

# 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.

Paris intellectual workers have formed a federation, which has been given recognition by labor organizations.

The name of Herbert Hoover will be placed on the republican presidential preference ballot in Indiana, it is announced.

Lou T'feng-Tsiang, Chinese minister of foreign affairs and Chen Lee, vice-minister, have resigned, according to a dispatch to the state department, from Peking. No particulars were given.

The United States shipping board steamer Orion, bound from Hamburg for St. John, N. B., has been caught in an ice field in the Barrington passage, off Nova Scotia and is in need of assistance, according to radio messages.

The foreign legations have notified the Chinese foreign office that Great Britain, France, the United States and Japan are prepared to cause a loan of £5,000,000 to be issued by a group of banks, to be secured by the salt and other revenues.

Search for the steamer Ville d'Alger, which, on February 6, was reported after 100 miles off Reunion, in the Indian ocean, has been fruitless, according to a statement made in Paris. The vessel had on board 91 passengers and a crew of 50.

On the eve of a republican North Dakota state convention, William Grant Webster of New York filed a petition with the secretary of state as a candidate for vice-president of the United States on the republican ticket at the March primary.

Young men of America should marry at the age of 21 and the girls they marry should be 18, Mrs. F. Josephine Stevenson of California told the Woman's National Bar association, in convention in Chicago. She read a paper on "Marriage and Divorce."

Imports from the United States of sugar, canned meats, condensed milk, butter and cheese will be prohibited by the Italian government, in its effort to deal with the exchange situation, according to official advices to the department of commerce.

In completing consideration of the annual postoffice appropriation bill, the senate postoffice sub-committee has inserted an amendment providing for the establishment of a transcontinental airplane mail route from New York to San Francisco via Chicago and Omaha.

The summer racing season opened in Paris Sunday along with the advent of summer time. The metropolitan racing season was ushered in at the beautiful Auteuil track. This year's budget of prize money exceeds by nearly 1,250,000 francs any sum hitherto voted.

Agreement has been reached by the supreme allied council to permit the sultan to maintain his court in Constantinople, but Turkey must give guarantees, especially relative to the Dardanelles, and must not have an army, according to London advices quoting a statement by Premier Millerand.

Twenty-nine radicals, said by secret service agents to include the most dangerous terrorists in the United States—members of the notorious L'Era Nuova group, whose creed is assassination and violence by individuals without waiting for "mass action"—were captured in Paterson, N. J., early Sunday by 100 picked agents of the department of justice in a dramatic raid on "red" headquarters. Warrants had been sworn out for 32, but three escaped.

Through an "interlocking" directorate, including not more than 500 persons, the radical organizations of the country are attempting to gain control of American industry and destroy the present form of government, John W. Sullivan, former member of the war labor board, declared in New York in an address before the national civic federation. The meeting, presided over by Samuel Gompers, was held to consider methods of combating revolutionary activities and the upholding of American ideals.

## AGREE ON RAILWAY BILL

Conferees' Plan for Joint Tribunal on Strikes Is Altered.

Washington, D. C.—Final agreement on railroad reorganization legislation was reached late Monday by the house and senate conferees.

The conference will deal primarily with the proposal of the president to create a joint tribunal on which both the railway corporations and union labor will have representation, to handle the labor demands for increased pay. Mr. Hines will seek an agreement with the executives to the plan, which, of course, will become unnecessary if the pending legislation is enacted into law before the railroads are restored to their owners March 1.

Railroad administration officials are desirous of having the conference complete its work before the meeting of union committeemen is here next Monday to consider the president's proposal that the wage demands be referred to such a tribunal.

Aside from textual changes the general features of the compromise bill follow the lines agreed upon recently by the conferees with the exception of the labor provision which was modified so as to provide for a federal appeal board appointed by the president and consisting of nine members, equally divided between the employes, employers and the public. As previously agreed upon this board was to have consisted of five members.

## TREATY WAR AGAIN RAGES IN SENATE

Washington, D. C.—Laying aside its legislative business, the senate, by unanimous consent, took up the treaty of Versailles again Monday and resumed in all its vigor the ratification debate interrupted last November.

The opening gun in the new phase of the fight was fired by the treaty's irreconcilable foes, Senator McCormick of Illinois reopening the discussion with a speech bitterly assailing many provisions of the document and counseling the republican leaders not to consent to further compromise.

He was followed by Senator McCumber, who flayed the heads of both parties for their failure to compromise and declared that "child's play obstinacy" alone stood in the way of ratification.

Drawn into the debate by charges of the North Dakota senator, Senator Hitchcock asserted that the democrats already had "abandoned" their previous stand and had offered a compromise, but that the republicans were demanding nothing short of complete democratic surrender.

Once it got under way, the debate speedily revived the whole scale of issues which the senate had debated from last May to November. The subject technically under consideration, a motion by Senator Lodge to modify the republican reservation on withdrawal, was not mentioned until late in the day, when Mr. Lodge took the floor to explain briefly his reasons for moving the change.

When the debate was reopened the private negotiations for a compromise apparently passed into the doldrums and some of the treaty's most active friends on both sides of the chamber predicted that there probably would be no settlement until discussion on the floor had spent itself.

### Logger Is Millionaire.

South Bend, Wash.—V. E. Sage of Saticco, head pond man at camp 2 of the Sunset Lumber company, is speeding for New York in response to the news contained in a letter from a New York firm that he had become a millionaire. In the provisions of a will of his late uncle, Simon Sage, wealthy realty dealer of New York, he is legatee of one-fifth of an estate valued at \$7,000,000. Sage was at work when the letter was brought to him last Wednesday. He dashed to his bunkhouse, changed his clothes and made ready for the Gotham trip. After buying his ticket he had 5 cents left.

### Poles Face Starvation.

Washington, D. C.—Poland needs 400,000 tons of American grain to avert starvation until her harvests next September, according to Stanislaus J. Arot, newly arrived here to act as plenipotentiary of the Polish government in food matters. Even with American grain, the Poles will suffer from under-nourishment, he said. At present, he stated, all non-producers are on rations of 180 grammes daily per person.

### Slav Reds Worry Poles.

Warsaw.—A heavy concentration of bolshevik troops is reported at three points along the Polish frontier and discussion of the soviet operations is overshadowing the peace talk, especially among the Polish military authorities. Nevertheless, discussions looking to the opening of peace negotiations, possibly in March, are continuing in Warsaw and Moscow.

## LANSING RESIGNS CABINET OFFICE

Wilson Accuses Secretary of Usurpation of Power.

## CABINET MEETS ANGER

Secretary Explains Need of Gatherings While President Was Unable to Attend to Duties.

Washington, D. C.—Robert Lansing ended his career as secretary of state Friday after President Wilson had accused him of usurping the powers of president by calling meetings of the cabinet during the president's illness.

Mr. Lansing denied that he had sought or intended to usurp the presidential authority. He added, however, that he believed then and still believed that the cabinet conferences were "for the best interests of the republic," that they were "proper and necessary" because of the president's condition and that he would have been derelict in his duty if he had failed to act as he did.

As the record stands, Mr. Lansing tendered his resignation and Mr. Wilson accepted it. The resignation was offered, however, only after the president, under date of February 7, had written asking if it were true Mr. Lansing had called cabinet meetings and stating that if such were the case he felt it necessary to say that "under our constitutional law and practice, as developed hitherto, no one but the president has the right to summon the heads of the executive departments into conference."

Mr. Lansing answered two days later, saying he had called the cabinet conferences because he and others of the president's official family "felt that, in view of the fact that we were denied communication with you, it was wise for us to confer informally together on \* \* \* matters as to which action could not be postponed until your medical advisers permitted you to pass upon them."

The secretary concluded by saying that if the president believed he had failed in his "loyalty" to him and if Mr. Wilson no longer had confidence in him, he was ready to "relieve you of any embarrassment by placing my resignation in your hands."

The president replied last Wednesday that he was "much disappointed" by Mr. Lansing's letter regarding "the so-called cabinet meetings." He said he found nothing in the secretary's letter "which justifies your assumption of presidential authority in such a matter" and added that he "must frankly take advantage of your kind suggestion" to resign.

"I must say," continued the president, "that it would relieve me of embarrassment, Mr. Secretary, the embarrassment of feeling your reluctance and divergence of judgment, if you would give up your present office and afford me an opportunity to select someone else whose mind would more willingly go along with mine."

## ENTENTE REJECTS WILSON'S DEMANDS

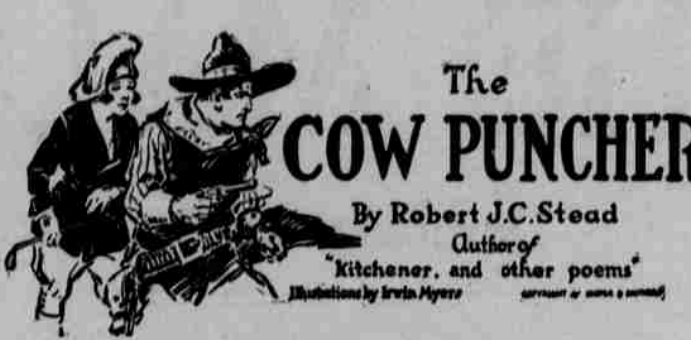
Paris.—Premiers Millerand and Lloyd-George have sent a reply to President Wilson's note relative to the Adriatic compromise and hold to their position expressed in the note sent to the Jugo-Slav government on January 20, giving that government a choice between the compromise or the execution of the treaty of London, according to Pertinax in the Echo de Paris Monday morning.

Mr. Wilson's charges against Italy are rejected by the two premiers, it is said by the newspaper, which declared they asserted in their reply that Italy threw all her weight into the struggle and fought for high ideals. The number of Italian dead is recalled in one section of the reply.

While thus replying to Mr. Wilson, Mr. Lloyd-George, acting as president of the conference, wrote M. Trumbitch, Jugo-Slav foreign minister, informing him that England and France maintained their original viewpoint, namely, that Jugo-Slavia must accept the compromise agreement or face the execution of the treaty of London.

### Red Laws Held Too Mild.

Spokane.—William Flynn, director of the bureau of investigation, was in Spokane Sunday conferring with secret service and department of justice officials. "In order to stamp out completely criminal anarchy the states must adopt more drastic laws," said Mr. Flynn. "While the present laws are directed at aliens, the statutes are not strict enough for the citizen-seditionist."



## The COW PUNCHER

By Robert J.C. Stead

Author of "Kitchener, and other poems"

### "WHAT'S YOUR ANSWER?"

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. Dave and Irene take many rides together and during her father's enforced stay they get well acquainted.

### CHAPTER II—Continued.

For the first time he looked her straight in the face. His dark eyes met her gray ones and demanded truth. "Irene," he said, "do you mean that?" "Sure I do," she answered. "College courses, and all that kind of thing, they're good stuff, all right, but they make some awful nice boys—real live boys, you know—into some awful dead ones. My father says about the best education is to learn to live with your income, pay your debts and give the other fellow a chance to do the same. They don't all learn that at college. Then there's the things you do, just like you were born to it, that they couldn't do to save their lives. Why, I've seen you smash six bottles at a stretch, you going full gallop and whooping and shooting so we could ardy tell which was which. And ride—you could make more money riding for city people to look at than most of those learned fellows, with letters after their names like the tail of a kite, will ever see. But I wouldn't like you to make it that way. There are more useful things to do."

He was comforted by this speech, but he referred to his accomplishments modestly. "Ridin' an' shootin' ain't nothin'," he said. "I'm not so sure," she answered. "Father says the day is coming when our country will want men who can shoot and ride more than it will want lawyers and professors."

"Well, when it does it can call on me," he said, and there was the pride in his voice which comes to a boy who feels that in some way he can take a man's place in the world. "Them is two things I sure can do."

Years later she was to think of her remark and his answer, consecrated then in clean red blood. They talked of many things that afternoon, and when at last the lengthening shadows warned them it was time to be on the way they rode long distances in silence. Both felt a sense which neither ventured to express, that they had traveled very close in the world of their hopes and sorrows and desires.

The shadows had deepened into darkness, and the infinite silence of the hills hung about them as they dropped from their saddles at the Elden door. A light shone from within, and Doctor



For the First Time He Looked Her Straight in the Face.

Hardy, who was now able to move about with the aid of a home-made crutch, could be seen setting the table, while Mr. Elden stirred a composition on the stove. They chatted as they worked, and there was something of the joy of little children in their companionship. The young folks watched for a moment through the window, and in Dave's heart some long-forgotten emotion moved momentarily at the sight of the good-fellowship prevailing in the old house. Irene, too, was thinking; glimpses of her own butted home, and then this background of primal simplicity, where the old cowboy specialist set the plates on the bare board table, and then back of it all her mother, sedate and correct, and very much shocked over this mingling of the classes.

"Well, you youngsters must have this country pretty well explored," said Doctor Hardy, as they entered the house. "Where was it today—the prairies, the foothills or the real fellows behind?" "The canyon up the river," said Irene, drawing off her sweater. "What's the eats? Gee! I'm hungry! Getting pretty supple, Daddykins, aren't you?" "Yes, an' I'm sorry for it, miss," said

the old rancher, "not wishin' him any harm, or you, neither. We was jus' talkin' it over, an' your father thinks he's spry enough for the road again. Ain't ever goin' to be like it used to be after he's gone, an' you."

"We'll be sorry to go," said the doctor. "That's what I've been saying all day, and thinking, too. If misfortune can be lucky, ours was one of that kind. I don't know when I've enjoyed a holiday so much. What do you say, girl?" he asked, as he rested an arm on her round, firm shoulder and looked with fatherly fondness into the fine brown of her face. "I've never known anything like it," she answered. "It's wonderful. It's life." Then with a sudden little scream she exclaimed: "Oh, daddy, why can't you sell your practice and buy a ranch? Wouldn't that be wonderful?" "Your mother might not see it that way," he replied and her eyes fell.

Yes, that was the obstacle. She would have to go back to the city and talk by rule, and dress by rule, and behave by rule, and be correct. "It's been a good time," the doctor continued, when they had commenced supper, "but I've already overstayed my holiday. I feel I can travel now, and my leg will be pretty strong by the time I am back east. If Dave will oblige us by going to town tomorrow and bringing back some one who can drive a car, we will be able to start the following morning. I will just take the car to town, and either sell it there or ship it."

The following morning found Dave early on the trail, leading a saddled horse by his side. The hours were leaden for the girl all that day and, looking into the future, she saw the specter of her life shadowed down the years by an unutterable loneliness. How could she ever drop it all—all this wild freedom, this boundless health, this great outdoors, this life, life—how could she drop it all and go back into the little circle where convention fenced out the tiniest alien streamlet, although the circle itself might lie deep in mire? And how would she give up this boy who had grown so imperceptibly but so intimately into the very soul of her being—give him up with all his strength and virility and, yes, and coarseness, if you will, but sincerity, too—an essential man, as God made him—in exchange for a machine-made counterfeit with the stamp of Society? Deeply did she ponder these questions, and as the day wore on she found herself possessed of a steadily growing determination that she would not follow the beaten trail, let the by-paths lead where they might.

Darkness, save for a white moon, had set over the foothills when the boy returned with another young man. The stranger ate a ravenous supper, but was not too occupied to essay conversation with Irene. He chose to call her cook.

"Swell pancakes, cook," was his opening remark. "Can you find another for yours truly?"

She refilled his plate without answer. "Used to know a girl mighty like you," he went on. "Waitress in the Royal Edward. Gee! but she was swell! A pippl! Class? Say, she had 'em all guessing. Had me guessing myself for a while. But just for a while." He voiced these remarks with an air of intense self-approval more offensive than the words.

Irene felt the color rise about her neck and cheeks and run like an overflowing stream into her ears and about her hair. It was evident that, for a second time, Dave had chosen to say nothing to strangers about her presence at the ranch. Her father and Mr. Elden were in Dave's room; Dave had stopped eating, and she saw the veins rising in his clenched fists. But the challenge was to her, and she would accept it; she felt no need of his protection.

"Fill your stomach," she said, passing more pancakes; "your head is hopeless."

He attempted a laugh, but the meal was finished in silence. The stranger lit a cigarette and Irene went to the door with Dave.

"Come for a walk," he whispered. "The horses are tired, so let's walk. . . . It's our last chance."

She ran for her sweater and rejoined him in a moment. They walked in silence down a path through the fragrant trees, but Dave turned from time to time to catch a glimpse of her face, white and fine as ivory in the soft light. He had much to say, but he was tongue-tied under the spell of her beauty.

"You squelched him, all right," he broke out, at length. "Just in time, too, I think," she replied. "I was watching your hands."

He smiled a quiet but very confident smile. "Reenie," he said, "that fellow makes me sick. All the way out he talked about girls. He's a city chap an' wears a white collar, but he ain't fit to speak your name. Another minute an' I'd 'a' had 'im by the neck." He seized a spruce limb that stuck across their path. It was the size of a stout stick, but he snapped it with a turn of his wrist. It was very tough; it oozed sticky stuff where he broke it.

"His neck," he said, between his teeth, "jus' like that." They reached an open space. Something black—or was it red?—lay on the ground. Dave bent over it a moment, then looked up to her white, clear face, white and clearer than ever since witnessing the strength of his hate.

"It's a cat," he said, as calmly as he could. "Half et up. Wolves, I guess." "The poor, poor thing!" she breathed. "The poor, innocent thing! Why did it have to die?"

"It's always the innocent things 'at suffers," he answered.

"Always the innocent things," she repeated mechanically. "Always—" She sprang to her feet and faced him. "Then, what about the justice of God?" she demanded.

"I don't know nothin' about the justice of God," he answered bitterly. "All I know is the crittur 'at can't run gets caught."

There was a long pause. "It doesn't seem right," she said at length. "It ain't right," he agreed. "But I guess it's life, I see it here on the prairies with every livin' thing. I guess I was like that, some. I've been caught. I guess a baby ain't responsible for anything, is it? I didn't pick my father or my mother, did I? But I got to bear it."

There was something near a break in his voice on the last words. She felt she must speak.

"I think your father is a wonderful old man," she said, "and your mother must have been wonderful, too. You should be proud of them both."

"Reenie, do you mean that?" he demanded. His eyes were looking straight into hers.

"Absolutely," she answered. "Absolutely I mean it."

"Then I'm goin' to say some more things to you," he went on rapidly. "Things 'at I didn't know whether to say or not, but now they've got to be said, whatever happens. Reenie, I haven't ever been to school or learned lots of things I should 'a' learned, but I ain't a fool, neither. I didn't learn to break all those bottles in a day. Well, I can learn other things, too, an' I will, if only it will take me across. I'm goin' to leave this old ranch, some way, jus' as soon as it can be arranged. I'm goin' to town an' work. I'm strong; I can get pretty good wages. I've been thinkin' it all over, an' was askin' some questions in town today. I can work days an' go to school nights. An' I'll do it—it'll get me across. You know what I mean. I ain't askin' no pledges, Reenie, but what's the chance? I know I don't talk right, and I don't eat right—you tried not to notice but you couldn't help—but, Reenie, I think right, an' I guess with a girl like you that counts more than eatin' and talkin'."

She had thought she could say yes or no to any question he could ask, but as he poured forth these plain, passionate words she found herself enveloped in a flame that found no expression in speech. She had no words. She was glad when he went on:

"I know I'm only a boy an' you're only a girl. That's why I don't ask no pledge. I leave you free, only I want you to stay free until I have my chance. Will you promise that?"

She tried to pull herself together. "You know I've had a good time with you, Dave," she said, "and I've gone with you everywhere, like I would not have gone with any other boy I ever knew, and I've talked and let you talk about things I never talked about before, and I believe you're true and clean and—and—"

"Yes," he said. "What's your answer?"

"I know you're true and clean," she repeated. "Come to me—like that—when I'm a woman and you're a man, and then—we'll know."

He was tall and straight, and his shadow fell across her face, as though



"Reenie," He Said, "Kiss Me."

even the moon must not see. "Reenie," he said, "kiss me." For one moment she thought of her mother. She knew she stood at the parting of the ways; that all life for her was being molded in that moment. Then she put both arms about his neck and drew his lips to hers.

Dave goes to town to seek his fortune.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

It's the Calm Ones Who Get Fat. "So you married that Miss Meek. I remember her well, a quiet, shrinking sort of girl." "Nothing shrinking about her; she's twice the size she used to be."—Boston Transcript.