

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.

A Protestant church will be established at Eastern penitentiary in Philadelphia, it is announced, at the request of 286 prisoners who became converts.

Sadie Schoola, 18-year-old Indian girl sentenced to six months imprisonment in federal court in Portland on October 15 for alteration of a money order, was pardoned by President Wilson.

Two men are dead from burns and suffocation and eight persons were injured in a fire which swept the Chestnut hotel in Cleveland, O., early Tuesday. Several persons are said to be missing.

The South Dakota attorney-general is drawing up a bill for presentation in the legislature which will provide the \$6,000,000 fund necessary to pay ex-service men the bonus voted at the November election.

W. P. Slaughter of Dallas, Tex., brother of the late Colonel C. C. Slaughter, has started a suit for \$3,000,000 damages, alleging breach of contract and slander, against four nephews and a niece.

Threats to hang profiteers on lamp posts were made by members of several Vienna unions at a conference Tuesday. The conference had been called by the chancellor to devise means of checking rising prices.

Evening weddings at Calvary Protestant Episcopal church in Pittsburgh were banned by Rev. E. J. Van Ethen, pastor, Tuesday. In his New Year's sermon the pastor paid much attention to evening gowns worn by women.

The recount of votes in the Michigan senatorial contest between Senator Newberry and Henry Ford show a net gain for the latter of 551 votes. Of the 2200 precincts in the state the votes of 597 have been recanvassed.

Newspaper dispatches received at Tokio from Vladivostok report that the chief engineer of the American cruiser Albany was shot by a Japanese soldier while he was returning to his vessel at 4 o'clock Tuesday morning.

The Palm Beach show, with two score bathing girls serving refreshments to delegates, was ordered abolished Tuesday by District Attorney Zabel in connection with the convention of the National Shoe Retailers' association at Milwaukee, Wis.

At last the farmers of the great "bread basket" of America, extending from the eastern boundary of Ohio to the Rocky mountains, are getting together. They are forming a giant organization to market their products and they are going about it in a business manner.

Collections of income and excess profits taxes for November increased by more than \$20,000,000 as compared with November, 1919, according to reports made public by the bureau of internal revenue. Receipts were \$70,212,075 as against \$49,740,230 for the same month in 1919.

Introduction by Representative Van de Steeg of Canyon county of a concurrent resolution against Japanese immigration was a sensation of Tuesday's session of the Idaho legislature. It purports to make a definite and clear-cut declaration to the world, and particularly to congress of how Idaho stands on the Japanese question.

Testimony taken by the senate immigration committee in hearings on the Johnson bill prohibiting immigration for one year has failed to prove existence of an emergency, according to senators who analyzed evidence submitted by more than 30 witnesses in the last week. They declared the charge that "millions of aliens would flood the United States, increase unemployment and create economic chaos" had not been proved.

The Jewish news bureau in New York has made public wireless advices from Berlin stating that Nikolai Lenin, premier of soviet Russia, was ill in Moscow from a general breakdown accentuated by recent violent attacks upon him by extremists in the communist party, who accused him of "selling out the cause" in his dealings with foreign financiers, including Washington B. Vanderlip of Los Angeles.

TARIFF BILL IS BROADENED

Horticultural and Dairy Products Win Protection—Add 10 Amendments

Washington, D. C.—The Fordney emergency tariff bill, broadened to include practically all farm products instead of the limited number as the measure passed the house, was approved Saturday by the senate finance committee, which voted to report it out Monday.

Seven amendments were added, making ten in all. No provisions of the original bill, however, were removed and rates on the major products were left intact. Opponents of the bill joined with the authors of amendments and forced the acceptance of most of them despite opposition from the bill's defenders.

The amendments made a part of the measure by committee action included:

Sugar, \$2.13 the hundred pounds until the retail price reaches 10 cents a pound.

Frozen meats of all kinds, 2 cents a pound; all other meats 25 per cent ad valorem.

Apples, 50 cents a box; cherries 4 cents a pound.

Tobacco, Sumatra wrappers and fillers, \$3.85 a pound; stemmed Sumatra, \$3.50 a pound.

Butter and cheese and their substitutes, 3 cents a pound instead of 6 cents, provided in amendment accepted Friday.

The length of long staple cotton on which the tariff will be effective was reduced from 1 1/4 inches to 1 1/2 inches, the duty remaining at 7 cents a pound as the bill passed the house.

Cattle and sheep to be used for breeding purposes were exempted from the duty on imported animals.

Rice to be used in manufacture of canned goods was exempted from the tariff of 2 cents a pound levied in the house bill.

Attempts of several opponents of the bill to load it down with amendments dealing with extraneous subjects were unsuccessful.

In its tariff revision hearings the house ways and means committee took up schedule D of the Underwood act, comprising wood and wood products.

John H. Kirby, Austin, Tex., president of the Southern Tariff association, asked the committee for a rate of 15 per cent ad valorem on imported lumber, saying that such a tariff would yield \$6,000,000 annually in revenue and would not increase the lumber cost to American consumers.

There was no attempt to change the life of the bill's provisions—10 months. Several republican senators were said to have explained that the permanent tariff bill would be whipped into shape before the expiration of the emergency law, and that the latter then would be automatically repealed.

"Guide to Hell" is Out.

A Zion City, Ill.—Wilbur Glenn Voliva, overseer of the Christian Catholic church in Zion, Saturday issued advance sheets on a "hand book and guide to hell."

"Every sinner is going to be punished with an overdose of his own sin," he declared. "A tobacco smoker will be locked up in a den full of tobacco smoke. A chewer of the filthy weed will be immersed to his neck in a vat of tobacco juice. A drinker will pass his term of purification in a natatorium filled with beer, wine and whisky."

Mayflower Lift To Go.

Washington, D. C.—The presidential yacht Mayflower is in drydock, undergoing repairs. One of the things being done to the craft is to remove the elevator recently installed for President Wilson on the theory that he might desire to take a trip while he was ill. Installation of the elevator cost \$16,000. Its removal will cost a similar sum. The elevator never has been used by the president or anybody else. Its removal has been ordered because, in the opinion of navy experts, its presence makes the Mayflower unseaworthy.

Outlaws Defy Police.

Buenos Aires.—Damage estimated at many millions of pesos has been caused by the depredations of outlaws who are pillaging, burning crops and ranches, destroying agricultural machinery and killing inhabitants at Santa Cruz. Dispatches say these bands now aggregate more than 1000 men. The outlaws are said virtually to control the whole interior of the territory as far as Chile. Police are said to be helpless.

Five-Cent Bread Back.

New York.—The 5-cent loaf of bread is back in New York. It appeared last week in a bakery shop, where almost immediately sales jumped from 80 to 1000 loaves a day. In nearly all other New York stores the price is 10 cents, but the baker who reduced the price says he is making more money now.

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Astoria.—What is said to be the first winter chinook salmon taken this season was caught by one of the fishermen Saturday night in the Pacific channel above Tongue point. It was a beautiful fish and tipped the scales at 41 pounds.

The Dalles.—The Dalles-King Products company will close its big plant in The Dalles for the winter season upon completion of the present run of apples. About 300 persons are employed in dehydrating fruits and vegetables grown in Wasco county.

Nysaa.—The carload of Jerseys ordered from the coast have arrived here and have been sold. The sale was well attended. The cows sold for an average of about \$100 each.

Salem.—Members of Capitol Post, American Legion, met here Saturday night and went on record favoring a cash bonus of \$25 a month for soldiers, sailors and marines serving in the late war with Germany. It was said that the vote in favor of the cash bonus was almost unanimous.

Prineville.—The annual election of the Oregoo Irrigation project was held January 11, and M. R. Biggs was elected to succeed himself for a three-year term on the district board. Other members of the board are of the following well-known men: Fred Hochschoer and John Grimes.

Salem.—A sheriff is not entitled to charge fees for serving subpoenas upon witnesses in criminal cases when such actions are brought in another county, according to a legal opinion given by Attorney-General Van Winkle here. The opinion was asked by T. H. Goyno, district attorney of Tillamook.

Eugene.—Ira P. Whitney, agricultural agent of Lane county, announces that efforts will be made soon to organize a county farm bureau here. He attended the meeting in Portland last week, at which a state federation of farm bureaus was formed, and will take steps immediately to organize here.

Pendleton.—At a special meeting of the Pendleton American Legion post Friday night a resolution asking the state legislature for a soldier bonus bill was unanimously endorsed and the adjutant was ordered to communicate the action of the post to the state legislature and to the state legion headquarters.

Medford.—At the annual meeting of the First National bank all old directors and officers were re-elected. John R. Tomlin was added to the board to fill the vacancy caused by the death of E. K. Deuel. After paying a dividend, the management added \$20,000 to the surplus. The bank's resources now exceed \$1,400,000.

Salem.—The C. K. Spaulding Logging company, which closed its local plant here December 20, will resume operations next week, according to announcement made Sunday. Only a small force will be employed upon opening the plant, but more men will be added to the payroll as the business demands.

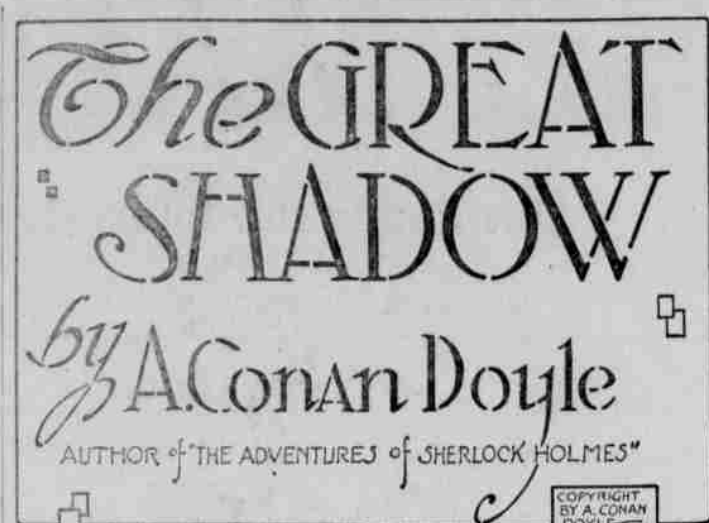
Nysaa.—The \$15,000 alfalfa-mill recently completed here by W. G. Cathey and Randolph Sage, stockmen, has been delayed in opening, due to it is said, to the fact that Mr. Cathey became so heavily indebted for material and labor, which, coupled with the drop in price of cattle that he could not go on with the work.

Salem.—Enforcement of the state laws as they relate to the registration and licensing of motor vehicles will start on February 1, according to a letter prepared by Sam A. Koror, secretary of state. The letter was directed to all chiefs of police, sheriffs, constables, district attorneys and justices of the peace in Oregon.

Pendleton.—Umatilla county's donation for the starving children of central Europe will be shipped to Portland Monday. In the shipment will be 1215 barrels of export flour. The flour will be shipped in 140-pound jute bags, the entire consignment making three carloads, according to J. V. Tallman, chairman of the relief drive.

Medford.—Southern Oregon mining men are much interested in the fact that the Gold Ridge quartz mine, located by T. C. Norris of Medford three miles south of Gold Hill in 1912, which he bonded a year ago to Low Ross, a Nevada mining engineer; C. C. Clark and a number of other Medford men for \$10,000, has been developed into a big wealth producer.

Salem.—Three cases of eggs, alleged false charges, arrest, incarceration in jail and the attendant publicity figure in a suit for damages filed in the Marion county circuit court here Friday by Dave Swanson of Hubbard against C. W. Mayzer. The plaintiff asks \$5000. Mayzer, Mr. Swanson said, accused him of larceny of the eggs, with the result that he was arrested and lodged in jail.



CHAPTER XI—Continued.

We were early risers at that time, and the whole brigade was usually under arms at the first flush of dawn. One morning—it was the sixteenth of June—we had just formed up, and General Adams had ridden up to give some order to Colonel Reynell, within a musket-length of where I stood, when suddenly they both stood staring along the Brussels road. None of us dared move our heads, but every eye in the regiment whirled round, and there we saw an officer, with the cockade of a general's side-decamp, thundering down the road as hard as a great dapple-gray horse could carry him. He bent his face over its mane, and flapped at its neck with the slack of the bridle, as though he rode for very life.

"Hullo, Reynell," says the general. "This begins to look like business. What do you make of it?" They both entered their horses forward, and Adams tore open the dispatch which the messenger handed to him. The envelope had not touched the ground before he turned, waving the letter over his head as if it had been a sabre.

"Dismis!" he cried. "General parade and march in half an hour!" Then, in an instant, all was buzz and bustle, and the news on every lip. Napoleon had crossed the frontier the day before, had pushed the Prussians before him, and was already deep in the country to the east of us with a hundred and fifty thousand men. Away we scuttled to gather our things together and have our breakfast, and in an hour we had marched off and left Ath and the Dender behind us forever. There was good need for haste, for the Prussians had sent no news to Wellington of what was doing, and though he had pushed from Brussels at the first whisper of it, like a good old man from his kennel, it was hard to see how he could come up in time to help the Prussians.

It was a bright, warm morning, and as the brigade tramped down the broad Belgian road the dust rolled up from it like the smoke of a battery. I tell you that we blessed the man that planted the poplars along the sides, for their shadow was better than drink to us. Over across the fields, both to the right and the left, were other roads, one quite close and the other a mile or more from us. A column of infantry was marching down the near one, and it was a fair race between us, for we were each walking for all we were worth. There was such a wreath of dust round them that we could only see the gun barrels and the bearskins breaking out here and there, with the head and shoulders of a mounted officer coming out above the cloud, and the flutter of the colors. It was a brigade of the Guards, but we could not tell which, for we had two of them with us in the campaign. On the far road there was also dust and to spare, but through it there flashed every now and then a long file of brightness, like a hundred silver beads strewn in a line, and the breeze brought down such a rattling, clanging, clashing kind of music as I had never listened to. If I had been left to myself I would have been long before I knew what it was, but our corporals and sergeants were all old soldiers, and I had one trudging along with his halbert at my elbow, who was full of precept and advice.

"That's heavy horse," said he. "You see that double twinkle. That means they have helmet as well as cuirass. It's the Royals or the Enniskillens or the Household. You can hear their cymbals and kettles. The French heavies are too good for us. They have ten to our one, and good men, too. You've got to shoot at their faces, or else at their horses. Mind you that when you see them coming, or else you'll find a four-foot sword stuck through your liver to teach you better. Hark! hark! hark! there's the old music again!"

And as he spoke there came the low grumbling of a cannonade away somewhere to the east of us, deep and hoarse, like a roar of some blood-drenched beast that thrives on the lives of men. At the same instant there was shouting of "Hoh! heh! heh!" from behind, and somebody roared, "Let the guns get through!" Looking back, I saw the rear companies split suddenly in two and hurl themselves down on either side into the ditch, while six cream-colored horses, galloping two and two, with their bellies to the ground, came thundering through the gap with a fine twelve-pound gun whirling and crackling behind them. Following were another and another, four-and-twenty in all, flying past us with such a din and clatter, the blue-coated men clinging on to the guns and the tumblers, the drivers cursing and cracking their whips, the muzzles flying, the mops and buckets clanking, and the whole air filled with the heavy rumble and the flinging of chains. There was a roar from the ditches and a shout from the gunners, and we saw

a rolling gray cloud before us, with a score of bushes breaking through the shadow. Then we closed up again, while the growling ahead of us grew louder and deeper than ever.

"There's three batteries there," said the sergeant. "There's Bull's and Webber Smith's, but the other is new. There's some more on ahead of us, for here's the track of a nine-pounder, and the others were all twelves. Choose a twelve if you want to get hit, for a nine mashes you up, but a twelve snaps you like a carrot"—and he went on to tell about the wonderful wounds that he had seen until my blood ran like iced water in my veins, and you might have rubbed all our faces in pipeclay and we should have been no whiter. "Aye, you'll look sicker yet when you get a half of grape into your tripe," said he; and then, as I saw some of the old soldiers laughing, I began to understand that this man was trying to frighten us, so I began to laugh also, and the others as well, but it was not a very hearty laugh either.

The sun was almost above us when we stopped at a little place called Hal, where there is an old pump from which I drew and drank a shako full of water—and never did a mug of Scotch ale taste as sweet. More guns passed us here, and Vivian's hussars, three regiments of them, smart men with bonny brown horses, a treat to the eye. The noise of the cannons was louder than ever now, and it tingled through my nerves just as it had done years before when, with Edie by my side, I had seen the merchant ship fight with the privateers. It was so loud now that it seemed to me that the battle must be going on just beyond the nearest wood, but my friend the sergeant knew better.

"It's twelve to fifteen miles off," said he. "You may be sure that the general knows that we are not wanted, or we should not be resting here at Hal."

What he said proved to be true, for a minute later down came the colonel with orders that we should stack arms and bivouac where we were, and there we stayed all day, while horse and foot and guns, English, Dutch and Hanoverians, were streaming through. The devil's music went on till evening, sometimes rising into a roar, sometimes sinking into a grumble, until about eight o'clock in the evening it stopped altogether. We were eating our hearts out, as you may think, to know what it all meant, but we knew that what the Duke did would be for the best, so we just waited in patience.

Next day the brigade remained at Hal in the morning, but about midday came an order from the Duke, and we pushed on once more until we came to a village called Braine something, and there we stopped, and time, too, for a sudden thunderstorm came on and a plump of rain that turned all the roads and the fields into bog and mire. We got into the barns at this village for shelter, and there we found two stragglers, one from a killed regiment and the other a man of the German legion, who had a tale to tell that was as dreary as the weather.

Boney had thrashed the Prussians the day before, and our fellows had been sore put to it to hold their own against Ney, but had beaten him off at last. It seems an old, stale story to you now, but you cannot think how we scrambled around those two men in the barn, and pushed and fought just to catch a word of what they said, and how those who had heard were in turn mobbed by those who had not. We laughed and cheered and groaned all in turn, as we were told how the Forty-fourth had received cavalry in line, how the Dutch-Belgians had fled, and how the Black Watch had taken the lancers into their square, and then had killed them at their leisure. But the lancers had had the laugh on their side when they crumpled up the Sixty-ninth and carried off one of the colors. To wind it all up, the Duke was in retreat, in order to keep in touch with the Prussians, and it was rumored that he would take up his ground and fight a big battle just at the very place where we had been halted.

And soon we saw that this rumor was true, for the weather cleared toward evening, and we were all out on the ridge to see what we could see. It was such a bonny stretch of corn and grazing land, with the crops just half green and half yellow, and fine rye as high as a man's shoulder. A scene more full of peace you could not think of, and look where you would over the low, curving, corn-covered hills, you could see the little village steeples pricking up their spires among the poplars. But slashed right across this pretty picture was a long trail of marching men, some red, some green, some blue, some black, zig-zagging over the plain and choking the roads, one end so close that we could shout to them as they stacked their muskets on the ridge at our left, and the other end lost among the woods as far as we could see. And then on other roads we saw the teams of

horses toiling and the dull gleam of the guns, and the men straining and swaying as they helped to turn the spokes in the deep, deep mud. As we stood there regiment after regiment and brigade after brigade took position on the ridge, and ere the sun had set we lay in a line of over sixty thousand men, blocking Napoleon's way to Brussels. But the rain had come swishing down again, and we of the Seventy-first rushed off to our barn once more, where we had better quarters than the greater part of our comrades, who lay stretched in the mud, with the storm beating upon them, until the first peep of day.

CHAPTER XII.

The Shadow on the Land.

It was still drizzling in the morning, with brown, drifting clouds and a damp, chilly wind. It was a queer thing for me as I opened my eyes to think that I should be in a battle that day, though none of us ever thought it would be such a one as it proved to be. We were up and ready, however, with the first light, and as we threw open the doors of our barn we heard the most lovely music that I ever listened to playing somewhere in the distance. We all stood in clusters hearkening to it, it was so sweet and innocent and sad-like. But our sergeant laughed when he saw how it had pleased us all.

"Them are the French bands," said he; "and if you come out here you'll see what some of you may not live to see again."

Out we went—the beautiful music still sounding in our ears, and stood on a rise just outside the barn. Down below, at the bottom of the slope, about half a musket shot from us, was a snug tiled farm with a hedge and a bit of an apple orchard. All round it a line of men in red coats and high fur hats were working like bees, knocking holes in the wall and barring up the doors.

"Them's the light companies of the Guards," said the sergeant. "They'll hold that farm while one of them can wag a finger. But look over yonder, and you'll see the campfires of the French."

We looked across the valley at the low ridge upon the farther side, and saw a thousand little yellow points of flame, with the dark smoke wreathing up slowly in the heavy air. There was another farmhouse on the farther side of the valley, and as we watched we suddenly saw a little group of horsemen appear on a knoll beside it and look across at us. There were a dozen hussars behind, and in front five men, three with helmets, one with a long, straight, red feather in his hat, and the last with a low cap.

"By God!" cried the sergeant. "That's him! That's Boney, the one with the gray horse. Aye, I'll lay a month's pay on it."

I strained my eyes to see him, this man who had cast that great shadow over Europe which darkened the nations for five-and-twenty years, and which had even fallen across our out-of-the-world little sheep farm, and had dragged us all—myself, Edie and Jim—out of the lives that our folk had lived before us. As far as I could see he was a dumpy, square-shouldered kind of man, and he held his double glasses to his eyes with his elbows spread very wide out on each side. I was still staring when I heard the catch of a man's breath by my side, and there was Jim, his eyes glowing like two coals and his face thrust over my shoulder.

"That's he, Jock," he whispered. "Yes, that's Boney," said I. "No, no; it's he. This De Lapp or De Lissac, or whatever his devil's name is. It is he."

Then I saw him at once. It was the horseman with the high red feather in his hat. Even at that distance I could have sworn to the slope of his shoulders and the way he carried his head. I clapped my hand upon Jim's sleeve, for I could see that his blood was boiling at the sight of the man, and that he was ready for any madness. But at that moment Bonaparte seemed to lean over and say something to De Lissac, and the party wheeled and dashed away, while there came the bang of a gun and a white spray of smoke from a battery along the ridge. At the same instant the assembly was blown in our village, and we rushed for our arms and fell in. There was a burst of firing all along the line, and we thought that the battle had begun, but it came really from our fellows cleaning their pieces, for their priming was in some danger of being wet from the damp night.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Earliest Irish History. In the earliest times of which there is any record, Ireland was inhabited by tribes of the great Celtic family, to which belonged the ancient Britons of the larger island, and the Gauls of the country now known as France. Each tribe had its chief, and after a time a supreme monarch came to the front. One of the most famous of these was Brian, who overthrew the invading Danes in the battle of Clontarf, fought in the year 1014 near Dublin. He was slain in his tent at the close of the fight. After his death the supreme monarchy was often in complete abeyance, misrule and anarchy widely prevailed and the ancient form of society was largely broken up. It is said that Roderick O'Connor, son of Turlogh, was the last of the monarchs of Celtic Ireland. From that time the influence of Anglo-Normans increased.

Real Estate Note. Father (mockingly to young sutor)—Well, the nerve of you to ask my daughter to share your lot when you haven't a single foot of real estate in your name.