

# 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.

Frank McGurk, a Chicago detective, was probably fatally shot Tuesday in a battle with three men who attempted to rob the office of the Illinois Manufacturing company.

Gold bullion valued at \$2,300,000 arrived in New York Wednesday on the steamship Philadelphia from Southampton. The bullion was shipped by N. M. Rothschild to Kuhn, Loeb & Co.

The gross national debt was reduced a total of \$76,404,453 in July, according to the treasury statement Tuesday. This leaves the public debt at \$24,222,917,013. The reduction was accomplished through the retirement of that amount of treasury certificates of indebtedness.

An overwhelming majority in favor of enacting drastic laws to curb Japanese activities is indicated in the results of a referendum vote taken among farmers throughout the state by the California Farm Bureau federation.

The Dominion Shipbuilding company, which has an extensive plant at Toronto, Ont., has assigned for the benefit of creditors, among whom are 800 employees who have not been paid for two weeks. Their wages amount to \$75,000, it is stated.

Eight directors of the Utah-Idaho Sugar company, charged in an amended complaint filed last week with profiteering in sugar, were arraigned Tuesday and granted bond in the sum of \$10,000. They are to have preliminary hearing next Monday.

Announcement was made at Harrodsburg, Ky., of the sale of the old Jordan distillery of that city and 40,000 gallons of whisky to George Lee and other New York capitalists for \$769,349. The machinery and equipment will be taken to Cuba.

The Chase National bank of New York and associates were the successful bidders for certificates of indebtedness of the government of the Philippine islands to the face value of \$10,000,000. The certificates bear interest at the rate of 4 per cent per annum.

Rejecting new wage price lists offered by the shoe workers' union, 20 cutsole, top-lift and tap manufacturers at Haverhill, Mass., failed to open their shops Monday. Six hundred employees are affected. The new price lists are said to call for wage increases ranging \$14 to \$18 weekly.

Purses for the Grand Circuit races at Charter Oak park, Conn., September 6 to 10, announced Tuesday, aggregate \$39,000. The Charter Oak \$10,000 stake for 2:12 trotters will be raced September 9. There are 20 races on the programme, four events for each day. Entries will close August 23.

National guardsmen were called out Tuesday night to protect Miami, Fla., from disorders threatened by 400 negroes, natives of the Bahama islands and British subjects, who have been aroused over the death of Herbert Brooks, one of their number, charged with assaulting a Miami white woman.

J. Frank Hanly, ex-governor of Indiana, a prohibition candidate for president in 1916, and Dr. and Mrs. C. M. Baker of Kilgore, O., were killed six miles from Dennison, O., Sunday when a Pennsylvania freight train struck their automobile. All suffered fractured skulls and crushed bodies. Mr. Hanly died at 9 a. m.

Flour took a further drop of 50c a barrel at the principal mills in Minneapolis Tuesday. Quotations on family patent in 95-pound cotton sacks, carload lots, were from \$12.35 to \$12.75. The drop followed a recession of 40 cents last Saturday and compares with prices of \$14.50 to \$14.75 a barrel on July 24.

The occupation of Warsaw by the bolsheviks has been fixed for August 9, says a dispatch to the London Times from Berlin, quoting a wireless to the National Zeitung. The Polish government, the dispatch added, was taking necessary measures and had placed the fortifications under command of French engineer officers. The defense has been entrusted to General Haller.

## STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Pendleton.—H. W. Collins, prominent local grain dealer, last week was elected to succeed the late Tillman D. Taylor as president of the Pendleton Round-up association.

Hood River.—The Oak Grove Lumber company, the plant of which, located on Ditch creek, in the Oak Grove district, was burned Friday night, will not rebuild, it was announced, the small amount of remaining timber not justifying reconstruction.

Portland.—On the heels of the sensational drops in wheat quotations of the past few days came the announcement Wednesday of a drop of 80 cents a barrel on all grades of flour, to take immediate effect.

Harrisburg.—The old city hall and opera house, which was built about 30 years ago, has been sold and is being torn down by a wrecking crew from Portland. This building has been used for public gatherings of all kinds until about six months ago, when it was condemned as unsafe.

Marshfield.—The Pacific Exports company, operating in Bandon and vicinity as shippers of white cedar timber and lumber, has determined upon the installation of a small sawmill at Bandon in which to cut such timber as would bring better returns than if shipped in the raw state.

Klamath Falls.—Dice and cards will not be removed from Klamath Falls poolrooms and other public places, decreed the city council at its last session, when, after long debate, an unbreakable deadlock resulted in the vote on a proposed ordinance abolishing cards, dice and chips.

Newport.—At a joint meeting of the ports of Newport and Toledo, held at Toledo last week, it was decided to offer about \$125,000 worth of bonds, the bids to be opened August 14. The denominations, though not decided, will probably be five-year bonds, carrying 6 per cent interest.

Salem.—An airplane from Portland last week brought to Mrs. T. B. Kay, society leader of Salem and wife of ex-State Treasurer Kay, a blue-blooded Persian cat, which was purchased by Mrs. Kay in Portland. The cat has the distinction of being the first in the state to be shipped by airplane.

Ashland.—Owing to the freeze in northern Oregon and Washington orchard districts last winter which played havoc with this year's peach crop in particular, practically all of the Ashland peach crop will be shipped to northern points instead of to California, as has been the case in past years.

Salem.—"Socialist labor" party as a title for the proposed new political organization in Oregon would be in conflict with the title of the present socialist party and cannot be used, declares Attorney-General Brown in an opinion written for Secretary of State Kozler. The socialist party is held to be a valid party under the Oregon laws.

Eugene.—The forest patrol observers in the airplanes sent out from the Eugene base made the record of the season last Wednesday when they discovered and reported 24 fires located for the most part along the west coast in Coos and Tillamook counties. On Sunday they discovered and reported 20 fires. All were comparatively small.

Salem.—Because of the tendency of members of the dental profession to come from the eastern states to the west, while few go from the west to the east, the state board of dental examiners has placed its disapproval on a proposed reciprocal exchange of dental licenses. This stand was taken by Dr. W. D. McMillan, secretary of the Oregon board, at a meeting of the national board of dental examiners held at New Orleans.

Salem.—A crew of 20 flax pullers from Portland arrived here last week to assist in harvesting the state crop of this product. There are now approximately 200 pullers at work in the state flax fields, practically all of whom were employed under the direction of C. H. Gram, state labor commissioner. It is possible, according to the officials, for a family of four members to earn approximately \$30 a day at this work.

Newberg.—J. C. Nelson, pioneer of 1844, died at his home in Newberg last Tuesday after having been confined to his bed for 13 weeks. He was 93 years old. Mr. Nelson was born near St. Louis, Mo., and when a young man came to Oregon in 1844. The first winter was spent in Washington county, and the following spring he, with his parents, located in Chehalis valley and secured land which he owned at the time of his death.

## GOV. COX DELIVERS OPENING SPEECH

Ohio Executive Declares for League of Nations.

## THOUSANDS ATTEND

Throngs Witness Acceptance of Nomination—Over 20,000 March in Miles of Parade.

Dayton, O.—The democratic presidential standard, with the league of nations and progress its peak escutcheons, Saturday was marched into the 1920 campaign by Governor James M. Cox.

Cheering democrats, estimated at between 30,000 and 75,000, witnessed his acceptance following notification by Senator Robinson, chairman at the San Francisco convention.

To the ceremonies at the Montgomery county fair grounds, Governor Cox, with Franklin D. Roosevelt, his running mate, marched a mile in a boiling sun at the head of a parade. The procession, sprinkled with two-score bands, was estimated to contain nearly 20,000 marchers.

For two hours the governor kept the throng cheering as he announced his campaign policies. He made the league his paramount issue, declaring he stood for American and world peace by its adoption, with "interpretations" preserving its vital plan. He declared the league was a part of the democratic offering for progress as against republican reaction. His advocacy of the league drew lengthy demonstrations and statements of approval from party leaders.

Two covenant reservations he has suggested were emphasized by the governor. Regarding article 10, he was cheered loudly in comparing it to the Monroe doctrine. Shouts of approval also greeted his declarations for woman suffrage, law enforcement, reduction of taxation and other issues he proclaimed.

Without mentioning specifically the prohibition amendment, he said "any one false to his oath is more unworthy than the law violator."

The candidate's address closed a day of democratic jubilation. The program was late in starting. Governor Cox and Mr. Roosevelt did not reach the fair grounds until 2:30 and their review of the paraders continued until 4 o'clock. Governor Cox began his address at 4:40.

After the democratic leaders, thousands of cheering democrats paraded down the race track past the speakers' stand with bands playing, banners and flags waving and bearing hundreds of cards of tribute to their candidates and predicting victory.

The governor got more applause as he emphasized his indictment of the republican platform and leadership. The crowd also voiced its approval of his declaration that the loss of the league would mean more armament expense.

The candidate's tribute to President Wilson and his depreciation of republican "discourtesy," given in lowered voice, was given further rolls of applause. A demonstration followed his assertion that republican "sleuthing" had failed to unearth dishonesty in the direction of the war.

More cheers approved the candidate's pledge to aid ex-service men. Repeated thumps of his fist punctuated the governor's criticism of Senator Harding's stand on party government.

One of the largest delegations was from Marion, Senator Harding's home. The conductor's fare count, it was said, showed 1124 on the special train, which was jammed to the platforms. Several hundred more were reported to have come by automobile. They carried large placards in their hands with the picture of a rooster and labeled "Coxsure."

Governor Cox abandoned his plan to have an insert to his address. He announced that there would be no insert and that the speech as sent in advance to the press would stand.

Mexican Ships Beached. San Francisco.—The Mexican gunboat Bonita, carrying 1000 regular cavalry, ran ashore in the harbor of Mazatlan and is considered a total loss, according to passengers aboard the steamer Cuba, which arrived here Sunday. According to the arrivals the Bonita met with disaster a week ago while transporting De la Huerta troops from Mazatlan to Esenada, Lower California, for use against the Cantu rebellion.

# The City of Purple Dreams

By EDWIN BAIRD

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## "DESTROY THIS LETTER!"

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 and in a spirit of bravado makes a speech. Esther induces Fitzhugh to address the radical meeting. He electrifies the crowd, and on parting the two agree to meet again. A few days later Fitzhugh visits Sympington Otis, prominent financier, and displaying a package which he says contains dynamite, but which is merely a bundle of paper, demands \$10,000. Otis gives him a check. At the house he meets the girl who had given him the dollar, and learns she is Kathleen Otis. She recognizes him. Ashamed, he tears up the check and escapes, but is arrested. Esther visits Fitzhugh in jail, and makes arrangements for procuring legal advice. His trial is speedily completed and he is found insane and committed to an asylum, from which he easily makes his escape. Fitzhugh takes refuge in Chicago with Esther, who has become infatuated with him, but with the thought of Kathleen in his mind he gives her no encouragement. His one idea is to become rich and powerful, and win Kathleen. While hiding in Esther's house he grows a beard, which effectually changes his appearance. Nikolay, a big Russian, becomes jealous.

## CHAPTER V.

It was ten days since the reward for Fitzhugh's capture had been offered, and though detectives, city, amateur, and private, as well as the police, had kept hot an unremitting search, not a trace of the fugitive could they find. "Clues," they had by scores, but they led nowhere. This tenth day fell on a Thursday in April—a cold, dark day of incessant rain. Nikolay invariably called upon Esther every Friday, but on this particular Thursday night, happening to be in her neighborhood, he decided to take advantage of the opportunity, and drop in on her for a pot of hot tea and a word of good cheer.

He was about to pass under the wooden staircase, and so to her door, when suddenly, just opposite the window he stopped still and stood as though hewed from stone.

What he saw was this: In the center of the room, her back toward him, stood Esther; arms held out, her head back, she had the unmistakable posture of a woman waiting only for the One Man. The next instant a very tall man, young-looking despite the short, untrimmed beard on his lean face, stepped from some point outside Nikolay's range of vision, and took her in his arms and kissed her.

His plump face livid with fury, yellow hair seeming to stand on end, Nikolay burst into the room. Fitzhugh sprang from his place and vaulted the table, bringing it between himself and the door. "Get out, Esther," he ordered quietly, rolling up his shirt-sleeves. "I'm going to slaughter this beast."

She made no move to go, however, but drew to one side, and with hands pressed to her cheeks, watched the



Rushed Like an Infuriated Bull.

two gladiators with mingled horror and fascination. Nikolay had the advantage of some forty pounds in weight, but Fitzhugh was vastly his superior in stamina, fistic skill and quickness of eye and movement. To win the fight he judged he had to do but one thing: to keep free of the other's clutches. Once the big Russian got those tremendous arms around him the combat would be unequal.

Nikolay rushed upon his foe like an infuriated bull, and Fitzhugh ducked and sidestepped like a lean panther, springing in quickly to deliver two

blows in rapid succession, the last of which brought blood. In the next rush, however, a sledge hammer seemed to swing upon the point of his chin, and he spun dizzily backward, unable to regain his balance, and fell heavily against a fender. But Nikolay was not quick enough to follow up his advantage, and when next he charged, Fitzhugh had recovered, and was dancing around him as before, his lip drawn back from his gleaming teeth in a taunting smile.

The blood was streaming from a dozen cuts on the Russian's face, its crimson blots in his eyes; and ever that smiling, white-and-black face swam before him like a prouetting phantom.

Knowing his endurance to be his strongest, and the other's weakest, point, Fitzhugh desired chiefly to wear his opponent down until such time as he could rush in and finish him.

Nikolay was fast becoming exhausted. Ten minutes of this mad pace was more than he could stand. His breath came shorter and shorter. At last he stopped and allowed his arms to dangle limply at his sides.

For a little while, coughing and spitting blood and catching his breath in wheezy gasps, he stared drunkenly. Then, seizing a heavy water pitcher from beside an overturned chair, he hurled it, with a vile word. Fitzhugh dodged the missile and leapt for his foe. He put every atom of his vigorous young strength into the blow he landed under Nikolay's jaw, and the man went down like a clubbed ox.

The conqueror walked to a corner, picked up his coat, and slung it over his shoulder. He came back to Esther, crouching against the wall like one awakening from some horrible dream. He smiled, but in the neutral light the smile was ghastly.

"I'm sorry you had to see it. I told you I'd slaughter him."

The next moment the woman was sobbing hysterically in his arms. "I can't let you go! I can't—I can't!" She clung to him as a drowning person, clutching his hands, his arms, his neck.

"You must, Esther." He stroked her hair tenderly. "The police may be here at any moment. Get away as quickly as possible. Never mind about him—he'll be all right presently. I'll write you care of the post office. You write me, too, Good-by, dear, good-by."

With these words of parting he turned and left the house. Fitzhugh entered a saloon and laved his hurts and washed up, afterward surveying his face very critically in a mirror. He concluded he was effectually disguised against anybody who had not seen him during the past few weeks. He left the saloon and continued northward.

In State street he stopped before an alleged restaurant—one of those discolored, unwashed places that can be scented a hundred yards off on a warm day, and where a "full meal" may be had for twenty cents—and read this sign hanging from a nail on the door-post:

"DISHWASHER WANTED."

He removed the sign, walked inside and handed it to the chemical-blonde cashier perched on a high stool between a cash register and a pyramid of footpicks.

"I'm it," said he, favoring her with an engaging smile. It was a sweltering, filthy place, reeking with multitudinous odors and overrun with cockroaches. The soiled dishes came in a never-ending torrent, and all day, with three respites for food, he bent at the wash-bench, his arms immersed to the elbows in black, soapy water. At eight came the night man, and he drew a breath of relief and a dollar on his weekly wage, and started home. Or, rather, he started to look for a home. He found one for two dollars a week—a depressing room, little larger than a coalbox, tucked away in the upper regions of a shoddy lodging house. He paid the grim-faced landlady half of his capital, bought a packet of tobacco and an evening newspaper, and went to his room.

He disrobed to his underclothing, and with the newspaper and a cigarette, stretched himself on the couch-bed, allowing his feet to rest on a chair. He inhaled a satisfying cloud of smoke and unfolded the news sheet—and his fingers closed rigidly on the paper; his heart seemed to stand still. What he read at a glance stretched across four columns of the front page:

MURDER MYSTERY AMONG REDS!  
OLAF NIKOLAY, RUSSIAN Nihilist, FOUND DEAD IN SOUTH SIDE BASEMENT!  
WOMAN SUSPECT GONE!

The story so shriekingly heralded was told in a few paragraphs, and Fitzhugh breathed easier as he read. Substantially, it related that Nikolay had been found that afternoon by Esther's landlady, who, thinking the man drunk, had called the police. An examination showed that he was stabbed to the heart and had been dead for hours. Esther had disappeared, leaving no trace behind her.

Fitzhugh dropped the paper to the

floor and stared thoughtfully at the ceiling, crushing his cigarette slowly between his fingers. Suddenly he jumped up and began pacing the floor restlessly.

"Pshaw!—she'll get away all right. Yes, yes, she'll get away all right."

On his way to work next morning he called at the post office and found, as he expected, a letter from Esther. It was written on a scrap of wrapping paper with a lead pencil, and began without preface:

If I've sinned it was because I loved you so. I did it for your sake. I am praying God that your desire for wealth may be granted you. Even though your ambition is one of which I do not entirely approve, I would willingly die that you might achieve it. That is how I love you. It may be a long while before you hear from me again, because I am going far away. Destroy this letter.  
Your adoring  
ESTHER.

He burned the letter in the kitchen range and knuckled down to his opprobrious toil as on the previous day.

Fitzhugh had a clearly defined reason for doing scullery work in a restaurant. It provided a steady, if small, income; it facilitated economy, and, above all, it afforded him a secure hiding place during the day. He intended to stay there six weeks. By that time his beard would be suffi-



Then, Seizing a Heavy Water Pitcher From Beside an Overturned Chair, He Hurled It With a Vile Word.

ciently long to be shaped into a Vanddyke. Also, for he practiced the most rigorous frugality, he expected to have thirty dollars with which to buy some presentable clothes. From that point on he felt positive that somehow his soaring aloft would be swift and sure.

Only once was the monotony of that month broken. By one of those anomalous conditions peculiar to some cities, the street restaurant was on a miserable, poverty-stricken thoroughfare, less than ten minutes' walk from Chicago's wealthiest residential section. This incongruous juxtaposition accounted for the break in Fitzhugh's routine. It was late one warm night in June, and he had walked a few streets from his boarding house and was taking the air along the Lake Shore drive, when he saw Kathleen Otis. A shining limousine stopped before the iron gateway through which he had twice passed, and as he drew back into the shadows of some shrubbery she alighted with her father. How exquisite she was—how desirable! . . .

Every night after that Fitzhugh promenade the drive. But he never saw her again. He read later that she had sailed for France with her mother and would not return until the autumn.

From dishwasher to—  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Bird Deadly Enemy of Files. The Wilson warbler is the champion fly-catcher of the United States. His method of getting most of his food is to dash out from the limb of a tree and snatch passing insects on the wing. He catches other insects which are fitting about or sitting on the foliage or blossoms of the trees. You will often find these little birds in apple trees when in bloom. Their olive green and yellow plumage harmonizes with the green leaves of the trees. The male bird has a black crown patch on the top of its head, while on the female this cap is greenish like the back. This bird is found throughout the eastern United States, but winters in Central America.

Free Hot Water. Free hot water for hot drinks at picnics or for any other use is served to the public at a recreation park in Toronto from a gas water heater placed on the grounds by the city authorities. A wooden shed houses the heater and a sign on the building calls attention to the fact that hot water is free.