

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 American Farm Bureau federation announced Tuesday that it had endorsed the program of legislation asked by the American Legion of the 67th congress.

Lincoln Johnson, republican national committeeman of Georgia, a negro, was nominated Tuesday by President Harding to be recorder of deeds for the District of Columbia.

J. Raymond McCarl of McCook, Neb., secretary of the republican congressional campaign committee, was nominated Monday by President Harding to be controller-general of the United States, a position created by the new budget law which becomes effective Friday.

William P. Egan, formerly a clerk in the legal department of the prohibition bureau, was arrested Tuesday on a charge of bribery. Officials declined to discuss the case, but indicated they had evidence against other ex-employees of the unit.

Oregon, Washington, California and Nevada will be freed of bootleggers within 90 days if accomplishments of John Exniclos, newly appointed United States prohibition enforcement agent for these states, meet his expectations, he declared Tuesday.

Organized labor of America will call immediately upon President Harding, his cabinet and congress to bring about recognition of the Irish republic and protest to Great Britain against the "brutal and uncivilized warfare now being conducted in Ireland."

The volcano of Stromboli, situated on the island of the same name, off the northern coast of Sicily, has burst into activity. The eruption began with a violent explosion, which was heard far from the island, and the people are abandoning their homes and fleeing to Sicily.

The Gilliland Oil company of Shreveport, La., has consummated a deal whereby the Foster Oil company, an Oklahoma concern, acquired all the interests of the Gilliland company in the north Louisiana oil fields, it is announced. The consideration is said to have been \$2,500,000.

The question of disarmament, particularly as to an agreement in which Great Britain and the United States might be parties, and the possibility of Japan joining in such a disarmament move, was brought up in the house of commons Monday by Commander Carlton Bellairs, unionist member for the Maidstone division of Kent.

The British coal mine strike, which has been in progress since April 1, has been settled, it was officially announced Tuesday. It was understood that Lloyd George, the prime minister, will ask parliament to authorize the granting of a 10,000,000-pound subsidy to the mining industry. The miners will resume work generally Monday if the subsidy is granted.

Thomas Mulhall, deputy United States marshal, of San Francisco, from whom Roy Gardner, mail bandit, escaped at Castle Rock, Wash., resigned his position Tuesday to become an investigator for the national fire underwriters' arson board. He has held his position for eight years. The resignation had nothing to do with Gardner's escape, according to United States Marshal Holohan.

Establishment of peace by congressional resolution reached its final stage Tuesday when senate and house republican conferees agreed upon a compromise resolution which they hope to have in President Harding's hands late this week. The compromise embodies the house plan of declaring the state of war with Germany and Austria at an end and adds the senate provisions reserving American property and other rights.

Fear of strike complications bowled into the Chicago wheat market Tuesday at the same time as the first big offerings from the 1921 harvest. Wild tumbling of prices followed, with the July delivery of wheat here showing an extreme loss of 9 cents a bushel, compared with Monday's finish. Simultaneously cash values for immediate delivery of wheat in Kansas City were reported as having dropped in some cases fully 22 cents.

WETS PARADE IN PROTEST

Sweltering Sun Braved by Thousands in New York Streets.

New York. — A great many New Yorkers let the world know Monday that they bear no love for the 18th amendment. Several thousand raised a terrible thirst tramping up Fifth avenue in an anti-prohibition demonstration and others packed the sidewalks for more than two miles to cheer them.

It was called a wet parade, and it was wet-soaking wet—with perspiration. The afternoon was one of the hottest of the year.

Mayor Hylan smiled and sweltered in the seat of honor in the reviewing stand at Madison Square. Both groups passing by greeted him with complimentary outbursts. Every now and then somebody would loudly ask if his honor didn't long for a schooner of lager on such a hot day.

The foreign-born—and they made up a big percentage of the demonstration against dryness—always addressed the mayor by his title, or as "Mister Hylan." Some of the marchers bore banners which called on all to witness "the outrage on personal liberty" against which they perspired in protest.

Quite a few women and children participated in the parade. They were so outnumbered by masculine marchers, however, that it seemed manifest that the male of the species is more thirsty than his mate. Everybody in the line had an American flag. Many wore miniature liquor bottles appropriately inscribed.

There were more than 300 organizations in line, about 100 of them Italian, those in charge announced. Bands played drinking songs and songs dedicated to the absence of drinks.

Placards, in a manner of speaking, put the kick in the parade. One read: "Prohibition took the sunshine from our home and put the moonshine in." Another said: "Russia went dry in 1919 and made in 1921. How rational do you feel yourselves?"

A third declared: "Forty million soldiers fought for liberty and were rewarded with prohibition. How come?"

The serious signs asked everybody to notice what alcoholic aridity had done to the American merchant marine. They suggested Bible readings as a means of learning who made wine from water that the wedding feast might be merry, and the biblical line: "Use a little wine for thy stomach's sake," was quoted. There were pictures of the Last Supper and of the Goddess of Liberty, shorn of her prosit-like pose by shackles that bound her arms together.

Fleet Scares Mexicans.

Mexico City. — The appearance off Tampico Sunday of five armored vessels comprising part of the United States Atlantic fleet is described by the Tampico correspondent of El Democrita as having produced a great sensation. The vessels cast anchor just outside the three mile limit and gave no intimation as to the cause of their visit but El Democrita says it believes the vessels are engaged in maneuvers.

Minnesota Fires Abate.

Duluth. — Forest fires in northern Minnesota have practically abated. Showers and abatement of stiff winds which had fanned the flames and hampered the fire guards in their work were changes in weather conditions beneficial to the guards. Thousands of acres of pine trees and second-growth timber were burned over by the fires, according to estimates by forestry men.

Wool Brings 21 Cents.

Great Falls, Mont. — Thirty-five thousand pounds of wool was sold at Harlowton last week for 21 cents a pound by the Grain Growers' Association, Inc., to George F. Gish of Denver for the Charles J. Webb company of Philadelphia, according to Mr. Gish here. The price is the highest known to have been paid in Montana this season.

Typhoon Strikes Manila.

Manila, P. I. — A typhoon early Tuesday caused heavy damage in Manila and its environs. The city's power supply was cut off and the city was in darkness. Houses were unroofed and several small vessels in Manila bay driven ashore. Street car service was paralyzed.

Firecracker Is Fatal.

Denver. — Robert Knott, 55, a real estate operator, was standing at a corner in the business district Monday when someone threw a giant firecracker at his feet. As the firecracker exploded Knott dropped dead, apparently from excitement.

TAFT APPOINTED CHIEF JUSTICE

Nomination Is Confirmed by Senate, 60 to 4.

OPPOSITION IS NOTED

Ex-President Is First Man in History to Obtain Highest Judicial and Executive Posts.

Washington, D. C. — William Howard Taft, ex-president, was nominated late Thursday by President Harding to be chief justice of the United States and his nomination was confirmed by the senate in executive session.

The nomination was not confirmed without opposition, however, and a rollcall was demanded. The opposition was voiced by Senators Borah, Idaho; Johnson, California, and La Follette, Wisconsin, all republicans.

On the rollcall, however, only four votes were cast against confirmation. These were by Senators Borah, Johnson and La Follette, and Senator Watson, democrat, Georgia.

The senate's doors were closed for discussion of the nomination after suggestions that Mr. Taft be confirmed in "open executive" session, because he is an ex-president and had been rejected by his opponents.

Senators Borah and Johnson led the fight on the floor in opposition to Mr. Taft, while he was defended by about a dozen senators, including Knox of Pennsylvania, Kellogg of Minnesota and Willis of Ohio, republicans, and Underwood of Alabama, minority leader; Smith of South Carolina, Overman of North Carolina and Broussard of Louisiana, democrats.

Mr. Taft is the first man in the nation's history to be chosen for the highest office in both the executive and judicial branches of the government. For more than 30 years prior to his retirement from the presidency in 1913 he had been almost constantly in public service.

Twice he has served on the bench, having been a judge of the superior court of Ohio and a judge of the federal circuit court in the same state. The list of his other public services includes the position of collector of internal revenue, solicitor-general of the United States, civil governor of the Philippine islands, secretary of war and president.

Mr. Taft is in his 64th year and is said by his friends to be in robust health, despite the fact that he has lost considerable weight since he left the presidency.

Readjustment Goes On.

Washington, D. C. — June business activities in the United States, although showing an acceleration in price declines, were classed as "inconclusive" with respect to probable future developments by the monthly review of the federal reserve board issued Friday.

The board concluded that "it is evident the close of the readjustment period has not yet been reached," in some lines of business, notably iron and steel.

In iron, the board said, "it is now generally believed further readjustment of wages and prices is likely to occur and that increased activity in it will certainly not be noted before autumn."

In several branches of domestic trade, the board said, the "month of June is usually a period of relative quiet and temporary reaction," and "such recession as has occurred is evidently only seasonal."

Employment continued practically unchanged, the report said, "with slight tendencies to betterment, notably in agriculture."

Silk Trade Is Trebled.

Washington, D. C. — The silk goods industry in the United States has grown nearly three-fold in the last five years, the total value of silk products in 1919 being \$688,946,000 as compared with \$254,011,000 in 1914, according to a statement issued by the census bureau. Establishments in the knit goods industry reported products made of silk valued at \$207,370,000, a business five times greater than that done five years ago.

Soldier Aid Approved.

Washington, D. C. — Approval by the treasury department of the construction at soldiers' homes of five hospitals for the care of former service men suffering with tuberculosis was announced Friday by Secretary Mellon. The new buildings will cost \$3,100,000 and are expected to be ready by January 1.

The Homesteader

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By
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Author of "The Cow Puncher," Etc.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

With a yell of pain Gardner sprang to his feet, jerking the farmer into a half-sitting posture as he did so, and Harris, with a great gasp for air, relinquished his sudden and unexpected advantage. But Gardner's head was again in command; he rushed through the door, half falling over the obstruction as he went, and in an instant was out in the gloom of the night.

For some minutes Harris lay on the floor, recovering his breath. As the oxygen welled back into his lungs he began to realize that, save for his choking, he was unharmed. With returning strength his thought reverted to Allan, and, calling the boy's name, he sprang to his feet. The first thing was to get a light. He found matches in his pocket, struck one, and peered eagerly into the gloom as its flickering flame beat back the darkness. A blanket, rolled and stained, lay in the doorway, and within was a figure that might once have been a man. Harris' heart almost stopped at the sight: "Allan," he gasped, "my boy, Allan!" He stooped across the crumbling floor toward it, holding the match before him. A man's boot and part of a trouser leg protruded from the mass. He held the match downward, leaning over them. They were not Allan's.

"Thank God," he murmured, swelling with a great hope, "thank God for that."

He struck another match and found the lantern. When he had lighted it he surveyed the little building, and saw Allan's gun lying at the end farthest from the door. Not until that moment did he think of the money. Allan had been upmost in his mind, and when he thought of Allan money was no consideration. But now a great wave of understanding rushed in upon him. Yes, the bag was gone. They had been attacked by robbers. Knowledge of their expedition had in some way got to evil ears, and while he slept Allan had been set upon. The boy had emptied his gun—the huddled mass in the doorway told that tale plainly enough—but other robbers had seized the cash and Allan had pursued them empty-handed. They had fired at him as he rushed from the building—that was the flash he saw a few seconds after the first loud report. He was not quite clear as to his own share in the fight, but he saw the general plan of it plainly enough. He began to wonder what had happened to Gardner and Riles. Had they been shot down as they wound through the woods? This was evidently the work of a gang prepared to stop at nothing. Harris never for a moment suspected his old neighbor of treachery. He was himself a hard, grasping, money-seeking man, but he had a code of honor none the less, and within its limitations none was more honorable than he. To have done what Riles had done would have been quite impossible for John Harris, and because it was impossible for him its possibility for Riles never suggested itself.

Harris had not yet fully realized the loss of his money. It was overshadowed by the more tragic events of which one evidence lay before him. His anxiety for Allan loomed larger in his mind, although he had little doubt the boy would take proper care of himself, and, even if unarmed, would come back with the money and perhaps with a prisoner. The fact that Allan had not taken his gun was reassuring; if there had been any great danger he would not have left it behind. But he must get out now and aid in the search.

As he reached this decision his eye caught a gleam of something shining on the floor. He walked to it and found a revolver, fully loaded except for one chamber, which had been discharged. "This is evidence," said he—"important evidence." Harris had all the Old Ontario contempt for this kind of weapon, and knew comparatively little about it, but he concluded from its appearance that it was almost new. As he examined it his eye fell on the initials, "J. T.," cut in the grip.

"J. T.," he said to himself. "J. T. Those initials seem familiar. I'll just leave this thing where I found it, until the police see it."

Replacing the weapon on the floor, he stole out the cabin, avoiding the silent obstruction in the doorway. Outside he stood for a moment undecided. The circle of light from his lantern might beacon Allan back to the shanty, but it would also prove a signal to the robbers, if they were still in the vicinity. The roar of water came up from the valleys, but above or through that roar suddenly he fancied he heard a sound from the bushes near at hand. He held his breath and listened intently. Yes, there it was again—a human sound, beyond question, half groan, half gurgle. He turned in the direction from which it came and stole quietly forward. Half-a-dozen yards from the building the light revealed, first a shadow, and then a figure lying on the ground. With some trepidation Harris approached. The man's arms had been extended when he fell, and his coat was thrown over his head. Harris stooped and drew it down over the shoulders exposing the face.

It was Allan.

The first shock of the revelation almost stopped the heart of the old farmer, and he sat back as one dazed, unable to accept the testimony of his own eyes. Then came a panic of uncertainty, and he fell upon the boy, groping wildly for his heart, and at last pressing upon it in an agony of fear. "Yes, the beat was there, faint and uneven, but unmistakable. With a sudden surge of returning hope he brought his ear down to the open mouth, fringed with light red foam, and could hear the air laboring in the ravaged lungs. Then came that human sound, half gurgle, half groan; but to Harris, in the reaction from his first paralyzing fear, it was as very music from heaven. His boy still lived, and still should live.

Tenderly he turned the body to a more comfortable position, laying his folded coat beneath the head for a pillow. He loosened the shirt about the neck, and far down the heaving chest saw the sodden red that marked his wound. Rain fell in scattered drops, and he brought another blanket from the cabin, caring little now for the silent form in the doorway in the sudden shadow of his greater tragedy. He spread the blanket over the wounded boy, and sat down by his side, caressing his temples with his big fingers, and wondering what to do next.

As he sat the helplessness of his position grew upon him. He was deep in the foot hills, many miles, as far as he knew, from the home of any settler. In daylight he could, no doubt, find his way back to town, but daylight might be too late. He did not know whether Allan was dying on his hands at that moment. Certainly to attempt to move him in the buggy would be dangerous in the extreme.

And as he sat he thought of the missing money, the fruit of his life's labor, snatched from him in a moment in the darkness. The loss did not hurt



Without an Instant's Warning, Harris Threw the Bag About His Head.

him as deeply as he might have thought; he was numbed by the greater blow that hung over him. If Allan would only live! "The boy had been his constant companion since babyhood. All his hopes, all his ambitions, which had found their expression in his years of feverish toil, had been wrapped about Allan. He had no one else. "His better self revolted at that thought. "You have a wife and daughter," it said, "ready to share your life as soon as you are ready to share theirs." He forced his mind from that phase of his position, but it reverted to it again and again. He could not wander in memory up the path of his boy's life without meeting his boy's mother. And all the pain and unhappiness of the later years—how it cut like an evil bank of fog across the once bright course of their career! But he had suffered for their sakes, holding fast to his own course because he knew it to be best. "Best? And it had brought him to this? "The question would not down. Rather than relax an iota from his own purpose he had broken up his family; he had crushed them under the wheels of his inflexible will, and now that same will had driven his son to destruction and himself to ruin.

It is not easy for a man who has laid out a career and followed it with all the energy of a virile nature, recasting his gods from time to time to conform with the evolution of his ideals, but recasting always in the mold of his own will rather than any vessel of creed or persuasion—it is not easy for such a man to stop at fifty and say, "I was wrong." It requires a break in his process of evolution, a shock sufficiently powerful to pulverize his gods before his face, to drive home the truth that they were not gods at all but mere idols of his own creation. In Harris' later life two idols had grown up to the exclusion of all others; they were the wealth which he

had bulidied with his hands and the boy, Allan, about whom he wrapped all the affection of his nature; and they had crumbled to dust even while he worshipped.

He found a flask thrown from some camper's pack, and filled it with water at the mountain stream that rushed by a few rods below the cabin. He placed the liquid to the boy's lips and fancied that some drops found entrance. He had stanced the wound as best he could with fragments torn from the lining of his coat, and he sat down again to watch. Until morning he could do nothing more. Then some camper, lumberman, or surveyor might happen along the road. If not, he would have to move Allan at all risks.

It took time for him to realize the utterness with which his plans had collapsed. As the night wore on he was able to weigh his disaster in a more balanced mind, but its magnitude grew in the weighing. From prosperous ambition he had been swept in an hour to penniless ruin. His destruction was almost complete. The old farm, the scene of his labors—his and Mary's—was gone. If Allan should die there remained nothing more.

Suddenly he fancied he heard the sound of horses' hoofs in the clay road along the hill side, now softened with the light rain. The sound ceased as suddenly as it began, and it occurred to him that it might be one of the robbers returning. The lantern was burning low, but as a precaution he now turned it quite out. There were some cartridges in Allan's pocket; he felt for them and decided to bring the gun out of the cabin. But before he could put his decision into effect he observed the form of a man moving silently but briskly toward the cabin. He held his breath and remained obscured in the bushes. Dimly he discerned the form stop at the door and peer into the darkness.

There was no doubt in the mind of Harris as to the evil intent of the visitor. He had come on horseback near the building, and had then dismounted and stole up to it on foot. That in itself was sufficiently incriminating. One who was riding through the mountains on a legitimate errand, and who knew nothing of the night's affray, would take no such precautions. Unarmed as he was, Harris resolved that the robber, probably the murderer of his son, should not on any account escape him. With the blanket which he had brought to cover Allan was a bag in which they had carried oats for their horses; this he found in the darkness, and stole after his victim. He overtook him standing at the door, in apparent hesitancy whether to enter the building. Without an instant's warning Harris threw the bag about his head, and with a quick twist of his powerful wrist had his prisoner securely gagged. Throwing him violently to the ground, he tied the sack in a hard knot, and, despite all struggles, dragged him back to where Allan lay. Here he relighted the lantern, and, cutting part of the blanket into strips with his pocket knife, secured tied his captive hand and foot. At first the prisoner tried to talk, but he could not speak intelligibly through the close-drawn sack, and presently he gave up and lay in silence in the wet grass.

And again the leaden night wore on, broken only by occasional gurglings in the throat of Allan, or futile struggles by the prisoner. Harris felt little curiosity concerning the identity of the man in gags before him, or the victim of Allan's gun in the doorway. They were absolute strangers to him, and he even feared that if he should look into the face of the one that still lived his anger over the assault upon Allan would burst all bounds and he would kill his victim on the spot. He was slowly forced to the conclusion that Riles and Gardner had also met with foul play, and that no help was now to be expected from that quarter.

Just as the first bars of gray in the eastern sky proclaimed approaching dawn, the sound of horse's hoofs came distinctly up the valley. Harris drew himself into a sitting posture, and listened. Allan was still breathing, and apparently with less effort than earlier in the night. The sound of the horse came nearer and nearer. At last it was in the road just below, and a moment later would have passed by had not Harris called out.

Sergeant Gray instantly swung his horse from the road and, dismounting, proceeded in the direction of the voices.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Reading and "Skimming."

It is said that Macaulay could read faster than most men could skim and skim faster than they could skip. No doubt, but then he could laugh heartily at a Greek comedy. The whole thing is largely a matter of habit and training; a man can accustom himself to read steadily. On the other hand, the habit of skimming is one of the most perilous to careful thinking; once formed, it is very difficult to shake off, and the man that has allowed himself to slip into the easy primrose path of skimming, finds that he has missed one good thing after another.