

## HAPPENINGS OF CURRENT WEEK

Bits of Best News Items From Everywhere.

### PUT IN CONCISE FORM

Events of Noted People, Governments and Pacific Northwest, and Other Things Worth Knowing.

Mrs. Martin Flood, 55, killed her mother in her home in West Fork, near Fayetteville, Ark., Sunday. She had recently been a patient at the state hospital for the insane at Little Rock.

Mrs. A. Walt, 70, Portland, Or., was killed near West Side, Iowa, last Saturday night. She plunged from the vestibule of a sleeping car on an east-bound Chicago & Northwestern railroad train.

The steamer H. F. McCormick rescued two Hollywood aviators, Howard Platt and "Spider" Matlock, after they had been forced down at sea 25 miles west of San Pedro at 8 o'clock Saturday night.

Mrs. Mollie R. Dixon, Kittitas county treasurer at Ellensburg, Wash., received a card Friday from a friend that was mailed in Seattle July 7, 1911. As usual in such cases the postoffice had no explanation to offer.

The first woman to be convicted under the law making it a criminal offense to utter derogatory remarks about Premier Mussolini is Malvina Fregioli. She has been condemned to serve eight months in prison.

Three persons died in a fire which damaged a lodging house on Columbus avenue, Boston, early Sunday to the extent of \$16,000. The victims, trapped in their beds, were Joseph Addario, his wife, Laura, and their 5-year-old child, Joseph.

Edmund Pennington, chairman of the board of directors and ex-president of the Minneapolis, St. Paul & Sault Ste. Marie (800 Line) railway, died from heart disease at his home in Minneapolis, Minn., Saturday night. He was 77 years old.

Dr. William J. Mayo, famous surgeon, has confirmed a recent Berlin report that he has formally urged reinstatement of German and Austrian surgeons in the International Society of Surgery, with full equality in every respect with other members.

After a summer April in Calgary, Alta., May started Saturday with snow. Before noon the fall was two inches, but it melted as it touched the ground. The mercury was 33 above zero Wednesday and Thursday. Friday the wind was 30 miles an hour.

Publication of the San Francisco Herald will be temporarily suspended as a means of stabilizing other Vanderbilt newspapers. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., head of the Vanderbilt news papers, Inc., announced Friday night through his counsel, Dudley Field Malone.

The radio corporation of America and the Marconi Wireless company of England inaugurated a commercial radio picture service Saturday. The first photograph sent was a photograph of the speakers' table at the Pilgrims' society dinner in London Wednesday night.

The franc, refusing to react favorably to the conclusion of the Franco-American debt settlement, continued its steady decline throughout the day Friday, and closed at 39.49 to the dollar, a new low record. After closing of the bourse, the franc improved, going to 39.37 to the dollar.

Lightning killed three persons at Hion, N. Y., Sunday. Clarence E. Beckwith, South Hion, and John S. Poppo and the latter's son Stuart, aged 7 years, were fishing in the Hion reservoir when a storm broke. They were killed when lightning hit a steel plate in a concrete pier, beside which they sought refuge.

The ancient riot act, under which Sheriff Nimmo of Passaic, N. J., for nearly three weeks has prohibited meetings and picketing of textile strikers in Garfield, was virtually set aside Friday when Vice-Chancellor Bentley granted a temporary injunction. This legal instrument forbids interference with lawful activities of the strikers.

### BELGIAN DEBT IS APPROVED

Agreement in Effect When Coolidge Signs Measure.

Washington, D. C.—As negotiations for the settlement of France's \$4,000,000,000 war debt proceeded Monday, the senate gave overwhelming approval to the agreement with Belgium for the funding of its \$417,780,000 war obligation.

The agreement provides that Belgium shall repay the United States the \$417,780,000 pre-armistice debt free of all accrued or future interest, beginning with an annual payment of \$1,000,000 and increasing thereafter.

The post-armistice debt was fixed at \$246,000,000, including interest, but a part of the interest will be foregone for the first ten years, bringing a material reduction. The first year's payment on this debt will be \$2,849,000 and payments will increase thereafter. The debt is to be wiped out in 62 years.

### BRITISH FINANCIAL OUTLOOK BRIGHTER

London.—Winston Churchill, chancellor of the exchequer, presented the budget in the house of commons Monday and at the same time announced provisions he had made in the way of taxes to balance it and leave a surplus. The chancellor estimates the cost of running the government for the fiscal year will be £812,641,000.

One of Mr. Churchill's outstanding announcements was that France would begin to liquidate her war debt to Great Britain this year, the initial payment being £4,000,000. She may pay more than that, for the French finance minister, M. Peret, gave assurance that without prejudice to the forthcoming negotiations in London, his government undertook this as a minimum payment without conditions.

In submitting the nation's accounts to parliament, Mr. Churchill had a comparatively simple statement to make, inasmuch as the heavy cost of the coal subsidy had upset his plans and converted his originally estimated surplus into a deficit. This, however, he had been able to overcome and by his measures had turned it into a prospective surplus of £14,150,000. This necessarily precluded any remission of taxation.

### NEW BILLS ROUSE WRATH OF WETS

Washington, D. C.—Another batch of administration bills designed to strengthen the federal arm of prohibition enforcement was presented Monday to congress.

Their supplement measures recently introduced and are regarded by General Lincoln C. Andrews, in charge of prohibition enforcement, as essential to a full effort by the government to dry up the liquor supply.

Chairman Cummins of the senate judiciary committee became sponsor for the measures, which deal with review of liquor permits, the search and seizure of ships within the 12-mile limit and the employment of retired army, navy, marine corps and coast guard officers and men by the prohibition unit and authorize customs collectors to refuse to register craft that they believe are designed as rum-runners.

### Long-Bell Firm Sued.

Jefferson City, Mo.—A quo warranto suit to oust the Long-Bell Lumber company, Kansas City, and asking for the forfeiture of its franchise and court supervision of its properties, was filed in the state supreme court here late Monday. The petition, which was prepared and filed in the name of N. T. Gentry, attorney-general, alleged that the Long-Bell company violated its charter rights in going outside the scope for which it was organized. It cites the promotion of the townsite of Longview, Wash.

### Stock Profits \$485,000.

Girard, Kan.—E. Haldeman Julius, Girard publisher, made a profit of \$485,000 in the last 18 days in the present bull movement on the New York Stock Exchange. It was announced Monday. Mr. Haldeman Julius bought seven issues of stock and at one time had a loss of \$50,000. "I am ashamed to have made so much money quickly," Mr. Haldeman Julius said. "But I have no hesitancy about taking the profits."

### Cougar Slain on Street.

Victoria, B. C.—A cougar was slain Monday on a downtown street by Constable Strong, with a rifle. The animal was in the best physical condition and had evidently strayed from some mountain district in search of food.

## BRITISH PARLEY ON STRIKE FAILS

General Walkout of Trades Seems Likely.

### WANT WORK TO GO ON

Trades Congress Also Asked to Disavow Overt Acts Against Government—London Calm.

London.—Any hope of averting a general strike that hung upon Sunday's negotiations between the government and the trades union congress vanished at 1 o'clock Monday morning when it was officially announced that the negotiations had broken down. The government immediately issued a statement refusing to resume them unless the congress withdrew the general strike orders and repudiated other overt acts, which the government describes as challenging the constitutional rights and freedom of the nation.

The overt acts specified include interference with the freedom of the press, an obvious allusion to the strike of the printers and operatives of the Daily Mail because they objected to an editorial sent to them to set up. In view of the attitude taken by the trades union congress and the miners up to the present, there does not seem the least probability that they will adopt the course the government has demanded from them, and the general strike consequently will go into effect.

"War has been declared," J. H. Thomas, secretary of the national union of railway men, said to the newspaper men when leaving Downing street. "It is a very sad state of affairs."

Asked whether the representatives of the congress had made any reply to the government's statement, Mr. Thomas shook his head and remarked, "We are now going to Eccleston square"—trade union headquarters.

### PENSION INCREASE BILL BECOMES LAW

Washington, D. C.—President Coolidge late Saturday signed the bill to increase pensions of Spanish war veterans and their dependents nearly \$19,000,000 annually.

At the same time, in a formal statement, he said his approval was not to be taken "as an encouragement to further laws for large continuing appropriations." He gave a warning that it might be necessary to increase taxes if government expenditures are greatly increased.

The president waited until late in the last day on which, under the law, he could act on the measure. He made it clear that he had delayed his decision solely on account of the government financing involved.

Although he had been of the opinion that the increased outlay would raise the expected deficit for the coming fiscal year to approximately \$40,000,000, Mr. Coolidge said savings undoubtedly could be devised to meet the increase carried in the bill.

### Diver Seeks Bandit Car

Joplin, Mo.—A deep-sea diving suit was used Sunday to explore a huge, water-filled cave at Webb City in a vain effort to locate a motor car. It was reported the automobile had been pushed into the cave by bandits in making escape after a robbery in Berryville, Ark., and if found, might contain the body of a woman who disappeared from Berryville about the time of the robbery. The water is more than 100 feet deep.

### Bull's Attack Fatal

Prineville, Or.—While pinned against the wall of a small pen unable to defend himself, William French, 61, a resident of Crockett county for 40 years, was gored fatally Friday by an enraged Jersey bull belonging to Lloyd J. Powell, who lives four miles east of here on the Ochoo project. French died three hours later.

### Wood Tick Bite Fatal

Klamath Falls, Or.—Bite of a wood tick proved fatal shortly after midnight Saturday to Mrs. Winnie Sousa of Mount Dome, Cal. Mrs. Sousa died in a hospital here. Mrs. Sousa was bitten by a virulent species of wood tick which causes spotted fever, from which few recover.

## STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Silverton.—Sophie's Princess Sullia, a Jersey heifer belonging to Mrs. William J. Thornley of Silverton, has qualified for a silver medal awarded by the American Jersey club.

Salem.—Plans and specifications for the Oregon Linen mills to be constructed here at a cost of \$240,000, and have been turned over to local architects preparatory to advertising for bids. Machinery for the mills is on its way here from Liverpool.

Hood River.—Prospects for an apple crop were never better in the Lyle, Wash., section, according to W. J. Havener, grower and shipper. The bloom was the heaviest and most glorious of years, according to Mr. Havener, and the fruit is setting well.

Salem.—Motor vehicle operators in Oregon this year will pay in license fees and gasoline taxes approximately \$9,500,000, or nearly twice as much as the total direct property tax. This was revealed in a statement issued by the secretary of state Saturday.

Eugene.—Baker & Scharschmidt, contractors on the Roosevelt highway, were fined \$25 and costs and sentenced to serve 30 days in jail at Mapleton Thursday on a charge of cruelty to animals, made by C. Robert Wade, field officer of the Oregon Humane society. The jail sentence was suspended.

Salem.—Prices for lime fertilizer which is being manufactured at the lime plant at the Oregon penitentiary were fixed Friday at \$4.75 a ton in bulk and \$5.50 a ton in sacks. The latter price is contingent upon sacks being returned freight prepaid. The state has \$145 a ton gross leeway for expenses.

Salem.—All state institutions, with the possible exception of the state industrial school for girls, Oregon employment institution for the adult blind and state training school for boys, have sufficient money remaining in their biennial appropriations to carry them through until January 1 of next year.

Lebanon.—Workmen are now busy putting the Lebanon cannery in condition for the canning season. New machinery is being installed and the old conditioned for the season's run. Indications are now excellent for a large berry and fruit crop this year and the cannery expects to run on full time to its capacity.

Salem.—The Portland Electric Power company, with headquarters in Portland, has filed with the state engineer here application covering the appropriation of water from the Clackamas river, tributary of the Willamette river, for the generation of hydroelectric power. The estimated cost of the development is \$1,560,000.

Salem.—Whether Salem's street car system is to be abandoned in favor of motor busses will be determined at a series of public meetings to be held during the next few weeks. The street car lines are owned by the Southern Pacific company. Petitions asking permission to replace the street cars with busses are now before the council.

Scio.—The explosion of a brooder lamp in a house belonging to A. L. Godwin southeast of Scio, set fire to the structure Wednesday and it was destroyed with all the contents. The brooder had been placed in the attic of the house to provide a warm place for some young chickens. The loss is estimated at \$1200 or \$1500, with insurance of \$500.

Baker.—A yearling Aberdeen-Angus pure-bred bull was received Saturday by W. B. Riley & Sons, livestock men of McEwen, from the Harrison Stock Farms of Woodland, Cal. The animal, which weighs over 600 pounds, was in fine condition on his arrival, but it shivered in the cold. A native son of California, he displayed no enthusiasm for the cooler Baker weather.

Marshfield.—A new logging camp to be opened on Big Creek, in the vicinity of Bridge, will cut 35,000,000 feet of timber in four years, it is estimated. Laird and Garrett have the railroad and camp work under way. Mike Morrison has contracted to construct the trucking road. There is considerable white cedar in the area. The camp will have a payroll of about \$10,000 monthly for the bridge section.

Salem.—Arrests totaling 465 for violations of the state prohibition laws were reported to the state prohibition department during the year 1925, according to figures given out here Saturday by William Levens, state prohibition director. A total of 74 stills were confiscated and fines were collected in the amount of \$65,151. Jail sentences aggregated 14,694 days. Approximately 25,800 gallons of mash and liquor were destroyed. The officers confiscated 21 cars.

## The BLACK GANG

By CYRIL McNEILE SAPPER

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### CHAPTER XIV

#### In Which a Murderer Is Murdered at Maybrick Hall

"You appear to have a wonderful faculty for remaining alive, my young friend," remarked Peterson two minutes later, gazing benevolently at Drummond over his clerical collar.

"You can't imagine the unpleasant surprise it gave me," Peterson continued gently, "when your charming wife hailed my car. So unexpected, so delightful. And when I realized that you were running about in our grounds here instead of being drowned as that fool No. 10 told me over the telephone. . . . By the way, where is No. 10?"

He turned snarling on the Russian, but it was one of the men behind Drummond's chair who answered.

"He's dead. This guy threw him on the live wires."

"Do you mean to say," said the Russian in his harsh voice, "that it was only this man Drummond outside there?"

"You have guessed it, Adolph," answered Drummond, speaking mechanically. It had seemed to him, suddenly, that, unseen by the others, Phyllis was trying to convey some message.

"Alone I did it, to say nothing of that wretched bird upstairs with the long arms. In fact, without wishing to exaggerate, I think the total bag is five."

What was she trying to make him understand?

And then suddenly she began to laugh hysterically, and he half rose from his seat, only to sit down again abruptly as he felt the cold ring of a revolver pressed into the nape of his neck.

"Three and two make five," said Phyllis, half laughing and half crying, "and one makes six. I worked it out tonight, and it all came right."

She went on aimlessly for a while in the same strain, till the Russian swung round on her with a snarl, and told her to shut her mouth. He was talking in low tones to Peterson, and, with one searching look at Hugh, she relaxed into silence. There was no hysteria in that look, and his heart began to pound suddenly in his excitement.

For 3250 Mayfair was the number of Peter Durrell's telephone, and she could only mean one thing—that she had got through to Peter before she stopped the car. And if that was so there was still hope, if only he could gain time.

First—how long did he want? Two hours at least; three if possible. To round up all the gang and get cars in the middle of the night would take time—two hours at the very least. Secondly—and there was the crux—how was he going to get such a respite? For this time he could not hope for another mistake. It was the end, and he knew it.

No trace of mercy showed in the faces of the three men opposite him. He caught occasional remarks, and after a while he realized what the matter under discussion was. Evidently the red-headed Russian was in favor of killing him violently, and at once—and it was Count Zadova who was advocating caution, while Peterson sat between them listening impassively, with his eyes fixed on Drummond.

"I know the Black Gang," Zadova was saying. "You don't. And they know me." Then he heard the word "accident" repeated several times, and at length Yulowski shrugged his shoulders and leaned back in his chair.

"Have it your own way," he remarked. "I don't care how they're killed, as long as they are killed. If you think it necessary to pretend there has been an accident, we'll have an accident. The only point is what sort of an accident."

It was left to Carl Peterson to decide matters.

"Nothing is easier," he remarked suavely, and his eyes were still fixed on Drummond. "We are discussing, my young friend," he continued, raising his voice slightly, "the best way of getting rid of you and your charming wife. I regret that she must share your fate, but I see no way out of it. To keep her permanently about the premises would be too great an inconvenience; and since we can't let her go without involving ourselves in unpleasant notoriety, I fear—as I said—that she must join you."

Yulowski wished to bayonet you both, and bury you in the grounds. He has done a lot of that sort of thing in his time, and I believe I am right in stating that his hand has not lost its cunning since leaving Russia. A little out of practice, perhaps; but the results are the same. On the other hand Count Zadova, whom you know of old, quite rightly points out that there are the members of your ridiculous gang, who know about him, and might very easily find out about me. And when in a few days your motor car is hoisted out of the water, and is traced by the registration number as being yours, he fears that not only may I find things very awkward, but that a certain amount of unenviable and undesirable limelight may be thrown on this part of the country, and incidentally on this house. As my friend

Zadova most justly observed—we want an accident: a real good bonafide accident, which will relieve the world of your presence and will bring no scorching glare of publicity upon this house or any of my confreres who remain in England. You may recall that that was my original idea, only you seem in the most extraordinary way to have escaped from being drowned. Still, as far as it goes, we have a very good foundation to build on. Your car—duly perceived by the gentlemen of limited intelligence who works the bridge—went over the edge. You were duly perceived in it. Strangely enough, his eyesight must have been defective—or else he was so flustered by your amazing action that he was incapable of noticing everything at such a moment. Because he actually failed to see that your charming wife was seated beside you. In the moment of panic when she realized you had fainted, she leant forward—doubtless to try and throw out the clutch. Yes—his eyes, cold and expressionless, were turned momentarily on Phyllis—"I think that is what she must have done. That accounts for the not very intelligent gate-keeper failing to see her. But that she was there is certain. Because, Captain Drummond, both bodies will be recovered from the river the day after tomorrow, shall we say? some two or three miles down-stream."

He was leaning forward, his elbows on the table—and for the first time Drummond understood something of



"You Appear to Have a Wonderful Faculty for Remaining Alive, My Young Friend," remarked Peterson.

the diabolical hatred which Peterson felt for him. He had never shown it before; he was far too big a man ever to betray his feeling unnecessarily. But now, as he sat facing him, gently rubbing his big white hands together, Drummond understood.

"Thank you a thousand times," he repeated in the same gentle voice. "And since you are so concerned about the matter, I will tell you my plan in some detail. I need hardly say that any suggestions you make on any points that may strike you will receive my most careful attention. When the car crashed into the water it carried you and your wife with it. You were both huried out as the car plunged into the water, and somewhat naturally you were both thrown forward. Head foremost, you will note, Drummond, you left the car—and your hands struck the stonework of the opposite pier with sickening force. Just before you reached the water. In fact, a marked feature of the case, when this dreadful accident is reported in the papers, will be the force with which you both struck that pier. Your two heads were terribly battered. In fact, I have but little doubt that the coroner will decide, when your bodies are recovered some few miles downstream—that you were not in reality drowned, but that the terrific impact on the stone pier killed you instantly. Do you think it's sound up to date?"

"I think it's d-d unsound," remarked Drummond languidly. "If you propose to take me and endeavor to make my head impinge on a stone wall, someone is going to get a thick ear. Besides, the bridge isn't open, and even your pal, the not too intelligent gatekeeper, might stick in his toes a bit. Of course"—he added humorously—"you might say you were doing it for the movies. Tell him you're Charlie Chaplin, but that you dressed in such a hurry you've forgotten your mustache."

The red-headed Russian was snarling venomously.

"Let me get at him, chief. He won't try being funny again."

The Russian half rose to his feet, his teeth bared, and Peterson pulled him back into his chair.

"You'll get your chance in a moment or two, Yulowski," he remarked sagely. Then he turned once more on

Drummond, and the genial look had vanished from his face. "Doubtless your humor appeals to some people; it does not to me. Moreover, I am in rather a hurry. I do not propose, Captain Drummond, to take you to the bridge and endeavor to make your head impinge on a wall, as you call it. There is another far simpler method of producing the same result. The impaling will take place in this house. As a soldier you should know the result of a blow over the head with the butt of a rifle. And I can assure you that there will be no bungling this time. Yulowski is an expert in such matters, and I shall stay personally to see that it is done."

Drummond passed his tongue over his lips, and despite himself his voice shook a little.

"Am I to understand," he said after a moment, "that you propose to let that man butcher us here—in this house—with a rifle?"

"Just so," answered Peterson. "That is exactly what you are to understand."

"You are going to let him bash my wife over the head with a rifle butt?"

"I am going to order him to do so," said Peterson mildly. "And very shortly, at that. We must not have any mistakes over the length of time you've both been dead. I confess it sounds drastic, but I can assure you it will be quite sudden. Yulowski, as I told you, is an expert. He had a lot of experience in Russia."

"You inhuman devil!" muttered Drummond dazedly. "You can do what you like to me, but for Heaven's sake let her off!"

He was staring fascinated at the Russian, who had risen and crossed to a cupboard in the wall. There was something almost maniacal in the look on his face—the look of a savage, brute beast, confronted with the prey it desires.

"Impossible, my dear young friend," murmured Peterson regretfully. "It affords me no pleasure to have her killed, but I have no alternative. To see you dead, I would cross two continents," said Peterson suddenly, "but—only bitter necessity compels me to adopt such measures with Phyllis. You see, she knows too much."

Yulowski handed his rifle lovingly, and his teeth showed in a wolfish grin.

"Which shall I take first, chief?" he said carelessly.

"The point is immaterial," returned Peterson. "I think perhaps the woman."

Drummond tried to speak and failed. His tongue was clinging to the roof of his mouth; everything in the room was dancing before his eyes. Dimly he saw the red-headed brute Yulowski swinging his rifle to test it; dimly he saw Phyllis sitting bolt upright, with a calm, scornful expression on her face, while two men held her by the arms so that she could not move. And suddenly he croaked horribly.

"Do you hear the different note to that dynamo?" said Yulowski.

"What the h—'s that got to do with it?" roared Peterson. "Get on with it, d—n you—and attend to the dynamo afterward."

Yulowski nodded, and picked up his rifle again.

"The last time," he said, turning on Drummond with a dreadful look of evil in his face, "that this rifle was used by me was in a cellar in Russia—on even more exalted people than you. I brought it specially with me as a memento, never thinking I should have the pleasure of using it again."

He swung it over his head, and Drummond shut his eyes—to open them again a moment later, as the door was flung open and a man distraught with terror dashed in.

"The Black Gang!" he shouted wildly. "Hundreds of them—all round the house. They've got the wires."

With a fearful curse Peterson leaped to his feet, and the men holding Drummond, dumfounded at the sudden turning of the tables, let go his arms. Yulowski stood staring foolishly at the door, and what happened then was so quick that none of the stupefied onlookers raised a finger to prevent it.

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### Golf Ball Slices Bird

Driving off the first tee at Bayliff golf course, near Cardiff, Wales, W. A. Evans hit a swallow with his ball and cut the bird in two.