

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 first complete catapult for launching airplanes from a battleship is ready for installation at the Hampton Roads air station.

Dr. Arturo Arta, chief bacteriologist of the Chilean Institute of Hygiene, announced recently that he had succeeded in discovering a method of isolating the bacteria of smallpox.

Governor Sproul of Pennsylvania late Monday announced the appointment of State Senator William E. Crow of Uniontown as a United States senator. Mr. Crow will succeed the late Philander C. Knox.

Five armed and masked men entered the branch of the Bank of Hamilton, Ont., Tuesday, compelled all the men and women employees to lie on the floor, rifled cages and vaults and escaped with \$3000 in a motor car.

Arrangements of a temporary character designed to improve communication facilities over the cable from Guam to the island of Yap terminal are rapidly approaching completion. It was announced in Washington Monday.

The Sunshine special, which left El Paso over the Texas & Pacific railroad at 5 o'clock P. M. Monday, for the east, turned over near Vanhorn, Tex., according to reports. Doctors and nurses were rushed to the scene of the accident.

Unable to stop his bicycle, which had gotten beyond his control while going down a steep grade, Oscar Stone, 12, Omaha, Neb., collided with a horse which was feeding by the roadside near Council Bluffs, and was kicked to death Sunday.

A box containing many official papers relating to the congressional investigation of the escape of Grover C. Bergdoll, the draft dodger, and some private family documents, was stolen Tuesday night from the office of Representative Johnson, democrat, Kentucky.

The administration's peace treaties with Germany, Austria and Hungary were ratified by the senate Tuesday night, the vote on the first two being 66 to 29, or eight more than the necessary two-thirds and in the case of the Hungarian treaty, due to the absence of three senators, 66 to 17.

The schooner City of Papeete, several days overdue, arrived in San Francisco Tuesday carrying 220,000 pounds of codfish and a crew badly in need of food. The stock of provisions, according to Captain Firth, was exhausted and all aboard had been without food except fish for five days.

Princess Chin, mother of the boy emperor of China, Hsuan Tung, ousted from the throne February 12, 1912, died October 1, and it was reported she committed suicide by taking opium. The reason was attributed by reports to a quarrel between Princess Chin and the empress dowager, Princess Chun.

The threatened railroad strike was recognized in high official circles Tuesday as having developed into the first real test of the practicability of the railroad labor board. The outcome of the negotiations now in progress, it was declared, would determine whether an "entirely futile" agency has been created.

The proposed investigation of the Ku Klux Klan by congress blew up Monday. After a 10 minutes' session behind closed doors, the house rules committee, which previously had put William J. Simmons, the Klan's imperial wizard, through a rigid examination, voted unanimously not to call any more witnesses.

Orders closing the Berkeley vocational school at Boston, where 500 war veterans have been in attendance, were issued Monday by Director Forbes of the veterans' bureau, who said the school had been found to be unsanitary and unhealthy and he was satisfied that it "had been vouchering the government for services never rendered."

EX-KING CHARLES CAPTURED

Hungary Confines Fallen Monarch in Castle for Disposition of Allies.

Budapest.—Ex-Emperor Charles and ex-Empress Zita were captured Monday near Komorn and are confined in the castle at Tata-Tovaras, guarded by two companies of government troops.

Colonel Oostenburg's troops covering the retreat of the ex-rulers were forced to surrender and are prisoners. The second attempt of Charles to re-establish himself on the throne of Hungary was no more of a success than the first. There is not likely to be a third attempt, for Charles now awaits the pleasure of the allied powers as to his fate.

The episode moved so rapidly that the full details have not yet reached the capital. As far as is known at the present time Charles managed to push a trainload of troops to Budaora, a short distance from Budapest. At first he held his own against the forces of Regent Horthy, but when the Horthy troops were reinforced Charles was compelled to beat a retreat at 5 o'clock Sunday afternoon, closely followed by the Horthy forces to Herceghalom.

The retreat gained speed when it was learned that Colonel Hejjas was marching to take the Karlists in the rear and by dawn of Monday the army of Charles had melted away so fast that the Horthy forces lost all touch with them.

When he realized that the fortunes of war were going against him, Charles sent plenipotentiaries to Budapest in an endeavor to obtain terms. His efforts were unavailing. Charles' troops, realizing they had been caught between two fires—the government troops in front and the forces of Colonel Hejjas behind—they became panic stricken and Charles soon was left with only two companies of men, who were obliged to surrender.

Charles and Zita were captured near Komorn. Zita pleaded piteously to be allowed to go back to her children, but her plea was politely though firmly refused. The former royal couple were taken to the mansion of Count Esterhazy at Tata Varos, where they are being carefully guarded until the powers decide what is to be done with them.

MAIL TRUCK ROBBED; LOOT IS \$1,000,000

New York.—Three armed bandits in an automobile forced the driver of a mail truck to stop on lower Broadway late Monday night while they rifled the truck of four pouches of registered mail valued at \$1,000,000 by the postal authorities.

The truck was on its way from the city hall station to the Pennsylvania railroad terminal with 17 pouches of mail, 11 of them containing registered matter. The driver had gone only a few blocks when an automobile containing three men drew alongside. They confronted him with drawn revolvers and ordered him to slow down.

At Leonard street two men jumped from the automobile onto the truck and ordered the driver to get down from his seat.

One held a revolver to the driver's head, he said, while the other pointed his weapon at his stomach.

Forcing the driver to turn over the key, one bandit unlocked the cage and pawed over the pouches inside. Selecting four, he transferred them to the automobile, which stood at the curb with its motor running. After threatening to "blow his brains out" if he moved, the driver said, the trio moved off Broadway west through Leonard street and disappeared.

War Mothers Get Seats.

Washington, D. C.—The war department announced Monday that 1000 seats, about one-fifth of the total seating capacity of the memorial amphitheater at Arlington, Armistice day, had been reserved for gold-star mothers or other nearest relatives of men who died in the world war. Not more than two seats will be given any applicant. Applications should be addressed to the adjutant-general, Washington, D. C.

Home Canning Is Fatal.

Walla Walla, Wash.—Mrs. Catherine Ebbing, 54, is dead as the result of eating home-canned asparagus. She became ill after eating the vegetable Thursday and passed away Sunday. A portion of the canned asparagus was thrown into the chicken yard and the chickens that ate it died. Mrs. Ebbing is survived by six children. Her husband died about a year ago.

Negro Lynched By Mob.

Allendale, S. C.—Ed Kirkland, a negro, under arrest charged with killing a white farmer during an altercation over rent, was taken from deputy sheriffs Monday by a mob and lynched. Later his body was burned.

STRIKE DESERTED BY 350,000 MORE

Nine Major Rail Unions to Stay on Job October 30.

WALKOUT IS DELAYED

Clerks, Freight Handlers and Station Employees to Vote Again After Ruling of Labor Board.

Chicago.—The prospective rail strike, scheduled for October 30, was limited to approximately one-fourth of the nation's railroad employees when officials of the Brotherhood of Railway and Steamship Clerks, Freight Handlers, Express and Station Employees, representing 350,000 men, voted not to authorize a walkout by their members for the present.

The action increased the number of major rail unions which have voted not to strike to nine, and the number of railroad employees bound by such action to about three-fourths of the country's total of approximately 2,000,000.

The vote was taken in a meeting Sunday night in which some officials at first favored a walkout in protest of recent wage cuts. They finally swung over to a "no strike now" policy, but the question of quitting work will be taken up again after the labor board renders a decision on rules and working conditions.

Sunday's action by the clerks left the signal men and the telegraphers the only organizations in the 11 "standard" rail unions which may join the conductors, firemen, engineers, trainmen and switchmen in the strike they have called.

The telegraphers tentatively have aligned themselves with the "big five," but officials of this union said that the decision might be changed before October 30. The signal men have not yet voted.

While the official statement announcing the clerks' action said everything had been harmonious in the meeting, individual officials declared the decision had been made only after a vigorous debate.

The turning point in the debate came, it was said, when the officials announced that they, like the leaders of the other "standard" unions, had not been able to persuade the brotherhoods and the switchmen to agree to support them throughout the proposed strike.

When it was announced that the brotherhoods had informed the officials that their men would return to work when their personal grievances had been settled, regardless of the action of other striking unions, the sentiment swung to the "no strike" plan, it was said.

It was intimated by labor board members that the decision on rules and working conditions will not be forthcoming until after October 30, the date set for the proposed strike.

Ex-King of Hungary Reported to Be in Budapest

Vienna.—Charles, ex-king of Hungary, entered Budapest Sunday afternoon, according to a report telephoned here from Prague. This is not confirmed from other sources. All wires between Vienna and Hungary are cut.

An earlier report was to the effect that soldiers supporting ex-Emperor Charles in his second attempt to regain the throne in Hungary had reached Budaora, four miles from the capital, where sharp fighting was in progress Sunday. Regent Horthy was reported to be leading the troops against Charles.

Sound of the guns was audible in Budapest. The situation, however, in Hungary is beyond the knowledge of the Austrian foreign office, which Sunday lost communication with Budapest. There have been many rumors, including one reporting the entry of Charles into Budapest, the defection of some government forces to him, repulse of the monarchist forces and other conflicting information. It is known, however, there has been brisk fighting near Budapest.

Orient Trade Unsettled.

Washington, D. C.—Fluctuating foreign trade in the far east was noted in a monthly survey of business and economic conditions issued by the commerce department. Existing exchange rates are an essential factor in fostering China's importations, but have the reverse effect on China's exports. Advices from Tokio declared that the first half of October seemed to indicate an improvement in Japan's foreign trade.



TO SHOOT OR BLUFF?

Synopsis.—Warned by his physician that he has not more than six months to live, Dan Falling sits idly 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 Elias 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 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 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 him.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

And as for Whisperfoot—the terror that choked his heart with blood began to wear off in a little while. The man lay so still in the thickets. Besides, there was a strange, wild smell in the air. Whisperfoot's stroke had gone home so true there had not even been a fight. The darkness began to lift around him, and a strange exultation, a rapture unknown before in all his hunting, began to creep into his wild blood. Then, as a shadow steals, he went creeping back to his dead.

Dan Falling had been studying nature on the high ridges; and he went home by a back trail that led to old Bald mountain. The trail was just a narrow serpent in the brush; and it had not been made by gangs of laborers, working with shovels and picks. Possibly half a dozen white men, in all, had ever walked along it. It was just the path of the wild creatures, worn down by hoof and paw and cushion since the young days of the world.

It was a roundabout trail home, but yet it had its advantages. It took him within two miles of Snowbird's lookout station, and at this hour of day he had been particularly fortunate in finding her at a certain spring on the mountain side. It was rather a singular coincidence. Along about four he would usually find himself wandering up that way. Strangely enough, at the same time, it was true that she had an irresistible impulse to go down and sit in the green ferns beside the same spring. They always seemed to be surprised to see one another. In reality, either of them would have been considerably more surprised had the other failed to put in an appearance. And always they had long talks, as the afternoon drew to twilight.

"But I don't think you ought to wait so late before starting home," the girl would always say. "You're not a human hawk, and it is easier to get lost than you think."

And this soliloquy, Dan rightly figured, was a good sign. There was only one objection to it. It resulted in an unmistakable inference that she considered him unable to take care of himself—and that was the last thing on earth that he wanted her to think. He understood her well enough to know that her standards were the standards of the mountains, valuing strength and self-reliance above all things. He didn't stop to question why, every day, he trod so many weary miles to be with her.

She was as natural as a fawn; and many times she had quite taken away his breath. And once she did it literally. He didn't think that so long as death spared him he would ever be able to forget that experience. It was her birthday, and knowing of it in time he had arranged for the delivery of a certain package, dear to a girl's heart, at her father's house. In the trying hour he had come trudging over the hills with it, and few experiences in his life had ever yielded such unmitigated pleasure as the sight of her, glowing white and red, as she took off its wrapping paper. It was a jolly old gift, he recollected—and when she had seen it, she fairly leaped at him. Her warm, round arms around his neck, and the softest, loveliest lips in the world pressed his. But in those days he didn't have the strength that he had now. He felt he could endure

him. But because Dan had learned the lesson of standing still, because his olive-drab sporting clothes blended softly with the colored leaves, Cranston did not detect him. He turned and strode on down the trail.

He didn't move quite like a man with innocent purposes. There was something stealthy, something sinister in his stride, and the way he kept such a sharp lookout in all directions. Yet he never glanced to the trail for deer tracks, as he would have done had he been hunting. Without even waiting to meditate on the matter, Dan started to shadow him.

Before one hundred yards had been traversed, he could better understand the joy the cougar takes in his hunting. It was the same process—a cautious, silent advance in the trail of prey. He had to walk with the same caution, he had to take advantage of the thickets. He began to feel a curious excitement.

Cranston seemed to be moving more carefully now, examining the brush along the trail. Now and then he glanced up at the tree tops. And all at once he stopped and knelt in the dry shrubbery.

At first all that Dan could see was the glitter of a knife blade. Cranston seemed to be whittling a piece of dead pine into fine shavings. Now he was gathering pine needles and small twigs, making a little pile of them. And then, just as Cranston drew his match, Dan saw his purpose. Cranston was at his old trade—setting a forest fire.

For two very good reasons, Dan didn't call to him at once. The two reasons were that Cranston had a rifle and that Dan was unarmed. It might be extremely likely that Cranston would choose the most plausible and effective means of preventing an interruption of his crime, and by the same token, prevent word of the crime ever reaching the authorities. The rifle contained five cartridges, and only one was needed.

But the idea of backing out, unseen, never even occurred to Dan. The fire would have a tremendous headway before he could summon help. Although it was near the lookout station, every condition pointed to a disastrous fire. The brush was dry as tinder, not so heavy as to choke the wind, but yet tall enough to carry the flame into the tree tops. The stiff breeze up the ridge would certainly carry the flame for miles through the parched Divide before help could come. In the meantime stock and lives and homes would be endangered, besides the irreparable loss of timber. There were many things that Dan might do, but giving up was not one of them.

After all, he did the wisest thing of all. He simply came out in plain sight and unconcernedly walked down the trail toward Cranston. At the same instant, the latter struck his match.

As Dan was no longer stalking, Cranston immediately heard his step. He whirled, recognized Dan, and for one long instant in which the world seemed to have time in plenty to make a complete revolution, he stood perfectly motionless. The match flared in his dark fingers, his eyes—full of singular conjecturing—rested on Dan's face. No instant of the latter's life had ever been fraught with greater peril. He understood perfectly what was going on in Cranston's mind. The fire-brand was calmly deciding whether to shoot or whether to bluff it out. One required no more moral courage than the other. It really didn't make a great deal of difference to Cranston. But he decided that the killing was not worth the cartridge. The other course was too easy. He did not even dream that Dan had been shadowing him and had seen his intention. He would have laughed at the idea that a "tenderfoot" could thus walk behind him, unheard. Without concern, he scattered with his foot the little heap of kindling, and slipping his pipe into his mouth, he touched the flaring match to it. It was a wholly admirable little piece of acting, and would have deceived any one who had not seen his previous preparations. Then he walked on down the trail toward Dan.

Dan stopped and lighted his own pipe. It was a curious little truce. And then he leaned back against the great gray trunk of a fallen tree.

"Well, Cranston," he said civilly. The men had met on previous occasions, and always there had been the same invisible war between them.

"How do you do, Falling," Cranston replied. No perceptions could be so blunt as to miss the premeditated insult in the tone. He didn't speak in his own tongue at all, the short, guttural "Howdy" that is the greeting of the mountain men. He pronounced all the words with an exaggerated precision, an unmistakable mockery of Dan's own tone. In his accent he threw a tone of sickly sweetness, and his inference was all too plain. He was simply calling Falling a milksoop and a white-liver; just as plainly as if he had used the words.

The eyes of the two men met. Cranston's lips were slightly curled in an unmistakable leer. Dan's were very straight. And in one thing at least, their eyes looked just the same. The pupils of both pairs had contracted to steel points, bright in the dark gray of the irises. Cranston's looked somewhat red; and Dan's were only hard and bright.

Snowbird to the rescue.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)
Has to Be Clever.
"She's a clever conversationalist."
"She has to be, to cover up the breaks her husband makes."



Dan Saw His Purpose.