

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 French chamber of deputies voted an additional 20,000 francs a year for cabinet ministers and 15,000 francs for secretaries of state.

A committee representing the eight leading grain exchanges of the country are meeting in Chicago to formulate plans for the reopening of trading in wheat futures.

The Austrian Hungarian minister of education has issued a ruling that only 25 per cent of the high school students may be Jews. At present 50 per cent of the students are Jews.

Joseph Casey, aged 12, of Utica, N. Y., was instantly killed Sunday on the links of a golf club when he was struck by a golf ball driven from a point 200 yards away. The boy was a caddy.

A train on which the Prince of Wales was traveling was derailed near Bridgetown, West Australia, Monday. Two of the royal coaches were thrown off the tracks, but nobody was injured.

Representative Dick I. Morgan of Woodward, Okla., died at Danville, Ill., Sunday night from lobar pneumonia. He had represented the eighth Oklahoma district in congress for the last 12 years.

Two persons were killed and two seriously injured early Sunday morning when the Great Northern fast west-bound mail train No. 27 was wrecked at Halford, 50 miles northeast of Seattle.

The treaty returning the Danish zone in Schleswig to Danish sovereignty was signed in Paris by the French, British, Italian and Japanese ambassadors and H. A. Bernhoff, Danish minister to France.

Concluding arguments on the application of the railroads of the county for increased freight rates to net an additional billion dollars yearly revenue were begun Tuesday before the interstate commerce commission by representatives of shippers.

Excessive drinking of Florida water mixed with near beer caused the death of Walter Smith, 22-year-old laborer of Pendleton, Ore. Coroner Brown did not call for an inquest, as it was learned that Smith had been drinking large quantities of the alcoholic concoction.

In a race riot at Denison, Texas, Sunday night, the outgrowth of a dispute between a negro and a white boy, seven negroes were beaten and injured by mobs of 200 or more white men and boys. The trouble started over an argument at a baseball game. None was injured seriously.

A dispatch to the El Paso Times from its correspondent in Torreón, Mexico, says Francisco Villa has signed an armistice and agreed to cease attacks on trains, garrisons or towns. Villa has also agreed to surrender under certain conditions to be approved by Provisional President de la Huerta.

The amendment to the trading with the enemy act passed by the recent session of congress authorizes the return of \$150,000,000 of enemy property, according to estimates of the alien property custodian's office. There will remain more than \$350,000,000 in seized property in the hands of that official.

What was said to be the largest single road construction contract ever awarded in the United States, was awarded in Texas to a Phoenix, Ariz. firm, according to word from Rasper, Texas. The contract calls for construction of 150 miles of hardsurfaced roads and 50 miles of graded roads in Eastland county under a bond issue of \$4,500,000.

Great Britain does not forget those who prove themselves its friends in the hour of need. Sir Auckland Geddes, British ambassador to the United States, told General Pershing Monday in presenting him a jeweled sword as a gift of the city of London. The presentation was made at the British embassy before a distinguished company.

THIRD PARTY IS FORMED

Campaign Support by 10 or 12 Organizations Expected.

Chicago.—Foundation stones were laid Saturday for a new party on which to unite all third party movements, when the committee of 48 and the single tax party joined in their first national convention to draft a platform and pick nominees who, they hope, will win the support of 10 or 12 liberal organizations.

The first day's session, devoted to keynote speeches and organization work, developed as many different views as there were factions represented. Rules, resolutions and nominations for permanent officials were debated step by step and at times acrimoniously. Allen McCurdy, the temporary chairman from New York, and J. A. H. Hopkins, head of the committee of 48, who opened the convention, maintained order with difficulty.

Division between the liberal and radical groups was brought out in the rules debate when Swinburne Hale of New York said the state delegations were divided "51 per cent liberal and 49 per cent radical." He pleaded for a change in the rules that would prevent the radicals from being out-voted by the majority liberals, but the majority ruled and his plea was lost.

Participation of the single-taxers in Saturday's convention followed an earlier session, at which they decided to present their platform demands and views on candidates. They were understood to be willing to accept either Charles H. Ingersoll, watch manufacturer, or Amos Pinchot, one of the leaders of the committee of 48, for presidential nominee.

They were opposed, their leaders said, to Senator Robert M. La Follette, the favorite presidential candidate of the 48ers, and may bolt the convention and select their own ticket if La Follette is nominated.

AMERICANS FLEEING, RUSS SWEEP AHEAD

Warsaw.—News from the battlefield is meager, but at last accounts the Americans were reported to have evacuated Minsk, Kovel and other towns toward their bolshevik allies approaching in their 745-mile westward sweep.

Many telegraph wires are down and the railroads have been cut.

It is reported that Minsk is on fire but it is not certain whether the bolsheviks have yet occupied the town.

The Catholic archbishop here has appealed to members of the church to join the colors.

Russian residents have begun organization of infantry and civil detachments to fight the bolsheviks.

The American relief association and the American Red Cross have completed evacuation of Vilna in the north and of Lemberg on the southern front. At last accounts the bolsheviks were 40 kilometers from Vilna. Extensive preparations have been made for that city's defense. Lemberg is not yet in danger.

Americans and other foreigners here are considering emergency plans should bolsheviks menace the city. The Red Cross and other welfare organization members discussed plans for the evacuation and also for the care of American property.

Debs to Steer Party In Cell If Not Freed

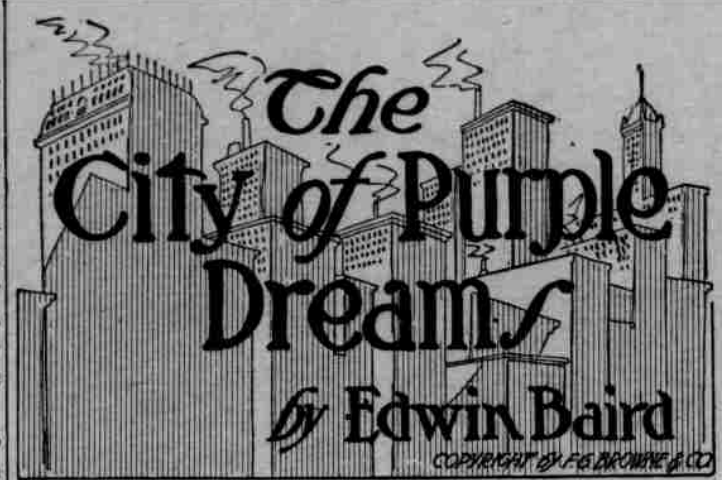
Detroit.—Unless he is pardoned, Eugene V. Debs, presidential nominee of the socialist party, will direct the party's campaign this summer from Atlanta federal prison, where he is serving a sentence for violation of the espionage laws, the socialist national committee has decided.

The committee decided first, however, to make an appeal to President Wilson for Debs' release. About 200 socialists plan to call on the president soon and urge him to act on the request made by a similar committee to Secretary Tumulty.

Craft Offered Germans.

Berlin.—The Boersen Courier's Hamburg correspondent claims to have authority to confirm the report that British ship-owners have offered to sell to German ship-owners or the German government a large part of the tonnage surrendered as compensation for the Scapa flow sinkings.

The Germans declined to accede to the British demand that the ships fly the British flag.



"TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS OR—"

Synopsis.—Typical tramp in appearance, Daniel Randolph Fitzhugh, while crossing a Chicago street, causes the wreck of an auto, whose chauffeur disables it trying to avoid running him down. In pity the occupant of the auto, a young girl, saves him from arrest and gives him a dollar, telling him to buy soap and wash. His sense of shame is touched, and he improves his appearance. That night, in a crowd of unemployed and anarchists, he meets Esther Strom, a Russian revolutionist.

CHAPTER I.—Continued.

"Fel-low cit-i-zens!" His deep-toned bass boomed up and down the street. "The time has come for revolt. The rich and the mighty have ground us in the dust long enough. We must turn. We must claim our own. We are the producers—the backbone of this power-ful nation. Who shall control it—the capitalists or the working-men?"

His voice, deep and sonorous, pronouncing each word very fully and very distinctly, rang out over the disorderly crowd like a foghorn cutting through a misty night.

It was the old story of noise being mistaken for wisdom, and it inflamed his hearers like fire to dry twigs. Nothing could have more aroused them. When after several minutes of thunder and bombast he brought his address to a whirlwind close and bowed and turned to climb down, there was a rumbling, mumbling, confused outcry that arose, one solid roar of approbation, and lasted until the givers thereof were hoarse. He fought his way through his newly made admirers and returned to the woman, whom he saw standing in the doorway, waiting for him.

She pulled him inside and stood with her back against it, looking at him with shining eyes. "I—I want you to speak for us tonight. Won't you, please?" She leaned nearer him, resting her hand on his arm, and her eyes as well as her lips said "please." He felt a peculiar impulse to put his arms around her, and conquered it just in time. "There's a side entrance. I have the open sesame." I will take you on the platform with me. You will come, won't you?" Again that pleading of mouth and eye. She stepped into the street. "Are you coming?" she called back.

"Coming?"—he hurried after her and took her arm, the better to protect her from the jostling throng. "You bet I'm coming. With you!"

CHAPTER II.

Smulski's hall was a vast, barnlike structure of one floor. Every inch of floor space was occupied by sweltering humanity, and when Fitzhugh rose to make his address he faced an audience of fully three thousand. He walked to the edge of the platform and stood looking out over that silent sea of upturned faces, with scarcely an idea of what he was to say. Yet he felt a tingling thrill of pleasure that for a moment was as wine to his senses. He knew what he could do, and he exulted in his gift. Many times before he had moved men with it, but never so large a gathering as this.

At the back of the platform, seated among her "comrades," Esther Strom leaned forward in her chair, her lips slightly parted, her dark eyes sparkling. From that moment until the close of his address her gaze never left his face.

Fitzhugh charged into his address. His voice, very low at first, swelled fuller and louder and clearer as he spoke, until its resonant ring thundered and echoed through the mammoth hall. The crowd became as a single body with a single mind, which drank in his words thirstily. He swayed and moved in this way and that with the apparent ease of the wind swaying a field of wheat. It was not what he said, for he said nothing great, but the way he said it that so stirred his auditors. Those who had gone before spoke to the mind. He spoke to the heart.

There was a moment's calm before the storm of applause broke. It roared in upon him, wave upon wave, and he stood up, smiling and bowing, to meet it. He was immediately surrounded by a group of men and women, who, in their own way, showered him with congratulations, heaped flattering eulogues upon him.

Turning to greet a fresh delegation who had just joined the group around him, he saw Esther standing a short way off. As their eyes met she beckoned him and he went to her.

"You must let me have him now," she said, smiling upon the admirers who had followed him. "He is my discovery, you know, and there are many things I want to say to him." "Bring him back soon, Esther," called one of the men—a blot-

skinned, yellow-haired giant called Nikolay. "I want to give him literature." She nodded brightly over her shoulder, and led her captive from the stage and into an adjacent room. Once alone with him she seized his hands and raised her face, eager and radiant, to his.

"I knew you could do it—I knew it! And there's something else I know." "Well, let's have it," he said a trifle brusquely. "What else do you know—about me?"

"I know that you can be a great man." She had waxed suddenly very earnest. "You have it in you. You must take what is yours! You owe it to yourself!"

"Give me your address," said he, "and I'll come to you."

She hurriedly wrote something on a slip of paper and handed it to him.

"Come—any time," she told him, and turned toward the door.

"Isn't there another way out?" he asked, detaining her. "I don't care to run the gantlet of that hand-shaking brigade again."

She unbolted a door at the end of the room and disclosed a rickety wooden staircase leading to a back alley. He pressed her hand, murmured a word about a future meeting and was gone.

On a fine spring day the finest promenade in Chicago and the loneliest in the Lake Shore drive. Theoretically it is the Champs Elysees of the western metropolis; ordinarily it is as silent, as deserted as an isolated country road. On this particular morning it was very attractive and very desolate. The only sign of life in the nabobs' thoroughfare (if one excepts the sparrows) was a penniless young man. Under his arm he carried a newspaper parcel. There was a singular glint in his eyes, a singular expression on his face, as well there might be, for, indeed, it was a preposterously reckless thing he was contemplating. Subconsciously his thoughts were of the dark-haired Russian woman and an early sight of her; and it was this, no less than his inordinate passion for the theatrical and spectacular, that gave birth to the extravagant notion that occupied his mind.

"In any event," he told himself, "I can do no worse than lose. And look



"Ten Thousand Dollars, or I Hurl It at Your Feet!"

what I stand to win! Because it has never before been successfully done is no reason why I cannot do it."

He stopped before a gray stone mansion of flamboyant architecture surrounded by a twenty-foot cast-iron fence, both of which plainly exploited the idiot-synecry of some millionaire. One of the lower windows was raised, and through the shrubbery he saw silhouetted therein an elderly man, white of hair, patrician of aspect, lean of face, reading a newspaper. Fitzhugh, peering between the iron rails of the Brobdingnagian fence, regarded him a minute, walked on a few paces, returned, and watched him again, not unlike some Indian chieftain gloating over a helpless captive.

Of a sudden, as one who plunges into a cold shower on a frosty morning, he laid hold of the mammoth gate, which seemed to weigh tons, swung it back on its huge hinges, walked to the front door and vigorously worked the knocker.

After an appreciable wait the door was opened. "What is it?" inquired the butler, who in one brief glance seemed to appraise the caller's financial status and social standing.

"Many things. First the name of the gentleman who is sitting in the room to my right engrossed in the morning news."

"What is your business?"

"Answer me first!" ordered Fitzhugh sternly, and with such an air of hauteur and authority that the sapient menial was almost in a panic for fear he had misjudged his man.

"That is Mr. Symington Otis, sir." "I wish to see him. Be so good as to tell him so."

"Who shall I say, sir?" Fitzhugh hesitated a moment, and, like a lightning panorama, there flashed across his mind telegraphic pictures of myriad hands applauding him, of the warm-blooded Russian, whose eyes bespoke her love for him, of the dark-skinned "reds" voicing their iconoclastic views. And a whimsical idea came.

"Tell Mr. Otis," said he, "that an emissary of the Cause desires to speak with him."

The butler, though not understanding, was instantly suspicious.

"I am afraid," he demurred, with a firm shake of his head, "that Mr. Otis is very busy and will be unable to see you."

Fitzhugh thrust his foot between the closing door and the wall; and at that moment Mr. Otis stepped into the hall.

"Well, Noonan?"

"This man, sir, is trying to force his way in. I am just about to eject him, sir."

Fitzhugh laughed merrily. "Oh, no, you're not, Noonan." And before the corpulent Noonan could say a word or move a muscle he was seized in a grip of steel and thrust speechless against the wall.

The master looked on as though uncertain whether to be amused or indignant. While he was deciding Fitzhugh confronted him.

"Mr. Otis," said he, "I want a few minutes' talk with you."

Otis smiled. "I think you've earned an audience with me. Nerve like yours should not go unrewarded." They entered the shadowy room, ostensibly a library.

"What can I do for you?"

"Just a moment." Fitzhugh drew the sliding doors, which led to the hall, together and fastened the clasp, having first deposited his newspaper parcel very carefully upon the floor. He looked around the room, and, satisfied they were free from interruption, picked up his parcel and took a seat opposite his host, who watched all these movements with a frown of suspicion and annoyance.

When Fitzhugh spoke his voice had the deep, resonant ring it always acquired whenever he was "acting" a part or exercising his oratorical gift. "Mr. Otis," he began, leaning forward in his chair and looking his auditor steadily in the eye, "you are a millionaire, are you not?"

Otis frowned deepened. He glanced impatiently at his watch. "I can spare you but little time this morning," he said, with polite curtneess. "I must ask that you state your business as briefly as possible."

"But you are a millionaire?"

"Yes, yes. What of it?"

"And I am a pauper. At this moment I could not buy—this newspaper." He took from the library table the morning paper Otis had been reading. It was folded in such wise that a large flashlight photograph immediately caught his eye. He recognized it instantly—recognized the tall, straight figure in the white sweater standing above the blur of faces, arms thrown upwards and outwards, head back, eyes closed. He lived over again that brief moment of glory, and the exaltation he had felt returned twofold. He cast the paper aside and threw himself into the rest he was playing with redoubled zest.

"Mr. Otis"—and he pointed two rigid fingers within an inch of his hearer's face—"you must lend me ten thousand dollars!" He seized the newspaper parcel, which had been resting on his knees, and stood up, holding it high above his head. "Mind, I say must!" His voice rang out ominously. His eyes were cold, merciless. "In these hands, Mr. Otis, I hold sufficient dynamite to blow this house and all it contains to ten million atoms. Quick, sir!" he thundered, and made a terrible gesture with the parcel. "Ten thousand dollars, or I hurl it at your feet!"

Although Otis' face had grown deathly pale he had not turned excited or betrayed a sign of fear. He sat quite still, his thin hands resting lightly on the arms of his chair, his gray eyes fixed unwaveringly upon the black ones above him, his mind working with the cool precision of a perfect mechanism. "He's either mad or an assassin," ran his thought—"probably mad; and the only way to deal with a madman is to humor him. Perhaps, though, he's only bluffing. In any event I'd best take no chances."

Otis made a caressing movement with his fingers along the arm of his chair; his head rested on the back of it the better to keep his eye-oh! on the supposed maniac.

"Ten thousand. Er—won't you please sit down?"

"I will not. I could not explode the dynamite sitting down."

"Quite so, quite so!" The caressing movement increased. His voice was stily. "Ten thousand—h'm. You do not, of course, suppose I have that much money in the house?"

"No. You must write me a check." "Very true, so I must. "But"—he held a finger beside his eye and smiled waggishly—"might I not stop payment on the check?"

The pretty girl again.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Proper View of Peace.

Peace is our proper relation to all men. There is no reason why, as far as we are concerned, we should not be at peace with everybody. If even they are not at peace with us, we may be at peace with them. Let them look to their own hearts, we have only to do with our own.—J. B. Mosley

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Cottage Grove.—The Western Lumber and Export company's mill and the J. H. Chambers mill, which shut down for over the fourth, have not yet resumed operations, due to inability to get cars with which to ship their product.

Salem.—Thousands of cattle from eastern Oregon are being shipped into Idaho and Montana to replenish the herds of those states, according to Dr. W. H. Lytle, state veterinarian, who just returned here after two weeks spent at Pendleton, Baker and other cities.

Roseburg.—Small cherry growers who failed to contract their crop with the local cannning plant earlier in the season are now losing 2 cents a pound and the price is threatening to go even below this point. From the opening price of 12 cents cherries have dropped to 10 cents a pound.

Portland.—The steamships Iris and Fort Seward, both well known to Portland shipping folk, are offered for sale by the shipping board. Instructions to advertise for bids on the two vessels were received from Washington by C. D. Kennedy, district agent of the operations division of the board.

Bend.—Oscar Houston, Prineville garage man, while on an automobile trip to Bend, struck a mch which his gasoline tank was being filled, in an effort to see how much fuel he had. The gasoline ignited, and only prompt action by employees of the filling station saved Houston from injury.

Salem.—Bids for the construction of a new dormitory at the state home for the feeble-minded were opened by the board of control here Wednesday. Six bids were received, as follows: A. J. Anderson, \$52,823; Carl Engstrom, \$40,647; Peterson Waale, \$49,792; Stebbinger Bros., \$41,850; V. Van Pallen, \$43,420; John Almeter, \$39,374.

Medalla.—The Key Lumber company's mill here was destroyed Monday night by fire, the loss amounting to \$13,000. The cause of the fire was unknown but the blaze was believed to have been started by a cigarette stub. Much of the lumber was saved. The buildings on which was carried about \$1700 insurance will be reconstructed at once.

Salem.—A belated initiative petition having for its purpose the prohibiting of profiteering, trusts and monopolies and providing penalties for violations of the proposed act, was received at the offices of the secretary of state here Wednesday. The petition was initiated by the housewives' council, of which Mrs. F. J. Kane, 83½ Third street, Portland, is president.

Eugene.—Motorists who drive the Pacific highway through Lane county will be glad to learn that a new bridge will be built immediately at a point a mile south of Cresswell, where there exists at present a narrow, rickety wooden bridge. The new bridge will be of wood, 57 feet long and 20 feet wide, patterned after plans approved by the state highway commission.

Salem.—The Willamina & Grand Ronde Railway company has filed with the Oregon public service commission application to construct its lines across county roads in Yamhill and Polk counties. The railroad, which is now under construction, will extend from Willamina, Yamhill county, to Bentley, Polk county, and will carry on both a freight and passenger business.

Klamath Falls.—Miller Hill, Summers and Midland school districts, with a combined enrollment of 90 pupils, are considering a proposal to consolidate the districts, and build a central school building large enough to accommodate the elementary grades and two classes in high school work. The question will be decided at a special election to be held, probably next spring.

Salem.—Bonds in the sum of \$1,700,000 voted by the people of Clackamas county for the improvement and construction of roads are invalid because the aggregate amount of money involved in the issue exceeds 2 per cent of the assessed valuation of property in the county, according to an opinion written by Justice Benson and handed down by the Oregon supreme court here.

Pendleton.—Representatives of the Umatilla drainage district met here Tuesday morning to place before the county court their proposition to bond for construction of one main and two lateral ditches through the townsite of Stanfield, located in Stage, gulch, which is wet when all the surrounding country dries up. This condition has long aggravated residents, and action may be taken to shatter the hardpan and allow the three ditches to properly drain the townsite.