

# 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.

General Semenov, commander of the remnants of all-Russian forces in Siberia, has been seriously wounded in a mine explosion in China.

Samuel Lehman, well-known musical conductor and author of "Everybody Works but Father," was killed in New York Sunday by an automobile.

According to the London Daily Mail, it has been decided to establish an Arab parliament in Mesopotamia and also an Arab cabinet with British advisers.

Both the Polish and Russian soviet delegations plan to resume the peace negotiations within a week, probably at Riga, Latvia, says a wireless message from Minsk.

The French government has decided to appoint two delegates to the American Mayflower celebration in November and December, one of whom will be General Neville.

Women of Georgia have a right to vote in the state-wide primary September 8, as well as at the coming general election, R. A. Denny, state attorney general ruled.

General Semenov, anti-bolshevik Cossack leader in eastern Siberia, has applied to Leon Trotsky for permission to join the Russian soviet army, says a Moscow dispatch.

Prince George Lofallah, personal friend of Emir Faisal, king of Syria, says that the king was willing to accept a foreign mandate for Syria, preferably American or British.

Kitsu Kanayama, senior public procurator of Japan, was seriously wounded Tuesday when he was stabbed by a Japanese, who went to his office to interview him on legal matters.

Search for Americans and British subjects kidnaped by Pedro Zamora, the Jalisco bandit, during his raid on the town of Cuale, August 20, has been ordered by the Mexican war department.

It is reported at Trenton, Ont., that a company with a capital of \$31,000,000 has taken over a former large munitions plant here for the purpose of manufacturing drugs and chemicals on a large scale.

Prompt acceptance of proposals by Italy and Great Britain, relative to Poland, by the Russian soviet government was chiefly due to the Polish victory before Warsaw according to a Rome dispatch.

A misstep caused Mrs. Philomena Mustael to fall to her death Tuesday in the huge bread mixer in her husband's bakery in Chicago. The police worked two hours extricating the body, nearly every bone in which was broken.

No morning papers appeared in Liverpool Monday for the first time in 112 years and no evening paper for the first time in 50 years as a consequence of a sudden strike of newspaper compositors there and in Manchester.

Coal miners of five mines in the Springfield, Ill., district were on strike Tuesday and others, Secretary J. J. Watts, of the United Mine Workers, predicted would be out soon in protest against the price of powder, which was raised 40 cents a keg, by the joint agreement recently made in Chicago.

Negotiations between Secretary of State Colby and Ambassador Shidihara at Washington have reached a solution of the Japanese immigration problem in the United States, according to a Tokio dispatch to the Nippon Jiji, a Japanese paper in Honolulu, giving its authority as the Kokumin Shinbun Tokio newspaper, crediting the report to a reliable source.

Ultimate ownership of the great stockyards by livestock dealers and producers is proposed by the "big five" meat packing companies in a plan for disposition of their yard holdings filed Tuesday in the District of Columbia supreme court. Sale of the packer interests in the stockyards was necessitated by a recent court decree compelling the packing companies to divest themselves of all ownership of yards, terminal railways and market newspapers.

## TEN DIE IN KLAMATH FIRE

Hotel and Business Houses Burn With Loss of \$150,000.

Klamath Falls, Or.—Ten persons are known to have been burned to death, seven are injured, and several others, two of whom are believed to be from Portland, are missing as the result of a fire which destroyed the Houston hotel here Monday and also razed a part of the business district. Estimates of the number of dead have been placed as high as 16.

The property loss was estimated at \$150,000.

All those who lost their lives were occupants of the Houston hotel, which was crowded with 180 persons who had come to Klamath Falls for the Labor day celebration.

The seven persons who were hurt sustained injuries or burns in attempting to make their escape from the flaming building. The fire rapidly swept through the old three-story building which almost at once was turned to a fiery furnace. Many of the patrons were forced to leap from the upper windows. The flames, in almost no time seemed to have cut off all avenues of escape from the hotel.

The hotel register was destroyed, making the work of identification difficult. It was feared that in some cases the names of the victims might never be learned. Five unidentified persons who were known to have occupied rooms in the hotel are missing according to statements made by Mrs. Goldie Houston, who managed the hotel, and Harry Jones, night clerk.

From the Houston hotel the fire leaped south across the street and wiped out the opera house and other buildings in the same block. The flames jumped east across the second street and destroyed the Argraves apartments and two adjoining residences.

The fire, which is believed to have started from a refuse pile in the rear of the hotel, was discovered about 3:30 A. M.

That others lost their lives in the holocaust besides the ten persons whose bodies have been recovered was apparent by the grisly evidence of human bones which could be seen in the burned debris where the hotel once stood.

With so many persons forced to flee from the hotel in scant attire or none at all, relief measures were at once undertaken by local members of the Red Cross. The main-street court-house, an unoccupied building now in litigation, was commandeered by the Red Cross and the fire refugees were cared for there. Fifty cots were placed in the building.

A relief fund was started this afternoon by organized labor bodies for the fire victims.

## July Exports Exceed 1919 Record.

Washington, D. C.—Exports of the United States to the principal countries during July totaled \$651,381,827, an increase of \$82,694,312 over the corresponding period last year the department of commerce reported Saturday. Imports for the same month amounted to \$537,170,351, an increase of \$193,424,281 over July, 1919.

For the first seven months of this year exports totaled \$4,899,254,121, compared to \$4,626,109,266 in 1919, while imports totaled \$3,481,938,379, compared with \$3,954,357,362.

July exports to Great Britain totaled \$128,894,945, compared with \$206,233,921 last year; Canada \$98,484,423.

Imports from Great Britain totaled \$46,523,662, Canada \$42,720,420, Japan \$39,744,463.

Imports from Germany totaled \$10,436,622, compared with \$291,166, while exports to that country reached \$28,025,621, compared with \$2,426,742 last year.

## All-British Bond Urged.

Edmonton, Alberta.—Establishment within the year of a common council at London in which British dominions would be represented by resident ministers was predicted by Viscount Burnham of the imperial press conference delegation touring Canada in a speech Saturday.

Viscount Burnham stressed the necessity of empowering dominion governments to "take their proper places in imperial affairs."

## Man, 8 feet 9, Gets Lost.

Chicago.—Johanne Aason of Umidhion, Norway, who is 8 feet 9 inches tall and weighs 503 pounds, walked into a police station Sunday and confessed that he was lost. The police captain directed him to his hotel Aason is with a carnival company and came here to buy clothes.

## Peace Recruiting Heavy.

Washington, D. C.—Army recruiting again broke all peace-time records in August, according to a statement by Adjutant-General Harris showing 19,242 enlistments. July enlistments were 15,821.

## STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Albany.—September 17 has been fixed as the date for the official opening of Albany's community house, and plans for a big house-warming are being developed.

Salem.—Frank Davey, candidate for representative from Marion county at the November election, has accepted a position as special claim investigator in the state industrial accident department.

Eugene.—The outlet of Siltcoos lake, in the western part of Lane county, will soon be made navigable for small power boats, according to R. S. Shelley, supervisor of the Siuslaw national forest, who has just returned to Eugene.

Salem.—The Guernsey Cattle Breeders' association of the Pacific northwest will hold a public auction in Portland on November 18 in connection with the Pacific International exposition, according to announcement made here.

Portland.—Damages totaling \$428,053.74 for alleged breach of contract are sought in a suit filed in the circuit court recently by the Astoria Marine Iron Works against the United States shipping board emergency fleet corporation.

Hermiston.—Owners of prune orchards on the Umatilla project report that the crop returns will be very good this year. Climate and soil are proving favorable to the growing of prunes and more land is being put into prunes each year.

Albany.—The mountains of eastern Lin county have produced this year the largest and best crop of huckleberries in many years. People from various sections who have gone into the mountains are securing great quantities of the berries.

Salem.—The state land board has signed a contract with the Salem Sand & Gravel company whereby the corporation agrees to remove a minimum of 5000 cubic yards of sand and gravel from the bed of the Willamette river within a period of five years. The stipulated price is 10 cents per cubic yard.

Portland.—More than \$1,000,000 was paid by Stanley Dollar of San Francisco for the Monarch mills in North Portland, according to L. W. David, owner, who made the sale. The property will be operated by a company of which Mr. Dollar will be the head, but Mr. David will remain as manager of the mill.

Hepner.—Harvesting and threshing were resumed on some farms Thursday after several days' layoff on account of the rain, and it is believed that the damage to grain will be slight. Between Wednesday morning and Sunday morning 1.43 inches of rain fell here. This is an August record for this section of the state.

Salem.—Marion county hopgrowers declare that the recent heavy rains had no harmful effect on their yards and that picking of fuggles, or baby hops, started August 31st. In a few of the yards the rain knocked the hops from the trellis, but these were not damaged. It is estimated that the crop this year will be 80 per cent normal.

Marshfield.—Accounts of the great salmon run in the Rogue river toward the close of the season indicate there were more fish came into the river than at any season in the memory of the inhabitants of Curry county. The reason assigned for the great rush is that salmon which had been liberated in other streams schooled into the Rogue river.

Medford.—The record price for Bartlett pears in the history of the local fruit business was \$5.65 average a box for a carload sold in the Chicago market Wednesday. Another car in which the extra fancy averaged \$5.62 and the fancy \$4.10, was sold in the same market, and a third car of Rogue River valley Bartletts sold for an average of \$5.30.

Salem.—A contract was received at the state forester's office here recently from the federal government approving the recent application of the state land board for an exchange of 50,000 acres of so-called scattered timber lands in the forest reserve for a compact body of timber of similar area. Signing of the contract has been deferred until the next meeting of the state land board.

Salem.—That thousands of Oregon people are being swindled annually by Texas oil concerns operating as common-law companies is the report made here by A. E. Gebhardt, special examiner for the state corporation department, who returned to Salem recently from Wichita Falls, Fort Worth and other Texas cities, where he conducted an investigation of several oil companies which contemplate extending their operations to this state.

# The City of Purple Dreams

By EDWIN BAIRD

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### INTO THE DEPTHS.

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, he meets Esther Strom, a Russian anarchist, who induces Fitzhugh to address a meeting. 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. His one idea is to become rich and win Kathleen. In a fight with Nikolay, jealous admirer of Esther, Fitzhugh wins a contest, securing mental 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 Quigg, dealer in bogus stocks. 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. With his poker winnings he joins Hunt in a wheat deal. Through Hunt's operations Fitzhugh nets nearly \$50,000.

### CHAPTER VII—Continued.

"So you see," he wound up, "there's nothing to it but a bull market. There'll be a big rebound just as sure as we're sitting here. Symington Otis is my strongest point. As I said before, I'm nine-tenths certain he'll turn bull again, now he's walloped the man he went after, and you know what that means. He'll send wheat up like a balloon—he's strong enough to do it. All we need do is to climb into the basket and participate in the grand ascension."

"As you have wisely pointed out, Hunt," began Fitzhugh, turning the fragile stem of his wine glass between his long fingers, "we had better step cautiously at first—sort of feel our way. There's never any telling what pitfalls may lurk below tranquil waters. Afterward, we'll wade in boldly. Merely as a starter, I'll give you my check tomorrow for twenty-five thousand. I'm not saying what I'll do after that."

As they were leaving the club, Fitzhugh turned to his companion and, as though suddenly reminded of some inconsequential thought that had occurred to him earlier in the day, said carelessly:

"Oh, by the way, Hunt, I'm thinking of opening a small banking account in Chicago. I wish you'd introduce me to your banker."

For once Hunt was mistaken. There was no boom in December wheat. True, there was a reaction, for when the bears removed the pressure the abnormally low market began gradually to assume a natural level. But winter wheat, which Hunt had expected to mount by leaps, dragged slowly, ascending, to be sure, yet moving little by little—an eighth or a quarter at a time. Once or twice, in some sudden flurry, it even went off half a point.

Hunt was very much puzzled. "There's a screw loose somewhere," he told Fitzhugh, after one of these unexplainable slumps; "but I can't figure out just where."

Of late, Fitzhugh had been studying indefatigably the hundred and more different conditions which, directly or indirectly, affect the Chicago wheat market. He devoted hours to this, where another man would have devoted minutes, and his brain, so keen, so quick to grasp every salient detail and appraise its true value, enabled him to view the present situation with a far clearer vision than that of Hunt.

"I think I know where the wobbly place is," he replied, "and, unless I'm mistaken, it's going to shake the whole machine to pieces before long. Hunt, we'll have to draw out. If we don't, our little craft will be swamped, and she'll sink like a rock. For my part, I want to sell every bushel of wheat I own tomorrow morning."

They called a taxicab and repaired forthwith to Fitzhugh's newly leased apartment in a newly erected building in Lincoln parkway. It was for bachelors exclusively, this building, and if its smart elevators, snarlier attendants and potted plants and costly appointments were any criterion, it was also exclusively for wealthy bachelors.

The Japanese servant served dinner, after which Fitzhugh and his guest sauntered to a front room, evidently

intended for a library and study, and there ensconced themselves before a low bay window commanding a magnificent view of the lake. Hunt settled himself contentedly in a chair, whose soft cushions embraced him in a delicious manner, lazily emitted a stream of cigar smoke and allowed his gaze to wander about the beautiful room, replete with soft tones and colors.

Suddenly Fitzhugh stood up. "Let's get down to business, Hunt." He spoke very briskly and, crossing the room, took from the round safe embedded in the wall several packets of papers secured by thick elastic bands.

These papers contained a mass of data covering the past seven weeks, consisting of crop reports, statistics from many different sources, newspaper clippings and telegrams and cablegrams that had exhausted his ready money to the last cent. He walked to a heavy desk of solid mahogany, switched on the light that was a miniature of the gorgeous one on the table, and spread the papers on the flat top of the desk. And while Hunt sat opposite, following him with concentrated attention, he went over on every point by point, dwelling fully on every detail, explaining clearly the reasons for his belief. So lucidly did he do this that a child might have followed him.

"My deductions are substantiated," he summed up, "by the fact that Otis and his following are not buying the market as you supposed they would. What's more, they're not going to buy it. I've put myself in their place. Otis and company will make their attack when the enemy is in its most vulnerable state, and that's just the condition the enemy's in now."

There was a conversational pause, while Hunt reperused some of the papers scattered about the desk.

"So you think we'd better unload?" he said finally, sitting back and motioning to Hunt to fill his champagne goblet.

"As though our lives depended on it."

Hunt watched the servant fill his glass, then lifted it and surveyed his host solemnly across his rim.

"So be it," he rumbled in a sepulchral voice. "The blame be upon your head if we lose."

Fitzhugh's prediction was bountifully fulfilled next day. December wheat went tumbling and crumbling.

Hunt, thanks to Fitzhugh, managed to squirm from under with a whole skin and a few thousands profit. Hur-



He Stole Up the Six Flights of Stairs to His Rooms, Unobserved, and Let Himself In Without Awakening His Valet.

rying through the outer office of Burton & Burton, he spied Fitzhugh and fell upon him with open arms, pressing into his hand a check for thirty thousand dollars.

"What had we better do now, Dan?" "Sell December wheat. It's going to zero. This slump will keep up indefinitely."

"Right-o!" Hunt was fairly burning with excitement—the gambler's excitement, than which there is none more feverish.

"You may sell half a million for me. You'd better sell an equal amount yourself." Fitzhugh produced a slender check-book and started to fill out a check. Abruptly he paused, bit his lip, made as if to return his fountain-pen to his pocket. "I forgot something," he said slowly.

"What's wrong, Dan?" Hunt looked properly solicitous.

"My—a draft. Should have been sent from New York day before yesterday. My brother has it, but he's suddenly fallen ill. Probably forgot all about it. That's all. I'm sorry, Hunt, but I can offer you nothing except my personal check, and that'll be only for a few thousands."

In a flash all of Hunt's reverence for wealth and his desire to toady to it were to the front. What an opportunity to be of service to this man of millions! He could have wished for nothing better. "Don't worry about that for a minute, Dan." He spoke with the utmost friendliness. "I'll at-

tend to your margins for you. Five hundred thousand, I believe you said?"

"Yes." Fitzhugh rapidly filled out a check for twenty thousand dollars. "Take this, anyhow, Hunt." He tore the check from the book. "Just as an evidence of good faith," he laughed.

The courtier took the check in the same jocular spirit in which it was offered, scarcely glancing at its figure. After a little they parted, Hunt hastening to the private office of Burton, senior.

Fitzhugh went straight to his bank and deposited the thirty thousand dollars. Immediately afterwards he started back to the Board of Trade. When nearly there, however, he stopped, paused irresolute, then turned and walked slowly in another direction. For over an hour he roamed restlessly about the loop. He seemed infirm of purpose, aimless of destination.

Once, without exactly knowing why, he entered the post office and strolled absently about the dark corridors. He was leaving by the western entrance, when, happening to glance to his left, he saw on the glass over a doorway, "General Delivery."

He came to a dead halt. A hot blush of shame pricked him. He fell suddenly numb, contemptible. He entered the room and asked if there were any mail for Daniel Fitzhugh. The clerk handed him a half-dozen letters postmarked from a small town in Russia.

He opened and read them one by one, standing near the window. In all of them Esther breathed her love for him, yet there was a difference as the letters progressed. In the first two she wrote chiefly of him and secondly of the work she was doing for the Cause. The next one was solely about him and there was a more insistent note in her passionate declarations. In the third was a tone of despair, a hint of fond hopes fast slipping away; and the last two were filled with bitter reproaches, piteous pleadings—jealousy!

From a word she let drop in one of the earlier missives he divined she was in dire need of money. Even at that moment she might be suffering from lack of necessities.

He stuffed the letters in a coat pocket, went to his bank and procured a bill of exchange to her order for a thousand dollars.

At one of the public desks he wrote on the back of a deposit-slip: "The goal is not yet in sight, but I'm running fast."

This he attached to the draft and sealed in an envelope, which he addressed and mailed to her while remorse was hot upon him.

From the post office he went to a hotel in Randolph street, asked for stationery and wrote the following:

Dear Hunt—  
I have just received bad news. My brother is at the point of death. Must hurry to his bedside. May see you in a couple of weeks. Meanwhile, good luck!  
Yours, F.

He directed this to Hunt's home address, took it to the district messenger office in the hotel and left orders for its delivery at nine o'clock.

Had anyone looked for Fitzhugh that night in his apartment, or in the theaters or hotel lobbies, or in any of the other places where he usually spent his evenings, it would have been in vain. He would not have been found.

But in a vile saloon in lower Clark street a tall, trampish-looking man with a pointed beard, attired in ragged habiliments and wearing low upon his brow an old slouch hat fully half a size too large, was arousing deliriously with the muddled deizens, leading them in maulin song, and inciting them to drunken ribaldry.

### CHAPTER VIII.

Fitzhugh's debauch lasted two weeks. Then he sobered up and went home. Under cover of the somnolence that enveloped the apartment building at four o'clock in the morning he stole up the six flights of stairs to his rooms unobserved, and let himself in without awakening his valet. He removed his shabby apparel, his decrepit hat, sequestered them in a wardrobe and went to the bathroom. When he entered his bedroom, glowing from a brisk scrub and attired in silk pajamas, he looked a little tired. It was not, however, a physical tiredness. Fitzhugh felt, mentally, like a man who had taken a very arduous journey in search of gold only to find he had been chasing a rainbow. He climbed in between the snowy sheets of his bed and lay very still. His eyes were closed, but he was not asleep.

### The only girl!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Study Banana Plants.

In making a thorough botanical and commercial study of the banana the Philippine bureau of agriculture has collected banana plants from all over the world.