

45 ARE SLAIN BY DUBLIN RIOTERS

Black and Tan Fire on 15,000; Many Wounded.

FOOTBALL CROWD HIT

Fifteen Army Officers and ex-Officers Assassinated Earlier in Day—Streets Put Under Guard.

Dublin.—Dublin was the scene Sunday of far-spread murder and reprisal. Not since the first outbreak of the vicious civil warfare that has been shedding blood in Ireland have the assassinations been so concerted or the retaliations so swift and pronounced. Forty-five persons were killed and many wounded during clashes between opposing factions.

Thirty persons were reported killed and many injured in a panic when "Black and Tans" invaded a football match and fired upon the crowd of 15,000 persons in attendance.

Fifteen others were slain and six wounded earlier in the day in what appears to have been prearranged simultaneous attacks on military officers and ex-officers in their lodgings in various parts of the city. The attacks on the officers and ex-officers were announced officially.

The method was the same in each case. Small bodies of men numbering generally from six to eight posted themselves at various houses, called their victims out, or entered and shot them in bed, while dressing or at breakfast. The districts where the killings were committed were in some instances close together; others were separated by miles, but all of the killings took place about the same hour—9 o'clock in the morning.

In the afternoon, while a football match was in progress at Croke park, 16 lorries filled with auxiliary police moved swiftly up and surrounded the place. Accounts differ as to what happened. After mounting machine guns on heights above the police broke through the gates. The auxiliaries were hooted, and, according to eye-witnesses in the crowd, fired into the crowd. It was declared from another source that the Sinn Fein pickets first fired into the government forces when they were seen approaching and that the fire was returned.

Within the park the assembly of 15,000 became panic stricken. How many were killed is not known, but the estimates range from ten to 30 or more. Several were reported trampled to death.

An official version said that the auxiliary police visited Croke park to search the crowd, as it was known many gunmen connected with the murders earlier in the day were present. Some went ostensibly to attend the match.

According to this account, ten persons were killed. After spectators and players had vacated the place no fewer than 30 revolvers were found on the ground.

Panama Canal Earns \$2,387,599 In Profits

Washington, D. C.—The Panama canal has closed the best year financially in its six years of operation with an excess of \$2,387,599 in revenue over the expense of operation and maintenance.

Brigadier-General Chester Harding, governor of the Panama canal, predicted in his annual report to the secretary of war, made public Sunday, that within a reasonable period of normal world conditions the canal will earn an actual profit on its cost, which has been \$866,850,000 exclusive of expenditures for its military and naval defense. In the meantime, the general added, the canal is performing an important commercial service by stimulating American trade with the west coast of South America and the orient. More than 25 per cent of the cargo handled through the canal since its opening was in transit between the United States and South America and 14.2 per cent between the Atlantic coast of the United States and the orient.

Peace Plan Need Told.

Boston.—"With President Wilson's league of nations dead so far as the United States is concerned by the verdict of the people, it is for the Harding administration and its supporters in congress to bring about some arrangement with other nations to promote world peace without incurring dangers to our independence and our constitutional system." Senator Lodge said in a speech here. "The responsibility is great," he continued.

SURPLUS ARMY STOCK SOLD

Uncertain Market Holds Up Disposition of Rest.

Washington, D. C.—More than \$258,000,000 worth of surplus army ordnance materials has been disposed of in the last fiscal year, according to the annual report of Major-General C. C. Williams, chief of ordnance, made public Monday. Falling market prices, stringency in the money market and unsettled shipping conditions are holding up disposition of remaining stocks, the report said, and final closing out of the surplus material, originally planned for December 31, will probably not be achieved by that date.

Satisfactory progress has been made in improving existing ordnance models, particularly aircraft, rifles, bombs and bomb-dropping devices, General Williams reported.

Among equipment received during the year to be retained, the report enumerates 118,000 machine guns, 1500 37-millimeter guns, 11,000 guns and howitzers of various calibers, 58,000 automatic rifles and over a million rifles.

Captured enemy material received includes over 10,000 machine guns, 250 pieces of artillery, 72,000 rifles and 50,000 bayonets.

Giant Eagle Almost Takes Boy.

Glendo, Wyo.—It took the combined efforts of the Spaulding family Monday to save 8-year-old Walter Spaulding from being carried away by a giant eagle at their ranch near here.

The huge bird, with a spread of eight feet, attacked Walter in the ranch yard. He grasped the eagle by the neck and screamed for help.

John, Walter's 7-year-old brother, went to the rescue and a third boy ran for help. Mrs. Spaulding beat off the bird with a stick and the eagle attacked her. She was saved when Mr. Spaulding came with a shotgun and shot the bird.

The two boys were severely lacerated by the eagle's claws.

Gasoline Output Record.

Washington, D. C.—All gasoline output records were broken during September, the bureau of mines announced Monday. Refineries produced a daily average of 15,000,000 gallons, making the output total for the first nine months of 1920 three and a half billion gallons as compared with 2,900,000,000 gallons during the same period in 1919. Exports for the first nine months of 1920 amounted to 465,439,592, almost 200,000,000 gallons more than was sent abroad during the same period in 1919.

Bank Looted By Robber.

Sioux City, Ia.—About \$1200 was taken by a lone robber who entered the State Bank of Oto, Iowa, near here, Monday and bound and gagged the cashier and a customer in a rear room of the building.

After helping himself to the cash, he made his escape.

A customer entered the bank while the robber was at his work, but was unaware of what was transpiring and offered no interference.

Election Cost 4 Million.

Washington, D. C.—Campaign expenditures of the republican national committee between June 14 and November 19 totaled \$4,022,589.99 and receipts amounted to \$3,833,152.14, according to a final report received Monday by the clerk of the house of representatives from Fred W. Upham, treasurer of the committee. The report indicated that the committee had incurred a deficit of \$189,428.85.

Vessel Going to Pieces.

Marshfield, Or.—Telephone information Monday from Port Orford declared the last hope of the owners that the Joan of Arc might be saved is gone, as half of the craft has broken away, one mast is down and the sea again is rough. During a calm last Saturday Captain Michelson and his five men were able to make several trips to the wreck and secured some of the valuables on board.

Soviet to Start War.

London.—The Russian soviet government declared in a wireless message from Moscow that it is compelled to carry the war into the neutral zone between Poland and Russia. The attacks being made on the soviet forces by Polish volunteer forces which refused to cease fighting when the Polish-Russian peace was made caused the decision, says an Exchange Telegraph dispatch from Berlin.

Ice Seen in Atlantic.

Boston.—An iceberg in the steamship track east of Newfoundland was reported in a wireless dispatch Monday. The appearance of ice in mid-Atlantic at this season is unusual.

Walla Walla.—Farm bureaus are being organized throughout the county. The series of meetings will end at Dixie. The annual farm bureau meeting will be held in December.

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Corvallis.—Calvin Ingle, living near here, returned from the international livestock show with one heifer for which he paid \$1100 and five cows for which he paid \$3450.

Salem.—L. J. Goldsmith of Portland, in behalf of certain tax measures, spent \$1525.05 during the campaign preceding the general election here November 2, according to a statement filed with the secretary of state.

Eugene.—The Eugene Bible university celebrated the 25th anniversary of its incorporation last week with a series of meetings at which friends and alumni of the institution from many parts of the northwest were in attendance.

Salem.—The Oregon Agricultural college, according to its budget of estimated expenditures for the years 1921 and 1922 filed with the secretary of state here, will require appropriations at the next session of the legislature aggregating \$393,641.12.

Klamath Falls.—Division of Klamath county and the creation of a new county in the eastern portion, to be called "Equity," is the purpose of a petition being circulated by J. O. Hamaker of Bonanza, among residents of the eastern section of the county.

Salem.—Governor Olcott will leave Salem sometime this week for Harrisburg, Pa., where he will attend the governors' conference. The conference will convene December 1, and will be attended by governors from practically every state in the union.

Salem.—That substantial reductions will be made in the budgets of estimated expenditures filed by several of the state institutions, to care for their operation during the next biennium was indicated following an all-day investigation of the demands by the state board of control.

Willamina.—It has been announced that no reduction in wages will be made here in the railroad work under the supervision of the Spaulding Logging company. The work is expected to last throughout the winter and the men all seem to be in earnest to push the job along at a good pace.

Eugene.—B. B. Brundage, cashier of the Bank of Commerce, who returned Saturday from the livestock exposition in Portland, purchased while there from J. A. McCutcheon and sons of Elmira one of the finest Holstein bulls on exhibition. This is said to be the highest-priced animal ever brought to Lane county.

Salem.—While going through some old files recently W. P. Ellis, secretary of the Oregon public service commission, discovered a map of the Oregon Central railroad made in 1869. It shows the road from Portland to Jefferson on the Santiam river, along a route about the same as the present Southern Pacific line.

Prineville.—The Crook county post of the American Legion has taken over the Commercial hall building and will have entire control of the building, the only conditions being that the post meet all expenses, upkeep and improvements. All profits made will go into a fund for the memorial building, to be built later on.

Salem.—A check for \$4613.53, covering the tax on sales of gasoline and distillate by the Union Oil company of California for the month of October, has been received at the offices of the secretary of state. Another check aggregating \$392.21, covering the tax on sales of the company's substation at Klamath Falls, also reached the secretary of state Saturday.

Portland.—John B. Yeon of Portland has accepted appointment as a member of the state highway commission, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Simon Benson. Mr. Yeon did not make his decision until after he had considered the matter from all angles. He consented to serve from a sense of public duty and at the instance of Governor Olcott and good roads enthusiasts from all sections of Oregon. The position carries no salary.

Portland.—Approximately \$72,000 in prize money was distributed among the stockbreeders of the northwest Saturday at the Pacific International Livestock exposition, where a crowd swarmed all day long before the window where the awards were being paid. Many drew amounts ranging into hundreds of dollars, while others, less fortunate, but none the less happy, drew much smaller sums. Perhaps no individual record for prize winnings approached that of A. R. Cook of Townsend, Mont., who won in the neighborhood of \$1500 on his Herefords. Edward Coles of Haines, Or., received more than \$600 in prizes on carload lots of fat steers and the Congdon & Battles exhibits of Aberdeen-Angus drew heavily in prize money.

The Great Shadow

By A. CONAN DOYLE
Author of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes"
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"SILLY BOY."

Synopsis.—Writing long after the events described, Jack Calder, Scot farmer of West Inch, tells how, in his childhood, the fear of invasion by Napoleon, at that time complete master of Europe, had gripped the British nation. Following a false alarm that the French had landed, Jim Horscroft, the doctor's son, a youth of fifteen, quarrels with his father over joining the army, and from that incident a lifelong friendship begins between the boys. They go together to school at Berwick, where Jim is cock boy from the first. After two years Jim goes to Edinburgh to study medicine. Jack stays five years more at Berwick, becoming cock boy in his turn. A visit from Cousin Edie of Eyemouth to West Inch gives no hint of the part she is to play in the lives of the two friends. When Jack is eighteen Edie comes to live at West Inch and Jack falls in love at first sight with his attractive, romantic, selfish and autocratic cousin of seventeen. They watch from the cliffs the victory of an English merchantman over two French privateers.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

But not an inch of canvas did she lower, floundering on in her stolid fashion, while a little black ball ran up her peak and the rare old flag streamed suddenly out from the halliard. Then again came the rap-rap-rap of her little guns and the boom-boom of the big carronades in the bows of the lugger. An instant later the three ships met, and the merchantman staggered on like a stag with two wolves hanging to its haunches. For a stricken hour the hell-cloud moved slowly across the face of the water, and still, with our hearts in our mouths, we watched the flap of the flag, straining to see if it were yet there. And then suddenly the ship, as proud and black and high as ever, shot on upon her way, and as the smoke cleared we saw one of the luggers squattering like a broken-winged duck upon the water, and the other working hard to get the crew from her before she sank.

For all that hour I had lived for nothing but the fight. My cap had been whisked away by the wind, but I had never given it a thought. Now, with my heart full, I turned upon Cousin Edie, and the sight of her took me back six years. There was the vacant, staring eye and the parted lips, just as I had seen them in her girlhood, and her little hands were clenched until the knuckles gleamed like ivory.

"Ah, that captain!" she said, talking to the henth and the whin bushes. "There is a man—so strong, so resolute! I would give a year of my life to meet such a man. But that is what living in the country means. One never sees anybody but just those who are fit for nothing better."

I do not know that she meant to hurt me, though she was never very backward at that; but, whatever her intention, her words seemed to strike straight upon a naked nerve.

"Very well, Cousin Edie," I said, trying to speak calmly. "That puts the cap on it. I'll take the bounty in Berwick tonight."

"Oh, you'd look so handsome in a red coat, Jack, and it improves you vastly when you are in a temper. I wish your eyes would always flash like that, for it looks so nice and manly. But I am sure that you are joking about the soldiering."

"I'll let you see if I'm joking." Then and there I set off running over the moor, until I burst into the kitchen where my father and mother were sitting on either side of the ingle.

"Mother," I cried, "I'm off for a soldier."

Had I said that I was off for a burglar they could not have looked worse over it, for in those days among the decent, canny country folks it was mostly the black sheep that were herded by the sergeant. But, my word, those same black sheep did their country some rare service, too! My mother put up her mittens to her eyes, and my father looked as black as a peat hole.

"Hoots, Jock, you're daft," says he. "Daft or no, I'm going."

"Then you'll have no blessing from me."

"Then I'll go without."

At this my mother gave a screech and throws her arms about my neck. I saw her hand, all hard and worn and knuckly with the work that she had done for my upbringing, and it pleaded with me as words could not have done. My heart was soft for her, but my will was as hard as a flint edge. I put her back in her chair with a kiss, and then ran to my room to pack my bundle. It was already growing dark, and I had a long walk before me; so I thrust a few things together and hastened out. As I came through the side door someone touched my shoulder, and there was Edie in the gloaming.

"Silly boy!" said she. "You are not really going? I don't want you to go, Jack."

note. You think I'm nobody at all, I'll show you different." All my troubles came out in hot little spurts of speech. She colored up as I spoke and looked at me in her queer, half-mocking, half-petting fashion.

"Oh, I think so little of you as that," said she. "And that is the reason why you are going away. Well, then, Jack, will you stay if I am—if I am kind to you?"

We were face to face and close together, and in an instant the thing was done. My arms were round her, and I was kissing her, and kissing her and kissing her, on her mouth, her cheeks, her eyes, and pressing her to my heart, and whispering to her that she was all, all to me, and that I could not be without her. She said nothing, but it was long before she turned her face aside, and when she pushed me back it was not very hard.

"Why, you are quite your rude, old, impudent self," said she, patting her hair with her two hands. "You have tossed me, Jack. I had no idea that you would be so forward."

But all my fear of her was gone, and a love tenfold hotter than ever was boiling in my veins. I took her up again and kissed her, as if it were my right.

"You are my very own now," I cried. "I shall not go to Berwick, but I'll stay and marry you."

But she laughed when I spoke of marriage. "Silly boy! Silly boy!" said she, with her forefinger up, and then when I tried to lay hands on her again she gave a little dainty courtesy and was off into the house.

CHAPTER IV.

The Choosing of Jim.

And then there came ten weeks which were like a dream, and are so now to look back upon. I would weary you were I to tell you what passed between us, but oh! how earnest and fateful and all-important it was at the time. Her waywardness, her ever-varying moods, now bright, now dark like a meadow under drifting clouds, her causeless angers, her sudden repentances, each in turn filling me with joy or sorrow—these were my life, and all the rest was but emptiness. But ever deep down behind all my other feelings was a vague disquiet—a fear that I was like the man who set forth to lay hands upon the rainbow, and that the real Edie Calder, however near she might seem, was in truth forever beyond my reach.

It was after Christmas, but the winter had been mild, with just frost enough to make it safe walking over the peat bogs. One fresh morning Edie had been out early, and she came back to breakfast with a fleck of color on her cheeks.

"Has your friend, the doctor's son come home, Jack?" says she.

"I heard that he was expected."

"Ah, then it must have been him that I met on the moor."

"What? You met Jim Horscroft?" "I am sure it must be he. A splendid-looking man, a hero, with curly black hair, a short, straight nose, and gray eyes. He was dressed in gray, and he has a grand, deep, strong voice."

"Ho, ho, you spoke to him?" said I. She colored a little, as if she had said more than she meant. "I was going where the ground was a little soft, and he warned me of it," she said.

"Ah, it must have been dear old Jim," said I. "Why, heart alive! here is the very man himself!" I had seen him through the kitchen window, and now I rushed out with my half-eaten bannock in my hand to greet him. He ran forward, too, with his great hand out and his eye shining.

"Ah, Jock!" he cried, "it's good to see you again. There are no friends like the old ones." Then suddenly he stuck in his speech and stared, with his mouth open, over my shoulder. I turned, and there was Edie, with such a merry, roguish smile, standing in the door. How proud I felt of her, and of myself too, as I looked at her.

"This is my cousin, Miss Edie Calder, Jim," said I.

"Do you often take walks before breakfast, Mr. Horscroft?" she asked, still with that roguish smile.

"Yes," said he, staring at her with all his eyes.

"So do I, and generally over yonder," said she; "but you are not very hospitable to your friend, Jack. If you do not do the honors I shall have to take your place for the credit of West Inch."

Well, in another minute we were in with the old folk, and Jim had his plate of porridge ladled out for him, but hardly a word would he speak, but sat, with his spoon in his hand, staring at Cousin Edie. She shot little twinkling glances across at him all the time, and it seemed to me that she was amused at his backwardness, and that she tried by what she said to give him heart.

"Jack was telling me that you were studying to be a doctor," said she. "But oh! how hard it must be, and how long it must take before one can gather so much learning as that."

"It takes me long enough," Jim answered, ruefully, "but I'll beat it yet."

"How candid and truthful you are!"

she cried, and so they went on, she decking him with every virtue and twisting his words to make him play the part, in the way that I knew so well. Before she was done I could see that his head was buzzing with her beauty and her kindly words. I thrilled with pride to think he should think so well of my kin.

"Isn't she fine, Jim?" I could not help saying when we stood alone outside the door, he lighting his pipe before he set off home.

"Fine!" he cried. "I never saw her match."

"We're going to be married," said I. The pipe fell out of his mouth, and he stood staring at me. Then he picked it up and walked off without a word. I thought that he would likely come back, but he never did, and I saw him far off walking up the brae with his chin on his chest.

But I was not to forget him, for Cousin Edie had a hundred questions to ask me about his boyhood, about his strength, about the women that he was likely to know; there was no satisfying her. And then again, later in the day, I heard of him, but in a less pleasant fashion.

It was my father who came home in the evening with his mouth full of poor Jim. He had been dead drunk since midday, had been down to West-house Links to fight the gypsy champion, and it was not certain that the man would live through the night. My father had met Jim on the highroad, dour as a thunder cloud, and with an insult in his eye for every man that passed him. "Guid sakes!" said the old man. "He'll make a fine practice for himself! If breaking bones will do it." Cousin Edie laughed at all this, and I laughed because she did, but I was not so sure that it was funny.

On the third day afterward I was going up Corriemuir by the sheep track, when who should I see striding down but Jim himself. But he was another man from the big, kindly fellow who had supped his porridge with us the other morning. He had no collar nor tie, his vest was open, his hair matted, and his face mottled like a man who has drunk heavily overnight. He carried an oak stick, and he slashed at the whin bushes on either side of the path.

"Why, Jim!" said I.

But he looked at me in the way that I had often seen at school when the devil was strong in him, and when he knew that he was in the wrong, and yet set his will to brazen it out. Not a word did he say, but he brushed past me on the narrow path, and swaggered on, still brandishing his stick and cutting at the bushes.

Ah well, I was not angry with him. I was sorry, very sorry, and that was all. Of course I was not so blind but that I could see how the matter stood. He was in love with Edie, and he could not bear to think that I should have her. Poor devil! how could he help it? Maybe I should have been the same. There was a time when I should have wondered that a girl could have turned a strong man's head like that, but I knew more about it now.

For a fortnight I saw nothing of Jim Horscroft, and then came the Thursday which was to change the whole current of my life.

I had woken early that day, and, with a little thrill of joy, which is a rare thing to feel when a man first opens his eyes. Edie had been kinder than usual the night before, and I had fallen asleep with the thought that maybe at last I had caught the rainbow, and that, without any imaginings or make-believes, she was learning to love plain Jack Calder of West Inch. It was this thought, still at my heart, which had given me that little morning chirrup of joy. And then I remembered that if I hastened I might be in time for her, for it was her custom to go out with the sunrise.

But I was too late. When I came to her door it was half open and the room empty. Well, thought I, at least I may meet her and have the homeward walk with her. I zigzagged up the steep pathway, breathing in the thin, keen morning air, and humming a lilt as I went, until I came out, a little short of breath, among the whins upon the top. Looking down the long slope of the farther side, I saw Cousin Edie as I had expected, and I saw Jim Horscroft walking by her side.

"See here, Jock, this woman is fooling us both."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Home Versus House.

Home cannot be given us. We may be given a house, a place to eat and sleep. This is not a home. A home is a place of love and rest and peace. Love and rest and peace must be deserved, must be earned. Nobody can hand them to you as so many packages. They are matters of reciprocity. If you have none to give there will be but little for you to receive.—Western Methodist.

Curtain.

"What do they mean by a curtain lecture?" "It usually follows smoking in the parlor."