

TENNESSEE ADOPTS EQUAL SUFFRAGE

Lower House Ratifies Amend- ment 50 to 46.

FIGHT NOT YET OVER

If Measure Stands Approved 17,000,000
Women Will Gain Right to
Vote in November.

Nashville, Tenn.—The amendment extending equal suffrage to men and women was ratified Wednesday, the Tennessee house voting 50 to 46 to concur in the senate resolution adopted Friday, 25 to 4. The action made Tennessee the 36th state to approve the amendment, which lacked only formal certification by Secretary of State Colby to complete its acceptance.

There is still a possibility that the house may rescind its action. At the last moment Speaker Walker, anti-suffragist leader, changed his vote from "no" to "aye," paving the way for a motion to reconsider. Under house rule he can present such a motion within the next two legislative days.

Included in the matters to be taken up when the committee reconvenes next Monday will be an investigation of the Oklahoma democratic senatorial primaries in which Senator Gore was defeated, and the pre-convention Kansas campaigns, it was said.

The committee has ordered leaders in each party to appear before it with all books, papers and information in their possession concerning the campaign activities, financial or otherwise.

Included were Will H. Hays, chairman of the republican national committee; George White, chairman of the democratic national committee; Fred Upham and Wilbur Marsh, treasurers respectively of the republican and democratic national committees; Homer Cummings, former chairman of the democratic national committee; Senator Miles Poindexter of Washington, chairman of the republican senate campaign committee; Representative Michael Phelan of Massachusetts, Representative Simon Fess of Ohio, and Guy Scott of West Virginia, members of the republican congressional campaign committee, and Representatives Frank Doremus of Michigan and W. A. Oldfield of Arkansas of the democratic congressional campaign committee.

"We are going to find out everything there is to know about the work of both parties," said Senator Kenyon. "There have been reports that the republicans were raising millions of dollars; that a ring of corporations was contributing largely to their fund and that various persons were offering federal positions as a reward for political help from certain men."

"We are going into these things thoroughly and, while we hope to get them all cleared up within about three weeks, we are ready to remain in session until election day if necessary."

Will Hays and George White signified their willingness to attend the hearing and give any information possible.

The supreme court of the United States, in deciding a case originating in Ohio, held void a clause in the constitution of that state relating to referendums on amendments. Based on opinions by W. L. Frierson, solicitor-general of the United States, and State Attorney General Thompson, Governor Roberts called the legislature in extraordinary session to act on suffrage, declaring he had been assured the supreme court's ruling in the Ohio case served to nullify the article in the Tennessee constitution.

Suffrage opponents in Tennessee held that the two cases were not parallel.

The lineup in the house of the democrats and republicans on the vote for ratification follows:

Democrats—Aye 35, no 34, absent 1.
Republicans—Aye 15, no 12, absent 2.

The party line-up in the senate Friday was:

Democrats—Aye 18, no 3.
Republicans—Aye 7, no 1.

The names of the 36 necessary states which have ratified the suffrage amendment and in the order in which they ratified follows:

Wisconsin, Michigan, Kansas, Ohio, New York, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Texas, Iowa, Missouri, Arkansas, Montana, Nebraska, Minnesota, New Hampshire, Utah, California, Maine, North Dakota, South Dakota, Colorado, Indiana, Kentucky, Rhode Island, Oregon, Wyoming, Nevada, New Jersey, Idaho, Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma, West Virginia, Washington, Tennessee.

County's Population 67.

Washington, D. C.—Census of the least populous county in the country, Cochrane, Texas, was announced Wednesday. It has just 67 people, two more than were enumerated ten years ago. Cochrane has an area of 869 square miles, with one person to approximately every 13 square miles. The county is located in northwestern Texas. It is unorganized and has not even a postoffice.

TO PROBE CAMPAIGN FUNDS

Senate Investigating Committee May Summon Governor Cox.

Chicago.—Governor Cox, democratic nominee, probably will be subpoenaed and compelled to appear before the senate campaign committee which Monday announced plans for investigating the republican and democratic national campaigns, unless he comes of his own free will, a member of the committee told the Associated Press.

This member of the committee said that its members felt that Governor Cox must prove his charges that the republicans were raising a \$15,000,000 campaign fund or withdraw them, and that the committee was prepared to go to any length to obtain evidence in the matter.

No official subpoena will be issued, however, until the committee meets next Monday.

"If Governor Cox has not given us a satisfactory reply by that time, I feel certain a subpoena will be issued," he said.

The statement was made when members of the committee were shown dispatches quoting Governor Cox as saying he "saw no use in appearing before the committee," although he would furnish it with evidence, but felt "that he should be allowed to do so when he saw fit."

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REDS TRY TO SAVE ARMY

Warsaw.—The Russian bolshevik forces Monday were reacting virtually along the whole line in an effort to save the remnants of the red army, but they had been easily frustrated by the Poles. On the north there was heavy fighting in the region of Mlawa and Soldau.

Forced to face two Polish armies, one advancing from Modlin and the other from Graudenz, the bolsheviks were making desperate efforts to extricate their advanced guard, some of which had ventured as far as Eylau and Pionsk. The red losses in prisoners in this region amounted to 11,000 in two days.

The attempt of the reds to break the Polish lines on the Przasnysz-Makov-Rozany road and cross the Narw river failed.

Polish troops advancing up the right bank of the Narw threw back the bolsheviks to the north. Meanwhile the main body of the Poles, advancing towards Warsaw, occupied all the territory in the fork of the Bug and the Narw.

Dancers Ask Church Aid.

New York.—An appeal to the Methodist church to help improve the dance, rather than to maintain a ban "which few church members obey," was made in a resolution adopted by the American National Association of Masters of Dancing at the opening of its four-day convention here Monday.

The resolution charged the Methodist church with hampering dancing masters in elevating the dance.

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Salem.—The unassigned surplus of the state industrial accident commission at the close of business July 31, 1920, was \$79,530.74 and the total liabilities and surplus \$4,592,685.11, according to a report recently prepared by the commission and filed with Governor Olcott.

Salem.—The Scripps-Booth company of California has filed application to operate in Oregon. The company manufactures automobiles and will establish headquarters in Portland. The capital stock is \$200,000 and L. A. Hannon of Portland has been named attorney in fact.

Hood River.—A \$45,000 bond issue, authorized by electors recently for construction of a new joint city hall, jail and fire department and the purchasing of a motor fire engine, has been purchased by the city itself with the sinking fund of the municipal water department.

North Bend.—The Bay Park Lumber company mill at Old North Bend will resume operations about September 1, after a shutdown of more than two months. The mill had been working mostly on fir, and when this lumber dropped in price and demand fell off it suspended until a better market was in sight.

Salem.—Bids for state highway bonds in the sum of \$1,500,000 will be opened in Portland on August 24, according to announcement made by the state highway commission here. The money derived from the sale of these bonds will be used in permanent road construction work in various sections of the state.

Grants Pass.—The Pacific highway between Grants Pass and Rogue river has been opened to traffic, cutting off one of the worst pieces of road in this part of the state. The highway has been hard-surfaced to Rogue river. This leaves about nine miles of road between Grants Pass and Ashland that has not been hard-surfaced.

Marshfield.—Evergreen blackberries will add from \$15,000 to \$18,000 to the wealth of Myrtle Point and surrounding district, it is estimated by A. C. Chase, who is preparing his Myrtle Point cannery for the 1920 crop. The bushes are loaded and the berries are filling well. The season will open the latter part of August, it is expected.

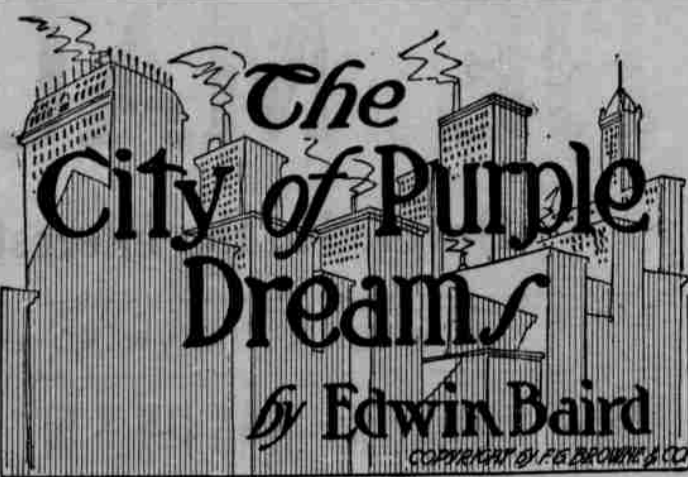
Fossil.—According to old settlers of Wheeler county, the temperature of 106 and 107 of the last few days was higher than it has been for 30 years and stock has suffered from the heat and lack of water. There was one prostration from heat in Fossil, while in the harvest fields near here there have been several near prostration.

Hood River.—Reports reaching local apple shippers from representatives who have been attending the annual convention of the International Apple Shippers' association indicate that pre-harvest buying will be nominal this year. Growers, it is reported, are holding their fruit at a price thought to be excessive, and buyers, many of whom lost money as a result of heavy pre-harvest speculation last season are holding off.

Salem.—Approximately 1,500,000 pounds of evergreen blackberries will be marketed in Salem this season, according to W. G. Allen of Hunt Bros. cannery, who has completed a survey of the local berry situation. Based on the prevailing price of 6 cents a pound the berries will net the growers \$90,000. Two million pounds of the berries were handled in Salem last year, but because of heavy frosts in January many of the vines were ruined and the production decreased.

Roseburg.—The Douglas County Farm bureau Monday received a letter from W. P. Ellis of the public service commission advising the bureau that the interstate commerce commission has sent a reduced rate order granting authority to place in effect on 10 days' notice the reduced rate on mixed carloads of livestock as set out in the Southern Pacific company's reduced rate application. The application was prepared by the local farm bureau and spells a complete victory for them.

Bend.—Bend gardens suffered severely Wednesday morning when the mercury dropped to 30 degrees, two notches under the freezing point. The cold was noticed more particularly as it came fast on the heels of a heat wave which duplicated Bend's previously established record for high temperature. Only a few of the harder plants stood up under the frost attack. As far as could be learned, the frost was general in the vicinity of Bend and some damage was done to alfalfa, it was reported.



THE GODDESS LUCK.

Synopsis.—Typical tramp in appearance, Daniel Randolph Fitzhugh, while crossing a Chicago street, causes the wreck of an auto, whose chauffeur disabes 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 anarchist, and in a spirit of bravado makes a speech. A few days later Fitzhugh visits Symington Otis, prominent financier, and displaying a package which he says contains dynamite, 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, his one idea was to become rich and powerful, and win Kathleen. In a fight with Nikolay, jealous admirer of Esther, Fitzhugh worsts him, leaving him unconscious, and escapes. Securing menial employment he learns that Nikolay has been found dead in Esther's house, and in a letter to him she admits the killing, telling him she did it for his sake and that she has gone away. He sees Kathleen from a distance, and is strengthened in his determination to win her. Fitzhugh attracts the attention of one Quigg, dealer in bogus stocks. In Quigg's place of business Fitzhugh acts as a decoy for gullible investors. Staked by his employer in a poker game for high stakes, he meets a wheat pit speculator, Henry Hunt, who believes him to be a New York man of wealth.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"You wish to tell me about that Queen Bee gold mine stock, do you not, Mr. Pattington?"

"Yes, yes."

"I think you said you wanted a thousand shares?—the last thousand, to be exact."

"I said so."

Mr. Quigg shook his large head, his baggy eyes twinkling. "I'm sorry, Mr. Pattington, but I'm afraid you can't have those thousand shares."

"What do you mean?" snapped the pseudo-financier.

"This gentleman"—with his cigar Quigg indicated the colorless man, who, eyes wide, mouth agape, had been swallowing whole every word uttered—"is just about to buy 'em. You see, Mr. Pattington, I'm on to your eastern fellows. I know all about your little game. I was just telling Mr. Blake here about it. I know you're trying to get possession of the Queen Bee; I know you've had your secret agents assaying her; I know you've discovered what a fat little chunk of gold she really is. But I'm afraid you can't have her, Mr. Pattington. First, because the Queen Bee people don't want you eastern capitalists to own the controlling interest; and second, because Mr. Blake here has spoken first, and, in fact, is just about to negotiate for the purchase of the remaining thousand shares. Isn't that right, Mr. Blake?"

Quigg fixed his ox-eye benevolently upon the susceptible Blake, who moistened his lips, fingered his hat, looked down, then up, and cleared his throat.

"I—I guess—" He hesitated, licked his lips—and took the plunge with a rush: "Yes, that's right Mr. Quigg. I'll take them thousand shares."

Fitzhugh, keenly awaiting further cues, searched the grafter's face intently, and though he received but a bare flicker of an eyelash and the faintest suggestion of a nod toward the door, it was sufficient, and with no other comment he turned and left, indignantly slamming the door behind him. For the benefit of those in the outer room he again assumed his mien of boredom as he leisurely sauntered through and out in the corridor.

He boarded the elevator and ascended to the top floor of the building. Before an office devoid of lettering and apparently unoccupied, he stopped, took a key from his pocket, unlocked the door, let himself in and locked the door behind him. He removed his hat, hung it on a hook, placed his hat on the table and his gloves upon the chair and rested his feet on the steam radiator. He lighted a cigar, exhaled a swirl of fragrant smoke, and took a magazine from a pile on the table. He had barely read the table of contents, however, before there was a tap at the corridor door, and he admitted a messenger-boy, who handed him an envelope and departed. Upon reading the dispatch he tore the paper to small bits and hurried into the adjoining room, throwing off his vest

and loosening his tie and collar as he ran.

In ten minutes he reappeared. He was completely metamorphosed. Instead of the smart morning coat, he now wore a long tan "duster;" instead of the stylish derby hat, he wore a broad-brimmed yellow one; and he wore a soft flannel shirt with attached collar, and rough trousers and dusty shoes. Under one arm he carried a horsewhip. In fine, he was a typical rancher, just arrived in Chicago with a load of cattle and a big wallet for the thousand-dollar bills. Even his beard was magically changed: it was tousled and all askew, and against the "sunburn" on his face appeared to be that of a man sadly in need of a shave rather than of one recently barbered.

A few minutes later he entered the "customers' room" of Quigg & Peery. Free and easily, as befitted one of untrammelled life, he strode across the floor toward Quigg's private office, with great, awkward movements of his long body, flicking his whip against his thick trousers and puffing like a tugboat at his evil cigar.

Ostensibly, Quigg & Peery were brokers. In reality they were swindlers. A superficial observer, visiting their offices, would have supposed their customers to be La Salle street speculators. A rigid investigator would have discovered their only patrons were victims of the get-rich-quick fever. The chief business of Quigg & Peery was the selling of worthless stock. The rows of chairs in the "customers' room" and their occupants, the rushing messenger boys, the long blackboard and the phlegmatic youth chalking cabalistic figures, the chattering telegraph instrument, operated automatically not twenty feet away, were nothing more than stage properties and players, employed for the sole benefit of the suckers who made them possible.

And upon this opera bouffe stage of sham and hypocrisy strutted Daniel Fitzhugh, dreamer and actor. His roles were many and varied, but he portrayed them all with unerring accuracy—and, yes, even art. When he was informed that it was time for another "entrance," he never knew, until the messenger came with directions, what part he would be called upon to enact. Now it was that of a Western millionaire, bluff, ungrammatical, breezy; again that of a French financier, suave, polite, tangling his English; anon it was some great banker from Liverpool, frigid and precise. But the character he most often portrayed was the "Eastern capitalist."

Peery was a thin, pale man, of a drooping eye and a pointed chin, and was deeply attached to a small briar pipe. His business was to "round up the books and steer 'em in." Quigg, aided by Fitzhugh, did the rest.

After the second week Fitzhugh began to conceive a sinking dislike for the knavery he was abetting. After the third he began to hate it. Capabilities were stirring within him—capabilities which told him he was worth infinitely more than one hundred dollars a week, and that every week he worked for that sum he was throwing away money. It was near the end of the first month that he asked his slippery employer for a hundred-dollar weekly increase. He was a little surprised when it was promptly granted him.

"I was thinking about increasing your pay, Fitz," said Quigg, in his large, careless way. "You're worth two hundred a week to me."

But when three weeks later the grafter was told it was four hundred dollars a week or nothing, he frowned, pinched the pink roll of flesh under his chin with his chubby fingers, and rocked himself gently in his swivel chair. "I'll tell you what, Fitz. I'm about to tackle the biggest thing I've ever attempted. I'm launching upon the grandest little mail-order scheme in America. I expect to spend a couple of hundred thousands in advertising. If it goes through, as I certainly think it will, I'll do the level thing by you—"

"That's not the point," broke in the petitioner. "Do I or do I not get my four hundred—now?"

"You do not!" Quigg's palms descended firmly upon the arms of his chair. His big jaw acquired a beligerent aspect.

"That's all I want to know," Fitzhugh stood up briskly. "This is Wednesday. You therefore owe me a hundred dollars. I'll take it now."

"Sit down, Fitz. Sit down and keep cool. I believe you're a game sport, in spite of the low way you're acting, and I'm going to make you a gambling proposition. Some friends of mine are getting up a nice, quiet little game of poker tonight, and I'm going to sit in. The pot'll run high—no limit. Between ourselves we'll co-operate in this game. I'll finance the partnership with five thousand dollars. If we double that amount you get half the winnings and your four hundred a

week. If not, you'll still contrive to scrape along on two hundred."

The poker game that night took place in a South side hotel. It was a six-handed game, the players being of the class commonly known as "men about town." Two were professional gamblers, another was a wheat pit speculator, a fourth was a wealthy saloon owner. The remaining two were Fitzhugh and Quigg. Playing commenced shortly after eight. Compared to subsequent betting, it was modest at first, a five-dollar limit having been imposed. About nine, however, the limit was removed, and the game began to warm up. Another hour, and it had reached the point where five-and-six-hundred-dollar pots were the rule and not the exception.

The Golden Goddess, Luck, smiled upon Fitzhugh from the very start. Perhaps it was his superior playing that won her favor. Anyhow, he astonished his coadjutor by his skill at the game. He was a hundred different men. His fellow players never knew how to take him—never knew what he would do next. And while they were wondering he continued to take their money from them as though it were only a matter of course that he should.

But as Fitzhugh steadily won Quigg as steadily lost. When the game ended at nine a. m. it was noticeable that of the five men sitting around the padded table beneath the pall of tobacco smoke and the green-shaded electric lights Fitzhugh was the only one who showed no ill sign of the thirteen hours' steady playing. He seemed as fresh as when he started and apparently was quite fit for another thirteen-hour session. When he "cashed in" he was winner to the extent of some eighteen thousand dollars. The professional gamblers had won a few thousands each. The rest had lost.

Quigg, who had left the game, was not to be found in the hotel rotunda. While Fitzhugh was walking about looking for him the wheat pit speculator, a jovial, red-faced man named Henry Hunt, clapped him heartily on the shoulder and wrung his hand.

"Old man, I'd give a million if I could bluff like you. Where did you learn how?"

"It comes naturally," smiled Fitzhugh.

Hunt glanced around and lowered his voice. "Fitzhugh, I'm putting through today one of the biggest wheat deals I've ever handled, and I'd like to let you in on it. What time can I see you, and where?"

"Any time at any place."

"Meet me at Burton & Burton's, then—brokers, you know, Board of Trade—at eleven sharp. Don't fail. It's a big thing. So long. Must hurry."

Upon certain of the casual acquaintances he had made in La Salle street Fitzhugh had taken pains to create the impression of being the scion of a highly respected family unknown to the newspaper columns but possessed of wealth. Hunt was one of those thus deluded. Others he had impressed in different wise. But every man who met him believed him to be a person of means. It was an emphatic point with him to see to that.

In a secluded corner and a low tone Hunt explained his project very concisely.

"September wheat," said he, "opened at ninety-eight and a quarter this morning. A gang of bulls has inflated it till she's like a soap bubble—ready to burst any moment. A gigantic bear raid is coming off here tomorrow that will send September wheat down like that—throwing a cigar end to the floor. "These bears," he went on, kicking the cigar aside, "have got millions behind 'em, and they're going to claw the entrails out of those bulls. They won't stop clawing as long as there's a live bull left. They're going to sell—sell—sell. It'll be the biggest smash you ever heard of. And the man who's heading this big bear raid is none other than Symington Otis—"

"Otis?"

"As you know, of course, Otis has always been one of the greatest bulls in Chicago. Has that reputation. But all of a sudden he's gone over to the other side. I found it out last night. Only a handful besides myself know it. It seems he's got it in for a fellow who was associated with him in a bull charge a few months ago, and he's going the smash that fellow if it takes the last cent he's got. That's Otis all over. Once you get in bad with him you might as well jump in the lake."

"So I was once given to understand," said Fitzhugh quietly.

"You see where we come in, of course. I'm only an outsider myself—but you! Lord, what a pile you can make!"

Symington Otis again!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Famous American Patriot.

In 1832, on the 14th of November, Charles Carroll, the last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence, died at the age of ninety-six. He studied law in France and England and returned to America at the age of twenty-seven, where he soon became known as an able political writer and a strong advocate of liberty. Twenty-two years before his death he retired to private life.

London's Rapid Growth.

Paris was the largest city in the world for several hundred years until about the end of the seventeenth century, when London overtook it. The population in Paris in 1680 was 500,000, while London had reached 530,000, the latter figure showing the rapid growth of trade and commerce during the Tudor period.