

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.

Two civilian prisoners, Martin Hurcell and William O'Brien, were shot dead in the Tipperary barracks in Dublin Monday while attempting to disarm a sentry, an official statement says.

Conditions at Vladivostok, seized Thursday by troops formerly under command of the late General Kappell, an anti-bolshevik force, are still unsettled, according to advices from American sources.

Rear-Admiral Sims of the United States was granted an honorary degree of doctor of laws Tuesday by the University of Cambridge, England. At the same time the prince of Wales was accorded the same honor.

The Southern Pacific company has decided to reduce freight rates on rice, barley, canned goods, dried fruit, dried beans and dried peas from California points to Galveston and New Orleans for export to Europe, it is announced.

Creation of a \$100,000,000 federal farmers' export financing corporation to buy farm products in the United States and sell them abroad is proposed in a bill introduced by Senator Norris of Nebraska, chairman of the agriculture committee.

Confirmation of the report that Captain Emmet Kilpatrick, American Red Cross worker in the hands of the bolsheviks, had been transferred from a prison camp to a dungeon in the Tcheka prison has been received through Terjoki, Finland.

Senator McNary of Oregon announced Tuesday that he would file with the supreme court a petition for leave to intervene as a friend of the court in the case of Henry Albers, a wealthy citizen of Portland, who was convicted there of violations of the espionage act.

A plea to Governor Cox for reinstatement of members of the Boston police force who went on strike in September, 1919, were made Tuesday in a letter signed by Michael Lynch as president of the Boston Social club, the former police fraternal organization.

Captain Mueller, the second German officer to be tried and convicted for criminal acts during the world war, Monday was sentenced to six months' imprisonment. He was tried on the charge of having practiced cruelties on prisoners at the Flavy-Le Martel prison camp in the Aisne department of France.

Two white persons and one negro are known to be dead and many other persons injured, some seriously, as result of race rioting in Tulsa, Okla., Tuesday night. Three units of the national guardsmen were ordered out by Governor Robertson, and early Tuesday, officials believed the situation well under control.

"Informal feelers" with respect to an international agreement for a reduction of armaments already have been put out by the American government, it was learned Tuesday in high administration quarters. The purpose, it is understood, was to develop the attitude of foreign governments on the question before any formal negotiations are undertaken.

The Milwaukee Leader and New York Call were restored Tuesday to the second-class mailing privileges, it was announced by the postoffice department. Use of the mails were denied these two daily newspapers by former Postmaster-General Burleson because of the character of matter appearing in their columns in relation to American participation in the war.

J. A. Clark, a comedian employed by the Kolwood Production company, was drowned in Green lake at Seattle, Wash., Monday afternoon when he purposely capsized a canoe in which he and Isabelle Carpenter, an actress, were being filmed. He sank while endeavoring to swim ashore from the canoe after he apparently recovered his balance following the sudden plunge into the lake. Miss Carpenter returned to assist Clark and was nearly drowned by him. The camera registered the tragedy from beginning to end.

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Corvallis.—More than 20 hens at the Oregon experiment station made individual records of more than 800 eggs in four years, which was the record of a Kentucky hen said to be the world's champion.

St. Johns.—With a few finishing touches remaining to be added to the building, the plant of the Western Wool Warehouse company, located at St. Johns, was opened Saturday for the reception of the first consignment of wool.

Salem.—The United Railways company, with headquarters in Portland, has been granted authority by the Oregon public service commission to reduce its rate on lumber in carload lots between Portland and Wilkesboro from 9 1/2 to 8 cents a 100 pounds.

Prineville.—The many beauties of the Ochoco are being put into filmdom by a party from the Kiser studio of Portland. The party, which is headed by F. H. Kiser, president of the company, is taking also a number of cattle scenes on the George Russell ranch.

Salem.—Members of the public service commission will hold a joint session with the public service commission of Idaho and Washington at Portland on June 13 to consider the establishment of uniform classification of accounts affecting the public utilities of the three states.

Portland.—Out of 23 automobiles stolen in Portland during May, 18 were recovered during the same month, according to the monthly report of Lieutenant Thatcher, head of the police anti-theft bureau. The total value of the automobiles recovered by this bureau during the month amounted to \$14,000.

Salem.—Reports received at the offices of the state highway department here during the last few days indicated that the Pacific highway, with the exception of a few miles where paving operations were in progress, was in good condition practically all of the way from Portland to the California line.

Salem.—More than 4000 registration cards have been removed from the Marion county voting lists, according to U. G. Boyer, county clerk. With the exception of where triplicate registration has been made this will mean that 4000 names formerly on the poll books will be missing at Tuesday's election.

Eugene.—The fire lookout season in the Cascade national forest will start July 1, according to N. F. Macduff, supervisor of the forest. A number of women will be engaged as lookouts on high peaks and their work will continue until the fall rains set in or until there is no further danger of fires. The lookout personnel has not yet been completed.

Eugene.—Engineer Goirle of the Southern Pacific company, left Eugene Saturday for Mapleton, where he will make a survey of the proposed road which the company has promised to build between that town and Cushman to take the place of the one destroyed a number of years ago when the Coos Bay branch was built. The engineer was accompanied by a crew of men.

Mt. Angel.—A record production of butter was accomplished in May by the Mt. Angel creamery. The total was 43,200 pounds. The most produced in one day was 2500 pounds, although the amount received for the month's production will not be high considering the lower price, it will exceed \$12,000. The largest producing month in 1920 for the creamery was June, with about 30,000 pounds.

Salem.—There are 50 towns and cities in Oregon that have bank deposits aggregating more than \$500,000 and in which total deposits amount to \$218,804,704.91, according to a report prepared here by Frank C. Bramwell, state superintendent of banks. The report was based on statements received from the various banking institutions in Oregon at the close of business April 28.

Prineville.—The bank of Prineville opened its doors for business Thursday. John L. Karnopp of Portland is president, W. O. Hall cashier and George Euston assistant cashier. The new bank is located in the old Crook county bank building, which the new institution has purchased and remodeled. The Bank of Prineville was recently granted a charter by the state and has a capitalization of \$50,000.

Hood River.—Mrs. J. W. Ingalls, in charge of the Apple Growers association employment agency, feared a shortage of strawberry pickers by the middle of the week. Transient harvest help, arriving here for the most part by automobiles, prematurely, has grown tired of waiting for ripening of berries, delayed by continued cold weather. Scores left here the last few days, Mrs. Ingalls said. The association shipped its first car of fruit Saturday night.

PUEBLO IS SWEEPED BY NEW TORRENT

Skagway Reservoir Goes Out; River Again Rampant.

RAINFALL IS HEAVY

Loss of Life Is Estimated Variously at From 100 Minimum Up to 600. City Under Martial Law.

Pueblo, Colo.—Just when Pueblo Sunday was beginning to recover from the terrible disaster of Friday night, a dam on the Fountain river, near Colorado Springs, broke, the Skagway reservoir, between Florence and Victor, suddenly gave way, and a downpour of rain, almost a cloudburst, caused what really amounted to three new floods.

At 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon the Skagway reservoir gave way and within an hour the swollen torrent of the Arkansas river again had inundated the low lying sections of the city.

A downpour of rain again began at 9 o'clock. The downpour amounted almost to a cloudburst. Whether or not the rain followed the course of the Arkansas river above Pueblo could not be learned because of the darkness.

At 4 o'clock Sunday morning the waters again had reached Third street. By 8 o'clock they were receding and it was believed all danger was ended. Then Skagway reservoir broke and brought the second new flood.

The river went up to Third street on North Santa Fe avenue again, following the heavy rain and the break of the reservoir and the dam. The waters went to Sixth street and Main street. Later they receded.

The Arkansas river reached Fifth and Court streets, the highest it has been since the flood when the water reached Fifth and Main streets.

At 10:25 the river was reported at its crest and beginning to subside. There was not the rush of water which accompanied Friday's flood.

Fear was expressed for the safety of people living in towns on the Arkansas river below Pueblo. There was no way of confirming it from here. It was impossible to get into other sections of the city or out of the city from the south.

The heavy rains again made the roads almost impassable.

J. L. Moorehead, secretary to the governor, said he thought the death list would not exceed 150, although reports to him ranged from 200 to 600. The local Red Cross set a minimum death list of 100, while old residents, familiar with conditions in the Grove and Peppersauce district, where the loss of life and property damage was greatest, insisted that final investigation would show a greater number of dead.

Trees and masses of debris were coming down from the country above Pueblo on the crest of the new flood. Troops quickly cleared the business and wholesale districts. Citizens were prevented from coming within a block of the waters, while every effort was made to prevent loss of life from the new danger.

Denver Is Inundated.

Denver, Colo.—At midnight Sunday the Platte river here went out of its banks and began flooding several blocks of the west side residential district. The overflow was greatest in the vicinity of West Eleventh avenue and Umattilla street.

Several squads of police were sent to that locality to assist residents in moving out of their homes.

Three families were cared for at the city hall.

Syracuse, Kan.—A telephone message from Holly, Colo., stated that the fire whistle was blowing a warning to the people to flee to the hills. Water was reported rushing into the city.

The Amity dam, five miles west of the city, was reported to have given away. The telephone operator reports Amity washed away, with a possible loss of life.

Four persons who were detailed to keep driftwood from the piers of a bridge were reported to have gone down with the bridge.

Decision Stirs Japan.

Tokio.—A national sensation has been created by the decision of the department of justice to institute criminal proceedings against S. Makamishi, prominent member of the opposition party, for alleged breach of trust in the conduct of the South Manchuria railway, of which he is vice-president.

Charges against him are based on the purchase of railway supplies, including a colliery.

The Homesteader

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By ROBERT J. C. STEAD

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CHAPTER X—Continued.

Harris met his son on the platform. "What d'ye think, Dad? A letter from Riles." He drew the crumpled missive from its envelope. "Looks like a laundry ticket," he said, "but I figured it out, and he wants you to sell the farm and buy a coal mine."

Harris read the letter through, not without some difficulty. At first he was inclined to laugh, but the earnestness of Riles impressed him through the makeshift English.

"What d'ye think of it, Dad?" said the younger man, at length. "Of course we don't know anything about coal, but then—"

"It must look good to Riles or he wouldn't want to put any money in it," commented Harris, after a few minutes' reflection. "Riles is pretty cautious. He's got money in the bank drawn three per cent; he's afraid to lend it out among the farmers. And he ain't easy talked into a new scheme, either."

"D'ye suppose we could sell the farm?" The idea of a big, profitable speculation suddenly appealed to Allan with much greater force than the prospect of three years on a homestead. He knew that vast sums of money had been made, and made quickly, in the Far West, but he had never before thought of himself or his father sharing in this sudden wealth.

"D'ye suppose we could sell the farm?" he repeated. It began to seem that the short-cut to wealth hinged on the possibility of selling the farm.

"I guess we could sell it, all right," said Harris. "Maybe not for that much cash, but we can get cash on the agreement, if we need it." He was not a man to act precipitately, or risk all on a single throw unless he were very, very sure of the result.

"Of course, maybe it's all right," he continued. "But it's a good thing to buy your buggy before you throw away your cart. If this thing's as good as Riles says, it will keep until we can see it for ourselves. If it don't, something else'll turn up."

"Yes," said Allan, "but if we find it's all right when we get there, and we've only a few measly hundred dollars along, we'll want to kick ourselves all the way home. Lots of fellows are making big money just because they had some capital to work with, and why shouldn't we do it, too? Couldn't you fix it some way to get the money without coming back, if everything looks all right? That'd save time and expense, too."

"There's something in that. There's time to see Bradshaw yet before the train comes. We'll kind o' leave it standin' in his hands."

They made a hurried call on Bradshaw, and asked him to be on the lookout for a buyer for the farm.

"Mind, I'm not act'ually puttin' it up for sale," Harris cautioned him, "but I want you to keep your eye open for a buyer. Forty thousand dollars takes the whole thing as a goin' concern, an' the more cash the better. Get a line on the buyer if you can, and if I send you word to sell, you sell, and if I don't send you word, don't do anythin'. You understand?"

The lawyer wrote something on a sheet of paper. "This is a power of attorney, which will enable me to complete the documents without the delay of sending them to you, if you should decide to sell," he explained. Harris signed the paper, and Allan witnessed it.

With this understanding the journey westward was undertaken, and completed without event of importance.

Riles met them on the station platform. He had met every train for a week, as it had been agreed that it would be better that the Harisses should not visit Gardner's ranch until plans were more fully developed. Jim was still there, and Gardner insisted that Jim should not meet Harris at present. He allowed Riles to think that he feared trouble if former employer and employee should meet; as a matter of fact, he feared that if their coal mine proposition should reach the ears of Travers the young man would attempt to dissuade Harris from having anything to do with it, or at least would urge a fuller investigation than might be desirable. Besides, he meant to make of Travers an unwitting party to the affair.

Riles, in overalls and shirt-sleeves, leaned against the iron rail at the back of the station platform, his big hands stuffed in the bulging band of his trousers, and his under-jaw busy with an ample ration of tobacco. He watched the passengers alighting from the train with little interest; he had no particular expectation of meeting Harris on this occasion, and, if the truth be told, he had little desire to meet him. Riles had no pang of conscience over his part in the plot against his old neighbor, but he had an uneasy feeling of cowardice. When suddenly his eye fell on Harris and his big, strapping son, his first impulse was to slip away in the crowd before they should notice him. But it was only for a moment; the next, Harris was calling, "Lo, Hiram," and the two were shaking hands as old friends met in a far country.

"Didja get my letter?" asked Riles, ignoring the commonplaces with which

it was their custom to introduce any important topic. "Didja sell the farm?" "I got the letter, Hiram, but I didn't sell the farm. Thought we'd just have a look over this coal mine before goin' into the business altogether."

"H-s-h. Throttle your voice down. This place is full of men on the lookout for some'ing like that, an' you can't keep it too dark until it's all settled."

"Well, ain't we going to put up somewhere?" said Allan, breaking the silence that followed Riles' warning. "There ought to be an Alberta hotel here, somewhere. I saw one in every town for the last two hundred miles."

"I got that beat," said Riles, with a snicker. "Boardin' on a lord, or duke, or some'ing."

"Don't say?" "Yeh. You mind Gardner? Him 'at lit out from Plainville after that stealin' affair?"

"The one you got credit for bein' mixed up in?" said Allan, with disconcerting frankness. "A lame kind of a lord he'd make. What about him?"

"Well, he struck a soft thing out here, fo' sure. This lord I'm tellin' you about's gone off home over some bloomin' estate or other, an' Gardner's runnin' his ranch—his 'bloody-well ranch' he calls it. Gets a good fat wad for ridin' round, an' hires a man to do the work. But it was Gardner put me on t' this coal mine deal."

"Let's get settled first, and we'll talk about Gardner and the mine afterward," said Harris, and they joined the throng that was now wending its way to the hotels.

"How's your thirst, Hiram?" inquired Harris, after he had registered. "Pretty sticky," confessed Riles. "But they soak you a quarter to wash it out here."

"Well, I got a quarter." "A quarter apiece, I mean."

"Well, I got a quarter apiece," said Harris. "Come on."

Riles followed, astonishment over Harris' sudden liberality, and misgiv-



"Does Taste Kind o' Snaky," Said Harris.

ing as to how he himself could avoid a similar expenditure, struggling for uppermost place in his mind.

"Pretty strong stuff they have here," he said, after Harris and Allan had "set 'em up" in turn. "Keel you over if you don't watch it."

"Does taste kind o' snaky," said Harris. "Guess that's enough for this time. Now come upstairs and tell us all about this deal you have on."

When the travelers had thrown off their coats and vests, and all were seated in the little bedroom, Riles cleared his throat.

"Well, there ain't much t' tell yuh, more'n I said in m' letter," he started. "As I said, it's Gardner you'll have t' thank for this thing, good or bad. I ain't a coal miner, an' I told him that, an' I told him you wasn't neither, but he says that don't make no difference. He says there's all kinds o' money in it, an' I reckon that's what we came out here for, ain't it?"

"Yes, provided the thing's sound," said Harris. "Anyone can see with half an eye that there's easier ways of making money than bustin' up this prairie sod for it. But you and me've worked hard for what we've got, Hiram, and we want t' go mighty careful about spendin' it."

"I suppose you've sent home word to sell your farm, have you?" put in Allan. "You'll be chippin' in at the same time?"

"Oh, yes, I'll be chippin' in. Of course. But I didn't just say to sell the farm yet. I'll have t' get back an' straighten things up some first. You see, I thought you'd get my letter before you left, an' you could kind o' make your deal then, an' your payment would hold the bargain bound until I could sell mine, y' see, Har-

ris?" Riles was beginning to address himself mainly to the older man.

"Don't take me up wrong," said Allan. "I'm in on this along with Dad, if he's in; an' if he's out, I'm out. But I was just kind o' curious about it."

"It's all right, it's all right," assured Riles, with great magnanimity. Inwardly he was cursing Gardner for having left this task to him. He was suspicious of a trap in the simplest question, and feared that any minute he might find himself floundering in a mesh of contradictions.

"Where is this coal mine, and who's got it?" said Harris.

"I ain't saw it myself," admitted Riles. "They're awful p'lic'lar about lettin' people see it," he continued, with a sudden flash of inspiration. "It's so valuable, y' know."

"Fraid somebody'll bring it home in their pocket, I suppose," said Allan.

Riles pretended to laugh heartily. "But where is it?" insisted Harris. "Is there a railroad near, or how do you get at it?"

"It's up in the mountains, an' that's all I can tell you; but it's all right, an' there's a pile o' money in it. I guess I better bring Gardner down in the morning, an' he'll explain all about it. Y' see, he knows the fellow 'at owns it, an' I don't, an' he'll be able to tell you. That is, if you're 'goin' in on it. Gardner won't say much unless he knows you're goin' in on it."

"Well, he'll have to say a good deal before he knows," said Harris. "I ain't buyin' a pig in a poke. He's got t' show me, and then if it's all right, why, it's all right."

"Oh, it's all right," said Riles, although inwardly he felt little enthusiasm over the attitude of either father or son. He was annoyed that Allan should be present. On the whole, it would be better to leave the rest of the explaining to Gardner.

"What d'ye think of it, Dad?" said Allan, when Riles was gone.

"May be all right," said Harris. "Wouldn't be surprised but it is. At the same time, I ain't goin' to put a cent in it till I'm dead sure. And anyway, there's no use lettin' Riles think we're on it."

"That's what I think. You think Gardner's all square in it?" "I don't know. Likely he's getting a fat commission from somewhere, but that's fair enough, if he makes the deal. But he won't see any o' our money till I have the opinion of the best lawyer in town. That's all we can say till we see it."

"What d'ye say if we sell the old farm anyway, an' then if this mine business don't look good, we'll plunk it into farm land?"

"Might do worse," his father agreed. "We'll have a look round for a day or two, anyway."

In the afternoon Gardner and Riles drove into town and met the Harisses in the waiting room of the hotel. Gardner's greeting was friendly, but not overfamiliar, as became a man who had recently suffered some reflection on his character. He shook Harris and Allan by the hand, inquired after the cattle and the crops, but discreetly avoided family matters, having learned from Riles that all had not been going smoothly in their domestic affairs. Gardner knew a little room at the back of the bar, to which he escorted his guests. Having ordered a bottle and glasses on the table, he turned the key in the door.

"You can't be too careful," he explained. "You know, the walls have ears, and if it gets out that this coal mine can be picked up at the price we have on it, it will be taken before night. I understand your money is not here yet, Mr. Harris?"

"No. Not started, I guess. The fact is, I haven't sold the farm."

"Well, I don't want to hurry you, but you've got to act quickly, or not at all. Of course, we don't figure on taking any chances. Our idea is to turn the property over at once, at a good profit. That's the way you feel about it too, isn't it?"

"I'm not a coal miner."

"Exactly. Neither are the men who own most of the mines of this country. There comes a time, Mr. Harris, when we realize that we don't have to get down with pick and shovel to make ourselves some money—in fact, the man with pick and shovel hasn't time to make any real money. I am glad you feel like I do about it, for I have already taken the liberty of putting the proposition up to a New York syndicate."

"You mean if we don't come through, they will?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

In a Quandary.

A young newspaper man of Kokome wrote a short story and sent it to a magazine. In due time there came back to him one of those gloom distributors called rejection slips. It ran somewhat like this:

"We have read your story and are sorry to say it is not suited to our needs. Red Book, Blue Book, Green Book."

The young newspaper man looked at the slip and then at his story. "Well," he said, "I don't know what color to play now."