

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 military censorship has been re-established at Rome.

Miss Sylvia Pankhurst, the suffragette, has sailed for America, according to the London National News.

The lava stream flowing from the volcano of Mauna Loa, which has been in eruption for a week, became obstructed Sunday night and piled up in a mass 60 feet high and 300 feet wide.

The resignation of the Turkish cabinet headed by Damad Ferid Pasha, grand vizier and minister of foreign affairs, has been accepted by the sultan. This announcement was made Sunday.

The report that the Italian steamer Epiro with 200 Italian troops and other passengers aboard, was fired on by Jugo-Slavs from Rondoni Island, near Cattaro, September 30, is confirmed, officials at Bari, Italy, assert.

A monument over the grave of Robert Paul Prager, who was lynched at Collinsville, Ill., in April, 1918, because of alleged pro-German sympathies, was unveiled in St. Louis Saturday by Odd-fellows, with whom Prager held membership.

Sixty persons are known to have been killed in the derailment of a train running from Laredo to Mexico Sunday. It is believed the death toll will reach 75 or more. All the dead were among the second class passengers on the train.

Significance is attached in Paris to the arrival of former German crown prince at Amerongen, Holland, to visit his father, owing to the arrival at the same time of two German officers. One of the officers is Colonel von Mirbach, a member of the former general staff and a close friend of General Ludendorff.

Enormous war expenditures have forced the attention of congress to the question of adopting a budget, former President Taft recently told the house committee investigating proposed changes in governmental fiscal affairs. Mr. Taft recommended that cabinet officers be required to come before congress to justify estimates contained in a budget.

The strike of railroad men, which has been in progress on the British railroads since midnight, September 26, was settled Sunday. Settlement followed a meeting between Premier Lloyd George and members of the executive board of the National Union of Railway Men, which was arranged at a conference between A. Bonar Law and the conciliation committee of the trades union.

President Wilson's condition was described as "about the same with a slight improvement" in a bulletin issued Saturday night from the White house by his physician, Dr. Cary T. Grayson.

After seven days the British railroad strike situation Saturday night became the gravest in the history of any labor crisis of the British empire in the present generation. All efforts of the transport workers' federation to find a bridge to enable a renewal of negotiations between the government and the National Union of Railwaymen failed.

Because of the illness of President Wilson, King Albert of Belgium has decided to cancel all his engagements in connection with his tour of the United States after those in Boston and Buffalo up to October 14. From Buffalo the royal visitor will go to some point in California and will remain there until he is scheduled to visit San Francisco on October 14. His schedule after that date stands tentatively.

Rioting broke out at the Universal Portland cement plant at Indiana Harbors, Ind., Saturday night and a union picket was shot by one of two armed negroes who, with nearly 25 other negroes, attempted to return to work.

The Scandinavian American Bank of Fargo, N. D., with liabilities aggregating more than \$1,606,847, was Saturday declared insolvent by the banking board of North Dakota. It was ordered closed and placed in the hands of a temporary receiver.

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Bend.—To finance the completion of the new grade school building started here this summer, the Bend school board has issued a call for bids for a \$10,000 5 per cent bond to run for 15 years and serially at the end of five years.

Eugene.—Forest fire patrol work in privately owned timber in western Lane county has been completed for the season, with practically no loss, according to Carl V. Oglesby, supervising warden for the Western Lane Fire Patrol association.

Corvallis.—State aid to returned soldiers seeking education is benefitting 628 students in the college already, according to report of the registrar's office. This number of applications for state aid have been sent in and 50 more are being prepared.

The Dalles.—Owing to the shortage of help at this season of the year an effort is being made to dismiss the pupils from Dufur school district for one week to aid in the harvest. It is said this help will solve the labor problem until more workers arrive.

Eugene.—The geography in use in the schools of this state, containing the picture of Wilhelm Hohenzollern, former kaiser of Germany, and considerable commendatory matter about Germany, is objected to by the mothers of the pupils of the Condon school of this city.

Salem.—To iron out certain misunderstandings in administering the financial educational aid law passed at the last session of the legislature was the purpose of a meeting held in the offices of the secretary of state here recently. Many phases of the law were explained relative to submitting applications.

The Dalles.—The older boys' conference of the Y. M. C. A. will hold its annual meeting in The Dalles beginning October 17. It was announced from Salem by B. A. Churchill, superintendent of public instruction for Oregon. Representatives from Idaho and practically every county in Oregon will be present.

Cove.—Karl J. Stackland, orchardist and fruit shipper, sent east seven carloads of prunes for which he paid \$70 a ton, 18 cents per box for picking and 8 cents a crate for packing. Pear packing here and at La Grande began in his packing houses last week; apple packing in Cove next week. Superabundance of peaches made a poor market price.

Hood River.—Pear growers of the Hood River valley in a number of instances will realize \$2000 an acre from their crops this year. A. J. Graff and LeRoy Childs, owners of one of the valley's biggest pear orchards, located on Dee flat, have harvested an average of 1000 boxes an acre from four acres of Bartlett. The growers will net better than \$2 a box.

The Dalles.—The Wasco county canning team won second place among all exhibitors at the state fair, according to County School Superintendent Gronewald. The winning trio consisted of Frances Johnson, Selma Anderson and Rose Harriman. Individually this team carried off every canning prize in the order named above. Multnomah county was first in the demonstration.

Woodburn.—Damage estimated at more than \$4000 was the result of a fire that broke out at 11:10 a. m. last Friday in the third story of the Masonic temple, and which was subdued with difficulty by work of volunteer fire fighters. The building is 65x110, the second and third floors being occupied for lodge purposes and the ground floor by a department store. The greatest damage was done by smoke and water. The fire originated in a room used for storing fuel.

Salem.—Highway bonds in the sum of \$5,300,000 have been issued since March 1, 1919, according to a report prepared by the secretary of the state highway commission and submitted to Governor Olcott. The several amounts, together with the date of issuance, follow: May 1, \$500,000; June 1, \$1,000,000; August 1, \$800,000; September 1, \$1,000,000; October 1, \$2,000,000. Previous to March 1 there was issued \$2,840,000 in state highway bonds. Of the bond issues authorized for state highway construction, the following bonds have been sold to date: Bear-Butte, \$1,200,000; \$8,000,000 bonding act, \$3,940,000; \$10,000,000 bonding act, \$3,000,000. The concluding paragraph of the report says: "It is difficult to forecast at this time just what periods the bonds will be sold to meet the highway commission's construction programme, but the immediate requirements will probably total \$1,000,000 a month for the remainder of the year. It is probable that the total amount of bonds authorized, \$17,800,000, will be sold by the end of the year 1920."

WOLVES OF THE SEA

By RANDALL PARRISH

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Carlyle Sees One Chance— and Takes It.

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. Carlyle discovers that Sanchez is "Black Sanchez," planning to steal the Fairfax gold and abduct Dorothy. He fights Sanchez and leaves him for dead. In a battle with Sanchez' followers, however, he is overpowered and thrown into the bay.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

The two must have hung in silence over the rail staring down. I dared not advance my head to look, nor even move a muscle of my body in the water.

"How came you aft here?" "Because that fellow leaped the rail from the wharf. I saw him, and we met at the wheel."

"From the wharf, you say? He was not aboard, then? Santa Maria! I know not what that may mean. Yet what difference, so he be dead. Anderson, Mendez, throw that carrion overboard—no, bullies, never mind; let them lie where they are, and sink an auger in the sloop's bottom. What is that out yonder, Cochose?" "A small boat, senor—a dory, I make it."

"Cut the rope and send it adrift. Now come along with me." The darker loom of the sloop vanished slowly, as the slight current sweeping about the end of the wharf drifted the released boat to which I clung outward into the bay. There was scarcely a ripple to the sea, and yet I felt that the boat was steadily drifting out into deep water. I was still strangely weak, barely able to retain my grasp. Finally I mustered every ounce of remaining energy in one supreme effort and succeeded in dragging my body up out of water



Devising Some Means for Attaining the Deck.

over the boat's stern, sinking helplessly forward into the bottom. The moment this was accomplished every sense deserted me, and I lay there motionless, totally unconscious.

I shall never know how long I remained thus. Yet this time could not have been great. As though awakening from sleep a faint consciousness returned. Then the sharp pain of my wounds, accentuated by the sting of salt water, brought me swift realization of where I was and the circumstances bringing me there. I had evidently lost considerable blood, yet this had already ceased to flow, and a very slight examination served to convince me that the knife slashes were none of them serious. My other injuries were merely bruises to add to my discomfort—the result of blows dealt me by Sanchez and Cochose, aggravated by the beaklike hug of the giant negro. Indeed, I awoke to the discovery that I was far from being a dead man; and, inspired by this knowledge, the various incidents of the night flashed swiftly back into my mind.

No gleam of light appeared in any direction; no sound echoed across the dark waste of water. It was clearly impossible for me to attempt any return to the wharf through the impenetrable black curtain which shut me in. What, then, could I do? What might I still hope to accomplish? Those fellows had swept the sloop clean, and had doubtless long ago scuttled it. They would suddenly find themselves leaderless, unguided. Would that suffice to stop them? Would the discovery of his body halt his followers and send them rushing back to their boat, eager to get safely away? This did not seem likely. Estada knew of my boarding the sloop from the wharf, and would at once connect the fact of my being ashore with the killing of Sanchez. This would satisfy him there was no further danger. Besides, these were not men to flee in panic. Surely not with that ruffian Estada yet alive to lead them, and the knowledge that fifty thousand pounds was yonder in that unguarded house, with no one to protect the treasure but two old men asleep, and the women. The women!—Dorothy! What would become of her? Into whose hands would she fall in that foul division of spoils? Estada's? And I, afloated and helpless in this boat, what could I do?

CHAPTER IX.

A Swim to the Namur.

All was black, hopeless; with head buried in my hands I sat on a thwart, dazed. Before me, pleading, expressive of agonized despair, arose the sweet face of Dorothy Fairfax. No doubt by this time all was over—the dead body of Sanchez discovered, the projected attack on the house carried out, the two old men left behind, either dead or severely wounded, and the girl borne off a helpless prisoner. Ay, but this I knew; there was only one place to which the villains might flee with their booty—the Namur of Rotterdam. Only on those decks and well at sea would they be safe or able to enjoy their spoils. The thought came to me in sudden revelation—why not? Was not here a chance even yet to foil them? With Sanchez dead no man aboard that pirate craft could recognize me. I felt assured of this. I had fought the giant negro in the dark; he could not, during that fierce encounter, have distinguished my features any more clearly than I had his own. There was no one else to fear. If only I might once succeed in getting safely aboard, slightly disguised, perhaps, and mingle unnoticed among the crew, the chances were not bad for me to pass undetected. Such ships carried large crews and were constantly changing in personnel. A strange face appearing among them need not arouse undue suspicion. And I felt convinced I could locate the Namur. But could I hope to attain the ship in advance of the returning party of raiders? God helping me, I would try! My brain throbbled with fresh resolution—the call to action.

There were oars in the boat. I shipped the useless rudder inboard and chose my course from the stars. My boat had drifted considerably farther out into the bay than I had supposed, and it required a good half hour of steady toil at the oars before I sighted ahead of me the darker outlines of the shore. At first I could identify nothing, but finally there suddenly arose, clearly defined, the gaunt limbs of a dead tree, bearing a faint resemblance to a gigantic cross, that had been pointed out on the sloop. This peculiar mark was at the extremity of the first headland lying north of the point itself, and consequently a straight course across the bay would land me within five hundred yards of where the Namur had last been at anchor.

To a degree my immediate plan of action had been definitely mapped out within my own mind while toiling at the oars. I would beach my dory and strike out on foot directly across the narrow neck of land. The Namur was not so far out from shore as to make swimming to her a dangerous feat, and I could approach and board her with far less chance of discovery in that manner than by the use of a boat. The greater danger would come after I had attained the deck, wet to the skin. The sharp bow of the dory ran up on the soft sand of the beach, and I stepped ashore.

Then there came to me the first real consciousness of the reckless nature of this adventure. As I faced then the probabilities there scarcely seemed one chance in a hundred. And yet I must admit there was the one chance; and in no other action could I perceive even that much encouragement. If Dorothy Fairfax was already in the hands of these men, then my only opportunity for serving her lay in my being close at hand. No alternative presented itself; no other effort could be effective. It was already too late to attempt the organization of a rescue party. No, the only choice left was for me either to accompany the girl or else abandon her entirely to her captors. I must either face the possibility of discovery and capture,

which as surely meant torture and death, or otherwise play the coward and remain impotently behind. So I drove the temptation to falter away and strode on up the bank into the black shadow of the trees.

I found extremely hard walking as I advanced through tangled underbrush. Fortunately the distance was even shorter than I had anticipated. It was not until after I had advanced cautiously into the water and then stooped low to thus gain clearer vision along the surface that I succeeded in locating the vessel sought. Even then the Namur appeared only as a mere shadow, without so much as a light showing aboard, yet apparently anchored in the same position as when we had swept past the previous afternoon. I waded straight out through the lines of surf, until all excepting the head became completely submerged. If I were to reach the bark at all this was the one opportunity.

I stood there, resisting the undertow tugging at my limbs and barely able to retain my footing, intent upon my purpose. Full strength had come back to my muscles and my head was again clear. With strong, silent strokes I swam forward, directly breasting the force of the incoming sea, yet making fair progress. Some unconsidered current must have swept me to the right, for, when the outlines of the bark again became dimly visible through the night I found myself well to starboard of the vessel. Stroking well under water and with only my eyes exposed above the surface, I changed my course to the left and slowly and cautiously drew in toward the starboard bow. A few moments later, unperceived from above, and protected from observation by the bulge of the overhanging and density of the shadow, my hands clung to the anchor hawser, my mind busy in devising some means for attaining the deck.

CHAPTER X.

On the Deck of the Namur.

It was here that fortune favored me, strengthening my decision and yielding a fresh courage to persevere. Forking out directly over where I clung desperately to the wet hawser, my eyes were able to trace the bowsprit, the rather loosely furled up jib flapping ragged edges in the gusts of wind. Suddenly, as I stared upward, I became aware that two men were working their way out along the foot-ropes, and, as they reached a point almost directly over my head, became busily engaged in tightening the gaskets to better secure the loosening sail. The foot of one slipped, and he hung dangling, giving vent to a stiff English oath before he succeeded in hauling himself back to safety. The other indulged in a chuckling laugh, yet he was careful not to speak loudly.

"Had one drink too many, Tom?" he asked. "That will pay yer fer fishin' the bottle an' never givin' me another sup."

"You, h—! Yer hed the fust o' it. Thar's no sorter luck yer don't git yer fair share o', Bill Haines—trust yer fer that. What I ain't got straight yet is whar thet stuff cum from so easy."

"That was part o' the luck, Tom. Did yer git eyes on thet new feller Manuel Estevan brought back with him in the boat?"

"The one you and Jose carried aboard?"

"He's the lad. Thar wa'n't nuthin' the matter with the cove, 'cept he was dead drunk. We was waitin' on the beach fer Estevan, an' three fellers he hed taken along with him inter town ter cum back—the nigger, Jose an' me—when this yere chap hove 'longside. He never balled us, ner nuthin'; just clim over into the boat, an' lay down. I shook him, an' kicked him, but it wa'n't no use; so we just left him lie thar fer Manuel ter say whut was ter be done with him. Only Jose he went through his pockets an' found three bottles o' rum. We took a few drinks an' hid whut was left in the boat locker."

"So thet's how yer got it! Who was the party?"

"Thet's more'n I'll ever tell yer. I never got no sight o' him, 'cept in the dark. 'Bout all I know is he was white, an' likely a sailor. Enyhow, when Manuel got back he told us to haul the lad forrard out o' the way, an' fetch him along. So we pulled out with the feller cuddled up in the bow."

"I never seed nuthin' more of him after he was hauled aboard. Whut become o' the lad?"

Once on board the Namur, Carlyle knows he may have a chance to aid Dorothy. It is a desperate chance, but he is willing to take it. But how to get aboard without being seen? Can he avoid detection which will mean certain death?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Bamboo trees do not bloom until thirty years old.

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Olympia.—The state highway commission has authorized the Union Bridge company to build a bridge across the Yakima river between Kennewick and Richland on force account with a cost limit of \$45,000. The engineer's estimate was \$44,230.

Wonderful Grand Canyon.

The grand canyon of the Colorado river in northern Arizona is 219 miles long, 12 to 13 miles wide and more than a mile deep.

Hurrah! How's This

Cincinnati authority says corns
dry up and lift out
with fingers.

Ouch ! ? ! ? ! This kind of rough talk will be heard less here in town if people troubled with corns will follow the simple advice of this Cincinnati authority, who claims that a few drops of a drug called freezone when applied to a tender, aching corn or hardened callous stops soreness at once, and soon the corn or callous dries up and lifts right off without pain.

He says freezone dries immediately and never inflames or even irritates the surrounding skin. A small bottle of freezone will cost very little at any drug store, but will positively remove every hard or soft corn or callous from one's feet. Millions of America's women will welcome this announcement since the inauguration of the high heels. If your druggist doesn't have freezone tell him to order a small bottle for you.—Adv.

Prosperous in Flax and Linen.

Linen bedding is a great luxury to the American housewife, who tries to be contented with cotton sheets embroidered and trimmed, and saves her linen pieces for company. But in Lithuania, where flax is a flourishing product and factories are not plentiful, every housewife has her chests full of linen bedding, beautiful, fine, handmade material that would do for any American beds.

Wanted Masculine Touch.

Bobby was a small boy, but he objected vigorously to a little waist that had a big collar and cuffs with a narrow ruffle around the edge. When asked the reason he said he didn't like the "girl" on it.

A Tree.

Of all works of art, a cathedral is the greatest. A vast and majestic tree is greater than that.—H. W. Beecher.

Onions for Insomnia.

If troubled with insomnia try eating raw onions at the last meal in the day. Give this a thorough trial, not once only, but for a week or two.

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