

OREGON STATE NEWS OF GENERAL INTEREST

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

Residents of Nehalem bay district are pleased that the Tillamook county court has set aside in the 1930 budget \$12,000 to improve the Neahkahnie road.

A 15-pound package of Klamath Netted Gem potatoes has been shipped to President Hoover with the compliments of the Klamath Potato Show association.

Most of the logging camps in the lower Columbia district closed down Saturday for the annual shutdown period, which will last until the first of the year.

Plans for the Klamath Irrigation district to procure a site on the Klamath river, near Keno, from the government for a power plant were made known at Klamath Falls.

With tools stolen from the janitor's locker thieves broke the safe of the registrar of the Southern Oregon normal school at Ashland and stole \$10 of Christmas seal money.

According to a report of the United States geological survey shallow bedrock and impermeable soils forbid the city of Albany from obtaining a water supply through deep wells.

All the wealth of Rogue River valley is not derived from pears. It is estimated that since January 1, 1929, over \$1,000,000 has been paid to local growers of other products.

A project to ship sand from the black sand dunes between Seaside and Astoria to eastern points for the extraction of the magnetic iron ore has come to light at Astoria.

Twenty-seven new settlers on the Harper, Little Valley and Bully Creek units of the Vale Irrigation project have bought a total of 2050 acres at the appraised value of \$24,622.

Residents of Malin have asked the Klamath Falls chamber of commerce to endorse their petition to have the proposed Great Northern extension into California routed through Malin.

State, city and American Legion officials were the principal speakers at the district legion convention for Marion, Polk, Tillamook, Washington and Yamhill counties held in Salem recently.

The Farmers Union of the Fairview neighborhood near Seaside has passed resolutions condemning the Linn county court for not making an appropriation for a county agent and club leader.

Medford city officials are searching the outskirts of the city for a site for the Humane society's new dog pound and animal shelter, which the society plans to build as soon as the city furnishes a site.

A new island in the Columbia river is noted at The Dalles a short distance above the ferry slip on the Washington side of the river. It has been created by shifting sandbars and unusually low water.

A bond issue of \$60,000 was authorized by the voters of Roseburg at a special election held recently, and the money will be used to retire improvement fund and interest warrants now held by local banks.

The first annual Christmas outdoor lighting contest at The Dalles was held under the auspices of the Kiwanis club. For the best decorated and illuminated house and grounds a prize of \$75 was given.

The heavy storms of the past weeks and the especially high tides lately caused the outlet of Siltcoos lake, which has been closed for the last three months, to open, and recently the salmon began rushing up the 2 1/2-mile river into the lake on their way to the streams that flow into the lake.

THE MARKETS

Portland
Wheat—Big Bend bluestem, \$1.34; soft white and western white, \$1.22; hard winter, northern spring and western red, \$1.20 1/2.
Hay—Alfalfa, \$23.50@24 per ton; valley timothy, \$20.50@21; eastern Oregon timothy, \$22.50@23; clover, \$20; oat hay, \$19; oats and vetch, \$20@20.50.
Butterfat—41c.
Eggs—Ranch, 29@42c.
Cattle—Steers, good, \$10.50@11.25.
Hogs—Good to choice, \$8.50@10.
Lamb—Good to choice, \$10@11.
Seattle
Wheat—Soft white and western white, \$1.22; hard winter, western red and northern spring, \$1.21; Big Bend bluestem, \$1.36.
Eggs—Ranch, 29@42c.
Butterfat—44c.
Cattle—Choice steers, \$10@11.
Hogs—Prime light, \$10.15@10.75.
Lamb—Choice, \$10@11.
Spokane
Cattle—Steers, good, \$9.25@10.25.
Hogs—Good and choice, \$10.
Lamb—Medium to good, \$8.50@9.

The recent warm rains have been of great value to central Oregon livestock men, especially sheep owners. The grass has started and the rain has washed the dirt out of the fleeces.

The total births in Portland in November numbered 331, bringing the number of births for the 11 months of 1929 to 3365. The month's births included 185 males and 146 females.

With operating tests under way, the city of Eugene's giant power project, being built near Leaburg on the McKenzie river at a cost of \$1,800,000, is nearing completion and should be in operation about January 1.

Clatsop county's outstanding debt both in warrants and bonds has been reduced in the sum of \$164,633 during the first 11 months of the year. On December 1 this year the warrant indebtedness was but \$131,710.

The county budget of Hood River county for 1930 calls for a tax levy of \$252,629. This is the lowest sum raised by taxation in the county for the past four years and, compared with 1929, shows a cut of over \$11,000.

Despite the fact that 1929 was the driest year on record, fire loss to Umatilla national forest was only \$659 compared with more than \$200,000 last year. Forty-five thousand feet of timber on 404 acres burned over.

Linn county's millage levy will be more than 4 mills lower this year than last, it was determined when word was received that the county's share of the state tax will be \$42,679.78 lower than the estimate included in the budget.

The Eugene Fruit Growers' association announced that a new building, 40 by 140 feet in dimension, will be added to the large canning plant of the association at Eugene. It will be used to house the vegetable canning machinery.

Initial surveys of the Lane county school system disclose that of the 40 buildings examined only one out of four or five is in a satisfactory condition for modern school use while the other three or four fail to meet modern standards.

The Apple Growers' association of Hood River is planning to mail out checks to its members very soon. Approximately \$150,000 is to be distributed. Although the fruit crop was only about 25 per cent normal, prices have brought good profits.

Mrs. Charles MacPherson, 53, was gored to death by a bull at the MacPherson farm near Grande Ronde. Charles MacPherson, the husband, returned home and found his wife in the barn lot dead. The woman was alone at the time of the fatal attack.

The first annual northwestern Turkey show was held at Oakland, under the auspices of the Douglas County Turkey Breeders' association, last week. There were 283 turkeys entered in the show, which makes it the largest ever held on the Pacific coast.

The Douglas county broccoli crop prospects for this season are very encouraging, reports Foster Butner, manager of the Umpqua Broccoli exchange. The crop has not been harmed by lack of rainfall. Early estimates of the crop are at least 100 carloads.

Romy Pittard, McMinnville, was elected president of the older boys' conference, which held its final meeting in McMinnville recently. Other officers elected to serve for the year are Wilson Bennett, Albany, vice-president, and Neil Milner, Gresham, secretary.

Medford has a school population of 3647 between the ages of 4 and 20 years. This is an increase of 6 per cent over last year's total of 3438 and indicates that the total population of the city is 13,822. During the past 10 years the school population has doubled.

Henry Steger, 51, veteran of the Modoc Indian war, died at Roseburg at the Oregon Soldiers' home as a result of burns suffered when his night clothes caught fire. Steger apparently fell asleep while smoking, and his dressing gown and night clothes were afire when he ran from his room into the corridor of the hospital.

The Marion county court has sent a telegram to members of the Oregon delegation in congress urging a larger forest road appropriation. The telegram was inspired by the refusal of forest officials to accept an offer made by the court to match an appropriation of \$100,000 for completion of the north Santiam highway. Forestry officials said that the forest road appropriation for the year 1929 had been allotted, and that no money had been set aside for the north Santiam project.

Heavy losses in valuations of timber lands, tillable and non-tillable lands and in shares of stock, which are only in part offset by gains in the valuations of town and city property and improvements on both rural and urban property, account for the decline of approximately \$2,000,000 in assessed valuations in Oregon this year, exclusive of utility properties, according to a recapitulation prepared by the state tax commission from reports submitted from the 26 county assessors of the state.

"Devil May Care"

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ly away from him, and paid attention to her hostess.

"In days of old," went on Mrs. Clary, "fair ladies were wont to give guerdons to their brave knights—a lock of hair, a jewel, a ribbon, and sometimes, even, a garter.

"The pretty custom of our ancestors has given me an idea for tonight's party. I have here sixteen anklets. To each man here I will give one. We will all go to the pool. The ladies will stand in the shallow water. The gentlemen, each holding an anklet, will dive from the deep end. Swimming under water, the gentlemen will endeavor to fasten the anklets upon the limbs of the ladies. No fair inching away. Thus will partners be arranged for the rest of the evening's entertainment."

The pretty brunette turned to Leeson. "We rarely go so far," she smiled. "This, which promised well, has degenerated into an ordinary moonlight swim. The bold garter becomes a timid anklet." She looked at him queerly. "I'll be standing at the edge of the pool," she said.

"Is that an invitation?" he asked. She exhaled fiercely, as though puffing away a strand of hair that annoyed her. "If Venus asked you for a stroll you'd want to know if she was married, my cautious friend," she jibed. "You needn't bother; only . . ."

"Only what?" he inquired, as she paused. "Nothing at all," she replied. She turned away from him again, and in that moment the dinner broke up. Three men pounced upon her; she was dragged away by them. He spoke to a man he knew.

"I'm rotten in catching names," he said, "and I didn't get a glance at the card by her plate. Who is that girl?" "Your dinner partner? That's Lucy Harkness; 'Devil-May-Care,' everybody calls her. She was sixteen when we entered the war. Disappeared from home, and her parents were nearly frantic. Lied about her age, her family, everything; managed to get over there. Decorated by Joffre himself."

"Nurse?" asked Leeson. "At that age?" His acquaintance laughed. "Lord, no! Went as entertainer. Sang. Danced. Heaven knows where she picked it up. Turned down all sorts of offers for musical comedy since. Got nearer the front than any American woman. Gassed in a sudden attack, was given the right by Pershing to wear a wound stripe. Don't tell me you've never heard of her!"

"Of course I have," said Leeson. "Only, I didn't recognize her." "Well, you must have felt the evening's hate directed at you!" laughed the other. "Every man here has been dying of jealousy. You must have a crag with the Clarys, to be placed next to her."

He had met Devil May Care! Well, he was glad that he had not met her earlier. Otherwise—he was an extremely sane young man—leaving Palm Beach would not have been easy. In one brief hour at dinner she had left marks upon his soul. He knew that. Now, strolling with the laughing crowd toward the pool, with them but in no way of them, he recreated in his mind her features, her expressions, remembered all that he had read of her in the fevered Sunday supplements. She could drive an airplane; she'd shot a tiger; she had climbed mountains; she had skippered her own speed boat out of Rum Row on the Jersey coast, and in extenuation thereof told a thrilled world that she wanted to meet men who were the spiritual heirs of L'Olonnois, Blackbeard, Lafitte, and the rest. Scandal always hovered about an around her, but not even its shadow rested upon her. Her friends, the press and public—every one seemed to consider her a unique type, one to whom nothing smirched. There was, for instance, the tip that had been given by a revengeful discharged maid, to the effect that Lucy Harkness was having an affair with Ted Kelly, the lightweight contender. She was found at his camp in the Catskills, unchaperoned, a lone woman amid a dozen plug uglies. Yet her announcement that she had bet twenty thousand on Kelly, and intended to see to it that the contender trained properly, was accepted applaudingly by all the world. The world also thought it perfectly proper for Lucy Harkness to have gone into training with Kelly. She did road work, boxed, skipped rope, and frankly told the reporters about it. When Kelly met the champion she sat near his corner and was the first to grip his hand when the champion was counted out.

And this was the girl, the woman—she was only twenty-three, but how ridiculous to call one who had done all she had done, a girl—whom he

had rebuked, whom he had told she was too nice for this gathering here tonight. He colored painfully. A prig, that's what he was. And she had mocked him, saying she was an old-fashioned girl at heart. And then, when this chastest of all Dianas had tendered an invitation, he had not the wit to grasp it instantly, but must clumsily ask her to tell him in words of one syllable. Callow, that was the word.

His feet lagged, and he was the last at the pool. The men had disdained bathing suits and, dinner coated and patent leather shod, stood laughing by the diving board. The women were now tripping to the shallow end; toes tested the temperature of the water, and shrill shrieks drowned the mirth of the men.

A tall, Viking-like man edged him to one side. "Stand anywhere else, young feller," he chuckled, "but give me the pole. This anklet fits a certain girl, and I'm the da-dad boy who's going to put it on her."

Leeson eyed the man resentfully, and yet even in his resentment would have granted the charm of the blond giant. He had met him before, and had heard much of him. Stevens was his name, Tim Stevens. He possessed all those things which Leeson lacked; wealth, assured position, and the things which accompany them. Leeson remembered now that all through dinner Stevens had called across the table to Lucy Harkness, had raised his glass to her, indeed, had never seemed to take his eyes off her.

The air was rent with shrieks and cheers. Quite evidently many of the women standing waist deep in the water had certain cavaliers whom they preferred to be the ones to put the girdle of temporary partnership upon their limbs, for they clapped their hands and cried certain names. Leeson, dropping at once into the crawl, in a side glance took in the fact that Stevens was at his right, a trifle to the rear. He felt an exultation at the little triumph. He'd show this hulking brute . . .

A hand clutched at his ankle; he went under, strangling, unprepared for anything like this. He could feel that whoever had unfairly detained him was using his body to pull himself ahead; then he sank to the bottom of the pool, as a foot spurred him and the unfair competitor shot ahead. He came up to see Stevens within a yard of Lucy Harkness.

He swam to them as Stevens, his dripping features, twisted in a triumphant smile, bent over and dipped his hands below the surface of the water. Leeson tapped the man on the shoulder. "I claim a foul," he said quietly.

"I like winners," the girl said carelessly. "Losers always claim fouls." She turned to Stevens. "Where do we go from here, Tim?" she asked. There was a final dismissal in her attitude.

"I knew," boasted Stevens, "that even though our hostess didn't seat us together, we'd be together before the evening ended."

"Insight, intuition, or logical reasoning?" inquired Lucy Harkness. "Logical reasoning," he returned. "I know what I want, and, so far, I've always got it."

"So far?" she echoed. "But there must always be a Waterloo, mustn't there?" He shook his head. "Not at all."

"I wonder," she said. "I wonder if the takers are content all through life."

"Why not?" he demanded. "Do the givers look happy? Watch them, waiting on table, driving taxis, living in tenements, starving; the takers rule, my dear. But we aren't to

rest of the evening is? Didn't she say that we're to be partners? You know what these parties are like; you come and go. Are you a quitter?" "You know better," she reminded him. Her voice was languid, dulled, as though interest had departed from the night.

Still she lingered, watching a couple mount the steps leading from the water; his eyes followed hers. He turned back to her.

"Did the wrong man win the race to you?" he demanded. She twisted her pretty shoulders. "That's a fallacy, that rot about the best man losing. The right man always wins. I mean, the man who is meant to win any particular thing, wins it. He may not be as good or as strong or as clever as the loser, but just the same, the stars in their courses are not more inevitably sure to travel the paths laid out than was the winner certain to win."

"Fatalist! Well, sometimes it's a comfortable faith. And as I was destined to beat young Leeson, stop looking regretfully after him."

TO BE CONTINUED

MARCOLA COUPLE MARRIED AT DRAIN ON MONDAY

Announcement was made this week of the marriage of Miss Nellie Wyatt of Marcola, to William Luceford Jr. also of Marcola. The couple, who are widely known in this city; motored to Drain on Monday and were married in that city. They then continued on a short honeymoon trip to coast points.

From Jasper—F. H. Goyeau of Jasper, was a caller in the city on Tuesday.

Come from Tualatin—Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Markham of Tualatin arrived here on Tuesday to be the guests at the home of Mrs. Wesley Lambert.

Office boy (tearfully) I want the afternoon off, sir, if it's convenient. It's my poor old grandfather.

Manager: But I gave you a day off last year to go to his funeral.

Office boy: Yes, but I'm going to try to get in touch with him at a spiritualist seance this afternoon.

Such a quaint thing happened to my mother in Paris!

Really—I thought you were born in London?



"... Sometimes I believe I am an old-fashioned girl . . . at heart . . ."

**We wish our many friends
and customers a
Merry Christmas and a
Happy, Prosperous New Year**

**Nelson's Leghorn Farm
Springfield, Oregon**

**To Our Many Loyal
Friends in this Community
We Wish a Happy
Prosperous New Year**

**The Willamette Press
Springfield, Oregon**