

WORLD HAPPENINGS OF CURRENT WEEK

Brief Resume Most Important Daily News Items.

COMPILED FOR YOU

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

The Omaha city commission authorized Tuesday the expenditure of \$10,000 in buying food supplies to be sold to the public at cost.

Budapest was occupied Tuesday by Roumanian troops who advanced from the River Theiss, in spite of representations made by Lieutenant-Colonel Romanelli, the Italian representative of the allies at Vienna.

James Hogan, leader of an alleged gang of counterfeiters, is dead, and Paul Gottfried, St. Paul detective, is in a hospital with four bullet wounds in his body, as the result of a raid made on the Hogan home Monday.

High-power explosives said by the police to have been placed by radicals in order to terrorize people during the proposed general strike July 21 suddenly exploded Sunday near Chiatona, Italy. Five persons were killed. No damage was done to the railway line.

In the 8th congressional district of Kentucky, King Swope, a returned soldier running on the republican ticket, was elected over Judge Charles A. Hardin, democrat, in Saturday's state-wide primaries. It was the first time a republican candidate ever was victorious in that district.

The new Pacific fleet will become part of the west at dawn Wednesday, when it will anchor off the Coronado Islands, just outside San Diego harbor. Admiral Rodman notified naval authorities at San Diego, Cal., of the arrival time, which is 24 hours ahead of any schedule previously announced.

War department recommendation for a system of universal military training of three months for all eligible youths in their 19th year was presented by Secretary Baker Tuesday to the senate and house military committees for their guidance in determining the permanent military policy of the nation.

Two fatal accidents occurred in Aberdeen, Wash., Monday afternoon. James Grant, a brakeman on the Northern Pacific freight train, was drowned at the Bay City mill, and a 5-year-old daughter of Harry H. Stout, a shipyard worker, was almost instantly killed when she was struck by an automobile on Washington street.

Riotous crowds were driven from the streets of Liverpool Monday-morning by troops charging with fixed bayonets. The rioters filled the streets during the night and it was not until daybreak that the soldiers were ordered to charge. The cruiser *Vallant* and two destroyers have moved into the Mersey river to protect the docks.

Before the winter sets in there will be "a terrible spasm of rage and despair among the peoples of Europe in which the final remains of civilization may be totally annihilated," it was predicted by Arthur Henderson, British labor leader, at the opening session of the international socialist conference at Lucerne, Switzerland, Sunday.

The Nebraska legislature went into special session Wednesday to consider the question of ratifying the federal woman suffrage amendment.

The special treaty with France, promising immediate American aid to that republic in repelling any unprovoked attack by Germany, was sent to the senate Wednesday by President Wilson.

After brief debate the senate Tuesday adopted a resolution by Senator Poindexter, republican, of Washington, authorizing the federal trade commission to investigate recent increases in the market price of fuel oil in the United States, and especially on the Pacific coast.

Chicago street car employees Tuesday night voted to strike, after refusing to ratify an agreement reached earlier in the day between representatives of the employees and employers.

Three bombing planes, including the Martin machine, in which Captain Roy N. Francis planned to leave Friday on a transcontinental flight, were wrecked by a terrific electrical storm which, sweeping over Long Island Tuesday, struck a steel hangar at Hazelhurst field.

BOMB RUINS LAWLER HOME

Ex-U. S. Attorney and Family Seriously Injured.

Los Angeles.—Revenge for the part he played in the prosecution of a group of dynamiters in the middle west several years ago was assigned by the police here as the probable motive for an attempt on the life of Oscar Lawler, former assistant attorney-general of the United States. Mr. Lawler's home was practically destroyed by a bomb and subsequent fire here early Sunday, and he and Mrs. Lawler both were seriously burned and otherwise injured.

Mr. Lawler and his wife escaped with difficulty from their blazing home when he carried the fainting woman to a front second-story window, dropped her on an awning and thence to the ground and leaped after her.

Before making their escape the Lawlers had attempted to rescue their 5-year-old son Oscar and his nurse, who were on another sleeping porch, but had been prevented by the flames. The boy and his nurse were later saved by neighbors.

Mr. Lawler received burns covering half his body and his physicians said his recovery was possible, but whether he would live could not be determined at once.

Mrs. Lawler will recover although severely burned and suffering from a broken collarbone, according to her physicians.

M. P. Snyder, mayor of Los Angeles, with his chief of police, George Home, were in conference with representatives of the county and state government and with federal authorities, laying plans for a thorough and systematic effort to apprehend the perpetrators of the explosion and fire.

A reward of \$5000 for the arrest and conviction of perpetrators of the outrage was offered by the Merchants' and Manufacturers' association. Mayor M. P. Snyder announced he would ask the city council to offer an additional reward of \$1000.

Three explosions, believed to be those of a bomb and two 5-gallon cans of gasoline or some other inflammable liquid, were heard by those nearby, and in an instant according to eye-witnesses, a column of flame shot above the roof of the Lawler home. The building was almost destroyed and its contents were either entirely destroyed or made worthless.

Strike Threatens Serious Tie-Up of Big Railroads

Chicago.—A complete tie-up of the railroads of the country is very probable, in the opinion of H. Hawver, president of the Chicago district council of the Federated Shopmen's union, which called a strike of shop crafts Friday. He returned from Washington Sunday and declared the strike is spreading rapidly, and that the unrest among railway workers is so general that the movement has overwhelmed the international officers of the various unions involved.

Advices from Cleveland were that the executive board of the American Federation of Railway Workers, with a membership of 26,000, had decided to strike, according to Mr. Hawver.

With more than 250,000 shopmen on strike and the number increasing, both President Hawver and Secretary John D. Saunders declared railroad schedules and industry would be seriously crippled within a day or two. Already steel mills and other industries at Gary and other northern Indiana points and in Chicago have begun to feel the effects of the strike, according to the union leaders.

Germany to Begin Freeing Russians.

Paris.—Marshal Foch appeared before the supreme council Saturday in connection with the discussion of the Russian prisoners' problem. The condition of the Bulgarian army also was taken up, Marshal Foch making a report on the number of effective troops Bulgaria still has under arms.

The council has decided to inform Germany that all restrictions on the movement of Russian prisoners held in Germany have been lifted. Germany may now release such prisoners and hereafter will be responsible for their maintenance.

There are between 200,000 and 250,000 Russian prisoners in Germany. This has been a great problem for the allies, as many of the Russians are bolsheviks. Poland heretofore has been unwilling to allow Russians to cross Polish territory on their way to Russia.

156,270 Men Yet Over Sea.

Washington, D. C.—Figures made public by the war department show that 3,113,120 officers and men had been discharged from the army up to July 29 and that the number brought back from Europe on that date was 1,798,275. The strength of the army on that date was 612,708. Of the 612,000 men, 156,270 were in Europe on July 29, 67,680 at sea and the remainder at home or on other stations.

LABOR ASKS RAIL PROFITS BE SPLIT

Retirement of Private Capital Held Necessary.

DEMAND IS FORMAL

Workers, Management and Public to Control Lines After Investors Are Protected.

Washington, D. C.—Organized labor came out Monday with the unequivocal, formal demand that private capital be retired from the railroads. A tri-partite control, composed of the public, the operating management and the employees, is demanded instead.

Addressed to the American public and undersigned by the engineers, the firemen, the conductors and the American Federation of Labor, a formal statement was issued announcing this proposal, which will be carried before congress Wednesday.

"It marks," says the statement, "the step by which organized labor passes from demands for wage increases to demands that the system of profits in industry be overhauled."

This sentence sums up in a few words the proposal of which there have been hints and indications, but which is now laid before the country for the first time. Everywhere in official Washington it is recognized as the most serious and far-reaching proposition the country will be called on to face.

Characterizing the proposal as "labor's bill," it is put forth as a remedy for the high cost of living, because the railroads are the key industry of the nation.

It demands the "genuine co-operation and partnership based on a real community of interest and participation in control" of which President Wilson spoke to congress, and which the statement says has been ignored by labor and the private owners of the railroads.

"We ask," it says, "that the railroads of the United States be vested in the public; that those actually engaged in conducting that industry, not from Wall street but from the railroad offices and yards and out on the railroad lines, shall take charge of this service for the public."

Briefly, labor's plan demands: That private capital be eliminated from the railroads.

That the private owners receive for them government bonds, "with a fixed interest return for every honest dollar that they have invested."

That the tri-partite control be established in corporations which shall lease the roads, and in which the public, the operating managements, and labor shall be represented equally.

That the public, the operators and the wage-earners share equally all revenue in excess of the guarantee to private capital, by granting to the operators and the employees one-half the savings which are expected to be made by such a perfected organization, and to the public the other half as consumers, either by increasing service without adding costs or by reducing costs.

"This role originates with labor," says the statement, "because labor happens to have firm organizations through which it may become articulate."

The trainmen are not represented in statement, because W. G. Lee, president of the brotherhood, was out of the city, but it was said that they join in it.

Huns Get Fate in Mail.

San Francisco.—Parcel post shipments of ham, bacon, lard, dried fruits, tea, sugar and other foodstuffs to individuals in Germany and Austria by relatives here have increased so rapidly in the five days since mail service to these countries was resumed that railway mail officials found it necessary to send three carloads east Monday. Nearly all of the packages contain fats, such as ham, bacon or lard, postoffice officials say.

New Plane Record Made.

Villacoublay.—Adjutant Casale, the French aviator, who established a new world altitude record of 31,163 feet last week, broke his own record Sunday by ascending to a height of 10,100 meters (approximately 33,136 feet). The flight was made in 55 minutes. The temperature at the height of 10,100 meters was eight degrees below zero.

The Son of Tarzan

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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CHAPTER XV—Continued.

But he was not yet dead. Again he aimed and fired, the bullet splintering the gunwale of the canoe close by Baynes' face. Baynes fired again as his canoe drifted further downstream, and Malblin answered from the shore, where he lay in a pool of his own blood.

And thus, doggedly, the two wounded men continued to carry on their weird duel until the winding African river had carried the Hon. Morison Baynes out of sight around a wooded point.

Meriem had traversed half the length of the village street when a score of white-robed negroes and half-castes leaped out upon her from the dark interiors of the surrounding huts. She tried to flee, but heavy hands seized her, and when she turned at last to plead with them her eyes fell upon the face of a tall, grim old man glaring down upon her from the folds of his burnoose.

At sight of him she staggered back in shocked and terrified surprise. It was the sheik!

The sheik and his party had been marching southward along the river when one of them, dropping out of line to fetch water, had seen Meriem making for the village. The fellow had called the sheik's attention to the strange sight—a white woman alone in central Africa—and the old Arab had hidden his men in the deserted village to capture her.

And when at last the woman had walked into the trap he had set for her and he had recognized her as the same little girl he had brutalized and maltreated years before his gratification had been huge. Now he lost no time in establishing the old relations of father and daughter that had existed between them in the past.

A two days' march brought them at last to the familiar scenes of her childhood, and the first face upon which she set her eyes as she was driven through the gates into the strong stockade was that of the toothless, hideous Mabunu, her one time nurse. It was as though all the years that had intervened were but a dream. Had it not been for her clothing and the fact that she had grown in stature she might well have believed it so.

For a time the inhabitants of the sheik's village who had not been upon the march with him amused themselves by inspecting the strangely clad white girl whom some of them had known as a little child.

Among the Arabs who had come in her absence was a tall young fellow of twenty, a handsome, sinister looking youth, who stared at her in open admiration until the sheik came and ordered him away, and Abdul Kamak went, scowling.

At last, their curiosity satisfied, Meriem was left alone. As of old, she was permitted the freedom of the village, for the stockade was high and strong and the only gates were well guarded by day and night. But, as of old, she cared not for the companionship of the cruel Arabs and the degraded blacks who formed the following of the sheik, and so, as had been her wont in the sad days of her childhood, she slunk down to an unfrequented corner of the inclosure where she had often played at housekeeping with her beloved Geeka.

Meriem pressed her hand above her heart and stifled a sigh, and as she did so she felt the hard outlines of the photographs she had hidden there as she slunk from Malblin's tent. Now she drew it forth and commenced to re-examine it more carefully than she had had time to do before.

As she sat gazing at the picture she suddenly became aware that she was not alone; that some one was standing close behind her, some one who had approached her noiselessly. Gullibly she thrust the picture back into her waist. A hand fell upon her shoulder. She was sure that it was the sheik, and she awaited in dumb terror the blow that she knew would immediately follow.

No blow came, and she looked upward over her shoulder—into the eyes of Abdul Kamak, the young Arab.

"I saw," he said, "the picture that you have just hidden. It is you when you were a child, a very young child. May I see it again?"

Meriem drew away from him. "I will give it back," he said. "I have heard of you, and I know that you have no love for the sheik, your father. Neither have I. I will not betray you. Let me see the picture."

She drew the photograph from its hiding place and handed it to him. He turned the picture over, and as his eyes fell upon the old newspaper cutting they went wide. He could read French—with difficulty, it is true, but he could read it. He had been to Paris. He had spent six months there on exhibition with a troop of his desert fellows.

Slowly, laboriously, he read the yellowed cutting. His eyes were no longer wide. Instead, they narrowed to two slits of cunning. When he had done he looked at the girl.

"You have read this?" he asked. "I have not had the opportunity," she replied.

A wonderful idea had sprung to Abdul Kamak's mind. It was an idea that might be furthered if the girl were kept in ignorance of the contents of that newspaper cutting. It would certainly be doomed should she learn its contents.

"Meriem," he whispered, "never until today have my eyes beheld you, yet at once they told my heart that it must ever be your servant. You do not know me, but I ask that you trust me. I can help you. You hate the sheik. So do I. Let me take you away from him. Come with me and we will go back to the great desert where my father is a sheik mightier than is yours. Will you come?"

Meriem sat in silence. She hated to wound the only one who had offered her protection and friendship, but she did not want Abdul Kamak's love. Deceived by her silence, the man seized her and strained her to him, but Meriem struggled to free herself.

"I do not love you!" she cried. "Oh, please do not make me hate you! You are the only one who has shown kindness toward me, and I want to like you, but I cannot love you!"

Abdul Kamak drew himself to his full height. "You will learn to love me," he said, "for I shall take you, whether you will or no. You hate the sheik, and so you will tell him, for if you do I will tell him of the picture. I hate the sheik, and—"

"You hate the sheik?" came a grim voice from behind them.

Both turned to see the sheik himself standing a few paces from them. Abdul still held the picture in his hand. Now he thrust it within his burnoose.

"Yes," he said, "I hate the sheik." And as he spoke he sprang toward the older man, felled him with a blow and dashed on across the village to the line where his horse was picketed, saddled and ready, for Abdul Kamak had been about to ride forth to hunt when he had seen the stranger girl alone by the bushes.

Leaping into the saddle, Abdul Kamak dashed for the village gates. The sheik, momentarily stunned by the blow that had felled him, now staggered to his feet, shouting lustily to his followers to stop the escaping Arab.

A dozen blacks leaped forward to intercept the horseman, only to be ridden down or brushed aside by the muzzle of Abdul Kamak's long musket, which he lashed from side to side about him as he spurred on toward the gate.

But here he must surely be intercepted. Already the two blacks stationed there were pushing the unwieldy



Her Heart Leaped in Pride and Joy. "Korak!" She Cried.

portals to. Up flew the barrel of the fugitive's weapon. With rings flying loose and his horse at a mad gallop, the son of the desert fired once, and one keeper of the gate dropped in his tracks. An instant later the other had been ridden down.

With a wild whoop of exultation, twirling his musket high above his head and turning in his saddle to laugh back into the faces of his pursuers, Abdul Kamak dashed out of the village of the sheik and was swallowed up by the jungle.

CHAPTER XVI.

A Strange Meeting.

Sometimes loitering upon Tantor's back, sometimes roaming the jungle in solitude, Korak made his way slowly toward the west and south. He made but a few miles a day, for he had a whole lifetime before him and no place in particular to go. Possibly he would have moved more rapidly but for the thought which continually haunted him that each mile he traveled carried him farther and farther away from Meriem—no longer his Meriem, as of yore, it is true, but still as dear to him as ever.

Thus he came upon the trail of the sheik's band as it traveled down river from the point where the sheik had captured Meriem to its own stockaded village. Suddenly he came to the camp of the renegade Swede Malblin, whose black attendants fled in terror at sight of Tantor and Korak.

Malblin lay in a hammock beneath a canopy before his tent. His wounds were painful, and he had lost much blood. He was very weak. He looked up in surprise as he heard the screams

of his men and saw them running toward the gate.

And then from around the corner of his tent loomed a huge bulk, and Tantor, the great tusker, towered above him.

Malblin's boy, feeling neither affection nor loyalty for his master, broke and ran at the first glimpse of the beast, and Malblin was left alone and helpless. The elephant stopped a couple of paces from the wounded man's hammock. Malblin covered, moaning. He was too weak to escape. He could only lie there with staring eyes, gazing in horror into the blood rimmed, angry little orbs fixed upon him, and await his death.

Then, to his astonishment, a man slid to the ground from the elephant's back. Almost at once Malblin recognized the strange figure as that of the creature who consorted with apes and baboons—the white warrior of the jungle. Malblin covered still lower.

It was from Malblin's dying lips that Korak learned of the Swede's encounter with Baynes and how Meriem was again in the camp of the sheik. Korak lost no time in seeking her.

When speed was required Korak depended upon no other muscles than his own, and so it was that the moment Tantor had landed him safely upon the same side of the river as lay the village of the sheik the ape man deserted his bulky comrade and took to the trees in a rapid race toward the south and the spot where the Swede had told him Meriem might be.

It was dark when he came to the palisade, strengthened considerably since the day that he had rescued Meriem from her pitiful life within its cruel confines. No longer did the giant tree spread its branches above the wooden rampart, but ordinary man made defenses were scarce considered obstacles by Korak.

Loosening the rope at his waist, he tossed the noose over one of the sharpened posts that composed the palisade. A moment later his eyes were above the level of the obstacles, taking in all within their range beyond. There was no one in sight close by, and Korak drew himself to the top and dropped lightly to the ground within the inclosure.

Then he commenced his stealthy search of the village. First toward the Arab tents he made his way, sniffing and listening. He passed behind them, searching for some sign of Meriem. Not even the wild Arab curs heard his passage, so silently he went—a shadow passing through shadows.

Naked but for his leopard skin and his loin cloth, Korak the Killer slunk into the shadows at the back of the tent, where his keen scent told him Meriem was. His sharp knife slit a six foot opening in the tent wall, and Korak, tall and mighty, sprang through upon the astonished visions of the inmates.

Meriem saw and recognized him the instant that he entered the apartment. Her heart leaped in pride and joy at the sight of the noble figure for which it had hungered so long.

"Korak!" she cried.

"Meriem!" He uttered the single word as he hurled himself upon the inmates of the tent. Three negroes leaped from their sleeping mats, screaming. Meriem tried to prevent them from escaping, but before she could succeed the terrified blacks had darted through the hole in the tent wall made by Korak's knife and were gone screaming through the village.

Korak turned toward Meriem, and at the same moment a bloody and disheveled apparition leaped into the apartment.

"Morison!" cried the girl. For it was Baynes, who, despite his wounds, had made his way to the sheik's village.

Korak turned and looked at the newcomer. He had been about to take Meriem in his arms forgetful of all that might have transpired since last he had seen her. Then the coming of the young Englishman recalled the scene he had witnessed in the little clearing, and a wave of misery swept over the ape man.

Already from without came the sounds of the alarm that the three negroes had started. Men were running toward the tent. There was no time to be lost.

"Quick!" cried Korak, turning toward Baynes, who had scarce yet realized whether he was facing a friend or foe. "Take her to the palisade, following the rear of the tents. Here is my rope. With it you can scale the wall and make your escape."

"But you, Korak?" cried Meriem. "I will remain," replied the ape man. "I have business with the sheik."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Cigar Lighters in Italy.

The Italian substitute for the neat and convenient cigar lighter found in every American cigar store is a long rope lighted and placed outside of the tobacco shop. It is made of cheap hemp, of rope waste, and even of rags twisted roughly into shape and held together by strings of twine. The improvised lighter is made by the storekeeper himself. — Popular Science Monthly.