

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.

Fifty nurses, representing 15 countries, have received the Florence Nightingale medal for heroism on the battlefield by the Geneva Red Cross.

Twenty-seven bodies of those who lost their lives Saturday night in the sudden overflow of the River Lud, England, have been recovered and many persons are missing.

Damage estimated at \$500,000 was caused in Cumberland county, Nova Scotia, from forest fires Monday. The fires were still burning. Twelve thousand acres were swept.

Two members of Captain Roald Amundsen's North Polar expedition, Knudsen and Tessen, are reported in advices received in Copenhagen to have frozen to death during the winter of 1919-20.

A French column has occupied the town of Aintab, Syria, it was announced in a Havas dispatch from Beirut dated Friday. The French took many prisoners, the message said. It is reported 1200 Turks were killed.

House and senate conferees on the army appropriation bill have tentatively agreed to fix the appropriation for the army air service at \$33,000,000 of which \$5,000,000 would be used for new equipment and \$5,250,000 for research work.

By unanimous vote the senate agriculture committee has ordered a favorable report on the Wadsworth bill authorizing the acquisition and operation by the war department of the nitrate fixation plants at Sheffield and Muscle Shoals, Ala.

Corporal Vasquez was executed by a firing squad in Matanzas, Cuba, Monday for the murder of a Cuban sugar cane planter. The execution was the first time capital punishment had been administered in Cuba since the day of President Estrada Palma.

Sisal estimated at \$1,000,000 was consumed in a fire of unknown origin at pier No. 41, Galveston Wharf company, which broke out late Monday night. The warehouse in which the sisal was stored also was burned at an estimated loss of \$500,000.

Slight modifications were made Monday in the house bill broadening the powers of the government to deport alien anarchists and to prevent their admission into the country. The senate immigration committee then ordered the measure favorably reported.

Estrada Cabrera, formerly president of Guatemala, has been imprisoned upon orders from Carlos Herrera. Herrera was, according to advices received at San Salvador, republic of Salvador, leader of the revolution which overturned the Guatemalan government early in April.

The secretary of the treasury would be authorized under a bill introduced Monday by Senator Henderson, democrat, Nevada, to make loans to silver producers so they can continue operations and not be compelled to throw silver on the market in view of lower market prices for that metal.

A general strike throughout the country and an effort to influence all harvest hands in the United States to walk out of the fields at the height of the harvest season are two of the interesting items contained in resolutions adopted at the national convention of the I. W. W. in Chicago, May 10 to 15.

In the most spectacular finish witnessed on the speedway in Indianapolis, Ind., Gaston Chevrolet, driving an American-designed car, rode to victory in the eighth renewal of the 500-mile automobile race Monday before a record-breaking crowd of 125,000. His time was 5:40:16.14, an average of 88.16 miles an hour, the second best in the history of the event.

The official meeting between trade representatives of soviet Russia and members of the British cabinet occupied Downing street Monday, but beyond the announcement issued after an hour's conference that a preliminary discussion was held with regard to the re-opening of trading between Russia and western Europe there was nothing forthcoming as to the conversations.

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

The Dalles.—Wheat price of \$2.50 a bushel was established in this section for this year when Louis Peetz of Moro, Sherman county, contracted to sell 5000 sacks at \$2.50. A sack contains about two and one-third bushels of wheat.

Prineville.—Plans are being made for the only celebration of Independence day in central Oregon. The celebration will be double-barreled, in honor not only of July 4 but also the completion of the Ochoco irrigation project dam.

La Grande.—The largest senior class in the history of the La Grande high school will be graduated this year, when 46 students will receive diplomas.

Salem.—Herbert Nunn, state highway engineer, returned here last week from eastern Oregon, where he made an inspection of the road improvements now under way and contemplated in that part of the state. Mr. Nunn reports that the work is progressing satisfactorily.

Eugene.—Higher water and electric light rates for Eugene beginning June 1 have been announced by the Eugene water board. It is no longer possible to postpone a slight revision, says the board, if an adequate depreciation reserve fund is to be provided.

Pendleton.—Pendleton's post office will have classification as first class after July 1, according to notification received from the department by Acting Postmaster Lester B. Cronin. The stamp sales for the local office during the past year were over \$40,000.

Salem.—Advertisements for the sale of state road bonds in the sum of \$1,500,000 to match federal aid under an act passed at the last special session of the legislature have been prepared by R. B. Goodin, secretary of the state board of control, and will be printed in the Portland press later in the week.

Salem.—Federal officers last week raided the home of C. W. Cowford at Gervais and seized a still and large quantity of liquor. The officers said the still had been in operation for some time. Cowford formerly lived at Albany, but later moved to Portland. He located at Gervais last winter.

Salem.—Dr. R. Lee Steiner, who was temporarily in charge of the state penitentiary following the resignation of R. L. Stevens as warden, said that all information gathered on his recent visit to prisons in the eastern states would be turned over to L. E. Compton, present superintendent of the penitentiary.

The Dalles.—A grain-grading school conducted by Professor G. E. Hislop of Oregon Agricultural college will operate in this city three days, June 14, 15 and 16. This demonstration has no connection with that to be given by the bureau of markets in this city June 1. The subjects of wheat growing and marketing will be taken up by Professor Hislop.

Salem.—Company M, Oregon National guard, heard the pay call for the first time since it was federalized several months ago, at the armory here last Thursday. The pay included the months of August, September, October, November and December. Hereafter the guardsmen will receive their pay semi-annually, probably on January 1 and July 1.

Eugene.—The gasoline shortage in Eugene continues and every day cars are seen stalled on the streets or country roads because of empty tanks. Last Sunday many owners drove into the country as usual, taking a chance on having enough fuel to bring them home. Some got back, but in other cases the cars are still on the roadside, miles from the city.

Salem.—That it is contrary to the best interests of the state to increase further the untaxed area of Oregon by ceding to the federal government lands embraced in Malheur lake to be known as the Roosevelt bird refuge, was voiced in a letter prepared here by Percy Cupper, state engineer, and addressed to Baar and Cunningham, consulting engineers of Portland.

The Dalles.—To increase the city's water supply the water commissioners have decided to run a tunnel through the solid rock near Hansen's mill on the east fork of Mill creek, about 15 miles from this city. Bids for the work will be called about June 5. The tunnel will be rushed to completion in order that the city may have more water during the summer months.

Salem.—The Oregon public service commission, in an order issued recently, granted in part the application of the Eastern Oregon Power company for the establishment of a new rate schedule for electric current, with cancellation of all contracts not now conforming to these charges, and reduced the prompt payment discount on lighting bills from 10 to 5 per cent.

PRESIDENT VEToes PEACE RESOLUTION

Knox Proposal Held Dishonorable to Nation.

PEACE AGAIN DELAYED

Versailles Covenant, Wilson Asserts, Embodies World Objects in Final German Settlement.

Washington, D. C.—President Wilson vetoed the peace resolution Friday and informed congress that he could not become a party to the peace program framed by republican leaders of the senate and house, because he considered it would put an ineffaceable stain on the nation's honor.

To establish technical peace by such a method, the president said in his veto message, would be to effect "a complete surrender of the rights of the United States so far as Germany is concerned" and to relinquish all the high purposes which led the nation into war and which were embodied in the rejected treaty of Versailles.

The president's act apparently brought to another and final deadlock the efforts of the administration and congress to agree upon a peace program. Republican leaders conceded they had no chance to pass the resolution over the veto, though an attempt will be made in the house tomorrow and on both sides it was predicted that the issues of the treaty controversy would have to be fought out in the political campaign with democrats and republicans blaming each other for the failure to consummate a state of peace.

In his message the president did not indicate whether he might again submit the treaty to the senate for ratification, but he said the resolution raised against the question of whether the United States cared to draw apart from the rest of the world or to join with other nations in attaining the ends for which the treaty was framed.

\$436,000,000 IN NAVY FUND IS AGREEMENT

Washington, D. C.—Next year's naval budget was fixed at about \$436,000,000 under a complete agreement on the naval appropriation bill reached Saturday by senate and house conferees. The original house bill carried \$425,000,000 and the senate about \$467,000,000.

The conferees agreed on \$20,000,000 for navy aviation, a compromise between the \$15,800,000 voted by the house and \$25,000,000 by the senate.

In lieu of the senate appropriation of \$1,000,000 to begin work on the new Pacific coast base in San Francisco bay, the conferees authorized a congressional commission of five senators and five representatives to investigate available sites on San Francisco bay and report to congress not later than December 31.

The Tongue Point submarine base in the Columbia river near Astoria was approved.

Canada Presents Big Claim.

Ottawa, Ont.—Canada's reparations claim against Germany amounts to \$1,871,000,000 and has been forwarded to England for presentation at the conference of representatives of all parts of the British empire in London and subsequently at an inter-allied conference at Spa, Germany, it was announced Saturday.

The claim is for losses sustained by the country and its citizens and includes: Cost of war and demobilization, \$1,715,000,000; reparation allowances, \$85,000,000; Halifax losses, \$30,000,000; army of occupation, \$8,000,000, and illegal warfare, \$31,000,000. Under reparation allowances fall sums paid to dependents of those who served in the military and naval forces; Halifax losses cover damage to the city by the munitions explosion in Halifax harbor on the steamer Mont Blanc in 1917; army of occupation losses include costs of maintaining Dominion troops in Germany after the armistice, and illegal warfare damages represent losses of Canadian merchant and fishing vessels during Germany's submarine warfare.

Bean Tariff May Go Up.

Washington, D. C.—Increase of the tariff on beans from 25 cents to \$1.20 a bushel is provided by a bill reported favorably Friday by the house ways and means committee. Democratic committeemen declared the measure would increase the cost of living. Western bean growers have urged enactment of the bill, declaring they were unable to compete with Japanese growers.

The Cow Puncher

By Robert J. C. Stead
Author of "Kitchener and Other Poems"
Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS
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CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

"He'll soon be well, don't you think, mister? He said he would be well when the holidays—"

But Dave's expression stopped the boy, whose own face went suddenly white with fear. "He is well now, Charlie," he said, as steadily as he could. "It is all holidays now for him."

The match had burned out and the room was in utter darkness. Dave heard the child drawing his feet across the floor, then suddenly whimpering like a thing that had been mortally hurt. He groped toward him, and at length his fingers found his shock of hair. He drew the boy slowly into his arms; then very, very tight. . . . After all, they were orphans together.

"You will come with me," he said at length. "I will see that you are provided for. The doctor will soon be here, or we will meet him on the way, and he will make the arrangements for—the arrangements that have to be made, you know."

They retraced their steps toward the town, meeting the doctor at the broken bridge. Dave exchanged a few words with him in low tones, and they passed on. Soon they were swinging again through the city streets. Even with the developments of the evening pressing heavily upon his mind Dave could not resist the temptation to stop and listen for a moment to bulletins being read through a megaphone.

"The Kaiser has stripped off his British regalia," said the announcer. "He says he will never again wear a British uniform."

A chuckle of derisive laughter ran through the mob; then someone struck up a well-known refrain—"What the h—do we care?" Up and down the street voices caught up the chorus. . . . Within a year the bones of many in that thoughtless crowd, bleaching on the fields of Flanders, showed how much they cared.

Dave drove direct to the Hardy home. After some delay Irene met him at the door, and Dave explained the situation in a few words. "We must take care of him, Keenie," he said. "I feel a personal responsibility."

"Of course we will take him," she answered. "He will live here until we have a—some place of our own." Her face was bright with something which must be tenderness. "Bring him upstairs. We will allot him a room and introduce him first to—the bathroom. And tomorrow we shall have an excursion downtown, and get some new clothes for Charlie—Elden."

As they moved up the stairs Conward, who had been in another room in conversation with Mrs. Hardy, followed them unseen. The evening had been interminable for Conward. For three hours he had awaited word that his victim had been trapped, and for three hours no word had come. If his plans had miscarried, if Dave had discovered the plot, well—And here at length was Dave, engrossed in a very different matter. Conward followed them up the stairs.

Irene and Dave chatted with the boy for a few moments, then Irene turned to some arrangements for his comfort and Dave started downstairs. In the passage he was met by Conward.

"What are you doing here?" Dave demanded, as he felt his head beginning to swim in anger.

Conward leered only the more offensively, and walked down the stairs beside him. At the foot he coolly lit another cigarette. He held the match before him and calmly watched it burn out. Then he extended it toward Dave.

"You remember our wager, Elden. I present you with—a burned-out match."

"You liar!" cried Dave. "You infamous liar!"

"Ask her," Conward replied. "She will deny it, of course. All women do."

Dave felt his muscles tighten, and knew that in a moment he would tear his victim to pieces. As his clenched fist came to the side of his body it struck something hard. His revolver! He had forgotten; he was not in the habit of carrying it. In an instant he had Conward covered.

Dave did not press the trigger at once. He took a fierce delight in torturing the man who had wrecked his life—even while he told himself he could not believe his boast. Now he watched the color fade from Conward's cheek; the eyes stand out in his face; the livid blotches more livid still; the cigarette drop from his nerveless lips.

Dave continued. "I've always had some doubt myself, but in thirty seconds—you'll know."

Irene appeared on the stairway. For a moment her eyes refused to grasp the scene before them; Conward cowering terror-stricken; Dave fierce, steely, implacable, with his revolver lined on Conward's brain. Through some strange whim of her mind her thought in that instant flew back to the bottles on the posts of the Elden ranch, and Dave's breaking five out of six on the gallop. Then suddenly she became aware of one thing only. A tragedy was being enacted before her eyes.

"Oh, don't, Dave! Don't, don't shoot him!" she cried, flying down the remaining steps. Before Dave could grasp her purpose she was upon him, had clutched his revolver, had wrapped her arms about his. "Don't, don't, Dave!" she pleaded. "For my sake don't do—that!"

Her words were tragically unfortunate. For a moment Dave stood as one paralyzed; then his heart dried up within him.

"So that's the way of it!" he said, as he broke her grip, and the sorrow in his own eyes would not let him read the sudden horror in hers. "All right; take it," and he placed the revolver in her hand. "You should know what to do with it." And before she could stop him he had walked out of the house.

She rushed to the gate, but already the roar of his motor was lost in the hum of the city's traffic.

CHAPTER XIII.

When Dave sprang into his car he gave the motor a full head and drove through the city streets in a fury of recklessness. His mind was numbed; he was incapable of assorting thoughts and placing them in proper relationship to one another. He was soon out of the city, roaring through the still autumn night with undiminished speed.

Over tortuous country roads, across sudden bridges, along slippery hillsides, through black bluffs of scrub land—in some strange way he tried to drown the uproar in his soul in the frenzy of the steel that quivered beneath him.

He took a fierce delight in torturing the man who had wrecked his life.

On and on into the night. Bright stars gleamed overhead; a soft breeze pressed against his face; it was such a night as he had driven, a year ago, with Bert Morrison. Was that only a year ago? And what had happened? Where had he been? Oh, to bring the boy—Charlie, the boy. When was that? Under the calm heaven his mind was already attempting to establish a sequence, to set its outraged home again in order.

Suddenly the car skidded on a slippery hillside, turned from the road, plowed through a clump of scrub, ricocheted against a dark obstruction, poised a moment on two wheels, turned around, and stopped. The shock brought Dave to his senses. He sat on the running board and stared for a long while into the darkness.

"No use being a d—d fool, anyway, Dave," he said to himself at length. "I got it—where I didn't expect it—but I guess that's the way with everyone." He tried to philosophize; to get a fresh grip on himself. "Where are we, anyway?" he continued. "This country looks familiar." He got up again and walked about, finding his way back to the road. He went along it a little way. Vague impressions suggested that he should know the spot, and yet he could not identify it. Then, with a sudden shock, it came to him. It was the hillside on which Doctor Hardy had come to grief; the hillside on which he had first seen her bright face, her wonderful eyes. . . . A pang of grief engulfed him, sweeping away his cheap philosophies. Here she stood, young and clean and entrancing, thrust before him in an instant out of the wonderful days of the past. And would she always follow him thus? With an unutterable sinking he knew that was so—that the world was not big enough to hide him from Irene Hardy. There was no way out.

He started his motor, and even in his despair felt a thrill of pride as the faithful gears engaged and the car climbed back to its place on the trail. Was all faithfulness, then, in things of steel and iron, and none in flesh and blood? He followed the trail. Why stop now? The long-forgotten ranch buildings lay across the stream and behind the tongue of spruce trees, unless some wandering foothill fire had destroyed them. He forded the stream without difficulty. That was where he had carried her out. . . . He felt his way slowly along the old fence. That was where she had set up bottles for his marksmanship. . . . He stopped where the straggling gate should be and walked carefully into the yard. That was where she had first called him Dave. . . . Then he found the doorstep and sat down to wait.

When the sun was well up he arose and walked about. His lips were parched; he found himself nibbling them with his teeth, so he went to the stream. He was thirsty, but he drank only a mouthful; the water was flat and insipid. . . . The old cabin was in better repair than he would have thought. He sprung the door open. It was musty and strung with cobwebs. He did not go in but sat down and tried to think.

Later he walked up the canyon. He must have walked swiftly, for the sun was not yet at the meridian when he found himself at the little nook in the rock where he and Irene had sat that afternoon when they had first laid their hearts open to each other. Suddenly one remark stood up in his memory. "The day is coming," she had said, "when our country will want men who can shoot and ride." And he had said, "Well, when it does it can call on me." And today the country did want men who could shoot and ride, and he had flown into the foothills to nurse a broken heart. . . . Broken hearts can fight as well as whole ones. He could be of some use yet. At any rate there was a way out.

Some whim led him through the grove of spruce trees on his way back to the ranch. Here, in an open space, he looked about, kicking in the dry grass. At length his toe disturbed a few bleached bones, and he stood and looked with unseeing eyes far across the shimmering valley.

"Brownie," he said at length. "Brownie." The whole scene came back upon him—the moonlight, and Irene's distress, and the little bleeding body. And he had said he didn't know anything about the justice of God; all he knew was the critter that couldn't run was the one that got caught. . . . And he had said that was life. . . . He had said it was only nature.

And then they had stood among the trees and beneath the white moon and pledged their faith. . . .

Again his head went up and the old light flashed in his eyes. "The first thing is to kill the wolf," he said aloud. "No other innocent shall fall to his fangs. Then—my country."

Darkness had again fallen before Dave found his car threading the streets of the city, still feverish with its newborn excitement of war. He returned his car to the garage; an attendant looked up curiously—it was evident from his glance that Dave had already been missed—but no words were exchanged. He stood for a moment in the street, collecting his thoughts and rehearsing his resolves.

He was amazed to find that, even in his bitterness, the city reached a thousand hands to him—hands of habit and association and customs of mind—all urging him back into the old groove; all saying: "The routine is the thing. Be a spoke in the wheel; go round with the rest of us."

"No," he reminded himself. "No, I can't do that. I have business on hand. First—to kill the wolf."

He remembered that he had given his revolver to Irene. And suddenly she sat with him again at the tea table. . . . Where was he? Yes, he had given his revolver to Irene. Well, there was another in his rooms. In the hallway of the block in which he had his bachelor apartments Dave almost collided with a woman. He drew back, and the light fell on his face, but hers was in the shadow. And then he heard her voice.

"Oh, Dave, I'm so glad— Why, what has happened?" The last words ran into a little tangle of pain as she noted his haggard face.

"You—Elden?" he managed to say. "Whatever."

She came toward him and placed her hands on his. "I've been here a hundred times—ever since morning—ever since Bert Morrison called up to see you had disappeared—that there was some mystery. There isn't, is there, Dave? You're all right, Dave, aren't you, Dave?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Pacific Coast Line.

The United States, with its islands, has a greater Pacific coast line than any other nation, possibly equal to those of China and Japan combined, says Gas Logic.



He Took a Fierce Delight in Torturing the Man Who Had Wrecked His Life.