

# EBERT GOVERNMENT CALMLY OVERTHROWN

## Counter-Revolution Now Going On In Germany.

# CAPITAL IS SEIZED

## New Government Proclaimed and National Assembly Declared Dissolved—Strike Called.

Berlin.—The government of Friedrich Ebert, the socialist president of the German republic, was overthrown Saturday by a military coup d'etat.

Dr. Wolfgang Kapp, one of the founders of the fatherland party and general director of the agricultural societies, has ousted Gustav Bauer, the chancellor, and in taking that office himself has temporarily assumed supreme direction of affairs.

There are now two contending governments in Germany, the new one under Chancellor Kapp at Berlin, the old one under President Ebert at Dresden.

Officials of the new government declare that it is not reactionary or monarchist. The president of the old government and his ministers have issued a proclamation calling upon the people to rise in a general strike as the only means of preventing the return of Wilhelm II.

Berlin is occupied by the troops of the counter-revolution—to what number is not known—and the movement is spreading rapidly throughout the provinces. Masses of troops and naval brigades with artillery have been brought into the capital to dominate the situation. Thus far there has been no outbreak and no bloodshed.

Berlin.—The independent socialist party, with affiliated trades union and other organizations, has proclaimed a general strike throughout Germany.

There was looting in some districts of Berlin Monday.

The old German government has removed from Dresden to Stuttgart.

The workmen in the electric-power stations have struck and the surface cars and underground railways have been suspended. The water supply has been cut off. The bread shortage already is causing concern.

Sanguinary encounters between workmen and troops have occurred in Frankfurt.

During the fighting in Frankfurt 15 persons were killed and 100 wounded. The police were compelled to leave the town in consequence of the mob seizing an arm depot.

A general strike has been called for in Breslau, Magdeburg, Nuremberg and Frankfurt.

Bavaria, Wurttemberg and Saxony have refused to acknowledge the new Berlin government. The troops of Bavaria and Wurttemberg have declared their allegiance to their respective governments.

According to private reports Konstantin Fehrenbach, president of the national assembly, has arrived in Stuttgart and has called a meeting of the national assembly.

The general strike is spreading all over Germany. It is effective in Berlin. All the cafes were closed.

The socialist cabinet at Munich has retired and a bourgeois cabinet is being formed.

A dispatch to the Exchange Telegraph company from Hamburg, dated Saturday, states it is reported from Kiel that the naval commander there has handed over the German fleet to the new Berlin government.

## Exiles Held Not Implicated.

The Hague.—Neither the former emperor nor the crown prince is implicated in the overthrow of the German government, so far as can be learned here. The Associated Press was assured Sunday by an entirely reliable authority that both Amerongen castle, where the former emperor lives, and the island of Wieringen, where the former crown prince makes his residence, are already so closely guarded that it will be absolutely unnecessary for the Dutch government to take further measures to prevent intrigue or their escape.

## Sacred Sign Crazes Man.

Bandon, Or.—George Johnson, a bachelor about 46 living at Port Orford, has been taken to the asylum, a raving maniac. Johnson, apparently normal, was strolling along the beach at Port Orford when he discovered a beautiful agate. The stone contained almost a perfect figure of a monument with a cross on top. He declared it was a sign of the second coming of Christ and from that moment on his mind became unbalanced.

# GERMANY'S COUNTER-REVOLUTION FAILURE

Berlin.—The counter-revolution in Germany Monday night appeared to have reached the end of the road. There was a strong probability that one government shortly would be in control and that President Ebert would come back to Berlin with his ministers.

A basis of agreement between the government set up by Dr. Wolfgang Kapp as chancellor and that of President Ebert was enunciated in a declaration issued by the present Berlin government. The announcement was made that negotiations toward a settlement had been opened between the two governments at the instance of President Ebert and his associates. There was, however, no direct confirmation of this from Ebert, who is understood to be at Stuttgart.

Chancellor Kapp is agreeable to continuance of the "present imperial president," who is Frederick Ebert; he renounces formation of a new ministry and places direction of affairs in the hands of the under-secretaries of state.

The agreement as set forth by Chancellor Kapp provided for a cabinet which shall include professional ministers, or experts; elections within two months for members of the reichstag and the Prussian national assembly and subsequently an election for "imperial president" by the people—until which time Ebert shall hold office.

One significant clause in the pronouncement said: "The new and old governments shall issue a joint proclamation that under present conditions a general strike is a crime against the German people."

Heretofore the explanation of the proposed settlement, for the general strike has proved an effective weapon. Germany already has felt its sinister effect, for the strike in Berlin and many other principal cities cut off supplies, transportation, light and heat.

# SENATE REAFFIRMS STAND ON TREATY

Washington, D. C.—The senate Monday, by a vote of more than two to one, adopted the new article 19 reservation framed by the republican leaders, thereby reaffirming its disagreement with President Wilson on the dominating issue of the peace treaty controversy.

Its action ended, at least for the present, the efforts for a compromise that would insure ratification, and the senate's decision was accepted generally as hastening the treaty toward another deadlock, from which it could be released only by a verdict at the polls next November.

It was conceded that others probably would swing over on the ratification rollcall, but administration leaders, backed by a definite assurance that the new reservation was unacceptable to the president, evidenced no apprehension that their forces would dwindle beyond the danger point.

The vote, 56 to 26, showed on its face a two-thirds majority for the reservation, but it by no means indicated that two-thirds would vote for ratification on that basis. Included in the majority were irreconcilables, holding about a score of votes which on the ratification rollcall are expected to be cast against the treaty.

## "Big Five" Decree "Joke"

Washington, D. C.—Arguments as to the validity and merits of the recent dissolution decree agreed upon by Attorney-General Palmer and the "big five" packers occupied most of Monday's hearings before the house agriculture committee on legislation for regulating the packing industry. Representative Tincher, republican, Kansas, said he regarded the decree as a "joke" and, referring to other anti-trust proceedings against the packers, said "they have been dissolved so many times we'd like to see how they get around this one."

## Mandates Are Given Out.

London.—Premier Lloyd George Monday in the house of commons announced that the following mandates had been allocated: German East Africa to Great Britain and Belgium; German Southwest Africa to the Union of South Africa; German possessions in the Pacific ocean south of the equator, other than Samoa, to Australia; Samoa to New Zealand, and the German islands north of the equator to Japan.

## Wife Proves Too Light.

Los Angeles.—C. E. Grapewin wanted to affix a clothesline to a building across an alley, so he ran a ladder out of a window, called his wife to stand on the inner end and walked out to affix a hook. He walked a little too far; his weight overbalanced that of Mrs. Grapewin; her end of the ladder described a parabola out of the window and carried her with it and both of them hit the alley pavement.

# 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.

For the purpose of boosting a nationwide campaign to "see America first," 20 hotel owners and managers from all parts of the west have gathered in Salt Lake City, Utah.

The house subcommittee completed its draft of the naval appropriation bill, carrying approximately \$400,000,000. The bill was submitted to the full committee Monday.

Return of 16 general officers to their regular rank Monday was announced by the war department. Secretary Baker said they would not result in any changes of command.

The Kennedy mine at Jackson, Cal., a great gold producer, is being flooded in an effort to extinguish flames that started in the workings near the 3300-foot level more than a week ago.

Governor Holcomb of Connecticut has formally refused to call a special session of the Connecticut general assembly. The session was sought to act on the woman suffrage amendment.

David Mayer, wealthy real estate man of Chicago, who paid for Mary Garden's musical education, died Monday at St. Augustine, Fla. Mr. Mayer, who was 69 years old, was born in Germany.

Food relief for Armenia was assured Monday when the house passed overwhelmingly a bill permitting the United States grain corporation to sell 5,000,000 barrels of soft wheat flour on long-term credits to Poland, Austria and Armenia.

The shortage of domestic servants can be solved in part by importation of hundreds of trained girls now out of work in Denmark, Byron Uhl, acting immigration commissioner, was informed by C. E. Lexow, commissioner of records at New York.

The Rocky mountain states were swept Sunday by a 60-mile gale which in places blew down telephone poles, uprooted trees and destroyed buildings. No deaths were reported. Telephone and telegraph service was badly crippled, but restored before midnight.

Henry Anthony Marsh, 3-year-old son of the late Henry Field and Miss Peggy Marsh, a chorus girl, will receive no share of the estate Marshall Field. Superior Judge Sullivan of Chicago ruled that the boy is not entitled to the \$2,000,000 share in a trust fund created by the merchant prince for his grandchildren, of whom Henry Field was one.

Collective bargaining, better transportation facilities and legislation affecting grain interests were discussed in Chicago Monday at a conference of the Farmers' Grain Dealers' National association, purported to represent 4000 companies, with an investment of more than \$80,000,000 in grain elevators, coal houses, lumber yards and warehouses.

A bill to abolish the office of postmaster-general and to provide for creation of a postal commission to direct the business of the postoffice department is introduced by Representative Igoe, democrat, Missouri. "The postoffice department should be administered as a great business institution and removed from politics forever," Mr. Igoe declared.

Hundreds of dollars' worth of canned tomatoes and peas, bought from the army and offered for sale at a profit, were confiscated in a raid on grocery stores in New York by an armed squad led by Captain J. Peterson, who is in charge of a retail store conducted by the army. The goods were sold by the army store, he said, on condition that they were for consumers' use only, and were seized because dealers had been profiteering in them.

One of the most picturesque features of the varied outfit of the London policeman, the old-fashioned oil dark lantern, is to give place to the electric flashlight. The London "bobby" has been accustomed when darkness fell to light his lamp and attach it to his belt at the back slightly on the right side. It generated too much heat, was cumbersome and when a policeman engaged in a scuffle with a criminal his clothing was generously sprinkled with kerosene.

By  
**Robert J. C. Stead**  
Author of  
"Kitchener and  
Other Poems"

# The Cow Puncher

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**IRWIN MYERS**

## DAVE AND EDITH.

Synopsis.—David Elden, son of a drunken, shiftless ranchman, almost a maverick of the foothills, is breaking bottles with his pistol from his running capsize 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. They part with a kiss and an implied promise. Dave's father dies and Dave goes to town to seek his fortune. A man named Conward teaches him his first lessons in city ways. Dave has a narrow escape, is disgusted and turns over a new leaf. Fate brings him into contact with Melvin Duncan, who sees the inherent good in the boy and welcomes him to his home, where he meets Edith, his best pretty daughter.

## CHAPTER V—Continued.

Dave's energy and enthusiasm in the warehouse soon brought him promotion from truck hand to shipping clerk, with an advance in wages to sixty-five dollars a month. He was prepared to remain in this position for some time, as he knew that promotion depends on many things besides ability. Mr. Duncan had warned him against the delusion that man is entirely master of his destiny.

But Dave was not to continue in the grocery trade. A few evenings later he was engaged in reading in the public library. Mr. Duncan had directed him into the realm of fiction and poetry, and he was now feeling his way through "Hamlet." On the evening in question an elderly man engaged him in conversation.

"You are a Shakespearean student, I see?"

"Not exactly. I read a little in the evenings."

"I have seen you here different times. Are you well acquainted with the town?"

"Pretty well," said Dave, scenting that there might be a purpose in the questioning.

"Working now?"

Dave told him where he was employed.

"I am the editor of the Call," said the elderly man. "We need another man on the staff; a reporter, you know. We pay twenty-five dollars a week for such a position. If you are interested you might call at the office tomorrow."

Dave hurried with his problem to Mr. Duncan. "I think I'd like the work," he said, "but I am not sure whether I can do it. My writing is rather—wonderful."

Mr. Duncan turned the matter over in his mind. "Yes," he said at length, "but I notice you are beginning to use the typewriter. When you learn that God gave you ten fingers, not two, you may make a typist. And there is nothing more worth while than being able to express yourself in English. They'll teach you that on a newspaper. I think I'd take it."

"Not on account of the money," he continued, after a little. "You would probably soon be earning more in the wholesale business. Newspaper men are about the worst paid of all professions. But it's the best training in the world, not for itself but as a step to something else. The training is worth while, and it's the training you want. Take it."

Dave explained his disadvantages to the editor of the Call. "I didn't want you to think," he said, with great frankness, "that because I was reading Shakespeare I was a master of English. And I guess if I were to write up stuff in Hamlet's language I'd get canned for it."

"We'd probably have a deputation from the Moral Reform league," said the editor with a dry smile. "Just the same, if you know Shakespeare you know English, and we'll soon break you into the newspaper style."

So almost before he knew it Dave was on the staff of the Call. His beat comprised the police court, fire department, hotels and general pick-ups.

Dave almost immediately found the need of acquaintanceships. The isolation of his boyhood had bred in him qualities of aloofness which had now to be overcome. He was not naturally a good "mixer"; he preferred his own company, but his own company would not bring him much news. So he set about deliberately to cultivate acquaintance with the members of the police force and the fire brigade and the clerks in the hotels. And he had in his character a quality of sincerity which gave him almost instant admission into their friendships. He had not suspected the charm of his own personality, and its discovery, feeding upon his new born enthusiasm for friendships, still further enriched the charm.

As his acquaintance with the work of the police force increased Dave found his attitude toward moral principles in need of frequent readjustment. By no means a Puritan, he had nevertheless two sterling qualities which so far had saved him from any

very serious misstep. He practiced absolute honesty in all his relationships. His father, drunken although he was in his later years, had never quite lost his sense of commercial uprightness, and Dave had inherited the quality in full degree. And Reenie Hardy had come into his life just when he needed a girl like Reenie Hardy to come into his life. . . . He often thought of Reenie Hardy, and of her compact with him, and wondered what the end would be. He was glad he had met Reenie Hardy. She was an anchor about his soul. . . . And Edith Duncan.

While the gradually deepening current of Dave's life flowed through the channels of coal heaver, freight handler, shipping clerk and reporter his waters were sweetened by the intimate relationship which developed between him and the members of the Duncan household. He continued his studies under Mr. Duncan's directions; two, three, and even four nights in the week found him at work in the comfortable den, or, during the warm weather, on the screened porch that overlooked the family garden. Mrs. Duncan, motherly, and yet not too motherly—she might almost have been an older sister—appealed to the young man as an ideal of womanhood. Her soft, well-modulated voice seemed to him to express the perfect harmony of the perfect home, and underneath its even tones he caught glimpses of a reserve of power and judgment not easily unbalanced. And as Dave's eyes would follow her the tragedy of his own orphaned life bore down upon him and he rebelled that he had been denied the start which such a mother could have given him.

"I am twenty years behind myself," he would reflect, with a grim smile. "Never mind. I will do three men's work for the next ten, and then we will be even."

And there was Edith—Edith who had burst so unexpectedly upon his life that first evening in her father's home. He had not allowed himself any foolishness about Edith. It was

Edith was pre-empted, just as he was pre-empted, and the part of honor in his friend's house was to recognize the status quo. . . . Still, Mr. Allan Forsyth was unnecessarily self-assured. He might have made it less evident that he was within the enchanted circle while Dave remained outside. His complacency irritated Dave almost into rivalry. But the bon camaraderie of Edith herself checked any adventure of that kind. She was of about the same figure as Reenie Hardy—a little slighter perhaps; and about the same age; and she had the same quick, frank eyes. And she sang wonderfully. He had never heard Reenie sing, but in some strange way he had formed a deep conviction that she would sing much as Edith sang. In love, as in religion, man is forever setting up idols to find his ideals—and forever tripping feet of clay.

Dave was not long in discovering that his engagement as coachman was a device, born of Mr. Duncan's kindness, to enable him to accept instruction without feeling under obligation for it. When he made this discovery he smiled quietly to himself and pretended not to have made it. To have acted otherwise would have seemed ungrateful to Mr. Duncan. And presently the drives began to have a strange attraction of themselves.

When they drove in the two-seated buggy on Sunday afternoons the party usually comprised Mrs. Duncan and Edith, young Forsyth and Dave. Mr. Duncan was interested in certain Sunday-afternoon meetings. It was Mrs. Duncan's custom to sit in the rear seat for his better riding qualities, and it had a knack of falling about that Edith would ride in the front seat with the driver. She caused Forsyth to ride with her mother, ostensibly as a courtesy to that young gentleman—a courtesy which, it may be conjectured, was not fully appreciated. At first he accepted it with the good nature of one who feels his position secure, but gradually that good nature gave way to a certain testiness of spirit which he could not entirely conceal. . . .

The crisis was precipitated one fine Sunday in September, in the first year of Dave's newspaper experience. Dave

called early and found Edith in a riding habit.

"Mother is 'indisposed,' as they say in the society page," she explained. "In other words, she doesn't wish to be bothered. So I thought we would ride today."

"But there are only two horses," said Dave.

"Well?" queried the girl, and there was a note in her voice that sounded strange to him. "There are only two of us."

"But Mr. Forsyth?"

"He is not here. He may not come. Will you saddle the horses and let us get away?"

It was evident to Dave that for some reason Edith wished to evade Forsyth this afternoon. A lovers' quarrel, no doubt. That she had a preference for him and was revealing it with the utmost frankness never occurred to his sturdy, honest mind. One of the delights of his companionship with Edith had been that it was a real companionship. None of the limitations occasioned by any sex consciousness had narrowed the sphere of the frank friendship he felt for her. She was to him almost as another man, yet in no sense masculine. Save for a certain tender delicacy which her womanhood inspired, he came and went with her as he might have done with a man chum of his own age. And when she preferred to ride without Forsyth it did not occur to Edith that she preferred to ride with him.

They were soon in the country, and Edith, leading, swung from the road to a bridge trail that followed the winding of the river. As her graceful figure drifted on ahead it seemed more than ever reminiscent of Reenie Hardy. What rides they had had on those foothill trails! What dippings into the great canyons! What adventures into the spruce forests! And how long ago it all seemed! This girl, riding ahead, suggestive in every curve and pose of Reenie Hardy. . . . His eyes were burning with loneliness.

He knew he was dull that day, and Edith was particularly charming and vivacious. She coaxed him into conversation a dozen times, but he answered absent-mindedly. At length she leaped from her horse and seated herself, facing the river, on a fallen log. Without looking back she indicated with her hand the space beside her, and Dave followed and sat down.

"You aren't talking today," she said. "You don't quite do yourself justice. What's wrong?"

"Oh, nothing!" he answered, with a laugh, pulling himself together. "This September weather always gets me. I guess I have a streak of Indian; it comes of being brought up on the ranges. And in September, after the first frosts have touched the foliage—" He paused, as though it was not necessary to say more.

"Yes, I know," she said quietly. Then, with a queer little note of confidence, "Don't apologize for it, Dave."

"Apologize?" and his form straightened. "Certainly not. . . . One doesn't apologize for nature, does he? . . . But it comes back in September."

He smiled, and she thought the subconscious in him was calling up the smell of fire in dry grass, or perhaps even the rumble of buffalo over the hills. And he knew he smiled because he had so completely misled her. . . . It was dusk when they started homeward.

Forsyth was writing for her. Dave scented stormy weather and excused himself early.

"What does this mean?" Demanded Forsyth angrily as soon as Dave had gone. "Do you think I will take second place to that—that coal heaver?"

"That is not to his discredit," she said.

"Straight from the corral into good society," Forsyth sneered.

Then she made no pretense of composure. "If you have nothing more to urge against Mr. Elden perhaps you will go."

Forsyth took his hat. At the door he paused and turned, but she was already ostensibly interested in a magazine. He went out into the night.

The week was a busy one with Dave and he had no opportunity to visit the Duncans. Friday Edith called him on the telephone. She asked an inconsequential question about something which had appeared in the paper, and from that the talk drifted on until it turned on the point of their expedition of the previous Sunday. Dave never could account quite clearly how it happened, but when he hung up the receiver he knew he had asked her to ride with him again on Sunday, and she had accepted. He had ridden with her before, of course, but he had never asked her before. He felt that a subtle change had come over their relationship.

**The way of a maid with a man.**

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Nature means necessity.—Bailey.

