

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.

An audit of the expenditures made by the army, navy and the war risk bureau in compensation to service men was ordered Tuesday by Controller McCarl.

Miss Ann Knoeher of Philadelphia was bound and gagged in her suite at a beach-front hotel at Atlantic City, N. J., Tuesday night and robbed of jewelry valued at \$10,000.

Approximately 1400 employees of the Johnston cotton mills in Charlotte and Rock Hill returned to work Monday, accepting the same basis of pay and hours of labor prevailing when they quit.

Six persons were killed in Belfast Tuesday during renewed rioting here and many others were wounded, some seriously. Numerous cases of gunshot wounds are under treatment in the hospitals.

The Farmers and Merchants' State bank of Marietta, Minn., was closed Monday and taken over by the state superintendent of banks. Depleted reserve is given as the cause. The institution's capital stock was \$30,000 and surplus \$10,000.

The visible supply of American grain shows the following changes: Wheat decreased 3,853,000 bushels, corn increased 150,000 bushels, oats increased 5,559,000 bushels, rye increased 861,000 bushels, barley increased 48,000 bushels.

Private Mariellus T. Abernathy, attacked by a shark while bathing on an island in Manila bay Tuesday, was so severely bitten that he died shortly afterward. His companions, who witnessed the attack, sent a call for aid, and a seaplane was dispatched to his assistance.

Vincent de Gatanio, a New York diver, met death Monday on the bottom of the Harlem river when he became entangled in battleship lines and was slowly asphyxiated as he struggled to free himself. With two other divers he was engaged in laying a submarine electric cable in a concrete bed.

Immigrants admitted to the United States during the fiscal year ended June 30 numbered 805,228 as compared with 430,061 for the previous fiscal year and with an average of 1,034,940 during the pre-war years from 1910 to 1914. It was shown in figures made public Tuesday by the bureau of immigration.

Eight midshipmen who have just returned to Annapolis from the annual summer practice cruise aboard the five warships of battleship squadron No. 1, Rear-Admiral Charles F. Hughes commanding, have resigned the naval service and their resignations have been accepted, it is announced. They preferred a career in civil life.

Application for an increase of 20 per cent in all press matter handled was made by the Western Union Telegraph company Tuesday to the California state railroad commission. The application said the press tolls were not affected by the war emergency and were likewise omitted from all adjustment when the wire utilities were returned to private control.

A new basis of taxation to take the place of the house revenue measure and practically all present tax laws was proposed Tuesday by Senator Smoot, republican, Utah, who announced he was preparing a bill embodying the plan, which he estimated would yield \$3,895,000,000 this year. He added that he would take the question up with the senate finance committee when it begins consideration of revenue questions Thursday.

The motive of the K. K. Klux Klan was being sought in Chicago Tuesday in a federal investigation of the organization instituted by John V. Clinlin, assistant United States district attorney. He asserted that he would investigate allegations that the clan is an "absolute monarchy" opposed to public policy, that it collects \$10 yearly from each member with apparently no accounting, that it charges \$5.50 for regalia costing less than \$2, thus being a corporation operating for profit, and that numerous lawless acts have been ascribed to persons acting under the guise of the clan.

ROY GARDNER FLEES AGAIN

Mail Robber Noted for Daring Escapes McNeil's Prison.

Tacoma, Wash.—Roy Gardner, California mail robber, escaped from McNeil's island federal prison Monday. Everett Impyn, Camp Lewis soldier, recently sentenced to life imprisonment for a criminal attack on a nurse, was shot and killed during the attempted jailbreak in which he and Gardner and Lawardus Bogart, also serving life sentence for the same offense as Impyn, participated.

Bogart was shot and recaptured and is in the prison hospital, possibly fatally wounded.

Warden Maloney and his deputies were confident Gardner had not escaped from the island unless he had confederates who were waiting.

The break of Gardner and his companions took place at 3:30 o'clock in the afternoon. The convicts had been given a holiday for Labor day and about 250 of them were watching a baseball game between two prison teams.

Gardner, Impyn and Bogart had contrived to seat themselves together at the extreme rear of the crowd of spectators. The trio had evidently made careful preparations for the attempt and timed their movements to the second. They waited until a tense point had been reached in the ball game and then suddenly bolted. Gardner was the fleetest of the three and reached the barbed wire 150 yards distant several yards in advance of his companions. He had stolen a pair of pliers from the prison tool shop and, whipping these from his pocket, he used them so quickly that he had cut an opening through the fence before his escape was noticed, the prison officials stated.

Impyn and Bogart, however, had scarcely got away from the crowd before the guards saw them. In an instant pandemonium reigned. Half a dozen guards opened fire on the fugitives while the rest of the officers directed their attention to keeping in check the prisoners, many of whom, seeing the gap in the fence, started to surge toward it.

Impyn and Bogart fell at the very threshold of liberty, but Gardner wormed his way through the hole in the fence and sprinted for the woods, braving a fusillade of bullets from the guards' guns.

It is only a short distance from the baseball field to the woods and Gardner quickly disappeared.

Heber H. Votaw, superintendent of federal prisons and brother-in-law of President Harding arrived at the prison Monday morning at 8 o'clock on a trip of inspection and witnessed the dash for liberty.

IRELAND REJECTS OFFER OF PEACE

London.—The Irish republican parliament's reply to Premier Lloyd George's latest communication, made public in London and Dublin Sunday, rejects the British government's proposals for settlement of the Irish question on the ground that they are not based on a dominion status for Ireland. It leaves the way open for further negotiations, however, by offering at once to appoint plenipotentiaries on the basis of the principle of government by consent of the governed.

The reply to the British premier by Eamonn De Valera had been preceded in the British and Irish press by apparently inspired statements that it would create a grave situation.

Perusal of the reply, however, affords little reason to fear the immediate breakdown of the negotiations unless the cabinet council meeting Wednesday should decide to impose a limit within which Ireland must accept or reject the government proposals.

Liquor Inquiry Ordered.

Washington, D. C.—Investigation of all outstanding liquor permits is to be begun shortly, and many cancellations may follow, prohibition officials said Monday. It is the intention of the authorities to comb out all but bona fide users of certificates. They assert that at present the prohibition enforcement bureau has no accurate information as to how many outstanding permits are forgeries or are being used for illegal purposes.

Coolidge in Accident.

Williamsburg, Mass.—Vice-President Coolidge and ten other men escaped injury Sunday when the speaker's platform on which they were standing collapsed. The vice-president, unperturbed, climbed out of the debris, made his way to another platform and delivered the address at a celebration of the 150th anniversary of this town.

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Bend.—That the lumber industry is now on the up grade was the declaration here of E. L. Carpenter, vice-president of the Sheelin-Hixon company, on his annual inspection of the company's western plants.

Brownsville.—It has fallen to the lot of the American Legion post recently organized here by the efforts of Jesse R. Hinman, ex-commander of the Astoria post, to inaugurate a movement which will give Brownsville a community hall.

Yamhill.—The members of Yamhill lodge No. 98, Knights of Pythias, exemplified the fraternal spirit recently when they went to the farm home of John Estes, a member of the order and helped him erect his new barn. Mr. Estes recently lost his barn by fire. About 50 members of the order were present.

Salem.—Twenty-seven thousand acres of unclaimed land in Malheur county bids fair to be taken over for reclamation by the North Canal company, providing its officers can convince the state desert land board that they are capable of meeting all legal and financial requirements.

Medford.—For the first time in the history of Oregon, a county has started suit against the resident of another county for the collection of delinquent taxes. It is the suit of Jackson county against J. C. Henry of Eugene, Lane county, an automobile dealer, to collect \$186.34 taxes assessed in 1919 against personal property in this city.

Klamath Falls.—Harvesting of mint on the Caledonia marsh will start about September 15, according to James R. Watkins, manager of the Pacific Coast Mint company, which has about 125 acres to cut. One hundred acres was planted late this spring and will not yield heavily this year, said Mr. Watkins. It will produce some oil at this cutting.

Salem.—Most of the 30-odd thousand ex-service men in the state will soon receive bonus application blanks, according to Harry C. Brumbaugh, secretary of the world war veterans' state aid commission, who placed the last of the blanks in the mails here Saturday. The forms were forwarded to the various American Legion posts, of which there are 104 in the state.

Hood River.—The Hood River Fruit company Thursday night shipped the first carload of the valley's 1921 apple tonnage, estimated now at an approximate 2250 cars. The initial shipment, destined for consumption in Chicago, consisted of Gravensteins, harvested from the Boneboro orchard of Burt Van Horn, owner of large local and New York state apple orchards.

Salem.—The sum of \$21,506.20 was spent by the state board for vocational education, in support of 16 departments of agriculture, employing 19 instructors, according to the annual report of the board, which has just been forwarded to the federal board in charge of the administration of the Smith-Hughes law by J. A. Churchill, executive officer for the state board.

Corvallis.—Thirty-four head of dairy cattle have been shipped from the college herd for entry in the Spokane interstate fair, September 5 to 9. From Spokane the animals will be sent to the Montana state fair at Helena, September 12 to 17, then to the Washington state fair at Yakima, September 19 to 24, and back to the Oregon state fair at Salem, September 26 to October 1.

Monmouth.—Between July, 1920, and July, 1921, the Monmouth Co-operative Creamery sold 278,675 pounds of butter, receiving \$136,108.73, an average of 45.2 cents a pound. A total of 219,317 pounds of butter fat were bought, from which the producers received \$97,870.78, or 46.5 cents a pound. In addition to butter a small amount of ice, ice cream, and miscellaneous products were manufactured.

Gold Hill.—Activity in the revival of gold mining in the Elk creek district is evidenced by the rush of miners and prospectors from the southwest states. This district is up Rogue river and Elk creek about 40 miles from Gold Hill, the nearest shipping point. The elevation of the district varies from 2000 feet to more than 5000 feet. It is a heavily forested area and is within the Crater Lake national forest.

Bend.—Settlers on the central Oregon irrigation district will have a tax of \$125 an acre to pay if the budget favored by the district directors is accepted. The budget, which is for approximately \$115,000, takes care of all outstanding indebtedness, and is actually for a three-year period, including accounts for 1920 and the first eight months of 1921, and estimated expenses for the remainder of the present year and for all of 1922.

The Voice of the Pack

By EDISON MARSHALL

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SYNOPSIS.

Warned by his physician that he has not more than six months to live, Failing sits despondently on a park bench, wondering where he should spend those six months. A friendly squirrel practically decides the matter for him. His blood is pioneer blood, and he decides to end his days in the forests of Oregon. Memories of his grandfather and a deep love for all things of the wild help him in reaching a decision. In a large southern Oregon city he meets people who had known and loved his grandfather, a famous frontiersman. He makes his home with Silas Lennox, a typical westerner. The only other members of the household are Lennox's son, "Bill," and daughter, "Snowbird." Their abode is many miles from "civilization." In the Umpqua divide, and there Failing plans to live out the short span of life which he has been told is his. His extreme weakness in the face of even a slight exertion convinces him that the doctor had made a correct diagnosis of his case.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

Yes, Steele knew Bill. Bill weighed two hundred pounds, and he would choose the biggest of the steers he drove down to the lower levels in the winter and, twisting his horns, would make it lay over on its side. Besides, both of the men assumed that Dan must be only in the first stages of his malady.

And even as the men talked, the train that bore Dan Failing to the home of his ancestors was entering for the first time the dark forests of pine and fir that make the eternal background of the Northwest. He was wholly unable to understand the strange feeling of familiarity that he had with them, a sensation that in his dreams he had known them always, and that he must never go out of the range of them again.

Dan didn't see his host at first. For the first instant he was entirely engrossed by a surging sense of disappointment—a feeling that he had been tricked and had only come to another city after all. He got down onto the gravel of the station yard, and out on the gray street pavement he heard the clang of a trolley car. Many automobiles were parked just beside the station, some of them foreign cars of expensive makes, such as he supposed would be wholly unknown on the frontier. A man in golf clothes brushed his shoulder.

Dan looked up to the hills, and he felt better. He couldn't see them plainly. The faint smoke of a distant forest fire half obscured them. Yet he saw fold on fold of ridges of a rather peculiar blue in color, and even his untrained eyes could see that they were clothed in forests of evergreen. Over the heads of the green hills Dan could see a few great peaks; McLaughlin, even and regular as a painted mountain; Wagner, with queer white gashes where the snow still lay in its ravines, and to the southeast the misty range of snow-covered hills that were the Sikeyoues. He felt decidedly better. And when he saw old Silas Lennox waiting patiently beside the station, he felt he had come to the right place.

It would be interesting to explain why Dan at once recognized the older man for the breed he was. Silas Lennox was not dressed in a way that would distinguish him. It was true that he wore a flannel shirt, riding trousers and rather heavy, leather boots. But sportsmen all over the face of the earth wear this costume at sundry times. Mountain men have a peculiar stride by which experienced persons can occasionally recognize them; but Silas Lennox was standing still when Dan got his first glimpse of him. The case resolves itself into a simple matter of the things that could be read in Lennox's face.

Dan disbelieved wholly in a book that told how to read characters at sight. Yet at the first glance of the lean, bronzed face his heart gave a curious little bound. A pair of gray eyes met his—two fine black points in a rather hard gray iris. They didn't look past him, or at either side of him, or at his chin or his forehead. They looked right at his own eyes. The skin around the eyes was burned brown by the sun, and the flesh was so lean that the cheekbones showed plainly. The mouth was straight; but yet it was neither savage nor cruel. It was simply determined.

Lennox came up with a light, silent tread and extended his hand. "You're Dan Failing's grandson, aren't you?" he asked. "I'm Silas Lennox, who used to know him when he lived on the Divide. You are coming to spend the summer and fall on my ranch."

The immediate result of these words, besides relief, was to set Dan wondering how the old mountaineer had recognized him. He wondered if he had any physical resemblance to his grandfather. But this hope was shot to earth at once. His telegram had explained about his malady, and of course the mountaineer had picked him out simply because he had the

mark of the disease on his face. As he shook hands, he tried his best to read the mountaineer's expression. It was all too plain: an undeniable look of disappointment.

The truth was that even in spite of all the Chamber of Commerce head had told him, Lennox had still hoped to find some image of the elder Dan Failing in the face and body of his grandson. Because of the thick glasses, Lennox could not see the young man's eyes; but he didn't think it likely they were at all like the eyes with which the elder Failing saw his way through the wilderness at night. Of course he was tall, just as the famous frontiersman had been, but while the elder weighed one hundred and ninety pounds, bone and muscle, this man did not touch one hundred and thirty. Evidently the years had brought degeneracy to the Failing clan. Lennox was desolated by the thought.

He helped Dan with his bag to a little wiry automobile that waited beside the station. They got into the two front seats, and a moment later were starting up the long, curved road that led to the Divide.

During the hour that they were crossing over the foothills, on the way to the big timber, Silas Lennox talked a great deal about the frontiersman that had been Dan's grandfather. A mountain man does not use profuse adjectives. He talks very simply and very straight, and often there are long silences between his sentences. Yet he conveys his ideas with entire clearness.

Dan realized at once that if he could be, in Lennox's eyes, one-fifth of the man his grandfather had been, he would never have to fear again the look of disappointment with which his host had greeted him at the station. But instead of reaching that high place, he had only—death. He knew what his destiny was in these quiet



"You're Dan Failing's Grandson, Aren't You?"

hills. And it was true that he began to have secret regrets that he had come. But it wasn't that he was disappointed in the land that was opening up before him. It fulfilled every promise. His sole reason for regrets lay in the fact that now the whole mountain world would know of the decay that had come upon his people. Perhaps it would have been better to have left them to their traditions.

He had never dreamed that the fame of his grandfather had spread so far. For the first ten miles Dan listened to stories—legends of a cold nerve that simply could not be shaken; of a powerful, tireless physique; of moral and physical strength that was seemingly without limit. Then, as the foothills began to give way to the higher ridges, and the shadow of the deeper forests fell upon the narrow, brown road, there began to be long gaps in the talk. And soon they rode in utter silence, evidently both of them absorbed in their own thoughts.

Dan did not feel oppressed at all. He merely seemed to fall into the spirit of the woods, and no words came to his lips. Every mile was an added delight to him. Not even wine could have brought a brighter sparkle to his eyes. He had begun to experience a vague sort of excitement, an emotion that was almost akin to exultation, over the constant stir and movement of the forest life. Once, as they stopped the car to refill the radiator from a mountain stream, Lennox looked at him with sudden curiosity. "You are getting a thrill out of this, aren't you?" he asked wonderingly.

It was a curious tone. Perhaps it was a hopeful tone, too. He spoke as if he hardly understood.

"A thrill!" Dan echoed. He spoke as a man speaks in the presence of some great wonder. "Good Heavens,

I never saw anything like it in my life."

"In this very stream," the mountaineer told him joyously, "you may occasionally catch trout that weigh three pounds."

But as he got back into the car the look of interest died out of Lennox's eyes. Of course any man would be somewhat excited by his first glimpse of the wilderness. It was not that he had inherited any of the traits of his grandfather. It was absurd to hope that he had. And he would soon get tired of the silences and want to go back to his cities. He told his thought—that it would all soon grow old to him; and Dan turned almost in anger.

"You don't know," he said. "I didn't know myself, how I would feel about it. I'm never going to leave the hills again."

"You don't mean that?"

"But I do." He tried to speak further, but he coughed instead. "But I couldn't if I wanted to. That cough tells you why, I guess."

"You mean to say—" Silas Lennox turned in amazement. "You mean that you're a—goner? That you've given up hope of recovering?"

"That's the impression I meant to convey. I've got a little over four months—though I don't see that I'm any weaker than I was when the doctor said I had six months. Those four will take me all through the fall and the early winter. And I hope you won't feel that you've been imposed upon—to have a dying man on your hands."

"It isn't that." Silas Lennox threw his car into gear and started up the long grade. And he drove clear to the top of it and into another glen before he spoke again. Then he pointed to what looked to Dan like a brown streak that melted into the thick brush. "That was a deer," he said slowly. "Just a glimpse, but your grandfather could have got him between the eyes. Most like as not, though, he'd have let him go. He never killed except when he needed meat. But that—as you say—ain't the impression I'm trying to convey."

He seemed to be groping for words. "What is it, Mr. Lennox?" Dan asked.

"Instead of being sorry, I'm mighty glad you've come," Lennox told him. "It's not that I expect you to be like your grandfather. You haven't had his chance. But it's always the way of true men, the world over, to come back to their own kind to die. That deer we just saw—his your people, and so are all these ranchers that grub their lives out of the forests—they are your people, too. And you couldn't have pleased the old man's old friends any better, or done more for his memory, than to come back to his own land for your last days."

The words were strange, yet Dan intuitively understood. It was as if a prodigal son had returned at last, and although his birthright was squandered and he came only to die, the people of his home would give him kindness and forgiveness, even though they could not give him their respect.

CHAPTER III.

The Lennox home was a typical mountain ranch-house—square, solid, comforting in storm and wind. Bill was out to the gate when the car drove up. He was a son of his father, a strong man in body and personality. He too had heard of the elder Failing, and he opened his eyes when he saw the slender youth that was his grandson. And he led the way into the white-walled living room.

"You must be chilly and worn out from the long ride," Lennox suggested quietly. He spoke in the tone a strong man invariably uses toward an invalid. Dan felt a curious resentment at the words.

"I'm not cold," he said. "It's hardly dark yet. I'd sooner go outdoors and look around."

The elder man regarded him curiously, perhaps with the faintest glimmer of admiration. "You'd better wait till tomorrow, Dan," he replied. "Bill will have supper soon, anyway. You don't want to overdo (too much, right at first."

"But, good heavens! I'm not going to try to spare myself while I'm here. It's too late for that."

Dan Failing is introduced to "Snowbird," who proves to be a decidedly interesting member of the Lennox family, and Dan shows new interest in life in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Watch Expenditures.

If he who is always hard up will but keep a record of his expenditures he may find that he is more lacking in sense than in dollars.

Or a "Situation."

When a statesman runs into a brick wall and sees no way to get over or under, he emits a few sharp yelps and calls it a crisis.—Baltimore Sun.