

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.

The executive committee of the American Legion has put up to congress the proposal to pay adjusted compensation to former service men and women at \$1.50 for every day in service.

Major R. W. Schroeder of Dayton, Ohio, holder of the world's record for airplane altitude, plans a 10-hour flight from San Francisco to New York late this summer, flying at a height of 30,000 feet.

The application of the Duchess of Marlborough, formerly Consuelo Vanderbilt, for a decree for restitution of conjugal rights, was granted by a London court Monday. The petition is the usual preliminary to divorce.

The treaty of Versailles failed of ratification for the fourth time Friday night, and then the senate voted to send it back to President Wilson with a notification that it had finally "refused to advise and consent to its ratification."

Two gangs of "gun men" clashed in a restaurant in Newark, N. J., Sunday. When the smoke cleared away the leader of each faction was found dead and another man, said to have been a participant, was taken to a hospital in a serious condition.

Women voted Saturday at the democratic primaries in the Philippine islands to elect delegates to the territorial convention in April, when six delegates to the national convention will be chosen. It was the first time women had participated in a primary here.

The constant pacing of the sentinel behind ex-Emperor William when he walks in the Bentinck castle garden has greatly annoyed the one-time German ruler. On several occasions the ex-emperor has told the guard not to follow him so closely but to stay out of sight.

Rear Admiral Sims told the senate investigating committee Monday that Rear Admiral Benson, chief of naval operations during the war and now chairman of the shipping board, was the officer who told him "not to let the British pull the wool over your eyes; we would as soon fight them as the Germans."

The first walkout in what may be a general strike of Chicago city employees occurred Monday when 500 teamsters and chauffeurs quit work, tying up collection of garbage and interfering with street cleaning. The strikers demanded an increase of \$2 a day. The chauffeurs receive \$6 and the teamsters \$9.

Five German surrendered warships allocated to the United States under the armistice terms, a battleship, a cruiser and three destroyers, will be brought to this country next month, it was announced by the navy department. Under the supreme council agreement, the ships must be destroyed within a year after arrival here.

Brigadier General W. W. Harts, former commander of the Paris district of the American expeditionary forces, sailed from Antwerp Saturday for the United States, having been ordered home by Secretary Baker to testify before congressional committees investigating charges of cruelty at prison farms over which he had command.

Prices of standard shoes will be reduced during the spring and summer, John J. Slatter, president of the Retail Shoe Dealers' association, announced Monday in a communication to Arthur Williams, federal food administrator. Retailers at a recent meeting decided to be content with a smaller margin of profit, Mr. Slatter said. Reductions, however, will not apply to "all kinds of fancy and ultra-fashionable footwear."

Senator Frelinghuysen, republican, New Jersey, has introduced a bill authorizing the secretary of the treasury to issue not to exceed \$30,000,000 of bonds to be exchanged for liberty bonds of the first, second, third and fourth issues, at the option of the holders of the liberty bonds. The proposed issue would bear interest at 3 1/2 per cent, would be payable in 50 years, and would be exempt from all national, state and local taxes except state and inheritance taxes.

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Eugene.—The second trial of Martin A. Clark, charged with the murder of Charles L. Taylor near McKenzie bridge last July, will be held early in April.

Salem.—Considerable scabies has made its appearance among the flocks in parts of Benton, Linn and Marion counties and a general dipping of all sheep affected will be undertaken early in the spring, according to an announcement made here by Dr. W. H. Lytle, state veterinarian.

Portland.—The mohair market has opened at 40 cents. Most of the large buyers have sent this price out to their country agents. A number of small lots have been purchased, but none of the new clip has yet reached Portland. Many of the large flocks in western Oregon have been sheared.

Portland.—Business and industrial interests of Portland, as well as all civic organizations will be requested to study the practicability of inaugurating a daylight saving plan in Portland, and send to the city council arguments of support or opposition. Mayor Baker will introduce a resolution in the council to this effect next Wednesday.

Salem.—Members of the Jefferson grange, in resolutions adopted recently, went on record as opposed to affiliation with the newly organized land and labor party, or any other political organization. It had been rumored that the grange favored the new land and labor party, and it was to correct the false impression that the resolutions were adopted.

North Bend.—Coos county will have available from the county market road tax a sum slightly in excess of \$23,000. This will be duplicated by the state, making a total of about \$47,000 for market road construction this year. The money will be apportioned among three market road projects, Myrtle Point to Gravelford, Norway to Lee and from Glasgow to Hauser.

Eugene.—This week is livestock booster week in Lane county. Meetings in various parts of the county have been arranged by the booster committee of the Lane County Purebred Livestock association. It is expected O. M. Plummer, manager of the Pacific Livestock association, and W. M. Ladd of Portland, a pioneer in the raising of pure-bred stock, will address the various gatherings.

Salem.—The Kingman colony drainage district with headquarters in Weiser, Idaho, has filed application with the state irrigation securities commission for the certification of bonds in the sum of \$50,000. The project is located in Malheur county and contains 3000 acres. Certification of the bonds is sought in order that actual construction of the drainage system may commence without material delay.

Hood River.—Unsold apple stocks here now will not exceed 25 carloads. These, all Newtowns, in excellent condition, are held by the Apple Growers' association. As the demand for high-class fruit of the long-keeping variety is good, no effort is being made to place it on the market too early. About 150 carloads of apples, already bought by dealers, are held in storage, sellers awaiting shipping instructions.

Albany.—Grace Lochner, 14 years old, was instantly killed Wednesday at the McFarland schoolhouse on the Pacific highway four miles south of Albany. In running about the school yard she fell against a guy wire anchored at the corner of the grounds and in some manner this swung against the high tension power line carrying electricity from Springfield to Albany, and the girl was electrocuted.

Albany.—Plans for a county teachers' institute to be held in this city on April 24 are being completed by Mrs. Ida M. Cummings, county school superintendent. The coming institute will be held in the Albany high school. Either J. A. Churchill, state superintendent of public instruction, or E. P. Carleton, assistant superintendent, will be present, and professors from the University of Oregon and Oregon Agricultural college will participate.

Klamath Falls.—Thirty head of cattle brought an average of \$440 at the annual Shorthorn breeders' sale Saturday. The sale proceeds totaled \$13,495. The top price for cows was brought by "Luceal," bred by W. W. Green of Union county, purchased by W. F. Hill of Merrill, Or., for \$775. The best price for a bull was \$700, paid by Silas Obenchain of Klamath Falls for "Lord Sultan," 16 months old, from the herd of C. O. Garrett of Glendale, Or. Eighteen bulls brought an average of \$368 and 12 cows an average of \$573. Eighteen Shorthorn calves were distributed among members of the county boys' and girls' agricultural club.

3000 KILLED IN LEIPSIK FIGHTING

Ebert Troops Kill 2000 Trapped in Volkshaus.

BUILDING SET AFIRE

Germany Told that U. S. Will Not Permit Food to Enter Where Trouble Prevails.

Coblentz.—Three thousand persons were killed in the fighting at Leipzig before the government troops captured the town on last Friday, according to statements made by three American business men who arrived here from Leipzig, which place they left on Saturday night.

Up to Wednesday there was strike agitation in Leipzig against the Kapp regime, then anarchy and soviet control until the government troops shelled the Volkshaus and labor headquarters Friday afternoon, the Americans say.

There were 2000 persons in the building who were shot down as they made their exit. The shells finally set fire to the building, killing hundreds of other persons.

There was a demonstration on March 14 in which 36 persons were killed. Then the workmen obtained arms and street fighting was heavy until an armistice was arranged on Wednesday (March 17) at noon.

The armistice ran until noon on Thursday. A Saxon aviator flying over the city on Thursday was shot down by rifle fire.

The fighting continued from Thursday between the workers, using rifles and grenades, and the reichswehr and loyal volunteers until the Volkshaus affair Friday afternoon. Then the trouble gradually quieted down.

The Americans who brought the details of the fighting in Leipzig are David S. Block of Washington; Irving Giltner and Samuel T. Barron of New York.

London.—A dispatch to the Daily Mail from Berlin says the United States diplomatic representative has informed the German government that it will be impossible for the United States to allow food supplies from abroad to enter any part of Germany where trouble prevails.

The same correspondent says the communists boast that a bolshevik uprising is imminent. One adds that General von Seeckt takes a serious view of the situation and trenches are being dug in the streets of each city district.

A mob of workmen Saturday night attacked an isolated post of government troops in the industrial district and killed officers and men with the greatest cruelty, the dispatch adds.

Reinforcements were sent and they killed 20 workmen and captured 25 others, who were immediately stood up against a wall and shot.

U. S. CLOTHING PRICE CUT HALF IN NORWAY

Christiana, Norway. — American representatives are trying to repurchase drygoods and wearing apparel bought from the United States from 1918 to 1920 for re-export to the United States, as the price of these commodities are 50 per cent lower than those now prevailing in the American markets.

Immediately after the war Norway was flooded with American drygoods and wearing apparel, and Norwegian firms placed large orders in America for future delivery.

The Norwegian embargo now in force prohibits such export as demanded by the American representatives.

Stock Control Fought.

Washington, D. C.—Governmental control of livestock traders' accounts and prices would be unAmerican and unnecessary, the house agricultural committee was told Monday by Charles E. Day, representing commission men in the Chicago and other western stockyards. Control of the traders is proposed in the pending packer regulatory bill. The traders, Mr. Day said, added a necessary speculative influence to the market.

Bolsheviki Take 31,000.

London.—A bolshevik communication received here Monday says. "In the direction of Novorossisk we have reached the River Kuban and captured 16,000 prisoners and 20 guns. In the region of Ekaterinodar we have taken 15,000 prisoners and a large number of guns and much booty."

The Cow Puncher

By Robert J. C. Stead
Author of "Kitchener and Other Poems"
Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS
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DAVE BECOMES STAR REPORTER.

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. 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 lesson 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 host's pretty daughter. Dave becomes a newspaper reporter.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

He was at the Duncan house earlier than usual Sunday afternoon, but not too early for Edith. She was dressed for the occasion; she seemed more fetching than he had ever seen her.

She led the way over the path followed the Sunday before until again they sat by the rushing water. Dave had again been filled with a sense of Reenie Hardy, and his conversation was disjointed and uninteresting. She tried unsuccessfully to draw him out with questions about himself; then took the more astute tack of speaking of her own past life. It had begun in an eastern city, ever so many years ago—

Chivalry could not allow that to pass. "Oh, not so very many!" said Dave.

"How many?" she teased. "Guess."

"Nineteen," he hazarded.

"Oh, more than that."

"Twenty-one?"

"Oh, less than that." And their first confidence was established.

"Twenty," thought Dave to himself. "Reenie must be about twenty now." "And I was five when—when Jack died," she went on. "Jack was my brother, you know. He was seven. . . . Well, we were playing, and I stood on the car tracks, signaling the motor-man, to make him ring his bell. On came the car, with the bell clanging, and the man in blue looking very cross. Jack must have thought I was walking too long, for he suddenly rushed on the track to pull me off."

She stopped, and sat looking at the rushing water.

"I heard him cry, 'Oh, daddy, daddy!' above the screech of the brakes."

"Sorrow is a strange thing," she went on, after a pause. "I don't pretend to understand, but it seems to have its place in life. I guess it's a natural law. Well—" She paused again, and when she spoke it was in a lower, more confidential note.

"I shouldn't have told you this, Dave. I shouldn't know it myself. But before that things hadn't been—well, just as good as they might in my home. . . . They've been different since."

The shock of her words brought him upright. To him it seemed that Mr. and Mrs. Duncan were the ideal father and mother. It was impossible to associate them with a home where things "hadn't been just as good as they might." But her half-confession left no room for remark.

"Mother told me," she went on, after a long silence, and without looking at him. "A few years ago, 'if some one had only told me, when I was your age,' she said."

"Why do you tell me this?" he suddenly demanded.



"Did You Ever Feel That You Just Had to Tell Some One?"

"Did you ever feel that you just had to tell some one?"

It was his turn to pause. "Yes," he confessed, at length.

"Then tell me."

So he led her down through the tragedy of his youth and the lonely, rudderless course of his boyhood. She followed sympathetically to the day when Doctor Hardy and his daughter

Irene became guests at the Elden ranch. But before the end he stopped. Should he tell her all? Why not? She had opened her life to him. So he told her of that last evening with Irene, and the compact under the trees and the moon. Her hand had fallen into his as they talked, but here he felt it slowly withdrawn. But he was fired with the flame of love which had sprung up in the breath of his reminiscence. . . . And Edith was his friend and his chum.

CHAPTER VI.

Whatever the effect of this conversation had been upon Edith, she concealed it carefully, and Dave counted it one of the fortunate events of his life. He had been working under the spur of his passion for Irene, but now this was to be supplemented by the friendship of Edith. That it was more than friendship on her part did not occur to him at all, but he knew she was interested in him and he was doubly determined that he would justify her interest and confidence.

But just at this time another incident occurred which was to turn the flood of his life into strange channels. Dave had been promoted to the distinction of a private office—a little six-by-six "box stall," as the sport editor described it—but, nevertheless, a distinction shared only with the managing editor and Bert Morrison, compiler of the woman's page. Her name was Roberta, but she was masculine to the tips and everybody called her Bert.

Into Dave's sanctuary one afternoon in October came Conward. His habitual cigarette hung from its accustomed short tooth, and his round, florid face seemed puffier than usual. His aversion to any exercise more vigorous than that offered by a billiard cue was beginning to reflect itself in a premature rotundity of figure.

"Lo, Dave!" he said. "Alone?"

"Almost," said Dave, without looking up from his typewriter. Then, turning, he kicked the door shut with his heel and said, "Shoot!"

"This strenuous life is spilling your good manners, Dave, my boy," said Conward, lazily exhaling a thin cloud of smoke. "If work made a man rich you'd die a millionaire. But it isn't work that makes men rich. Ever think of that?"

"If a man does not become rich by work he has no right to become rich at all," Dave retorted.

"What do you mean by that word 'right,' Dave? Define it."

"Haven't time. We go to press at four."

"That's the trouble with fellows like you," Conward continued. "You haven't time. You stick too close to your jobs. You never see the better chances lying all around. Now suppose you let them go to press without you today and you listen to me for a while."

Dave was about to throw him out when a gust of yearning for the open spaces swept over him again. It was true enough. He was giving his whole life to his paper. Promotion was slow, and there was no prospect of a really big position at any time. He remembered Mr. Duncan's remark about newspaper training being the best preparation for something else. With sudden decision he closed his desk.

"Shoot!" he said again, but this time with less impatience.

"That's better," said Conward. "Have you ever thought of the future of this town?"

"Well, I can't say that I have. I've been busy with its present."

"That's what I supposed. You've been too busy with the details of your little job to give attention to bigger things. Now let me pass you a few pieces of information—things you must know, but you have never put them together before. What are the natural elements which make a country or city a desirable place to live? I'll tell you. Climate, transportation, good water, variety of landscape, opportunity of independence. Given these conditions, everything else can be added. Then there's transportation. This is one of the few centers in America which has a North-and-South trade equal to its East-and-West trade. We're on the crossroads. Every settler who goes into the North—and it is a mighty North—means more North-and-South trade. I tell you, Dave, the movement is on now, and before long it'll hit us like a tidal wave. I've been a bit of a gambler all my life, but this is the biggest jack-pot ever was, and I'm going to sit in. How about you?"

"I'd like to think it over. Promotion doesn't come very fast on this job, that's sure."

"Yes, and while you are thinking it over chances are slipping by. Don't think it over—put it over. I tell you, Dave, there are big things in the air. They are beginning to move already. Have you noticed the strangers in

town of late? That's the advance guard—"

"Advance guard of a real estate boom?"

"Hish! That's a bad word. Get away from it. Say 'industrial development.'"

"Let me elaborate. We'll say Alkali Lake is a railway station where lots go begging at a hundred dollars each. In drops a well-dressed stranger—buys ten lots at a hundred and fifty each—and the old-timers are chuckling over sticking him. But in drops another stranger and buys a block of lots at two hundred each. Then the old-timers begin to wonder if they didn't sell too soon. By the time the fourth or fifth stranger has dropped in they are dead sure of it, and they are trying to buy their lots back. All sorts of rumors get started, nobody knows how. New railways are coming, big factories are to be started, minerals have been located, there's a secret war on between great moneyed interests. The town council meets and changes



"If a Man Does Not Become Rich by Work He Has No Right to Become Rich at All," Dave Retorted.

the name to Silver City—having regard, no doubt, to the alkali in the slough water. The old-timers, and all that great, innocent public which is forever hoping to get something for nothing, are now glad to buy the lots at five hundred to ten thousand dollars each, and by the time they've bought it up the gang moves on. It's the smoothest game in the world, and every community will fall for it at least twice. . . . Well, there's here.

"Of course, it's a little different in this case, because there really is something in the way of natural advantages to support it. It's not all hot air."

"Now, Dave, I've been dipping in a little already, and it struck me we might work together on this deal. Your paper has considerable weight, and if that weight falls the right way you won't find me stingy. For instance, an item that this property—he produced a slip with some legal descriptions—"has been sold for ten thousand dollars to eastern investors—very conservative investors from the East, don't forget that—might help to turn another deal that's just hanging. Sorry to keep you so long, but perhaps you can catch the press yet." And with one of his friendly mannerisms Conward departed.

Dave sat for some minutes in a quandary. He was discouraged with his salary, or, rather, with the lack of prospect of any increase in his salary. Conward's words had been very unsettling. They pulled in opposite directions. They fired him with a new enthusiasm for his city, and they intimidated that a gang of professional land-gamblers was soon to perpetrate an enormous theft, leaving the public holding the sack. Still, there must be a middle course somewhere.

At any rate, he could use Conward's story about the land sale. That was news—legitimate news. Of course, it might be a faked sale—faked for its news value—but reporters are not paid for being detectives. The Evening Call carried a statement of Conward's sale, and on that statement was hung a column story on the growing prosperity of the city and its assured future, owing to its exceptional climate and natural resources, combined with its commanding position on transportation routes, both east and west and north and south.

Read what happens to Dave in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Open Hearts Keep Young. The mind acts upon the body, and keeps it young. Those who grumble at everything, who nurse resentments, and who let their troubles sour them, look, and actually grow, old, sooner than the contented and kindly. It is a very beautiful thing to see those who have met many storms in life, but who have turned their troubles into sympathy, and kept an open heart for all about them. And even when the hair turns grey, and the first youth passes, they possess that boon to themselves and those whose life touches theirs—a young mind.