

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.

Five hundred Kansas coal miners began a "vacation" Wednesday. Two mines at Pittsburg, Kan., were involved.

The steamer St. Paul brought \$8,200,000 in gold to New York from England Tuesday. The money is to pay Great Britain's interest on the war debt.

In a fight with an automobile thief at Bayard, Neb., Water Commissioner John Lingreen was shot and killed and Chief of Police Webb's arm was shattered by a bullet.

Luis A. Santander, consul for Chile in the state of Washington and assistant professor of Spanish at the University of Washington, died in Seattle Tuesday after a few hours' illness.

Negotiations opened by representatives of soviet Russia in Germany have resulted, according to the Red Flag, in an order for 6000 railway engines and a large number of turbines.

J. N. Weatherby, a large landholder in Mills county, was found dead Wednesday on a lonely road eight miles from Brownwood, Tex., with the head badly beaten and the body wrapped in an army blanket. His valuables had been taken.

The allied reparations committee, according to Vorwaerts Tuesday, has presented to the German government a demand for the immediate delivery of 10,000 bulls and 500,000 cows to France; 11,150 head of cattle to Italy, 210,000 cows to Belgium and 157,000 head of cattle to Serbia.

Former King Constantine of Greece is reported as intending to take advantage of the situation created by the serious illness of King Alexander, his son, by returning to Greece and claiming the throne. The Swiss authorities, it is stated, are taking measures to defeat the alleged plot.

Frank Dorney was arrested in Oakland, Cal., Monday on suspicion of complicity in the robbery of the Bank of Alvarado last Wednesday. According to officers his description tallies with that of one of the bandits who escaped with \$22,000 after shooting August May, president of the bank.

The supreme court has refused to review the conviction in New York of violating the espionage act. The party was fined \$5000 for publishing a pamphlet by Scott Nearing entitled "The Great Madness." Nearing was tried at the same time but was acquitted.

Attorney General Palmer has directed the United States district attorney at San Francisco "to make a full and complete investigation" of reports that 40 barrels of whiskey and gin were withdrawn from bond at San Francisco for the entertainment of the delegates to the democratic national convention.

Pleas for the development of foreign trade through the American merchant marine as means for securing the peace of the world and returning this country to a stabilized condition were made at the National League Exposition in Chicago Tuesday night by Admiral W. S. Benson, chairman of the shipping board, and Edward N. Hurley, chairman of the board during the war.

A lone robber who entered the Union Park bank in an outlying industrial district of Spokane, shortly before closing time Tuesday afternoon, ordered Cashier Anderson and two other employees into the vault and escaped with \$200 in small bills, which he scooped from the counter. He overlooked several thousand dollars in bills of larger denominations, bank officials said, evidently having been nervous.

Draft evaders who had been apprehended up to July 15 and their cases disposed of by the military authorities numbered 163,738. It is announced at the war department. The total number of draft desertions which had been reported to the provost marshal general was 498,033, but examination of government records showed that 161,354 men classed as deserters had enlisted in the army, navy or marine corps or in the armed forces of the allies, so that the total number of desertions still listed now numbers 163,911.

KING OF GREECE SUCCUMBS

Bitten By Pet Monkey, Wounds Become Infected—Operations Fail.

Athens.—King Alexander of Greece died at 5:20 P. M. Monday. His death was due to wounds received when a pet monkey attacked him early in October, the king being badly mutilated.

Throughout Sunday night, the heart action grew weaker, his general debility became more pronounced and pulmonary symptoms were intense. Breathing at times was most difficult and alarming, and at noon it was announced that the king's condition was hopeless.

The death of King Alexander gives rise to the question of succession to the Greek throne. Former King Constantine was reported, according to Swiss dispatches of October 17, as intending to take advantage of the situation created by his son's grave illness, by returning to Greece to claim the throne.

About the same time a regency was suggested and Constantine gave his opinion of this as follows: "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. I will not think of a regency yet. My plans are those of my people."

Premier Venizelos Sunday expressed himself as confident that Prince Paul, Constantine's third son, would not be prevented from taking the throne by his father.

Both Prince Arthur of Connaught and Prince Charles of Belgium have been mentioned as possible candidates.

It is probable that the old chamber will be reconvened owing to the king's death to consider what steps are to be taken before the new chamber meets.

U. S. Men Get Siberia Lease.

London.—Washington D. Vanderlip of California, who recently visited Russia, has sent a telegram from Copenhagen saying he has concluded an extensive arrangement with the Russian soviet authorities by which an organization of western American financiers acquires a 60-year lease of a vast tract in north-eastern Siberia, with exclusive rights to develop coal, oil and fisheries. He stated that his associates are the heads of leading financial institutions west of the Rockies.

Vanderlip's telegram describes the tract as "all northeastern Siberia east of the 160th meridian, including the peninsula of Kamchatka, an area of some 400,000 square miles." He said that active operation will begin in the spring of next year.

Armenians Ask Marines.

Washington, D. C. — Secretary Daniels has been asked by the Armenian-American society to send warships to the Black sea to land marines at Batum to keep open the railroad line from that port to Erivan. Mr. Daniels promised to take the matter up with Secretary Colby. A resolution requesting the president to send marines to Batum was adopted by the senate last May 13. It was offered for the foreign relations committee.

Channel Contract Let.

Washington, D. C.—A contract for dredging the channel to the proposed naval base at San Diego, Cal., has been awarded to the Standard Dredging company of New York, it is said by Admiral C. W. Parks, chief of yards and docks. Bids were based on unit charges for material excavated, but estimates are that the completed job will cost approximately \$750,000.

War Clemency Asked.

Los Angeles.—Recommendation that the three-year sentences imposed upon E. A. Stephens, Edward Hamm and E. J. Sonnenberg, all of San Bernardino, Cal., for violation of the espionage act by distribution and sale of certain literature, be commuted to one year each has been sent to the department of justice. They were taken to McNeil's island last May.

Five Robbers Loot Bank.

Toledo, O.—Five men early Monday forced the cashier of the bank at Alorton, O., in Williams county, to get out of bed, unlock the safe and turn over to them \$3500 in cash and \$500 in bonds. They gave first aid to his wife, who fainted when they forced entrance to the cashier's home.

Ponzi is Held Bankrupt.

Boston.—Charles Ponzi formally was adjudged a bankrupt by the federal district court Monday. The court accepted the report of the referee in bankruptcy who conducted an inquiry in to several phases of the get-rich-quick scheme by which Ponzi obtained millions from investors.

Earthquake Hits Spain.

Granada, Spain.—An earthquake shock lasting 10 minutes was felt on Wednesday throughout the province. Damage was done in some villages, but whether there were any casualties is not known. Almost the entire population of the province left home.

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Eugene.—With the shutting down of the large sawmills nearby and the shortage of freight cars, a fuel famine may result in Eugene this winter, according to wood dealers.

Salem.—Sam A. Kozler secretary of state, has issued a warrant for \$25,000 in favor of the Pacific International Livestock Exposition company, covering the appropriation of that amount for premiums to be awarded at its annual show to be held November 13 in Portland.

Albany.—Fifteen men in the Southern Pacific railroad shops here were laid off this week to reduce the working force to the basis of a year ago. Eleven of them were employees in the car shops and the other four were roundhouse mechanics.

Klamath Falls.—Two masked and armed men entered the Shippington poolroom at Shippington, a sawmill suburb, Wednesday night at 11 o'clock, held up a crowd of 35 patrons and escaped with loot variously estimated at between \$700 and \$1200.

Salem.—Seven thousand members is the goal of the local chapter of the Red Cross, which will start a membership campaign armistice day, November 11, and end Thanksgiving. Practically every section of Marion county will be covered in the drive.

Salem.—The work of erecting a scaffold for the executions of Neil Hart, Jim Owens and Jack Rathie, who are under death sentence for the murder of Til Taylor, former sheriff of Umatilla county was started at the penitentiary here Thursday. The gallows will be located in the Bertillon room on the upper floor of the prison.

Philomath.—Philomath college has received \$2000 of the \$20,000 it is to receive from the united enlistment fund of the United Brethren church. This probably will bring about the building of a new gymnasium soon. The campaign for \$50,000 to raise the endowment to \$100,000 has just been completed.

Fossil.—H. R. Winebarger of Mitchell was arrested on the charge of operating a car without a license and was fined \$50 in the justice court. He was also arrested on the charge of operating a passenger car without a driver's license, and was charged \$25. This is the first case of this kind that has ever been tried in Wheeler county.

Cottage Grove.—Just to demonstrate that the Riverside farm can compete with any when the exigencies of the occasion require, John Hull, the owner of the farm, has put on exhibition a turnip weighing 20 pounds and having a 32-inch circumference measure. This is the largest turnip from the patch, but he has many two-thirds that size.

Salem.—A telegram was received by the state highway department here to the effect that Story, Thorndyke, Palmer & Dodge, Boston attorneys, had waived all objections in connection with the authorization of \$10,000,000 of state highway bonds by the Oregon legislature last January and approved by the voters at the special election in May.

Eugene.—Inconvenience of often times suffering caused by the lack of roads in the northwestern part of Lane county is illustrated in the fact that one day last week four men were compelled to carry Miss Ellen Stevens, resident of the Ten Mile section, many miles on a stretcher over mountain trails to reach a train so she could be sent to Portland for treatment.

Medford.—An illustration of the growing business prosperity that Medford has been enjoying for more than a year is that the gross receipts of the local postoffice for the year ended September 30, 1920, were \$34,781.37, which exceeds by \$1253.88 the previous highest year's record, that made during the boom days of the year ended August 31, 1911, which was \$33,427.49.

Bend.—Discovery at Horse Butte, nine miles southeast of Bend, of a naturally heated cave apparently drawing its warmth from a subterranean volcanic source was reported by C. A. Yarnell and H. D. Elde, local fuel dealers. Investigation verified the report. The cave located near the top of the butte first attracted attention when a wave of heat was felt issuing from the mouth.

Salem.—C. A. McLaughlin of Independence has just received from Louis Lachmund final payment of his 1920 hop crop which involved a cash consideration of \$183,728. The hops were purchased by Mr. Lachmund for an English syndicate and will be sent to foreign ports. The hops were of first class quality and were produced on what is known as the old Hirschburg farm, two miles north of Independence. Last year's crop of hops yielded Mr. McLaughlin \$115,000.

The City of Purple Dreams

By EDWIN BAIRD

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CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

Near the close of the day's session, without exactly knowing why, he went on the "floor" for a few minutes. A man shouted in his ear:

"July's gone to a dollar and a half!" Without answering, without even looking at the man, he stood watching the monster turmoil. The uproar was deafening.

The old speculator turned away. Very carefully, very slowly, he made his way through the hurly-burly, descended the steps that led to the ground floor, his hand sliding jerkily along the banister. When he entered his broker's office his hair was no more white than his face, and as he sat down and held his hand a moment over his eyes his fingers trembled as one afflicted with palsy. It was the first time in his twenty-odd years of speculating that he had been seen unnerve. He looked at his broker and shook his head.

"He's done it," he said, with a pitiable pretense of smiling. "He's done it, Howard. He's got us. He's cornered the market."

Authoritative news of the corner went out over the land. The name of Daniel Randolph Fitzhugh loomed gigantic on the financial horizon. He controlled all the wheat. He could exact for it whatever price he wanted. If he chose, he could get fifty dollars a bushel.

He was the King of Wheat. His name became a household word. Scarcely a man, woman, or child in the middle West but prattled of him. The farmers lauded him as a benefactor of humanity. Others condemned him as a thief. Thousands of letters of every description flooded his mail. Loaves of bread dwindled in size. Mutterings reached him. His life was threatened. His wealth multiplied with prodigious leaps. At no time could he tell how much he was worth. He knew it was more than fifteen millions and less than thirty.

Then there came a day when he was to settle with Otis. The defeated gladiator made the appointment for eleven o'clock that morning in Fitzhugh's office.

At five minutes to eleven Fitzhugh was alone awaiting him. He had given orders that none but Otis was to be admitted, and that afterward they were not to be disturbed. As he lolled back in his cushioned chair before the mahogany desk, and gazed round the luxurious room, a reverie came over him. He recalled his first venture in wheat, made with a few thousands won in a poker game; he remembered the time he had worked for Quigg for four hundred dollars a month. And then, his memory slipping his control and leaping back further still, he thought of the time when—No! Had he been a dishwasher? Had he staved in the scullery of a filthy kitchen for a miserable weekly pittance?

The door opened. Symington Otis entered.

In these days of his monarchy Fitzhugh saw many sorts of characters exposed raw and naked to his gaze. He saw men come cringing to him, begging and pleading. He saw others enter, blustering and trying to outface him. Otis behaved in neither manner. He walked in quietly, and, closing the door, remained standing, with no greeting whatsoever. He looked ten years older than his actual age. Fitzhugh returned to his chair. The silence had lasted fully half a minute before he spoke.

"It has been agreed, Mr. Otis, that I shall deal with you as I see fit."

Otis nodded. He did not speak. "My rule has been to give no quarter and ask none. I see no reason why your case should mark an exception. I see every reason why it should not. For eight years or more your hand has been against me. You have opposed my ventures, obstructed my path, hindered me in every way."

"I came here," interjected Otis coldly, "to talk business; not to discuss our personal affairs."

"And we are going to discuss those affairs, Mr. Otis"—Fitzhugh rose, and with his hands resting on the desk in front of him, leaned toward his visitor, who now stood opposite—"I will let you out of my corner on only one condition."

"Which is?"

"That you tell your daughter—"

"You need not go further! I will consider nothing that involves my family."

"Then you refuse to deny to her—"

"Absolutely!"

"—the preposterous falsehood you repeated?"

"I repeated no falsehood. It was the truth."

"It was a lie! The woman is dead now, and I shall say nothing against her. But you, and you only, can undo the wrong she did me."

"Mr. Fitzhugh, I must ask you to come at once to business."

"For the final time, will you tell her—"

"No! Absolutely, no!"

"Then you will take the alternative." Fitzhugh turned and pressed one of the pearl buttons on his desk. His expression was one many Chicagoans had seen to their sorrow since last July; the facial muscles tense, the stern jaw thrust forward, his eyes hard as agate.

A young man entered. Fitzhugh nodded to him, and he departed, returning presently with a small, round-top table, which he placed near the desk. In the center of the table was a push box not unlike a jeweler's ring-case. Otis looked on as a child who fears the dark. He had not even a remote idea of what the box contained, nor could he imagine what the table portended, yet he felt, nevertheless, that some sinister torture was impending.

"You are short to us," said Daniel, after locking the door upon his employee, "seven million bushels of wheat ranging in price from ninety-six cents to a dollar and ten. I am going to settle our transaction in less than one second."

He crossed to the table, picked up the little box, pressed a spring in the side; the lid flew open, and he extracted a new gold eagle, which he held up between thumb and forefinger. "This will settle it. A fitting emblem, Mr. Otis. Gold! What a sermon you and I might preach upon it!"

Tried beyond all patience, Otis cried out: "Come to the point! What's your object?"

Fitzhugh laughed. It was the same mirthless laugh that had once reminded Hunt of a wolf baring its fangs. He poised the coin. "Heads or tails, which do you want? If I win, your wheat will cost you two and a quarter a bushel—"

"Two—merciful God! man, that price will ruin me!"

"Of course it will," Fitzhugh replaced the eagle in the box, breathing audibly a sigh of relief. "Now then, I think we understand each other. If you will only go to her—"

"I won't consider that!"

"You know the alternative."

"It makes no difference. I will not consider it!"

"Very well"—poising the coin as before, "Heads or tails?"

"Stop this assinine playing!"

"Should you win you will have just enough to live on modestly."

"The idiocy of such a thing!"

Fitzhugh again gave his discomfiting laugh. "I don't agree with you. All our mighty warring, proclaimed broadcast in every country of the world, has been nothing more than a game of heads-and-tails. You bet wheat would fall. I bet it would rise."



"But You, and You Only, Can Undo the Wrong She Did Me."

I won. The toss of a gold coin will add an artistic climax. Wait!" as Otis made an attempt to interrupt. "I'm not through. If you will do as I ask, you will not lose a cent. You will get your wheat—"

"I will not do it!"

"Once and for all, will you save yourself?"

"In the way you ask—never!"

"Then, you will take the consequences!" Daniel seized the gold piece. "We'll toss for it; and if I win you will go bankrupt."

Otis, who had remained standing throughout the conversation, groped behind him for a chair, staring aghast at his opponent.

There could be no doubting his seriousness. There was not a trace of merriment in his hard face. Nor a vestige of compassion.

"Then you do mean it?"

"Every word of it!"

The groping hand struck a chair. Otis sat down, clutching tremblingly at the arm, moistening his lips.

"Talks," he whispered, but so indistinctly he was asked to repeat the word.

"Heads," he said, more firmly.

Fitzhugh spun the coin into the air. It fell upon the polished table with a little ring. The older man's face grew suddenly ghastly, and the two heavy furrows extending from his nose to the corners of his mouth deepened. He was on the verge of a collapse.

"What is it? Quick!"

Fitzhugh bent and looked at the gold eagle.

"Heads," he said.

CHAPTER XIV.

Daniel's career in La Salle street closed with his corner in wheat, terminating the ocean of details, he sailed forthwith for Paris.

"For a long holiday," he told his

friends. But it was really for quite another purpose.

Hunt, who swore by the man and potently believed him the greatest he had ever known, settled his speculative deals and went with him.

One evening in the Cafe Martin they met Artie Sparkle. Artie had long since become an expatriate, due, according to gossip, to unrequited affection and hope too often deferred. He was with a brilliantly gowned woman of the French boulevard type, who wore just a little too much rouge, just a few too many diamonds, and a gaiety of manner just a trifle too effervescent.

Artie's animosity toward his former rival had very obviously been buried, or forgotten, for he pounced joyfully upon the two Americans, and with gusto and éclat presented them to her of the gorgeous plumage—his wife of the month.

Then more wine was ordered to toast the bride, and Artie extolled ecstatically the bliss of connubial life, touching in particular upon his own, which to him, of course, was unparalleled and paramount. Gradually the talk turned upon other topics, with the benedict easily leading.

"I read all about it in Lannon, dear fellow," this to Daniel. "Frightfully clever of you, I must say, getting all that grain and freezing out the othah chaps. . . . And poor old Otis; I saw him in Carlsbad last week. He looks dreadfully done for. I fear the poor fellow won't last long."

Always the mention of Otis' name spelled bad moments for Daniel. Since that Indian summer day when millions had hung upon the toss of a coin the aged speculator, as Daniel knew, had been a bowed-down man. He never visited the pit again. He never went near it. The memory of its roaring sent a shudder through him. He was care-worn, listless, comfortless. He had lost his "nerve." Grain gambling topics were taboo in his household, and those who valued his good will found it politic not to broach such in his hearing. When in October he had left for the German "bad" cures he was broken in health as well as in spirit.

His quest was fruitless.

One May morning in Florence Daniel read at his breakfast table of Otis' death. He had died in mid-ocean en route to New York.

He put down his newspaper, beckoned the waiter, ordered some cablegram forms. Leaving his breakfast untouched, and Hunt's questions unanswered, he wrote a lengthy message to a Chicago trust company that specialized in mortgages. He fretted with impatience until he received an answer; and then, having read it, he tore it up and sighed hopelessly.

Daniel heard afterward that Otis had left nothing beyond his life insurance. The house on the drive had gone, and with it all the pomp of circumstances. Mrs. Otis was residing temporarily in Oconomowoc. Kathleen was with her.

Early in June of that year two wealthy Americans, who had made their "pile" in July wheat, booked first-class transportation from Rome to Chicago. When they boarded the liner at Naples there embarked with them a quarter of a million dollars' worth of European art treasures. When they left the liner at New York the name of the tall, distinguished-looking one, of the black Vandike beard and white ducks, was not Daniel Randolph Fitzhugh. It was his own, Hugh Daniel Fitzrandolph.

This name juggling had heralded their coming, and they were surrounded at the pier by a phalanx of sharp-eyed men armed with cameras.

Daniel greeted them warmly, shook hands, gave them cigars, and waxed so jovially humorous about his malleable patronymic that he was voted a shining member of the Good Fellows' club and lauded as a thoroughgoing, fine sort. Nothing derogatory was printed of him in the New York newspapers; and the eccentricity of one's using one's family name for a "comical cut-out" was made to appear a very natural thing for one to do.

His arrival in Chicago received a similar reception.

The thing he had long been planning, the thing that had prompted his trip abroad, which had necessitated the proper rearranging of his name, was made public. With a fanfare of trumpets, a sounding of cymbals, a beating of tom-toms, Hugh Daniel Fitzrandolph inaugurated his campaign for the Chicago mayoralty.

In the primary election these were nominated: Hugh Daniel Fitzrandolph, advocating pure politics; Sam Buffington, fat and puffy and a tool of the trusts; John Dinwoody, lean and lank and a patron of vice, and Ivan Skimkus, skinny and erratic and a champion of the working man.

Before the primaries, Daniel's chief rivals, Buffington and Dinwoody, took scant notice of him, shelving him in a category with Skimkus, the Socialist, who had no chance whatever. After his nomination they changed their views. They suddenly realized many things; realized he had been working hours to their minutes; that his enormous volume of advertising was not unproductive of results; that he had a happy faculty of making friends wherever he went; that his popularity was booming daily; and that he controlled nearly as many votes as they.

This would never do, decided Buffington and Dinwoody. They immediately set about to crush the intruder who presumed to enter a domain always exclusively their own. Thus, when the papers supporting the malcontents were not casting their harpoons at each other, they took time to shy a concerted volley at the interloper.

(TO BE CONTINUED)