

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.

Utah has 25,662 farms containing 5,050,410 acres and valued at \$311,274,728, the census bureau announces. The value of land and buildings shows an increase of 107.4 per cent as compared with 1910.

The Belfast city hall at Cork was set afire Tuesday morning and reports from that city state the Thomas Ashe Sinn Fein club and the Charlotte quay are ablaze. Much damage has been done, it is stated.

James Funge, clerk, and an American citizen, was arrested together with Martin Ryan, manager of, and James Burke, a contributor to the Sinn Fein newspaper, Young Ireland, during a raid on the offices of the newspaper Tuesday.

But for deaths from tuberculosis and respiratory diseases contracted during the influenza epidemic in 1918, the army death rate for the last year would have been very low, according to the annual report of Surgeon-General Ireland.

Funeral services were held in Long Beach, Cal., Friday at Eugene W. Chaffin, prohibition candidate for president in 1908 and 1912, who died Tuesday from burns received November 20, when his clothing caught fire from a gas heater.

Federal Judge Landis has granted 32 temporary injunctions to close as many "black and tan" resorts and roadhouses on application of Attorney-General Brundage of Illinois. Mr. Brundage filed 72 such petitions under the prohibition act last week.

Seven men imprisoned at the war prison barracks at Fort Douglas, near Salt Lake City, as "conscientious objectors," since 1917, were released Wednesday on orders from the secretary of war. They are the last prisoners of that class to be released there.

Disbursements by the democratic national committee from July 5 to November 22 totaled \$1,308,007.32, and receipts \$1,339,236.74, said a final report on campaign expenditures filed with the clerk of the house of representatives by Wilbur W. Marsh, treasurer of the committee.

"Mexico will not ask admission to the league of nations, but should an invitation to membership be extended by the league it would be given consideration." This declaration was made by General Alvaro Obregon, president-elect of the republic, in an interview with the Associated Press.

The Nichi Nichi in Tokio, denounces a speech made at the Roosevelt club in Boston some time ago by United States Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, in which Senator Lodge declared that the United States, Australia, Canada and New Zealand should be banded together to retard Asiatic immigration.

R. Wilmer Bolling, treasurer of the United States shipping board, and brother-in-law of President Wilson, emphatically denies allegations that he had participated in the \$25,000 fund alleged to have been distributed by Tucker K. Sands for obtaining a contract with the United States shipping board.

Charles Ponzi, promoter of a get-rich-quick scheme in which thousands of persons invested millions of dollars before it collapsed last August, pleaded guilty to using the mails in a scheme to defraud in the federal district court Wednesday. Sentence of five years in the Plymouth county jail was imposed.

William S. Hart, motion picture actor, was granted judgment for \$87,779.73 against Thomas H. Ince, film producer, in a decision in superior court in Los Angeles. Hart brought suit for profits he alleged were his under a contract made in June, 1917. Hart's attorney said the judgment meant Hart would obtain "accruing profits estimated at \$750,000."

Two surviving sailors and eight bodies from the lost barge W. J. Pirrie, including those of Captain Alfred Jensen, his wife and Peter Hohlmann, first officer of the ill-fated steel craft, have been found. The fate of the rest of the 21 souls on board was still clouded in mystery with a possibility that some of them might have managed to reach shore, where they may still be wandering about or lying helplessly until assistance arrives.

ASK AID HARBORS, RIVERS

Washington and Oregon Waterways
Needs Before Congress.

Washington, D. C.—An appropriation of \$785,000 has been asked for construction and maintenance on the Columbia river, below Vancouver, Wash., and on the Willamette river as far as Portland, for the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1921. The treasury estimates were submitted to congress at its opening Monday.

Other river and harbor appropriations for Oregon and Washington include the following: Columbia river and tributaries above Celilo Falls to the mouth of the Snake river, \$32,000; Willamette above Portland, including the Yamhill river, \$46,500; Clatskanie river, \$3100; Coos bay, completing improvement and bar entrance, \$255,000; Coos river, \$3000; Yaquina river, \$3000; Snake river, Washington and Idaho, \$38,000; Lewis river, Washington, \$17,800; Cowlitz river, \$5700; Grays harbor and bar entrance, \$600,000; Grays harbor light station, \$20,000; Willapa river and harbor, \$52,000; Skamokawa creek, \$1000.

For the Klamath irrigation project, which received \$289,000 this year, an appropriation of \$713,000 has been asked for next year, and for Umatilla project \$467,000 next year against only \$170,900 this year.

Other amounts requested for Oregon for the coming fiscal year are: Klamath Indian agency, \$5750; Warm Springs agency, \$4000; Umatilla agency, \$3000; Salem Indian school, \$257,400; Grand Ronde and Siletz agencies, \$2500; Crater lake national park, \$26,400; Clackamas station, bureau of fisheries, \$10,100; Coos bay wagon road grant, for survey, \$125,000.

The enlarged appropriation for the Salem Indian school makes provision for repairs and improvements to cost \$25,000; a heating plant to cost \$40,000, and a boy's dormitory to cost \$70,000.

For vocational training of Alaska Indians at Dr. Coe's sanitarium in Portland, \$5000 has been asked.

Mrs. Wilson Entertains Mrs. Harding to Tea

Washington, D. C.—For the first time within the memory of the oldest attache of the White House, a first lady of the land entertained a next first lady of the land.

Mrs. Florence Elting Harding, wife of the president-elect, was the guest of Mrs. Edith Bolling Wilson, wife of the president, at an informal tea for two at the executive mansion late this afternoon. Mrs. Wilson met her guest in the front hall and escorted her to the blue room, where tea was served.

After Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Harding had chatted a while, they walked about the White House through the green and red rooms and the state dining room over which Mrs. Harding will be called upon to preside after next March 4.

Mrs. Harding did not meet the president, who had retired to his study on the upper floor to read, and she was not shown over the White House kitchen. Mrs. Harding prepared to depart after spending an hour with her hostess and had progressed as far as the front doorway when Mrs. Wilson, suddenly recalling details of the White House household organization which she had forgotten to impart, invited her back and they withdrew again to the blue room, where they talked for another 20 minutes.

Upon leaving the White House, Mrs. Harding remarked that she had "a very pleasant visit, indeed," but she asked to be excused from answering any questions as to her visit. This was her first meeting with Mrs. Wilson and her first visit to the White House.

\$44,100 To Save Pants.

Boston.—A mother's letter complaining that her young son had worn out three pairs of pants in three months on chairs in the public schools was answered by the chairman of the schoolhouse commission, with the statement that \$44,100 had been spent this year to keep chairs and desks smooth. He said this boy's chair had been specially sandpapered at the request of his family, who said the youngster was hard on pants.

Dry Philippines Wanted.

Washington, D. C.—Extension of prohibition enforcement to the Philippine islands is proposed in an amendment to the Volstead law introduced by Representative Randall, prohibitionist, California. Representative Randall declared he found Manila to be the wettest spot on the globe when he visited the city last summer.

Hunger Strike is Fatal.

Tokio.—The first hunger strike in the orient on record, that of a prisoner incarcerated in connection with the Korean independence movement, ended fatally Sunday when the prisoner died in the Seoul jail. He had fasted 13 days.

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Eugene.—The mills of the Eugene Excelsior company in this city will resume operation early next week after having been idle for a number of weeks.

Klamath Falls.—The American National, fourth of the city's banks, opened for business last Wednesday. Workmen are still putting finishing touches on the building.

The Dalles.—Next year's convention of the Oregon State Hotel association will be held at Astoria, it was decided at a final business session held at the Hotel Dalles Sunday night.

Tillamook.—Requests made upon the county court by a group of representative business men of Tillamook for a \$10,000 publicity fund were turned down last week by the court when the budget was made up.

Prineville.—J. E. Meyers, county superintendent, has announced that the regular examination of applicants for state certificates will be held at the courthouse December 15 to 18. So far ten have announced their intention of taking this examination.

Salem.—Ownership of tide lands in cases where tidal streams, by process of erosion, encroach upon the lands of shore owners, follows the shifting boundary line to the line of ordinary high tide, according to a legal opinion given here by I. H. Van Winkle, attorney-general.

Salem.—Under amendments to the statutes approved at the special election held last May it is within the power of the voters of Oregon to approve bonds in the sum of \$96,954,236 for road construction and improvements, according to a report prepared by the state highway department.

Salem.—Hearing of the application of the Pacific Telephone & Telegraph company for an increase in rates throughout Oregon has been set for December 21, according to announcement made by the public service commission. The hearing will be held in the commission's offices in Portland.

Halfway.—The Cornucopia Mines company has practically exhausted its supply of ore for milling and has turned its attention to development work. It has made plans that include the spending of something like \$250,000 in two years' work. Two tunnels, each about 4000 feet long, will be driven.

Salem.—If the state game and fish commission does not desire the Santiam hatchery for trout work the commercial fish department will be glad to take it over, according to R. E. Clanton, master fish warden, and Hugh Mitchell, superintendent of the United States bureau of fisheries, who returned here recently after inspecting the plant.

Salem.—There were four fatalities due to industrial accidents in Oregon during the week ended November 2, according to a report prepared by the state industrial accident commission. The victims were Victor Marlow, troublemaker, Portland; Floyd Hardy, truck driver, Portland; Joseph E. Caldwell, laborer, Parkersville, Ky., and Harvey Straw, rigger, Powers.

Portland.—Business in Portland is holding its own in a satisfactory manner in spite of the fact that this is a period of readjustment, judging from the way bank clearings are holding up. Bank clearings for the month of November amounted to a total of \$152,476,497 compared to \$151,701,278 for last year. This is considerably over the bank clearings for Seattle for the month of November, which amounted to \$148,607,370.

Klamath Falls.—The Klamath Logging company, recently organized with a capitalization of \$250,000, will build a mill here next spring, directors announced recently. The chief stockholders are William Bray of the Oshkosh Land & Timber company, of Wisconsin; Charles J. Ferguson and O. D. Williams. The company recently purchased a half billion feet of timber on the Klamath reservation and is surveying for a spur track from the Southern Pacific railway to the logging site.

Salem.—Underwriting by the government of bonds in the sum of \$500,000 for the development of the Columbia river basin in the states of Washington, Idaho, Montana and Oregon, was proposed by W. E. Southard, an attorney of Ephrata, in a letter received at the office of the state engineer here Saturday. To carry on the development work successfully Mr. Southard would include the five states in an interstate improvement district, and place the project under the control of a commission to be composed of a man from each state and three men to be named by the government. The government would provide engineers necessary to promote the plan, according to Mr. Southard's proposal.

The Great Shadow

By A. CONAN DOYLE
Author of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes"
Copyright by A. Conan Doyle

BONAVENTURE DE LAPP.

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. When Jack is eighteen his cousin Edie comes to live at West Inch and Jack falls in love at first sight with his attractive, romantic, selfish and autocratic cousin. She acquiesces. Jim comes home. Jack sees Jim kissing Edie. Jack and Jim compare notes and force Edie to choose between them. She chooses Jim. Jack gives up Edie to Jim. The downfall of Napoleon is celebrated. A half-dead shipwrecked foreigner drifts ashore at West Inch.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

"He's dying, Jim," I cried.

"Aye, for want of food and water. There's not a drop or a crumb in the boat. Maybe there's something in the bag." He sprang in and brought out a black leather bag, which, with a large blue coat, was the only thing in the boat. It was locked, but Jim had it open in an instant. It was half full of gold pieces.

Neither of us had ever seen so much before—no, nor a tenth part of it. There must have been hundreds of them, all bright new British sovereigns. Indeed, so taken up were we that we had forgotten all about their owner, until a groan took our thoughts back of him. His lips were bluer than ever, and his jaw had dropped. I can see his open mouth now, with its row of white, wolfish teeth.

"My God! he's off," cried Jim. "Here, run to the burn, Jack, for a hauf of water. Quick, man, or he's gone! I'll loosen his things the while."

Away I tore, and was back in a minute with as much water as would stay in my Glengarry. Jim had pulled open the man's coat and shirt, and we doused the water over him, and forced some between his lips. It had a good effect, for after a gasp or two he sat up, and rubbed his eyes slowly, like a man who is waking from a deep sleep. But neither Jim nor I were looking at his face now, for our eyes were fixed on his uncovered chest.

There were two deep red puckers in it, one just below the collar bone, and the other about halfway down on the right side. The skin of his body was extremely white up to the brown line of his neck, and the angry crinkled spots looked the more vivid against it. From above I could see there was a corresponding pucker in the back at one place but not at the other. Inexperienced as I was, I could tell that that meant. Two bullets had pierced his chest—one had passed through it, and the other had remained inside.

But suddenly he staggered up to his feet, and pulled his shirt to, with a quick, suspicious glance at us.

"What have I been doing?" he asked. "I've been off my head. Take no notice of anything I may have said. Have I been shouting?"

"You shouted just before you fell."

"What did I shout?"

I told him, though it bore little meaning to my mind. He looked sharply at us, and then he shrugged his shoulders.

"It's the words of a song," said he. "Well, the question is, what am I to do now? I didn't thought I was so weak. Where did you get the water?"

I pointed towards the burn, and he staggered off to the bank. There he lay down upon his face, and he drank until I thought he would never have done. At last he got up, with a long sigh, and wiped his mustache with his sleeve.

"That's better," said he. "Have you any food?"

I had crammed two bits of oaten cake into my pocket when I left home, and these he crushed into his mouth and swallowed. Then he squared his shoulders, puffed out his chest, and patted his ribs with the flat of his hands.

"I am sure that I owe you exceedingly well," said he. "You have been very kind to a stranger. But I see that you have had occasion to open my bag?"

"We hoped that we might find wine or brandy there when you fainted."

"Oh, I have nothing there but just my little—how do you say it?—my savings. They are not much, but I must live quietly upon them until I find something to do. Now, one could live very quietly here, I should say. I could not have come upon a more peaceful place, without, perhaps, so

much as a gendarme nearer than that town."

"You haven't told us yet who you are, where you come from, nor what you have been," said Jim bluntly.

The stranger looked him up and down with a critical eye. "My word! but you would make a grenadier for a flank company," said he. "As to what you ask, I might take offense at it from other lips, but you have a right to know, since you have received me with so great courtesy. My name is Bonaventure de Lapp. I am a soldier and a wanderer by trade, and I have come from Dunkirk, as you may see printed upon the boat."

"I thought that you had been shipwrecked?" said I.

But he looked at me with the straight gaze of an honest man.

"That is right," said he. "But the ship went from Dunkirk, and this is one of her boats. The crew got away in the long boat, and she went down so quickly that I had no time to put anything into her. That was on Monday."

"And today's Thursday. You have been three days without bite or sup."

"It is too long," said he. "Twice before I have been for two days, but never quite so long as this. Well, I shall leave my boat here, and see whether I can get lodgings in any of these little gray houses up on the hillsides. Why is that great fire burning over yonder?"

"It is one of our neighbors who has served against the French. He is rejoicing because peace has been declared."

"Oh! you have a neighbor who has served, then? I am glad, for I, too, have seen a little soldiering here and there." He did not look glad, but he drew his brows down over his keen eyes.

"You are French, are you not?" I asked, as we all walked up the hill together, he with his black bag in his hand, and his long blue cloak slung over his shoulder.

"Well, I am of Alsace," said he. "And you know they are more German than French. For myself, I have been in so many lands that I feel at home in all. I have been a great traveler. And where do you think that I might find a lodging?"

I can scarcely tell now, on looking back with the great gap of five-and-thirty years between what impression this singular man had made upon me. Jim Horscroft was a fine man, and Maj. Elliott was a brave one, but they both lacked something that this wanderer had. It was the quick, alert look, the flash of the eye, the nameless distinction which is so hard to fix. And then, we had saved him when he lay gasping on the shingle, and one's heart always softens toward what one has once helped.

"If you will come with me," said I. "I have little doubt that I can find you a bed for a night or two, and by that time you will be better able to make your own arrangements."

He pulled off his hat, and bowed with all the grace imaginable. But Jim Horscroft pulled me by the sleeve and led me aside.

"You're mad, Jack," he whispered. "The fellow's a common adventurer. What do you want to get mixed up with him for?"

But I was always as obstinate a man as ever laced his boots, and if you jerked me back it was the finest way of sending me to the front.

"He's a stranger, and it's our part to look after him," said I.

"You'll be sorry for it," said he. "Maybe so."

"If you don't think of yourself you might think of your cousin."

"Edie can take very good care of herself."

"Well, then, the devil take you, and you may do what you like," he cried, in one of his sudden flushes of anger. Without a word of farewell to either of us he turned off upon the track that led up toward his father's house.

Bonaventure de Lapp smiled at me as we walked on together.

"I didn't thought he liked me very much," said he. "I can see very well that he has made a quarrel with you because you are taking me to your home. What does he think of me then? Does he think, perhaps, that I have stole the gold in my bag, or what is it that he fears?"

"Tut! I neither know nor care," said I. "No stranger shall pass our door without a crust and a bed." With my head cocked, and feeling as if I was doing something very fine, instead of being the most egregious fool south of Edinburgh, I marched on down the path, with my new acquaintance at my elbow.

CHAPTER VI.

A Wandering Eagle.

My father seemed to be much of Jim Horscroft's opinion, for he was not over warm to this new guest, and looked him up and down with a very questioning eye. He set a dish of vinegar before him, however, and I noticed that he looked more askance than ever when my companion ate nine of them, for two were always our portion. When at last he had finished, Bonaventure de Lapp's

lids were drooping over his eyes, for I doubt not that he had been sleepless as well as foodless for these three days. It was but a poor room to which I led him, but he threw himself down upon the couch, wrapped his big blue cloak around him, and was asleep in an instant. He was a very high and strong snorer, and, as my room was next to his, I had never to remember that we had a stranger within our gates.

When I came down in the morning I found that he had been beforehand with me, for he was seated opposite my father at the window table in the kitchen, their heads almost touching, and a little roll of gold pieces between them. As I came in my father looked up at me, and I saw a light of greed in his eyes such as I had never seen before. He caught up the money with an eager clutch, and swept it into his pocket.

"Very good, mister," said he. "The room's yours, and you pay always on the third of the month."

"Ah, and here is my first friend," cried De Lapp, holding out his hand to me with a smile which was kindly enough, and yet had that touch of patronage which a man uses when he smiles to his dog. "I am myself again now, thanks to my excellent supper and good night's rest. Ah, it is hunger that takes the courage from a man. That most, and cold next."

"Aye, that's right," said my father. "I've been out on the moors in a snow-drift for six-and-thirty hours, and I ken what it is like."

"I once saw three thousand men starve to death," remarked De Lapp putting out his hands to the fire. "Day by day they got thinner and more like apes, and they did come down to the edge of the pontoons where we did keep them, and they howled with rage and pain. The first few days their howls went over the whole city, but after a week our sentries on the bank could not hear them, so weak they had fallen."

"And they died?" I exclaimed.

"They held out a very long time. Austrian grenadiers they were, of the corps of Starowitz, fine, stout men as big as your friend of yesterday, but when the town fell there were but four hundred alive, and a man could lift them three at a time, as if they were little monkeys. It was a pity. Ah, my friend, you will do me the honors with madame and with mademoiselle."

It was my mother and Edie, who had come into the kitchen. He had not seen them the night before; but now it was all I could do to keep my face as I watched him, for, instead of our homely Scottish nod, he bent up his back like a louping trout, and slid his foot, and clapped his hand over his heart in the queerest way. My mother stared, for she thought he was making fun of her, but Cousin Edie fell into it in an instant, as though it had been a game, and away she went in a great courtesy, until I thought she would have had to give it up, and sit down right there in the middle of the kitchen floor. But no, she was up again as light as a piece of fluff, and we all drew up our stools and started on the scones and milk and porridge.

He had a wonderful way with women, that man. Now, if I were to do it, or Jim Horscroft, it would look as if we were playing the fool, and the girls would have laughed at us; but with him it seemed to go with his style of face and fashion of speech, so that one came at last to look for it. For when he spoke to my mother or to Cousin Edie—and he never backward in speaking—it would always be with a bow and a look as if it would hardly be worth their while to listen to what he had to say; and when they answered he would put on a face as though every word they said was to be treasured up and remembered forever. Edie did not say much but she kept shooting little glances at our visitor, and once or twice he looked very hard at her.

When he had gone to his room, after breakfast, my father pulled out eight golden pounds, and laid them on the table.

An eagle in a humble nest.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Making Sure.

A story is told of a farmer who was having trouble with his horse. It would start, walk about 20 yards or so, then stop for a few seconds and start again, only to repeat the performance. After watching this exhibition for some time a friend overtook the farmer during one of the horse's long waits. "What's the matter with the horse?" he asked. "Is it lame?" "Not as I know of," answered the farmer very crossly, "but he's so dashed fereed I'll say 'whoa' and he won't hear me, so he stops every now and then to listen."—The Tatler.

White Elephant.

Isn't it a pity that a man never can dispose of his motor experience for as much as it cost him?