

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.

Ex-King William II of Wuertemberg is dead. William II, reigning king of the monarchy of Wuertemberg, abdicated in November, 1918, as a direct outcome of the war. He had reigned since 1891.

David Scull Blispham, baritone and one of the best known American lyric artists, died of intestinal trouble Sunday in New York, after an illness of six weeks. He was 64 years old. A wife and two daughters survive him.

The Spokane branch of the federal land bank Tuesday was allotted \$5,750,000 by the federal farm loan board, according to a dispatch from Washington. The money is to be loaned to farmers in Washington, Oregon, Idaho and Montana.

Beans are coming back to their place in the hearts and stomachs of the American people, from Boston to Los Angeles, according to John W. Welch, president of the National Association of Restaurant Men, in annual convention in Los Angeles.

Published reports that the administration or republican leaders in congress planned to abandon or unnecessarily delay enactment of the permanent tariff bill were formally denied Tuesday by Senator Penrose of Pennsylvania, chairman of the senate finance committee.

Rebel forces in India control more than 100,000 square miles of territory, over which they have proclaimed absolute independence, according to a statement issued in Washington, D. C., by S. N. G. Hose, national director of the American commission to promote self-government in India.

Retail food prices in ten cities showed a tendency to decrease during September, according to a report made by the labor department. In the cities where figures were obtained September 15, only one, Richmond, Va., had an increase over August prices and this amounted to 2 per cent.

The Pacific coast altitude record for a single-engine one-man hydro-airplane is declared to have been broken Tuesday by William R. Davis Jr., of Oakland, Calif., who reached 11,500 feet. The previous record is said to have been 9500 feet, made in 1915 by Joseph Strubel, also of Oakland.

Patents to 30,000 acres of timber and stone lands in Plumas, Tehama and Lassen counties, Calif., bought from the government for \$316,500, were ordered canceled Tuesday by the United States circuit court of appeals, on the ground that they had been obtained by fraudulent entry.

Two masked men entered the Spangle, Wash., State bank at Spangle, 18 miles south of Spokane, at 1 P. M. Tuesday, shot Miss Ruth Jennings, the assistant cashier, in the arm, and escaped with a sum of money estimated at about \$5000. A posse of deputy sheriffs left Spokane in an effort to overtake the robbers.

Thomas R. Marshall, former vice-president, called at the white house Tuesday to pay his respects to the new administration as a private citizen out of a job and not looking for one. Mr. Marshall, who was passing through Washington on a lecture tour, declared his present occupation was "exchanging old stuff for new money," and that he was enjoying it thoroughly.

Mexican Consul-General Magana at El Paso, Tex., said Monday he had received orders from Mexico City instructing him to put into effect an order requiring all Americans crossing the border here to put up an \$8 head tax. This will be required of all persons entering that country, he said, but the tax will be refunded if the depositor re-enters the United States within six months.

Senator King, democrat, Utah, charging during consideration of the tax bill Monday that retailers and manufacturers in every state had illegally combined to maintain high prices, said the attorney-general should "send to the penitentiary thousands of conspirators responsible for paralysis of trade." Until the government takes action, he added, there will be no marked decline in prices or in beginning of prosperity.

SENATE VOTES FREE TOLLS

American Coastal Vessels to Get Exemption—House May Delay.

Washington, D. C.—The Borah bill for tolls exemption of American coastwise vessels passing through the Panama canal was passed by the senate Monday, 47 to 37. The measure now goes to the house, where it is expected it will be subject to indefinite delay, at least until after the conference on limitation of armament.

The senate rejected two substitutes offered by Senator King, democrat, Utah, to authorize the president to negotiate for arbitration of the tolls question and to appropriate \$2,000,000 as a subsidy for American vessels using the canal.

Debate on the Borah proposal disclosed a split in party ranks, opponents declaring the bill was inopportune, while Senator Borah, republican, Idaho, declared he had talked with President Harding and Secretary Hughes and they did not share such views.

Twelve democrats voted for the bill while 17 republicans voted against it. In referring to the armament conference, Senator Borah said he did not understand that this conference would involve the United States bartering away any substantial right.

"I have talked with those most responsible for and concerned in the conference," he added. "I have had a full understanding and discussion. The fears expressed are not shared by them."

Senator Lodge, republican leader, was among those who raised the question of the armament conference. He admitted that the United States had the legal right to pass the bill, but said there were "potent reasons" against action at present, in view of the coming conference. Senator McCormick, republican, Illinois, expressed similar sentiments.

CHURCH SAYS 200 MARRIAGES ILLEGAL

Wilmington, Del.—Two hundred couples who have been married since August 1 by the Rev. R. T. Western, the unfrocked minister of Elkton, Md., are not legally wedded, according to ecclesiastical law, the Rev. Robert Watt, district superintendent of the Wilmington Methodist Episcopal conference, said Monday. Dr. Watt added, however, that so far as the civil law was concerned the persons involved need not worry.

"It appears that Mr. Western quit his charge in Montana in the middle of a church year and left without notice to the authorities," said Dr. Watt.

The Wilmington conference recently dismissed Mr. Western after he had been convicted by an ecclesiastical jury on charges of splitting marriage fees with jitney drivers.

\$292,522 IS SHARE OF SERIES' PLAYERS

New York.—The players participating in the 1921 world's series fund will divide \$292,522.33, a new high record for the players' share. Under the rules players and umpires cease to share in the gate receipts after Monday's game, the fifth of the series. Increased seating capacity and higher admission charges account for the new total.

While Monday's attendance and gate receipts fell slightly below those of Friday's game, the official figures gave \$5,758 paid admissions for a total gate receipt of \$116,754. Of this amount the advisory board collected \$17,513.10, the players \$59,544.54 and the club owners \$39,696.36.

U. S. Authority Disputed.

Washington, D. C.—A case of wide interest to the west, involving a construction of the government's police jurisdiction over public lands, will be reviewed by the supreme court. Announcement was made by the court that it would hear the case of Charles McKelvey, convicted in Idaho of assault upon a herder in which case it is the government's contention that lawlessness upon public lands can be punished under federal law.

Liberties Hit High Mark.

New York.—Liberty bonds were irregular and dull in the first half of Monday's session, but active buying was resumed later.

The feature was the first 4s, which showed a gain of 210 points at midday, rising to 94.30, the year's high price.

The second 4s and first 4 1/4s also were at new high records, rising 25 and 20 points, respectively.

REDUCED FREIGHT RATES PREDICTED

Early Cut by Carriers Is Counted Almost Certain.

SITUATION CLEARING

Agricultural "Bloc" in Congress Also Voices Demand for Action in Behalf of Producers.

Washington, D. C.—Developments which were declared to presage early reduction in railroad freight rates and a clearing of the railroad situation generally came here Saturday from several quarters.

A group of prominent railroad executives conferred with President Harding and Senator Cummins, republican, Iowa, chairman of the senate interstate commerce committee, and discussed steps toward freight rate reductions preliminary to the executives' meeting in Chicago October 14.

Rate reductions also was the principal topic of the programme at a meeting Saturday night of democratic and republican senators comprising the unofficial agricultural "bloc." Senators attending the meeting said there was a wide and vigorous demand for rate cuts as imperative to agricultural interests.

Senator Cummins, after his conference with the railway executives, said he believed they would adopt at their Chicago meeting his suggestions for an immediate reduction of freight rates. No definite assurances to this effect were given him at the conference, he explained, but he expressed the opinion that the reductions would be made by the carriers voluntarily.

The carriers then, Senator Cummins said, would ask the railroad labor board to reduce wages or appeal to congress for legislation to meet the situation caused by the voluntary rate reductions.

The railway executives in the conference included T. Dewitt Cuyler, representing a railway securities holders' organization; Samuel Rea, president of the Pennsylvania system; President Smith of the New York Central; President Holden of the Burlington system, and Julius Kruttschnitt, chairman of the Southern Pacific.

SHIP SUNK, TWO DEAD IN DOUBLE COLLISION

Belfast.—Damaged by one vessel in a dense fog off the southwest coast of Scotland and then sunk by another coming to its aid, was the fate early Sunday morning of the Laird line steamer Rowan, plying between Glasgow and Dublin. Thirteen of the Rowan's crew and three passengers are missing. Two passengers died after being rescued by vessels which responded to the wireless S. O. S. call.

An official statement says that the Rowan carried 93 persons, including the crew, 77 of whom are accounted for by the four vessels which went to the Rowan's assistance.

Aboard the Rowan was the American Southern Syncopated orchestra, composed largely of negro players, who had been touring this side of the water since 1919.

One of the men who died after being taken out of the sea was Pete Robinson, the drummer of the orchestra.

The accident was due to a double collision in the north channel off Corsewall point. The Rowan first collided with the American steamer West Camak, helped in the rescue work, afterward putting into Glasgow with 26 survivors. Captain Donald Brown of Glasgow is reported to have gone down with the Rowan. Three other vessels also answered the call and completed the work of rescue as far as was possible.

Nine Ministers Confirmed.

Washington, D. C.—Nominations of the following American ministers to foreign countries were confirmed Saturday by the senate: Lewis Einstein of New York, Czechoslovakia; John E. Ramer, Colorado, Nicaragua; John G. South, Ky., Panama; E. E. Brodie, Ore., Siam; Roy T. Davis, Mo., Guatemala; Chas. L. Kagey, Kan., Finland; Willis C. Cook, S. D., Venezuela; Chas. S. Wilson of Maine, Bulgaria, and Lauriets S. Swenson, Norway.

Billings, Mont.—Dragged in front of a shotgun in the hands of Floyd Smith, professor of the Red Lodge high school, by his bulldog, Joyce Kellum was shot and killed at his father's ranch near Red Lodge Saturday afternoon, according to a dispatch received here.



WHISPERFOOT.

Synopsis.—Warned by his physician that he has not more than six months to live, Dan Felling 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 Felling plans to live out the short span of life which he has been told is his. From the first Felling'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 Felling 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. Cranston shoots Hildreth and leaves him for dead.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

For when all things are said and done, there were few bigger cowards in the whole wilderness world than Whisperfoot. A good many people think that Graycoat the coyote could take lessons from him in this respect. But others, knowing how a hunter is brought in occasionally with almost all human resemblance gone from him because a cougar charged in its death agony, think this is unfair to the larger animal. And it is true that a full-grown cougar will sometimes attack horned cattle, something that no American animal cares to do unless he wants a good fight on his paws and of which the very thought would throw Graycoat into a spasm; and there have been even stranger stories, if one could quite believe them. A certain measure of respect must be extended to any animal that will hunt the great bull elk, for to miss the stroke and get caught beneath the churning, lashing, slashing, razor-edged front hoofs is simply death, painful and without delay. But he difficulty lies in the fact that these things are not done in the ordinary, rational blood of hunting. What an animal does in its death agony, or to protect its young, what great game it follows in the starving times of winter, can be put to neither its debit nor its credit. A coyote will charge when mad. A raccoon will put up a wicked fight when cornered. A hen will peck at the hand that robs her nest. When hunting was fairly good, Whisperfoot avoided the elk and steer almost as punctiliously as he avoided men, which is saying very much indeed; and any kind of terrier could usually drive him straight up a tree.

But he did like to pretend to be very great and terrible among the smaller forest creatures. And he was Fear itself to the deer. A human hunter who would kill two deer a week for fifty-two weeks would be called a much uglier name than poacher; but yet this had been Whisperfoot's record, on and off, ever since his second year. Many a great buck wore the scar of the full stroke—after which Whisperfoot had lost his hold. Many a fawn had crouched panting with terror in the thickets at just a tawny light on the gnarled limb of a pine. Many a doe would grow great-eyed and terrified at just his strange, pungent smell on the wind.

He yawned again, and his fangs looked white and abnormally large in the moonlight. His great, green eyes were still clouded and languorous from sleep. Then he began to steal up the ridge toward his hunting grounds. It was a curious thing that he walked straight in the face of the soft wind, that came down from the snow fields, and yet there wasn't a weathercock to be seen anywhere. And neither had the chipmunk seen him wet a paw and hold it up, after the approved fashion of holding up a finger. He had a better way of knowing—a chill at the end of his whiskers.

The little, breathless night sounds in the brush around him seemed to nadden him. They made a song to him, a strange, wild melody that even such frontiersmen as Dan and Lennox could not experience. A thousand smells brushed down to him on the wind, more potent than any wine or nut. He began to tremble all over with rapture and excitement. But unlike Cranston's trembling, no wilderness ear was keen enough to hear the eaves rustling beneath him.

CHAPTER II.

Shortly after nine o'clock, Whisperfoot encountered his first herd of deer. But they caught his scent and scattered before he could get up to them. He met Wolf, grunting through the underbrush, and he punctiliously, but with wretched spirit, left the trail. A fight with Wolf the bear was one of the most unpleasant experiences that could be imagined. He had a pair of strong arms of which one embrace of a cougar's body meant death in one long shriek of pain. Of course they didn't fight often. They had entirely opposite interests. The bear was a berry-eater and a honey-grubber, and the cougar cared too much for his own life and beauty to tackle Wolf in a hunting way.

A fawn leaped from the thicket in front of him, startled by his sound in the thicket. The truth was, Whisperfoot had made a wholly unjustified misstep on a dry twig, just at the crucial moment. Perhaps it was the fault of Wolf, whose presence had driven Whisperfoot from the trail, and perhaps because old age and stiffness was coming upon him. But neither of these facts appeased his anger. He could scarcely suppress a snarl of fury and disappointment.

He continued along the ridge, still stealing, still alert, but his anger increasing with every moment. The fact that he had to leave the trail again to permit still another animal to pass, and a particularly insignificant one too, didn't make him feel any better. This animal had a number of curious stripes along his back, and usually did nothing more desperate than steal eggs and eat bird fledglings. Whisperfoot could have crushed him with one bite, but this was one thing that the great cat, as long as he lived, would



A Full Twenty Yards Farther.

never try to do. He got out of the way politely when Stripe-back was still a quarter of a mile away; which was quite a compliment to the little animal's ability to introduce himself. Stripe-back was familiarly known as a skunk.

Shortly after ten, the mountain lion had a remarkably fine chance at a buck. The direction of the wind, the trees, the thickets and the light were all in his favor. It was old Blacktail, wallowing in the salt lick; and Whisperfoot's heart bounded when he detected him. No human hunter could have laid his plans with greater care. He had to cut up the side of the ridge, mindful of the wind. Then there was a long dense thicket in which he might approach within fifty feet of the lick, still with the wind in his face. Just beside the lick was another deep thicket, from which he could make his leap.

His body lowered. The tail lashed back and forth, and now it had begun to have a slight vertical motion that frontiersmen have learned to watch for. He placed every paw with consummate grace, and few sets of human nerves have sufficient control over leg muscles to move with such astonishing patience. He scarcely seemed to move at all.

But when scarcely ten feet remained to stalk, a sudden sound pricked through the darkness. It came from afar, but it was no less terrible. It was really two sounds, so close together that they sounded as one. Neither Blacktail nor Whisperfoot had any delusions about them. They recognized them at once, in strange ways under the skin that no man may

describe, as the far-off reports of a rifle. Just today Blacktail had seen his doe fall bleeding when this same sound, only louder, spoke from a covert from which Bert Cranston had poached her—and he left the lick in one bound.

Terrified though he was by the rifle shot, still Whisperfoot sprang. But the distance was too far. His outstretched paw hummed down four feet behind Blacktail's flank. Then forgetting everything but his anger and disappointment, the great cougar opened his mouth and howled.

The long night was almost done when he got sight of further game. Once a flock of grouse exploded with a roar of wings from a thicket; but they had been awakened by the first whisper of dawn in the wind, and he really had no chance at them. Soon after this, the moon set.

The larger creatures of the forest are almost as helpless in absolute darkness as human beings. It is very well to talk of seeing in the dark, but from the nature of things, even vertical pupils may only respond to light. No owl or bat can see in absolute darkness. It became increasingly likely that Whisperfoot would have to retire to his lair without any meal whatever.

But still he remained, hoping against hope. After a futile fifteen minutes of watching a trail, he heard a doe feeding on a hillside. Its footfall was not so heavy as the sturdy tramp of a buck, and besides, the bucks would be higher on the ridges this time of morning. He began a cautious advance toward it.

For the first fifty yards the hunt was in his favor. He came up wind, and the brush made a perfect cover. But the doe unfortunately was standing a full twenty yards farther, in an open glade. Under ordinary circumstances, Whisperfoot would not have made an attack. A cougar can run swiftly, but a deer is light itself. The big cat would have preferred to linger, a motionless thing in the thickets, hoping some other member of the deer herd to which the doe must have belonged would come into his ambush. But the hunt was late, and Whisperfoot was very, very angry. Too many times this night he had missed his kill. In desperation, he leaped from the thicket and charged the deer.

In spite of the preponderant odds against him, the charge was almost a success. He went fully half the distance between them before the deer perceived him. Then she leaped. There seemed to be no interlude of time between the instant that she beheld the dim, tawny figure in the air and that in which her long legs pushed out in a spring. But she didn't leap straight ahead. She knew enough of the cougars to know that the great cat would certainly aim for her head and neck in the same way that a duck-hunter leads a fast-flying duck—hoping to intercept her leap. Even as her feet left the ground she seemed to whirl in the air, and the deadly talons whipped down in vain. Then, cutting back in front, she raced down wind.

It is usually the most unmitigated folly for a cougar to chase a deer against which he has missed his stroke; and it is also quite fatal to his dignity. And whoever doubts for a minute that the larger creatures have no dignity, and that it is not very dear to them, simply knows nothing about the ways of animals. They cling to it to the death. But tonight one disappointment after another had crumbled, as the rains crumble leaves, the last vestige of Whisperfoot's self-control. Snarling in fury, he bounded after the doe.

She was lost to sight at once in the darkness, but for fully thirty yards he raced in her pursuit. If he had stopped to think, it would have been one of the really great surprises of his life to hear the sudden, unmistakable str and movement of a large, living creature not fifteen feet distant in the thicket.

He didn't stop to think at all. He didn't puzzle on the extreme unlikelihood of a doe halting in her flight from a cougar. It is doubtful whether, in the thickets, he had any perceptions of the creature other than its movements. He was running down wind, so it is certain that he didn't smell it. If he saw it at all, it was just as a shadow, sufficiently large to be that of a deer. It was moving, crawling as Wolf the bear sometimes crawled, seemingly to get out of his path. And Whisperfoot leaped straight at it.

It was a perfect shot. He landed high on its shoulders. His head lashed down, and the white teeth closed. All the long life of his race he had known that pungent essence that flowed forth. His senses perceived it, a message shot along his nerves to his brain. And then he opened his mouth in a high, far-carrying squeal of utter, abject terror.

He sprang a full fifteen feet back into the thickets; then crouched. The hair stood still at his shoulders, his claws were bared; he was prepared to fight to the death. He didn't understand. He only knew the worst single terror of his life. It was not a doe that he had attacked in the darkness. It was not Urson the porcupine, or even Wolf. It was that imperial master of all things, man himself. Unknowing, he had attacked Landry Hildreth, lying wounded from Cranston's bullet beside the trail. Word of the arson ring would never reach the settlements, after all.

Setting a forest fire.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Umbrellas are great bluffers; it's a case of put up or shut up with them.