

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 Seattle city council has passed an ordinance requiring second-hand merchandise to be designated as such when advertised for sale.

Dr. Jacob Gould Schurman, new American minister to China, presented his credentials to President Hsu-Shih Chang Tuesday and assumed his post.

Appeals to English women to demand prohibition in Great Britain were made by Mrs. Norman Sargent, Wesleyan church, and other speakers at Tuesday morning's session of the world's Methodist conference.

Brigadier-General H. H. Bandholtz, commanding troops in the West Virginia coal fields, where disturbances occurred between armed men has gone back to Washington. The 10th, 19th, and 40th regiments remain in the fields.

John Beardsley, 84, of Los Angeles, Cal., driving his automobile, pulled up in front of the residence of a nephew in Montour Falls, near Elmira, N. Y. Tuesday night, having driven across the continent alone.

Gilmon Holmes, a negro, arrested Tuesday on a charge of murdering Sidney Manheim, station agent at Columbia, La., was hanged by a mob at 11 o'clock Tuesday night, the body then being riddled with bullets and set afire. Holmes was alleged to have confessed to the posse that captured him.

A bill to prohibit organization of secret societies whose membership is not known publicly and to provide penalties therefor was introduced in the Louisiana legislature Tuesday. The bill also would prohibit street parades in disguise that seek to regulate by threats of punishment the conduct of persons.

To finance the immediate needs of the Northwest Wheat Growers, Inc., a co-operative organization of wheat growers of Washington, Oregon, Idaho and Montana, bankers of Spokane, Seattle and Portland have raised \$1,300,000. George A. Jewett, general manager of the association, announced in Spokane Tuesday.

A mine three feet in diameter, coated with barnacles and oysters and provided with an electrical firing device, washed ashore at Ocean View, Va., and has given rise in marine circles to the theory that a number of ships reported lost off this coast might have been struck by one of these derelicts. The mine bore the letters KI.

Newspaper reports from portions of central Texas, flooded as the result of torrential rains last Friday and Saturday, brought the unofficial list of deaths to nearly 200. Communication with the affected area still is more or less demoralized, but with the high waters in the Colorado, Brazos, San Gabriel and other streams rapidly receding, normal conditions are in prospect.

At the Pittsfield plant of the General Electric company Tuesday, for the first time in history, the high voltage of one million volts was obtained, generated and transmitted by engineers. This dramatic advance in electrical development was the result of more than 30 years of work. Officials said much valuable data was gathered, indicating the commercial possibilities of such a high voltage.

Secretary of Commerce Hoover, in a letter received by Senator Borah, said he had not given thought to new government reclamation work as a means of providing employment for thousands now out of employment, but assured the senator he would confer with the reclamation service immediately and ascertain to what extent a new reclamation service policy might aid in solving the unemployment situation, especially in the west.

Fountain Geysers, near Yellowstone Park, Wyo., inactive for nearly a year, exploded suddenly a short time ago while 200 persons looked on. Water spouted to a height of nearly 250 feet in one of the most spectacular geyser exhibitions the park has seen. Pent-up steam that had been imprisoned for nearly a year brought on the blast, which completely tore away the crater. After nearly an hour the flow ceased and the geyser since has been inactive.

TO SOLVE PROBLEM OF IDLE

Harding's Call to Conference Is Accepted By 38 Delegates.

Washington, D. C.—Announcement of the names of 35 men and three women who have accepted President Harding's invitation to participate in a national unemployment conference here beginning next Monday was made Monday night by Secretary Hoover. Other names will be announced later, he said, when all replies are received.

The list includes Secretaries Hoover and Davis; Julius Barnes of Duluth, Minn.; Samuel Gompers, Charles M. Schwab and John L. Lewis of the Mine Workers. The women are Ida Tarbell of New York, Mary Van Kleeck of New York, connected with the Russell Sage foundation, and Elizabeth Christman of Chicago, an officer of the National Woman's Trade Union league.

Mr. Hoover has been appointed chairman of the conference, which, it was said, would dissolve itself at once into special committees for the formulation of plans. These committees, he asserted, no doubt would seek cooperation from other representatives of labor, employers and civic bodies.

It was considered probable that President Harding would open the conference with an address outlining the administration's desire to remedy unemployment.

"In naming members of the conference," Mr. Hoover said, "it has been the desire of the president to secure geographic representation and have regard to the different elements who are interested and can be helped in the problem without attempt at proportional numbers or particular groups. Those of experience in those industries where there is the largest degree of unemployment have been called on in larger proportion than from trades where there is less unemployment. It was impossible to include representation of the whole of some of 50 trade groups in the conference and hold its size within workable limits."

An economic advisory committee of 20 was appointed and, Mr. Hoover stated, has been at work on the preparation of data and a working program. Secretary Davis also has been co-operating in formulating plans, he said, and has been directing a renewed survey of unemployment.

DYNAMITERS TAKEN BY CHICAGO POLICE

Chicago.—Fourteen hundred sticks of dynamite, three inches in diameter and ten inches long and 100 sticks of T N T were seized Monday by police following the capture of five dynamiters in the act of bombing a shoe repair shop.

One of the prisoners was shot in the side by police, who had surrounded the shop for 10 hours following a mysterious tip that it was to be bombed.

A confession that he had planted and exploded more than 60 bombs during the last year was obtained, according to the police, from W. G. Smith, one of the five men.

The bombing was said to have been the result of rivalry between the International Brotherhood of Shoe Repairmen and the United Shoe Repairmen. Kremis is a member of the former.

Richard Burke, who hurried the bomb and who was shot in an attempt to escape, was said to have told the police that he supplied bombs for several labor unions and also the men to throw them. Police said he made a statement of bomb outrages undertaken for the shoe repairmen's and anitors' union.

Ship Board Union Talked.

Washington, D. C.—Combination of the three present offices of treasurer, controller and auditor of the shipping board under one head, to be known as the financial vice-president of the board, was discussed with President Harding by Chairman Lasker. The new office would consolidate the duties of the present separate offices, Chairman Lasker said, adding that he was looking for "a big financial man" to take the place.

Mellon's Estimate Right.

Washington, D. C. — Incomplete treasury report of collections of September 15 installments of income and excess profits taxes indicate a practical certainty that Secretary Mellon's estimate of \$525,000,000 will be realized, officials said. Collections so far, officials said, showed \$425,000,000 in the federal reserve banks with reports from various outlying districts to be received.

Prosser.—State health officers have notified Prosser people to "boil" the drinking water. The municipality has ordered a special filtration plant.

6 RAILROAD UNIONS DECIDE TO STRIKE

Shopmen Vote to Protest Big Wage Reductions.

ACTION AWAITS RULES

President of Crafts Says Employers Take Unfair Advantage of Industrial Situation.

Chicago.—Railroad shopmen belonging to the six federated shopcrafts unions have voted to strike against the railroad wage reduction of July 1, but will defer action until promulgation of working rules pending before the railroad labor board, when another vote will be taken on acceptance or rejection of the rules.

This announcement was officially made by B. M. Jewell, head of the shop crafts organization, at a mass meeting of Chicago shop workers Sunday.

Belief that a stronger fight could be made, if a strike is called, with preservation of the shopmen's working rules as a goal led to the decision to withhold a strike call for the present, Mr. Jewell said. He and other union speakers counseled the men to wait until the entire wage and rules situation was before them, rather than rush into a strike which, Mr. Jewell declared, the railroads desired.

"We can make a real fight on the rules proposition when we might not have the full support of other branches of railway employes on a wage fight alone," he said. "We must wait until the time is opportune. You men who have been on strike before don't want to rush blindly into this thing. But if the labor board releases all remaining rules to be acted on at one time, then we will have the whole matter before us. We need only one vote to determine what will be done."

This announcement was greeted with applause. Answering a question, Mr. Jewell asserted shop crafts would have the co-operation of other organizations, including the big four brotherhoods, if a strike were called, and urged his audience to prepare for action.

The strike vote, completed August 1, was announced as showing a constitutional majority against the wage reduction which went into effect July 1.

Condemnation of operations of the labor board and of its decisions was voiced by all speakers. Mr. Jewell charged that the railroads were attempting to use the board to take an unfair advantage of the industrial situation. Mr. Jewell said he would demand of the board that "for once it meet the situation in a practical way," and announce the remaining rules simultaneously.

"When the board announces the substitute rules, our committee will take a ballot," he said. "If the rules are not satisfactory, and the ballot says so, we will take the result to the railroads. If they refuse to grant our reasonable demands, they will have to stand responsible and answer to the people."

General charge that the railroads were opposing demands of the unions as part of a movement which, he said, was backed by \$9,000,000,000 or more, were made. The object, he declared was "to crush organized labor."

Growers Face Big Loss.

Fresno, Cal.—Thousands of tons of raisins and figs are lying in fields exposed to rain that began falling throughout the San Joaquin valley Saturday night. L. R. Payne, inspection manager of the California Associated Raisin company, said that 98 per cent of the raisin crop is on trays. Rain probably will cause heavy losses to fruit growers, he said. More than 100,000 tons of raisins are on the trays, according to others.

Train Wreck Kills 100.

Riga.—More than 100 persons, mostly train guards, were killed when a heavily convoyed grain train was wrecked at Fastov, near Kiev, a few days ago, according to a Kiev radio dispatch received here. The wreck was caused by the removal of rails at a point where the train, made up of 61 cars, was running down grade.

Gold Imports Received.

New York.—Gold imports totaling \$10,500,000 were received Friday, including Germany's reparations payments. It was placed to the account of the allies at the federal reserve bank.



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SYNOPSIS.

Warned by his physician that he has not more than six months to live, Dan Failing sits despondently on a park bench, wondering where he should spend those six months. 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 in the Umpqua divide, and there Failing plans to live out the short span of life which he has been told is his. From the first Failing's health shows a marked improvement, and in the companionship of Lennox and his son and daughter he fits into the woods life as if he had been born to it. By quick thinking and a remarkable display of "nerve" he saves Lennox's life and his own when they are attacked by a mad coyote. Lennox declares he is a reincarnation of his grandfather, Dan Failing I, whose fame as a woodsman is a household word.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

Dan saw the door close behind him, and he had an instant's glimpse of the long sweep of moonlit ridge that stretched beneath the window. Then, all at once, seemingly without warning, it simply blinked out. Not until the next morning did he really know why. Insomnia was an old acquaintance of Dan's, and he had expected to have some trouble in getting to sleep. His only real trouble was waking up again when Lennox called him to breakfast. He couldn't believe that the light at his window shade was really that of morning.

"Good Heavens!" his host exploded. "You sleep the sleep of the just." Dan was about to tell him that on the contrary he was a very nervous sleeper, but he thought better of it. Something had surely happened to his insomnia. The next instant he even forgot to wonder about it in the realization that his tired body had been wonderfully refreshed. He had no dread now of the long tramp up the ridge that his host had planned.

But first came target practice. In Dan's baggage he had a certain very plain but serviceable sporting rifle of about thirty-four caliber—a gun that the information department of the large sporting-goods store in Gitchepolis had recommended for his purpose. Except for the few moments in the store, Dan had never held a rifle in his hands. The first shot he hit the trunk of a five-foot pine at thirty paces.

"But I couldn't very well have missed it!" he replied to Lennox's cheer. "You see, I aimed at the middle—but I just grazed the edge." The second shot was not so good, missing the tree altogether. And it was a singular thing that he aimed longer and tried harder on this shot than on the first. The third time he tried still harder, and made by far the worst shot of all.

"What's the matter?" he demanded. "I'm getting worse all the time." Lennox didn't know for sure. But he made a long guess. "It might be beginner's luck," he said, "but I'm inclined to think you're trying too hard. Take it easier—depend more on your instincts." Dan's reply was to lift the rifle lightly to his shoulder, glance quickly along the trigger and fire. The bullet struck within one inch of the center of the pine.

For a long second Lennox gazed at him in open-mouthed astonishment. "My stars, boy!" he cried at last. "Was I mistaken in thinking you were a born tenderfoot—after all? Can it be that a little of your old grandfather's skill has been passed down to you? But you can't do it again."

But Dan did do it again. If anything, the bullet was a little nearer the center. And then he aimed at a more distant tree.

But the hammer snapped down ineffectively on the breech. He turned with a look of question.

"Your gun only holds five shots," Lennox explained. Reloading, Dan tried a more difficult target—a trunk almost one hundred yards distant. Of course it would have been only child's play to an experienced hunter; but to a tenderfoot it was a difficult mark indeed. Twice out of four shots Dan hit the tree trunk, and one of his two hits was practically a bull's-eye.

His two misses were the result of the same mistake he had made before—attempting to hold his aim too long.

Dan and Lennox started together up the long slope of the ridge. Dan alone armed; Lennox went with him solely as a guide. The deer season had

influence upon him. The wild was calling to him, wakening instincts long smothered in cities, but sure and true as ever. It was the beginning of regeneration. Voices of the long past were speaking to him, and the Fallings once more had begun to run true to form. Inherited tendencies were in a moment changing this weak, diseased youth into a frontiersman and wilderness inhabitant such as his ancestors had been before him.

They were slipping along over the pine needles, their eyes intent on the trail ahead. And then Lennox saw a curious thing. He beheld Dan suddenly stop in the trail and turn his eyes toward a heavy thicket that lay perhaps one hundred yards to their right. For an instant he looked almost like a wild creature himself. His head was lowered, as if he were listening. His muscles were set and ready.

Lennox had prided himself that he had retained all the powers of his five senses, and that few men in the mountains had keener ears than he. Yet it was true that at first he only knew the silence, and the stir and pulse of his own blood. He assumed then that Dan was watching something that from his position, twenty feet behind, he could not see. He tried to probe the thickets with his eyes.

Then Dan whispered. Ever so soft a sound, but yet distinct in the silence. "There's something living in that thicket."

Then Lennox heard it, too. As they stood still, the sound became ever clearer and more pronounced. Some living creature was advancing toward them; and twigs were cracking beneath its feet. The sounds were rather subdued, and yet, as the animal approached, both of them instinctively knew that they were extremely loud for the usual footsteps of any of the wild creatures.

"What is it?" Dan asked quietly. Lennox was so intrigued by the sounds that he was not even observant of the peculiar, subdued quality in Dan's voice. Otherwise, he would have wondered at it. "I'm free to confess I don't know," he said. "It's booming right toward us, like most animals don't care to do. Of course it may be a human being. You must watch out for that."

They waited. The sound ended. They stood straining for a long moment without speech.

"That was the dumbest thing!" Lennox went on. "Of course it might have been a bear—you never know what they're going to do. It might have got sight of us and turned off. But I can't believe that it was just a deer—"

But then his words chopped squarely off in his throat. The plodding advance commenced again. And the next instant a gray form revealed itself at the edge of the thicket.

It was Graycoat the coyote, half-blind with his madness, and desperate in his agony.

There was no more deadly thing in all the hills than he. Even the bite of a rattlesnake would have been welcomed beside his. He stood a long instant, and all his instincts and reflexes that would have ordinarily made him flee in abject terror were thwarted and twisted by the fever of his madness. He stared a moment at the two figures, and his red eyes could not interpret them. They were simply foes, for it was true that when this racking agony was upon him, even lifeless trees seemed foes sometimes. He seemed eerie and unreal as he gazed at them out of his burning eyes; and the white foam gathered at his fangs. And then, wholly without warning, he charged down at them.

He came with unbelievable speed. The elder Lennox cried once in warning and cursed himself for venturing forth on the ridge without a gun. He was fully twenty feet distant from Dan; yet he saw in an instant his only course. This was no time to trust their lives to the marksmanship of an amateur. He sprang toward Dan, intending to wrench the weapon from his hand.

But he didn't achieve his purpose. At the first step his foot caught in a projecting root, and he was shot to his face on the trail. But a long life in the wilderness had developed Lennox's reflexes to an abnormal degree; many crises had taught him muscle and nerve control; and only for a fraction of an instant, a period of time that few instruments are fine enough to measure, did he lie supinely upon the ground. He rolled on, into a position of defense. But he knew now he could not reach the younger man before the mad coyote would be upon him. The matter was out of his hands. Everything depended on the aim and self-control of the tenderfoot.

Dan Failing's true marksmanship proves that he is not the weakling he is supposed to be—on several occasions—in the next installment of "The Voice of the Pack."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sailor Superstitions.

A seaman's superstition is that a penknife stuck into the mast of a sailing vessel is supposed to bring wind. For the same reason a sailor will whistle through his teeth.

Plaster for Mending.

Adhesive plaster is just the thing for mending hot-water bags, raincoats, gloves and rubber goods of all kinds.

Jud Tunkins.

Jud Tunkins says he doesn't see why anybody who wants to get a good job in a jazz band should waste time on music lessons.