

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.

King Peter of Serbia died in Belgrade Tuesday.

Prohibition has been abolished in soviet Russia and the country now is on a light wine basis.

Brigadier-General R. M. Blatchford, now with the fourth division, has been ordered to the command at Vancouver barracks, Washington.

The senate has passed a bill making it possible for the president to appoint Major-General Leonard Wood governor-general of the Philippines.

Although the Inland Empire and Spokane were struck Saturday night with one of the worst dust, wind and electric storms since 1913, little damage was reported.

Cuts ranging from about 2 cents to 8 cents a 1000 cubic feet in the price of gas to California consumers were made effective on meter readings of September 3 by an order Tuesday of the state railroad commission.

A resolution introduced by Senator Calder, republican, New York, felicitating the people of Italy, who will celebrate the 600th anniversary of the birth of Dante, the poet, on September 14, is adopted by the senate.

Five persons are dead as result of disorders which began when a negro ran amuck Tuesday through the center of the business section of Augusta, Ga. Seven were known to have been wounded, two of them probably fatally.

The denationalization of real estate in soviet Russia, through a decree authorizing ex-owners or other persons to buy houses and land from the government, is announced in a Moscow dispatch to the Rosta Agency, the official soviet news disseminator.

The senate claim to a share of responsibility for the foreign affairs of the nation was recognized by President Harding Tuesday by the designation of Senator Lodge of Massachusetts, chairman of the foreign relations committee, as a member of the American delegation to the disarmament conference.

Curtailment of naval building, due to decreased appropriations, will materially slow up work on new battleships and battle cruisers, it is said at the navy department. There is \$53,000,000 available for the work, against \$115,000,000 requested. A partial suspension of work at plants fabricating material for the ships already has taken place, it is said.

Russian relief negotiations, as they involve the question of American control of food distribution, were discussed in some detail Tuesday by President Harding and his cabinet. Considerable difficulty has arisen from the disposition of the Russian soviet government to impose restrictions conflicting with the American relief administration's determination that relief supplies must be under American control throughout.

Any householder could have home brew under interpretations placed upon an amendment to the Willis-Campbell beer bill, approved Tuesday by the house. The amendment, adopted as a substitute for a senate provision, would require federal agents to have warrants before entering homes in search of liquor. It provides, however, that no warrants shall be issued for search of a home "unless there is reason to believe such dwelling is used as a place in which liquor is manufactured for sale, or sold."

Governor Harding of the federal reserve board telegraphed the San Francisco federal reserve bank Tuesday to investigate a complaint of Dr. C. J. Smith of Portland, Or., that the Northwestern Wheat Growers' association is in danger of losing heavily on 25,000,000 bushels of wheat because of refusal of local banks to advance needed money. He said local banks took the view that wheat should be actually sold before money could be advanced. Dr. Smith's telegram, received by Senator McNary, requested government aid to the extent of \$5,000,000 to be used as a revolving fund, the security to be given to consist of wheat receipts covered by mortgage and insurance.

BILLION TO BOOST TRADE

Senate Bill, Amended, Is Passed by House—Stimulus Promised.

Washington, D. C.—With a number of amendments, the senate bill, which would make \$1,000,000,000 available through the war finance corporation for stimulating exportation of agricultural products, was passed Monday by the house.

Only 21 representatives voted against the bill, while 314 voted for it.

The house eliminated senate sections authorizing the purchase by the war finance corporation of \$200,000,000 worth of farm loan bonds, and the creation of a new bureau in the department of commerce to obtain information as to trade conditions abroad. The house also eliminated a section which would permit government loans to accredited foreigners engaged in exportation of American farm products, but added an amendment providing for rigid restriction of such loans.

By a vote of 196 to 126 the house rejected a motion to recommit the bill, offered by Representative Wingo, democrat, Arkansas, to reinsert the eliminated senate provisions and to add an amendment authorizing the war finance corporation to make direct loans to agriculturists.

PANAMA IS READY TO REPEL INVADER

Panama.—Panama is prepared and ready to repel the Costa Ricans should they invade the disputed Coto territory. No definite action will be taken, however, until it has been learned what attitude the United States government will adopt toward Panama in the event the Panamanians oppose the taking over of Coto by the Costa Ricans.

Cable messages sent by the Panamanian government to Washington, with the view of ascertaining the American government's attitude toward Panamanian resistance to Costa Rican occupation of Coto, have not been answered.

Armed men to the number of 150 have been ordered to proceed to Coto from David. They will take with them ten machine guns, which were purchased in the United States last April. Secretary of Justice Alfaro has given orders to Chief of Police Arango to hold the entire police force of Panama and Colon in readiness to march to Coto. Identical orders have been sent the heads of the police forces in interior towns.

Mayors have been ordered to revise their volunteer forces and to advise the men to be ready for an emergency.

Legion Has Relief Fund.

Washington, D. C. — One hundred thousand dollars, collected by the American Red Cross during the war for soldier relief work, was turned over by the society Monday to the American Legion to be used by the latter organization in searching out cases of former service men entitled to but failing to receive aid.

The fund is to be used, together with sums donated by the Y. M. C. A., National Community service, Knights of Columbus and Jewish welfare board, in the formation of "flying squads" charged with aiding needy service men.

Living Cost Drops Bit.

New York.—The cost of living decreased .7 of 1 per cent in July, according to figures made public Monday by the national industrial conference. Prices are still 62 per cent higher than in July, 1914, and only 2.8 per cent lower than the peak reached in July, 1920. Declines in July were in clothing, which dropped 3.5 per cent, and in sundries, which dropped 1.1 per cent. Food prices, the report said, went up 3 per cent.

Red Cross Agent Short.

Washington, D. C. — C. E. Wilson, second assistant treasurer of the American Red Cross, was arrested Monday charged with larceny following an audit of his books, which showed a shortage of about \$14,000. According to the police, Wilson admitted shortages of more than \$13,000 and attributed his misfortune to gambling on horse races.

Burns in New Position.

Washington, D. C. — William J. Burns of New York was sworn in Monday as director of the bureau of investigation of the department of justice. Mr. Burns succeeds William J. Flynn, who resigned last week.

HUNGRY RUSSIANS TO GET FOOD SOON

Famine Relief Agreement Is Formally Signed.

SOVIET WILL ASSIST

Orders Already Placed for Loading Ships With Food and Medicine for Suffering Thousands.

Riga.—The agreement between the United States and Russia providing for American relief for the famine-stricken district was signed at 11:30 o'clock Saturday morning by Walter Lyman Brown, European representative of the American relief administration, and Maxim Litvinoff, representative of the Russian famine committee.

Phillip Carroll of Portland, Or., will at least temporarily head the work of feeding the starving people of Russia, a task the American relief administration considers the greatest it has yet faced. Walter L. Brown, European director of the administration, announced that Mr. Carroll would lead the first party of relief workers, which probably will leave here for Moscow Thursday. Mr. Carroll, who has been with the administration two years, made an excellent record by his work in Germany, South Russia and Serbia. Hope that the signing of the agreement would lead to further relations between Russia and America was expressed in speeches made by M. Litvinoff and M. Meirovitz, the Latvian premier.

Russia is, by the terms of the contract, the beneficiary of a far-reaching program, which includes not only providing food for the people of the famine-stricken Volga region, but the combatting of epidemics. It is understood that orders already have gone to Hamburg, Danzig and New York directing that relief ships be loaded with food and medicines for Russia. Actual work in Russia possibly may commence in a little more than a week.

Political and commercial activities will be outside the realm of the workers' duties and any violation of this clause of the agreement may be cause for expulsion from Russia, upon proofs being submitted to the directors of the relief work. All Americans engaged in feeding and caring for the famine sufferers will enjoy diplomatic rights. All relief shipments will be transported free of charge to points selected by the Americans, who will have absolute control of distribution. It is the plan to restrict relief measures to those people who are in actual distress and to prevent government employes and men in the army and navy from coming into possession of supplies.

Japanese Policy Grilled.

Honolulu, T. H.—Foolish policies of Japanese bureaucrats and militarists have led to a general misunderstanding of the Japanese people as a whole, according to G. Muko, prominent educator of Japan.

"We Japanese must change our attitude towards the far eastern countries," Professor Muko said. "We must return Shantung to China and we will do it, I hope."

Hospital Is Whiskyless.

New York.—James McArdle, a keeper in the Bronx zoo, was reported recovering Saturday from the effects of a bite by a copperhead snake. McArdle asked for a drink of whiskey, which he declared was the best remedy for snake-bite, but the doctors at the hospital where he was taken told him there was no whiskey in the institution. They gave him a serum instead.

Much Wheat Is Shipped.

Spokane, Wash.—More than 500,000 bushels of the 1921 wheat crop have been received and shipped already this season by the Northwest Wheat Growers' association, according to George A. Jewett, general manager.

"Most of the grain," he said, "has been shipped to Portland and Seattle for export and for delivery to private grain dealers."

Alleged Whisky Ship Tied Up.

Stevenson, B. C.—Provincial authorities Saturday tied up at New Westminster, B. C., the five-ton American cruising steamer Yankee as the result of an alleged attempt to smuggle aboard whisky valued at \$2000. The vessel is said to have started for the International boundary under cover of darkness. Customs officers seized it.

The Voice of the Pack

BY EDISON MARSHALL

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Love story, adventure story, nature story—all three qualities combine in the "Voice of the Pack," a tale of modern man and woman arrayed against the forces of age-old savagery.

Prologue.

If one can just lie close enough to the breast of the wilderness, he can't help but be imbued with some of the life that pulses therein.—From a Frontiersman's Diary.

Long ago, when the great city of Gitchepolls was a rather small, untidy hamlet in the middle of a plain, it used to be that a pool of water, possibly two hundred feet square, gathered every spring immediately back of the courthouse. The snow falls thick and heavy in Gitchepolls in winter; and the pond was nothing more than snow water that the inefficient drainage system of the city did not quite absorb. Besides being the despair of the plumbers and the city engineer, it was a severe strain on the beauty-loving instincts of every inhabitant in the town who had any such instincts. It was muddy and murky and generally distasteful.

A little boy played at the edge of the water, this spring day of long ago. Except for his interest in the pond, it would have been scarcely worth while to go to the trouble of explaining that it contained no fish. He, however, bitterly regretted the fact. In truth, he sometimes liked to believe that it did contain fish, very sleepy fish that never made a ripple, and as he had an uncommon imagination he was sometimes able to convince himself that this was so. But he never took hook and line and played at fishing. He was too much afraid of the laughter of his boy friends. His mother probably wouldn't object if he fished here, he thought, particularly if he were careful not to get his shoes covered with mud. But she wouldn't let him go down to Gitchepolls creek to fish with the other boys for mud cat. He was not very strong, she thought, and it was a rough sport anyway, and besides—she didn't think he wanted to go very badly. As mothers are usually particularly understanding, this was a curious thing.

The truth was that little Dan Failing wanted to fish almost as much as he wanted to live. He would dream about it of nights. His blood would glow with the thought of it in the springtime. Women the world over will have a hard time believing what an intense, heart-devouring passion the love of the chase can be, whether it is for fishing or hunting or merely knocking golf balls into a little hole upon a green. Sometimes they don't remember that this instinct is just as much a part of most men, and thus most boys, as their hands or their lips. It was acquired by just as laborious a process—the lives of uncounted thousands of ancestors who fished and hunted for a living.

It was true that little Dan didn't look the part. Even then he showed signs of physical frailty. His eyes looked rather large, and his cheeks were not the color of fresh shrimps, as they should have been. In fact, one would have had to look very hard to see any color in them at all. These facts are interesting from the light they throw upon the next glimpse of Dan, fully twenty years later.

Except for the fact that it was the background for the earliest picture of little Dan, the pool back of the courthouse has very little importance in his story. It did, however, afford an illustration to him of one of the really astonishing truths of life. He saw a shadow in the water that he pretended he thought might be a fish. He threw a stone at it.

The only thing that happened was a splash, and then a slowly widening ripple. The circumference of the ripple grew ever larger, extended and widened, and finally died at the edge of the shore. It set little Dan to thinking. He wondered if, had the pool been larger, the ripple still would have spread; and if the pool had been eternity, whether the ripple would have gone on forever. At the time he did not know the laws of cause and effect. Later, when Gitchepolls was great and prosperous and no longer untidy, he was going to find out that a cause is nothing but a rock thrown into a pond of infinity, and the ripple that is its effect keeps growing and growing forever.

The little incident that is the real beginning of this story was of no more importance than a pebble thrown into the snow-water pond; but its effect was to remove the life of Dan Failing, since grown up, far out of the realms of the ordinary.

And that brings all matters down to 1919, in the last days of a particularly sleepy summer. You would hard-

ly know Gitchepolls now. The business district has increased tenfold. And the place where used to be the pool and the playground of Dan Failing is now laid off in as green and pretty a city park as one could wish to see.

Some day, when the city becomes more prosperous, a pair of swans and a herd of deer are going to be introduced, to restore some of the natural wild life of the park. But in the summer of 1919, a few small birds and possibly half a dozen pairs of squirrels were the extent and limit of the wild creatures. And at the moment this story opens, one of these squirrels was perched on a wide-spreading limb overhanging a gravel path that slanted through the sunlit park. The squirrel was hungry. He wished that some one would come along with a nut.

There was a bench beneath the tree. If there had not been, the life of Dan Failing would have been entirely different. If the squirrel had been on any other tree, if he hadn't been hungry, if any one of a dozen other things hadn't been as they were, Dan Failing would have never gone back to the land of his people. The little bushy-tailed fellow on the tree limb was the squirrel of Destiny!

BOOK ONE

Repatriation.

CHAPTER I.

Dan Failing stepped out of the elevator and was at once absorbed in the crowd that ever surged up and down Broad street. He was just one of the ordinary drops of water, not an interesting, elaborate, physical and chemical combination to be studied on the slide of a microscope. He wore fairly passable clothes, neither rich nor shabby. He was a tall man, but gave no impression of strength because of the exceeding sparseness of his frame. As long as he remained in the crowd, he wasn't important enough to be studied. But soon he turned off, through the park, and straightway found himself alone.

The noise and bustle of the crowd—never loud or startling, but so continuous that the senses are scarcely more aware of them than of the beating of one's own heart—suddenly and utterly died almost at the very border of the park. The noise from the



"Why, You Little Devil!" Dan Said in a Whisper.

street seemed wholly unable to penetrate the thick branches of the trees. He could even hear the leaves whisking and flicking together, and when a man can discern this, he can hear the cushions of a mountain lion on a trail at night. Of course Dan Failing had never heard a mountain lion. Except on the railroad tracks between, he had never really been away from cities in his life.

At once his thought went back to the doctor's words. They were still repeating themselves over and over in his ears, and the doctor's face was still before his eyes. It had been a kind face; the lips had even curled in a little smile of encouragement. But the doctor had been perfectly frank, entirely straightforward. There had been no evasion in his verdict.

"I've made every test," he said. "They're pretty well shot. Of course, you can go to some sanitarium, if you've got the money. If you haven't—enjoy yourself all you can for about six months."

Dan's voice had been perfectly cool and sure when he replied. He had smiled a little, too. He was still rather proud of that smile. "Six months? Isn't that rather short?"

"Maybe a whole lot shorter. I think that's the limit."

was delicate and must be sheltered. Never in all the history of his family, so far as Dan knew, had there been a death from the malady that afflicted him. Yet his sentence was signed and sealed.

But he harbored no resentment against his mother. It was all in the game. She had done what she thought was best. And he began to wonder in what way he could get the greatest pleasure from his last six months of life.

"Good Lord!" he suddenly breathed. "I may not be here to see the snows come!" Dan had always been partial to the winter season. When the snow lay all over the farm lands and bowed down the limbs of the trees, it had always awakened a curious flood of feelings in the wasted man. It seemed to him that he could remember other winters, wherein the snow lay for endless miles over an endless wilderness, and here and there were strange, many-toed tracks that could be followed in the icy dawns. But of course it was just a fancy. He wasn't in the least misled about it. He knew that he had never, in his lifetime, seen the wilderness. Of course his grandfather had been a frontiersman of the first order, and all his ancestors before him—a rangy, hardy breed whose wings would crumple in civilization—but he himself had always lived in cities. Yet the falling snows, soft and gentle but with a kind of remorselessness he could sense but could not understand, had always stirred him. He'd often imagined that he would like to see the forests in winter.

In him you could see a reflection of the boy that played beside the pond of snow water, twenty years before. His dark gray eyes were still rather large and perhaps the wasted flesh around them made them seem larger than they were. But it was a little hard to see them, as he wore large glasses. His mother had been sure, years before, that he needed glasses; and she had easily found an oculist that agreed with her.

Now that he was alone on the path, the utter absence of color in his cheeks was startling. That meant the absence of red—that warm glow of the blood eager and alive in his veins. Perhaps an observer would have noticed lean hands, with big-knuckled fingers, a rather firm mouth, and closely cropped dark hair. He was twenty-nine years of age, but he looked somewhat older. He knew now that he was never going to be any older. A doctor as sure of himself as the one he had just consulted couldn't possibly be mistaken.

He sat down on a park bench, just beneath the spreading limb of a great tree. He would sit here, he thought, until he finally decided what he would do with his remaining six months.

He hadn't been able to go to war. The recruiting officer had been very kind but most determined. The boys had brought him great tales of France. It might be nice to go to France and live in some country inn until he died. But he didn't have very long to think upon this vein. For at that instant the squirrel came down to see if he had a nut.

It was the squirrel of Destiny. But Dan didn't know it then.

Bushy-tail was not particularly afraid of the human beings that passed up and down the park, because he had learned by experience that they usually attempted no harm to him. But, nevertheless, he had his instincts. He didn't entirely trust them. After several generations, probably the squirrels of this park would climb all over its visitors and sniff in their ears and investigate the back of their necks. But this wasn't the way of Bushy-tail. He had come too recently from the wild places. And he wondered, most intensely, whether this tall, forked creature had a pocket full of nuts. He swung down on the grass to see.

"Why, you little devil!" Dan said in a whisper. His eyes suddenly sparkled with delight. And he forgot all about the doctor's words and his own prospects in his bitter regrets that he had not brought a pocketful of nuts.

And then Dan did a curious thing. Even later, he didn't know why he did it, or what gave him the idea that he could decoy the squirrel up to him by doing it. That was his only purpose—just to see how close the squirrel would come to him. He thought he would like to look into the bright eyes at close range. All he did was suddenly to freeze into one position—in an instant rendered as motionless as the rather questionable-looking stone stork that was perched on the fountain.

Where Dan Failing decides to spend his last six months and who he really is, are interesting features of the next installment of "The Voice of the Pack."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Spread of Bathing in Europe. Bathing came to Europe as one of the good results of the Crusades. The Knights of the Cross found baths in general use among the Saracens, and seeing what good things they were, on returning from those wars took the initiative for their introduction. In this they were highly successful first in England and from that to other countries. So popular did the bath become that it became customary to have one before ceremonies such as marriage or knighthood, and the people have been ever since learning the value of keeping their skins clean.

People who live in the same square don't always move in the same circle.