

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.

A letter from Archbishop Walsh condemning the attempt on the life of Viscount French, the viceroy, was read in all the Catholic churches in the Dublin diocese Sunday.

The price of news print paper in Canada is to be raised to \$80 per ton, f. o. b. mill, January 1, according to an announcement made by Paper Controller Pringle.

The spread of anti-Japanese agitation in China, with reported incidents of the molestation of Japanese, including women and children, by the Chinese, was the subject of discussion by the Tokio cabinet.

Lieutenant B. W. Maynard, "the flying parson," winner of the recent army transcontinental air race, announced Sunday that he had resigned from the army aviation service. He will resume his work as a clergyman.

The Belgian government has categorically refused a proposition submitted last week by France and Great Britain guaranteeing Belgian territorial integrity for five years on condition that Belgium observe strict neutrality during that period.

In the face of a growing scarcity of sugar, more than a billion and a quarter pounds of sugar, valued at nearly \$97,000,000, were exported from the United States during the first ten months of the present year, a department of commerce report shows.

General Pershing shows little or no concern over his own political future. He is not a candidate for the presidential nomination—either republican or democratic—and the soft pedal was officially applied to anything that savored of politics during his stay in Chicago.

Awards by the shipping board, involving \$2,197,934 for the cancellation of contracts, were announced Saturday night. A total of 341 cases amounting to \$18,300,360 have been approved for payment and 52 advances totaling \$3,987,574 have been recommended.

Adam Shank, a wealthy farmer, his wife and four young children, were murdered on their farm near Gilcrest, Colo., Sunday. One child, Juanita, was found wounded. She died later. The bodies were found by Shank's cousin, Adam George, when he went to the farm to take the family to church.

The government's anti-trust action against the great meat packers, begun at President Wilson's direction last summer as part of the fight on the high cost of living, has been compromised under an agreement by which the packers will confine themselves hereafter to the meat and provision business.

William C. McCullough, of San Francisco, held up by three men and shot early Sunday while on his way home from a visit to his fiancée to discuss plans for their wedding next Wednesday, died in the emergency hospital. McCullough was 28 years old, born in Victoria, B. C., and had served overseas in the navy during the war.

Despite efforts of the government to reduce the cost of living, retail cost of 22 staple food articles showed an average increase of 2 per cent in November as compared with October, the bureau of labor statistics announced Sunday night. The average family expenditures for these articles increased 5 per cent from a year ago, the report said.

Two persons were killed and 48 injured when a "Frisco" passenger train was derailed three miles east of St. James, Mo., Sunday. The train was en route from Oklahoma City, Okla., to St. Louis. The accident was caused when an axle of one of the coaches broke. The dead are J. O. Hopper of West Virginia and Mrs. William H. Prehn of St. Louis.

The peace conference Saturday was handed three German notes. The first deals with transportation of troops immediately after the peace treaty goes into effect, the second gives exact details about German light cruisers undergoing repairs and the third announces ratification by the national assembly of the protocol signed by Kurt von Lersner in September.

249 ANARCHISTS DEPORTED

"Long Live Revolution in America" Cry Radicals as Ship Leaves.

New York.—The United States army transport Buford, "Ark of the Soviet," sailed before dawn Sunday with a cargo of anarchists, communists and radicals banned from America for conspiring against its government.

The ship's destination was hidden in sealed orders but the 249 passengers it carried expect to be landed at some far northern port giving access to soviet Russia.

"Long live the revolution in America," was chanted defiantly by the motley crowd on the decks of the steel gray troopship as she churned her way past the Statue of Liberty. Now and then they cursed in chorus at the United States and the men who had cut short their propaganda here. Not until the Buford steamed out of the narrows between Forts Hamilton and Wadsworth did the din cease. Over their heads, whipping in the wind, the Stars and Stripes floated from the masthead.

The autocrats of all the Russians on the transport were Alexander Berkman and Emma Goldman, his boon companion for 30 years. With them were 245 men and two women, Ethel Bernstein and Doris Lipkin. None knew where they would debark and even Captain C. A. Hitchcock, commander of the veteran transport, was no better off. Only a few high officials of the war and labor departments know the ship's destination.

The voyage will last 18 days unless it is prolonged by unfavorable weather. The presumption is that the Buford will land at Hamme, Helsinki, or Abo in Finland, which are connected by rail with Bielo-Osoporoff on the Russian frontier. It was intimated in official quarters that arrangements have been made with the Finnish government to permit the passage of the Russians through that country.

The transfer from Ellis Island to the Buford of the agitators who have preached death and destruction, was an event unique in the annals of this nation. Seized in raids in all parts of the country, they were mobilized here for deportation. An elaborate screen of secrecy was thrown about the preparations for sending them away.

It was in the darkest hours of night that an army tug drew up at the dock at the immigration station to take aboard the undesirable for the seven-mile journey down the bay to the Buford. Two dozen soldiers armed with rifles and as many immigration inspectors carrying night-sticks patrolled the shores of Ellis Island until the tug arrived at 5:15 A. M. The reds were marched single-file between two lines of guards from the immigration barracks to the boat landing, each carrying his or her baggage. A score of agents of the department of justice circulated among the Russians. These agents and the soldier guards on the island went on board the tug with the deportees and took them to the transport.

MYSTIC INVENTION DRIVES BIG MOTOR

Seattle, Wash.—Experiments even more baffling than those witnessed by local electrical experts this week when Alfred M. Hubbard, 19-year-old inventor, demonstrated his atmospheric power generator, were shown Saturday when the young man threw a switch into place on a 25-horsepower electric motor and instantly the motor jumped into life, developing its full capacity of power.

Skeptics present said the motor was connected by unseen wires. Hubbard hoisted the motor with a tackle and allowed those present to make examinations and tests to assure themselves that no wires extended from the motor. The result of the demonstration was an even greater mystery regarding the young man's discovery, if it is one. Hubbard went even further. He told how the motor was made to operate, took it apart and showed those present just what it consisted of. He would not tell, however, how he had arranged the parts to change the polarity at the rate of 120 times a second, which he says is the secret of his invention.

Copper Mines to Open.

Butte, Mont.—Eight thousand miners returned to work Monday morning when 10 properties of the Anaconda Copper Mining company and those of the North Butte company resumed operation. These mines were closed down December 1 when the fuel famine began. It is said the smelters in Anaconda and Great Falls will be operating again soon as ore shipments from Butte can be sent to those plants.

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Burns.—Mail service has been reduced to tri-weekly deliveries. Branch trains operating between Ontario and Crane will operate three a week, on account of the coal situation.

Salem.—Attorney-General Brown will represent the state in the quo warranto proceedings brought by Thomas Nelson of Astoria, deposed member of the state board of pilot commissioners, to oust Frank M. Sweet, who was named as his successor on the board.

Harrisburg.—Many birds perished in this section during the severe cold, due to exposure. In many instances snow birds froze in barn lots where feed had been thrown out for them. Quail found shelter in stock barns and vacant buildings.

Salem.—Auction sales of blooded livestock probably will be added to the list of attractions at the Oregon state fair next year, according to A. H. Lea, secretary of the state fair board, who returned here recently from Chicago, where he attended the International livestock exposition.

Seaside.—By a vote of 274 and 20, Seaside went on record in favor of a \$253,000 bond issue for the construction of a scenic drive 55 feet in width, paralleling the Spokane, Portland & Seattle railroad, from Wahanna to Broadway and south to the city limits, a distance of one and one-half miles.

Pendleton.—Umatilla county's tax levy for the coming year will be 13 mills, an increase of 5 1/2 mills over last year. Of this 3 1/2 mills covers the interest and payments on the principal of the road bonds issued last year. One mill goes toward market roads and 1 1/4 toward the increase in state taxes.

Salem.—Deposits in the banks of Oregon on November 17, 1919, totaled \$306,330,743.22, according to a report prepared by Will H. Bennett, state superintendent of banks. These deposits show an increase of \$17,889,419.23 over September 12, 1919, and \$79,949,039.78 over November 1, 1918.

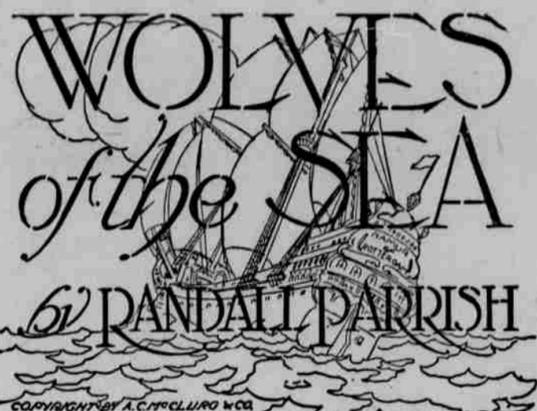
Marshfield.—A 20-foot trestle over which coal from the Libby mine had been delivered for a period of from 25 to 30 years went down Wednesday with a locomotive and three cars of coal, at a point opposite Englewood, and Engineer Enoch Holland, the only person on board, escaped with only a few bruises.

Klamath Falls.—The executive committee of the newly organized county farm bureau mapped out a detailed program of work for the coming year at its first meeting. The sub-committee on hay production and marketing is undertaking a complete survey of the county to determine the amount of alfalfa still unsold.

Oregon City.—In anticipation of the expenditure of \$1,700,000 worth of road bonds, and funds to be derived from general and special taxation, the county court has announced a complete reorganization of its highway department, effective January 1, with Harold A. Rands as roadmaster, and H. C. Compton and Lee J. Caulfield as district engineers.

Salem.—The value of the taxable property in the 36 counties in Oregon, including that equalized by the county boards of equalization and that equalized and apportioned by the state tax commission totals \$990,435,472.17, according to a statement prepared by Frank Lovell, state tax commissioner. Last year the valuations were \$987,533,896.97, showing an increase this year of a trifle more than \$2,000,000. The aggregate value of taxable property in each county as assessed by the county assessors and equalized by the county boards of equalization thereof, as of March 1, 1919, totals \$869,443,174.88, as shown by the statement, while the value of taxable property assessed and equalized by the state tax commission and apportioned according to the respective county ratios aggregates \$120,992,297.31.

Salem.—After liquidating all indebtedness, there remained in the surplus fund of the Oregon state fair board on December 1, 1919, a total of \$2,409.71, according to the annual report prepared by A. H. Lea, secretary of the board. This report will be submitted for consideration of the fair board at its annual meeting to be held in Salem during the second week in January. According to Mr. Lea's report, net receipts of the 1919 fair, which probably was the most successful event of its kind ever held in Oregon, totaled \$30,000, while the net returns from the fairs held during the last four years aggregated \$85,526.98. On December 1, 1918, there was a total of \$488.24 remaining in the fair fund, which during the past year was augmented by \$108,828.96, making a grand total of \$109,327.20. The disbursements, including both current expenses and indebtedness, aggregated \$106,917.43, leaving a balance on December 1 of this year amounting to \$2,409.71.



CHAPTER XXIII—Continued.

It was as though my brain snapped back into ascendancy. I was no longer a raging fury, mad with the desire to kill, but cool-headed, planning escape. Before a hand could reach me in restraint, I sprang backward and ran. I stumbled up the stairs leading to the companion. The vague glimmer of daylight showing through the glass, revealed the presence of Watkins. I heard him dash the door wide open, call to those on deck, and then saw him wheel about to again confront the devils plunging blindly forward toward us through the dark cabin. We could hold them for a time at least, yet I had the sense to know that this check would prove only temporary. They outnumbered us ten to one, and would arm themselves from the rack. Yet the greater danger lay in the possible disloyalty of my own men. A dozen of us might hold these stairs against assault, but treachery would leave us helpless. If one among them should steal below forward, and force open the door from the fore-cabin, we would be crushed between two waves of men, and left utterly helpless. I saw the whole situation vividly, and as quickly chose the one hope remaining.

"Watkins," I called sharply back over my shoulder. "Get the boats ready and be lively about it. We'll hold these fellows until you report. The two quarterboats will hold us all. Knock out the plugs in the others. See that Miss Fairfax is placed safely in the afterboat, and then stand by. Send me word the moment all is ready."

I had glimpse of the thick fog without as he pushed through the door, and of a scarcely distinguishable group of men on the deck. Those about me could only be located by their restless movements. I stepped down one stair conscious of increasing movement below, the meat cleaver still gripped in my hands.

"Any of you armed with cutlasses?" "Oui, m'sieur, Ravel DeLasser."

"Stand here, to right of me, now another at my left. Who are you?" "Jim Carter, sir."

"Good; now strike hard, lads, and you others be ready. The cabin is full of 'em, and it is your life and mine in the balance. If we can get away in this fog they'll never find us, but we've got to hold them here until the boats are ready. I killed their captain, Sanchez. That is where we've still got them, without a leader."

"But they've got arms?" "Only hand weapons," broke in Carter. "There's ball in the bandoliers, but no powder. I was goin' to break open a cask, but Estada put me at another job."

"Then that leaves us on even footing, lads, we ought to be equal to them with the cold steel."

CHAPTER XXIV.
In Clasp of the Sea.
The sounds of voices and of moving bodies were plainly discernible, but the darkness was too dense below to permit the eye perceiving what was taking place. The rattle of steel told me some among them had reached the arm rack. There followed the crash of wood as though the butt of a gun had splintered a door panel. Then a voice pierced the babel. My mind gripped the meaning of it all; they had found a leader; they had released Manuel Estevan. Now the real fight was on! I could hear the fellow question those about him, seeking to learn the situation.

"Who have cutlasses? So many! a dozen form with me. Now bullies, they are on the stairs there, and that is the only way to the deck. Now then—to hell with 'em!"

We met them, point to point, our advantage the narrow staircase and the higher position; theirs the faint glimmer of light at our backs. The first rush was reckless and deadly, the infuriated devils not yet realizing what they faced, but counting on force of numbers to crush our defense. Manuel led them yelling encouragement, and sweeping his cutlass, gripped with both hands, in desperate effort to break through. DeLasser caught his point with his blade while my cleaver missing him with its sharp edge, nevertheless dealt the fellow a blow which hurled him back into the arms of the man behind. I saw nothing else in detail, the faint light barely revealing indistinct figures and gleams of steel. It was a pandemonium of blows and yells, strange faces appearing and disappearing, as men leaped desperately at us up the steps, and we beat them remorselessly back. I saw nothing more of Manuel in the fray, but his shrill voice urged on his fellows. It was strike and parry, cut and thrust. Twice I kicked my legs free from hands that gripped me, and DeLasser fell, a pike thrust through him. Who took his place I never knew, but

a stout fighter the lad was, wielding his cutlass viciously, so that we held them, with dead men littering every step to the cabin deck.

But they were of a breed trained to such fighting, and the lash of Manuel's tongue drove them into mad recklessness. And there seemed no end of them, sweeping up out of those black shadows, with bearded or lean brown savage faces, charging over the dead bodies, hacking and gouging in vain effort to break through. I struck until my arms ached, until my head reeled, scarcely conscious of physical action, yet aware of Manuel's shouts.

"Now you hell-hounds—now! once more, and you have them. Santa Maria! you've got to go through, bullies—there is no other way to the deck. Rush 'em! That's the way! Here you—go in outside the rail! Broth of hell! Now you have 'em, Pedro!"

For an instant I believed it true; I saw Jim Carter seized and hurled sideways, his cutlass clashing as it fell, while a dozen hands dragged him headlong into the rack beneath. But it was only an instant. Before the charging devils could pass me, a huge figure filled the vacant space, and the butt of a gun crashed into the mass. It was the Dutchman, Schmitt, fighting like a demon, his strength that of an ox. They gave way in terror before him, and we went down battering our way, until the stairs were clear to the deck, except for the dead underfoot. When we stopped, not a fighting man was left within the sweep of our arms. They scurried back into the darkness like so many rats, and we could only stare about blindly, cursing them, as we endeavored to recover breath. Schmitt roared like a wild bull, and would have rushed on, but for my grip on his shirt.

"Get back, men!" I ordered sharply. "There may be fifty of them yonder. Our only chance is the stairs."

We flung the bodies on one side, and formed again from rail to rail. Below us there was noise enough, a babel of angry voices, but no movement of assault.



The First Rush was Reckless and Deadly.

sault. What they would do next was answered by a blaze of light, revealing the silhouette of a man, engaged in touching flame to a torch of hemp. It flung forth a dull yellow flare, and revealed a scene of horror. Our assailants were massed halfway back. Between us, even ten feet from the stairs, the deck was littered with bodies, ghastly faces staring up, with black stains of blood everywhere. It was Manuel's hand which had kindled the light, and the first creak of his voice told his purpose.

"Now you skulking cowards," he yelled pointing forward, "do you see what you are fighting? There are only five men between you and the deck. To hell with 'em! Come on! I'll show you the way!"

He leaped forward; but it was his last step. I sent the cleaver hurtling through the air. I know not how it struck him, but he went down, his last word a shriek, his arms flung out in vain effort to ward off the blow. Schmitt roared out a Dutch oath, and his gun, sent whirling above me, crashed into the uplighted torch. Again it was black night, through which the eye could perceive nothing. Even the noise ceased, but a hand gripped my shoulder.

"Who are you?" "Watkins. The boats are ready. The one forward has pushed off loaded. The afterboat is alongside. There is such a fog, sir, yer can't see two fathoms from the ship. The girl is in the boat, but LeVere ain't. The mate

slipped out o' sight in the fog. He's somewhere aboard."

"Never mind him; the fellow can do no harm now. Move back slowly lads, Schmitt and I will be the last ones out."

We closed the companion door as silently as possible and for the moment there was no sound from within to show that our cautious withdrawal had been observed. I stared about, but was able to perceive little beyond the small group awaiting my orders. The fog clung thick and heavy on all sides, and it was impossible for the eye to penetrate to either rail. Fortunately there was no weight of sea running.

"There is nothing more to keep us aboard lads. Stow yourselves away and hang on; I'll wait here until you are all over."

They faded away into the mist, dim spectral figures, and I remained alone, listening anxiously for some hostile sound from below. Satisfied that the lads were safely over the rail and the decks clear, I turned toward the ship's side. As I did so a yell reached my ears from the blackness below—the hounds had found voice.

I ran through the fog in the direction the others had disappeared, and had taken scarcely three steps when I collided against the form of a man, whose presence was not even noticed until we came together. Yet he must have been there expectant and ready, for a quick knife thrust slashed the front of my jacket, bringing a spurt of blood as my blade was jerked back. Even as my fingers gripped the uplifted wrist, ere he could strike the second time, I knew my antagonist. I knew also this was a fight to the death, to be terminated before that unguarded crew below could attain the deck. It was LeVere's life or mine, and in the balance the fate of those others in the waiting boat alongside. The knowledge gave me the strength and the ferocity of a tiger. I ripped the knife from his fingers, and we closed with bare hands, his voice uttering one croaking cry for help as I bore in on his windpipe. He was a snake, a cat, slipping out of my grasp as by some magic. At last I had him against the rail, the weight of us both so hard upon it that the stout wood broke, and we both went over, grappling until we splashed into the water below. The shock loosened my hold; as I fought a way back to the surface I was alone. My strength began to fail, hope left me as I sank deeper and deeper into the remorseless grip of the ocean. I was not afraid; my lips uttered no cry, no prayer—I drifted out into total unconsciousness and went down.

CHAPTER XXV. The Open Boat.

I came back to a consciousness of pain, unable at once to realize where I was, or feel any true sense of personality. Then slowly I comprehended that I rested in a boat, tossed about by a fairly heavy sea; that it was night and there were stars visible in the sky overhead. I stared at these, vacant of thought, when a figure seemed to lean over me, and I caught the outline of a face, gazing eagerly down into my own. Instantly memory came back in a flash—this was not death, but life; I was in a boat with her. I could not move my hands, and my voice was but a hoarse whisper.

"Miss Fairfax—Dorothy!" "Yes—yes," swiftly. "It is all right, but you must lie still. Watkins, Captain Carlyle is conscious. What shall I do?"

He must have been behind us at the steering oar, for his gruff, kindly voice sounded very close.

"Yer might lift him up, miss," he said soberly. "He'll breathe better. How's that, Captain?"

"Much easier," I managed to breathe. "I guess I am all right now. You fished me out?"

"Sam did. He got a boat hook in your collar. We cast off when yer went overboard, and cruised about in the fog hunting fer yer. Who was it yer was fightin' with, sir?"

"LeVere." "That's what I told the lads. He's a gonner, I reckon?"

"I never saw him after we sank. Are all the men here?"

"All but those in the forward boat, sir. They got away first, an' we ain't had no sight ov 'em since. Maybe we will when it gets daylight. Harwood's in charge. I give him a compass, an' told him ter steer west. 'Was that right?"

"All I could have told him. I haven't had an observation, and it is all guesswork. I know the American coast lies to that direction, but that is about all. I couldn't tell if it be a hundred, or a hundred and fifty miles away. I must have been in bad shape when you pulled me in!"

"We thought you was gone, sir. You was bleedin' some, too, but only from flesh wounds. The young lady she just wouldn't let yer die. She worked over yer for two or three hours, sir, afore I hed any hope."

Her eyes were downcast and her face turned away, but I reached out my hand and clasped her fingers. The mystery of the night and ocean was in her motionless posture. Only as her hand gently pressed mine did I gain courage, with a knowledge that she recognized and welcomed my presence.

"Watkins says I owe my life to you," I said, so low the words were scarcely audible above the dash of water alongside. "It will make that life more valuable than ever before."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)
French photographers have developed a process for treating negatives by which the effect of stereoscopic relief is produced in pictures.