

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.

The Chandler Motor company has declared a quarterly dividends of \$1.50 a share. This was a reduction in the annual dividend rate from \$10 to \$6.

Sale of the Vashon Island military reservation in the state of Washington, is authorized in a bill approved by the house and sent to the senate.

The house passed Monday a bill providing for government acquisition of private fishing rights in Pearl harbor, Hawaii.

Hordes of ants, driving upwards from the earth through mud tubes, are threatening destruction to the \$100,000 exchange building at the Wichita, Kan. stockyards.

A joint resolution was adopted late Tuesday by the house and the senate authorizing the secretary of war to extend all possible relief to Colorado flood sufferers.

Pueblo authorities, in a telegram Tuesday to Representative Hardy of Colorado, urged congress to appropriate \$5,000,000 immediately for relief in the flood-stricken area.

The first official list of casualties which occurred during the race riots in Tulsa, Okla., made public by national guard officials, places the number of known white dead at nine and the negro dead at 26.

All forms of hazing have been abolished by the student body of the University of Wisconsin, following injury of eight freshmen and sophomores who were cut and burned Saturday night in a class battle involving about 1000 students.

Seven of the 13 prisoners confined in the Klamath Falls, Or., city and county jail escaped some time after 1 o'clock Tuesday morning after sawing the bars from one of the jail windows.

A further wage reduction of 5 cents an hour for all Chicago packing house employees paid on an hourly basis and proportionate cuts for piece workers, were asked Tuesday by the Chicago packers in a petition filed with Federal Judge Aischuler, federal arbiter.

The Carnegie corporation has placed an additional fund of \$17,400,000, with provisional conditions, at the disposal of the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh and the Carnegie Institute of Technology over a period of years. The money is to be used for maintenance and development.

U-97 of the German navy, once a terror of the underseas, Tuesday night lay in 150 feet of water 30 miles out in Lake Michigan, while four gun crews of the United States steamship Wilmette toured Chicago, spending \$100 prize money, the price set on the former kaiser's submarine.

Brigadier General John V. Buckman, 63, in command of the North Atlantic coast artillery district, died in Brookline, Mass., Tuesday. He had served in Cuba, in the Philippines, on the Texas border in 1916 and during the world war, when he held the rank of major-general in the national army.

President Harding told General John J. Pershing, chief of staff of the United States army, he had taken steps "through diplomatic channels" with the end in view of procuring a concord of nations to "lift the burden of excessive armament," the general declared in an address at Lincoln, Neb., Tuesday night.

Winnecke's comet will probably not come within 10,000,000 miles of the earth, according to information received at the Harvard college observatory for astronomers studying its motion closely. The comet will make its nearest approach to the sun June 13. Several astronomers predict a meteoric shower June 27 as a result of the comet's approach.

The parliament of northern Ireland, elected last month under the new home-rule measure, was opened Tuesday morning amid impressive scenes in the council chamber of the city hall in Belfast. The ceremony occurred in the presence of a distinguished gathering. None of the nationalist or Sinn Fein members elected to the parliament was present as the 40 unionist members took their seats and proceeded to the organization of the house.

HOUSE VOTES TO END WAR

Failure of Senate to Accept Substitute Sends Question to Conference.

Washington, D. C.—By a vote of five to one the house Monday night adopted the Porter resolution to terminate the state of war between the United States and the central powers.

As a substitute for the Knox resolution, adopted by the senate, repealing the declaration of war, it was put through, 265 to 61, as a republican measure with the loss of only one republican vote—Kelley of Michigan. Forty-nine democrats joined in the landslide.

First throwing out, on a point of order, a motion by Representative Flood, democrat, Virginia, to send the resolution back to committee with instructions to report a substitute requesting the president to negotiate with the enemy countries for a treaty of peace, the house voted down, 254 to 112, another recommitting proposal. There was no debate on the latter motion.

Springing a surprise at the last moment, Chairman Porter of the foreign affairs committee in charge of the fight, presented Representative Bourke Cockran, democrat, New York, to make the closing argument for adoption of the resolution.

Mr. Kelley, who is chairman of the house conferees at work on the naval bill, with its disarmament amendment, made a bitter attack on the resolution, declaring congress would live to apologize for its act, which he described as making peace with a mere clasp of the hand.

The principal attack on the resolution was based by democrats on the ground that it did not properly protect American rights and that the United States, in attempting to negotiate a treaty with Germany and her ally, would sit down with feet and hands tied. Republicans held, however, that all rights were safe-guarded.

Failure of the senate to accept the house substitute will send the question of peace to conference.

Representative Burton, republican, of Ohio, supporting the resolution, said it would have to be supplemented by treaty provision, and the simplest course would be to ratify the treaty of Versailles, with reservations.

IN APRIL RAILROADS EARN \$29,201,000

Washington, D. C.—Railroads earned \$29,201,000 in April, or \$1,494,000 less than in March, according to reports transmitted to the interstate commerce commission, and made public Sunday by the association of railway executives.

The earnings for April represented a return on the valuation tentatively fixed by the commission of 2.08 per cent against 2.30 per cent for March and were \$51,206,000 short of the amount contemplated by the transportation act, the statement said.

Operating expenses were \$6.74 per cent of the amount of the revenues against \$7.19 for March, showing that while expenses were reduced, revenues fell off. During the eight months since the federal guaranty period expired, the roads have earned \$279,000,000, which would be an annual return of 2.41 per cent on the tentative valuation, or \$414,253,000 less than the sum contemplated to be earned from the commission's rates.

Earnings in the eastern district for April represented a return of 2 per cent; in the southern 3.41 per cent and the western 2.01 per cent. Operating revenues in the western district were \$164,252,000, an increase of 1.6 per cent over April, 1920, and operating expenses were \$142,548,000, a decrease of 6.8 per cent from last April. The net operating income was \$21,704,000, as compared with a deficit of \$2,809,000 in April a year ago.

U. S. Jobs Still Up In Air

Washington, D. C.—Senators Jones and Poindexter of Washington held their first conference Monday to decide on the distribution of federal patronage in the state. At the close it was said that no agreement had been reached on any appointment and that they are to get together again soon. Colonel Charles R. Forbes, director of the war risk insurance bureau, has been obliged to abandon his trip this week to the northwest as planned.

New Members Sworn In

Washington, D. C.—Four of the seven members of the shipping board, including Chairman Lasker were sworn in Monday. Other members installed were ex-Senator Chamberlain of Oregon, Fred L. Thompson of Alabama and Rear-Admiral William S. Benson of Georgia, former chairman. Chairman Lasker immediately called a meeting of the board.

POST-WAR ISSUES TO OCCUPY LABOR

Federation Faces Severe Test, Says Sam Gompers.

DELEGATES AT DENVER

Convention to Study Problem of Unemployment and Open Shop Movement, Chief Declares.

Denver, Colo.—The 41st annual convention of the American Federation of Labor, which opened here Tuesday, will be a gathering for the promotion and development of American welfare and freedom, President Samuel Gompers of the federation declared in a statement tonight.

This convention, the veteran labor leader said, would mark a "milestone in our national progress," would deal with the "great post-war issues confronting organized labor, which are today in the balance at the crucial moment where the die must be cast one way or the other."

More than 500 delegates from all parts of the United States and Canada were assembled for the meeting, which will probably continue for the next two weeks. J. H. Thomas, president of the railway workers' union of England, was here to represent as a fraternal delegate the workers of Great Britain in the British trade union congress.

Despite many reports that President Gompers and his administration would be opposed for re-election, up to tonight there had not been any open indication of such a movement. While John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers, who had been boomed as a candidate for the presidency by the anti-Gompers forces, declined to make any statement, it was understood that he would not oppose the labor chief.

The major issues to come before the convention, as outlined by President Gompers include:

"The condition of unemployment, which estimates run as high as 5,000,000 workers.

"The un-American attempt to crush labor and blast its spirit through what is called, with miserable disregard for the truth, the open-shop movement.

"The railroad problem, involving the nation's chief means of transportation.

"The immigration problem, with its vital bearings on American standards of living and citizenship.

"The problem of Russian affairs, the cancer that is eating at the vitals of world civilization.

"The problem of how best to meet conditions brought about by court decision, is a problem, unhappily, not decreasing in importance and for that reason demanding more than usual attention.

"Added to these are the constructive demands which labor must voice with endless repetition and with growing intelligence and emphasis: The problems that will be brought forth by the delegates affecting the trades and calling of the workers; the relationship of American labor to international bodies; the consideration of suggestions and proposals looking to the marking out of new work and new programs of action."

Disarmament and the Irish question and the high cost of living will occupy outstanding positions on the federation's program.

The adoption of a resolution calling upon congress to take steps to bring about world-wide disarmament will be unopposed, labor leaders declared, as the convention of 1913, 1914 and in 1919 went on record favoring international disarmament.

Masonic Dignitary Quits

Toledo, O.—Illustrious Barton Smith (33d), most puissant sovereign grand commander Ancient, Accepted Scottish Rite Masons for the northern jurisdiction, United States of America, has announced his retirement from that office. Advice of physicians will not permit continuous activity caused Mr. Smith's action. Mr. Smith was elected in 1910. During his incumbency the Scottish Rite membership has grown from 50,000 to more than 200,000.

Married Teachers Discharged

Chicago.—A wife's place is in the home and not in the schoolroom, the Lake Forest school board decided Saturday and proceeded to discharge all married teachers.

The Homesteader
By Robert J. C. Stead
Author of "The Cow Puncher," Etc.
Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS
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CHAPTER X.—Continued.

"Well, no," Harris said; "I'm afraid we can't."

"A marked check is as good as bills," the banker argued, "and much easier to carry, not to speak of being safer," he added, as an afterthought. "Traveling with that amount of money on you is a sort of defiance of natural law, especially with the country full of strangers, as it is at present." The banker looked from the powerful frame of the farmer to the equally powerful frame of the farmer's son, and his eye fell on the gun which the latter carried under his arm. "But I guess," he continued with a laugh, "there isn't much danger on that score."

"Nothin' I speak of," said Harris. "And while I don't want to break your bank, I do want to get that money, and I'll get it in bills, or part of it in gold or silver would do. The fact is, I don't mind tellin' you, I've a deal on, an' I've undertaken to put up this money in cash—tonight."

A young man emerged from somewhere and locked the front door of the bank.

"It's closing time now," said the teller, addressing the manager. "We have enough cash on hand to pay this gentleman, and we can wire for more bills, which will reach us in time for tomorrow's business."

"Pay it, then," said the manager. "Mr. Harris has a right to his money in that form if he wants it. "But," he added, turning to Harris, "I'd advise you to keep both eyes on it until your transaction is completed."

The counting of the money was a bigger task than either Harris or Allan had thought, but at last it was completed, and they were ready for the road. The banker looked after their buggy as it faded out of sight up the river road.

"Hang me if I like that!" he said to himself.

The long drive up the valley in the warm August afternoon was an experience for the soul of painter or poet. Even John and Allan Harris, schooled as they were in the religion of material things, felt something within them responding to the air, and the sunlight, and the dark green banks of trees, and the sound of rushing water, and the purple-blue mountains heaving and receding before them.

Darkness settled about them. One or two stars came out. The poplars took on the color of the spruce; the river fretted more noisily in its rocky channel. A thin ribbon of cloud lay across the mountains, and a breeze of wonderful mellowness came down through the passes.

At length, just as they were thinking of pitching camp for the night, Allan espied a deserted cabin in a cluster of trees by the side of the road. They turned into the wood and unlatched the horses.

A match revealed a lantern hanging on the wall, and a few cooking utensils, safe from all marauders under the unwritten law of the new land.

The two men first made their horses comfortable, and then cooked some supper on a little fire at the door of the shack. Harris was tired, so they cleared a space in the corner farthest from the door, and spread their blankets there. Harris lay down to rest, the precocious bag of money by his side.

"You might as well drop off for a nap," Allan suggested. "They must have been delayed, and may not make it tonight at all. We're here for the night, and you may as well rest if you can. I won't turn in myself until you waken."

"I believe I'll do as you say," his father agreed. "Keep a keen ear an' don't leave the building without wakin' me."

Allan looked out at different times for Gardner and Riles, but there seemed no sound in all the world save the rushing of water. A cold draught crept along the floor. . . . He fancied his father had fallen into a nap. . . . The night chill deepened and at length Allan hung a blanket as best he could across the open door. His gun gave him a sense of companionship, and he took it in his hands and sat down beside his father. . . . It was very lean and graceful in his fingers.

While the banker worked in his garden in the long August evening the thought of the two men with a bag full of money kept recurring and recurring in his mind, and smothering the natural pride he felt in his abounding cargoes. True, it was no business of his, but still he could not feel entirely at ease. As he bent over his hoe he heard hoofs clatter in the street and, looking up, saw the erect form of Sergeant Grey on his well-groomed government horse. At a signal from the banker the policeman drew up beside the fence.

They talked in low voices for ten minutes. "It may be a wild-goose chase," said the sergeant at last, "but it's worth a try." Half an hour later his horse was swinging in his long, steady stride up the road by the window river.

CHAPTER XI.

The Honor of Thieves.
Gardner and Riles rode only a short distance out of town, then turned their horses into the deep bush, and waited.

At last the Harris' team and buggy rattled by. When it had secured a good lead the two horsemen emerged from their covering and took a cross road to Gardner's ranch.

"We better eat," said Gardner and busied himself with starting a fire. "Of course, the cook's out. Fishing, I guess," he continued, as he noticed that Travers' fishing rod was gone from the wall. "Perhaps it's just as well. He might be asking questions."

Riles ate his meal in haste and silence. He was taciturn, moody, and excitable, and made no response to Gardner's attempts to open conversation upon trivial subjects.

"Upon my soul," said Gardner at last, "you don't seem any more than enthusiastic. One would think you were going to a funeral, instead of a—division of profits."

"Perhaps I am," said Riles sourly. "We'll know better when we get back."

"Well, if you feel that way about it, you better stay at home," said Gardner, with pointed candor. "If ten thousand dollars is no good to you perhaps I can use your share in my own business."

"That wouldn't let me out," protested Riles. "You've got me mixed up in it now, and if things go wrong I'm in for it, but if things go right you're willin' to take all the money."

"Things won't go wrong," Gardner assured him. "They can't. Everything is planned to a fraction, but if



"If Ten Thousand Dollars is No Good to You, Perhaps I Can Use Your Share in the Business."

we see there's going to be a hitch—why, the owner of the mine'll fail to turn up, and we'll all come back to town, and no one a bit the wiser."

Riles was eager to know the details of which he had been kept in complete ignorance, but Gardner would disclose nothing until they were on the road. "Jim may come in any minute," he explained, "and Jim might hear enough to make him curious. And it's just a little too soon to excite his curiosity."

"That reminds me," Gardner continued. "Jim has a very neat little revolver here somewhere. I think I'll borrow it. We might see some game, as Allan says."

A search disclosed revolver and cartridges in Travers' trunk, Gardner loaded the weapon and put it in his pocket.

"What about me?" demanded Riles. "Ain't I to have no gun?"

"Better without it," said Gardner. "It might go off. If we really see any game, and there's a chance of a second shot, I'll lend you this one."

Down by the river, well screened with cotton-woods, Travers fished in a pool close by the ford. He heard voices, and, looking up quickly, saw Riles and Gardner riding slowly down the road. The two rode close by, and stopped their horses to drink with their forefeet in the river. Jim was going to call to them when he heard his own name mentioned. He was no eavesdropper, but he obeyed the impulse to listen and keep out of sight.

"Travers doesn't suspect a thing," Gardner was saying. "It's just as well. He figures on making old Harris father-in-law some day, and he might do something foolish if he caught on. If the old man loses all his money he won't be so desirable from a son-in-law's point of view. . . . Well, we'll see how he stands the night in the old shanty up the river road. Strange things have happened there before now, let me tell you, Riles."

If Jim had been prompted by curiosity at first a very different emotion laid hold of him as he caught the gist of Gardner's remarks. Travers had not known Harris to be in the district, but he had suspected for some days that Gardner and Riles were hatching mischief in their long absences together. The information that Harris was going up the river tonight, apparently with a large sum of money, and the fact that these two men also were going up the river, gave to Travers' nimble mind framework on which to hang almost any kind of plot.

He leaned forward in the trees, but at that moment Riles clutched Gardner's arm and said something in a low voice. The two men rode through

the river, and their words were drowned in the lisp of the water.

The smile did not leave Travers' lips as he wound up his reel and stole swiftly along a cattle-track up from the river, but a sudden light gleamed in his eyes and his muscles hardened with excited tension. He knew the shanty to which Gardner referred, as they had once been there together, and he resolved that if there were going to be any "doings" in that locality tonight he would furnish a share of the excitement. Unfortunately, the ford was on a cross-road little used, and it was two miles back to the ranch. By the time Travers reached the ranch buildings, caught and saddled his horse, made a fruitless search for his revolver, substituted a rifle which lay at hand, and at length found himself upon the trail, darkness was setting in, and Gardner and Riles had many miles' start of him.

When the two plotters stopped to let their horses drink at the ford Gardner suddenly broke off from their conversation to make a few remarks about Travers and Harris. Riles had listened indifferently until his eye caught sight of Travers, half concealed among the cotton-woods that fringed the stream. He clutched Gardner's arm.

"S-s-sh," he cautioned, "Jim's just behind the bank. I'm sure I saw him, an' he heard you, too."

"Good," said Gardner, quite undisturbed. "Now we can go on." They reined up their horses and plunged into the swiftly-running water. "You see," said Gardner, as the horses took the opposite bank with great strides, their wet hoofs slipping on the round boulders that fringed the stream—"You see, I knew Jim was there all the time. Those remarks were intended for his benefit."

"It's all quite simple. Jim will hurry back to the ranch, saddle his horse, and follow us. By the way, I didn't tell him I borrowed his revolver. That may delay him some. But he should arrive at the shack in time to be taking a few stealthy observations just about the moment the Harrises are hunting for their money bag. I hope Allan doesn't use that shotgun on him. A shotgun makes an awful hole in a man, Riles."

Riles experienced an uncanny feeling up his spine.

"Well," continued Gardner, "I promised to lay the whole plan before you, when we were safe on the road with no possibility of any strange ears cocked for what a man might happen to say. It's all easy sailing now. The big thing was to get them on the road with the coin. That's what I needed you for, Riles. And you didn't do too bad. I had to prod you along a bit, but you'll thank me for it when it's all over."

"Now this is how it will work out, to a T. The two Harrises will get up to the shanty about dark. They'll pitch camp there and begin to wonder when we'll be along. Well, we won't be along until it's good and dark, even if we have to kill time on the road. If Travers catches up on us we'll just let him make one of the party, which will be sort of embarrassing for Jim. But he won't catch up. Well, when it's good and dark—there'll be no moon till after midnight—and they're both sleepy with their long drive in the high altitude, we will arrive near by. You will go up to the door and take a look on the quiet. I will go up to the window and do the same. There's no glass in the window, and there's no door on, either, as I remember. We'll size up things inside, particularly the location of the coin. Then you show yourself. Tell 'em I have the owner of the mine out there in the trees, but the old fellow won't come in until he has a talk with them. Tell 'em they better not show the money until they chat with him a few minutes. Likely they'll fall for that, as they don't seem to have the slightest suspicion. But if they balk at leaving the money let them bring it along. Once out in the dark the rest will be easy. But I figure they'll leave the money in the shack—it's just for a few minutes, you know—and they'll reason that it's safe enough with no one but ourselves within miles. Well, you lead them off down through the bush. As soon as you do that I'll slip in through the window, gather up the long green and cliche it somewhere in the scrub. You won't be able to find me at first, but when you do I'll say that the old fellow wanted to go up to the shack himself to meet them, and I let him go. Then we'll all go back to the shack, and find both the money and the old man—the mine owner, you know—missing. Then we'll start a hue and cry and all hit into the bush. You and I will gather up the spoil and make a quiet get-away for the night. Of course, we'll have to turn up in the morning to avert suspicion, but we can tell them we got on the robber's trail and followed it until we lost ourselves in the bush. In the meantime the Harrises will be tearing around in great excitement, and they're almost sure to run on to Travers. Harris recently fired Travers, and Allan had a fight with him, if you told me right, so it's not likely they'll listen to any explanations. They'll turn him over to the police, and as it's the business of the police to get convictions, they'll have to frame up a case against him or be made to look stupid—and that's the last thing a policeman likes. Then you and I will quietly divide the proceeds of our investment, and you can go back to your farm, if you like, and live to a ripe old age and get a write-up in the local paper when you shuffle off. As for me—I'm not that type, Riles, and I'll likely find some other way to spend my profits."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A man seldom wears his trousers out at the knee praying for work.