

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.

Proclamation of the new state of Lebanon was made at Beirut, September 1, by General Gouraud, French high commissioner for Syria. Beirut is named seat of the government.

News print and book paper exported by Canada to the United States in July was valued at \$5,535,386, according to a report by the Canadian Pulp and Paper association.

Eighty members of the Hapsburg family are in great financial distress, former Empress Zita of Austria said to a visitor recently in Prangins, where she and former Emperor Karl are living. Their incomes have stopped, and they have suffered great loss through the rate of exchange.

Seventy-three, all the seats in the United Evangelical church in Omaha, Neb., were stolen some time last week. Discovery of the theft was not made until Sunday night when the church building was opened for services.

Restrictions on consignment and diversion of freight, with the exception of shipments of fruits and vegetables, were tightened by an order issued by the interstate commerce commission on application of the railroads. The order is expected to facilitate the movement of freight cars.

Statistics compiled for the new issue of the city directory give Montreal a population of 801,216, showing it to be the fifth largest city in the North American continent. The Washington census bureau shows Detroit to be the fourth largest United States city with 993,739 and Cleveland the next in size with 796,836.

French government arrangements for repayment of its half of the \$500,000,000 Anglo-French loan, due October 15, including public issue of \$100,000,000 of French government bonds underwritten by the American syndicate and \$150,000,000 in cash and gold, arriving from France, were made public in New York recently.

Two women and a man were crushed to death and two men were injured Monday afternoon when a slide of shale forced out a bridge leading to one of the stairways in the Cave of the Winds, under Niagara falls. A hundred or more tourists who were in the cave had narrow escapes, many being bruised and cut by the falling rock.

Spokane & Inland Empire Railroad company was not bound to make a retroactive increase in the wages of its platform employes in 1919, as recommended by the national war labor board, according to a decision of the United States circuit court of appeals in San Francisco, upholding the action of the receiver of the concern.

One of the most important oil discoveries in the history of California is reported by the Standard Oil company in its monthly publication, Standard Oil Topics, just off the press. An account of the discovery says that three oil wells, with a total initial daily production of 18,000 barrels, have been brought in on the company's holdings in the Elk Hills district near Taft, California.

President Wilson, without assistance and leaning lightly on his cane, walked briskly through the front entrance of the White House Tuesday and stepped into his automobile while a crowd in Pennsylvania avenue looked on with unusual interest. It was the first time since his illness that he had started on a motor trip by that route, all trips theretofore having started from the rear grounds.

Award of additional contracts to complete the 16-inch gun programme required for arming the six 43,000-ton dreadnoughts and six battle cruisers now under construction was announced Tuesday by the navy department. Contracts for six 16-inch guns each were awarded the Midvale Steel company at \$268,000 a gun and the Bethlehem Steel company at \$257,000 a gun. The latter company also will furnish four sets of 16-inch gun forgings, while a contract for 18 sets of six-inch gun forgings was awarded the Erie Forge company.

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Cottage Grove.—The P. I. Rust prune dryer will start operations about September 15, as soon as the crop is ready.

Sheridan.—The first carload of this year's apples to be packed here left Sheridan Friday for a southern destination. The apples are the Gravenstein variety, being produced locally.

Corvallis.—Petitions are being circulated to have placed on the ballot in November the question of Sunday picture shows in Corvallis.

Salem.—The Oregon land settlement commission has negotiations under way to acquire model farm units No. 2 at Roseburg and No. 3 in the Coquille river district, according to a letter received at the offices of the governor here from William H. Crawford of Portland, secretary and manager of the commission.

Willamina.—Threshing crews are working overtime here, in order to complete the harvest at the earliest possible moment. Nearly all grain has been threshed in this section and the yield is the best harvested for many years.

Salem.—An appropriation aggregating at least \$50,000 will be sought by the state fair board at the next session of the legislature with which to erect a new building on the fair grounds, according to a decision reached at a meeting of the state fair board here.

Fossil.—Workmen on the John Day highway are confronting an unusual difficulty in encountering large numbers of rattlesnakes. The survey is through numerous rocky hills and there the snakes abound. In cutting through rocky banks they run onto whole nests of them. It is said that recently they found 89 in one nest.

Astoria.—The fall fishing season on the Columbia river has just opened and the indications are that only a small amount of fish will be packed. The only companies that have announced they will take fish are the Chinook Packing company, Booth fisheries and the Barby Packing company, and what prices will be paid is uncertain.

St. Helens.—The Island Lumber company, which operates a new and modern sawmill on the point of Sauvie island opposite St. Helens, has put on a night shift and added 50 men to their force. The mill cuts on the double shift about 170,000 feet of lumber and has contracts for several foreign cargoes as well as rail and coastwise shipments.

Salem.—Members of the Salem Automobile Dealers' association, at a meeting here recently, had under consideration institution of a friendly suit in the courts to test out the motor vehicle law and determine for what purposes a dealer's license plate may be used. While no definite action was taken, it was said that the proposed suit probably would be filed soon.

Willamina.—The Willamina Railroad company is making good headway on the branch line now under construction. Four camps are maintained to carry on the work of road building. Over 250 men are on the payroll, though the number has decreased considerably of late, owing to the fact that most of the crew have quit, to enter the hop fields. The road will soon be open for traffic.

The Dalles.—The dehydrating plant here and the cannery are both appealing to the women of Oregon for assistance in putting up the pear and prune crops of this season. Both plants are short more than 200 women employes, and it is feared by the managers that the crops may rot before they can be taken care of. The highest scales of wages are paid, and company restaurants reduce the living costs. Positions are open for all comers.

Hood River.—Members of the Hood River Anti-Asiatic association have expressed approval of the California Oriental Exclusion league's plan to secure legislation against ownership or control of land by Japanese in that state. George R. Wilbur, member of the local association, says a bill as drastic as that proposed in California to prohibit ownership or lease of land by any aliens is being drafted for presentation to the 1921 Oregon legislature.

Salem.—In the absence of any buyers in this vicinity local prune growers estimated Thursday that they would receive a minimum of 10 cents a pound. Based on the anticipated crop of 16,000,000 pounds in Marion county, this figure would bring the growers \$1,600,000. At 16 cents a pound, the price paid by buyers last season, the growers would benefit to the extent of \$2,560,000. Salem growers declare that this year's crop of prunes is far superior in quality to those produced last season.

The City of Purple Dreams

By EDWIN BAIRD

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CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

"It doesn't pay," he muttered presently, and opened his eyes in surprise at his own voice. He added with firmness: "No—nothing to it. It doesn't pay."

After a while he turned over and went to sleep.

He was wide awake at nine and was dressing two minutes after. He rang for his man.

"Get me a morning newspaper," he said, when Haki appeared, "and have breakfast sent up."

For two weeks Fitzhugh had not seen a newspaper, and when Haki returned with one he snatched it from him and turned to the financial page with a nervous excitement he rarely permitted himself to display. A glance at the market quotations sufficed to show him that December wheat had taken a gigantic tumble, just as he had predicted fifteen days ago it would.

Folding the paper and tossing it on the dining table, he sat down and computed his winnings. Deducting every possible outlay and expense, there was now due to him something like one hundred thousand dollars. By the time he had finished his computation an appetizing breakfast was spread before him and, thrusting pencil and envelope in his pocket, he fell to with a relish. He propped the paper against the shining coffee pot and as he ate ran an eye over the headlines. Presently he paused midway in the act of buttering a hot roll and leaned suddenly forward to read something that particularly interested him.

It was about Quigg and Peavy. Quigg had inaugurated his "grand little mail-order scheme," and it had gone swimmingly. But its flourishing growth was not unobserved by Uncle Sam's post office boys and it had been nipped before it bloomed. In consequence, the ambitious exponent of disillusionment and his unassuming colleague were now undergoing imprisonment.

"Poor Quigg!" In spite of his sympathy, Fitzhugh smiled. "He was a pretty good sort, after all."

Directly after his breakfast he went to his study and called Hunt on the telephone.

"Good morning, Mr. Fitzhugh," came promptly over the wire. "Eh? . . . Yes; I have a check for you. Ninety-eight thousand dollars—Oh, when did you get back from the East, and how is your brother?"

Fitzhugh flicked the ash from his cigarette and rolled it between his long forefinger and thumb, studying its glowing end. After a pause he said: "I returned last night. My brother is much improved—almost recovered, in fact. When may I see you, Hunt?"

"Meet me at Burton's, at ten."

A few inconsequentialities, and Hunt "hung up," rather abruptly.

Although he was not quite positive, Fitzhugh thought he detected in his voice a note of unattractiveness, even of unfriendliness. He seemed too polite, too precise. At Burton's these suppositions were made certainties. Hunt acted in a very unbecoming manner. After delivering the ninety-eight thousand dollars he fell strangely silent, speaking only when asked a direct question, and, when he thought he was unnoticed, watching his co-operator with sidelong glances of suspicion. And Fitzhugh noted he was no longer "Dan" to him, but "Mr. Fitzhugh."

At last he could restrain himself no longer.

"Mr. Fitzhugh," he began, apparently absorbed in the study of his fingernails, "I, er—a funny thing happened while you were away. A few days after you left I wanted to send you a wire, and as I didn't know your New York address, I looked you up in the New York directory. I also looked you up in the New York Social Register and in the New York Business Directory."

"Well," said Fitzhugh quietly, "Well, the fact is, I couldn't find you. I tried all the Fitzhughs, from Aaron to Zizah, but to no purpose. None of them knew you; none of them had ever heard of you. It's a little singular, isn't it?"

Fitzhugh looked down at him from his superior height. He was smiling engagingly. His eyes were as ingenuous as a child's. "I haven't any people in New York, Hunt. I don't know a soul in the town."

"What! Why, then—by George, I bet you're all bluff! I thought so. You're not rich?"

"Rich?" Fitzhugh laughed. "All I've got in the world is this check and a thousand or so on deposit."

you see, of course, there's no chance for you. We were partners, as my voucher shows—and you know the law. I'd thought of all of these little things long ago, Hunt."

Hunt doubled his fists and glared at Fitzhugh. Yet, even in that angry moment, he could not but admire the shrewdness of the man.

Fitzhugh leaned across the table, his face grown suddenly very earnest. "If you want to get rich—immensely rich—you'll hold on to me. I shan't forget what you've done for me in a hurry, and some day I'm going to be able to repay you a hundred times over. About a year ago on a capital of one dollar, given to me, I made a turning-point in my life. Today I am worth, roughly, one hundred thousand dollars. Some years from today I will be worth millions. It is coming as sure as fate. What are you going to do, Hunt? Are you going to stand by me, or are you going to break with me? Give me your answer now—this minute."

Hunt did not meet the speaker's eyes, but looked away, his gaze wandering about the glittering grill. Then, as the needle is drawn by the magnet, he turned back and looked into the powerful young face opposite. And—who shall say?—perhaps, by some flash of prescience, he saw Fitzhugh not as he was then, but as he would be in after years, a juggler of millions. Perhaps he saw that here was a man who was a born leader of men. Perhaps he saw in that momentary flash another of those men who have made Chicago the Wonder City—the City of Purple Dreams—another of those who, rising from the depths of obscur-

ity, have amassed fortunes, achieved power, beside which the most extravagant fiction appears puerile. He thrust his hand across the table.

"I'm with you, Dan," he said.

It was in the following December, during the height of the Christmas holidays, that Fitzhugh was introduced to Synington Otis. This day was a notable one for renewing casual acquaintances.

The past year, although it had added not a little to his capital, had failed to carry Fitzhugh as high as he had intended it should. He had suffered many reverses, for his reckless habit of plunging often carried him backward as well as forward. But these setbacks, if keenly disappointing, were not discouraging, nor were they unprofitable. He learned by each of them, using them as stepping stones. He never made the same mistake twice.

Attired faultlessly, a cigar between his teeth, a malacca stick under his arm, he was standing in the rotunda of the Board of Trade that December morning, reading telegrams just handed to him, when Otis entered, accompanied by three or four men, among whom was Hunt. Otis had glanced several times at the striking, black-bearded man standing a short distance away absorbed in opening and scanning the yellow telegrams, before he asked:

"Who is that fellow? Anyone you know?"

He indicated Fitzhugh, and the others glanced in his direction.

"The greatest financial genius," said Hunt, "I've ever known."

Otis looked again at Fitzhugh, who had finished his telegrams and was moving off. "Majestic looking devil," he observed. "Might make a first-class villain for a melodrama. I've noticed him several times of late. I believe—suppose you call him over, Hunt? I think I'd like to meet him."

With glad acquiescence Hunt hurried after Fitzhugh and caught him excitedly by the shoulder.

"What do you think, Dan?" he cried joyously.

Fitzhugh dropped his cane in mock excitement.

"The Bank of England's failed!" he gasped.

"Otis wants to meet you!"

"I knew that long ago. I was watching him from the corner of my eye."

"He's taken a fancy to you. Otis is the biggest man in La Salle street."

Fitzhugh glanced at his watch. "Bring him over," he said. "I can spare a couple of minutes."

"Bring him over? Bring him to you?"

"By all means."

Such staggering indifference Hunt could not understand.

"Well, I'll be—"

"Don't do it, Hunt. My time's very precious this morning."

Otis received the mandate with mingled astonishment and admiration. Then he smiled and did as he was told. While Fitzhugh looked down into Otis' steel-gray eyes, shaking the lean hand and exchanging perfunctory words of pleasure, he thought of that other time, less than two years ago, when he had faced this man, had threatened his life, had forced him to sign a check for ten thousand dollars. Less than two years—but how much had happened since! The introduction led to a dinner invitation for that evening.

"We dine at eight," were Otis' parting words.

While Fitzhugh entered his broker's office a minute or two later his mind dwelt not upon the wheat deal he had on hand, nor upon the whirligig of Fate, nor yet upon the man whom he had just left. He was thinking solely of Kathleen Otis.

He dressed with such extraordinary care that Haki despaired of ever pleasing him.

Yet it was scarcely seven when, at last satisfied that his appearance could not be improved upon, he swung out of the marble entrance of the apartment building and walked up the drive toward Otis' home, a quarter of a mile away. The same stout butler whom he had once roughly treated met him at the door. Otis received him in the library. In a little while dinner was announced, and host and guest repaired to the spacious dining room, furnished in the style of the Elizabethan period, and dined—alone.

All his sparkle and snap vanished. He could not, or would not, conceal his chagrin, admirable actor though he was.

Not until dessert was over did Otis reveal the basis of his hospitality. "I had a purpose in meeting you today, Mr. Fitzhugh, as I had in inviting you here tonight."

"I had surmised as much."

Otis lighted a cigarette and extinguished the wax match with elaborate care. "I understand, Mr. Fitzhugh, that you are a very wealthy man."

Fitzhugh inclined his head.

"Briefly what I have to say is this: In the Chicago wheat pit there is a certain clique of bulls whom I and three other men desire to rout. Already we have them on the run, but to make our victory complete and thorough we must have more capital—five millions more, at the least." He stood up. "If you will pardon me a moment I have something I should like to show you."

He went out, returning presently with a large envelope and a pad of writing paper. Taking a seat near his guest, he removed the contents of the envelope and spread them upon the table, now cleared of everything save a vase of flowers and some brandy and cigarettes. With characteristic precision he began detailing his reasons for believing the then panic-stricken condition of the wheat market would continue until May, or even beyond, selecting, as he talked, divers papers from the array before him, submitting them to his auditor, or referring to them for corroboration.

Fitzhugh, however, seized some slight excuse for soon interrupting him, and taking up the thread of the argument where he had broken it, carried it along with a sureness that displayed an irreproachable knowledge of the subject in hand. When he finished several sheets of the paper were covered with figures and Otis was regarding him in quite a new light.

"You show a most thorough knowledge of the wheat market, Mr. Fitzhugh. I can see you have studied it very exhaustively."

"I've studied it for a little over a year."

Otis smiled. "Of course you are jesting?"

"I solemnly assure you that all I know about wheat I have learned in that length of time. There are some men, Mr. Otis, who can learn more about a given subject in a few months than others can in as many years. It is as much a matter of work as it is of brains. Now, when I am sufficiently enthused over a thing I apply myself to it, concentrating upon it every faculty of my mind for eighteen, yes, twenty, hours a day, and begrudge the few hours I must give to sleep. That sounds egotistical, doesn't it? But I want you to know the truth of the matter."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Laws may be repealed, but it's different with oranges.

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