

**OREGON STATE NEWS
OF GENERAL INTEREST**

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

The national parks bureau is preparing to install 300 new signs in Crater Lake national park.

Sportsmen of the Rogue River valley are organizing a movement to close commercial fishing in Rogue river.

Three state traffic officers passed out 60 tickets to McMinnville and Yamhill motorists last week for illegal lights.

About 1000 Hungarian partridges have been liberated in various sections of the state by the game commission.

A modern fireproof apartment building, and the only one of its kind in Salem, is soon to be built at a cost of \$150,000.

A special election will be held at Forest Grove April 17 to indorse the refunding of \$67,000 in water bonds issued in 1909.

The high school tuition tax of Marion county taxpayers will be increased one-third when recent legislation goes into effect.

Clatsop county will be the first county in the state to get its timber lands classified under the reforestation act of the last legislature.

Bruce commandery, Knights Templars, of Corvallis has decided to send a drill team to the national convocation at Minneapolis in 1931.

The Twin Round-Up held in Albany last fall aroused such statewide interest that it will be repeated this year on an enlarged scale.

The total fire loss in Oregon outside of Portland for February was \$313,219, according to the report of Insurance Commissioner Lee.

Survey work over the proposed 80 mile extension of the Great Northern from Klamath Falls to Lookout, California, is well under way.

Bend's oldest landmark, the 43-year-old Staats house, has been destroyed by fire. It was the first lumber house built near Bend now stands.

Three department heads of the Eugene high school have been ousted by the board of education because they failed to cooperate with others of the staff.

Workmen are tearing down one of the landmarks at The Dalles. It is the old brewery building at the east end of Second street, which was built in 1862.

Depositors of the defunct Astoria National bank are receiving a 10 per cent dividend. This is the second dividend. The first one was of 25 per cent.

Malheur county is jubilant over the probable construction of a cross-state railroad from Crane to Crescent Lake and one from Nyssa to Winnemucca, Nevada.

The new village at the Owyhee dam site has a postoffice, and now comes the announcement that a motion picture house and a community hall are to be constructed.

A movement is under way to connect Eagle Point in Jackson county with Fort Klamath by a broad, straight, gravelled road that will attract tourists and serve farmers.

The state game commission has planted 18,000 Eastern brook trout from five to nine inches long in McDowell creek, a tributary of the Santiam near Lebanon.

That many farms in the Weston district are at present too small to be operated profitably was one of the findings at the farmers' economic conference held at Weston.

Members of the Apple Growers' association at Hood River have voted almost unanimously for a \$75,000 6 per cent bond issue with which to finance a canning department.

A delegation from the Astoria chamber of commerce will go to Seattle to interest the Seattle chamber of commerce in the proposed bridge across the Columbia at Astoria.

A total of 161 cougars have been killed in Oregon by hunters during the current year, according to the state game commission, which has paid out \$4025 in bounties.

The bottling and sale of Ashland's famous lithia water and the development of the road to Lake of the Woods are the two major projects which the Lithians will push this year.

A fertile tract of 1850 acres of agricultural land on the west side of Tule lake was opened recently to homestead entry by the United States reclamation service. Ex-service men have preferential rights for the first three months.

The heavy rains in the Cascade mountains caused a landslide at Frazer, a station on the Cascade line of the Southern Pacific, 73 miles from Eugene. Dirt and rock covered a locomotive standing on a side track, but no one was injured.

The hotel with 40 acres of land at Deschutes is offered to Deschutes county for use as a county farm for a price of \$16,000.

Mrs. Catherine Pugh, 89, a resident of Marion county since 1853, died at her home in Salem recently following a stroke of apoplexy.

Failure of the jail installed in the new Douglas county courthouse to withstand the 6-hour security test, provided in the specifications, may result in the rejection of the cell front.

Spring plowing has begun in earnest in the Adams district of Umatilla county. Most of the work is being done by motorized farm equipment, though a few farmers are using horses.

The new \$49,000 addition to the Commercial Creamery company's plant at Baker has been opened. It is the first milk powder factory to be erected in Oregon and can produce 20 barrels daily.

The best lambing average yet reported in Malheur county is that of Dunbar Fraser, whose band of 1100 ewes yielded 162 per cent. John Medlin reports 337 sets of twins and three sets of triplets from his herd.

Four carloads of potatoes contained in 10 and 15-pound bags have been shipped from Klamath Falls to California. As far as known, this is the first time potatoes have ever been shipped in such small packages.

Richard F. (Dick) Davis, well-known farmer of Carus, Clackamas county, was severely injured about the head and suffered the loss of his front teeth recently when a car he was repairing accidentally slipped from a jack. Davis was working beneath the car.

Albert White, 16, had two fingers and part of his left thumb blown off and his right hand and face badly lacerated when he tampered with a dynamite cap. The boy obtained the caps when he was on a farm three miles from Mount Angel, where his father is blasting.

The Bagley Canning company, with canneries at Talent and Ashland, will increase its tomato pack more than 25 per cent this year. Increased acreage is being contracted for the coming season on that account. Tomato growing is netting growers \$100 an acre in that district.

Robins in large numbers have been dying in two or three districts west of Eugene the past few days. No cause is seen for the death of the birds, and the county agent says he will investigate. It is believed that they have eaten some kind of poison set out by farmers for pests.

The Apple Growers' association started forwarding checks last week, which will aggregate \$200,000 to \$225,000, on the second cash distribution on the packed apple and pear tonnage of 1928. On January 25 growers received a total of \$275,000, and in December a \$70,000 meion on canning apples was cut.

According to K. W. Farnsworth, county water master, the water level in the streams of Wallow county is at the lowest point ever recorded at this season of the year. This fact is considered a highly favorable condition, as it shows that a large amount of the moisture is being absorbed by the soil, which should go a long way toward helping crops make a good growth.

A new world record for Polk county Jerseys was established March 16 by Imp Xenias Oxford Lilac, owned by Harry D. Hiff. On a 365-day test this cow completed a record of 1022 pounds of butterfat, making the highest record for an imported cow of the Jersey breed, bettered by 42 pounds the record of Imp Brampton Bay Xenia, owned by B. E. Bull and son of Canada.

April 1 will mark the opening of the 1929 season in the Santiam national forest, according to C. C. Hall, supervisor. At that time a small force of veteran employes will commence repair work on roads and telephone lines. Later the force will be augmented and headquarters opened at Fish Lake. Work will be resumed on Minto trail, east and south of Detroit, as soon as weather conditions permit.

Four persons were killed and 207 injured in 1803 traffic accidents in Oregon during February, according to a report prepared at Salem recently by T. A. Raffety, chief of the state traffic department. Approximately 560 of the accidents were due to carelessness, while in 288 cases the drivers failed to give right of way. Fifty-eight drivers were exceeding the speed limit. Passing on the wrong side was responsible for 143 accidents, with 14 accidents due to passing on a curve. In 64 cases the drivers were on the wrong side of the road.

The income tax return for Oregon as computed recently at the office of Clyde G. Huntley, collector of internal revenue for the state, totals \$1,254,632.04, on 1928 incomes. It became known upon announcement that the increase this year was \$127,595.91.

A half carload of Comice pears from the L. M. Fisher orchards out from Gold Hill in the Sams valley district was recently sold in the London, England, market for \$1000. This is the highest price paid for Rogue river valley pears for the season of 1928.

Starting This Week -- a New Serial Story



Palermo is like a night blossom which opens only with the first breath of evening. By day, it is parched and sleepy and stupid; by night, it is alive and joyous—the place itself becomes an al fresco paradise.

By day, those who can, sleep; by night, they awake and don their daintiest clothing, and Palermo is gay.

The terrace of the Hotel de l'Europe extends to the very verge of the promenade, and, night by night, is crowded with men of all conditions and nations, who sit before little marble tables facing the sea. At one of these, so close to the promenade that the dresses of the passers-by almost touched them, two men were seated.

One was of an order and race easily to be distinguished in any quarter of the globe—an English country gentleman. He was tall and handsome, and young enough not to have outlived enthusiasm, for he was looking out upon the gay scene with keen interest. His features were well cut, his eyes were blue, and his brown face was smooth, save for a slight, well-formed mustache. He wore a brown tweed coat and waistcoat, flannel trousers, a straw hat tilted over his eyes, and he was smoking a briar pipe.

His companion was of a different type. He was of medium height only, and thin; his complexion was sallow, and his eyes and hair were black. His features, though not altogether pleasing, were regular, and almost classical in outline. His clothes displayed him to the worst possible advantage. He wore black trousers and a dark frock coat, tightly fitting which accentuated the narrowness of his shoulders. The only relief to the somberness of his attire consisted in a white flower carefully fastened in his buttonhole.

They were only acquaintances, these two men; chance had brought them together for some evil purpose of her own. They had become for a while companions, albeit silent ones.

The Englishman was in far too good a humor with himself, the place, and his surroundings, to hold his peace for long. He exchanged his pipe for a Havana, and commenced to talk.

"It's very stupid of me, but, do you know, I've quite forgotten your name for the moment. I remember my cousin, Cis Davenport, introducing us at Rome, and I knew you again directly I saw you. But I'm hanged if I can think of your name! I always had a precious bad memory."

The Sicilian looked none too well pleased at the implied request.

"I do not object to telling you my name," he said in a low tone, sunk almost to a whisper, "but you will pardon me if I make a request which may appear somewhat singular to you. I do not wish you to address me by it here, or to mention it. To be frank, there are reasons for wishing my presence in this neighborhood not to be known. You are a gentleman, and you will understand."

"Oh, perfectly," the Englishman answered him, in a tone of blank bewilderment.

"My name is Leonardo di Marioni!"

"By Jove! of course it is!" the Englishman exclaimed. "I should have thought of it in a moment."

"You will not forget my request, and if you have occasion to address me, perhaps you will be so good as to do so by the name of 'Cortegi.' It is the name by which I am known here and to which I have some right."

The Englishman nodded.

"All right, I'll remember. By the way," he went on, "I had the pleasure of meeting your sister in Naples, I believe. She is engaged to marry Martin Briscoe, isn't she?"

The Sicilian's face darkened into a scowl; the thin lips were tightly compressed, and his eyes flashed with angry light.

"I was not aware of it," he answered haughtily.

There was a brief lull in the stream of promenaders.

Light lay upon the Marina, glancing away across the dark blue waters of the bay, and the soft dazzling light gently touched her hair, and gleamed in her dark, sweet eyes. She was tall, and clad in white flowing draperies clinging softly around her slim, girlish figure, and giving to her appearance an inexpressible daintiness, as though they were indeed emblematic of the spotless purity of that fair young being. Was it the chastened light, or was there indeed something spiritual, something more than humanly beautiful in the delicate oval face—perfect in its outline, perfect in its faint coloring and stately poise? She was walking slowly, her every movement full of a distinctive and deliberate grace, and her head a little upturned, as though her thoughts were far away among the softly burning stars, rather than concerned with the fashionable and picturesque crowd which thronged around her. A remark from her companion, a girl of somewhat slighter stature and darker complexion, caused her to lower her eyes, and in doing so they fell upon the eager, impassioned gaze of the young Englishman.

Afterwards he was never ashamed to confess that that moment brought with it a peculiar lingering sweetness which never altogether died away. It was the birth of a new sensation, the most poignant of all sensations, although philosophers deny and materialists scoff at it. After all, there is

something more than defined sensuality in love which has so sudden a dawning; there is a certain innate spirituality which sublimates and purifies it, so that the flame burns softly but brightly still through joy and grief, mocking at satiety, surviving the sorrow of gray hairs, triumphing over the desolation of old age, and sweetening the passage to the grave. He was a headstrong, chivalrous young man, passionate, loyal, and faithful, among all his faults. That first love of his never grew cold, never lessened. It lasted forever. For some men it is not possible to give the better part of themselves up to the worship of a pure woman; selfishness forbids it. But this young Englishman who sat there spellbound, absorbed in the consciousness of this new and sweet emotion was not one of these.

Suddenly she withdrew her eyes with a faint, conscious blush, and as she did so she saw for the first time the Sicilian. Her whole aspect swiftly changed. A terrified shudder swept across her features, and her lips parted with fear.

"Who is she?" the Englishman asked abruptly.

"I fear that I do not quite understand you," he said quietly, although his voice and limbs were trembling with passion; "to whom do you allude?"

"The girl in white who passed just now. You knew her! Tell me her name!"

"Why should I?"

"I wish to know it."

"Possibly. But that is no reason why I should tell it to you. That lady is a friend of mine, certainly, but it is not the custom in my country, however it may be in yours, to bandy a lady's name about a public place."

At the door of the hotel the Englishman paused for a moment, and then, instead of joining the stream of promenaders, he entered and slowly ascended the broad marble staircase toward his room. Just as he reached the first landing, however, he felt a light touch on his arm, and a guttural voice in his ear. He turned sharply round, and found before him one of the waiters—the one who had served him with his coffee outside.

"Well! what do you want?" he asked.

The man answered in a low tone, with his eyes glancing suspiciously around all the time.

"The Signor was inquiring the name

of the lady who passed by," he said apologetically.

"Well?"

"I can tell it to the Signor."

"Look sharp then!"

"The Signor is generous," he remarked, with a cunning look. "I have risked my place by leaving the terrace without permission to bring him this news, and I am poor—very, very poor!" he added, with a sudden drop in his voice which resembled a whine.

The Englishman threw a piece of gold into the brown greedy palm.

"The Signor is noble. The beautiful lady's name is Signorina Adrienne Cartuccio."

"The Singer?"

"The same, Signor. The divine singer."

"Ah!"

The Englishman turned toward the wide, open window, and gazed steadily at the place in the crowd where she had vanished.

On the brow of the Hill Fiolesse, at a sharp angle in the white dusty road, a man and woman stood talking. On one side of them was a grove of flowering magnolias, and on the other a high, closely-trimmed hedge skirted the grounds of the Villa Fiolesse. There was not another soul in sight, but, as though the place were not secure enough from interruption, the girl, every now and then, glanced half fearfully around her, and more than once paused in the middle of a sentence to listen. At last her fears escaped from her lips.

"Leonardo, I wish that you had not come!" she cried. "What is the good of it? I shall have no rest till I know that you are beyond the sea again."

"Beyond the seas, while my heart is chained forever here, Margharita!" he answered. "Ah! I have tried, and I know the bitterness of it. You cannot tell what exile has been like to me. I could bear it no longer. Tell me, child! I watched you climb this hill together. You looked back and saw me, and waited. Did she see me, too? Quick! answer me! I will know! She saw me on the Marina. Did she know that I was following her?"

"I think she saw you. She said nothing when I lingered behind. It was as though she knew."

The Sicilian clasped his hands, and looked away over the sea. The moonlight fell upon his weary pallid face,

Continued on Page 7)

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