

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.

Reductions of freight rates on certain commodities approximating 20 per cent has been decided on by all transcontinental railways west of Chicago, it was announced by G. W. Luce, freight traffic manager of the Southern Pacific railway.

There was a sharp decline to \$3.93 in American exchange in London Tuesday. It was attributed to buying for German account to satisfy some of the reparations claims. It is believed the dollars thus obtained are being held for French account in New York.

A second huge mud slide occurred Saturday on the southwest slope of Mount Adams, according to Sidney Carmine, who, with a party of Hood River folk, motored to Trout lake Sunday and climbed the base of the mountain as far as the snowline.

The nomination of Richard Washburn Child to be American ambassador to Italy was approved Tuesday by the senate foreign relations committee, but action was deferred on that of Dr. Jacob Gould Shurman of New York to be American minister to China.

Mrs. Anna Irene Hopkins was sentenced to from five to 14 years in the Arizona state prison in the superior court Tuesday. She was convicted of assault for having thrown acid into the face of Miss Lucille Gallagher, a Jerome, Ariz., school teacher, Mar. 21.

The executive and wage committee of the Steamship Owners' association at a meeting Monday declined to accept the proposals of Secretary of Labor Davis intended to bring about a settlement of the marine strike.

The senate privileges and elections committee decided unanimously Tuesday to press its investigation of the charges of Henry Ford that Senator Newberry of Michigan had obtained his election in 1918 by improper methods.

The New York naval training ship Granite State, once the pride of the American navy, Monday was burned to the water's edge in a spectacular fire in which sailors dived through portholes, after flooding the magazine. The old wooden frigate for years had lain in the Hudson river.

Headquarters of the Great Northern railway Tuesday announced that every shop on its system, except two, will be closed from May 27 to July 5. More than 3000 men will be affected. Light traffic was the reason, it was said. The shops to be closed include those at Great Falls, Mont.; Hillyard, Wash., and Delta, Wash.

Investigation of disturbances in Mingo county, West Virginia, was proposed in a resolution introduced by Senator Johnson, republican, of California. The resolution said conditions in the district along Tag river, the Kentucky-West Virginia border, daily were resulting in bloodshed and violence and were a menace to democratic government.

General Rodriguez, commanding all Mexican troops in the northern district of Lower California, announced Tuesday that a detachment of cavalrymen seeking bandits who fired on the jail and other buildings in Tijuana May 5 had been ambushed by a party of bandits near Escondido a night or two ago and the lieutenant commanding the cavalry was killed.

Hungry senators no longer need face the toilsome trip to the ground floor of the senate wing of the capitol. Assailed by hunger or thirst when on duty in the senate chamber, a few steps will carry them to the famous marble room and out into an open-air luncheon place on the terrace, where tables, chairs, waiters and electric stoves have been installed for senators only.

The economy drive against the \$495,000,000 naval appropriation bill was shattered in the senate Tuesday when many increases, recommended by the naval committee, were adopted. By a vote of 45 to 23, the senate adopted a committee amendment opposed by the economy forces, providing for a personnel of 120,000 men as against 100,000 authorized by the house. Afterward committee amendments calling for increases aggregating about \$42,500,000 were quickly approved.

STABLE DOLLAR IS SOUGHT

League Is Organized to Institute Sound Money.

Washington, D. C.—Organization of the stable money league, designed to promote establishment of a system to prevent fluctuations of the buying power of the dollar, was completed Saturday by financial men and economists.

J. W. Jenks, chairman of the board of the Alexander Hamilton Institute, was elected president, and L. S. Rowe, director of the Pan-American institute; H. A. Wallace Jr., Iowa, and Robert D. Kent, Passaic, N. J., were elected vice-presidents.

Professor Irving Fisher, of Yale university, Mr. Wallace and Mr. Kent were among the speakers.

Mr. Wallace, who is the son of the secretary of agriculture, warned that "this country will witness a severe crisis, with dangers of another rise of populism on the farms" during the next 18 months, unless "sound money is instituted."

"Last year the average renter had nothing left as a return for his labor," he declared, "the average return being less than 5 cents an hour."

BIG DIKE BREAKS, FLOODING FARMS

Woodland, Wash.—The big nine-mile dike of Woodland diking district No. 5 broke at 8:45 o'clock Monday night.

Through a 60-foot gap torn in the retaining wall at the mouth of Burrows creek, two miles south of Martin's bluff, the rushing waters of the Columbia river began sweeping forward, threatening before morning to inundate 5000 to 6000 acres of the 12,000 in the district.

Within 30 minutes the flood had washed away the Burrows creek pumping station and continued on its course of devastation.

The operator at the telephone station here immediately began sending out warnings to the 25 or 30 ranches in the district, summoning all of the residents to make the utmost haste to get what cattle and personal property they could together and flee from the flood.

In the meantime, all available automobiles here at Kalama had been pressed into service to notify all of the farmers who could not be reached by telephone. It was thought that by morning all of them would be out of the lowlands and that they would have saved all of their property with the exception of the crops, valued at about \$300,000.

Preparations were made at once for the accommodation here of the refugees, who, it was said, would not exceed 100, because the most of them were tenant farmers.

EXPOSURE OF PONZI WINS PULITZER PRIZE

New York.—The Boston Post's exposure of the Charles Ponzi scheme of quick wealth is considered by Columbia university the most meritorious public service rendered by any American newspaper during the last year.

As a result the Pulitzer prize in journalism, a gold medal costing \$500, has been awarded to that newspaper.

Other Pulitzer prize awards announced Sunday include \$1000 to Louis Seibold for his interview with ex-President Wilson. Seibold is a writer for the New York World and The Oregonian. The requirements for winning this prize are strict accuracy, terseness and accomplishment of some public good.

One thousand dollars was awarded Edith Wharton for her novel, "The Age of Innocence," which the prize committee considered the best American novel published during the year.

"The Americanization of Edward Bok," by Edward Bok, received a prize of \$1000 as the best American biography.

Rifle Shoots 25 Rounds.

Tokio.—After 17 years of earnest application, Lieutenant-Colonel Kumazo Hino, a retired military aviator, has invented a perfected automatic rifle, reports the Tokio Nichi Nichi. "One of the peculiar merits of my invention is the possibility of firing as many as 25 rounds in rapid succession and that without the necessity of taking aim, as in the case of the old type rifle after each round is fired," said the inventor in an interview. He added that the British and French armies have their own automatic rifles but that they are far from perfect.

Two Slain at Ball Game.

Pittsburg.—Two men were shot and killed and four others wounded in a fight during a baseball game here Monday. According to the police, Jesse Baron, a negro, started the shooting when the team on which he had placed a bet lost the game. The first shot killed J. B. Conway, who had been in an argument with Baron, the police say. Other pistols appeared and four spectators were wounded. A policeman killed Baron.

AMBULANCE PLANE FALLS; 7 KILLED

Two Civilians and Five Army Men Lose Lives.

HIT BY WIND STORM

Accident Declared by Observers to Be Worst in History of Aviation in United States.

Washington, D. C.—Seven men, five of the army and two civilians, were killed in the wreck of an army Curtiss-Eagle ambulance airplane near Indian Head, Md., 40 miles southeast of Washington, Saturday night in a terrific wind and electrical storm.

The Dead.

Lieutenant-Colonel Archie Miller, U. S. A., M. H., Washington, D. C.

Maurice Connolly of Dubuque, Ia., ex-representative in congress.

A. G. Batchelder of Washington, D. C., chairman of the board of the American Automobile association.

Lieutenant S. M. Ames of Washington, pilot.

Lieutenant C. W. McDermott, Langley field, Virginia.

Lieutenant J. M. Pennewill, Langley field, Virginia.

Sergeant Mechanic Richard Blumentranz, Washington, D. C.

Army air service officers said the accident was the worst in the history of aviation in the United States, and one of the few in which all passengers in a plane had been killed almost instantly.

The ship struck nose first and the force of the impact was so great that the 400-horsepower Liberty motor was thrown back into the cockpit on top of the pilot and the passengers. All bodies were badly mutilated.

The Curtiss-Eagle was returning from Langley field near Newport News, Va., and had just crossed the Potomac when it ran into the storm.

The exact cause of the accident probably never will be known, as those in the machine were dead when witnesses from Morgantown, a village near Indian Head, reached the scene.

An official investigation will be ordered. Air service officers said that when the plane left it was apparently in perfect condition.

Captain De Lavergne, military attaché of the French embassy, who went in the Eagle from Washington, said that in his opinion the Eagle was unbalanced.

"It had a small motor," he said, "of only 400 horsepower. The weight was too much; the pilot could not control it."

Brigadier-General Mitchell, assistant chief of the army air service, who accompanied the Eagle to Langley field, and who had a battle with the storm during his return, said Lieutenant Ames, piloting the Eagle, was considered a very good pilot.

Apparently the motor either failed to respond or the high wind checked the ship, for it was seen to turn over and fall nose first when only a few hundred feet up. Officers at Indian Head sent out a detachment, but word of the accident did not reach Bolling field here until 11 o'clock Sunday night.

Estate Is \$10,000,000.

Butte, Mont.—Marcus Murray has filed a petition in the district court of Silver Bow county for letters of administration of the estate of the late James A. Murray, Montana millionaire. In asking that letters of administration be given here the petition alleged that James A. Murray, who died May 11 at his home in Monterey, Cal., was a citizen of Montana and that the bulk of his estate, valued at between \$10,000,000 and \$15,000,000, is in Montana.

Immigrant Influx Set.

Washington, D. C.—The number of immigrants who will be allowed to enter this country under the new 3 per cent law during June was announced for some countries Sunday night by Commissioner-General Husband as follows: United Kingdom 5923, Norway 930, Sweden 1531, Denmark 433, Netherlands 276, Belgium 119, Luxembourg 7, France 437, Switzerland 287, Germany 5219, Danzig 22, Finland 298, Africa 9.

North Bend.—L. J. Simpson Sunday afternoon turned the first sod in the ground-breaking ceremonies attendant upon stationing the new Mercy hospital at Kittyville, between this city and Marshfield.



CHAPTER IX—Continued.

"Hiram, I told you you had no imagination. Wait a moment. Now, suppose that some strange eccentric chap owns one of these coal mines. He lives up in the mountains, a kind of hermit, but we fall in with him and offer him \$40,000 for his mine, worth, say, \$500,000, or more if you feel like it. He says, 'All right, but mind I want the money in bills, and you'll have to bring it out to me here.' Now can you think of anything?"

"Harris don't know nothin' about coal," protested Riles. "He wouldn't bite at anythin' like that."

"Your faith has been neglected as well as your imagination. You've got to paint it to him so's to get him interested. That's all. Our business is to get Harris, with the money in his wallet, started up into those mountains. It's mighty lonely up there, with timber wolves, grizzly bears, precipices, snow slides, and trails that lead to nowhere, and if Harris is unfortunate—well, he's unfortunate."

The plan gradually penetrated Riles' slow-working mind. At first it numbed him a little, and his face was a strange color as he turned to his companion, and said, in a low voice, "Ain't it risky? What if the police catch on?"

"They won't. They're all right for cleaning up a rough house, but don't cut any figure in fine art work like we'll put over. I tell you, Riles, it's absolutely safe. The main thing is to see that he has the money in bills; anything else would be risky and lead to trouble. Then this fellow that's supposed to own the mine must be kept in the background. We—"

"But who does own the mine?"

Gardiner made a gesture of exasperation. "You don't get me, Hiram. Nobody owns the mine. That part of it's all a myth—a fairy tale manufactured because we need it. But Harris mustn't find that out—not, at any rate, until it's too late. Then if anything ever does leak out, suspicion will be directed toward some mysterious mine owner, and the police will be wearing out shoe leather hunting the cracks in the foot hills while you and I are taking in the sights of Honolulu or South America. We'll quietly make an appointment for Harris to meet the mine owner somewhere up in the hills. We'll direct him where to go, and leave it at that. Of course, we won't go with him; we'll have other business about that time."

Riles looked at Gardiner with frank admiration. It seemed so simple now, and in his growing enthusiasm he felt that he would have little difficulty in persuading Harris to raise all the cash possible and bring it with him. And it seemed so safe. As Gardiner said, the mountains were full of danger, and if something should happen to Harris—well, he would be unfortunate; but lots of other people had been unfortunate, too.

Gardiner turned his team down a side road, forded the river, climbed a steep, slippery bank, and drew up beside a cluster of ranch buildings sheltered with cotton woods and spruces. As the team, in their long, steady trot, swung up beside the stables, an alert young fellow came quickly out and busied himself with the unbiting.

"Guess you ought to know our visitor, Jim, shouldn't you?" said Gardiner. "Another Manitoban chasing the free land."

Travers at once recognized Riles and extended his hand. "Well, Mr. Riles, we weren't looking for you here, although I suppose I shouldn't be surprised, for there was some talk of your coming west before I left Plainville. How's everybody? Harrises well, I hope?"

"Guess they're well enough, but gettin' kind of scattered for a family group. Beulah lit out when you did—but I guess I can't give you no information about that."

The smile did not depart from Travers' face, but if Riles had known him as well as he should he would have seen the sudden smoldering light in the eye. But the young man answered quietly, "I saw Beulah the day I left Plainville, and I understood she was going west on a visit. She isn't back yet?"

"Innocent, ain't chub?" said Riles, in a manner intended to be playful. "It's all right; I don't blame you. Beulah's a good girl if a bit highfalutin, an' a few years' roughin' it on the homestead'll take that out of her."

But Jim had dropped the harness and stood squarely facing Riles. The smile still lingered on his lips, but even the heavy-witted farmer saw that he had been playing with fire. Riles was much the larger man of the two, but he was no one to court combat unless the odds were overwhelmingly in his favor. He carried a scar across his eye as a constant reminder of his folly in having once before invited trouble from a younger man.

"What do you mean?" demanded Travers. "Put it in English."

But Gardiner interposed. "Don't be too sensitive, Jim," he said. "Riles has forgotten his parlor manners, but he doesn't mean any harm. You weren't insinuating anything, were you, Hiram?"

"Course not," said Riles, glad of an opportunity to get out of the difficulty without a direct apology. "No offense intended, Jim. Beulah's all right, an' you're all right, an' that's what I always said."

Travers was not in the least deceived as to Riles' high-mindedness, but he realized that the man was the guest of his employer, and he decided not to press the point. Gardiner and Riles went to the house, and Jim presently saddled his own horse and rode out on the prairie. He had already lunched, and it was Gardiner's custom to cook for himself when at home.

Inside, the two men were soon seated at a meal which Gardiner hastily but deftly prepared. They ate from plates of white enameled ware, on a board table covered with oil cloth, but the food was appetizing, and the manner of serving it much more to Riles' liking than that to which he had been subjected for some days. The meat was fresh and tasty; and the bread and butter were all that could be desired, and the strong, hot tea, without milk but thick with sugar, completed a meal that was in every way satisfactory.

Riles' eyes, when not on his plate, were busy taking in the surroundings. The log walls were hung with mementoes, some of earlier days and some of other lands, and throughout the big room was a strange mixture of elegance and plainness. At one end were rows of shelves, with more books than Riles had ever seen, and above stood a small piece of statuary worth the price of many bushels of wheat.

After the meal Gardiner drew a couple of chairs up to the table, opened a drawer, and produced writing materials. "We can't get a letter away to Harris any too soon. So hitch yourself to that pen there and let us see what kind of a hand you are at fiction."

Riles would rather have done a day's work in the field than write a

letter but Gardiner insisted it must be done by him. Much of the afternoon was spent in the struggle, and Gardiner's fertile imagination had to be appealed to at several critical points. But at last the letter was completed. It ran as follows:

"John Harris esq
Plainville man
"sir I take up my pen to let you no that I am all well hoppin this will find you the same well this is a grate country their is sure a big out or doors well our Harris I think I see something here a hole lot better than 3 years on a homstead homsteads is all rite for men that Hasunt got any money but a man with sum money can do better I wisht I Had sold my plase before I left I could or done well here their is lots ov chantz to make big money their is a man here owns a cole mine he is what they cal Xsentrk He is a Hermit and lives in the Hills His mine is worth 500000\$ but he dont no it He will take 50000\$ for it and we can sell it rite away for perhaps 500000\$ I think we should take this up it is a grate chantz if you will sell your plase rite away and bring all the money you can then I will sell mine for the baluns be sure and bring all the money you can if you dont like the cole mine there is lots of other chantz they will make you rich and bring the money in bills not chex because He wont take chex becifs He is Xsentrk their is a man here sals His fend in new york would pay 500000\$ for the cole mine if he was here and He is sending Him word so Hurry and let us get holt ov it first then we'll sell it to Him and make a killing dont fale.

"your obedynt servunt
"HIRAM RILES."

Gardiner read the letter carefully, suppressing his amusement over Riles'

wrestlings with the language, and finally gave his approval.

"Now, you must make a copy of it," he said. "It's only business to have a copy. That was a fine touch of yours about going back to sell your own farm. I believe you have some imagination after all, if it only had a chance to sprout."

Riles protested about the labor of making a copy, but Gardiner insisted, and at last the work was completed. The sound of galloping hoofs was heard outside, and a cowboy from a neighboring ranch called at the door to ask if there was anything wanted from town. "Here's your chance to mail your letter," Gardiner called to Riles with unnecessary loudness. "Mr. Riles dropped in here to write a letter," he explained to the rider.

Having with much difficulty folded his epistle until it could be crumpled into an envelope, Riles sealed, stamped, and addressed it, and a moment later the dust was rising down the trail as the cowboy bore the fatal missive to town. "The die was cast; the match had been set to the tinder, and the fire must now burn through to a finish, let it scorch whom it would."

Gardiner took up the copy, folded it carefully, and put it in his pocket book. "Now, Mr. Riles," he said, "we're in for this thing, and there's no backing out. At least you're in for it. You have sent a letter, in your handwriting, such as it is, to Harris, and I have a copy of it in your handwriting, in my pocket. If this thing ever gets out these letters will make good evidence."

CHAPTER X.

The Gamblers.

Harris found some difficulty in providing that affairs of the farm would proceed satisfactorily during his absence, but at last they were arranged, if not exactly to his liking, at least in a manner that promised little loss. It was most unfortunate that Mary, in a moment of headstrong passion quite without precedent in his experience of her, had determined upon a visit just at the time when she was particularly needed at home. If Harris had been quite fair he would have remembered that there had been no time in the last twenty-five years when she had not been needed at home, and the present occasion was perhaps no less opportune for her visit than many others.

The hired man, in consideration of having no field work to do, finally consented to milk the cows and deliver the milk daily to Mrs. Riles, who would convert it into butter—for a consideration of so much per pound. To his good neighbors, the Grants, Harris turned for assurance that should he and Allan be delayed on their trip, or should the harvest come in earlier than expected, ample steps would be taken to garner it.

So, with these arrangements complete, the farmer and his son drove into Plainville one fine bright morning at the end of July, ready for their first long trip into the New West. Indeed, it was Allan's first long journey anywhere; an excursion to Winnipeg at the time of the summer exhibition had been the limit of his experience of travel, and the hard work of the farm had not yet extinguished the young man's desire for novelty and excitement.

Harris got off at the railway station to buy the tickets; Allan went to the post office on the odd chance of any letters awaiting delivery, and the hired man turned the horses homeward. The station agent was threading his way through his car report, and remained provokingly unconscious of Harris' presence at the ticket window. The farmer took no pains to conceal his impatience, coughing and shuffling obviously, but it was not until the last box-car had been duly recorded that the agent deigned to recognize his existence.

"Nothing for you from—" he said, mentioning the mail order house from which Harris made most of his purchases.

"Well, I didn't expect anythin'," retorted the farmer, "although you're just as likely to have it when I don't as when I do. How much is a ticket to Calgary?"

"You got the land fever, too?" the agent asked, as he consulted his tariffs. "Riles went up the other day. You'll be making a cleanup on the cheap land, I suppose. But I tell you, Harris, if I'd a farm like yours you couldn't pry me off it with a pinch-bar. No more worries for little Willie, and I'd leave the free land to those that haven't got any—like myself."

"Worry!" snorted Harris. "What do you worry about? You get your pay, whether it freezes or hails or shrivels up with one of these Dakota scorchers."

The agent thought of the piles of reports on his table, but as he thumped the stamp on the tickets he answered, "Oh, I worry over the Monroe doctrine." He left the farmer counting his change, and turned to his reports. "Another money-grubber gone crazy with the heat," he muttered. "If I'd his wad wouldn't I burn this wire with one hot, short sentence!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Horse of Thirty-Five.

Study of the relation between the total length of life and the time required to reach maturity has brought out an interesting comparison between men and horses. A horse at five years old is said to be, comparatively, as old as a man at twenty, and doubtless may be expected to behave, according to equine standards, after the manner of the average college student following human standards. A ten-year-old horse resembles, so far as age and experience go, a man of forty, while a horse that has attained the ripe age of thirty-five is comparable with a man of ninety.—New York Evening Post.