

# 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 question of national prohibition for Denmark will be decided by a plebiscite to be held in the near future, according to the Copenhagen Politiken.

The Austrian battleship Franz Josef, which had been allotted to Jugo-Slavia, sank during a hurricane, according to a dispatch received in Rome from Zora, Dalmatia.

Soldiers will be used to unload and reload army vessels at New York if the longshoremen's strike prevents the normal handling of the ships, Secretary Baker said recently.

One man was shot and killed and four other men and a woman were seriously wounded at Chester, Pa., by a negro. The black had been ejected from a saloon for disorderly conduct.

The American steamship Mount Hood has been destroyed in the harbor at Montevideo, Uruguay, by the explosion of an oil tank during a fire which broke out on the steamer. The crew escaped.

A report from Tangier says that Raisuli, the bandit, has offered to surrender to the Spanish government. Spanish troops, according to Morocco reports, have occupied Peni Mutuar, Ruima and Escarna.

A dispatch to the Petit Parisien, Paris, from Vienna says a "white" Magyar army under command of Admiral Horby is reported to be marching on Budapest with the intention of expelling the Roumanians.

Senate and house adopted Saturday the conference report on amendments extending the food control act to include clothing and food containers and providing punishment for profiteering and hoarding. The bill now goes to the president, who asked for this legislation as a weapon against the high cost of living.

Judge Sidney Ballou, attorney for the Hawaiian Sugar Planters' association, in a statement in Washington Sunday, denied that next year's Hawaiian sugar crop had been sold to Japanese interests, as stated by Senator Smoot of Utah during the course of debate in the senate on the sugar shortage.

A dispatch from Berlin says that 50,000 Letts have been landed at Libau from British warships and will attack the bank of Colonel Avaloff-Boromond's troops. A message from Riga dated Friday, received by the Lettish press bureau in Copenhagen, says the Letts have abandoned the left bank of the Dvina river and hold the right bank. The message reports the arrival of Estonian armored trains.

The transport Sherman arrived at San Francisco Saturday from Vladivostok with 80 casualties and 18 dead of the American expeditionary force in Siberia.

The greater portion of the German troops under General Von der Goltz, whose recall from the Baltic provinces was demanded by the allies and ordered by the German government, now are on their way back to Germany.

Extending its recent order forbidding production of old films by motion picture houses under new names, the federal trade commission has ordered that where parts of old films were shown in new exhibitions, they must be so marked and advertised.

There are ample supplies of the most essential food commodities to feed the world until the next harvest, but there must be an increase in city productivity and a readjustment of industrial relations generally if a terrible era of bloodshed is to be avoided, Herbert C. Hoover told a gathering at the commercial club in San Francisco recently.

The United States has opened a credit of \$15,000,000 to Ukraine, according to the Ukrainian press bureau in London. The funds will be used for the purchase of American goods.

Heads were broken on Fifth avenue, New York, Friday when mounted police charged a mob of several thousand radicals who attempted to parade up the avenue without a permit. Banners, which bore incendiary slogans, were confiscated by the police. A number of arrests were made.

## FLYING PARSON AIR VICTOR

Kiel 29 Seconds Ahead of Major, but Loses Cross-Nation Race.

New York.—Lieutenant B. W. Maynard, the "flying parson," won the first coast-to-coast leg of the army air race, it was announced Saturday night by officials of the American Flying club, which assisted the army in the conduct of the race.

His actual flying time for the 2701 miles from Mineola, N. Y., to San Francisco, had not been officially checked, but 24 hours 58 minutes and 55½ seconds, was unofficially reported as the flight time.

While Lieutenant Emil Kiel touched the ground at Roosevelt field 29 seconds before Major Carl Spatz in the dash from west to east, Major Spatz was credited with second honors, having left San Francisco three minutes behind Lieutenant Kiel.

Lieutenant Maynard's total elapsed time was given unofficially at 78 hours 47 minutes; Major Spatz' at 80 hours and 40 minutes, and Lieutenant Kiel's as 80 hours and 43 minutes.

Only the unofficial elapsed time could be given and the results of the two other divisions of the race—actual flying time and handicap time—must await the receipt here of all official reports, it was stated by club officials.

Despite announcement from the army air service at Washington that the return trips of the planes would be started on October 20, it was intimated at the American Flying club that the race might not be continued, and that should it be, the route might be laid out in easy stages through the south in an effort to avoid the severe weather encountered in the west.

Asked by Colonel Miller if he could make the return trip in the same plane, Major Spatz said he could, but that he would not want to try it. He said that while the engine was in perfect condition, he feared the plane itself had been put to too great a strain.

Asserting that all the flying fields were good except that at Rawlins, Wyo., which was too small, with a mountain jutting up at one end, Major Spatz declared that if single motored planes were to be used commercially for transcontinental work, landing fields should be built at 200-mile intervals, but that if two or three-motored machines were employed the "safety" fields would not be used.

## WILSON HAS LONG ROAD TO RECOVERY

Washington, D. C.—While President Wilson is believed by his physicians to be on the road to recovery, the process will be slow and tedious. The president, it was reiterated Sunday at the White House, must resign himself to strict observance of the physicians' orders to put aside all thought of his office while convalescing and remain in bed until danger of a relapse has passed.

Rear-Admiral Grayson, the president's personal physician, and the physicians he called in more than a week ago, continue to confine themselves to terse bulletins twice a day. That they are satisfied with the progress their patient is making is apparent from the spirit of optimism that pervades the White House, and the resentment with which various rumors as to the president's "real" condition are met by White House officials.

## Maynard Fills Pulpit.

San Francisco.—Lieutenant Belvin W. Maynard, first in the transcontinental air race to reach the Pacific coast, exchanged the role of aviator for that of preacher for a short time Sunday. Unheralded, he attended morning services at the First Baptist church. Through a watchful usher his presence became known and to an insistent invitation he consented to enter the pulpit. He talked briefly of his experiences in his flight, giving to them a spiritual application.

## Bold Burglar Affable.

Omaha, Neb.—An affable burglar, whose depredations in this city during the past four months have netted him \$50,000, Sunday night entered the home of T. J. Donahue and took \$6000 worth of diamonds. With the telephone wire cut to prevent the alarm being given he visited with the family while ransacking the house. He raised his mask and showed his face to one of the children who experienced curiosity as to his appearance.

## French Present Statue.

Washington, D. C.—Ambassador J. J. Jusserand Saturday presented to the navy on behalf of the city of DeGrasse, France, a bronze statue in commemoration of the arrival overseas of the first American warships conveying troops to France.

The statue was received by Secretary Daniels and will later be placed on the cruiser Seattle, flagship of Admiral Gleaves in the first convoy of American troops to France.

## PRESIDENT SAID TO HAVE BRAIN LESION

Partial Paralysis of Face Is Reported.

## BULLETINS MEAGER

Senator Moses Describes Condition of President, but Draws Anger of Medical Men.

Washington, D. C.—Rumors as to President Wilson's condition supplanted all other discussion Monday as a result of the publication of Senator Moses' letter to a constituent saying that Mr. Wilson suffered a cerebral lesion either at Pueblo, Colo., or just afterward, which had caused a slight facial paralysis.

The president's physicians came in for much criticism, the charge being that they have been withholding facts from the public. Further comment was aroused when the afternoon's White house statement failed to deny the specific reports that have been the subject of gossip for more than ten days in Washington.

If the statement given out Monday is correct, one report which was current in the earlier stage of the president's illness would appear to be without foundation. This report was that Mr. Wilson was suffering from cerebral arterial sclerosis and that his condition was almost identical with that which caused the death of Governor Ernest Lister of Washington.

It was partly in refutation of this rumor, doubtless, that the medical statement said: "Pulse and respiration rate, heart action and blood pressure are normal and have been from the onset of his illness."

Several eastern newspapers, including the New York World, leading administration organ, have either in their news or editorial accused the president's physicians and attendants of not being candid with the public, insisting that the country is entitled to know all of the truth.

The noon edition of the Washington Times said that the White house physicians would make a detailed statement as to the president's condition during the afternoon, taking the public fully into their confidence, and when the usual brief and evasive bulletin was issued dissatisfaction was everywhere noted.

The criticism comes mainly from the known friends of the president, men who have been in close touch with the White house ever since Mr. Wilson has been the occupant.

One of these when asked what he thought of the Moses letter, said: "You will notice that Senator Moses is not taking back anything he said, and he doesn't have to deny it."

One significant fact in connection with the president's condition is that Secretary Tumulty was not permitted to see him from the time of his return from the west until last Friday, and such a wall has been built about him that only one or two persons aside from the physicians and Mrs. Wilson know exactly the degree of his illness.

## FOOD COST TO DROP SOON, HOOVER SAYS

San Francisco.—Food prices should begin to drop within a month, Herbert C. Hoover told a luncheon gathering of Commonwealth club members here Monday.

"The United States must be in a position, however, to sell its surplus in Europe," he said. "The proper credits must be established and our efforts to stabilize Europe must be continued so that there will be a market."

The possibility of the nation having more foodstuffs on its hands than it could handle unless the supply going abroad shall be maintained was pointed out by Mr. Hoover.

"The United States has done much for Poland," he said. "It should not desert Poland now, when that country is on the verge of securing a stable after American ideals, government, which shall be patterned

## General Barry Retired.

New York.—Major-General Thomas H. Barry, commander of the army department of the east, was Tuesday at noon automatically retired from the service by the reason of age, having reached his 64th birthday.

He will retire to private life, and pending the appointment of his successor, Brigadier-General Charles J. Bailey, who has been stationed at Fort Totten, will command the department of the east.



## Safe—for a Time—on the Deck of the Namur.

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. In a desperate effort to save Dorothy, Carlyle decides to swim to the Namur.

### CHAPTER X—Continued.

"Him? Oh, Jose an' me carried him inter the for'cussel, an' shoved him inter a berth ter sleep off his liquor. That was the last I ever see er hear o' him fer 'bout six hours, when this yere feller must a woke up in the for'cussel sum crazy. He cum a chargin' out on deck, whoopin' like an Indian, wavin' a knife in his hand, intendin' fer ter raise h—l. Well, it happened that the fut' feller he run up against was LeVere, who was cumin' forrard fer sumthin', an' fer about a minute that was one h—l or a fight. It was so dark I couldn't tell what did happen, but it was flats mostly, till the mate drove the poor devil, cussin' like mad, over agin the rail, an' then heaved him out inter the water long-side. I heerd the feller splash when he struck, but he never let out no yell.

"What did LeVere do?"

"Him? He didn't do nuthin'. Just stared down over the rail a bit, an' then cum back, rubbin' his hands. Never even asked who the feller was. That ain't nuthin' kin steer that black brute."

"He ain't got no human in him. It's h—l when English sailormen hes got ter take orders from a d—d nigger, an' he's knocked 'round if they don't jump when he barks. He's goin' ter get a knife in his ribs sum day."

"Maybe he is; but yer better hold yer tongue, Tom. Sanchez don't stand fer ter talk, an' he's back o' LeVere. Let's go in; them gaskets will hold all right now—cum 'long."

I could now perceive now clearly the character I was destined to assume when once safely aboard the Namur. Such an assumption would involve but slight danger of discovery. It was as though a miracle had opened the way, revealed to me by the unconscious lips of these two half-drunken, gossiping sailors. The story told fitted my necessities exactly. Had I planned the circumstances myself nothing could have been better prearranged. No one on board had seen the missing man by daylight; he was believed to have sunk without a struggle. Yet no one knew positively that this was so, because no one cared. The death of the lad had simply been taken for granted when LeVere had failed to see his body rise again to the surface. Yet it was quite within the realm of possibility for the fellow to come up once more in that darkness, beyond LeVere's range of vision, and even to have remained afloat, buoyed up by clinging to the anchor hawser, until strong enough to return on board. At least there was no one aboard the Namur able to deny that this had been done.

Satisfied by this reasoning of being able to pass myself off as the dead man, I began slowly and cautiously to drag myself up the taut hawser. I had chosen a fortunate moment for my effort; no one heeded the little noise I made, and, when I finally topped the rail and was able to look inboard it was to discover a deserted fore deck, with the watch all engaged at some task amidships. I crept down the fore-castle ladder and worked my way aft beneath the black shadow of the port rail, until able thus to drift unnoticed into a group tailing out a mainmast halyard. The fellow next to me, without releasing his grip, turned his head and stared, but without discerning my features.

"Yes, an' yer might find another aft, if yer looked fer it. Mor'n that, we know how ter use 'em. Now see here, Gates; thar's no reason why we should bent about the bush—fact is we're sea rovers."

"Sea rovers—pirates, sir?"

"Bah! what's a name! We take what we want; it's our trade, that's all. No worse than many another. The question is, are yer goin' ter take a chance long with us? It's the only life, lad—plenty of fun, the best of liquor and pretty girls, with a share in all the swag."

"What is the name of this bark?"

"The Namur—out o' Rotterdam till we took her."

"Who's the captain?"

"Silva Sanchez."

"Gawd! Sanchez—not—not 'Black Sanchez?"

"That's him; so yer've heerd of 'Black Sanchez? Well, we're sailin' long with him, all right, mate, an' yer ought ter know what that means fer a good man."

I hesitated, yet only long enough to leave the impression I sought to make on them both.

"Likely thar ain't no sailor but what has heerd o' him," I said slowly. "It don't look like thar was much choice, does it?"

LeVere appeared amused in his way, which was not a pleasant one.

"Oh, yes, friend, there is choice enough. Bill, here, had exactly the same choice when he first came—hey, Bill? Remember how you signed on, after we took you off the Albatross? This is how it stands, Gates—either go forrard quietly yerself, or the both of us will kick you there. That will be enough talk. Go on, now."

It was a curt dismissal, coupled with a plain threat, easy to understand. I obeyed the order gladly enough, slinking away into the black shadows forward, realizing my good fortune, and seeking some spot where I could be alone.

The crew had disappeared, lying down no doubt in corners out of the wind. And this wind was certainly rising. I wondered that LeVere hung on so long in his perilous position, although, in spite of the increased strain, the anchor still clung firmly. It seemed to me that no haysver ever made could long withstand the terrific strain of our tugging, as the struggling bark rose and fell in the grip of the sea. To him must have come the same conviction, for suddenly his high-pitched voice sang out from the poop:

"Stand by, forrard, to lower the star-board anchor; move lively, men. Everything ready, Haines?"

"All clear, sir. Come on the jump, bullets!"

"Then let go smartly. Watch that you don't get the line fouled. Aloft there! Anything in sight, Cavere?"

From high up on the fore-top yard, the answer, blown by the wind, came down in broken English:

"Non, m'sieur; I see nothings."

I joined the watch forward. The number of men on deck was evidence of a large crew, there being many more than were necessary for the work to be done. Most of them appeared to be able seamen, and Haines drove them mercilessly, cursing them for lubbers, and twice kicking viciously at a stooping form. Then the great rope began to slip swiftly through the hawse hole, and we heard the sharp splash as the iron flukes struck the water, and sank. Almost at that same instant the voice of Cavere rang out from the masthead:

"A sail, m'sieur—a sail!"

"Where away?"

"Off ze port quarter. I make eet to be ze lettle boat—she just round ze point."



### CHAPTER XI.

#### The Return of the Boat.

The crew hurried over to the port rail. Beyond doubt most of those aboard realized that this had been an expedition of some importance, the culmination of their long wait on the coast, part of some scheme of their chief. In the spoils of which they expected to share. Moreover this boat approaching through the darkness was bringing back their leader, and however else they might feel toward him, the reckless daring, and audacious resourcefulness of Sanchez meant success.

I was made to comprehend all this by the low, muttered utterances of those crowding near me, spoken in nearly every language of the world. Much I could not translate, yet enough reached my ears to convince me of the temper of the crew—their feverish eagerness to be again at sea, under command of a captain whom they both hated and feared—a cruel, cold-blooded monster, yet a genius in crime, and a natural leader of such men as these, Black Sanchez! I listened to their comments, their expectations, with swiftly beating heart. I alone knew what that boat was bringing. What would be the result when the dead body of their leader came up over the rail?

With dangers threatening from every hand, Carlyle faces a problem. Shall he save himself while there is yet time, or shall he face the danger, kill and perhaps be killed? Shall he take the one desperate chance of aiding the girl who fills his thoughts or shall he play the craven coward?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Can, but Don't. German experimenters have found that explosions can be caused in gas works by sparks from telephones, although nothing of the kind has been known to occur.