

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.

Without debate the senate passed a house bill amending existing acts to enable military decorations to be awarded upon recommendation of officers lower than generals.

Winnipeg's three daily newspapers suspended last Saturday on account of a paper shortage. The papers issued joint news bulletins on sheets posted at the postoffice and news stands.

Battleships of the Pacific fleet will conduct gunnery practice January 28, 29, 30 and 31 in the area south of the San Pedro breakwater light between the mainland and Catalina island. Admiral Hugh Rodman has announced.

Control and distribution of print paper for one year after the proclamation of peace would be placed with the department of commerce under a bill introduced Monday by Representative Christopherson, republican, South Dakota.

Three persons were killed and three seriously injured Saturday by Victor Lipponen, a farmer, at Brooklyn, Conn., who became mentally unbalanced. He used an ax in each instance. After committing the crimes, he hanged himself.

A state of profound anxiety and astonishment reigns in Pan-German circles in Germany over the official demand of the allies for the extradition from Holland of the German ex-emperor, according to a dispatch from Basle, which is confirmed by Munich advices.

Appropriation of \$85,000,000 to be expended the next four years for hospital and other facilities for discharged soldiers, sailors, marines and nurses, is proposed in a bill introduced in the senate. The medical aid contemplated would be under direction of the public health service.

The Federation of British Industries, an influential organization, has launched an advertising campaign said to be unique. The federation is preparing an export register giving a representative alphabetical list of British manufacturers and trade associations in every line of industry and a classified list of products with names of makers.

No relief is in sight for Winnipeg's three daily newspapers, which have been forced to suspend on account of a news print shortage. According to reports received in Winnipeg, the paper mills at Fort Frances, Ont., upon which the Winnipeg papers depend for paper, have not resumed paper shipments which were suspended some time ago.

The University of London is planning to build an institution of phonetics at a cost of \$600,000, where 70 assistants would be engaged in research work on the 1000 languages of the British empire. The scheme, which originated with Daniel Jones, head of the phonetic department of the university, calls for the expenditure of \$2,500,000.

J. A. Hanson of the College View poultry farm at Corvallis, Or., has just finished the installation of the largest incubator in the state of Oregon. It has a capacity of 25,000 chickens every six weeks. Mr. Hanson expects to produce 100,000 chickens this season. His poultry ranch is one of the best-known among chicken fanciers in the United States.

With much "pork" eliminated, the annual rivers and harbors appropriation bill carrying funds for the next fiscal year was reported Monday to the house by the ways and means committee. The bill would appropriate only \$12,400,000, a slashing down of \$30,500,000 from the total submitted and a considerable cut from the amounts usually carried.

After describing one outrage after another for which he said he had witnesses, Dr. John Hunter, an American physician of Nogales, told the senate subcommittee investigating the Mexican situation he never had known of a Mexican being punished for killing an American in Mexico. "There has been no safety for American life or property in Mexico since 1910," he said. "I have known a lot of Mexicans in that time, and I do not know one—and I know Carranza—whose oath I would accept."

300 SEATTLE REDS TAKEN

Blow Intended to Break Backbone of Radicalism in Northwest.

Seattle, Wash.—Department of justice agents and Seattle police, armed with federal deportation warrants, Monday night made more than 300 arrests in a sweeping raid which, officers said, was intended to "break the backbone of radical activities in the northwest."

Many of the men taken were released after examination at the United States immigration detention station, but many others were held, and officers said they expected at least 200 suspects would later face deportation hearings.

The 196 warrants originally issued were directed in the most part against members of the Union of Russian Workers, an alleged radical organization, but the scope of the raid was widened and poolrooms, hotels and gathering places searched for persons suspected of membership in any radical society.

Local department of justice agents said the clean-up was a part of a new nationwide campaign against "reds." A number of alleged I. W. W. were included among those arrested.

Many of the raids centered on headquarters of the Union of Russian Workers, an anarchistic society.

A mass of evidence connecting the Union of Russian Workers with the Russian soviet communist and Russian labor parties has been accumulated here, according to Frank L. Carbarino of the bureau of investigation of the department of justice, who directed the raid. Further evidence of their affiliation with Paul Bianki, deported recently on the "soviet ark" Buford, has been uncovered, he said.

RUSSIA MAY REJECT RADICAL DEPORTEES

Terijoki.—The bands of bolsheviks and anarchists deported from the United States were safely across the Russian frontier Monday night, but whether all of the party will remain safe in soviet Russia is a question to be determined by the bolsheviks.

Hardly had the last of them passed over the border than a belated telegram reached the Finnish military officials in charge of the transfer announcing that the soviet government had decided to permit only three deportees to enter.

Their names have not been made public, but those favored are believed to be Emma Goldman, Alexander Berkman and Peter Bianki.

The telegram is incomprehensible in view of the fact that a delegation including the wife of Maxim Gorky came out to receive the exiles and elaborate preparations had been made to welcome them.

The deportees, with the baggage, trudged through deep snow, laughing and singing revolutionary songs. Cheers were raised by the Russians waiting on the other side of the frozen Systerbak river, which separates the Finnish and bolshevik lines.

Blockade Removal Fateful for Soviets, Says Hoover

Washington, D. C.—Removal of the blockade on soviet Russia has knocked one of their "greatest props from under the bolsheviks," Herbert Hoover said in a statement here Saturday night. Speaking from his knowledge of world conditions, the former director of European relief said the soviet government had laid every failure of socialism on the blockade, and used it as a stimulus for raising armies on the ground that the Russians were fighting to save themselves from starvation. With the blockade removed in large part, Mr. Hoover said, the "bolshevik tyranny" will face collapse when it falls to relieve suffering.

Mr. Hoover thought Russia had no commodities, wheat, flax or cotton, for export, since starvation is acute in the larger cities and the people almost in rags.

Dawson Has 40 Below.

Dawson, Y. T.—Heavy storms and snowslides have blocked the White Pass & Yukon railway since January 6 and mails for the Yukon valley received at Skagway since that date are still being held at the coast, according to a dispatch from White Horse. It is hoped to get a snow plow over the line by Wednesday, the dispatch stated. Thermometers here registered 40 degrees below zero, with a gale blowing.

Hanging Bill Approved.

Salem.—Final adoption by house and senate of the resolution submitting the question of restoring capital punishment to a vote of the people at the next election was effected during the closing hours. A joint conference committee of both branches made a few minor amendments which did not change the effect of the measure. Three companion bills were also passed.

94 BILLS PASSED AT SPECIAL SESSION

"Emergency" Issues and Much Else Handled by Solons In Past Week.

The special session of the legislature adjourned Sunday morning after 3 o'clock. It left a record of passing favorably on 94 bills, and a miscellaneous assortment of memorials and resolutions, some of which were more important and affect to a greater degree the general public than do the bills.

The house obtained the passage in the senate of 53 of its measures and the senate managed to get 41 bills through the house.

Every measure which the governor suggested as an emergency and on which he based the call for the extraordinary session was passed. In addition to this emergency legislation was a mountain of other more or less important matter.

What action Governor Olcott will take on the bills before him is not known, but there are rumors that he may use the veto ax with telling effect within the next few days. It is considered probable that the executive may veto the series of bills which place county roads on the present state road way.

The special session demonstrated what an Oregon legislature can do when so disposed. Before the session opened it was freely predicted that the session would continue anywhere from 10 to 20 days, and the average prognostication was for two weeks.

The only thing that prevented a longer session was the adoption early in the week of a concurrent resolution to adjourn at noon Saturday. Futile attempts were afterward made to break this agreement.

As to the character of legislation offered, it was far from "extraordinary" and was almost entirely of the type presented at a "regular" session.

The working organization of senate and house operated much more smoothly than at the 1919 session. President Vinton and Speaker Jones were imbued with a desire to make the session short and efficient and to this end they enforced the closure whenever possible to expedite and dispatch routine business.

Of the program presented by the governor little was heard during the week for the lawmakers enacted the suggested legislation as a matter of course, and there was no opposition anywhere to it. As expected, the fish and game commission was a storm center, but the commission was vindicated by the legislature when the solons created a new fish and game board and elected to it the members of the old commission.

A small minority of senate and house, which specialized in agitating patented pavement a year ago, resorted to the same practices at the special session and, as in 1919, were defeated.

Of political legislation there was considerable. There is referred to the people an amendment to the constitution relative to succession when there is a vacancy in the office of governor. Under this measure the president of the senate succeeds to the executive post until the next general election.

A resolution calling upon Governor Olcott to resign so that the people can vote for a governor in November was introduced and thereafter disappeared. A bill for a straight party ticket passed both houses, over the protests of all the democratic members and several republicans, two of whom are republican county chairmen.

To aid in carrying on the highway building, a constitutional amendment will be submitted to the people, increasing the limit of indebtedness for roads from 2 to 4 per cent. If this amendment is favored by the people the highway commission is authorized to issue \$10,000,000 of bonds. There was little opposition to these twin measures.

A difference of opinion exists among members regarding placing county roads on the highway map, but a majority favored passing every bill of this kind that was introduced. Unless these county-state road bills are vetoed, other counties are expected to follow the lead at the next regular session.

Gasoline Act Defeated.

Salem.—President Vinton, of the senate, cast the deciding vote in defeating H. B. 43, by the roads and highways committee, which sought to repeal the act of the last session requiring a specific gravity test for all gasoline shipped into or sold in this state. The vote stood even until the name of President Vinton was called, when he voted in the negative. The bill received 15 votes as against 14 to defeat it.

WOLVES OF THE SEA

By RANDALL PARRISH

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CHAPTER XXXII—Continued.

Haines was evidently reluctant, but sailor enough to follow as I lowered myself to the deck, clinging hard to keep my footing on the wet incline. A light spar had lodged here, and by making this a species of bridge, we crept as far as the companion, the door of which was open, and gained a view of the scene below. It was a dismal hole in the dim light, but presented no obstacle to our entrance, and I led the way down the stairs, gripping the rail to keep from falling.

The door of the captain's room gave, but it required our combined efforts to press it open against the volume of water, slushing about within. For a moment my eyes could scarcely recognize the various objects as I clung to the frame of the door and stared blindly about in the gloom. Then slowly they assumed shape and substance. Screwed to the deck, the furniture retained its place, but everything else was jammed in a mass of wreckage, or else floating about in a foot of water, deepening toward the stern. There were two chests in the room, one of which I instantly recognized as that of Roger Fairfax. The sight of this made me oblivious to all else.

"There's the chest we want, Haines," I cried, pointing it out. "Have the lads back the boat up to this port; then come down and help me handle it."

"Yes, sir," his voice trembling, "but—'but isn't that a man over there—in the bunk? Good God, sir; look at him!"

The white, ghastly face stared at us, looking like nothing human in that awful twilight. I actually thought it a ghost, until with desperate effort the man lifted himself, clinging with gaunt fingers to the edge of the bunk. Then I knew.

"Sanchez! You! those cowards left you here to die!"

"No one came for me," he answered, choking so the words were scarcely intelligible. "Who are you, and what brought you here?"

"I'll tell you frankly, Captain Sanchez," and I stepped closer. "We risked coming aboard to save that chest—Roger Fairfax's chest—before it went down. This vessel has its back broken, and may slide off into deep water at any minute. We must get you out of here first."

"Get me out!" he laughed hideously. "To hell with your help. I want none of it. I am a dead man now, and the easiest way to end all will be to go down with the ship—'twill be a fit coffin for Black Sanchez. By God! I know you now—Geoffrey Carlyle!"

"Yes, but an enemy no longer."

"That is for me to say. I hate your race, your breed. The very sound of your name drives me mad. I accept no rescue from you! Damn you, take your god and go."

"But why?" I insisted, shocked at the man's violence. "Is it because I interfered between you and Dorothy Fairfax?"

"That chit; bah, what do I care for her but as a plaything. No, my hate runs deeper than that. How came you here—in the boat stolen from the Namur?"

"No, Captain Sanchez. The day after we left the ship we boarded a schooner found adrift, the crew stricken with cholera, with not a man left alive on deck, or below. She lies yonder now, the Santa Marie—a slaver."

"Merciful God!" and his eyes fairly blazed into mine as he suddenly forced his body upward in the bunk. "The Santa Marie adrift! the crew dead from cholera? And the captain—Paradilla, Francis Paradilla—what of him?"

"He lay alone on a divan in the cabin—dead also."

He tried to speak, but failed, his fingers claving at his throat. When he finally gained utterance once more it was but a whisper.

"Tell me," he begged, "there was no woman with him?"

"There was no woman," I said gravely, "on deck or in the cabin."

"What mean you by saying that? There was one on board! Don't lie to me! In an hour I am dead—but first tell me the truth. Does the woman live?"

"No, she died before. We found her body in a chest, preserved by some devilish Indian art, richly dressed and decked with jewels."

"English?"

"I judged her so, but with dark hair and eyes. You knew her?"

"In the name of all the fiends, yes. And I know her end. He killed her—Paradilla killed her—because she was as false to him as she had been to me. Hell! but it is strange you should be the one to find her—to bring me this tale, Geoffrey Carlyle!"

"Why? What is it to me?"

"You go back to England and tell the duke of Buccleugh how his precious sister died."

"His sister! Good God, you cannot mean that woman was Lady Sara Carlyle?"

"Who should know better than I?" sneeringly. "Once I was called in England Sir John Collinswood."

He sank back exhausted, struggling for breath, but with eyes glowing

hatred. I knew it all now, the dimly remembered story coming vividly back to memory. Here then was the ending of the one black stain on the family honor of our race. On this strange coast, three thousand miles from its beginning, the final curtain was being rung down, the drama finished. The story had come to me in whispers from others, never even spoken about by those of our race—a wild, headstrong girl, a secret marriage, a duel in the park, her brother desperately wounded, and then the disappearance of the pair. Ten days later it was known that Sir John Collinswood had defaulted in a large sum—but from that hour England knew him no more. As though the sea had swallowed them both, man and woman disappeared, leaving no trace behind.

The face I gazed dumbly into was drawn and white with pain, yet the thin lips grinned back at me in savage derision.

"You remember, I see," he snarled. "Then out of here, Geoffrey Carlyle. Leave me to die in peace. The gold is there; take it, and my curse upon it. Hurry now—do you hear the bark grate on the rocks; it's near the end."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Before the Governor.

The sound started me. I imagined I heard the keel slipping, yet before we had reached the door opening on deck the slight movement ceased. My hand gripped the frightened Haines.

"Tell them in the boat to do as I said; then come back here."

"My God, sir, she's a goin' down."

"Not for some minutes yet. There are thousands of pounds in that chest; you've risked life for less many a time. Jump, my man!"

The boat lay in close, bobbing up and down dangerously, yet held firmly beneath the opened port. The box was heavy enough to tax the strength of two men to handle it, but of a size and shape permitting its passage. Sanchez had raised himself again, and clung there to the edge of the bunk watching us.

"Now let down easy, lads," I called. "No, place it amidstships; get it even, or you go over. Fix it to ride steady, and stand by—we'll pass a wounded man out to you!"

I stepped across to Sanchez. He saw me coming, and drew back, his ghastly face like a mask.

"No you don't, Carlyle!" he snapped angrily. "Keep your hands off me. So you want me to die with my neck in a noose, do you? I was born a gentleman, and by God! I'll die like one—and go down with my ship. Get out of here now! You won't? You will, or else die here with me! I'll give you a minute to make your choice."

He left no doubt as to his meaning. From beneath the blanket, the black muzzle of a pistol looked straight into my eyes. The hand holding it was firm, the face fronting me savagely sardonic.

"I'd like to kill you, Carlyle," he hissed hatefully. "By God, I don't know why I shouldn't. Every time I look at you I see her face. If you take a step nearer I pull the trigger—go!"

It was a hard pull back to the Santa Marie. Dorothy greeted me first, and we stood close together at the rail as the men hoisted the chest on deck. She said nothing, asked nothing, but her hands clung to my arm, and whenever I turned toward her my eyes met.

There was a sudden cry forward, and a voice shouted:

"There she goes, buccies! That's the last of the Namur!"

I turned swiftly, my hand grasping her fingers as they clung to the rail. The battered hull slid downward, the deck breaking amidstships as the stern splashed into the depths; then that also toppled over, leaving nothing above water except the blunt end of a broken bowsprit, and a tangle of wreckage tossed about on the crest of the waves. I watched breathlessly, unable to utter a sound; I could only think of that stricken man in the cabin, those wild eyes which had threatened me. He was gone now—gone!

I yet held Dorothy's hand tightly clasped in my own, and the depths of her uplifted eyes questioned me.

"We will go aft, dear, and I will tell you the whole story," I said gently, "for now we are homeward bound."

I wrote these few closing lines a year later in the cabin of the Ocean Spray, a three-master, full to the hatches with a cargo of tobacco, bound for London, and a market. Dorothy is on deck, eagerly watching for the first glimpse of the chalk cliffs of old England. I must join her presently, yet linger below to add these final sentences.

There is, after all, little which needs to be said. The voyage of the Santa Marie north proved uneventful, and, after that first night of storm, the weather held pleasant and the sea fairly smooth. I had some trouble with the men, but nothing serious, as Watkins and Haines held as I did, and the pledge of Dorothy's influence brought courage. I refused to open the chest, believing our safety, and chance of pardon, would depend largely on our

handing this over in good faith to the authorities. Watkins and I guarded it night and day until the schooner rounded the cape and came into the Chesapeake. No attempt was made to find quarters below, the entire crew sleeping on deck, Dorothy comfortable on the flag locker.

It was scarcely sunrise, on the fifth day, when we dropped anchor against the current of the James, our sails furled and the red English colors flying from the peak. Two hours later the entire company were in the presence of the governor, where I told my story, gravely listened to, supplemented by the earnest plea of the young woman. I shall never forget that scene, or how breathlessly we awaited the decision of the great man, who so closely watched our faces. They were surely a strange, rough group as they stood thus, hats in hand, waiting to learn their fate, shaggy-haired, unshaven, largely seum of the sea, never before in such presence, shuffling uneasily before his glance, feeling to the fall the peril of their position. Their eyes turned to me questioningly.

Opposite us, behind a long table, sat the governor, dignified, austere, his hair powdered and face smoothly shaven; while on either side of him were those of his council, many of the faces stern and unyielding. But for their gracious reception of Dorothy and their careful attention to her words I should have lost heart. They questioned me shrewdly, although the governor spoke but seldom, and then in a kindly tone of sympathy and understanding. One by one the men were called forward, each in turn compelled to tell briefly the story of his life; and when all was done the eyes of the governor sought those of the council.

"You have all alike heard the tale, gentlemen," he said. "Nothing like it hath ever before been brought before this colony. Would you leave decision to me?"

There was a murmur of assent, as though they were thus gladly relieved of responsibility in so serious a matter. The governor smiled, his kindly eyes surveying us once more; then, with extended hand he bade Dorothy be seated.

"The story is seemingly an honest one," he said slowly, "and these seamen have done a great service to the colony. They deserve reward rather than punishment. The fair lady who pleads for them is known to us all, and to even question her word is impossible. Unfortunately I have not the power of pardon in cases of piracy, nor authority to free bond slaves, nor the approval of the home government; yet will exercise in this case whatsoever of power I possess. For gallant services rendered to the colony, and unselfish devotion to Mistress Dorothy Fairfax, I release Geoffrey Carlyle from servitude pending advices from England; I also grant parole to these seamen, on condition they remain within our jurisdiction until this judgment can be confirmed and full pardons issued. Is this judgment satisfactory, gentlemen?"

The members of the council bowed gravely, without speaking.

"The chest of treasure recovered from the sunken pirate ship," he went on soberly, "will remain unopened until final decision is made. As I understand, Master Carlyle, no one among you has yet seen its contents, or estimated its value?"

"No, your excellency. Beyond doubt it contains the gold stolen from Roger Fairfax; and possibly the result of other robberies at sea."

"The law of England is that a certain percentage of such recovered treasure belongs to the crown, the remainder, its true ownership undetermined, to be fairly divided among those recovering it."

"Yet," spoke up Dorothy quickly, "it must surely be possible to waive all claim in such cases?"

"Certainly; as private property it can be disposed of in any way desired. Was that your thought?"

"A Fairfax always pays his debt," she said proudly, "and this is mine."

There was a moment's silence as though each one present hesitated to speak. She had risen, and yet stood, but with eyes lowered to the floor. Then they were lifted and met mine in all frank honesty.

"There is another debt I owe," she said clearly, "and would pay, your excellency."

"What is that, fair mistress?"

She crossed to me, her hand upon my arm.

"To become the wife of Geoffrey Carlyle."

THE END.

Orioles.

As for myself I am turned contractor of hammock netting for the orioles, taking my pay in notes. I throw strings out of the window and they snap them up at once. They sit in the cherry trees hard by and warble. "Hurry up! hurry up!" I never found out before just what they said. But if you will listen you will find that this is what they first say. A vulgarian. I admit, but native.—Lowell.