

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.

Suffragists from all parts of the country began arriving in Chicago Monday for the national convention.

The second chamber of the Dutch parliament has adopted resolutions expressing satisfaction with the government's refusal to surrender the former kaiser to the allies.

A petition said to be numerous signed by citizens of Portland, Or., has been conveyed to the president through Senator Phelan of California, asking a pardon for Dr. Marie Equi.

A record price for wheat was paid at Walla Walla, Wash., recently, when Joe Grote, a Eureka farmer, bought 5000 bushels of Early Bart for seedling. Grote paid \$3.50 a bushel for the grain.

Spain has agreed to defer for one year payment of the French debt of 450,000,000 pesetas now due her, says the Matin, which denies that France has asked for a new loan of 100,000,000 pesetas.

The British steamer Bradboyne, from New York for Cherbourg, is believed to have foundered in mid-Atlantic and some loss of life is feared, according to radio messages received at Halifax, N. S.

Lieutenant Melvin W. Maynard, the "flying parson," winner of the transcontinental air derby, will leave Mincola, N. Y., Monday on a 2900-mile flight across the country in the interests of army enlistments.

The bureau of war risk insurance, completing the task of mailing out December checks totaling \$23,562,420, announced that issuance of compensation checks to disabled ex-service men had been placed on a current basis.

The Exchange Telegraph's Copenhagen correspondent says that the Berlin government is resolved to call a meeting of parliament immediately upon receipt of the allied note demanding the surrender of those guilty of war crimes.

George Dyer, 101 years old, died at Beloit, Wis., Monday. He was a log driver in Connecticut lumber camps when young and later was proprietor of a hotel in Washington, where he had as visitors President Lincoln, President Garfield, General Sherman and General Grant.

The United States circuit court of appeals at San Francisco has affirmed a decision of the federal district court of Portland, Or., imposing a fine of \$10,000 and three years' imprisonment on Henry Albers, a Pacific coast miller, on charges of violating the federal espionage act.

Deaths from eating canned ripe olives, which caused ptomaine poisoning, were increased to five at Memphis, Tenn., Saturday. Two other persons, guests at a luncheon at which the victims also were present, are critically ill. Health officials are endeavoring to trace the shipment of olives.

Mineral land leasing legislation, which has been pending in congress in one form or another for ten years, is expected to be moved nearer its final enactment at once, through adoption by the house of the conference report on the bill, leaving only similar action to be taken by the senate before the measure goes to the president for approval.

Denial that mutiny has occurred on any war department transport is made by Secretary Baker, in a letter to Chairman Kahn of the house military committee. Mr. Baker said charges in a resolution introduced by Representative Britten, republican, Illinois, of "inefficient, unseaworthy, mutinous, dangerous and almost murderous operation of transports" were "unjust."

Early ratification of the peace treaty with reservations acceptable to the republicans and democrats in the senate was urged in a memorial presented to President Wilson Monday through Secretary Tamm by a committee representing the League to Enforce Peace and other organizations with an aggregate membership of 50,000,000, it was said. President Lowell of Harvard university, Oscar S. Strauss and Clarence J. Owens composed the committee.

MACHINE GUNS KILL RIOTERS

Four Dead; 15 Wounded in Lexington, Ky.—Colored Prisoner Sought.

Lexington, Ky.—Martial law prevails here. Six hundred federal and state troops are patrolling the streets to prevent further rioting, which during Monday exacted a toll of four dead and 15 wounded.

The city was quiet but authorities fear a recurrence of violence.

Lexington and all of Fayette county were placed under martial law by Brigadier-General F. C. Marshall upon his arrival from Camp Taylor with 300 troops of the first division.

Rioting began Monday morning when a mob bent on lynching William Lockett, a negro, who confessed to the murder last week of a 10-year-old girl, Geneva Hardman, was fired upon with rifles and machine guns by state militiamen as the mob was storming the county courthouse to get the negro during his trial.

The attempt to lynch Lockett was made just after he had confessed to the murder and as the jury found him guilty of murder in the first degree. He was sentenced to die in the electric chair March 11.

The shooting temporarily dispersed the mob and gave the authorities time in which to rush Lockett to a secret place of safety.

Fearing an attack upon the handful of national guardsmen on duty, the authorities appealed to Governor Morrow for assistance. As a result 300 troops arrived at 3 o'clock on a special train from Camp Taylor.

The federal troops immediately began the work of patrolling the streets to keep crowds from congregating.

Lockett, arrested last Tuesday night and held in the state penitentiary at Frankfort for safekeeping, was indicted late last week and was brought here on a special train for trial. He was heavily guarded.

Hundreds of farmers from the surrounding country arrived to attend the trial, and sullenly watched the prisoner as he was marched from the train to the courthouse between lines of state troopers. When the trial opened the courtroom was crowded. Everyone was searched for firearms before being admitted. Hundreds gathered in the street.

The cry "let's get him" from a brawny farmer on the outskirts of the crowd turned the crowd into a mob which began surging toward the building. Soldiers and police dropped back into close formation and trained their guns on the mob, which never hesitated.

300,000 RAILROAD MEN ORDERED OUT

Detroit, Mich.—Orders directing 300,000 members of the United Brotherhood of Maintenance of Way Employees and Railway Shop Laborers to suspend work at 7 a. m. Tuesday, February 17, were going out Monday night to the various locals.

Decision to order the men out was announced by Allen E. Barker, grand president, following a meeting of the general chairmen. The strike can be averted only if the railroad administration before Saturday grants wage increases demanded last summer, Mr. Barker said.

"The orders have gone out," he declared, "and we would require two or three days to cancel them."

The strike, in addition to wage increases requested last summer, is to secure a uniform rate from coast to coast. It would affect storehouse employees, stationary firemen, stationary engineers, steel bridgeworkers, cinder pit men and others, as well as other members.

A committee of ten left Monday night for Washington. The committee will remain there until the time set for the strike. It has full authority to enter into negotiations with the director-general, Mr. Barker said. With the departure of the committee the conference here came to an end.

The wage demands of the men average 40 per cent, Mr. Barker said, adding:

"There are more than 100,000 of our members who receive less than \$3 a day. More than 100,000 mechanics, consisting of carpenters, masons and painters, are receiving an average of 55 cents an hour, which is about one-half the wage received by the same class of labor in the building trades."

Mine Tie-Up Threatened.

Salt Lake City, Utah.—Approximately 2000 copper miners employed at Bingham, Utah, and holding membership in metal mine workers' union No. 800, I. W. W., will strike next Tuesday, unless their demands for a flat wage increase of \$1 daily and betterment of working conditions are met. Notice to this effect was served Monday by union officials upon the eight companies operating mines at Bingham.

The Cow Puncher

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"BUT I'M SICK OF IT ALL."
Synopsis.—David Elden, son of a drunken, shiftless ranchman, almost a maverick of the foothills, is breaking bottles with his pistol from his running cayuse when the first automobile he has ever seen arrives and tips over, breaking the leg of Doctor Hardy but not injuring his beautiful daughter Irene. Dave rescues the injured man and brings a doctor from 40 miles away. Irene takes charge of the housekeeping.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

After breakfast Irene attended to the wants of her father, and by this time the visiting doctor was manifesting impatience to be away. But Dave declared with prompt finality that the horses must rest until after noon, and the doctor, willy-nilly, spent the morning rambling in the foothills. Meanwhile the girl busied herself with work about the house, in which she was effecting a rapid transformation.

After the midday dinner Dave harnessed the team for the journey to town, but before leaving inquired of Irene if there were any special purchases, either personal or for the use of the house, which she would recommend. With some diffidence she mentioned one that was uppermost in her thoughts—soap, both laundry and toilet. Doctor Hardy had no hesitation in calling for a box of his favorite cigars and some new magazines, and took occasion to press into the boy's hand a bill out of all proportion to the value of the supplies requested.

The day was introductory to others that were to follow. Dave returned the next afternoon, riding his own horse and heavily laden with cigars, magazines and soap.

The following day it was decided that the automobile, which since the accident had laid upturned by the roadway, should be brought to the ranch buildings. Dave harnessed his team and, instead of riding one of the horses, walked behind, driving by the reins, and accompanied by the girl, who had proclaimed her ability to steer the car.

With the aid of the team and Dave's lariat the car was soon righted and was found to be none the worse for its deflection from the beaten track. Irene presided at the steering-wheel, watching the road with great intentness and turning the wheel too far on each occasion, which gave to her course a somewhat wavy or undulating order, such as is found in bread-knives; or perhaps a better figure would be to compare it to that rolling motion affected by fancy skaters. However, the mean of her direction corresponded with the mean of the trail and all went merrily until the stream was approached. Here was a rather steep descent and the car showed a sudden purpose to engage the horses in a contest of speed. She determined to use the foot-brake, a feat which was accomplished, under normal conditions, by pressing one foot firmly against a contraction somewhere beneath the steering-post. She shot a quick glance downward and, to her alarm, discovered



Without Reply He Walked Stolidly Into the Cold Water, Took Her in His Arms and Carried Her Ashore.

ered not one, but three, contraptions, all apparently designed to receive the pressure of a foot—if one could reach them—and as similar as the steps of a stair. This involved a further hesitation, and in automobiling he who hesitates invites a series of rapid experiences. It was quite evident that the car was running away. It was quite evident that the horses were running away, too. The situation assumed the qualities of a race, and the only matter of grave doubt related to its termination.

Then they struck the water. It was not more than two feet deep, but the extra resistance it caused and the extra alarm it excited in the horses resulted in breaking the lariat. Dave clung fast to his team and they were soon brought to a standstill. Having pacified them, he tied them to a post and returned to the stream. The car sat in the middle; the girl had put her feet on the seat beside her, and the swift water flowed by a few inches below. She was laughing merrily when

Dave, very wet in parts, appeared on the bank.

"Well, I'm not wet, except for a little splashing," she said, "and you are. Does anything occur to you?"

Without reply he walked stolidly into the cold water, took her in his arms and carried her ashore. The lariat was soon repaired and the car hauled to the ranch buildings without further mishap.

Later in the day he said to her: "Can you ride?"

"Some," she answered. "I have ridden city horses, but don't know about these ranch animals. But I would like to try—if I had a saddle."

"I have an extra saddle," he said. "But it's a man's. . . . They all ride that way here."

She made no answer and the subject was dropped for the time. But the next morning she saw Dave ride away, leading a horse by his side. He did not return until evening, but when he came the idle horse carried a saddle.

"It's a straddle-legger," he said when he drew up beside Irene, "but it's a girl's. I couldn't find anythin' else in the whole diggin'."

"I'm sure it will do—splendidly—if I can just stick on," she replied. But another problem was already in her mind. It apparently had not occurred to Dave that women require special clothing for riding, especially if it's a "straddle-legger." She opened her lips to mention this, then closed them again. He had been to enough trouble on her account. He had already spent a whole day scouring the country for a saddle. She would manage some way.

Late that night she was busy with scissors and needle.

CHAPTER II.

Doctor Hardy recovered from his injuries as rapidly as could be expected and, while he chafed somewhat over spending his holidays under such circumstances, the time passed not unhappily.

A considerable acquaintanceship had sprung up between him and the senior Elden. The rancher had come from the East forty years before, but in turning over their memories the two men found many links of association; third persons known to them both; places, even streets and houses, common to their feet in early manhood; events of local history which each could recall, although from different angles. And Elden's grizzled head and stooping frame carried more experiences than would fill a dozen well-rounded city lives, and he had the story-teller's art which scorns to spoil dramatic effect by a too strict adherence to fact. But no ray of conversation would he admit into the more personal affairs of his heart, or of the woman who had been his wife, and even when the talk turned on the boy he quickly withdrew it to another topic, as though the subject were dangerous or distasteful. But once, after a long silence following such a diversion, had he betrayed himself into a whispered remark, an outburst of feeling rather than a communication.

"I've been alone so much," he said. "It seems I have never been anything but alone. And—sooner or later—it gets you—it gets you."

"You have the boy," ventured the doctor.

"No," he answered, almost fiercely. "That would be different. I could stand it then. But I haven't got him, and I can't get him. He despises me because—because I take too much at times." He paused as though wondering whether to proceed with this unwanted confidence, but the ache in his heart insisted on its right to human sympathy. "No, it ain't that," he continued. "He despises me because he thinks I wasn't fair to his mother. He can't understand. I wanted to be good to her, to be close to her. Then I took to booze, as natural as a steer under the brandin'-iron roars to drown his hurt. But the boy don't understand. He despises me." Then, after a long silence: "No matter. I despise myself."

The doctor placed a hand on his shoulder. But Elden was himself again. The curtains of his life, which he had drawn apart for a moment, he whipped together again rudely, almost viciously, and covered his confusion by plunging into a tale of how he had led a breed suspected of cattle-rustling on a little canter of ten miles with a rope about his neck and the other end tied to the saddle. "He ran well," said the old man, chuckling still at the reminiscence. "And it was lucky he did. It was a strong rope."

The morning after Dave had brought in the borrowed saddle Irene appeared in a sort of bloomer suit, somewhat wonderfully contrived from a spare skirt, and announced a willingness to risk life and limb on any horse that Dave might select for that purpose. He provided her with a dependable mount and their first journey, taken somewhat gingerly along the principal trail, was accomplished without incident. It was the forerunner of many others, plunging deeper and deeper into the fastnesses of the foothills and even into the passes of the very mountains themselves. His patience was infinite and,

although there were no silk trappings to his courtesy, it was a very genuine and manly deference he paid her. She was quite sure that he would at any moment give his life, if needed, to defend her from injury—and accept the transaction as a matter of course. His physical endurance was inexhaustible and his knowledge of prairie and foothill seemed to her almost uncanny. He read every sign of footprint, leaf, water and sky with unfailing insight. He had no knowledge of books, and she had at first thought him ignorant, but as the days went by she found in him a mine of wisdom which shamed her ready-made education.

After such a ride they one day dismounted in a grassy opening among the trees that bordered a mountain canyon. In a crevice they found a flat stone that gave comfortable seating and here they rested while the horses browsed their afternoon meal on the grass above. Both were conscious of a gradually increasing tension in the atmosphere. For days the boy had been moody. It was evident he was harboring something that was calling through his nature for expression, and Irene knew that this afternoon he would talk of more than trees and rocks and footprints of the wild things of the forest.

"Your father is getting along well," he said, at length.

"Yes," she answered. "He has had a good holiday, even with his broken leg."

"You will be goin' away before long," he continued.

"Yes," she answered, and waited.

"Things about here ain't goin' to be the same after you're gone," he went on. He wore no coat, and the neck of his shirt was open, for the day was warm. Had he caught her sidelong glances, even his slow, self-deprecating mind must have read their admiration. But he kept his eyes fixed on the green water.

"You see," he said, "before you came it was different. I didn't know what I was missin', an' so it didn't matter. Not but what I was dog-sick of it at times, but still I thought I was livin'—thought this was life, and, of course, now I know it ain't. At least, it won't be after you're gone."

"That's strange," she said, not in direct answer to his remark, but as a soliloquy on it as she turned it over in her mind. "This life, now, seems empty to you. All my life seems empty to me. This seems to be the real life, out here in the foothills, with the trees and the mountains, and—and our horses, you know."

She might have ended the sentence in a way that would have come much closer to him, and been much truer, but conventionality had been bred in her for generations and she did not find it possible yet freely to speak the truth.

"It's such a wonderful life," she continued. "One gets so strong and happy in it."

"You'd soon get sick of it," he said. "We don't see nothin'. We don't learn nothin'. Reenie, I'm eighteen, an' I bet you could read an' write better'n me when you was six."

"Did you never go to school?" she asked, in genuine surprise. She knew his speech was ungrammatical, but thought that due to careless training rather than to no training at all.

"Where'd I go to school?" he demanded, bitterly. "There ain't a school within forty miles. Guess I wouldn't have went if I could," he added, as an afterthought, wishing to be quite honest in the matter. "School didn't seem to cut no figure—until jus' lately."

"But you have learned—some?" she continued.

"Some. When I was a little kid my father used to work with me at times. He learned me to read a little, an' to write my name, an' a little more. But things didn't go right between him an' mother, an' he got to drinkin' more an' more, an' jus' making h— of it. We used to have a mighty fine herd of steers here, but it's all shot to pieces. When we sell a bunch the old man 'll stay in town for a month or more, blowin' the cold and leavin' the debts go. I sneak a couple of steers away now an' then, an' with the money I keep our grocery bills paid up an' have a little to rattle in my jeans. My credit's good at any store in town," and Irene thrilled to the note of pride in his voice as he said this. The boy had real quality in him. "But I'm sick of it all," he continued. "Sick of it, an' I wanna get out."

"You think you are not educated," she answered, trying to meet his outburst as tactfully as possible. "Perhaps you are not, the way we think of it in the city. But I guess you could show the city boys a good many things they don't know, and never will know."

Irene makes a promise full of momentous consequences.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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