

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 verdict of \$500,000 rendered against the Ford Motor company in New York and in favor of the Hotel Woodward company will stand. The supreme court refused to review the case.

Trouble is reported in Upper Silesia because of the rumored recommendation by the inter-allied commission that Germany be given all the plebeite area except the districts of Dybnik and Pless.

The plague is gaining in north Manchuria and in parts of Siberia, according to press advices. The number of deaths at Harbin from the plague since its inception has reached 1000 with 793 in March.

Vice-President Coolidge said Tuesday afternoon that he was planning a trip to Portland, Or., in June, but expressed regret that the news of his proposed trip had leaked out after the cabinet meeting.

Gold bars said to be worth approximately \$15,000,000 has just crossed Sweden and Norway from Russia en route to the United States.

Retrial of Henry Albers, rich Portland miller, whose conviction under the espionage act was set aside by the United States supreme court a few days ago on the technicality that the lower court erred in refusing to admit a duly interposed demurrer, will be ordered at once, the solicitor general announced Tuesday.

Establishment of a radio service between the United States and the Dutch East Indies is announced by the naval communication service. Messages will be accepted at San Francisco for any point in the Dutch East Indies at 75 cents a word, the announcement said.

Insolvencies among American firms in April numbered 1487, according to E. G. Dun & Co. This number was 151 greater than the March compilation, although the liabilities, amounting to more than \$38,000,000, were \$23,000,000 below those of the preceding month.

After a day of riots and anxiety in the marine workers' strike, uniformed men of the Baltimore police force Tuesday were on board nearly all ocean-going vessels in the harbor to prevent further outbreaks and all available reserves were concentrated in the waterfront districts.

Edwin Jensen, 12, of Harrisburg, Or., was killed instantly Tuesday when a steel rod with which he was fishing off the Oregon Electric railroad trestle over the Willamette river came in contact with a high-tension wire carrying 60,000 volts of electricity. He fell 150 feet into the river.

Six persons were killed and a score or more injured late Tuesday when the Tugfork passenger train, backing off a branch line near Tug, W. Va., broke loose and crashed into a string of cars on the main line of the Norfolk & Western railway. Several passenger coaches were turned over.

Dr. William R. Brooks, professor of astronomy at Hobart college in Geneva, N. Y., since 1909, and recognized as the discoverer of more comets than any living astronomer, died Tuesday. He was born at Maidstone, Kent, England, in 1844. He was one of the first astronomers to use photography in astronomical observations.

The senate Tuesday passed the emergency immigration bill limiting admission of aliens to 3 per cent of each nationality resident in the United States in 1910. The bill is effective for 14 months, beginning 15 days after enactment. The vote on passage was 87 to 1. Senator Reed, democrat, Missouri, opposing the measure.

President Harding objects to the insertion in the navy appropriation bill of any provision requesting him to call a naval disarmament conference, as proposed under an amendment by Senator Borah, republican, Idaho. This became known when the senate naval committee began work Tuesday on the \$396,000,000 measure passed by the house.

BERGDOLL GETS U. S. GOLD

\$60,000 Obtained After Draft Evader Is Fugitive from Justice.

Washington, D. C.—The fact was established Monday through W. L. Alexander, a clerk in the treasury department, by the house committee investigating the escape of Grover Bergdoll that the latter's mother and a friend obtained \$105,000 in gold from the treasury in 1919. But from there the trail was not uncovered to the buried pot in the mountains of Maryland.

James Romig, awaiting sentence on conviction of conspiracy to aid Bergdoll, was the agent, Alexander said, through whom \$45,000, the first batch of gold, was obtained. On his second trip Romig was accompanied by Mrs. Emma C. Bergdoll, also awaiting sentence for conspiracy, and they left with \$60,000 in gold.

When he made his first visit Romig found clerks unwilling to turn over even \$20,000 on their own responsibility and Alexander said, he fumed and fretted about the corridors until his application was laid before R. C. Lefingwell, then an assistant secretary, and approved.

This amount was given for gold certificates, but once it was placed in an automobile, Romig went back for more. There was some delay, according to the witness, but in the end Romig got it.

There was no embargo at that time on the withdrawal of government gold, but the policy of the department, as explained by Alexander, was to keep it in the vaults by placing diplomatic obstacles in the way.

Three weeks later Romig returned with Mrs. Bergdoll. It was brought out that at the moment the woman was at the treasury posters were displayed offering a reward for Bergdoll.

Romig pushed a bundle of bills through the window, and after some delay, Alexander said, and with the approval of the treasurer, left with more gold than a stevedore could lift—\$60,000.

What became of the treasure was not brought out today.

The gold chapter was related after Major-General March, chief of staff, had given his views on getting Bergdoll back from Germany to serve his five-year sentence, and had declared that diplomatic moves were under way to get him.

Bergdoll was described as a "bad specimen of deserter" by the general, who declared that he would not have apologized had Americans kidnaped him on German soil.

NEW TRIAL IS ALL THAT ALBERS GETS

Washington, D. C.—The case of Henry Albers, a German convicted in Portland, Or., of having violated the espionage act, has not been closed through the recent confession of error entered in the supreme court by the government, Solicitor-General Frierson declared in a statement Monday, but has been "merely remanded to the district court for a new trial."

The supreme court ordered judgment reversed. The government's action, Mr. Frierson explained, was taken because the district attorney who prosecuted Albers introduced as evidence against him certain statements he was alleged to have made in 1914 and 1915, or before the United States entered the war.

In two circuit courts, the second and eighth, it had been held that the admission of such evidence rendered the trial unfair and was reversible for error, the statement said.

"In those circuits, the ruling had been acquiesced in by the department of justice, upon a careful consideration of the record the department was satisfied it was unjust to ask for an affirmance (of the convictions) obtained in part, at least, by the use of evidence of this kind. Entertaining the views above expressed, there was but one course open to the solicitor general. He accordingly confessed error."

"This does not free Albers. The case is merely remanded to the district court for a new trial. If he is guilty, it is presumed there would be no difficulty in securing another conviction by the use of competent evidence."

Jazz Held Evil Spirit

Chicago.—Jazz is the evil spirit of music, Dr. F. E. Morton told the music trades convention, which opened Monday. "Jazz," he said, "expresses hysteria and incites to idleness, revelry, dissipation, destruction, discord and chaos." Pleading for the suppression of jazz music and a return to "Home Sweet Home," he declared that with home swallowed up in the cabaret, the great stabilizing center of society is lost.

League Meeting Called.

Geneva.—The assembly of the league of nations will hold its next meeting September 5 in Geneva. President Da Cunha of the league's council Monday issued the call for this session.

MARINE BRUTALITY IN HAITI CHARGED

Delegates Ask President to Withdraw Troops.

MILITARY RULE HIT

Officers and Men Are Declared to Have Tortured Natives and Committed Many Crimes.

Washington, D. C.—Many atrocities by American marines and the native gendarmerie were charged by three Haitian delegates who are here to present a memorial to President Harding, the state department and congress, and who demanded withdrawal of the United States forces.

The memorial made public Sunday night, reviews the five years of occupation, and declared that it is "the most terrible regime of military autocracy ever carried on in the name of the great American democracy."

The naval investigation was characterized as a "joke," and Rear-Admiral Knapp was accused of having done "nothing at all" when he visited Haiti under orders from Secretary Daniels to make an inquiry.

"The Haitian people feel," said the memorial, "that if the naval court of inquiry has not fulfilled in Haiti the broad mandate conferred on it by Josephus Daniels, it is because it was faced with charges of such a horrible nature it was thought best to pass them over."

Among acts charged against the American occupation were:

Administration of the "water cure" and other tortures by American officers and marines, and the commission of "numberless abominable crimes," of which 25 cases were given.

Removal of \$500,000 of Haitian government funds which American marines "took on board the gunboat Machias" and which were deposited in New York to "force the Haitian government to accept control of the customs houses by depriving it of financial resources."

Enforced ratification on June 12, 1918, of a new Haitian constitution, with marines presiding at the ballot box, only ballots bearing the word "Yes" being issued.

Exclusion from the naval board of inquiry of "all Haitians who had anything to say regarding the numerous cases of murder, brutality, rape, arson, etc."

The memorial stated that during the five years of American occupation, Haiti "has passed through such sacrifices, tortures, destructions, humiliations and misery as never before had been known in its unhappy history." For these "wrongs and injuries" the Haitian people ask reparations, said the memorial.

Cannon 85 Years Old

Washington, D. C.—"Uncle Joe" Cannon, holder of the American record for continuous service in congress, celebrated his 85th birthday Saturday by sticking on the job. The house was not in session, but the ex-speaker "refused to adjourn" and attended a meeting of the appropriations committee.

Someone asked him how many cigars he had conspired since he began smoking.

"I don't know, but that reminds me," he said, as he reached in his pocket, pulled out a stogie and borrowed a match.

\$40,000,000 For Farms.

Washington, D. C.—Distribution of the \$40,000,000 raised by the farm loan board through its recent bond issue to make loans to farmers has begun, Commissioner Lobdell said Saturday.

Land banks resumed the making of loans to farmers Monday, he said, and while full reports have not been received it is the board's intention to spread the \$40,000,000 among as many of the farmers as possible throughout the United States.

Lusitania Claims Urged

New York.—Representatives of claimants for damages resulting from the Lusitania disaster Saturday named a committee to ask the state department and the senate foreign relations committee to arrange for immediate payment. Payments asked would be from proceeds from the sale of German ships or from funds in possession of the alien property custodian.

Americans Reach Russia.

Riga.—Twenty-four batches of American workmen and immigrants, totaling 3042 men, arrived in Petrograd from December, 1920, to April 1. During the first part of April 2000 additional persons arrived, says a Petrograd dispatch. Most of the immigrants remained in Petrograd.

The Homesteader

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By
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Author of "The Cow Puncher," Etc.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

The dinner was late that day, and Harris was in worse humor than usual. He had just broken a plow-beam, which meant an afternoon's delay and some dollars of expense. When he had started his meal his wife laid the full envelope before him. "A letter from Beulah," she said.

Without a word he rose from the table, took the letter in his hand, and thrust it into the kitchen range. A blue flame slowly cut round the envelope; the pages began to curl like dry leaves in autumn, and presently the withered ghost of the missive shrank away in the dull glare of the coal fire behind.

At last the plowing was finished, and although the rich smell of wheat in the milk filled the air, it still would be almost a month before the ripening crops were ready for the binder. Harris felt that he could now allow himself a breathing spell, and that the opportunity to investigate the rich lands of the Farther West was at hand. Many a night, while Mary milked the cows, he had walked over to Riles', and the two had discussed their forthcoming venture until they had grown almost enthusiastic over it. A quarter of a century having elapsed since his former homesteading, Harris was now eligible again to file on free government land; Allan could do the same, and, also taking advantage of the purchase of scrip, it was possible to still further increase their holdings.

Harris found the task of disclosing his intentions to his wife more unpleasant than he would have supposed, and it took him some days to make up his mind to broach the subject. He felt that he was doing what was for the best, and that his business judgment in the matter could hardly be challenged; and yet he had an uncomfortable feeling that his wife would not fall in with his plans. That, of course, would not be allowed to affect his plans; since Beulah's departure nothing but the most formal conversation had taken place in their household; yet it would certainly be easier for him if Mary should give her encouragement to his undertaking. He felt that he was entitled to this, for was it not for her that he was making the sacrifice? Was not all he had hers? And were not all his labors directed toward increasing her reserve against the rainy day? And yet instinctively he felt that she would oppose him.

It was the evening of a long day in July when, very much to Mary's surprise, her husband took the handle of the cream separator from her. To the sad-hearted woman it seemed that the breach was at length beginning to heal, and that happiness would shortly return to their hearthside. Below the din of the separator she actually found herself humming an old love-song of the 'eighties.

But her happiness was of short duration. When the milk had been run through, and the noise of the whirling bowl no longer prevented conversation, Harris immediately got down to business.

"Allan and me will be leavin' for the West in a day or two," he said. "I suppose you can get along all right for a few weeks until harvest. Bill (the hired man) will be here."

In an instant she saw the motive behind his apparent kindness, and the hopes she had just entertained only deepened the flood of resentment which swept over them. But she answered quietly and without apparent emotion: "That's unfortunate, as I was planning for a little trip myself."

"You!" he exclaimed. "You plannin' a trip! Where in the world do you want to go?" Such a thing as Mary going on a trip, and, above all, unaccompanied by himself, was unheard of and unthinkable.

"Yes, I thought I would take a little trip," she continued. "I've been working here pretty hard for something over twenty-five years, and you may say I've never been off the place. A bit of a holiday shouldn't do me any harm."

"Where do you think of goin'?" he demanded, a sudden suspicion arising in his mind. "Goin' to visit Jim and Beulah?"

"I think you might at least be fair to Beulah," she retorted. "If you had read her letter, instead of putting it in the stove, you would have known better."

"I ain't interested in anythin' Beulah may have to say, and any other letters that fall into my hands will go in the same direction. And what's more, she's not goin' to have a visit from any member of this family at the present time. I'm goin' out west to take up land, and Allan's goin' with me. It ain't fair or reasonable for you to try to upset our plans by a notion of this kind."

"It isn't a notion, John. It's a resolve. If you are bound to take up more land, with more work and more worry, why go ahead, but remember it's your own undertaking. I helped to make one home in the wilderness, and one home's enough for me."

"Don't be unreasonable," he answered. "There's a great opportunity

right now to get land for nothin' that in a few years will be worth as much or more than this here. I'm ready to go through the hardship and the work for the sake of what it'll do for us. We can be independently rich in five years, if we just stand together."

"Independent of what?" she asked.

"Why, independent of—of everything. Nothin' more to worry about and plenty laid up for old age. Ain't that worth a sacrifice?"

"John," she said, turning and raising her eyes to his face. "Answer me a straight question. What was the happiest time in your life? Wasn't it when we lived in the one-roomed sod shanty, with scarcely a cent to bless ourselves? We worked hard then, too, but we had time for long walks together across the prairies—time to sit in the dusk by the water and plan our lives together. We have done well; we have land, horses, machinery, money. But have we the happiness we knew when we had none of these? On the contrary, are you not worried morning, noon and night over your work and your property? Don't you complain about the kind of help the farmers have to hire nowadays, and the wages they have to pay? And if you get more land won't all your troubles be increased in proportion? John, sit down and think



"You!" He Exclaimed. "You Plannin' a Trip!"

this thing over. We don't need more property; what we need is a chance to enjoy the property we already have. We have all the chance to choose now between life and land; won't you think it all over again and let us seek that which is really worth while?"

"Now I know where Beulah got her nonsense," he retorted. "All this talk about real life is very fine, but you don't get much life, real or any other kind, unless you have the cash to pay down for it. We've done pretty well here, as you say, but it's only a beginnin' to what we can do, if we set about it, and don't wait until the cheap land is all gone. I don't see why you should go back on me at this time o' life, Mary. We've stood together for a long while, and I kinda figured I could count on you."

"So you can, John; so you can to the very last, for anything that is for your own good, but when you set your heart on something that means more trouble and hardship and won't add one iota to your happiness, I think it is my duty to persuade you if I can. We've been drifting apart lately; why not let us both go back to the beginning and start over again, and by kindness, and fairness, and liberality, and—and sympathy, try to recover something of what we have lost?"

"I have always thought I had been liberal enough," he said. "Didn't I build you a good house and buy furniture for it, and do I stint you in what you spend, either on the table or yourself? More than that, didn't I put the title to the homestead in your name? And ain't I ready to do the same with the new homestead, if that's the sticker?"

"I never thought of such a thing," she protested. "And you shouldn't claim too much credit for putting the homestead quarter in my name. You know when you bought the first railroad land you were none too sure how things would come out, and you thought it might be a wise precaution to have the old farm stand in your wife's name."

"That's all the thanks I get," he said bitterly. "Well, I'll take the new one in my own name, but I'll take it just the same. If you don't want to share in it you won't have to. But for the present it's your duty to stay here and run things till we get back."

"What are you going to do after you get your new farm? You can't work two farms a thousand miles apart, can you?"

"Oh, I guess that won't worry us long. The Americans are comin' in now with lots o' good money. I was figurin' up that this place, as a goin'

concern, ought to bring about forty thousand dollars, and I'll bet I could sell it inside of a week."

"Sell it?" she exclaimed. "You don't mean that you intend to sell this farm?"

"Why not? If somebody else wants it worse'n we do, and has the money to pay for it, why shouldn't I sell it?"

The tears stood in her eyes as she answered: "In all these years while we have been building up this home I never once thought of it as something to sell. It was too dear for that—a part of ourselves, of our very life. It seemed more like—like one of the children, than a mere possession. And now you would sell it, just as you might sell a load of wheat or a fat steer. Is this place—this home where we have grown old and gray—nothing to you? Have you no sentiment that will save it from the highest bidder?"

"Sentiment is a poor affair in business," he answered. "Property was made to sell; money was made to buy it with. The successful man is the one who has his price for everythin', and knows how to get it. As for growin' old and gray on this farm, why, that's a grudge I have against it, though I don't think I'm very gray and I don't feel very old. And if I get my price, why shouldn't I sell?"

"Very well," she answered. "I've nothing more to say. Sell it if you must, but remember one thing—I won't be here to see it pass into the hands of strangers." She straightened herself up, and there was a fire in her eye that reminded him of the day when she had elected to share with him the hardships of the wilderness, and in spite of himself some of his old pride in her returned. "I leave tomorrow for a visit, and I may be gone some time. You reminded me of your liberality a few minutes ago; prove it now by writing me a check for my expenses. Remember, I will expect to travel like the wife of a prosperous farmer, a man whose holdings are worth forty thousand dollars cash."

"So that's your decision, is it? You set me at defiance; you try to wreck my plans by your own stubbornness. You break up my family piece by piece, until all I have left is Allan. Thank God, the boy, at least, is sound. Well, you shall have your check, and I'll make it a big one that it may carry you farther."

Even in the teeth of his bitterness the mention of Allan's name strained the mother's heart beyond her power of resistance, and she turned with outstretched arms towards her husband. For a moment he wavered, the flame of love, still smouldering in his breast, leaping up before the breath of her response. But it was for a moment only. Weakness would have meant surrender, and surrender was the one thing of which Harris was incapable. So he checked the impulse to take her in his arms, and walked stolidly to his desk in the parlor.

He returned shortly and placed a check in her hands. She looked at it through misty eyes, and read that it was for \$200. It represented a two hundredth part of their joint earnings, and yet he thought he was dealing liberally with her; he half expected, in fact, that his magnanimity would break her down where his firmness had failed. But she only whispered a faint "Thank you," and slowly folded the paper in her fingers. He waited for a minute, suspecting that she was overcome, but as she said nothing more he at length turned and left the house, saying gruffly as he went out, "When that's done I'll send you more if you write for it."

It was now 10 at night, and almost dark, but Harris' footsteps instinctively turned down the road toward Riles'.

At the gate he met Allan, returning home from spending a social hour with the Grant boys.

"Where going, Dad?" the younger man demanded.

"Oh, I thought I'd take a walk over to Riles'. There's a lot of things 't talk about."

"What's the matter, Dad?" The strained composure of his father's voice had not escaped him.

"Nothin' . . . I might's well tell you now; you'll know it in a little while anyway. . . . Your mother is goin' away—on a visit."

"Like Beulah's visit, I suppose. So it's come to this. I've seen it for some time, Dad, and you must've seen it too. But you're not really goin' to let her go? Come back to the house with me—surely you two can get together on this thing, if you try."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Ever Meet Anyone Like Her?
A man who lives in a West side boarding house describes his landlady: "She is a kind of parallelogram; that is, an oblong, angular figure which cannot be described and which is equal to anything; and any two meals in her house are together less than a square meal."—New York Times.

Day by Day.
Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated. Those, therefore, that dare lose a day are dangerously prodigal; those that dare misspend it, desperate.—Bishop Hall.