

# 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.

Premier Clemenceau again denied upon his return to Paris Sunday that he was a candidate for president.

From Budapest comes word that the monarchial party has begun an active propaganda in favor of an English prince for the Hungarian throne.

Sir John Simon, former secretary for home affairs, liberal candidate for the house of commons in the Spen Valley bye-election, was defeated by Tom Myers, the labor candidate.

The British mission in New York made public Saturday a cable message from the British treasury denying that Sir George Paish is negotiating a large American loan for Great Britain.

Representatives of a Chicago painters' union announced Sunday they were making plans to oust all members who hold membership in the American Legion.

The Swedish steamer Jotland, bound from Buenos Aires to Gothenburg laden with corn, struck a mine in the Kattegat and sank immediately. Five of the crew of 26 drowned.

Secretary Daniels has issued a call to the entire naval service designed to bring out full information as to acts of heroism or distinctive service by officers or men during the war which would justify the awarding of decorations.

George Colebrook, wealthy stockman of Corbin, Or., has been exonerated of blame for the death of Joseph Johnson of Port Orford, who died following trouble between the two men in which Colebrook was alleged to have struck Johnson with a brick.

A Moscow dispatch quotes a Dorpat report as saying that Admiral Kolchak, head of the Omak government, has notified the United States government that he will cede part of Siberia to Japan unless the allies send further assistance to the white armies to safeguard Russia.

Carter Glass did not take his seat as senator from Virginia when congress reconvened Monday, having assented to the request of President Wilson that he remain secretary of the treasury at least until January 15, by which time it is expected his successor will be nominated and confirmed.

A copy of a secret Turkish circular, dated November 28, addressed to the provincial authorities and bearing the seal of the minister of the interior, reached Washington Saturday, ordering the forcible conversion to Islam of the few non-deported Armenians and those who have escaped massacres and death by privations and sickness.

Attorney-General Palmer has been asked by the executive committee of the United Mineworkers of America, whose convention opened in Columbus, O., Monday, to put a stop to alleged violations by operators in six states of the terms of the agreement which brought to an end the recent strike of soft coal miners.

Secretary Daniels replied Sunday to attacks on his awards of navy decorations in a letter to Chairman Page of the senate naval committee, which with the house naval committee probably will investigate the whole row precipitated by the refusal of Rear Admiral Sims and other officers to accept the decorations awarded to them.

Three hundred Sinn Feiners attacked the police barracks at Carringtonhill at 10 o'clock Saturday night, according to a dispatch to the Central News from Cork. The attacking forces fired volleys for three hours and then blew up the end of the building with bombs. Its occupants were made prisoners while the raiders looted the barracks.

President Wilson has decided not to exercise powers conferred in the McNary sugar control bill authorizing purchase and distribution of the Cuban sugar crop, according to a statement issued at the White house. The statement said the president had decided on the basis of facts presented for his consideration and the recommendation of the sugar equalization board that this power should not be exercised.

## CONGRESS TO BE VERY BUSY

Foreign and Domestic Questions Remain Unsolved.

Washington, D. C.—Congress reconvened at noon Monday after a fortnight's holiday, with months of hard work in sight and adjournment expected by few leaders before the presidential campaign next fall. The only recess looked for is a brief one in summer, when the national party conventions are in session.

Innumerable domestic and international problems await the attention of congress, with partisan politics of the coming presidential election prominently to the fore. Political speeches of presidential candidates and members of congress up for re-election are expected to flood the congressional records during the coming months.

The senate resumed consideration of the sedition bill of Senator Sterling, republican, North Dakota, and later began work on the house water power development measure. The Victor election case was the principle item of programme in the house, where leaders planned to reject immediately the re-election certificate of the Milwaukee socialist, ousted in the last session and promptly re-elected.

The senate returned in the hope of disposing of the German peace treaty this month, but without substantial results from compromise negotiations during the holiday recess.

The motion of Senator Underwood, democrat, Alabama, for appointment of a conciliation committee is awaiting consideration and on the calendar, as is the resolution of Senator Knox, republican, Pennsylvania, proposing ratification of all peace terms except the league of nations.

Other treaties to be considered are the French, Austrian, Polish and the Panama canal settlement with Colombia, and, possibly, the Turkish peace treaty.

The railroad reorganization bills and the oil, coal, gas and phosphate land leasing bill, both in conference, are scheduled for final action this month.

Unusual committee activity is on the programme. Army reorganization plans of the two military committees are completed and differ only in details except that the house bill is to be silent on universal military training projects. The senate committee will take up next Friday the bill drafted by a subcommittee.

Shipping legislation will be taken up January 12 by the senate commerce committee, with wooden ship contract adjustments slated for January 10. Many investigations will be prosecuted. Senate committees will continue the Mexican investigation here and on the border.

Inquiry into naval awards of decorations will be begun soon at joint hearings of the senate and house naval committees.

Investigation of bolshevik propaganda and activities of L. C. A. K. Martens, soviet "ambassador," is to begin next Friday by a foreign relations subcommittee, headed by Senator Moses, republican, New Hampshire.

Other senate investigations planned include the coal situation, the Ford-Newberry election contest from Michigan, investigation of the federal trade commission and charges of Senator Watson, republican, Indiana, that some of its employes are socialist propagandists, and the newsprint paper situation.

General tariff or internal revenue tax revision legislation is not planned during the present session. Repeal of the war luxury taxes on soft drinks is planned before hot weather sets in.

### Child Labor Increases.

Washington, D. C.—An increase in the number of working children and a longer working day for children under 16 was the effect of the war on child labor, according to a statement issued Saturday night by the department of labor. In a number of states an appreciable increase was noted in the violations of state laws following the decision by the supreme court declaring the federal child-labor law unconstitutional.

### Oil and Gasoline Go Up.

New York.—An advance of 1 cent per gallon in the price of gasoline and kerosene, effective Monday, was announced by the Standard Oil company of New Jersey. The new prices apply both to export and domestic trade.

The communism of Lenine and Trotsky recognizes no national lines or state boundaries, but aims at engulfing the entire world through establishment of a "dictatorship of proletariat," according to the "essence of sovietism" prepared by the bolsheviks themselves and included in a collection of press utterances translated from Russian newspapers for the state department.

## PLOT FOR REVOLT REVEALED BY RAID

Red Plan to Fan Strikes Into Revolution Nipped.

AGITATORS IN FIELD

Dagnet Brings in 4500. About 2635 of Whom Probably Will Be Deported Shortly.

Washington, D. C.—Radical leaders planned to develop the recent steel and coal strikes into a general strike and ultimately into a revolution to overthrow the government, according to information gathered by federal agents in Friday night's wholesale round-up of members of the communist and communist labor parties.

A definite program to expand the two labor disturbances to blot out every resemblance of organized government, was disclosed in evidence gathered in half a score of cities. This data, officials said, tended to prove that the nation-wide raids had nipped the most menacing revolutionary plot yet unearthed.

Officials indicated that both groups of radicals were only awaiting an opportune moment to carry in among other workers the same sort of agitation employed among steel workers and coal miners. Among the foreign element of the communist and communist labor parties information described as conclusive revealed that payrolls have been "loaded" with agitators to be sent suddenly to every fertile field in support of a general strike campaign.

During the last two weeks of the coal strike communist agitators were discovered to have penetrated practically every mining center east of the Mississippi river. Evidence showed that in several instances where miners had voted to return to work, the communists had spread their propaganda of distrust of the government to such an extent, it was said, that few miners actually got back to their jobs.

Attempts to incite the mine workers to violence were the most bold in West Virginia, officials said, serious trouble being narrowly averted there. But all soft coal regions were infested and much of the data leading up to Friday's raids were gathered by secret agents circulating among the miners and coming in contact with the agitators themselves, it was disclosed.

Late figures received by Mr. Garvan showed that a total of 2635 aliens were held with evidence which federal agents believed was sufficient to warrant deportation.

The total number of arrests was estimated at close to 4500, although this estimate was changing almost hourly.

As more cities reported it was evidenced that the number of radicals caught in the raids would exceed expectations. Among them were many "parlor bolsheviks," who, it was admitted, would have to be turned over to state authorities. Only about ten of the state have laws adequate to handle this class of disturbers, Mr. Garvan said.

### Last Troops Quit Paris.

Paris.—The departure of Brigadier-General William D. Connor from Paris on the evening of January 9 with 300 officers and men, marks the final withdrawal of the American forces from France. General Connor and his party will sail from Antwerp January 11. By that date all the buildings occupied in Paris by the American army will have been given up with the exception of several small offices. General Connor leaves behind less than 100 American officers and men, mostly connected with the graves registration service. Brest, the last American port open, was closed January 1.

### Coal Output Picks Up.

Washington, D. C.—Coal production is again sufficient to meet current requirements, according to the weekly report made public Saturday night by Walker D. Hines, director-general of railroads. In the central western region, coal production was exceptionally large, the report says, loading being 54 per cent more than the same period last year and 148 per cent more than the previous week. Business conditions are improving generally.

### Yuma Hidden From Sun.

Yuma, Ariz.—For the first time in 45 years, the sun failed to shine on Yuma Saturday, according to statements by persons who have lived here that long. The rain fell for 12 hours straight. One hotel here has a large sign offering free board and gasoline every day the sun fails to shine. It is understood the manager was ready to make the offer good had anyone so requested, but no one did.

# WOLVES OF THE SEA

By RANDALL PARRISH

CHAPTER XXVII—Continued.

"'Tis vas eet you say 'bout dis sheep? Eet haf cholera—hay?"

Dorothy took a step forward, and confronted them, her cheeks flushed. "You are sailors," she said, speaking swiftly, "and ought not to be afraid if a girl isn't. It is true this vessel was ravaged by cholera, and the crew died; but the bodies have been flung overboard—Captain Carlyle risked his life to do that before he asked us aboard. Now there is no danger so long as we remain on deck. I have no fear."

The Swede shook his head, grumbling something, but before the revolt could spread Watkins broke in.

"An' that's right, miss. I was on the Bombay Castle when she took cholera, an' we had twenty-one days of it beatin' agin head winds off the Cape. We lost sixteen of the crew, but not a man among us who stayed on deck got sick. Anyhow, these blokes are goin' ter try their luck aboard yere, er else swim fer it."

He grinned cheerfully, letting slip the end of the painter, the released quarter-boat gliding gently away astern, the width of water constantly increasing.

"Now, bulles, jump fer it if yer want ter go. All right then, my hearties, let's hunt up something to work with and scrub this deck. That's the way to clean out cholera."

He led the way and they followed him, grumbling and cursing, but obedient. I added a word of encouragement, and in a few minutes the whole gang was busily engaged in cleaning up the mess forward, their first fears evidently forgotten in action. Watkins kept after them like a slave driver.

It was not difficult finding plenty for the lads to do, making the neglected schooner shipshape, and adjusting the spread of canvas aloft to the new course I decided upon. Sam started a fire in the galley and prepared a hot meal, singing as he worked, and before noon I had as cheerful a ship's crew forward as any man could possibly ask for. Dorothy and I glanced over the log, but gained little information. As the sun reached the meridian I ventured again into the cabin and returned with the necessary instruments to determine our position. With these and the pricked chart, I managed fairly well in determining our location, and choosing the most direct course toward the coast.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### A New Plan of Escape.

Nothing occurred during the afternoon to disturb the routine work aboard or to cause me any uneasiness. Sunset brought clouds, and by the time it was really dark the entire sky was overcast, but the sea remained comparatively calm and the wind steady.

It was a pleasant night in spite of the darkness, the air soft and refreshing. The locker was filled with flags, representing almost every nation on earth. I dragged these out and spread them on the deck about the cabin, thus forming a very comfortable bed, and at last induced the girl to lie down, wrapping her in a blanket. Finally I found a seat beside her on a coil of rope, and we fell into conversation.

This was the first opportunity we had enjoyed to actually talk with each other alone.

"Dorothy," I said humbly, "you were frightened last night. I cannot hold you to what you said to me then."

"You mean you do not wish to? But I was not frightened."

"And you still repeat what you said then? You said, 'I love you.'"

"Yes, I can repeat that—I love you."

"Those are dear, dear words; but I ought not to listen to them, or believe. I am not free to ask a pledge of you, or to beg you to trust me in marriage."

"Is not that rather for me to decide?" she questioned archly. "I make a confession now. You remember the night I met you on deck, when you were a prisoner, and told you that you had become the property of Roger Fairfax? I loved you then, although I scarcely acknowledged the truth even to myself. We are all alike, we Fairfaxes; we choose for ourselves, and laugh at the world. That is my answer, Geoffrey Carlyle; I give you love for love."

"I would ask an opportunity denied me—to stand once more in honor among men. I would not be ashamed before Dorothy Fairfax."

"Nor need you be," she exclaimed impetuously, her hands pressing mine. "You wrong yourself, even as you have been wronged. You have already done that which shall win you freedom, if it be properly presented to those in power. I mean that it shall be, once I am safely back in Virginia. Tell me, what are your plans with—this schooner?"

"To beach it somewhere along shore, and leave it there a wreck, while we escape. The men insist on it with good reason. They have been pirates, and might be hung if caught."

"And yet to my mind," she insisted earnestly, "that choice is most dangerous. I am a girl, but if I commanded here, do you know what I would do? I would sail this vessel straight to the

Chesapeake and surrender it to the authorities. The men have nothing to fear with me aboard and ready to testify in their behalf. The governor will accept my word without a question. These men are not pirates, but honest seamen compelled to serve in order to save their lives; they mutinied and captured the bark, but were later overcome, and compelled to take the boats. The same plea can be made for you, Geoffrey, only you were there in an effort to save me. It is a service which ought to win you freedom. If the governor fall me, I will bear my story to the feet of the king. I am a Fairfax, and we have friends in England, strong, powerful friends."

"I am convinced," I admitted, after a pause, "that this course is the wiser one, but fear the opposition of the men. They will never go willingly."

"There is an argument which will overcome their fear. I mean cupidity. Each sailor aboard has an interest in the salvage of this vessel under the English law. Also there must be gold aboard—perhaps treasure also. Let the crew dream that dream and you will need no whip to drive them into an English port."

"Full pardon, and possibly wealth with it," I laughed. "A beautiful scheme, Dorothy, yet it might work. Still, if I know sailormen, they would doubt the truth, if it came direct from me, for I am not really one of them."

"But Watkins is. Explain it all to him; tell him who I am, the influence I can wield in the colony, and then let him whisper the news to the others. Will you not do this—for my sake?"

"Yes," I answered; "I believe you have found the right course. If you will promise to lie down and sleep I will talk with Watkins now. I may catch some catnaps before morning, but most of the time shall be prowling about deck. Good night, dear girl."

She extended her arms, and drew me down until our lips met.

"You are actually afraid of me still," she said. "Why should you be?"

"Somehow, Dorothy, you have always seemed so far away from me I



I Dared Not Let Go.

have never been able to forget. But now the touch of your lips has—"

"Broken down the last barrier?"

"Yes, forever."

"Are you sure? Would you not feel still less doubt if you kissed me again?"

I held her closely, gazing down into the dimly revealed outline of her face, and this time felt myself the master.

I left her there and groped my own way forward. I found Watkins awake. He listened gravely to what I had to say, with little comment, and was evidently weighing every argument in his mind.

"I've bin in Virginia and Maryland, sir," he said at last seriously, "and if the young woman is a Fairfax, she'll likely have influence enough ter do just what she says. I'll talk it over with the lads. If they was only sure that 'em would face hell ter git their hands on a share of it."

"Then why not search and see?" He shook his head obstinately.

"Not me, sir! I don't prowl around in no cholera ship, loaded with dead men—not if I never git rich."

"Then I will," and I got to my feet in sudden determination. "You keep the deck while I go below. Light the lantern and bring it here. If there is any specie hidden aboard this hooker it will be either in the cabin or lazaret. And, whether there is or not, my man, the Santa Marie turns north tomorrow if I have to fight every sea wolf on board single-handed."

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### A Struggle in the Dark.

He came back with the lantern in his hand, a mere tin box containing a candle, the dim flame visible through numerous punctures. Neither of us spoke

until my hand was on the companion door ready to slide it open.

"I'll not be long below," I said soberly. "Better go forward and see that your lookout men are awake, and then come back here."

The port stateroom I had not previously entered because of a locked door. I determined on breaking in here. There was no key in the lock, and the stout door resisted by efforts. Placing the lantern on the deck I succeeded finally in inserting the blade of a hatchet so as to gain a purchase sufficient to release the latch. As the door yielded a sharp cry assailed me from within. It came forth so suddenly and with so wild an accent I stepped blindly backward in fright, my foot overturning the lantern, which, with a single flicker of the candle, went out. In that last gleam I saw a dim, grotesque outline fronting me. Then, in the darkness, gleamed two green, menacing eyes, growing steadily larger, nearer, as I stared at them in horror. Was it man or beast? Devil from hell, or some crazed human against whom I must battle for life? The green eyes glared into my face. I lifted my hand toward him, and touched—hair! My antagonist was a giant African ape.

Even as the big ape's grip caught me, ripping through jacket sleeve to the flesh, I realized my great peril, but I was no longer paralyzed with fear, helpless before the unknown. I drove my hatchet straight between those two gleaming eyes. The brute staggered back, dragging me with him. His humanlike cry of pain ended in a snarl, but, brief as the respite proved, it gave me grip on his under jaw and an opportunity to drive my weapon twice more against the hairy face. The pain served only to madden the beast, and before I could wrench free he had me clutched in an iron grip, my jacket torn into shreds. His jaws snapped at my face, but I had such purchase as to prevent their touching me, and mindless of the claws tearing at my flesh I forced the animal's head back until the neck cracked and the lips gave vent to a wild scream of agony. I dared not let go; dared not relax for an instant the exercise of every ounce of strength. I felt as though the life was being squeezed out of me by the grasp of those hairy arms; yet the very vice in which I had yielded me leverage. The hatchet dropped to the deck and both my hands found lodgment under the jaw, the muscles of my arms strained to the utmost, as I forced back that horrid head. Little by little it gave way, the suffering brute whining in agony, until, the pain becoming unendurable, the clinging arms suddenly released their hold letting me drop heavily to the deck.

By some good fortune I fell upon the discarded hatchet, and stumbled to my feet once more, gripping the weapon again in my fingers. I sprang straight toward him, sending the sharp blade of the hatchet crashing against the skull. The aim was good, the stroke a death blow, yet the monster got me with one paw, and we fell to the deck together, he savagely clawing me in his death agony. Then the hairy figure quivered and lay motionless. I released the stiffening grip, rising to my knees, only to immediately pitch forward unconscious.

When I came back once more to life I was upon the schooner's deck breathing the fresh night air, Dorothy and Watkins bending over me.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### Opening of the Treasure Chest.

The dawn came slowly, and with but little increase of light. The breeze had almost entirely died away, leaving the canvas aloft motionless, the schooner barely moving through a slightly heaving sea, in the midst of a dull-gray mist. When Watkins emerged from the mist I proposed to him that we go below and continue the search for gold. He was not anxious to go and Dorothy persuaded me to let her go with me. In the room where the ape had been hidden we found a big chest and I set to work to open it.

It proved harder than I had believed, the staple of the lock clinging to the hard teak wood of which the chest was made. The lid was heavy, but as I finally forced it backward a hinge snapped and permitted it to drop crashing to the deck. For an instant I could see nothing within.

"Lift up the lantern, Dorothy, please. No, higher than that. What in God's name? Why, it is the corpse of a woman!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## A Good Fight.

A good fight is never for its day alone. It is for many days. And it is not alone for him who bears its utmost stress. No man can live his own life bravely and not be an energy of social good, virtue proceeding forth from him to heal some brother's wounded heart. There is a riddle here for us to guess.—John White Chadwick.

## A Good Fight.

Another advantage of tortoise shell glasses is that they cover up a good deal of face.—Kansas Industrialist.