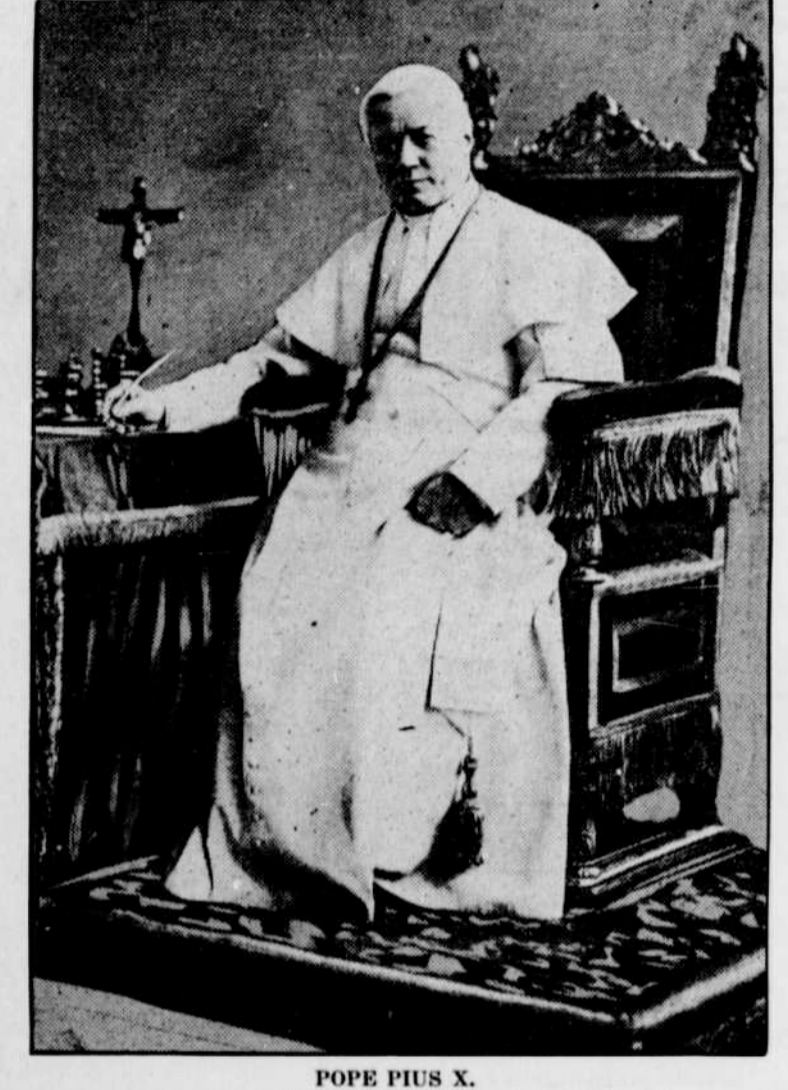


# POPE PIUS X IS DEAD

## Pontiff's Demise Hastened By Grief Over Great War.

Rome—Pope Pius X died at 1:20 o'clock Thursday morning. He had been ill for several days, but alarming symptoms did not develop until Wednesday morning.

The pontiff, rousing himself from time to time, spoke.



POPE PIUS X. 25th Incumbent of Pape See, Since Year 67, A. D.

the bells of the churches sounded when the sacrament was exposed upon all the altars. When the court learned of the Pope's condition there was the deepest concern.

Extreme unction was administered by Monsignor Zampini, sacristan to His Holiness. The sisters of the Pope and his niece were overcome with grief.

At times he revived and was able to say a few words, but hope of saving him was finally abandoned.

Confusion reigned at the Vatican because those, with the exception of the papal secretary, who take charge of affairs in such an emergency, were out of Rome, so little was the death of the Pope expected.

### Early Career of Pope.

Giuseppe Melchiorre Sartò, known to the world as Pope Pius X., was elected to the Pontificate on August 4, 1903, since which time his administration of that exalted office has been confronted with some of the most momentous problems, religious and governmental, with which the Holy See has had to deal in recent times.

They have included, on the one hand, his determined attitude in maintaining the purity of Catholic faith, beginning with his syllabus condemning criticism of the holy scriptures and of the origin of Christianity, and later bringing forth the famous, Encyclical "Pasquendi" which expounds and condemns the system of modernism; and, on the other hand, the painful struggles which he had inherited with France over the separation of church and state, and later with Spain on similar issues, and more recently with Portugal as a result of the revolution which overthrew the monarchy.

Pope Pius was born on June 2, 1835, at Riese, in the Venetian provinces, the first child of Gian-Battista Sartò, a postman, and his wife Margherita. They were of the upper peasantry, if one may use the term, and besides the boy destined to be Pope there were seven children, a son and six daughters. The father's salary of 40 cents a day and the mother's modest earnings from making dresses afforded them only the necessities of life.

Washington, D. C.—President Wilson has nominated James C. McReynolds, now attorney general, as justice of the United States Supreme court, and Thomas Watt Gregory, of Texas, to succeed Mr. McReynolds as attorney general.

## This Salmon Season Is Best in Three Years

Astoria—Not since 1911 have the salmon fishing interests of the Columbia river had so successful a season as the one which will close next week. This is particularly true so far as the gillnetters and seiners on the lower river, the wheelmen and seiners on the upper river and the canners are concerned.

The cold storage output for the season approximates 4375 tierces of pickled fish. The steelhead run was short also and the pack of frozen fish is fully 300 tons short of the previous year.

## Northwest Dried Fruits Greatly Reduced in Price

Portland—The housewife in search of cheaper foodstuffs in this period of war prices can turn gratefully to dried fruit. It is one product that has not gone up in price because of the war.

Declining market. Where prices have gone up it is pointed out demand is ahead of the available supply.

### Many Years' Delay by State is Made Issue

Eugene—The State of Oregon has ten days in which to explain a delay of 14 years between the granting of school land deeds to one Hyde and the filing of a suit to set aside these deeds, which are alleged to have been obtained fraudulently.

If the state has a good excuse the test case of the State of Oregon against Hyde may proceed and on the basis for similar suits affecting thousands of acres of Oregon school lands.

### Orengo Club Revives.

Orengo—Citizens of Orengo have transformed the Civic improvement league into the Orengo Chamber of Commerce.

### Pendleton to Get Another Park.

Pendleton—Pendleton is to have another park. The latest addition is to be jointly constructed by the city and by the O. W. R. & N., and is to face the depot.

### State Will Push Suit.

Salem—Attorney General Crawford said Thursday that he probably would file an amended complaint in the test suit to recover school lands alleged to have been obtained through fraud in the Benson-Hyde deal.

### Hood River Roads Asked.

Hood River—Charles Steinhauser was elected president and J. R. Barroll secretary of the Upper Valley Good Roads association.

### Medford Water Cheaper.

Medford—After considering the subject several weeks the city council granted the request of outside water users and reduced the minimum rate from \$2.50 to \$1.75 for 5000 gallons and from 25 cents to 15 cents for over 1000 gallons over that amount.

### Two Per Cent of Berry Crop Donated to Advertise

Salem—To advertise the berry that the immense crop this year may be sold profitably, the membership of the Oregon Loganberry Growers' association agreed to donate 2 per cent of the crop.

### Hop Picking to Start.

Dallas—Hopprowers are busy preparing for picking. The crop all over Polk county will be short this year. In many yards the crop will only be 50 per cent of the usual yield.

### Salem Rule May Change.

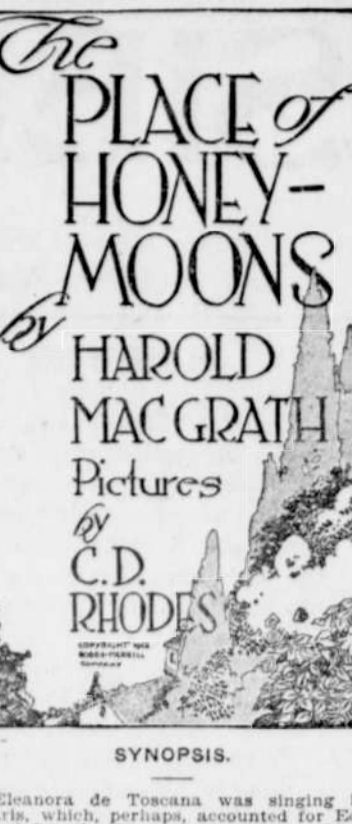
Salem—A commission-managerial form of government for Salem has been recommended by a committee appointed by the mayor and city council to make an investigation.

### Old Mine Is Reopened.

Molalla—The Ogle Mountain mine, 29 miles south of Molalla, started its machinery running Wednesday for the first time.

### Polk Court Term Is Over.

Dallas—The August term of the Circuit court for Polk county has adjourned after one of the longest terms ever held in this county.



SYNOPSIS: Eleonora de Toscana was singing in Paris, which, perhaps, accounts for the Courtlandt's appearance there. Multitudes of women, wondering where Eleonora was, were waiting for her to appear. He might be in Paris one day and Kamohaka the next.

### CHAPTER X—Continued.

"Abbey, I wouldn't climb those stairs for a bottle of Horace's Falernian, served on Seneca's famous citron table."

"Not a friend in the world," Abbott lamented.

"Laughingly they hustled him into the hallway and fled. Then Courtlandt went his way alone.

"Harrison was in a happy temper. He kissed his wife and checked Nora under the chin. And then Mrs. Harrigan launched the thunderbolt which, having been held on the leash for several hours, had, for all of that, lost some of its ability to blight and scorch."

"James, you are about as hopeless a man as ever was born. You all but disgraced us this afternoon."

"Mother?" "Me?" cried the bewildered Harrison.

"Look at those tennis shoes; one white string and one brown one. It's enough to drive a woman mad. What in heaven's name made you come?"

"Perhaps it was the after effect of a good dinner, that driving away of pleasant emotions; perhaps it was the very triviality of the offense for which he was thus suddenly arraigned; at any rate, he lost his temper, and he was rather formidable when that occurred."

"Damn it, Molly, I wasn't going, but Courtlandt asked me to go with him, and I never thought of my shoes. You are always finding fault with me these days. I don't drink, I don't gamble, I don't run around after other women; I never did. But since you've got this social bug in your bonnet, you keep me on hooks all the while. Nobody noticed the shoe strings; and they would have looked upon it as a joke if they had. After all, I'm the boss of this ranch. If I want to wear a white string and a black one, I'll do it. Here!"

He rammed one of the colonel's perfects (which he had been saving for the morrow) between his teeth, and stalked into the garden.

Nora was heartless enough to laugh. "He hasn't talked like that to me in years!" Mrs. Harrigan did not know what to do—follow him or weep. She took the middle course, and went to bed.

Nora turned out the lights and sat out on the little balcony. The moonshine was glorious. So dense was the earth blackness that the few lights twinkling here and there were more like fallen stars. Presently she heard a sound. It was her father, returning as silently as he could. She heard him fumble among the knickknacks on the mantle, and then go away again. By and by she saw a spot of white light move higher and thither among the grape arbores. For five or six minutes she watched it dance. Suddenly all became dark again.

"Nora, are you there?" "Yes. Over here on the balcony. What were you doing down there?" "Oh, Nora, I'm sorry I lost my temper. But Molly's begun to nag me lately, and I can't stand it. I went after that book. Did you throw some flowers out of the window?" "Yes."

"A bunch of daisies?" "Marguerites," she corrected.

"All the same to me. I picked up the bunch, and look at what I found inside."

"He extended his palm, flooding it with the light of his pocket lamp. Nora's heart tightened. What she saw was a beautiful uncut emerald.

### CHAPTER XI.

A Comedy with Music. The Harrigans occupied the suite in the east wing of the villa. This consisted of a large drawing room and two ample bedrooms, with window balconies and a private veranda in the rear, looking out toward the grove of the pines and the metallic luster of the copper beeches.

"It was raining, a fine, soft, blurring alpine rain, and a blue-gray moultine prevailed upon the face of the waters and defied all save the keenest scrutiny to discern where the mountain tops ended and the sky began. It was a day for indoors, for dreams, good books, and good fellows."

There was a knock at the door. The managing director handed Harrigan a card. "Herr Rosen," he read aloud. "Send him up. Some friend of yours, Nora; Herr Rosen. I told Mr. Jill to send him up."

The padre drew his feet under his cassoock, a sign of perturbation; Courtlandt continued to unwind the snarl of lace dropped by the Barone; the Barone glanced fiercely at Nora, who smiled enigmatically.

Herr Rosen! There was no outward reason why the name should have set a chill on them all, turned them into expectant statues. Yet, all sensations of good fellowship was instantly gone.

Mrs. Harrigan smoothed out the wrinkles in her dress. From the others there had been little movement and no sound to speak of. Harrigan still waited by the door, seriously contemplating the bit of pasteboard in his hand.

Herr Rosen brushed past Harrigan unceremoniously, without pausing and went straight over to Nora, who was thereupon seized by an uncontrollable spirit of devilment. She hated Herr Rosen, but she was going to be as pleasant and as engaging as she knew how to be. She did not care if he misinterpreted her mood. She welcomed him with a hand. He went on to Mrs. Harrigan, who colored pleasantly. He was then introduced, and he acknowledged each introduction with a careless nod. He was there to see Nora, and he did not propose to put himself to any inconvenience on account of the others.

Herr Rosen instantly usurped the chair next to Nora, who began to pour the tea. He had come up from the village prepared for a disagreeable half hour. Instead of being greeted with icy glances from stormy eyes, he encountered such smiles as this adorable creature had never before bestowed upon him. He was in the clouds. That night at Cadenabbia had apparently knocked the bottom out of his dream. Women were riddles which only they themselves could solve for others. For this one woman he was perfectly ready to throw everything aside. A man lived but once; and he was a fool who would hold to tinsel in preference to such happiness as he thought he saw opening out before him. Nora saw, but she did not care. That in order to reach another she was practising infinite cruelty on this man (whose one fault lay in that he loved her) did not appeal to her pity. But her arrow flew wide of the target; at least, there appeared no result to her archery in malice. Not once had the intended victim looked over to where she sat. And yet she knew that he must be watching; he could not possibly avoid it and be human. And when he finally came forward to take his cup, she leaned toward Herr Rosen.

"You take two lumps?" she asked sweetly. It was only a chance shot, but she hit on the truth. "Yes," said Courtlandt, smiling.

"One lump for mine, please," said Courtlandt, smiling.

She picked up a cube of sugar and dropped it into his cup. She had the air of one wishing it were poison. The recipient of this good will, with perfect understanding, returned to the divan, where the padre and Harrigan were gravely toasting each other with benedictine.

Nora made no mistake with either Abbott's cup or the Barone's; but the two men were filled with but one desire, to throw Herr Rosen out of the window. What had begun as a beautiful day was now becoming black and uncertain.

The Barone could control every feature save his eyes, and these openly admitted deep anger. He recollected Herr Rosen well enough. The encounter over at Cadenabbia was not the first by many. Herr Rosen's presence in this room under that name was an insult, and he intended to call the interloper to account the very first opportunity he found.

Perhaps Celeste, sitting as quiet as a mouse upon the piano stool, was the only one who saw these strange currents drifting dangerously about. That her own heart ached miserably did not prevent her from observing things with all her usual keenness. Ah, Nora, Nora, who have everything to give and yet give nothing—why do you play so heartless a game? Why hurt those who can no more help loving you than the earth can help whirling around the calm dispassionate sun? Always they turn to you, while I, who have so much to give, am given nothing! She set down her tea cup and began the aria from La Boheme.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### NOT A NATION OF SAVERS

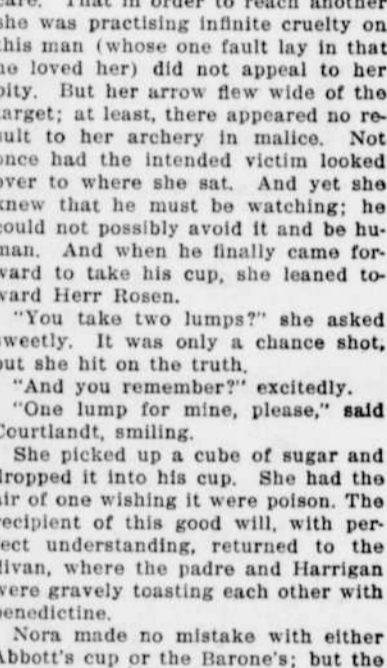
In the Matter of Thrift the United States is Far Behind European Countries.

A table prepared by Dr. Henry S. Williams for Moody's Magazine places the United States at the bottom of a list of 15 countries as a nation of savers. The comparison is on the number of savings bank depositors per thousand of population, and ranges from 554 in Switzerland to 99 in this country.

Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Belgium and New Zealand follow the Swiss. France leads the big nations, then come Holland, Germany, England, Australia, Japan and Italy.

Our 10,800,000 depositors, with their \$472,000,000 deposits, or almost \$440 per depositor, may be contrasted with Germany's 22,500,000 depositors with but \$492,000,000, or only \$189 per head. The United Kingdom has almost 15,000,000 depositors, but only a little over \$1,250,000,000. France has nearly as many depositors with a couple of hundred millions less, but this takes no account of the investments of French thrift. Russia has 8,000,000 depositors, but only \$300,000,000 between them. Austria has 6,500,000, with about the same amount as Great Britain. Italy has as many depositors as Russia, but with one-fourth more deposits, Japan has about 20,000,000 depositors, but they do not average \$9.

The savings habit, it can be seen, is very much more general abroad where the opportunity is very much less. Three-fourths of our saving is being done in the New England and Eastern States. Then come the Middle West, the Pacific Coast, the South and the Western States.



What She Saw Was a Beautiful Uncut Emerald.