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.

Joseph Simmonetti was found drowned Tuesday in a vat of wine, alleged to have been illicitly made, at his home in Los Angeles, Cal.

A hydro-airplane was launched successfully Monday in tests at the Philadelphia navy-yard of a catapulting device, which sent the NC-9, a two-seated craft, into the air at a speed of 48 miles an hour from a standing start.

State department advices from Chihuahua, Mexico, report the capture Monday of four Americans by Mexican bandits. Payment of 25,000 pesos was demanded for their release, which was finally brought about by payment of only 5000 pesos.

Examination of the estate of George Goodwin, one of the trainmen who lost their lives in the Pallister tunnel wreck near Kamloops, B. C., Tuesday revealed that he owned a painting pronounced the work of an old master and valued at $60,000.

Between 275 and 300 union miners employed at mine No. 26 of the New York Coal company at Floodwood, Ohio, went on strike Tuesday morning as a protest against the check-off injunction issued by Judge Anderson in federal court at Indianapolis.

Joseph P. O'Neill, ex-chief federal prohibition inspector for Wisconsin and ex-chairman of the democratic state central committee, as well as an ex-saloonkeeper, was arrested Tuesday by federal agents, charged with conspiracy to violate the Volstead act.

Incil Chambers of Post field, Fort Sill, Oklahoma, Tuesday broke what officials say is the record for high altitude parachute jumping, when he leaped approximately 26,000 feet from an army plane. The stunt was performed in connection with the American Legion flying meet.

The body of Mrs. William F. Cody now lies in the grave with her husband, "Buffalo Bill," famous scout and Indian fighter, at the top of Lookout mountain, near Golden, Colo. More than 100 persons attended the brief Episcopal ceremony at the mountain top overlooking the plains of Colorado.

Grain prices in Chicago underwent a severe tumble Tuesday, carrying wheat and oats down to the lowest level reached for 1921. About 6 cents a bushel was cut from the value of wheat for future delivery, May touching $1.06½, as compared with $1.12⅝ to $1.12½ at Monday's finish. Lack of buying was a feature.

What was declared to be an ultimatum was delivered Monday to the Hungarian government by representatives of Great Britain, France and Italy, in behalf of the entente, demanding that Charles be handed over to the commander of the British squadron, and the immediate proclamation of his deposition as king.

British delegates to the conference on limitation of armaments will go to Washington resolved that, short of compromising the safety of the empire or its sea security, they will go to almost any lengths to meet other great naval powers in a mutual and proportionate effort to relieve their people from the burden of competitive armament.

After passing Monday discussing the soldiers' bonus, the senate voted to retain in the tax revision bill $75,000,000 of taxes on corporations which had been proposed for repeal, and lopped off a number of the excise levies now in force. An amendment proposing a graduated corporation capital stock tax at rates of $1 on each $1000 of stock between $5000 and $3,000,000, and $2 per $1000 on all over $3,000,000 was adopted.

The matter of proceeding to procure further reductions in railroad employes' wages with the object of reducing rates is "well in hand" with the various roads and necessary moves to bring the question before the interstate commerce commission and the railroad labor board will be taken at once, T. DeWitt Cuyler, chairman of the railway executives' association, said in a telegram to W. H. Chandler, president of the Industrial Traffic league.

TAX BILL PASSED BY SENATE

Reduction in Nation's Levy by Approximately $750,000,000 Likely.

Washington, D. C.—The much-revised tax-revision bill finally was passed in the senate at 1:35 A. M. Tuesday after a session lasting more than 15 hours. It still must run the gauntlet of the senate and house conferees before it reaches the president.

The vote was 38 to 24, three republicans—La Follette, Moses and Norris—voting against the bill, and one democrat—Broussard—supporting it.

As now drawn, the bill is estimated by treasury experts to yield approximately $3,250,000,000 for the fiscal year ending next June 30, or $200,000,000 less than the existing law. If all of the changes proposed become effective, however, the measure ultimately will reduce the nation's tax bill by approximately $750,000,000.

Features of the tax revision bill provide repeal of the excess profits tax and all transportation taxes on next January 1 and a reduction of the surtax rates, with the maximum rate reduced from 65 to 50 per cent. The bill also would repeal taxes on:

Parcel post packages.

Proprietary medicines, toilet soaps and toilet soap powders, tooth pastes, tooth and mouth washes, toilet powders and petroleum jellies. (Stamp taxes.)

Pianos and other musical instruments.

Umbrellas, parasols, sunshades, picture frames and articles of wearing apparel costing in excess of certain amounts (so-called luxury taxes).

Insurance premiums.

Articles made of fur.

Moving picture films.

Ice cream.

Chewing gum.

Sporting goods, including billiard balls and tables, pool tables and dice.

Admissions where the cost does not exceed 10 cents.

Pleasure boats and canoes costing less than $100.

Thermos and thermomatic bottles and jugs.

Portable electric fans.

Bonds of indemnity and surety (stamp taxes.)

Taxes proposed to be reduced include those on:

Individual incomes of $5000 or less through increased exemption of $500 to heads of families and $200 for each dependent.

Candies from 5 to 3 per cent.

Capital stock issues having a par value of less than $100 a share (stamp taxes).

Cereal beverages from 15 per cent of the sale price to two cents a gallon.

Unfermented fruit juices from 10 per cent of the sale price to two cents a gallon.

Carbonated beverages from 10 per cent of the sale price to 2 cents a gallon plus 5 cents a gallon on the syrups used in their manufacture.

Taxes proposed to be increased include:

Corporation income from 10 to 15 per cent.

Corporations through repeal of the $2000 normal exemption on those having a capital stock in excess of $25,000.

Estate taxes where the total sum exceeds $10,000,000.

Medicinal beer, wine (except champagne) and whisky.

Alcohol when diverted unlawfully for beverage purposes, from 2.2 a gallon to $6.40 a gallon.

Taxes proposed to be changed include:

Stamp levies on perfumes, essences, toilet waters, extracts, hair oils, etc., to manufacturers, levies at 4 per cent.

Retail taxes on fountain drinks to manufacturers, levies of 7½ cents a gallon on finished fountain syrups for such drinks.

Retail luxury taxes on carpets, rugs, trunks, valises, traveling bags suitcases, hat boxes, purses, pocketbooks, shopping and handbags, portable lighting fixtures including lamps of all kinds and lamp shades, and fans costing in excess of certain amounts, to manufacturers, taxes of 5 per cent.

New taxes include:

Levies on gifts of property by any person at rates ranging from 1 per cent on the amount between $20,000 and $50,000, to 25 per cent of $10,000,000 or more.

Manufacturers' tax of 3 per cent on carbonic acid gas to make up part of the revenue lost in repealing the soda water taxes.

Crime Held on Decline.

Washington, D. C.—Attorney-General Daugherty, who, with Chief Justice Taft, appeared before the house judiciary committee Monday in connection with legislation providing for additional federal judges, told the committee there was evidence that the recent "crime wave" was gradually diminishing. "But when we have returned to normal conditions the increase in civil litigation will more than make up for less criminal cases."

Freight Rise Delayed.

Washington, D. C.—Schedules proposing to increase freight rates between California, Oregon and Washington by 35 per cent on classified shipments by the South Pacific and the Oregon-Washington Railroad & Navigation lines was suspended Saturday by the interstate commerce commission until March 6.

The increases would have gone into effect November 6.

Needle Found in Heart.

Minneapolis, Minn. — A cambric needle was removed from the heart of Dawson Sandles, 2 years old, at the Elliott Memorial hospital at the University of Minnesota late Monday in what surgeons term a most remarkable surgical operation. He is expected to recover.

JAPANESE CABINET RESIGNS IN BODY

Emperor Orders All Members to Keep Office Awhile.

NO CHANGE OF POLICY

Hara Said to Have Died Without Word After He Was Stabbed—Throne Honors Late Minister.

Tokio.—The Japanese cabinet resigned office after a meeting of the members held Saturday morning.

The resignation of the cabinet, which came as a direct result of the assassination of Premier Hara Friday, will not cause any immediate change in the government, as the ministry, in obedience to imperial injunction, will continue in office until further notice from the throne.

There will be no change in the policy, either diplomatic or domestic, especially with the Washington conference on limitation of armaments and far-eastern problems, acting Premier Uchida stated.

"The delegates will put forth their best efforts for the sake of world peace, in pursuance of the fundamental policies on armament limitation already laid down in the name of the government," he said.

Viscount Uchida will take up the affairs of the ministry of marine, to which Premier Hara had been giving attention after the departure of Admiral Kato, the head of that ministry, for the Washington conference.

The Japanese ministry, deprived of its head through the knife of an assassin Friday, when Premier Hara was stabbed to death by a demented youth, was continuing to function under Viscount Uchida, the foreign minister, to whose designation as acting premier the imperial approval was given at the palace shortly after the tragedy.

Within an hour after the assassination of the premier the cabinet met in extraordinary session, Viscount Uchida presiding. Immediately upon the conclusion of the cabinet session, Viscount Uchida, accompanied by Minister of the Interior Tokomani, went to the palace and secured the imperial approval to the designation of the viscount as temporary premier, which had been decided upon at the cabinet session.

Scant information was available at first regarding the identity of the youth at whose hands Premier Hara fell, but it became known that the assassin was a son of a former member of the Samurai, or soldier class, constituting the lower nobility under the Japanese feudal system, who had been a man of importance during the restoration period. The son, it appears, was of an erratic nature, and is regarded as a political fanatic. He was arrested immediately after the stabbing. Detective Tsunajima, who was escorting Premier Hara, was badly cut on the arm and hands in disarming the assassin.

CARCASS BEEF BACK TO PRE-WAR PRICE

Chicago.—The average wholesale price of carcass beef is back to the level prevailing in 1914, according to figures made public Sunday in a review of the meat and livestock situation during October, issued by the Institute of American Meat Packers.

The average wholesale price of carcass beef in 1914 approximated 12 cents, the report said, while at the end of October, 1921, it was between 11½ and 12 cents. Some grades, however, are selling higher, while others are selling lower, it was stated.

A normal volume of production has been maintained in the packing industry for the first nine months of 1921 as compared with the first nine months of 1913, said the statement.

The total of all kinds of federal inspected meat animals for the first nine months of 1921 is given at 47,184,934, while for the same period in 1913 the number was 41,323,010.

Government figures showing stocks of meat in cold storage indicate there was no heavy surplus left on hand as a result of the volume of production, the report says.

Holstein Breaks Record.

Waupaca, Wis.—Wisconsin Pride II, purebred Holstein Friesian cow, owned by John Erickson, has just completed a yearly record which gives her the world's championship in the senior 3-year-old class with a production of 1327.94 pounds of butter from 20,502.9 pounds of milk.

The figures exceed by a considerable margin the former record held by Lady Aggie Echo Hengerveld, a California cow.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

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The rains fell unceasingly for seven days: not a downpour but a constant drizzle that made the distant ridges smoke. The parched earth seemed to smack its lips, and little rivulets began to fall and tumble over the beds of the dry streams. All danger of forest fire was at once removed, and Snowbird was no longer needed as a lookout on old Bald mountain. She went to her own home, her companion back to the valley; and now that his sister had taken his place as housekeeper, Bill had gone down to the lower foothills with a great part of the live stock. Dan spent these rainy days in toil on the hillsides, building himself physically so that he might pay his debts.

It was no great pleasure, these rainy days. He would have greatly liked to have lingered in the square mountain house, listening to the quiet murmur of the rain on the roof and watching Snowbird at her household tasks. She could, as her father had said, make a biscuit. She could also roll up sleeves over trim, brown arms and with entire good humor do a week's laundry for three hard-working men. He would have liked to sit with her, through the long afternoons, as she knitted beside the fireplace—to watch the play of her graceful fingers and perhaps, now and then, to touch her hands when he held the skeins. But none of these things transpired. He drove himself from daylight till dark, developing his body for the tests that were sure to come.

The first few days nearly killed him. He over-exercised in the chill rain, and one anxious night he developed all the symptoms of pneumonia. Such a sickness would have been the one thing needed to make the doctor's prophecy come true. But with Snowbird's aid, and numerous hot drinks, he fought it off.

She had made him go to bed, and no human memory could be so dull as to forget the little, whispered message that she gave him with his last spoonful of medicine. She said she'd pray for him, and she meant it too—literal, entreating prayer that could not go unheard. She was a mountain girl, and her beliefs were those of her ancestors—simple and true and wholly without affectation. But he hadn't relaxed thereafter. He knew the time had come to make the test. Night after night he would go to bed half-sick from fatigue, but the mornings would find him fresh. And after two weeks, he knew he had passed the crisis and was on the direct road to complete recovery.

Sometimes he cut wood in the forest: first the felling of some tall pine, then the trimming and hewing into two-foot lengths. The blisters came on his hands, broke and bled, but finally hardened into callosities. He learned the most effective stroke to hurl a shower of chips from beneath the blade. His back and limbs hardened from the handling of heavy wood—and the cough was practically gone. His frame filled out. His face became swarthy from constant exposure. He gained in weight.

One cloudy afternoon in early November found Silas Lennox cutting wood on the ridge behind his house. It was still an open question with him whether he and his daughter would attempt to winter on the Divide. Dan of course wanted to remain, yet there were certain reasons, some very definite and others extremely vague, why the prospect of the winter in the snow fields did not appeal to the mountaineer. In the first place, all signs pointed to a hard season. Although the fall had come late, the snows were exceptionally early. The duck flight was completed two weeks before its usual time, and the rodents had dug their burrows unusually deep. Besides, too many months of snow weigh heavily upon the spirit. The wolf packs sing endlessly on the ridges, and many unpleasant things may happen. On previous years, some of the cabins on the ridges below had human occupants; this winter the whole region, for nearly seventy miles across the mountains to the foothills, would be wholly deserted by human beings. Even the ranger station, twelve miles across a steep ridge, would soon be empty. Of course a few ranchers had homes a few miles beyond the river, but the wild cataracts did not freeze in the coldest of seasons, and there were no bridges. Besides, most of the more prosperous farmers wintered in the valleys. Only a few more days would the road be passable for his car; and no time must be lost in making his decision.

Once the snows came in reality, there was nothing to do but stay. Seventy miles across the uncharted ridges on snowshoes is an undertaking for which even a mountaineer has no fondness. It might be the wisest thing, after all, to load Snowbird and Dan into his car and drive down to the valleys. The fall roundup would soon be completed, Bill would return for a few days from the valleys with new equipment to replace the broken lighting system on the car, and they could avoid the bitter cold and snow that Lennox had known so long. He chopped at a great log and wondered what would suit him better—the comfort and safety of the valleys or the rugged glory of the ridges.

But at that instant, the question of whether or not he would winter on the Divide was decided for him. And an instant was all that was needed. For the period of one breath he forgot to be watchful—and a certain dread Spirit that abides much in the forest saw its chance. Perhaps he had lived too long in the mountains and grown careless of them: an attitude that is usually punished with death. He had just felled a tree, and the trunk was still attached to the stump by a strip of bark to which a little of the wood adhered. He struck a furious blow at it with his ax.

He hadn't considered that the tree lay on a steep slope. As the blade fell, the great trunk simply seemed to leap. Lennox leaped too, in a frenzied effort to save his life; but already the leafy bows, like the tendrils of some great amphibian, had whipped around his legs. He fell, struggling; and then a curious darkness, streaked with flame, dropped down upon him.

An hour later he found himself lying on the still hillside, knowing only a great wonderment. At first his only impulse was to go back to sleep. He didn't understand the grayness that

He Fell Struggling.

had come upon the mountain world, his own strange feeling of numbness, of endless soaring through infinite spaces. But he was a mountain man, and that meant he was schooled, beyond all things, to keep his self-control. He made himself remember. Yes—he had been cutting wood on the hillside, and the shadows had been long. He had been wondering whether or not they should go down to the valleys.

He remembered now: the last blow and the rolling log. He tried to turn his head to look up to the hill.

He found himself wholly unable to do it. Something wracked him in his neck when he tried to move. But he did glance down. And yes, he could turn in this direction. And he saw the great tree trunk lying twenty feet below him, wedged in between the young pines.

He was surrounded by broken fragments of limbs, and it was evident that the tree had not struck him a full blow. The limbs had protected him to some extent. No man is of such mold as to be crushed under the solid weight of the trunk and live to remember it. He wondered if this were the frontier of death—the grayness that lingered over him. He seemed to be soaring.

He brought himself back to earth and tried again to remember. Of course, the twilight had fallen. It had been late afternoon when he had cut the tree. His hand stole along his body; and then, for the first time, a hideous sickness came upon him. His hand was warm and wet when he brought it up. The other hand he couldn't stretch at all.

The forest was silent around him, except a bird calling somewhere near the house—a full voice, rich and clear, and it seemed to him that it had a quality of distress. Then he recognized it. It was the voice of his own daughter, Snowbird, calling for him. He tried to answer her.

It was only a whisper, at first. Yet she was coming nearer; and her own voice sounded louder. "Here, Snowbird," he called again. She heard him then: he could tell by the startled tone of her reply. The next instant she was at his side, her tears dropping on his face.

With a tremendous effort of will he recalled his speeding faculties. "I don't think I'm badly hurt," he told her very quietly. "A few ribs broken—and a leg. But we'll have to winter here on the Divide, Snowbird mine."

"What does it matter, if you live?" she cried. She crawled along the pine needles beside him, and tore his shirt from his breast. He was rapidly sinking into unconsciousness. The thing she dreaded most—that his back might be broken—was evidently not true. There were, as he said, broken ribs and evidently one severe fracture of the leg bone. Whether he had sustained internal injuries that would end his life before the morning, she had no way of knowing.

At this point, the problem of saving her father's life fell wholly into her hands. His broken body could not be carried over the mountain road to physicians in the valleys. They must be transported to the ranch. It would take them a full day to make the trip, even if she could get word to them at once; and twenty-four hours without medical attention would probably cost her father his life. The nearest telephone was at the ranger station, twelve miles distant over a mountain trail. The telephone line to Bald mountain, four miles off, had been disconnected when the rains had ended the peril of the forest fire.

It all depended upon her. Bill was driving cattle into the valleys, and he and his men had in use all the horses on the ranch with one exception. The remaining horse had been ridden by Dan to some distant marshes, and as Dan would shoot until sunset, that meant he would not return until ten o'clock. There was no road for a car to the ranger station, only a rough steep trail, and she remembered, with a sinking heart, that one of Bill's missions in the valley was to procure a new lighting system. By no conceivable possibility could she drive down that mountain road in the darkness. But she was somewhat relieved by the thought that in all probability she could walk twelve miles across the mountains to the ranger station in much less time than she could drive, by automobile, seventy miles down to the ranches at the foothills about the valley.

Besides, she remembered with a gladdening heart that Richards, one of the rangers, had been a student at a medical college and had taken a position with the forest service to regain his health. She would cross the ridge to the station, phone for a doctor in the valleys, and would return on horseback with Richards for such first aid as he could give. The only problem that remained was that of getting her father into the house.

He was stirring a little now. Evidently consciousness was returning to him. And then she thanked heaven for the few simple lessons in first aid that her father had taught her in the days before carelessness had come upon him. One of his lessons had been that of carrying an unconscious human form—a method by which even a woman may carry, for a short distance, a heavy man. It was approximately the method used in carrying wounded in No Man's Land: the body thrown over the shoulders, one arm through the fork of the legs to the wounded man's hand. Her father was not a particularly heavy man, and she was an exceptionally strong young woman. She knew at once that this problem was solved.

The hardest part was lifting him to her shoulders. Only by calling upon her last ounce of strength, and tugging upward with her arms, was she able to do it. But it was fairly easy, in her desperation, to carry him down the hill. What rest she got she took by leaning against a tree, the limp body still across her shoulders.

It was a distance of one hundred yards in all. No muscles but those trained by the outdoors, no lungs except those made strong by the mountain air, could have stood that test. She laid him on his own bed, on the lower floor, and set his broken limbs the best she could. She covered him up with thick, fleecy blankets, and set a bottle of whisky beside the bed. Then she wrote a note to Dan and fastened it upon one of the interior doors.

She drew on her hob-nailed boots—needed sorely for the steep climb—and pocketed her pistol. She thrust a handful of jerked venison into the pocket of her coat and lighted the lantern. The forest night had fallen, soft and vibrant and tremulous, over the heads of the dark trees when she started out.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Remarkable Diary.

Pepys' diary is a unique work by Samuel Pepys (1632-1703), giving a curious and faithful account of the times in England from 1659 to 1669. It includes almost every phase of public and social life, from the gayeties of the court to the pettiest detail of week-day existence. The book is written in shorthand, and was not discovered until a century after the author's death. It was deciphered and published (although in a mutilated form) by Lord Braybrooke in 1825.

Duty Still Is to Give.

It is another's fault if he is ungrateful, but is mine if I do not give. To find one thankful man I will oblige a great many that are not so.—Seneca.