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.

Common, ordinary house cat pelts were purchased in large quantities for export to Germany at the annual fall fur auction in New York Tuesday.

Sadi Lecointe Tuesday in the Ville Sauvage airdome in Paris, lowered his own world airplane speed record by flying 205 miles 169 yards in an hour.

The Russian soviet government was denied standing as a litigant in United States courts of New York by Federal Judge Manton Tuesday, on the ground that the country had not recognized the soviet government.

Four school children of Kingston, Mass., were killed Tuesday when a trolley pole came off a car which was carrying them to their homes, broke the feed wire and caused their electrocution when they jumped off of the car.

The crime wave which has gripped New York City for the last several months has caused such a tremendous increase in the number of robberies of homes that the insurance companies will increase burglary insurance rates 10 per cent.

An immediate strike of the 186,000 railway trainmen employed on American roads will be ordered if the strike vote, now being counted, favors it, James Murdock vice-president of the trainmen's organization announced in Chicago Tuesday night.

A. P. Andrew, ex-assistant secretary of the treasury, was chosen to succeed W. F. Lufkin, as representative from the sixth Massachusetts district at the special election Tuesday. Mr. Andrew, republican, won by a majority of 15,753 over C. I. Pettingell, democrat.

Denver police were asked Tuesday by Mrs. Henry Horn, wife of a local broker, to search for her husband, who has been missing since last Thursday. Search revealed today, Mrs. Horn said, that $45,000 in securities were missing and his banking account had been virtually closed.

Trading in liberty bonds and victory notes on the New York stock exchange Tuesday again attained large proportions and created several new high records for the year, the chief feature being victory 4¾s. These rose to 99½, but reacted with most other issues later when realizing sales caused moderate recessions.

The submarine R-6 sank in Los Angeles harbor at 7:15 P. M. Monday, two men losing their lives. J. E. Dreffin of San Pedro was drowned when thrown from the conning tower of the sinking submarine, and Vincent Spalsburg of Powers Lake, N. D., was trapped in the engulfed craft. Both were seamen of the R-6 crew.

Playing "Nearer, My God, to Thee," en route to the cemetery in the funeral procession for William Balatrori, of Montrose, Colo., the band struck up "Ain't We Got Fun?" returning from the cemetery. This program was in accordance with provisions of the dead man's will, which also provided that each of the pallbearers receive a gallon of whisky.

America's trade with Europe revived somewhat during August as compared with July, but commerce between the United States and South America, as taken in the aggregate, remained almost stationary, according to figures issued Tuesday by the department of commerce. Exports to Europe last month totaled $209,000,000 as compared with a valuation of $180,000,000 in July, while imports were $59,000,00 against $57,000,000 in July.

Unanimous agreement on emergency relief measures on the part of the manufacturers to be recommended to the national conference of unemployment was reached Tuesday by the committee in charge of this branch of the employment problem. The committee's report is to be submitted to the conference for adoption when it reconvenes October 5. It was understood, however, that the report would suggest some re-arrangement of working time to permit of a more numerous employment of workers by the manufacturers.

ASKS AID IN PROVIDING JOBS

Harding Says Local Help Must Be Given if Jobless Are to Get Relief.

Washington, D. C.—Governors and mayors throughout the country were asked by President Harding, in a public statement Monday, to organize in each community machinery for the correction of economic conditions along lines worked out by the unemployment conference here.

The conference, the president declared, had demonstrated that conditions could not be met properly without such local co-operation. He announced that a central agency would be maintained here under auspices of the conference to give national coordination to the rehabilitation effort.

The president's statement follows:

"The conference which I recently summoned to Washington to advise as to the unemployment situation has demonstrated that an unusual volume of unemployment exists and that, pending the recuperation of trade, the situation cannot be met, in due regard to our obligations and necessities, without a much more than usual organization throughout those states and municipalities where unemployment has reached considerable proportions.

"The conference has recommended a plan of organization which has had the support of commercial, manufacturing, professional and labor representatives of the country. It is highly necessary that more accurate knowledge should be had, through such organization, of the volume and necessities of the unemployed.

"It is essential that the co-operation of all sections of each community should be brought into action behind such organization to provide work and assistance that we may pass through the coming winter without great sufferings and distress. It is of national importance that every community should undertake at once such an organization in order that the nation may be protected as a whole. Moreover, the thorough commitment to such a task is sure to start a thousand activities which will add to our common welfare.

"I therefore appeal to the governors and mayors of the nation that they should take the steps recommended by the conference.

"In order that there may be unity of action by all the forces which may be brought to bear, whether governmental or private, the unemployment conference is establishing an agency in Washington through which appropriate co-operation can be promoted and through which reports on all progress and suggestions may be given general circulation and co-operation. I trust this agency will be supported in this endeavor."

Final plans for the central employment agency are practically completed, conference officials said, and Secretary Hoover is to make an announcement outlining the character of the organization. Colonel Arthur Woods, ex-police commissioner of New York, is understood to be under consideration for appointment as head of the agency.

Many Steel Ships Idle.

Washington, D. C.—Of the 1464 steel ships under control of the shipping board, only 420 are in service, it was announced officially Monday. Twenty-five are listed as "undergoing repairs" and 1019 either have been withdrawn or are slated to go to "dead mooring" as soon as they complete their present charter and discharge cargoes.

The board announced definite selection of 14 mooring sites for ships which have been laid up because of lack of tonnage demand. They include James river, Savannah, Charleston, Mobile, New Orleans, Galveston, San Francisco and Seattle.

Husband's Rule Upheld.

Lansing, Mich.—The Michigan supreme court has laid down the rule that a husband is master in his own home and is guilty of law violation if his wife, with his knowledge, transacts illegal business in the home. The decision was given in affirming a lower court verdict convicting John Sydisloo of violating the prohibition law. Testimony was introduced to show his wife purchased a still, installed it in the home and sold the liquor.

Mr. Bourne Gravely Ill.

Portland.—Jonathan Bourne is dangerously ill at Washington, D. C., according to advices received by Frederick V. Holman, his local legal representative. Mr. Bourne, ex-United States senator for Oregon, has been in ill health for several months and his condition appears to be growing grave.

KU KLUX BATTLE IS TO BE PROBED

Lorena, Texas, Citizens Put Blame on Sheriff.

ACTION IS RESENTED

Marchers Refuse to Comply With Demand to Unmask; Warning Signs Are Posted.

Waco, Texas.—The 54th district grand jury here will investigate the clash last Saturday night at Lorena, 14 miles south of here, between 50-odd knights of the Ku Klux Klan paraders and a sheriff's posse, in which Bob Buchanan, sheriff of McLennan county, was dangerously wounded, and eight other men severely injured.

This announcement was made here by R. I. Munroe, district judge of the 54th district court, following an informal conference with F. B. Tierey, county attorney, who is conducting an inquiry into the case.

After the announcement that there would be an official investigation of the clash, two men early Sunday night posted signs on telephone poles near the scene of last night's encounter.

The signs, four in number, were signed "K. K. K." and read as follows:

"Wife beaters beware."

"Crap shooters beware."

"Other eyes are upon you."

"Love thy neighbor as thyself, but leave his wife alone."

"Chicken thieves look out. We are after you."

Following a meeting with the county attorney, a delegation of Lorena citizens drew up the following resolution, signed by 200 persons:

"We, the undersigned citizens of Lorena and vicinity deplore the tragery that was enacted in our little town last night. We grieve for the blood that was spilled. But in order that the world may know the facts we desire to make public the following statement:

"1. We do not believe that the members of the Ku Klux Klan who staged the parade violated any law or that they had any intention of violating any law.

"2. We attempted to prevail upon the sheriff of this county and his deputies through the medium of dozens of representative citizens to permit the parade to be held, guaranteeing that it would be law-abiding and orderly.

"3. We induced the leaders of the parade to accede to the sheriff's demand that two of the paraders should be unmasked.

"4. We implored the sheriff not to jeopardize the lives of our women and children.

"5. We unequivocally place the blame for the shedding of blood on the sheriff.

"6. We admire and we honor the spirit and the individual that kept the American flag from being trampled to the earth.

"7. We conclude by affirming our belief in the preservation of America for Americans and by offering tribute to the little band of men who last night showed by their calm and determined action that their lives supported this principle."

The third statement in the above resolution repudiated the assertion of Sheriff Buchanan when brought to a hospital here to the effect that the masked men would not unmask.

Asked if he had any statement to make regarding the resolution, County Attorney Tierey said he had "nothing whatsoever to say."

Physicians attending Sheriff Buchanan would not permit him to be questioned, in view of his serious condition. He did not make a formal statement.

Peter S. Grosscup Dead.

Chicago.—Peter S. Grosscup, ex-United States judge in Chicago, and an important factor in republican politics for many years, died at sea en route to Southampton Sunday. As United States circuit judge for 19 years, Judge Grosscup became a national figure. He wrote the finding of the circuit court of appeals when it reversed the $29,400,000 fine imposed on the Standard Oil company by Judge K. M. Landis.

Apple Orchard Blooms.

O'Neill, Neb.—The large apple orchard on the ranch of John Pleissel, north of O'Neill, is in full bloom. The blossoms are abundant and thrifty, despite several light frosts in the vicinity late in September.

The Voice of the Pack

By EDISON MARSHALL

CRANSTON SEES RED.

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. Dan learns that an organized band of outlaws, of which Bert Cranston is the leader, is setting forest fires. Landry Hildreth, a former member of the gang, has been induced to turn state's evidence.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

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"He's got a cabin over toward the marshes, and it has come to me that he's going to start tomorrow, or maybe has already started today, down into the valley to give his evidence. Of course, that is deeply confidential between you and me. If the gang knew about it, he'd never get through the thickets alive."

But Dan was hardly listening. His attention was caught by the hushed, intermittent sounds that are always to be heard, if one listens keenly enough, in the wilderness at night. "I wish the pack would sound again," he said. "I suppose it was hunting."

"Of course. And there is no living thing in these woods that can stand against a wolf pack in its full strength."

"Except man, of course."

"A strong man, with an accurate rifle, of course, and except possibly in the starving times in winter he'd never have to fight them. All the beasts of prey are out tonight. You see, Dan, when the moon shines, the deer feed at night instead of in the twilights and the dawn. And of course the wolves and the cougars hunt the deer. It may be that they are running cattle, or even sheep."

But Dan's imagination was afire. He wasn't content yet. "They couldn't be—hunting man?" he asked.

"No. If it was midwinter and the pack was starving, we'd have to listen better. It always looked to me as if the wild creatures had a law against killing men, just as humans have. They've learned it doesn't pay—something the wolves and bears of Europe and Asia haven't found out. The naturalists say that the reason is rather simple—that the European peasant, his soul scared out of him by the government he lived under, has always fled from wild beasts. They were tillers of the soil, and they carried hoes instead of guns. They never put the fear of God into the animals and as a result there are quite a number of true stories about tigers and wolves that aren't pleasant to listen to. But our own frontiersmen were not men to stand any nonsense from wolves or cougars. They had guns, and they knew how to use them. And they were preceded by as brave and as warlike a race as ever lived on the earth—armed with bows and arrows. Any animal that hunted men was immediately killed, and the rest found out it didn't pay.

"Just as human beings have found out the same thing—that it doesn't pay to hunt their fellow men. The laws of life as well as the laws of nations are against it."

But the words sounded weak and dim under the weight of the throbbing darkness; and Dan couldn't get away from the idea that the codes of life by which most men lived were forgotten quickly in the shadows of the pines. Even as he spoke, man was hunting man on the distant ridge where Whisperfoot the cougar had howled.

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Bert Cranston, head of the arson ring that operated on the Umpqua divide, was not only beyond the pale in regard to the laws of the valleys, but he could have learned valuable lessons from the beasts in regard to keeping the laws of the hills. The moon looked down to find him waiting on a certain trail that wound down to the settlements, his rifle loaded and ready for another kind of game than deer or wolf. He was waiting for Landy Hildreth; and the greeting he had for him was to destroy all chances of the prosecuting attorney in the valley below learning certain names that he particularly wanted to know.

There was no breath of wind. The great pines, tall and dark past belief, stood absolutely motionless, like strange pillars of ebony. Bert Cranston knelt in a brush covert, his rifle loaded and ready in his lean, dark hands.

No wolf that ran the ridges, no cougar that waited on the deer trails knew a wilder passion, a more terrible blood-lust than he. It showed in his eyes, narrow and never resting from their watch of the trail; it was in his posture; and it revealed itself unmistakably in the curl of his lips. Something like hot steam was in his brain, blurring his sight and heating his blood.

The pine needles hung wholly motionless above his head; but yet the dead leaves on which he knelt crinkled and rustled under him. Only the keenest ear could have heard the sound; and possibly in his madness, Cranston himself was not aware of it. And one would have wondered a long time as to what caused it. It was simply that he was shivering all over with hate and fury.

A twig cracked, far on the ridge above him. He leaned forward, peering, and the moonlight showed his face in unsparing detail. It revealed the deep lines, the terrible, drawn lips, the ugly hair long over the dark ears. His strong hands tightened upon the breech of the rifle. His wiry figure grew tense.

Of course it wouldn't do to let his prey come too close. Landy Hildreth was a good shot too, young as Cranston, and of equal strength; and no sporting chance could be taken in this hunting. Cranston had no intention of giving his enemy even the slightest chance to defend himself. If Hildreth got down into the valley, his testimony would make short work of the arson ring. He had the goods; he had been a member of the disreputable crowd himself.

The man's steps were quite distinct by now. Cranston heard him fighting his way through the brush thickets, and once a flock of grouse, frightened

He Knew He Had Not Missed.

from their perches by the approaching figure, flew down the trail in front. Cranston pressed back the hammer of his rifle. The click sounded loud in the silence. He had grown tense and still, and the leaves no longer rustled.

His eyes were intent on a little clearing, possibly one hundred yards up the trail. The trail itself went straight through it. And in an instant more, Hildreth pushed through the buckbrush and stood revealed in the moonlight.

If there is one quality that means success in the mountains it is constant, unceasing self-control. Cranston thought that he had it. But perhaps he had waited too long for Hildreth to come; and the strain had told on him. He had sworn to take no false steps; that every motion he made should be cool and sure. He didn't want to attract Hildreth's attention by any sudden movement. All must be cautious and stealthy. But in spite of all these good resolutions, Cranston's gun simply leaped to his shoulder in one convulsive motion at the first glimpse of his enemy as he emerged into the moonlight.

The end of the barrel struck a branch of the shrubbery as it went up. It was only a soft sound; but in the utter silence it traveled far. The gun barrel caught the moonlight as it leaped, and Hildreth saw its glint in the darkness.

He was looking for trouble. He had dreaded this long walk to the settlements more than any experience of his life. He didn't know why the letter he had written, asking for an armed escort down to the courts, had not brought results. But it was wholly possible that Cranston would have answered this question for him. This same letter had fallen into a certain soiled, deadly pair of hands which was the last place in the world that Hildreth would have chosen, and it had been all the evidence that was needed, at the meeting of the ring the night before, to adjudge Hildreth a merciless and immediate end. Hildreth would have preferred to wait in the hills and possibly to write another letter, but a chill that kept growing at his finger tips forbade it. And all these things combined to stretch his nerves almost to the breaking point as he stole along the moonlit trail under the pines.

A moment before the rush and whir of the grouse flock had dried the roof of his mouth with terror. The tall trees appalled him, the shadows fell upon his spirit. And when he heard this final sound, when he saw the glint that might so easily have been a gun-barrel, his nerves and muscles reacted at once. Not even a fraction of a second intervened. His gun flashed up and a little, angry cylinder of flame darted, as a snake's head darts, from the muzzle.

Hildreth didn't take aim. There wasn't time. The report roared in the darkness; the bullet sang harmlessly and thudded into the earth; and both of them were the last things in the world that Cranston had expected. And they were not a moment too soon. Even at that instant, his finger was closing down upon the trigger, Hildreth standing clear and revealed through the sights. The nervous response that few men in the world would be self-disciplined enough to prevent occurred at the same instant that he pressed the trigger. His own fire answered, so near to the other that both of them sounded as one report.

Most hunters can usually tell, even if they cannot see their game fall, whether they have hit or missed. This was one of the few times in his life that Cranston could not have told. He knew that as his finger pressed he had held as accurate a "bead" as at any time in his life. He did not know still another circumstance—that in the moonlight he had overestimated the distance to the clearing, and instead of one hundred yards it was scarcely fifty. He had held rather high. And he looked up, unknowing whether he had succeeded or whether he was face to face with the prospect of a duel to the death in the darkness.

And all he saw was Hildreth, rocking back and forth in the moonlight—a strange picture that he was never entirely to forget. It was a motion that no man could pretend. And he knew he had not missed.

He waited till he saw the form of his enemy rock down, face half-buried in the pine needles. It never even occurred to him to approach to see if he had made a clean kill. He had held on the breast and he had a world of confidence in his great, shocking, big-game rifle. Besides, the rifle fire might attract some hunter in the hills; and there would be time in the morning to return to the body and make certain little investigations that he had in mind. And running back down the trail, he missed the sight of Hildreth dragging his wounded body, like an injured hare, into the shelter of the thickets.

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Whisperfoot, that great coward, came out of his brush-covert when the moon rose. It was not his usual rising time. Ordinarily he found his best hunting in the eerie light of the twilight hour; but for certain reasons, his knowledge of which would be extremely difficult to explain, he let this time go by in slumber. Whisperfoot had slept almost since dawn. It is a significant quality in the felines that they simply cannot keep in condition without hours and hours of sleep. In this matter of sleeping, they are in a direct contrast to the wolves, who seemingly never sleep at all, unless it is with one eye open, and in still greater contrast to the king of all beasts, the elephant, who is said to slumber less per night than that great electrical wizard whom all men know and praise.

The great cat came out yawning, as graceful a thing as treads upon the earth. He was almost nine feet long from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail, and he weighed as much as many a full-grown man. He stood and yawned insolently, for all the forest world to see. He rather hoped that the chipmunk, staring with beady eyes from his doorway, did see him. He would just as soon that Woof's little son, the bear cub, should see him too. But he wasn't so particular about Woof himself, or the wolf pack whose song had just wakened him. And above all things, he wanted to keep out of the sight of men.

Whisperfoot stalks new game.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Forewarned, Forearmed.

Our idea of a prudent man is one who never sees a vampire without thinking of a buzz saw.—Dallas News.

The wings of riches enable some men to fly from their poor relatives.