

# 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.

Emery Mapes, of Minneapolis, 63 years old, president of the Cream of Wheat company, died Monday night of heart disease.

Archaeologists at work in the ruins of ancient Ephesus have discovered a crypt believed to be the tomb of St. John the Evangelist. It was said a dispatch received in Paris.

Jool and James Cheatwood, twins, celebrated their 90th birthday at the home of the former in Leavenworth, Kan., Tuesday. Both have reared large families and are active.

A reduction of 40 cents a barrel in the wholesale price of flour was announced Tuesday by a prominent California milling company. This is the first drop in the price of flour in the last two months.

John A. Spencer, ex-clergyman, who was convicted in Lakeport, Cal., for the murder of his wife, Mrs. Emma Spencer, and sentenced to life imprisonment, arrived at the state prison Tuesday to begin serving his sentence.

Herman Stout, 15 years old, Westville high school boy, yielded a six-inch screwdriver when operated upon at a Danville, Ill., hospital Tuesday morning. Stout had been at the hospital for a week suffering from a supposed attack of appendicitis.

Machinery of a national investigation, designed to cheapen the marketing of dairy products to give dairy farmers better prices for their goods and to provide city consumers with better products at reasonable cost was set in motion in St. Paul, Minn., Tuesday.

A site for a naval aviation base at Charleston Harbor, Wash., has been offered to the government by the Charleston chamber of commerce. It was announced Tuesday at a hearing before the house naval committee. Advantages of establishing such a base off Puget sound was discussed.

A. B. Burgess, a negro employed by the Atlantic Coast Line railway at Savannah, Ga., probably has the largest family in Georgia. He is the father of 32 children and had three wives. Twenty-six of the children are living. The negro has been blessed with seven sets of twins and two sets of triplets.

In a spectacular raid staged simultaneously in five precincts of Washington, D. C., Saturday, prohibition officers gathered in 31 suspects, including the alleged "king of Washington bootleggers," and a large quantity of liquor, and smashed what is believed to be one of the largest whisky rings in the east.

A hope that the public press throughout the world will do its part to promote international understanding, and particularly to make easier the tasks of the armament conference, was expressed by President Harding in a message to the press congress of the world, which began its session Tuesday at Honolulu.

Several Russian provinces which up to the present have been considered self-supporting, are clamoring to be listed for government aid because of famine. M. Kalinin, head of the Russian central committee for famine relief, announced in a speech at Moscow Saturday. The number classed as starving, therefore, is raised to nearly 25,000,000.

Liberty bonds, which recently touched the highest prices of the year, were heavily sold Tuesday and closed at a decline of from 58 to 156 points for the second 4s and the various 4 1/2 per cent issues. Sales approximated \$13,500,000. The decline was largely attributed to realizing of profits by speculative interests who had bought at considerably lower levels.

A meeting in the Colorado state capitol Saturday night called by women's clubs to stir public sentiment against prohibition violations was thrown into commotion when Judge Ben B. Lindsey of the juvenile court, denied the privilege of the floor, leaped to the top of a desk and shouted denunciation of city officials in the enforcement of the prohibition statutes.

## BAR RAIL RATES' CUT PLAN

Proposal to Avert Strike Held Impossible by Railroad Chiefs.

Chicago.—Presidents of the leading middle western railroads in a statement Monday night turned down as "impossible" the proposal of the railroad labor board public group that freight rates be reduced immediately as a possible means of averting a general railroad strike, and charged that the proposed walkout "would be a strike against the government, called by the unions primarily for the purpose of nullifying the transportation act creating the labor board."

The statement followed a meeting of the association of railroads entering Chicago and was signed on behalf of the organization by Samuel Felton, president of the Chicago Great Western. The Chicago & Northwestern, the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, the Santa Fe, the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific and the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul are some of the larger roads represented at the meeting.

By coincidence, the statement, which reviews the railroad situation and causes of the strike, was issued at almost the same moment Warren S. Stone, president of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, was giving out a statement in Cleveland telling why the four big brotherhoods and the Switchmen's Union of North America had authorized a walkout on October 30. The president's statement said, in part:

"The thing it is proposed to strike against is the decision of the railroad labor board authorizing the reduction of 12 per cent in wages which the railroads put into effect July 1. There is at present no other possible ground for a strike by the railway labor brotherhoods.

"The labor board was created by the transportation act passed by congress in 1920, which delegated to it the duty, in case of disputes, of determining reasonable wages and working conditions. The wage reduction put into effect July 1 was authorized by the board under the provisions of this act. Therefore, the strike which has been ordered will be, if it occurs, a strike against a decision made by a government body acting in accordance with a federal law."

## SHIP LINES PREPARE FOR EXTRA DUTIES

Washington, D. C.—The shipping board issued a statement that no action was taken officially Monday, by either the shipping board or the emergency fleet corporation, to form or discuss plans for using government vessels in the event of a general railroad strike, and "that no request had been made for them to act or to furnish information."

A. J. Frey, vice-president of the emergency fleet corporation, said that the fleet could turn over 25 oil-burning ships a day for ten days in the event that their use was desired immediately, the statement continued. He added that there would be no difficulty in obtaining crews owing to the number of seamen out of employment, and further, that the men, employed on the laid-up vessels, would form a potential nucleus in manning any such boats.

### Chief's Bank Account Big.

New York.—Bank accounts of Police Commissioner Enright showing deposits aggregating \$100,421 since he assumed office in 1918 were read into the record of the Meyer legislative committee Monday. Other bank accounts offered in evidence showed that E. P. Hughes, ex-police inspector, who retired a few months ago to operate a private detective agency which guarded piers, had deposited \$1,069,152 since 1918.

### Postal Loot \$200,000.

San Francisco.—More than \$200,000 was the total face value, as disclosed by checking Sunday, of the registered mail stolen by four unmasked robbers from the Rialto postoffice station at New Montgomery and Mission streets. The actual loss, however, was much lower, because the bulk of the known shipments involved was of a non-negotiable nature.

### Wheat Supply Cut Down.

Washington, D. C.—Wheat on farms, excluding that required for use by the farmers, was estimated by the department of agriculture in figures made public Monday at 318,000,000 bushels this year, compared with 447,000,000 bushels last year.

### Ritz Hotel Changes Hands.

Frank A. Clark, formerly proprietor of the Clyde Hotel, has recently purchased the Ritz Hotel at Park and Morrison, Portland.

Mr. Clark is one of the best known hotel men in the state and is spending several thousand dollars in making the Ritz Hotel a Class "A" property.

# RAILROAD STRIKE OCT. 30 ORDERED

500,000 Men to Go Out First Day; Million May Follow.

## BROTHERHOODS ACT

Mail Trains Are Specifically Included In Instructions Issued on Walkout—Paralysis of Lines Plan.

Chicago.—More than half a million American railroad men Sunday were ordered to initiate a strike October 30, while other unions whose membership brings the total to about 2,000,000 announced officially that they were preparing to follow suit and make the walkout general on the same date.

Under this programme the tieup would be complete, according to union predictions, by November 2.

The hour was fixed for 6 A. M. October 30, except for one Texas line, whose trainmen were authorized to go out October 22.

Railroads listed in the first group on which the strike is to become effective touch 42 of the 48 states, with a trackage of 73,000 miles out of the total of approximately 200,000 miles.

The New England states comprise the group that is virtually untouched in the first walkout.

The strike orders were issued to the big five brotherhoods, oldest and most powerful of the railway unions, and they specifically included mail trains. Their provisions instructed strikers to keep away from railroad property with a warning that "violence of any nature will not be tolerated by the organizations."

The strike was announced following an overwhelming vote, said to be upwards of 90 per cent, favoring a strike because of a 12 per cent wage reduction authorized by the railroad labor board of July 1, and after it was declared by the Association of Railway Executives in session Saturday that a further reduction would be sought by the railroads. It was said that the strike decision was made before the announcement of this further intended cut. Printed instructions as to conduct of the strike, issued in Chicago, were dated Saturday, October 14.

"I fear it will be one of the most serious strikes in American transportation history," said W. G. Lee, president of the railroad trainmen, who, during recent weeks, has sent circulars to his men warning them of the critical nature of the steps they contemplated.

The country was divided into four groups, in which the men were authorized to walk out progressively, one group every 24 hours. Names of the groups were not made public, but unofficially the identity of roads in the first group to go was learned, subject to changes, which union officials said would be few. This first group included some of the country's greatest rail systems, from coast to coast and from Canada to the gulf.

## WAY TO PREVENT STRIKE IS SOUGHT

Washington, D. C.—The public group of the railroad labor board and the full membership of the interstate commerce commission, by personal direction of President Harding, joined Saturday in an effort to avert the threatened serious railroad labor complications.

Summoned here by the president, the three members representing the public on the railroad labor board were escorted by Mr. Harding to a conference with members of the interstate commerce commission, which was unfinished and left open to resumption Monday.

Silence was maintained even in the face of the strike call issued late Saturday at Chicago, but the purpose of the meeting was said in an announcement to be consideration of "the possibility of an early adjustment of railroad rates and wages."

### Puebla Governor Flees.

Mexico City.—Jose Maria Sanchez, governor of Puebla state, fled from Puebla Sunday night on horseback, accompanied by 30 followers, in the course of a demonstration against state authorities, who were charged with being responsible for the new tax law, which was alleged to provide for excessive rates. Although martial law has not been proclaimed, federal troops under General Maycotte are guarding the city.

# The Voice of the Pack

By EDISON MARSHALL

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### SNOWBIRD SAVES DAN.

Synopsis.—Warned by his physician that he has not more than six months to live, Dan Falling 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 Falling plans to live out the short span of life which he has been told is his. From the first Falling's health shows a marked improvement, and in the companionship of Lennox and his son and daughter he finds 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 Falling 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. Whisperfoot, the mountain lion, springs on Hildreth and finishes Hildreth and devours him, thus acquiring the taste for human flesh. Dan discovers Cranston in the act of setting a forest fire.

### CHAPTER II—Continued.

Dan felt himself straighten; and the color mounted somewhat higher in his brown cheeks. But he did not try to avenge the insult—yet. Cranston was still fifteen feet distant, and that was too far. A man may swing a rifle within fifteen feet. The fact that they were in no way physical equals did not even occur to him. When the insult is great enough, such considerations cannot possibly matter. Cranston was hard as steel, one hundred and seventy pounds in weight. Dan did not touch one hundred and fifty, and a deadly disease had not yet entirely relinquished its hold upon him.

"I do very well, Cranston," Dan answered in the same tone. "Wouldn't you like another match? I believe your pipe has gone out."

Very little can be said for the wisdom of this remark. It was simply human—that age-old creed to answer blow for blow and insult for insult. Of course the inference was obvious—that Dan was accusing him, by innuendo, of his late attempt at arson. Cranston glanced up quickly, and it might be true that his fingers itched and tingled about the barrel of his rifle. He knew what Dan meant. He understood perfectly that Dan had guessed his purpose on the mountain side. And the curl at his lips became more pronounced.

"What a smart little boy," he scorned. "Going to be a Sherlock Holmes when he grows up." Then he half turned and the light in his eyes blazed up. He was not leering now. The mountain men are too intense to play at insult very long. Their inherent savagery comes to the surface, and they want the warmth of blood upon their fingers. His voice became guttural. "Maybe you're a spy?" he asked. "Maybe you're one of those city rats—to come and watch us, and then run and tell the forest service. There's two things, Falling, that I want you to know."

Dan puffed at his pipe, and his eyes looked curiously bright through the film of smoke. "I'm not interested in hearing them," he said.

"It might pay you," Cranston went on. "One of 'em is that one man's word is good as another's in a court—and it wouldn't do you any good to run down and tell tales. A man can light his pipe on the mountain side without the courts being interested. The second thing is—just that I don't think you'd find it a healthy thing to do."

"I suppose, then, that is a threat?"

"It ain't just a threat," Cranston laughed harshly—a single, grim syllable that was the most terrible sound he had yet uttered. "It's a fact. Just try it. Falling. Just make one little step in that direction. You couldn't hide behind a girl's skirts, then. Why, you city sissy, I'd break you to pieces in my hands!"

Few men can make a threat without a muscular accompaniment. Its very utterance releases pent-up emotions, part of which can only pour forth in muscular expression. And anger is a primitive thing, going down to the most mysterious depths of a man's nature. As Cranston spoke, his lip curled, his dark fingers clenched on his thick palm, and he half leaned forward.

Dan knocked out his pipe on the log. It was the only sound in that whole mountain realm; all the lesser sounds were stifled. The two men stood face to face, Dan tranquil, Cranston shaken by passion.

"I give you," said Dan with entire coldness, "an opportunity to take that back. Just about four seconds."

He stood very straight as he spoke, and his eyes did not waver in the least. It would not be the truth to say that his heart was not leaping like a wild thing in his breast. A dark mist was spreading like madness over his brain; but yet he was striving to keep his thoughts clear. Stealthily, without seeming to do so, he was setting his muscles for a spring.

The only answer to his words was a laugh—a roaring laugh of scorn from Cranston's dark lips. In his laughter, his intent, catlike vigilance relaxed. Dan saw a chance; feeble though it was, it was the only chance he had. And his long body leaped like a serpent through the air.

Physical superior though he was, Cranston would have repelled the attack with his rifle if he had had a chance. His blood was already at the murder heat—a point always quickly reached in Cranston—and the dark, hot fumes in his brain were simply nothing more nor less than the most poisonous, bitter hatred. No other word exists. If his class of degenerate mountain men had no other accomplishment, they could hate. All their lives they practiced the emotion: hatred of their neighbors, hatred of law, hatred of civilization in all its forms. Besides, this kind of hillman habitually fought his duels with rifles. Hands were not deadly enough.

But Dan was past his guard before he had time to raise his gun. The whole attack was one of the most astounding surprises of Cranston's life. Dan's body struck his, his fists failed, and to protect himself, Cranston was obliged to drop the rifle. They staggered, as if in some weird dance, on the trail; and their arms clasped in a clinch.

For a long instant they stood straining, seemingly motionless. Cranston's powerful body had stood up well under the shock of Dan's leap. It was a

were all obscured in a strange, white mist. A great wind roared in his ears—and his heart was evidently about to shiver to pieces.

But still he fought on, not daring to yield. He could no longer parry Cranston's blows. The latter's arms went around him in one of those deadly holds that wrestlers know; and Dan struggled in vain to free himself. Cranston's face itself seemed hideous and unreal in the mist that was creeping over him. He did not recognize the curious thumping sound as Cranston's fists on his flesh. And now Cranston had hurled him off his feet.

Nothing mattered further. He had fought the best he could. This cruel beast could pounce on him at will and hammer away his life. But still he struggled. Except for the constant play of his muscles, his almost unconscious effort to free himself that kept one of Cranston's arms busy holding him down, that fight on the mountain path might have come to a sudden end. Human bodies can stand a terrific punishment; but Dan's was weakened from the ravages of his disease. Besides, Cranston would soon have both hands and both feet free for the work, and when these four terrible weapons are used at once, the issue—soon or late—can never be in doubt.

But even now, consciousness still lingered. Dan could hear his enemy's curses—and far up the trail, he heard another, stranger sound. It sounded like some one running.

And then he dimly knew that Cranston was climbing from his body. Voices were speaking—quick, commanding voices just over him. Above Cranston's savage curses another voice rang clear, and to Dan's ears, glorious beyond all human utterance.

He opened his tortured eyes. The mists lifted from in front of them, and the whole drama was revealed. It had not been sudden mercy that had driven Cranston from his body. Just when his victim's falling unconsciousness would have put him completely in his power. Rather it was something black and ominous that even now was pointed squarely at Cranston's breast.

None too soon, a ranger of the hill had heard the sounds of the struggle, and had left the trying place at the spring to come to Dan's aid. It was Snowbird, very pale but wholly self-sufficient and determined and intent. Her pistol was cocked and ready.

CHAPTER III.

Dan Falling was really not badly hurt. The quick, lashing blows had not done more than severely bruise the flesh of his face; and the mists of unconsciousness that had been falling over him were more nearly the result of his own tremendous physical exertion. Now these mists were rising.

"Go—go away," the girl was commanding. "I think you've killed him."

Dan opened his eyes to find her kneeling close beside him, but still covering Cranston with her pistol. Her hand was resting on his bruised cheek. He couldn't have believed that a human face could be as white, while life still remained, as hers was then. All the lovely tints that had been such a delight to him, the play of soft reds and browns, had faded as an after-glow fades on the snow.

Dan's glance moved with hers to Cranston. He was standing easily at a distance of a dozen feet; and except for the faintest tremble all over his body, a muscular reaction from the violence of his passion, he had entirely regained his self-composure. This was quite characteristic of the mountain men. They share with the beasts a passion of living that is wholly unknown on the plains; but yet they have a certain quality of imperturbability known nowhere else. Nor is it limited to the native-born mountaineers. No man who intimately knows a member of that curious, keen-eyed little army of naturalists and big-game hunters who go to the north woods every fall, as regularly and seemingly as inexorably as the waterfowl go in spring, can doubt this fact. They seem to have acquired from the silence and the snows an impregnation of that eternal calm and imperturbability that is the wilderness itself. Fear is usually a matter of uncertainty, and he knew exactly where he stood.

"Oh, I wish I could shoot you, Bert."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Bull Baiting.

This was a sport once popular in England, but declared illegal in 1835. A bull was attacked by dogs, and sometimes the nostrils of the bull were blown full of pepper to increase his fury. Another form of the sport was to fasten the bull to a stake by a long rope and then set bulldogs at him, one at a time, which were trained to seize the bull by the nose. The bulldog seems to have been developed for this sport from a short-eared mastiff called "slaunt."



The Battles of the Mountains were Battles to the Death.

hand-to-hand battle now. The rifle had slid on down the hillside, to be caught in a clump of brush twenty feet below. Dan called on every ounce of his strength, because he knew what mercy he might expect if Cranston mastered him. The battles of the mountains were battles to the death.

They flung back and forth, wrenching shoulders, lashing fists, teeth and feet and fingers. There were no Marquis of Queensberry rules in this battle. Again and again Dan sent home his blows; but they all seemed ineffective. By now, Cranston had completely overcome the moment's advantage the other had obtained by the power of his leap. He hurled Dan from the clinch and lashed at him with hard fists.

It is a very common thing to hear of a silent fight. But it is really a more rare occurrence than most people believe. It is true that serpents will often fight in the strangest, most eerie silence; but human beings are not serpents. They partake more of the qualities of the meat-eaters—the wolves and felines. After the first instant, the noise of the fight aroused the whole hillside. The sound of blows was in itself notable, and besides, both of the men were howling the primordial battle cries of hatred and vengeance.

For two long minutes Dan fought with the strength of desperation, summing at last all that mysterious reserve force with which all men are born. But he was playing a losing game. The malady with which he had suffered had taken too much of his vigor. Even as he struggled, it seemed to him that the vista about him, the dark pines, the colored leaves of the perennial shrubbery, the yellow path