

# 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.

**Restrictions on the use or sale of milk, candy or pastry in Paris were removed Wednesday.**

**Dr. Albert Hedrick, a clerk in the United States consular service at Vera Cruz, died Tuesday night from yellow fever.**

**The Victor opera house, the largest structure in the Cripple Creek, Colo., district, was destroyed by fire at noon Tuesday.**

**A cut in its personnel of 3224 employees, resulting in a decrease in the payroll of \$5,530,372 during the fiscal year of 1920, is announced by the shipping board.**

**The farmer-labor party of New Mexico, in convention at Albuquerque, N. M., Tuesday nominated a full state ticket. W. E. McGrath is the nominee for governor.**

**Dissolution of the partnership of Abraham L. Erlanger and Marc Klaw, theatrical promoters, is sought by Mr. Erlanger in an action filed in New York Tuesday.**

**Mrs. Emma C. Bergdoll and her four co-defendants were found guilty Tuesday night of conspiracy to aid two of Mrs. Bergdoll's sons, Grover and Erwin, to evade the draft.**

**Captain J. R. Kelly of the steamer Wakana, one of the best known Seattle navigators between this and British Columbia ports, was drowned in Powell river, B. C., Tuesday, according to advices.**

**Plans for erection in Seattle of a \$10,000 home for cats, dogs, and other animals are being formulated by the King county Humane society. It is announced by Chas. M. Farrar, president of that organization.**

**A huge gathering, largely composed of women admirers, packed St. Thomas' church in New York Tuesday morning at the funeral of the motion picture star, Olive Thomas, who died three weeks ago in Paris of poison.**

**Consideration of the details of a preliminary treaty of peace between soviet Russia and Poland was begun at Riga Wednesday by four commissions named to look after different phases of the problem before the peace conference.**

**William J. Burns issued a statement in which he expressed conviction that the Wall street explosion September 16 had been inspired by adherents of the third internationale at Moscow. Mr. Burns has been investigating the cause of the blow-up for private clients.**

**Three thousand chickens, 4000 dozen eggs, 1000 dozen tomatoes, 400 bushels select apples, 300 bushels potatoes and other great quantities of food were amassed in Asheville, N. C., to feed the Old Hickory (21st) division veterans during their two-day reunion Tuesday and Wednesday.**

**Rev. J. M. Skinner, Presbyterian minister of Stockton, Cal., Sunday afternoon preached a sermon into a wireless telephone apparatus which was heard at many points within a 100-mile radius of Stockton. His voice was heard at stations in six surrounding counties, including San Francisco and Sacramento.**

**The first shipment of cattle from the United States to Germany and Austria to rehabilitate the herds of those two countries will sail from Galveston, Tex., about October 15, it is announced by Ernest Rabe, president of the United States Society for the Relief of the Distressed of Germany and Austria.**

**Warning against "fake" fruit beverages which have flooded the soft-drink market since the advent of prohibition was issued recently by the public health service. Many of the orange beverages now being sold, it was said, consist only of sweetened carbonated water, flavored with a little oil from the peel of oranges and artificially colored.**

**Restrictive effects of the nation's coast defense guns against an armored warship will be tested for the first time in an experimental bombardment of the old battleship Massachusetts. The Massachusetts will be turned over to the war department about November 1 to be used as a target for the 12-inch coast guns and mortars of Pensacola, Fla.**

## STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

**Beaverton.**—Walter Walker was accidentally shot through the leg and foot last week when the gun he was carrying was discharged while he was inspecting it during a hunting trip near here.

**Salem.**—The attorney-general has been asked to prepare a ballot title for a local measure providing an increase in the salary of the county school superintendent of Morrow county to \$2000 a year. The measure will go on the ballot in Morrow county.

**Bend.**—The first ex-service man in Bend to receive his victory medal is Earl Houston, vice-commander of Percy A. Stevens post, American Legion. Mr. Houston spent 18 months in France.

**Salem.**—The question of whether the successor to A. S. Bennett, supreme justice, in case the latter resigns, will hold office until January 1, 1925, the expiration of Mr. Bennett's term, or will merely retain the office until the next general election will be referred to the attorney-general, it was announced here recently.

**Boardman.**—Thirty hay growers of this vicinity met Saturday night to develop plans for a hay association. The chief plan discussed was affiliation and co-operation with an organization now being fostered in Umatilla county. A. W. Cobb of Boardman reported on a recent trip to Yakima to investigate methods employed there.

**The Dalles.**—The Wasco county grand jury last week reported that it refused to indict Thomas Clifton, negro, charged with an attempt to attack Winnie Mitsch, white, in her room here at the Glenwood hotel three weeks ago. The negro received his freedom and officials were of the opinion that he was the victim of an attempted "frame-up."

**Salem.**—Joseph Richardson, deputy state treasurer, delivered to the First National bank of Portland, state highway bonds aggregating \$2,000,000. These bonds were sold by the state highway commission Tuesday to Ralph Schneelock & Co. of Portland, acting for an eastern syndicate. Prompt delivery of the bonds means that the money derived from their sale will be available within the next few days.

**Hood River.**—Cull apples, the price of which soared to \$15 for cider stocks, and \$20 ton for canning quality of fruit last year, will show a decline of nearly 50 per cent in price this season. The Hood River vinegar company, which utilizes most of the fruit, announces that it will begin to receive cull apples October 6 at a price of \$8 a ton. Canners and cider manufacturers who were here last season eagerly bidding for the cull product are absent this season.

**Salem.**—Announcement was made here last week that the Peoples Cash Store had reduced its prices on all lines of goods from 20 to 40 per cent, and that still greater reductions might be expected within the next few days. J. A. McHodgson, manager of the store, said that both manufacturers and wholesalers throughout the country were reducing prices and as a result the retail establishments would necessarily have to give the buying public the benefit of the reductions.

**La Grande.**—Grand Ronde valley farmers are becoming discouraged because of the rain which fell for several weeks. Although all of the fall grain has been taken care of, much of the spring grain was just being cut. That which is in shocks is reported to be sprouting, as well as some which was cut and stacked. The uncut grain is not damaged as badly as at first reported, but with the continued rains is fast bleaching, and will mean a much lower grade when graded for selling.

**Prineville.**—The Interstate fair will be held this year October 6 to 9, and Prineville is awaiting with eagerness the gala event. Visitors to Prineville will find many changes this year. During the past 12 months there has been erected a fine Masonic temple at an approximate cost of \$30,000, the Motor Sales company occupy a cement building which is built on Main street, the First National bank has been remodeled, the Tum-A-Lum Lumber company, among other improvements, has erected a 64x84 lumber shed and installed electricity throughout the plant.

**Burns.**—When a committee of Willamette valley business men was in Burns recently for the purpose of investigating the transportation problem of central Oregon, a trip was made to Malheur lake to obtain information pertaining to the proposed bird refuge bill which is to come before the voters at the general election in November. After an examination of conditions the members of the committee pledged themselves to oppose the bill. They declared they felt, as the residents of Harney and adjoining counties do, that the land, once ceded to the government, will lose to the state thousands of dollars for the school fund.

## STATE DEPARTMENT MAY DEPORT REDS

Congress to Be Asked to Strip Power From Labor Bureau.

## EXILE EFFORTS FAIL

Post Successfully Balks Palmer in Banishment of Radicals Despite Convictions.

Washington, D. C.—An effort is to be made as soon as congress convenes to take the control of deportation of undesirable aliens out of the hands of the department of labor and place it in the hands of the department of state.

The reason for this is found in the continued success of Louis F. Post, assistant secretary of labor, in balking the effort of the department of justice to obtain the deportation of men, who, in the judgment of the attorney-general, have been shown to be guilty of advocating the overthrow of the American government by force.

There are now at large in the United States no fewer than 150 aliens whose deportation has been ordered. Many, and perhaps nearly all of these have been paroled by Mr. Post to a committee named by him, who are said to be advanced thinkers in politics and economics—not anarchists or communists at all, but men of socialistic leanings.

The excuse for not carrying out the order of deportation is that there are no ships sailing for Russia, though the Buford carried the cargo of reds, among them Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman, without difficulty and the departments were quite willing to put another transport at the disposal of the labor department for the same purpose.

The paroling of reds or their release on insufficient bail, following the wholesale cancellation of deportation warrants by Mr. Post has greatly handicapped the department of justice in its campaign against criminal anarchists.

It was at first suggested that the department of justice should receive charge of the deportation business, but the incongruity of that branch being both judge and prosecutor in these cases was recognized.

It seems to have become the policy of this country to make the labor department the seat of representation of unpopular political sects and there is current in Washington a rumor that Raymond Robins, the friend of the soviet, is to succeed Secretary Wilson in the event of Senator Harding's election. This is another reason for the movement of transfer jurisdiction in the cases of anarchists and communists who subscribe to the doctrines of force, away from the department of labor.

## CROOKEDNESS IN '20 BALL RACE CHARGED

Chicago. — Charges that certain White Sox players regulated their playing this season by the scoreboard—winning or losing in order to keep the betting odds favorable—were made here by Byrd Lynn and Hervey McClellan, who said that as "bench warmers" most of the season, they had studied the players carefully and were convinced the Sox were "thrown" out of the pennant.

"We lost the pennant because certain players—they are among the eight indicted by the Cook county grand jury—did not want us to win," said Lynn. "We soon noticed how carefully they studied the score board—more than even the average player does in a pennant race—and that they always made errors which lost the game when Cleveland and New York were losing. If Cleveland won—we won. If Cleveland lost—we lost. The idea was to keep up the betting odds, but not to let us win the pennant."

McClellan said he was convinced certain players had deliberately "thrown" three games in Boston, on the last eastern trip.

### Prince Tries Suicide

Constantinople.—Abdul Mejid, heir apparent to the Turkish throne, attempted suicide Thursday night by trying to swallow poison. A manservant dashed the bottle to the floor before its contents reached his lips. Mejid previously had written a letter to the sultan. The heir apparent is said to have been nervous from enforced seclusion, and inability to go to the Angora front, where Turkish forces are fighting nationalists.

# The City of Purple Dreams

By EDWIN BAIRD

Copyright by F. G. Brown & Co.

**CHAPTER X.—Continued.**  
—14—  
The luxuriant-haired Pole was soaring toward his finale. In a few minutes they might be discovered. She spoke rapidly. "You can accomplish more wonders"—looking eagerly at him. "I even believe you can make father like you. Once you have shown him you can be a master of finance it is possible his feeling toward you will change. He thinks you a nobody now,



She Clapped Her Hands. Her Eyes Were Radiant. "We Will Announce Our Engagement the Day You Are Worth a Million Dollars!"

but if you—I have it!" She clapped her hands. Her eyes were radiant. "We will announce our engagement the day you are worth a million dollars!"  
The violinist swept his bow across the strings in a triumph of Mozartian climax, and they drew apart and joined in the applause. And none in the room was more enthusiastic.

### CHAPTER XI.

Thanks to the dexterity of his French chauffeur, Fitzhugh was attacking his morning mail at twenty minutes past ten. When running through the fourth letter of the heap his secretary had opened and laid out for him he paused suddenly, then sat violently back in his chair.  
"Now, how in Hades," wondered he, "could I forget that?"  
He meant the first million. While with Kathleen that morning the thought of it had occurred and re-occurred to him, but always at inopportune moments, and when finally the right time had arrived it slumbered in the meshes of his mind.

"I'll tell her on Wednesday," he concluded; and promptly was swallowed up in the rush of the day's business.  
The boy handed him a scrap of paper on which was written with a lead pencil:  
"I must see you at once.—Esther."  
"Tell her I can't see her!" and he crunched the paper between his fingers and shot it angrily out an open window. Before the lad reached the door he checked him, less harshly, with: "Explain to her, Tommy, that I am extremely busy, and ask her to call again."

Dismissing the incident completely from his mind, he gathered up the sheet of letters. An altercation arose in the outer office. The door was flung open. Esther entered.

Seeing the stenographer, she held the door open.

"I want to see you alone, Daniel," said Esther quietly.

Fitzhugh motioned to his employees to go, and closed the door after him.  
"Well? What is it?" He remained standing near the door, the sheet of letters clutched with an iron grip in his right hand. He was striving hard to control his mounting temper.

Unblinded, she sat down. He did not resume his seat. There was an awkward pause.

"This may be the last time," she began, choosing her words carefully, "that we shall see each other. I am going away tonight. I came all the way from Paterson. I thought I would tell you—good-by."

She stood up so that she faced him. She looked at him fixedly. "Night before last, Daniel, in Paterson, I walked your room for hours. I was trying to decide something, Daniel. Something very hard. A secret—a terrible secret—and I wanted to tell you. But I couldn't decide."

"Have you decided?"—Impatiently.

"Quite. I shouldn't tell you. I have reasoned it out again and again. You shouldn't know. But I want you to know! And, Daniel"—reaching up suddenly, she rested her hands on his shoulders, and when her large, sad eyes lifted to his it struck him afresh how like a martyr she seemed—"Daniel, I have been chosen to remove our ambassador."

He tensed, with a quick intake of breath. "You mean—what do you mean? You're not—don't intend—" "It is decreed he must die tomorrow.

His living is inimical to the Cause. He is false to Russia."  
"And you intend doing it?"  
"I will do it."  
He seized her wrists, gripped them till she winced. His voice was as steel when he said: "You shall not. Understand that once for all. You shall not! It is madness. Nothing less."  
"You can't understand. I hardly expected you to."  
He strode violently to the door to still somebody's knocking, then came back to her.  
"What price do you want? Name it!"  
She shook her head. "There is no price."  
"I say there is! Why else would you be here? Speak up! What do you want?"  
She lowered her gaze, a little startled. "Yes, there is one for whom I would renounce even the Cause, turn traitor—" She flung her arms out to him in a rush of abandon—"Oh, Daniel, you know, you know!"  
He loosened her hands from his neck.

"That," said he, "is impossible. I am engaged to be married."  
She recoiled as though he had struck her. Her foot struck a chair as she stepped back. She sat down very slowly. For a few moments she seemed stricken dumb. Then:  
"To—that—"  
"To her you saw me with at the opera."  
"When?" she asked. "When?"  
"We became engaged last March. The second of last March."  
"The second of last March." She repeated the words dully, pressing her hand to her forehead. "The second of last—why, D-Daniel, don't you remember? That is the day we first met each other. Don't you remember, Daniel?"—laughing shrilly—"the crowds, and how I was swept into your arms, and the speeches you made, first in the street, and then—"

"Esther! Esther! Do you realize where you are? Twelve or fifteen persons are waiting outside to see me, and their time and mine means money."  
Her reminiscences trailed off into silence.

"Money!"

Then all at once a terrific change came over her. She sprang up tigerishly, swept the chair aside, rushed toward the door.  
He was there first, however, and stood with his back against it, barring her way.  
"You will not leave this office," he declared, "until—" "  
"Open that door!"  
"—until you listen to reason."  
"Open that door, open that door! I'll scream!"  
"You may go when you've promised me—"

"Open that door!"  
Out of all patience, angry and humiliated, he threw the door open, and saw her run the gaping gauntlet in the outer office. He closed the door quietly and summoned a messenger. His nostrils were dilated, his face white, his lower front teeth were locked firmly over the upper ones. He sat at his desk, took a pad of telegraph forms from a drawer, and with a hand as steady as the mahogany on which it rested he wrote the following, addressing it "Secret Service." "A demented woman who imagines she has been wronged by the Russian ambassador will arrive in Washington from Chicago. Watch all trains for her. She is slightly built, has dark hair and eyes and is dressed in black. H. D. F."

Some while after five o'clock Fitzhugh sat at the telephone on his locked desk, his hat on, an unlighted cigar between his teeth, delivering the customary order for violets. With a final admonition to the florist to send nothing except the best, he "hung up." As he lighted his cigar and swung out of his office he met a messenger, who handed him a square envelope. Embossed on the back was "One Thousand Lake Shore Drive," and it contained a very brief and formal request for an immediate call from him at that address.

The chauffeur was waiting with the car in Adams street. Fitzhugh settled back comfortably in the cushioned seat as the chauffeur picked his way through the mass of traffic, and all the cares and worries of that busy day slipped gratefully from him, leaving him serene with contentment.

He was received in the library of Mr. and Mrs. Otis. There was no sign of Kathleen; and a glance at her parents sufficed to apprise him he was in for a disagreeable time. They remained standing after he entered; nor was he asked to sit down. Mrs. Otis, haughtily stationed as far from him as the large room would permit, had appointed herself spokeswoman.  
"Our daughter," said she, lifting a formidable lognette to her eyes and staring at him as though he were the garbage man, "has informed us of her unfortunate alliance with you."  
He bowed respectfully.

"I need hardly say to you"—and her head raised higher, her hauteur waxed stiff—"that you must consider this engagement broken. Furthermore, you will regard your underhanded ac-

quaintance with our daughter as though it had never been. All communication with her of whatever nature must cease instantly. That, I believe, is all."

If Mrs. Otis had expected to inflict a shock she triumphed amply. If she had hoped to witness its manifestation she was woefully disappointed. The crash struck its victim as a thunderbolt; but beyond a sudden tension that gripped every muscle of him, he betrayed never a sign of the impact. Outwardly he was almost if not quite as self-possessed as when he entered the house.

"Miss Otis—does she know this?" "What a question!" she gasped.

"Why, it is she who—" "Don't!" He started forward impulsively, the blood mounting hotly to his face. But ere his composure departed irrevocably—"I beg your pardon. May I know the reason?"

"The reason," she said icily, wishing his discomfort were more pronounced, "is disgraceful. Most disgraceful"—lunging with the superlative. "Today—this very afternoon, in fact—your—your—" She floundered helplessly in a muddle of words. The starched formality she had deemed sufficient to crush the presumption of any man wilted before his steady gaze, his calm sternness. She turned appealingly to her husband, who, having held a very unwilling silence at her prior behest, came gladly to the rescue.

"I had best deal with this man alone, Elizabeth." He waited until she left the room; then he blazed at Fitzhugh: "Your wife, whom you deserted, was here today."  
"The woman is not my wife."  
"Not your legal wife, you mean."  
"Nor any other kind."

Scarcely had Fitzhugh uttered the words, advancing with he knew not what rash design, then he stopped, turned back, and stood listening intently. Otis, thoroughly alarmed, rang frantically for a servant.

Fitzhugh crossed to the hall-door and listened.  
From somewhere above, unbridled and spasmodic, though faint by the distance, came the hysterical sobbing of a girl. Kathleen!

With an imprecation on his tongue, he bounded up the staircase—just as Noonan appeared in answer to the summons. His coat clutched from behind, Fitzhugh turned, jerked free and, with a single push of his flat hand, sent the butler reeling backward to the hall below. He leaped up the few remaining steps to the second floor, strode to a door standing ajar and knocked. The girl's weeping in the room beyond was muffled. He knocked again. The sobbing abated, stopped. A third time he knocked and, receiving no response save silence, thrust the door open, entered, closed the door behind him.

It was Kathleen's boudoir. She was seated in a chair, weeping, with her hands hysterically covering her face; but immediately on seeing him she jumped up and started for an adjoining room, calling hastily to her maid.



He Seized Her Wrists, Gripped Them Till She Wincd.

And the next instant she was held, struggling, palpitating, in the hot embrace of his arm, and his kisses showered upon her lips with a delirious passion that seared as heated metal.

"Kathleen—sweetheart, you don't believe—I don't want me to go—" She squirmed in his arms, striking at him with her fists, uttering incoherent words, her face scarlet with shame. The note of hate in her voice cooled his madness. He released her.

"So you do believe it." And he became aware that her father, at his wife's end how to handle the outrage, was pelting him with blows and kicks. He shook off the man as a Newfoundland would a Pomeranian.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)  
**Contrary Means.**  
"That doctor is very successful with insomnia cases. How does he do it?" "I guess it is by his wideawake methods."