Geographic Board Final Authority on Nomenclature for Maps and Charts.

Washington.—That old saw about there being nothing in a name draws a hot denial from the United States geographic board.

Names mean a great deal, according to Will C. Barnes, board secretary, who said that people all over the United States today are making mistakes just because they haven't brushed up on the subject.

For instance, the people of New York city speak of Welfare island as if that really were its name. They are mistaken; the little plot of ground in the East river really is Blackwell's island, despite official proclamations of the mayor of New York in 1921.

The geographic board is the final authority on the matter of nomenclature for official maps and charts. It has decided definitely to uphold the old name rather than adopt the change, and New Yorkers must put up with it whether they like it or not.

Again, an old-timer out in Arizona, gazing up at a towering peak in the Santa Rita mountains of the Coronado national forest, might think he was looking at Old Baldy. Instead, he beholds Mount Wrightson, just renamed in honor of William Wrightson, former editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer and mining pioneer of Arizona, slain by Apache Indians in 1884.

Similarly, a mountain in Graham county, Arizona, is now Webster peak, instead of Casimiro. It was renamed for John Webster, an early settler.

A fisherman, urging his craft along in toward the town of Hull, Mass., might think he was passing Fort Duval, or Little Hog island, or even Park island. That bit of ground in Hingham bay is none of these; it has become Hog island.

Bald Butte, in Douglas county, Oregon, is now Roddy Butte, named in honor of Oscar Roddy, a young fire guard drowned in a diamond lake, in the county north of the beautiful Crater lake.

A peak in Fresno county, California, hitherto unnamed, has become Mount Merriam, named in honor of Merriam, naturalist, explorer, and chairman of the United States geographic board, 1914-25.

Possession of Vest of Bard Is Claimed
Middletown, N. Y.—William Shakespeare's drinking of sack ale at the Mermald tavern did not increase his waist measure beyond a perfect thirty-two if a waistcoat now in the possession of O. S. Hathaway, Jr., executor of the estate of the late Dr. Julia B. Bradner, is authentic.

Doctor Bradner purchased the waistcoat from Jesse Bakewell of Middletown, who claims as his maternal grandmother, Mrs. Mary Vernon, daughter of James Shakespeare of Birmingham, England. James Shakespeare died in 1818. He claimed to be fifth in lineal descent, according to the Bakewells, from the celebrated Elizabethan dramatist.

The only extant documents on the authenticity of the waistcoat and other relics, which include a work bag purporting to have been made by Shakespeare's mother, and a snuff box, are affidavits made by Jesse Bakewell when the relics were sold to Doctor Bradner.

Bakewell asserted the relics were given to Mrs. Mary Ann Bakewell, wife of Josiah J. Bakewell, when she visited England in 1862. On the front of the coat is a facing of satin brocade in which a design of green red and blue flowers has been worked with silk threads. The satin, which was evidently black, is well worn on the edges. The chest measurement just beneath the armholes is exactly thirty-six.

Japan's Wireless Will Link South Sea Isles
Tokyo.—A plan to connect Japan and the South Sea islands by wireless telegraph will be realized this year by the communications department.

The sum of yen 150,000 for expenses of the Tokyo telegraph bureau opening the new service has been appropriated. It is understood authorities shortly will order the Japanese Wireless Telegraph company to establish the new service with upward of yen 1,000,000.

Upon completion of the new stations there will be two lines—the British owned cables and the Japanese government radio. Telegraphic rates will be lowered when the new service is opened.

Woman, 100, Is Nursing Sick Son-in-Law, 80
Disiko, Ind.—Mrs. Salome Myers, one hundred, is serving as nurse for her eighty-year-old son-in-law, William Seor, critically ill with hardening of the arteries. His wife, elderly, who is in good health, is assisting her mother. Mrs. Myers celebrated attaining the century mark last fall by a three day visit at Fort Wayne and an auto trip.

Fort Yukon Cold Spot
Fort Yukon, Alaska.—Around Fort Yukon there is an average of 155 days in the year during which the temperature drops below zero, with freezing weather occasionally occurring in the three summer months.

Took Name From Province
The first artisan well was found in Europe in the province of Artois, hence the name "artesian."

Long Name Shortened
Cape Ann was first named Cape Tragabigzanda on 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.

A Plot That Changed

By DUFORD JENNE
(Copyright.)

FROM his comfortable chair in the rear of the village store, Lynn watched the whole scene with growing interest and concern. He saw the slight, pretty girl come in, and go to the window of the little post office division of the store. Her eagerness and hope were clearly perceptible to him. He saw old "Pop" Allen, the village storekeeper and postmaster, hand her a letter. She went swiftly to the wall desk, opened the letter with trembling fingers, read it; and then Lynn saw the letter slowly crumpled in one hand as the other carried her handkerchief to her eyes. She stood swaying a moment, and then went unsteadily out of the door.

Lynn felt suddenly moved by the quick sympathy that had got him in to trouble before there was something tragic in that letter or he missed the girl. When "Pop" came back to his chair, Lynn said: "That girl is in trouble or I sure have sized up the situation entirely wrong."

The old man sighed. "When she first came for her letters—some chap is writing her—she was chipper and pretty as a picture. I figure she thought he loved her; and I figure he's dropping her. She writes him long letters. I judge, an' his have been getting shorter. Looks like a busted romance to me. I feel sorry for her; she's been gittin' pale an' haggard—worries her. That chap must be a durn fool to pass up a girl like her. Says 'Pop': 'Pop' looked up—'why don't you take a hand in it? Move up to the Elms—she's a sort of companion there—and be nice to her'."

Lynn laughed, but at the same time he knew inwardly that the suggestion had a quick appeal. "Suppose I do 'Pop,' and then find out if she's hearing from a wayward brother?"

"Pop" shook his head. "The chap's name and address is on his envelope, and he named them."

Lynn swung his feet to the floor. "Is that right? Well, by Jove, I have a friend in the same line of business on the same street. He thought a moment, 'I guess I will take a hand in this affair.'"

He acted without delay. That evening he shifted to The Elms, the little summer hotel, and the deep-dyed girl he had in mind began to move. His next step was to meet the fair-haired girl who had certainly won his sympathy.

His first close glance at her took his breath a bit. "As sweet and pretty as a rose" was the first thought that flashed through his mind. "Or she would be if she did not look so pale and a little worried. However, we'll see."

The letter Lynn sent to his city friend brought a prompt reply to this effect: "This man Welsh is long on money and short on character, and he has the reputation of having a way with the girls, and besides—put this down in your little book—he's married!"

Lynn stared at the phrase and whistled; then he pondered long; and another phrase of his plot was developed.

He and the rose girl had a joyous tramp back along the hills. He came back, knowing her name, "Adele," and something else—that if he did not "watch his step," he would be head over heels in love with this charming maid.

The week went by. His village ally "Pop," reported that Adele had sent her usual long letter.

Lynn, on his part, developed the situation. He knew he had information that would settle the matter, but he knew also that he wanted her in another way.

One afternoon, they were resting on a hillside from which they could see the far blue vistas of the friendly hills.

"Adele, this summer is coming to an end—and I have been wondering—'If I am going to end for us?' he asked her gently.

Her dark eyes were full of pain as she turned to him. "Lynn, I have been happy with you—but I have been so desperately unhappy—I'm afraid," she said with a slight shiver.

He gathered the meaning in her broken sentences, and he knew what suffering lay back of her. He slipped a comforting arm around her. "Listen, Adele, I am going to give you the rest of the summer, but before I leave, I am going to ask you if you love me enough to trust me with your love and your life?"

She trembled, but with what emotion he could not guess. "I will tell you," she said softly, he hardly heard the words.

The walk homeward deepened the feeling between them, for the blue dusk and sunset were glorious; but she was silent, most of the way—just why Lynn could not guess.

"Pop" store. The old man was selling a pound of butter, but the butter could wait. He hurried Lynn to the rear of the store.

"Lad, here's news for you. She didn't open that letter—heaved it into the wastepaper basket after tearing it up—and she sent him a short one! 'Don't know what it means but I kin guess' he announced with a wide grin.

OLD COLLEGE IS SAVED BY LINCOLN SCHOLARSHIP FUND

Finances Students Unable to Pay Tuition Because of Local Business Conditions.

New York.—The Lincoln Scholarship fund, in its first year of operation, by arranging for the financing of 531 students, the entire enrollment of a 43-year-old college in the South, saved the student lives of these young men and women and enabled the college to keep open its doors.

This was announced by J. B. Vandever, president of the Lincoln Scholarship fund, 1 East Forty-second street, at its annual meeting.

"Business and bank failures in the home state of this college brought about conditions several months ago that made it impossible for the students to pay their tuitions and fees," said Mr. Vandever.

"This fine old institution was about to close its doors when the matter was brought to our attention. If our fund never does anything else, this opportunity to take care of a serious situation justifies our existence." During the year, various student loan organizations advanced approximately \$6,000,000 to young men and women seeking an education. It was reported at the meeting. Students throughout the country earned an additional \$35,000,000 to pay the amount of loans. The fund estimates that the field in which it is engaged is in need of \$100,000,000 annually. In addition to the 531 students financed as a group, the Lincoln Scholarship fund was able to assist 286 students in practically every state. "Ages of applicants range from sixteen to forty-five years, with the greatest percentage between twenty-one and twenty-five," said Mr. Vandever.

"They include every race, color and creed, and the amounts needed range from \$25 to \$6,000. The latter amount being needed by a professor working for a Ph. D. degree so that he might accept the presidency of the college in which he has been teaching. The vocational aims of these applicants cover 23 different fields, with the six leading being: in the order named, teaching, medicine, business, law, dentistry and engineering."

A communication from Secretary of the Interior Ray Lyman Wilbur, re-elected as honorary president of the fund, read. "The Lincoln Scholarship fund is such an important piece of work that I want to be sure that it is done on the broadest possible lines."

Spend \$15,000,000 to Banish Unsafe Vehicles

New York.—Fifteen million dollars will be spent by the automobile industry in 1930 in removing unsafe cars from the highway, according to the details of a program endorsed by the directors of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce. Believing that the size of the accident situation warrants strong measures for its cure, the motor companies will scrap 400,000 old automobiles in 1930, in addition to the normal scrapping which is constantly going on.

This highway safety plan proposes that the manufacturers provide a fund to remove permanently those cars that menace the safety of other highway users.

"This widespread experiment will strike right at the heart of the unsafe vehicle problem by eliminating a huge block of those cars which are in the poorest condition," said Alvan Macaulay, president of the chamber, and former chairman of its street traffic committee, in commenting on the program.

"The rattie-trap car is only one factor in the accident difficulty," continued Mr. Macaulay. "Unsafe, incomplete and reckless drivers, as well as reckless pedestrians, cause a large proportion of the accidents. Blind curves and other highway defects are also to blame."

League Asks Cut in Educational Film Tax

Geneva.—The League of Nations has just decided to undertake launching of an international convention suppressing all customs duties on educational films.

The decision is one of the first ones affecting the world-wide movie market which has been taken by the league's new International Educational Cinematographic Institute at Rome.

The object of the move is based upon two ideas: first that educational films should be given the greatest distribution possible, and secondly, that as they are never money making propositions, governments should give their greatest facilities possible for their distribution by suppressing all customs charges.

Each state signing the convention will always have the right to exercise its regular censorship over any such films.

Eskimo for Airplane
Teller, Alaska.—Eskimos here watching the activity at the airport have coined a new name for the airplane. They have combined their names for the sky and boat into a single one for the plane, or globk-anrak, the first syllable meaning sky, and anyrak, skin canoe.

104, Takes Up Golf
Los Angeles.—Golf has claimed as its latest victim, Galusha Cole, 104 years old, who recently donned knickerbockers and drove the little white ball all over a Pasadena course.

Heart Kept Busy
The human heart pumps over 2,000,000 gallons 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.

False Teeth or Fly Paper, U. S. Sells 'Em

Washington.—Department of commerce export figures for 1929 show that this country shipped to foreign nations \$1,780,007 worth of windmills, \$88,782 of horseshoes, \$89,578 of fly paper, \$1,267,000 of rubber erasers.

Among other unusual exports were bathtubs, \$768,717; wheelbarrows, \$378,000; toy balloons, \$880,235; shoe polishes, \$80,440; souvenir post cards, \$251,700.

COLLECTING HANDCUFFS IS KANSAS CITY MAN'S HOBBY

Walls of Home Lined With Most Valuable Assortment of Kind In World.

Kansas City, Mo.—The market price on handcuffs is usually on the advance when M. A. Gill of this city is in the vicinity. He is the leading collector of "cuffs," thumb-cuffs, navy irons, and manacles in the United States.

Hundreds of these adorn the walls of the home, making his collection the most valuable of its kind in the world. Included in the unique display of torture instruments are 53 handcuffs, each of which has been looked about the wrists of a murderer. The oldest handcuff in the collection was made in 1620.

A pair of Palmer's navy irons patented in 1870, which came out of the prison cell of the battleship Maine, adorn one corner of the room. They were purchased by Gill at an auction at Brooklyn navy yard.

To Gill, the most interesting pair of handcuffs in the collection is that used to murder Sheriff Homer Teaff of Muskogee, Okla., on June 24, 1922. John Welch, a negro prisoner in the custody of Teaff, killed the sheriff by beating him over the head with the "cuffs" and escaped.

Welch was freed from the irons by his wife, who chopped through the connecting chain with an ax and then pried open the jaws of the handcuffs after attempting to file through one of them.

The negro then buried the body of the sheriff and the pair of handcuffs in a swamp where they were found. Five hundred men trailed the killer more than two weeks before he was captured. Gill tried several months to get the handcuffs and was finally successful at the Kansas peace officers' convention held in Wichita, Kan., last fall.

Two pairs of handcuffs were obtained by Gill from Mrs. Beatrice Houdini, wife of the late Harry Houdini, the magician. One pair is the Lillie hand slave iron used by Houdini in his exhibitions. The inventor of this handcuff died in a pair of his own make on board a ship while in temporary restraint. They were patented during the Civil war.

Hawaii Harbor Divers Will Curb Language

Honolulu.—The Kakaako boys and the Palama boys have organized to preserve peace and good behavior among Honolulu's diving boys who greet and bid farewell to steamers moving through Honolulu.

Coin diving, which provides one of the individual points to Honolulu harbor, was threatened as an activity when Capt. William R. Foster, Honolulu harbor master, complained of improper language that was offensive to passengers as the boys swarmed over the sides of steamers.

While harbor authorities were considering whether to ban the practice of coin diving, a group of boys from both the Kakaako and Palama gangs, old rivals, appeared at the sheriff's office and promised to maintain order.

Kilt Most Economical Garment, Scot Says

Rothsay, Scotland.—The reason the Scotch wear kilts is because they are economical, according to Lord Colum-Crichton Stuart, M. P., a Scotsman himself and brother of the marquis of Bute. His reasons for the plaids was told in a story at a Gaelic meeting held here.

"From a financial point of view," he said, "I can assure you, from a life-long experience, that I've found the kilt a most economical garment. That's why I say hockeys for the kilt."

No Twin Beds for 86-Year-Old Twin Sisters

Memphis, Tenn.—The quickest method of awakening Mrs. In two eighty-six-year-old twin sisters here is to suggest they get twin beds. Miss Mary Holt likes lots of fresh air. Mrs. Maria Holt doesn't, but they're tired of having friends suggest twin beds to settle the problem. They have been separated but three years, the time Mrs. Harlowe lived with her husband.

Battlefields of France Still Giving Up Secrets

Arras.—Twelve years after the war, the battlefields are still giving up their secrets. On hill 119, near Souchez, the scene of much fighting constantly during four years, excavators today overturned the bodies of eight British, four Germans and five French soldiers.

So Why Borrow It?

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

Wagon Tendency
We need noters, but more recent tendency is a complete reverse. Any tendency of thought which inclines to destroy the "ought" in moral reasoning is dangerous.—Prof. Reinhold Niebuhr.

Of the First Generation

By EDGAR T. MONFORT
(Copyright.)

"BUT, John, I couldn't do it. Dear, I haven't the courage. Besides, you'd be very unhappy. It simply wouldn't work."

Edith Montague clasped and unclasped her hands nervously and looked at her friend.

"Can't you see it? Can't you feel it? Don't you know I'm right?" John Williams instinctively moved a little further away.

"I'm at a disadvantage, Edith. I can't press my suit, and if you don't love me—"

"Oh, John, you hurt me, you don't understand. You must realize that your people and mine wouldn't mix. You don't know any of the crowd I know. You aren't interested in the same things they're interested in."

"You mean I don't play golf and bridge all day and half the night and my parents aren't educated. That's what you mean. You mean you'd be ashamed of them, that's what you really mean and you can't face the danger of introducing my mother to your friends and having her say 'was for' were. I know it all. I realize that I'm the first college man in my family and that your people have been educated for centuries. I know it all. I'm the first generation. Sometimes I wish I had married the little girl I ran around with when I went to high school at home."

"I thought she was my future wife until I got out in the world, then when I went back things were different. She had changed, or rather I had, and I found myself wondering how I'd ever loved her. She was narrow and tame. Her brain was almost stogy, she couldn't talk about anything. Didn't know anything to talk about. Then you came along. You showed your culture and your knowledge of things. And now you've thrown me down, east me off like an old dress—kept me dangling for six months, then this."

He stopped from sheer exhaustion and Edith sat looking at him, her lips parted, her breath coming in little gasps. After a moment she spoke.

"But, John, you forget that you threw Grace down after a life-long friendship, because you did not think you could make her happy or to put it more crudely because you did not think she could make you happy. You have just said it yourself, yet you blame me."

"The truth of the situation came to him suddenly—for the first time. "You are right, Edith," he said at last. "I had never seen it in that light before, but I could have bet on your saying the right thing. I accept your refusal. I am paying the price of the first generation."

Without another word he rose and moved toward the door.

"Oh, John, let me be friends," she said impulsively, following him. "Some day you'll meet the right girl, the one who will just fit your heart and station and when you do I want you to let me know, because I'm very unhappy that this should have happened."

"Don't worry about it. It's my suffering, not yours," he answered, his face averted. "I'll go now."

With a mumbled word he slipped out the front door and down the impulsive front steps leaving Edith staring in bewilderment.

The weeks that followed were dreary ones for John. He threw himself into his profession and unconsciously frowned if a girl so much as crossed his line of vision. He had had enough—too much. This falling in love business was a trick of nature to make you suffer.

The only girl he couldn't shake was a little neighbor from back home who had come to the city to study music. He had promised her parents that he would go and see her each week to keep her from getting homesick and it was upon one of these Sunday visits, in early spring that he really saw "Grace" Gray for the first time. They were walking a walk in the country just outside the city when she looked up at him suddenly and spoke.

"John, you know what I'm going to do when I go to get married? I'm going to marry a man who is educated himself but whose parents have had no advantages—just like mine. I won't have anybody ashamed of my father and mother, thank you. They're fine, and it would almost kill them. There's a girl down at school now who is ashamed for her mother to meet her fiancé because he comes of cultivated people. She's a snob. That's what she is and I'm ashamed of her—not of her mother."

He looked at the slim little figure walking beside him—at the healthy glow in her cheeks, at the earnest blue eyes.

"You've made me see myself in the proper light," he said slowly at last, "and you've shown me a way to happiness."

"Oh, what is it?" she asked, catching his earnestness.

"I won't tell you now—you'll have to wait a few weeks." And all the way home as he walked beside her he was conscious of the thrill of her nearness and he said to himself over and over in bewilderment:

"And I thought I'd never love again!"

Tough Job
"What is the hardest job you ever tackled?" "Trying to keep on living high when the finances were low."

"Trench Mouth"
Vincent's infection or trench mouth was first noticed about 1897. It became epidemic during the World war.

Easier to Operate
It is paradoxical, but true, that as radio sets get more complex, delicate and precise, they are more easily operated. It took an engineer to run the early sets.—David Sarnoff in the Saturday Evening Post.

Summary of Annual Statement of the INSURANCE COMPANY OF THE STATE

of Philadelphia, Pa., for the year ending December 31, 1929. The statement is made to the Insurance Commissioner of the State of Oregon, pursuant to the provisions of the Insurance Law of the State of Oregon, Chapter 100, Laws of 1927.

PAID UP
Paid up during the year.....\$1,000,000.00
Total paid up.....\$1,000,000.00

Net premiums received during the year
Net premiums received during the year.....\$1,111,907.48
Dividends paid during the year.....\$1,111,907.48
Commissions paid during the year.....\$1,111,907.48
Taxes, licenses and fees paid during the year.....\$1,111,907.48
Amount of all other expenses.....\$1,111,907.48
Total expenses.....\$1,111,907.48

Value of real estate owned
Value of real estate owned.....\$1,111,907.48
Value of stocks and bonds owned.....\$1,111,907.48
Loans on mortgages and collateral.....\$1,111,907.48
Cash in banks and on hand.....\$1,111,907.48
Premiums in course of collection.....\$1,111,907.48
Interest and rents due and accrued.....\$1,111,907.48
Reinsurance due on contracts.....\$1,111,907.48
Total admitted assets.....\$1,111,