

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 supreme council has decided to allow Germany the use of 14 oil tankers until the oil contracted for in America has been delivered.

A gift of \$20,000,000 from John D. Rockefeller for the improvement of medical education in the United States was announced Saturday by the general education board.

Plantation crops in Hawaii are running over the estimates. The Onomea plantation, which finished grinding recently, reports an output of 19,688 tons of sugar. The estimate was 18,885.

Two long-distance seaplane flights are planned for early next year by the navy, one to Brazil and another to the Philippines. Planes of entirely new construction probably will be used.

The Roumanians attempted to seize the telephone equipment at the palace at Budapest, according to dispatches from that city. The palace attendants, however, warned in time, removed the instruments and gave them to the American mission.

Germans arriving at Coblenz from the interior in the last few days express the belief that a general uprising of a bolshevik nature is due to occur momentarily. This situation prevails throughout the unoccupied sections of Germany they say.

The first day of the greatest strike in England's history passed without disorder, but with practically complete stoppage of railway transportation throughout the country. This far it has been from a union standpoint the most successful tie-up of industry ever recorded by warring labor.

Serbia now is willing to sign the Austrian treaty which the representatives of Jugo-Slavia declined to attach their signatures when the document was signed by the delegates of the powers, with the exception of Roumania, at St. Germain, September 10.

Two men were killed, two seriously injured and a dozen others cut and bruised when a logging train on the May Valley Logging company's road at Coalfield, Wash., a mining town near Seattle, ran away late Saturday. The train vaulted over a small embankment at a sharp curve and rolled into a gully 20 feet below.

John D. Rockefeller Friday contributed \$2,000,000 to the ministers and missionary board of the Northern Baptist convention.

The Bank of North Dakota, established under the Non-Partisan league program, has sold at par \$3,000,000 worth of bonds, \$2,000,000 of which represent the issue of the bank series of 6 per cent bonds and the balance the real estate series of 5 per cent bonds.

San Francisco.—The proposed distribution of 15,000,000 hand grenades throughout the country for use as savings banks for the smaller government securities has been annulled by the war department, the 12th federal reserve district bank announced in San Francisco Friday.

The public schools of the nation began the new school year with a shortage of approximately 38,000 teachers. This estimate was made by the National Education association on the basis of questionnaires sent from Washington to 3465 district and county school superintendents in all states.

Negotiations will be put under way soon for the funding of the allies' obligations to the United States into long-term securities. Approximately \$10,000,000,000 of war credits have been advanced to the allies on short-term notes. Interest charges on the outstanding notes will be taken care of in the details of the funding agreement yet to be worked out.

Formal negotiations were opened recently in Buenos Ayres by Germany for a loan of \$100,000,000 from Argentina to facilitate purchase of raw material in that country.

Japan is planning officially to invite China to confer on the Shantung situation after Japan has ratified the peace treaty. This fact was communicated to a correspondent Friday by officials who added that Japan naturally would not compel China to accept the invitation.

NEGRO LYNCHED IN OMAHA

Twenty-four Shot in Street Rioting—Courthouse Fired.

Omaha.—William Brown, negro, was dragged from the county jail at 11 o'clock Sunday night and hanged to an electric light pole, following a struggle of nine hours to secure possession of his body by an immense mob.

Sheriff Michael L. Clark and his deputies held the fort in the top story of the courthouse, where is located the jail, with a hundred prisoners, until the building became a seething mass of flames and he was forced to submit.

At 11 o'clock, after Brown had been hung to an electric light pole, the firemen were, for the first time, able to get a stream on the flames. At the same time additional extension ladders were sent to the third and fourth floors, where many of the occupants were standing on window ledges on the one side of the building that had not yet been touched by the flames.

The work of rescue then began. It was apparent that the jail story, on the highest floor of the building, was becoming intensely hot. Pleas for air were being made by those there. The handicapped fire department already was making heroic efforts to reach the panic-stricken and those well nigh suffocated.

Shortly before midnight the fire in the courthouse was brought under control, the mob was dispersing fast and it was believed that the sheriff's force and prisoners were safe.

The assault with which William Brown was charged was committed on Agnes Lobeck early in the week. With an escort, crippled beyond the point of resistance, Miss Lobeck met her assailant a few blocks from home in the southeast part of the city. He held the couple up at the point of a revolver. After robbing the young man he assaulted the young woman in his presence, holding a revolver at the head of her escort in the meantime.

Besides the negro's death, the known casualties numbered 24, one of whom were killed and the remainder received wounds, most of which were the result of revolver shots.

The body of the dead negro was dragged about the street for several hours following the lynching, followed by a morbid crowd of hooting men and boys.

WILSON, SMILING, REACHES CAPITAL

Washington, D. C.—President Wilson returned to Washington Sunday, to all outward appearances on the road to recovery from his nervous exhaustion which interrupted his speaking tour for the peace treaty.

Leaving his bed virtually for the first time since his special train started homeward Friday from Wichita, Kans., the president walked unsupported and smiling through the railway station to a waiting automobile, and later in the day took a two-hour motor ride through Rock Creek park.

Dr. Grayson, the president's personal physician said his patient's condition was as good as could be expected, though a period of rest from official-cares would be absolutely essential to complete recovery. The afternoon ride was prescribed to give Mr. Wilson some fresh air after two and a half days of continuous confinement on the train.

Albany.—Some China pheasant meat canned more than a quarter of a century ago was eaten recently by the family of M. S. Monteth of this city. The meat was in splendid condition. When moving some things in the basement of his residence recently Mr. Monteth discovered several cans which had been there for years and upon opening one discovered the pheasant meat. Mr. Monteth gave a piece of the meat to the cat and when he saw that it survived he tasted the meat himself.

Emma Goldman Freed. Jefferson City, Mo.—Emma Goldman, who has been in Missouri state penitentiary for violation of the espionage act, was released Saturday.

Bellboys Demand More Pay. San Francisco.—Bellboys at the leading hotels presented demands for an increase in wages of from \$25 to \$50 a month here Saturday. The boys also demand the right to organize a union. It was announced.

Bogus \$20 Bill Appears. Washington, D. C.—Notice of a new counterfeit \$20 note on the federal reserve bank of New York was given by the treasury. The border of the note and the background of Cleveland's portrait are solid black, instead of having fine cross lines, and the treasury numbers are black instead of blue.

LONDON IS PUT ON WAR RATION BASIS

Regulations More Strict Than Ever Before.

TIE-UP IS SERIOUS

Two Attempts to Wreck Trains Prove Futile—Service Is Improving in Several Sections.

London.—Two attempts to wreck trains running between London and Brighton by placing boulders on the tracks were reported Monday. Military forces are now guarding the line.

Strikers in Scotland have blockaded two trains. The London and Brighton company denies that 75 per cent of the engine drivers and firemen of their line have offered to resume work.

Except on certain of the trunk lines to the north trains are now running on nearly every railway. An official report says the Great Western service is almost normal. Many up-river residents are traveling to and from London by river. The London Union of Electricians has decided to take no action in connection with the strike at present.

The power station at Chelsea of the underground railways is fully manned by volunteers. The renewal of the power from this station will permit of the starting of the Surrey tramways, which will considerably relieve the situation in southern London.

Troops are being transported to important centers by torpedo boat destroyers, which also are conveying some mail.

Despite the promising signs Secretary Bromley of the engine drivers' and firemen's union asserts that the struggle will be long and most severe.

London.—London today faces stricter food rationing than for a year. Regulations which were winked at even before the armistice when supplies started coming in in larger quantities were clamped down hard on all kinds of meats and butter and sugar.

Cured meats which were only slightly rationed during the war, were placed in the same category as other meats. Fish was not placed under the rationing edict, but the lack of transportation is affecting the supply.

It is roughly estimated that there is a 14 weeks' food supply in the country, if it is conserved. Restaurants have eliminated butter from their menus and restricted bread to one roll a meal. The familiar miniature war steaks are again in evidence.

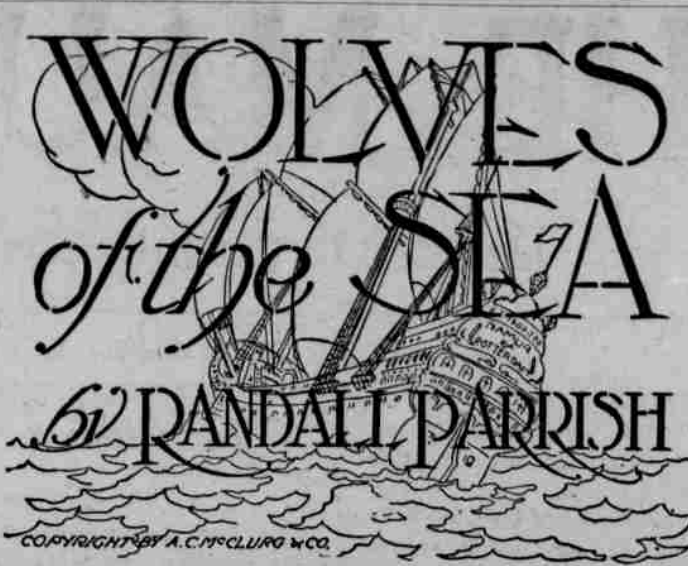
Shopmen Sign Contract.

Washington, D. C.—Changes in the wage scale of railroad shopmen, under which they will be paid on the basis of an eight-hour day similar to members of the four brotherhoods, are embodied in the first national agreement covering their wages and working conditions, which, it was learned Monday, has been signed by Director-General Hines and representatives of the six international shop crafts. The changes mean an increase of 4 cents an hour and were ordered by President Wilson to put the shopmen on an equal footing with other employees in the matter of an eight-hour day. At the same time he refused any general wage increase as requested.

The agreement, effective October 20, until the government relinquishes control of the roads, is the first contract covering all railroad shop employees. Heretofore, each road has had its individual agreement with the unions, varying in important particulars. Union officials regard the uniform contract as one of the most important gains made by labor in recent years.

Wheat License Held Up. New York.—Application of H. W. Smith of Fredonia, Kansas, for a wheat director license will not be granted until October 1 and he has in the meantime been required to abstain from all business requiring license. Wheat Director Barnes announced Monday. Reasons given were "inexcusable delay in filing application" and "making shipments of wheat regardless of failure to secure the required license."

Bank Employees Strike. New York.—Sixty employees of the Bank of the United States, members of the bank employees' union, walked out Monday when officials of the institution refused to recognize their union and reinstate a discharged union employe. The strikers declare that the union has enrolled more than 2000 members since its organization last month.



A Battle to Death in Darkness of Night.

Synopsis — Geoffrey Carlyle, master of sailing ships at twenty-six, is sentenced to 20 years' servitude in the American colonies for participation in the Monmouth rebellion in England. Among the passengers on board the ship on which he is sent across are Roger Fairfax, wealthy Maryland planter; his niece, Dorothy Fairfax, and Lieutenant Sanchez, a Spaniard, who became acquainted with the Fairfaxes in London. Carlyle meets Dorothy, who informs him her uncle has bought his services. Sanchez shows himself an enemy of Carlyle. The Fairfax party, now on its own sloop in the Chesapeake bay, encounters a mysterious bark, the Namur of Rotterdam.

CHAPTER VII.

The Lieutenant Unmasked.

Where the craft could be found; for what secret purpose it was afloat; for who were aboard, were but so many unanswerable questions arising in my mind. Where could it have come from, unless from that strange Dutch bark? If it really came from the Namur of Rotterdam had it been sent in answer to some signal by Sanchez? I could think of nothing else. I determined to assure myself as to the identity of these strangers. If they had actually landed it would require only a few moments to ascertain the truth. The distance proved somewhat greater than anticipated, because of the deep curve in the shore and I had nearly reached the conclusion that the boat must have rounded the point and gone on when suddenly I was brought to a halt by a voice speaking in Spanish—one of those harsh croaking voices never to be reduced to a whisper.

"Not the spot Manuel? Of course it is; do you not suppose I know? This is the place and now there is nothing to do but wait. The senior—he will be here presently."

"Ay, unless you misread the signal," a somewhat more discreet but piping voice replied doubtfully. "I saw nothing of all you tell about, Estada."

The two men went on to discuss plans evidently communicated to Estada by Sanchez from England. I was about to creep nearer, when a newcomer moved past me scarcely a yard distant, along the narrow strip of sand. Directly opposite my covert he paused.

"Estada." He spoke the name cautiously.

"Ay, captain," and another figure emerged noiselessly from the gloom. "We await you."

"Good. I rather questioned if you caught my signal. I was watched and obliged to exercise care. How many have you here?"

"Four, senior, with Manuel Estevan."

"Quite sufficient. How is it here? Are there suspicions?"

"None, senior. We have cruised outside most of the time. There is no warships in these waters. You said you were being watched on the sloop. Are you known?"

"A dog of a servant who came over with us—one of Monmouth's brood. The fellow watches me like a hawk. We had some words aboard and there is hate between us."

"May I ask your plans, senior?"

"Yes, I am here to explain. This planter, Fairfax, has returned from England with a large sum. It is in gold and notes. It represents the proceeds of the tobacco crop of himself and a number of his neighbors. Without doubt it will be upward of fifty thousand pounds. This still remains in his possession, but a part will be dispersed tomorrow; so if we hope to gain the whole we must do so now. Everything is ready, and there is not the slightest suspicion of danger—not even a guard set over the treasure."

"Then it is at the house?"

"In an iron-bound chest, in the room assigned to Fairfax for the night. Only two servants sleep in the main house, the cook and a maid, both women. Fairfax is vigorous and will put up a fight if he has any chance. He must be taken care of before he does have any. Travers is an old man, to be knocked out with a blow. All we have to fear are those fellows on the sloop, and they will have to be attended to quietly without any alarm reaching the house. I am going to leave that job to you—it's not your first."

"The old sea orders, captain?"

"Ay, that will be quicker and surer." The voice hardened to sudden ferocity. "But, mark you, with one exception—the Englishman is not to be killed, if

he can be taken alive. I would deal with him."

"Then after that," Sanchez went on deliberately, as though murder was of small account, "you will follow me up the bluff. Who are the others with you?"

"Carl Anderson, Pedro Mendez and Cochose."

"Well chosen; Mendez is the least valuable, and we will leave him with the prisoner at the boat. The big negro, Cochose, together with Manuel, can attend to Travers and the two negroes—they sleep below. That will leave you and the Swede to get the chest. No firearms if they can be avoided. I have been over the house and drawn a diagram. You can look it over in the cabin of the sloop. The stairs lead up from the front hall. I will go with you to the door of Fairfax's room."

"And you, senior—the girl?"

"What know you of any girl?"

"That there was one on the deck of the sloop—an English beauty. It was when you turned to greet her that you gave me the signal. I merely thought that perhaps—"

"Then stop thinking," burst forth Sanchez enraged. "Thinking has nothing to do with your work. If there is a girl I attend to her. Let that suffice. Dios! am I chief here, or are you? You have my orders; now obey them and hold your tongue. Bring the men up here."

The little band of men emerged from the concealment of the fog noiselessly. I could distinguish no faces, scarcely indeed the outlines of their separate forms in the gloom, but one was an unusually big fellow—Cochose.

"Lads," he said incisively, a sharper note of leadership in the tone, "it has been a bit quiet for you lately; but now I am back again, and we'll try our luck at sea once more."

There was a savage growl of response, a sudden leaning forward of dark figures.

"We'll begin on a job tonight. There are fifty thousand pounds for us in that house yonder, and I waive my share. Estada will explain to you the work I want done. By daylight we shall be on blue water, with our course set for Porto Grande. How is it, buldies, do you sniff at the salt sea?"

"Ay, ay, captain."

"And see the pretty girls waiting—and hear the chink of gold?"

"Ay, senior."

"Then do not fail me tonight—and remember it is to be the knife. Estada, I have forgotten one thing—scuttle the sloop before joining me. 'Tis better to make all safe; and now, strong arms, and good luck. Go to your task, and if one falls me it will mean the lash at the mast-head."

They moved off one by one, Estada leading, along the narrow strip of sand, five of them, on their mission of murder. The leader remained alone, his back toward where I crouched, his eyes following their vanishing figures until the night had swallowed them.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Victory and a Defeat.

I arose silently to my feet, fully aware that all hope of thwarting this villainy lay in immediate action. Sanchez had turned slightly and stood with his face toward the bay. I ventured a cautious step forward and stood on the open sand, scarcely a yard to his rear. Some vague sense of my presence must have influenced the man, for he swung suddenly about, uttering a stifled cry of startled surprise, as we met face to face. For an instant we were locked so closely within each other's desperate grip, his head bent beneath my arm, with my fingers clutching at his throat to block any call for help, that he possessed no knowledge of his assailant's identity. But the man was like a tiger. The surprise of attack was to my advantage, yet almost before I realized what was being done he had rallied, broken my first hold, and his eyes were glaring straight into mine. Then he knew me, his free hand instantly grasping at his knife. Even as he jerked it forth I crushed his wrist within my fingers, forcing his forearm back. There was no outcry, no noise, except that of our heavy breathing and trampling feet. Personal hatred had ascended in both our hearts—I doubt if he ever thought of aught else but the desire to kill me there with his own hands. Only once did he even utter a word, hissing out the sentence as though it were a poison:

"To hell with you, you sneaking English cur!"

What followed has to me no clearness, no consistency. Never have I fought with deeper realization that I needed every ounce of strength and every trick of wit and skill. Now I knew the fellow possessed greater knowledge of the game than I and a

quicker movement; I excelled in weight of body and coolness of brain. Twice he pricked me deep enough to draw blood, before I succeeded in twisting backward the arm with which he held the blade. He met the game too late, falling half back upon one knee, hoping thus to foil my purpose. There was the sharp crack of a bone, as his useless fingers let the knife drop, a snarled curse of pain, and then, with the rage of a mad dog, Sanchez struck his teeth deep into my cheek. With a thrill of exultation I gripped the knife, driving instantly the keen blade to its hilt into the man's side. He made no cry, no struggle—the set teeth unlocked, and he fell limply back on the sand, his head lapped by the waves.

The fellow lay motionless, his face upturned to the sky, but invisible except in dim outline. I rested my ear over his heart, detecting no murmur of response; touched the veins of his wrist, but found there no answering throbbing of life.

With the death-dealing knife still gripped in my hand I raced forward along the narrow strip of sand, reckless of what I might encounter. I ran on until I reached the sloop. Through the gloom concealing the deck I could perceive only dim figures, a riot of men, battling furiously hand to hand, yet out of the ruck loomed through the darkness in larger outlines than the others—Cochose, the negro. I leaped at the fellow and struck with the keen knife, missing the heart but plunging the blade deep into the flesh of the shoulder. The next instant I was in a bear's grip, the very breath crushed out of me, yet, by some chance, my one arm remained free, and I drove the sharp steel into him twice before he forced the weapon from my fingers. I thrust an elbow beneath the brute's chin, and thus forced his head back until the neck cracked.

He was too strong, too immense of stature. Apparently unweakened by his wounds, the giant negro, thoroughly aroused, exerted his mighty muscles, and, despite my utmost effort at resistance, thrust me back against the stern rail, where the weight of his body pinned me helplessly. With a roar of rage he drove his huge fist into my face, but happily was too close to give much force to the blow. My own hands, gripping the neckband of his coarse shirt, twisted it tight about the great throat until, in desperation, panting for breath, the huge brute actually lifted me in his arms and hurled me backward headlong over the rail. I struck something as I fell, yet rebounding from this splashed into the deep water and went down so nearly unconscious as to make not even the slightest struggle. And yet I came up once more to the surface,



Made No Cry, No Struggle.

arising by sheer chance directly beneath the small dory—which my body must have struck as I fell—towing by a painter astern of the sloop, and fortunately retained sense enough to cling desperately to this first thing my hands touched, and thus remained concealed.

The dory caught in some current, floated at the very extremity of its slender towline, and in consequence the sloop appeared little more than a mere smudge, when my eyes endeavored to discover its outlines. Evidently the bloody work had been completed, for now all was silent on board. Then came the voice of Estada in a gruff inquiry:

"So you are hiding here, Cochose! What are you looking for in the sea?"

"What? Why that d—d Englishman. Mon Dieu! He fought me like a mad rat."

"The Englishman, you say? He was here then? It was he you battled with? What became of the fellow?"

"He went down there, senior. The dog stabbed me three times. It was either he or I to go."

"You mean you threw him overboard?"

"Ay, with his ribs crushed in, and not a breath left in his d—d body. He's never come up again—I've watched and there has not been so much as a ripple where he sank."

Too late to save Dorothy from the hands of Sanchez's villainous crew, Carlyle sees but one desperate chance of going to her aid. Shall he take it?

(TO BE CONTINUED.) There are 1,000,000 beehives in Spain.