

NEWS NOTES OF CURRENT WEEK

Resume of World's Important Events Told in Brief.

Sir Lionel Carden, British minister to Mexico, is to be transferred.

Dr. S. Wei Mitchell, famous author and scientist, died in Philadelphia.

Unemployed at San Francisco threaten to boycott the free eating houses.

The London home of the late J. P. Morgan is for sale, and is expected to bring \$750,000.

Saloon keepers of Ottawa, O., have decided that four drinks a day are enough for any man.

Two distinct submarine earthquake shocks are reported in the Pacific by steamers arriving at Portland.

It is believed that the weather of the Pacific Coast may be approximately forecast by a study of ocean currents.

No bids were received for the job of building Chicago's new system of subways, the estimated cost of which will be \$131,000,000.

The sixteenth victim has died from typhoid at Centralia, Wash., but the authorities claim all danger of further infection is now past.

Tactics of American suffragettes are denounced by the society opposed to woman suffrage as being just as bad as the English suffragettes.

A thief snatched a purse from a woman on the streets of Portland and obtained nothing but a one-pint thermos bottle and a small soiled handkerchief.

A general strike of the Western Federation of Miners is contemplated, on account of the failure to force an agreement in the Michigan copper miners' strike.

Scientists at Harvard declare that the human race, and also animals, are "sweetest" when angry, having much more sugar in the blood at such times than at others.

Robbers held up a California stage coach in the regular old-fashioned way, then tied the driver's hands and placing him inside the coach, started the team on its way.

The director of the Missouri state poultry experiment station is trying to rid the state of all the roosters possible, saying they are a great hindrance to the production of really first-class eggs.

The kidneys of a woman in a St. Louis hospital were taken out, cleansed of poisonous accumulation and replaced.

New York now leads London in population by nearly a million, according to statistics prepared by New York health officials.

Professors in the biology department of the University of Washington believe the time soon coming when the salmon fishing industry will be carried on continuously by means of deep sea fishing.

Anarchy, famine and war are threatening the inhabitants of Albania.

January 1, 1915, has been set for the opening of the Cello canal on the Columbia.

Secretary Redfield, of the bureau of commerce and labor, says he believes the 8-hour day would be a benefit to all industries.

The Massachusetts state board of conciliation and arbitration urges that every possible means be used to avoid labor troubles during 1914.

U. S. Given Free Rein; Must Assume Obligations

Washington, D. C. — Frequent exchanges and conferences between the ambassadors and ministers in Washington are tending to unite them on a line of conduct regarding Mexico which, while conforming to the plans of the United States, involves an understanding as to obligations the American government will be expected to assume as a result of her attitude of non-interference.

So far this common understanding has not taken the form of direct pressure, but the State department is kept informed of the expectations of the European powers. General information relates to the protection of the vast financial interests which citizens and subjects of the powers have in Mexico, no disposition being exhibited of an intention to bring in the political side of the question. In fact, more than one of the diplomatic representatives here has informed the department that his own government was interested in preventing loss of large material interests to its citizens, and beyond that did not care what the United States did in Mexico, so long as it was informed of what was to be done, so that it might take proper precautions for the protection of the lives of its citizens.

The Red Cross authorized the State department, through Vice Consul Simplicio at Nogales, Sonora, to draw an additional \$5000 for use in relieving Dr. Mensendiek, the American physician now at Yaca, will supervise the expenditure of this fund.

AVIATOR ORDERED TO FIGHT DUEL WITH RIVAL

Paris—Jules Vedrines, one of the two French aviators who recently flew from Paris to Cairo, was ordered by the French National Aerial League to give satisfaction immediately to Henry Roux, his rival, who also accomplished the flight. Roux challenged Vedrines to a duel after the latter had struck him in the face during an altercation.

The quarrel between the two aviators arose because Roux is alleged to have requested the Turkish officials not to assist Vedrines on his flight in the Orient.

All the celebrations which had been arranged in honor of Vedrines by the French colony in Cairo have been cancelled.

Uncle Sam Keeps Eye On Haytian Revolution

Washington, D. C. — The survey ship Eagle, at Gonaves, Hayti, has been ordered to Port au Prince, a sail of only a few hours, to observe the latest revolution, at the request of the State department. The arship Petrel or the Nashville may be ordered to Hayti from Dominican waters if the revolution should take on a more serious aspect.

Meager reports to the State department were summarized in this statement: "The State department is informed of the capture at Thomaseau of one Celestin, a Haytian exile, who was the promoter of the disturbance on the Haytian frontier. Government troops occupied Thomaseau on January 2, and after the capture and execution of several revolutionists quiet was restored.

"A spirit of unrest is said to prevail in the northern part of the country. The town of Trou was seized by rebels on January 4, and the rebels were reported afterward to be marching on Cape Haytien, 20 miles away. Port au Prince is quiet."

Union Pacific Carves Baltimore & Ohio Pie

New York—The executive committee of the Union Pacific Railroad company announced Thursday that it would recommend the distribution among its stockholders of the Baltimore & Ohio stock owned by the company, par value \$82,000,000, together with \$3 per share in cash. Estimated on the present market value of Baltimore & Ohio stock, this is equivalent to an extra dividend of 33 per cent.

The executive committee will lay this recommendation before the board of directors at its coming meeting. It recommends, also, that if this distribution is carried into effect the regular annual dividend be correspondingly reduced; that is, from 10 per cent to 8 per cent.

Carden Held Indiscreet

Washington, D. C. — It is understood here that the transfer of Sir Lionel Carden, British minister to Mexico City, to Rio Janeiro, was to some extent a sequel to the observations of Sir William Tyrrell, private secretary to Sir Edward Grey, British minister of affairs, in Washington last November. Sir William noted the impression in official circles made by the reported interview with Sir Lionel in which the ambassador was said to have questioned the information of the Washington administration.

Policemen's Hours Cut

Eugene, Or. — Following a threat of O. P. Hoff, labor commissioner, to arrest the mayor of Eugene if the police were not put on an eight-hour shift at once, and acting upon the advice of City Attorney Skipworth, the Eugene city council has ordered the police officers' time cut from 11 hours a day, seven days a week, to eight hours a day, six days a week. Shifts will be changed to keep nearly as many on duty at night as heretofore, and cutting down the day force. No reduction in pay follows the reduction in hours.

Canned Apple Advance Suspended

Washington, D. C. — The Interstate Commerce commission has suspended until July 8 the proposed advance in the rate on canned apples in carloads from Portland and other North Pacific points to St. Louis, Chicago and other points in the Middle West.

Many Wealthy Widows Apply for Pensions

Eternal vigilance in administering the widows' pension law, of Oregon, has been found necessary in the counties where the benefits of the statute have been requested. Needy and deserving cases there are, but on the other hand many applicants have been found in possession of property valued at from \$5000 to \$12,000. The father of one was assessed at \$50,000. It is cases of this kind and others as pronounced in their ineligibility that have kept the county courts busy in the process of elimination.

In six counties outside of Multnomah where the law is being applied, there are about 100 widows or their children being provided for under the law, although there have been many times as many applicants. These are receiving from a few dollars monthly to \$30 or \$35. In Clackamas 29 cases are being handled at an average monthly outlay of \$665, while in Josephine 20 cases are taking only \$320 from the county coffers. Their average monthly pension is \$18 to \$20. Marriages, discovery of property, ownership beneficiaries and other developments occasionally cause some of the recipients to be dropped from the rolls, but in all counties the enforcement of the pension act has been featured by the number of ineligible applicants rather than by the number of really needy cases. Several of the counties have found it necessary only to make small provision for the law in their annual budgets. Judges in several instances have pronounced the law a good one with careful administering.

Color Line Is Barred From Oregon Schools

Salem—It is the imperative duty of all school boards of our public school system to admit to the schools within their districts all children residing therein, between the ages of 6 and 21, without discrimination as to color or race. When the legislature has not passed any act expressly authorizing them to do so, school boards, created for carrying on the public schools of the state, have no lawful power to provide separate schools for the education of the white and colored children.

This was the finding of the Supreme court in an opinion by Justice Ramsey on the application of William Crawford, of Klamath county, for a writ of mandamus to compel the school board of district No. 7 of that county to allow two of his children to attend the public school. Crawford and his wife are half Indian. The children were excluded from the school by the board and the act was upheld by the Circuit judge.

New Fish Hatchery Gives Great Promise

Astoria—The members of the state board of fish commissioners have returned to Portland after visiting the Klaskanine hatchery. Chairman Bilyeu stated that the commissioners are pleased with the location of the Klaskanine plant and can see no reason why it should not be made eventually one of the largest on the coast. He also stated that the commissioners had visited the Bonnell hatchery and had found the young fish at both places in excellent condition, much better than anticipated after hearing the numerous reports in circulation.

Warden Clanton was directed to proceed with the improvements at the Klaskanine hatchery that were interrupted by the dissolution of the old board. This work will consist principally of finishing the retaining ponds that were under construction and the improvement of the grounds generally.

Oregon City Proposes to Have Mountain Water

Oregon City—The people of Oregon City are to be asked for \$300,000 in the form of a bond issue to construct a pipe line to the south fork of the Clackamas river. At a meeting of the Mountain Water league the members decided to ask the city council to present the matter to the people at once.

The report of H. A. Rands, the engineer who has been making the survey, shows that a pipe line can be run to the south fork of the river at a cost of \$288,000. This includes the best wood stave piping and provides for the reservoir in the city. The plan includes a delivery of 3,000,000 gallons of water every 24 hours with a total available supply of more than 15,000,000 gallons in the same length of time.

Because of the adverse publicity that the city has had during the summer months and the number of typhoid cases that in the popular mind have been traced to the water, the committee in charge of the work of the league has been making surveys and conducting investigations independent of the city council.

The report of the engineers gives the first estimate of the cost of constructing the line for 26 miles and gives a detailed description of the route that might be used.

Band Will Go to Fair

Baker—The Baker band, which attended the Lewis and Clark fair at Portland in 1905, the Elks' convention at Los Angeles in 1909, and the Elks' convention in Portland in 1912, has decided to go to the Panama-Pacific exposition at San Francisco in 1915. Heretofore the members of the Baker band, which is regarded as one of the finest amateur bands in Oregon, have paid their own expenses to these events, and this will be the case in the 1915 trip, unless the fair management aids them. The band numbers 32.

Wilson May Open Caves

Grants Pass—Should the bill pending before congress, introduced by Congressman W. C. Hawley, become a law, Josephine county caves will be opened by proclamation of President Wilson, thereby changing the name from National Monument to a park reservation.

It has been this technician that for a number of years has kept back improvements or permits to erect hotel facilities for the accommodation of auto travelers that visit the caves every summer.

Woman Mayor Steps Out

Warrenton—Miss Clara C. Munson, Oregon's first woman mayor, made a farewell speech to the city council, in which she thanked the members of the council and the citizens for their help during her administration. She voluntarily refused again to become a candidate for the office. She turned over the city's affairs to her successor, George Schmidt.

Fishway to Be Improved

Roseburg—City Engineer L. G. Hicks, of Roseburg, has been instructed by R. E. Clanton, state game warden and fish warden, to remodel the fishway in the South Umpqua river. The work will entail quite an expenditure, but will be the means of saving thousands of salmon which perish under the present conditions.

Pink Rose May Be Albany Flower

Albany—The Belle Seibert, a bright pink rose, of a hardy variety, may become Albany's official flower. A few weeks ago the Women's Civic Improvement club named a committee to select a rose which should be planted generally in street parkings and other public places and thus become the city's distinctive flower and this committee has chosen this variety.



GOING SOME

A ROMANCE OF STRENUOUS AFFECTION

BY REX BEACH

SUGGESTED BY THE PLAY BY REX BEACH AND PAUL ARMSTRONG

Illustrated by Edgar Bert Smith

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SYNOPSIS.

Cowboys of the Flying Heart ranch are heartbroken over the loss of their prized photograph by the defeat of their champion in a foot-race with the cook of the Centipede ranch. A house party is on at the Flying Heart, and Culver, Speed, chief leader of the Flying Heart, and Culver Covington, inter-collegiate champion runner, are expected.

CHAPTER I.—Continued.

"Nonsense! Robert Keap is only twenty-three. Why, she hardly knew her husband, even! It was one of those sudden, impulsive affairs that would overwhelm any girl who hadn't seen a man for four years. And then he whistled in the Spanish War, and was killed."

"Considerate chap!"

"Roberta, you know, is my best friend, after Helen. Do be nice to her, Jack." Miss Chapin sighed. "It is too bad the others couldn't come."

"Yes, a small house-party has its disadvantages. By-the-way, what's that gold thing on your frock?"

"It's a medal. Culver sent it to me."

"Another?"

"Yes, he won the intercollegiate championship again." Miss Chapin proudly extended the emblem on its ribbon.

"I wish to goodness Covington had been here to take Humpty Joe's place," said the young cattle-man as he turned it over. "The boys are just broken-hearted over losing that photograph."

"I'll get him to run and win it back," Jean offered, easily.

Her brother laughed. "Take my advice, Sis, and don't let Culver mix up in this game! The stakes are too high. I think that Centipede cook is a professional runner, myself, and if our boys were beaten again—well, you and mother and I would have to move out of New Mexico, that's all. No, we'd better let the memory of that defeat die out as quickly as possible. You warn Fresno not to joke about it any more, and I'll take Mrs. Keap off your hands. She may be a widow, she may even be the chaplain, but I'll do it; I will do it," promised Jack—"for my sister's sake."

CHAPTER II.

HELEN BLAKE was undoubtedly bored. The sultry afternoon was very long—longer even than Berkeley Fresno's autobiography, and quite as dry. She was too hot and dusty to ride, so she took refuge in the latest "best seller," and sought out a hammock on the vine-shaded gallery, where Jean Chapin was writing letters, while the disconsolate Fresno, banished, wandered at large, vaguely injured at her lack of appreciation.

Absent-mindedly, the girls dipped into the box of bouillons between them. Jean finished her correspondence and essayed conversation, but her companion's head was bowed over the book in her lap, and the effort met with no response. Lulled by the somniferous droning of insects and lazy echoes from afar, Miss Chapin was on the verge of slumber, when she saw her guest rapidly turn the last pages of her novel, then, with a chocolate between her teeth, read wide-eyed to the finish. Miss Blake closed the book reluctantly, uncurled slowly, then stared out through the dancing heat-waves, her blue eyes shined with romance.

"Did she marry him?" queried Jean.

"No, no!" Helen Blake sighed, blissfully. "It was infinitely finer. She killed herself."

"I like to see them get married."

"Naturally. You are at that stage. But I think suicide is more glorious, in many cases."

Miss Chapin yawned openly. "Speaking of suicides, isn't this ranch the dearest place?"

"Oh, I don't think so at all."

"Oh, yes, you do, and you needn't be polite just because you're a guest."

"Well, then, to be as truthful as a boarder, it is a little dull. Not for our chaperon, though. The time doesn't seem to drag on her hands. Jack certainly is making it pleasant for her."

"If you call taking her out to watch a lot of believing calves get branded, entertainment," Miss Chapin sighed.

Miss Blake leaned forward and read the inscription on her companion's medal. "Oh, isn't it heavy!" feeling it reverently.

"Pure gold, like himself! You should have seen him when he won it. Why, at the finish of that race all the men but Culver were making the most horrible faces. They were simply dead."

Miss Blake's hands were clasped in her lap. "They all make faces," said she. "Have you told Roberta about your engagement?"

"No, she doesn't dream of it, and I don't want her to know. I'm so afraid she'll think, now that mother has

gone, that I asked her here just as a chaperon. Perhaps I'll tell her when Culver comes."

"I have heard Culver speak of him, but never as an athlete. Have you and Mr. Speed settled things between you, Helen? I mean, has he—said anything?"

Miss Blake flushed.

"Not exactly." She adjusted a cushion to cover her confusion, then leaned back complacently. "But he has stuttered dangerously several times."

A musical tinkle of silver spurs sounded in the distance, and around the corner of the cook-house opposite came Carara, the Mexican, his wide spangled sombrero tipped rakishly over one ear, a corn-husk cigarette drooping from his lips.

"It's that romantic Spaniard!" whispered Helen. "What does he want?"

"It's his afternoon call on Mariadetta, the maid," said Jean. "They meet there twice a day, morning and afternoon."

"A lovers' tryst!" breathed Miss Blake, eagerly. "Isn't he graceful and picturesque! Can we watch them?"

"Sh-h! There she comes!"

From the opposite direction appeared a slim, swarthy Mexican girl, an Indian water-jug balanced upon her shoulders. She was clad in the straight-hanging native garment, belted in with a sash; her feet were in sandals, and she moved as silently as a shadow.

During the four days since Miss Blake's arrival at the Flying Heart Ranch she had seen Mariadetta fittingly here and there, but had never heard her speak. The pretty, expressionless face beneath the straight black hair had ever retained its wooden stolidity, the velvety eyes had not laughed nor frowned nor sparkled. She seemed to be merely a part of this far southwestern picture; a bit of inanimate yet breathing local color. Now, however, the girl dropped her jug, and with a low cry glided to her lover, who tossed aside his cigarette and took her in his arms. From this distance their words were indistinguishable.

"How perfectly romantic," said the Eastern girl, breathlessly. "I had no idea Mariadetta could love anybody."

"She is a volcano," Jean answered.

"Why, it's like a play!"

"And it goes on all the time."

"How gentle and sweet he is! I think he is charming. He is not at all like the other cowboys, is he?"

While the two witnesses of the scene were eagerly discussing it, Joy, the Chinese cook, emerged from the kitchen bearing a bucket of water, his presence hidden from the lovers by the corner of the building. Carara languidly released his innamorata from his embrace and lounged out of sight around the building, pausing at the farther corner to wait a graceful kiss from the ends of his fingers, as with a farewell flash of his white teeth he disappeared. Mariadetta recovered her water-jug and glided onward into the court in front of the cook-house, her face masklike, her movements deliberate as usual.

Joy, spying the girl, grinned at her. She tossed her head coquettishly and her step slackened, whereupon the cook, with a sly glance around, tapped her gently on the arm, and said:

"Nice! I'll gally."

"The idea!" indignantly exclaimed Miss Blake from her hammock.

But Mariadetta was not offended. Instead she smiled over her shoulder

"Bah! Vamos!" Carara flung her from him, and stalked away.

"Well, of all the outrageous things!" said Miss Blake. "Why, she was actually flirting with that Chinaman."

"Mariadetta flirts with every man she can find," said Jean, calmly, "but she doesn't mean any harm. She'll marry Carara some time—if he doesn't kill her."

"Kill her!" Miss Blake's eyes were round. "He wouldn't do that!"

"Indeed, yes. He is a Mexican, and he has a terrible temper."

Miss Blake sank back into the hammock. "How perfectly dreadful! And yet—it must be heavenly to love a man who would kill you."

Miss Chapin lost herself in meditation for an instant. "Culver is almost like that when he is angry. Hello, here comes our foreman!"

Stover, a tall, grizzled cattle-man with drooping grizzled mustache, came shambling up to the steps. He dusted his boots with his sombrero and cleared his throat.

"Evening, Miss Jean. Is Mr. Chapin around?"

"I think you'll find him down by the spring-house. Can I do anything for you?"

"Nope!" Stover sighed heavily, and got his frame gradually into motion again.

"You're not looking well, Stover."

"This Grubslinger Thinks He Can Run."

Are you ill?" inquired Miss Chapin.

"Not physical," said the foreman, checking the movement which had not yet communicated itself the entire length of his frame. "I reckon my sperrer's broke, that's all."

"Haven't you recovered from that foot-race?"

"I have not, and I never will, so long as that ornery Centipede outfit has got it on us."

"Nonsense, Stover!"

"What have they done?" inquired Miss Blake, curiously. "I haven't heard about any foot-race."

"You tell her," said the man, with another sigh, and a hopeless gesture that told the whole of his feelings.

"Why, Stover hired a fellow a couple of months ago as a horse-wrangler. The man said he was hungry, and made a good impression, so we put him on."

Here Stover slowly raised one boot and kicked his other calf.

"The boys nicknamed him Humpty Joe—"

"Why, poor thing! Was he hump-backed?" inquired Helen.

"No," answered Still Bill. "Humpty Joe is lucky. We called him Humpty Joe because when it came to running he could sure hump himself."

"Soon after Joseph went to work," Jean continued, "the Centipede outfit hired a new cook. You know the Centipede Ranch—the one you see over yonder by the foot-hills."

"It wasn't soon after, it was simultaneous," said Stover, darkly. "We're beginnin' to see plain at last. He went on as if to air the injury that was gnawing him. 'One day we hear that this grub-slinger over yonder thinks he can run, which same is as welcome to us as the smell of flowers on a spring breeze, for Humpty Joe had amused us in his idle hours by running jack-rabbits to earth—'

"Not really?" said Miss Blake.

"Well, no, but from what we see we judge he'd ought to limp a hundred yards in about nothing and three-fifths seconds, so we frame a race between him and the Centipede Cook. With tumulous joy we bet our wares and all the loose gear we have, and in a burst of childish enthusiasm we put up—the talking-machine."

"A phonograph?"

"Yes. An Echo Phonograph," said Miss Chapin.

"Of New York and Paris," said Stover.

"Our boys won it from this very Centipede outfit at a bronco-busting tournament in Cheyenne."

"Wyoming," Stover made the location definite.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"This Grubslinger Thinks He Can Run."

you come, as two visitors did, to Picasso's The Woman with the Pot of Mustard, No. 350. Suffice it to say that the woman's face, when once you have made it out, looks as if it had been in a wreck, and is black and blue and purple in a sort of agony. The pot of mustard—well, it is in the composition, but it didn't deserve to get into the headline with the woman. One of the visitors had surreptitiously looked in the catalogue for the title. He bet and won on his correct guess.

"But the pot of mustard!" objected

his companions, entranced by the face's fine frenzy.

"Easy enough," was the answer. "It's inside the lady."

Total Loss.

"Does your husband ever lose his temper?"

"Not any more. He lost it permanently about two years after our marriage."

You should not sow seeds which you are afraid of sparrows.

SPECULATIVE FORM OF ART

Vogue of the Cubist Has Given Rise to a New Idea in the Laying of Forbidden Wagers.

The law forbids poolrooms where there is betting, but the Cubist and allied divisions of the international art show has been in full swing. The temptation to bet on what a thing is or isn't would break the resolution of a St. Anthony. You hear wagers being laid on all sides of you. Perhaps