

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.

Six men convicted of having violated the California syndicalist law were sentenced Tuesday to serve from one to 14 years in San Quentin prison.

Vilhjalmur Stefansson, Arctic explorer, announced from Kansas City Tuesday night that a party he had sent from Nome, Alaska, to Wrangel Island, about 100 miles north of Siberia, to establish a base for what he said would be a huge British exploring party into the north, had arrived safely at its destination.

The volcano Bulusan, in Sorsogon province, is in eruption, according to reports received in Manila, P. I. The volcano is pouring out a column of vapor and ashes and leaving a deposit of ashes several inches deep over surrounding territory.

The death Monday night of Mrs. J. W. Lee, wife of a Danwell county, South Carolina planter, was the fourth in the family within the past week as a result of an alleged poisoned well on the farm. Mr. Lee was reported in a critical condition.

The treaty of peace between Austria and the United States became effective Tuesday with the exchange of ratifications by the two governments between Austrian Chancellor Schober and Arthur Hugh Frazier, American commissioner in Vienna.

Mrs. Emma C. Bergdoll, who has been ordered to vacate "Bergdoll castle," which the government maintains is owned by her son, Grover C. Bergdoll, draft evader, has sent the government a bill for \$10,000 a year for her services as caretaker.

Appropriation of \$16,200,000 as a loan to continue development of authorized reclamation projects was proposed in a bill introduced Monday by Senator McNary, republican, Oregon. He and other western senators said funds were needed urgently.

The era of high shoe prices is practically ended and in the near future good shoes can be purchased for \$3.50 and \$4. I. Q. White, president of the I. N. White Shoe company of Bridge water, Mass., told the state board of conciliation and arbitration Tuesday.

Known casualties in Kentucky's election Tuesday night stood at 11 dead and seven wounded. Seven men were killed in two affrays in Breathitt county; a man and a woman were wounded in Louisville, and one man was killed and two others seriously wounded in Estill county.

Three hard rock workmen at the Houser construction camp on the John Day highway, Oregon, between Mayville and Condon, were killed by a premature blast of giant powder at 10 o'clock Monday. Only one of the bodies was found. It had been blown 250 yards from the scene of the explosion.

The American Legion soldier bonus bill passed the senate in Jefferson City, Mo., late Tuesday by unanimous vote of the 28 senators present and was taken to the house and given its first reading there. The measure provides for the issuance of \$10,000,000 in bonds to cover cash payments to former service men, and was authorized at the last general election.

The Pekin government has taken steps to recognize all its foreign obligations and to insure prompt payment of all its foreign loans. It was stated in an official reply Tuesday to the recent message from Charles Evans Hughes, American secretary of state, calling attention to the serious situation created by China's failure to meet her overdue loan of the Continental & Commercial Trust & Savings company of Chicago.

With orders to shoot to kill if necessary to prevent mail robberies, 1000 marines were ordered to duty Tuesday as guards of mail trains and trucks and at postoffices in 15 cities. The men will be armed with pistols and sawed-off shot guns. Postmaster General Hays announced after a conference with Major-General Lejeune, commandant of the marine corps. The marines are to be replaced eventually, he said, by a special force recruited from the postal service.

ENGLAND ACCEPTS IN PART

Elastic Replacement Program for Navies Is Said to Be Desired.

Washington, D. C.—Great Britain Monday announced its acceptance in principle of the American proposals for limitation of naval armament. The acceptance, as it will be laid before the conference, will be based on what are described as "certain definite modifications."

Japan's acceptance, "in principle" at least, has been forecast by statements by Baron Admiral Kato and others of the Japanese delegation.

Great Britain's stand contemplates an alteration of the plan in several important details.

Great Britain's reservations are substantially described this way:

Instead of a flat ten-year holiday, Great Britain wants the replacement programme to be an elastic one—spread over a period of years.

Great Britain would like to see the submarine outlawed from naval warfare. Failing this, she wants to see their tonnage and equipment distinctly limited. She feels that the submarine fleets allowed by the American programme are too great. She has never had so large a submarine fleet as the proposals would allow her.

The United States, Great Britain feels, would have her at a disadvantage in airplane-carrying ships, under the American proposals, because, while Great Britain has an equipment of these craft, the United States would have to build new the number allotted. They would be of later design and of superior improvements, while British ships would be obsolete.

Great Britain wants the replacement programme spread over a period of years, because, British naval experts argue, the programme could be carried on with a small equipment of building plant at a small scale, probably a ship at a time. If a flat ten-year holiday were to be declared, they say, facilities for making a wholesale replacement after ten years would have to be kept in organization, and, although great fleets of warships might be consigned to the junk pile, facilities for replacing them still would exist.

Such a programme, the British naval experts say, does not go to the root of the question. Therefore they will propose that, for instance, a one-ship production equipment be left to each nation to fit in with a replacement programme extending over a period of years, and that the immense properties, equipment, technical staffs and other organization which would have to be kept in readiness to take up a replacement programme in ten years be dispensed with.

SCRAPPING TO COST U. S. \$500,000,000

Washington, D. C.—Actual cost to the United States for the scrapping of the present naval building programme, naval officials estimated Monday, would be between \$400,000,000 and \$500,000,000, exclusive of any salvage plan. In his statement to the conference Secretary Hughes said that the work already done had cost \$330,000,000, but these figures do not include costs incident to abandonment of the ships under construction.

Assistant Secretary Roosevelt said that the American programme would save the government about \$200,000,000 in naval expenditures. The figure is the difference between the total cost of completion of the ships, about \$600,000,000, and what scrapping would cost. Included in the scrapping costs are allowances for reimbursement of contractors for work they have been compelled to do in their yards in preparation for building the huge craft.

There is no intention by the government to stop work on the new ships until an agreement actually is reached by the conference and ratified by the governments.

Army Transport Raided.

San Francisco.—A customs raid on an army transport was made Monday for the first time in the history of the port, according to customs officials, who gathered in 134 bottles of liquor concealed in doubled walls of the engineers' quarters on the transport Logan on its arrival from the far east. Seizures on the Logan and two Standard Oil company tankers netted more than \$11,000 worth of liquor, customs officials said.

Diplomats Dodge Post.

Berlin.—The question of German diplomatic representation at Washington is still unsettled, the cabinet not yet being able to find an eligible politician willing to undertake the expense at the present rate of exchange. A cabinet official Saturday permitted the inference to be drawn that the German government still hopes that Washington will dispense temporarily with the naming of a full-fledged ambassador.

WORLD IS ASKED TO CURB NAVIES

Conference Delegates Stunned
By Drastic U. S. Plan

10-YEAR HALT URGED

Reduction Would Be Started Within 3
Months After Agreement—Hughes
Gives Out Programme.

Washington, D. C.—More drastic and far-reaching than the most ardent advocate of disarmament dared hope, America's proposals were suddenly laid before the arms conference Saturday at its first session by Secretary Hughes.

A ten-year naval holiday is the proposal, and the United States, Great Britain and Japan shall scrap 66 capital ships aggregating 1,878,043 tons.

Within three months after the conclusion of an agreement, the United States would have 18 capital ships, Great Britain 22 and Japan 10. Tonnage of the three nations, respectively, would be 500,550, 604,450 and 299,700.

Ships when 20 years old might be replaced and the replacement scheme is 500,000 tons for the United States, 500,000 tons for Great Britain and 300,000 tons for Japan. No replacements could exceed 35,000 tons.

The United States would scrap 30 capital ships, aggregating 943,740 tons; Great Britain 19, aggregating 583,375 tons, and Japan 17, aggregating 448,928 tons.

The figures include old ships to be scrapped, ships building or for which material has been assembled.

Characterized by Baron Kato, chief Japanese delegate, as "very far-reaching," but probably suitable as a basis for discussion, and by Mr. Balfour, head of the British delegation, as "a statesmanlike utterance, pregnant with infinite possibilities and most hopeful of satisfactory results," the American proposal, concrete and detailed, fell on the opening moments of the great conference like a bombshell. Foreign delegates were stunned.

The principal features of the American plan propose:

That for not less than ten years competitive naval building cease as between Great Britain and the United States and Japan.

That all capital ships building or planned be scrapped and a few recently placed in the water be destroyed within three months of ratification of the agreement.

That the older ships also be destroyed, reducing the British force to 22 battleships, the American to 18 and the Japanese to 10, each ship to be retained being named.

That during the agreement no capital craft be laid down except under a detailed replacement scheme included in the proposal which would provide for ultimate equality of the British and American fleets and for a Japanese force at 60 per cent of the strength of either of the two.

That all other naval craft be similarly provided for in the same ratio, specific figures for aggregate tonnage in each class being laid down.

That naval aircraft be disregarded in the scaling down processes as a problem incapable of solution owing to the convertibility of commercial aircraft for war purposes.

That no naval building be undertaken in any of the three countries on foreign account during the agreement.

That no capital ships hereafter laid down exceed 35,000 tons.

That the life of a battleship shall be fixed at 20 years and that ships to be replaced be destroyed before the replacement vessel is more than three months past completion.

That no battleship replacement whatever be undertaken for 10 years from date of the agreement.

That no combat craft be acquired except by construction, and none be so disposed of that it might become part of another navy.

Church Support Urged.

Atlantic City, N. J.—The executive commission of the Presbyterian general assembly was urged by Dr. Robert Brown, general secretary of the board of foreign missions, to support the Washington conference. He also made a plea for \$5,824,000 to carry on the work of the board next year. Dr. H. C. Swearingen of St. Paul, the moderator, expressed doubt about the aggregate budget's reaching the total of last year, \$12,000,000.



CHAPTER IV. —13—

Snowbird felt very glad of her intimate, accurate knowledge of the whole region of the Divide. In her infancy the winding trails had been her playground, and long ago she had acquired the mountaineer's sixth sense for traversing them at night. She had need of that knowledge now. She slipped into her free, swinging stride; and the last beams from the windows of the house were soon lost in the pines behind her. It was one of those silent, breathless nights with which no mountaineer is entirely unacquainted, and for a long time the only sound she could hear was her own soft tramp in the pine needles. The trees themselves were motionless. That peculiar sound, not greatly different from that of running water which the wind often makes in the pine tops, was entirely lacking. Not that she could be deceived by it—as stories tell that certain tenderfeet, dying of thirst in the barren hills, have been. But she always liked the sound; and she missed it especially tonight.

She felt that if she would stop to listen, there would be many faint sounds in the thickets—those little hushed noises that the wild things make to remind night-wanderers of their presence. But she did not in the least care to hear these sounds. They do not tend toward peace of mind on a long walk over the ridges. The wilderness began at once. Whatever influence toward civilization her father's house had brought to the wilds chopped off as beneath a blade in the first fringe of pines. This is altogether characteristic of the Oregon forests. They are much too big and too old to be tamed in any large degree by the presence of one house. No one knew this fact better than Lennox himself who, in a hard winter of four years before, had looked out of his window to find the wolf pack ranged in a hungry circle about his house. Within two hundred yards after she had passed through her father's door, she was perfectly aware that the wild was stirring and throbbing with life about her. At first she tried very hard to think of other things. But the attempt wasn't entirely a success. And before she had covered the first of the twelve miles, the sounds that from the first had been knocking at the door of her consciousness began to make an entrance.

If a person lies still long enough, he can usually hear his heart beating and the flow of his blood in his arteries. Any sound, no matter how faint, will make itself heard at last. It was this way with a very peculiar noise that crept up through the silence from the trail behind her. She wouldn't give it any heed at first. But in a very little while indeed, it grew so insistent that she could no longer disregard it.

Some living creature was trotting along on the trail behind, keeping approximately the same distance between them.

Foregoing any attempt to ignore it, she set her cool young mind to thinking what manner of beast it might be. Its step was not greatly different from that of a large dog—except possibly a dog would have made slightly more noise. Yet she couldn't even be sure of this basic premise, because this animal, whatever it might be, had at first seemingly moved with utmost caution, but now took less care with its step than is customary with the wild denizens of the woods. A wolf, for instance, can simply drift when it wishes, and the silence of a cougar is a name. Yet unless her pursuer were a dog, which seemed entirely unlikely, it was certainly one of these two. She would have liked very much to believe the step was that of Old Wolf the bear, suddenly curious as to what this dim light of hers might be; but she couldn't bring herself to accept the lie. Wolf, except when wounded or cornered, is the most amiable creature in the Oregon woods, and it would give her almost a sense of security to have him waddling along behind her. The wolves and cougar, remembering the arms of Wolf, would not be nearly so curious. But unfortunately, the black bear had never done such a thing in the memory of man, and if he had, he would have made six times as much noise. He can go fairly softly when he is stalking, but when he is obliged to trot—as he would be obliged to do to keep up with a swift-walking human figure—he cracks twigs like a rolling log. She had the impression that the animal behind had been passing like smoke at first, but wasn't taking the trouble to do it now.

The sound was a soft pat-pat on the trail—sometimes entirely obliterated but always recurring when she began to believe that she had only fancied its presence. Sometimes a twig, rain-soaked though it was, cracked beneath

a heavy foot, and again and again she heard the brush crushing and rustling as something passed through. Sometimes, when the trail was covered with soft pine needles, it was practically indistinguishable.

The animal was approximately one hundred feet behind. It wasn't a wolf, she thought. The wolves ran in packs this season, and except in winter were more afraid of human beings than any other living creature. It wasn't a lynx—one of those curiosity-devoured little felines that will mew all day on a trail and never dare come near. It was much too large for a lynx. The feet fell too solidly. There were no dogs in the mountains to follow at heel; and she had no desire whatever to meet Shag, the faithful hybrid that used to be her guardian in the hills. For Shag had gone to his well-deserved rest several seasons before. Two other possibilities remained. One was that this follower was a human being, the other that it was a cougar.

Ordinarily a human being is much more potentially dangerous to a woman in the hills at night than a cougar. A cougar is an abject coward and some men are not. But Snowbird felt herself entirely capable of handling any human toes. They would have no advantage over her; they would have no purpose in killing from ambush; and she trusted to her own marksmanship implicitly. While it is an extremely difficult thing to shoot at a cougar leaping from the thicket, a tall man standing on a trail presents an easy target. Besides, she had a vague sense of discomfort that if this animal were a cougar, he wasn't acting true to form. He was altogether too bold.

The animal on the trail behind her was taking no care at all to go silently. He was simply pat-patting along,



She Heard the Steps Again.

wholly at his ease. He acted as if the fear that men have instilled in his breed was somehow missing. And that is why she instinctively tried to hurry on the trail.

The step kept pace. For a long mile, up a barren ridge, she heard every step it made. Then, as the brush closed deeper around her, she couldn't hear it at all.

She hurried on, straining to the silence. No, the sound was stopped. Could it be that the animal, fearful at last, had turned from her trail? And then for the first time a gasp that was not greatly different from a despairing sob caught at her throat. She heard the steps again, and they were in the thickets just beside her.

Two hours before Snowbird had left the house, on her long tramp to the ranger station, Dan had started home. He hadn't shot until sunset, as he had planned.

He rode one of Lennox's cattle ponies, the only piece of horse-flesh that Bill had not taken to the valleys when he had driven down the live stock. She was a pretty bay, a spirited, high-bred mare that could whip about on her hind legs at the touch of the rein on her neck. She made good time along the trail. And an hour before sunset he passed the only human habitation between the marsh and Lennox's house—the cabin that had been recently occupied by Landy Hildreth.

He glanced at the place as he passed and saw that it was deserted. No smell of wood smoke remained in the air. Evidently Landy had gone down to the settlements with his precious testimony in regard to the

arson ring. Yet it was curious that no word had been heard of him. As far as Dan knew, neither the courts nor the forest service had taken action.

He hurried on, four miles farther. The trail entered the heavy thickets, and he had to ride slowly. It was as wild a section as could be found on the whole Divide. And just as he came to a little cleared space, three strange, dark birds hung up on wide-spreading wings.

He knew them at once. All mountaineers come to know them before their days are done. They were the buzzards, the followers of the dead. And what they were doing in the thicket just beside the trail, Dan did not dare to think.

Of course they might be feeding on the body of a deer, mortally wounded by some hunter. He resolved to ride by without investigating. He glanced up. The buzzards were hovering in the sky, evidently waiting for him to pass. Then, mostly to relieve a curious sense of discomfort in his own mind, he stopped his horse and dismounted.

The twilight had started to fall, and already its first grayness had begun to soften the harder lines of forest and hill. And after his first glance at the curious white heap beside the trail, he was extremely glad that it had. But there was no chance to mistake the thing. The elements and much more terrible agents had each wrought their change, yet there was grisly evidence in plenty to show what had occurred. Dan didn't doubt for an instant but that it was the skeleton of Landy Hildreth.

He forced himself to go nearer. The buzzards were almost done, and one white bone from the shoulder gave unmistakable evidence of the passage of a bullet. What had happened thereafter, he could only guess.

He got back quickly on his horse. He understood, now, why nothing had been heard of the evidence that Landy Hildreth was to turn over to the courts as to the activities of the arson ring. Some one—probably Bert Cranston himself—had been waiting on the trail. Others had come thereafter. And his lips set in his resolve to let this murder measure in the debt he had to pay Cranston.

The Lennox house seemed very silent when, almost an hour later, he turned his horse into the corral. He had rather hoped that Snowbird would be at the door to meet him. The darkness had just fallen, and all the lamps were lighted. He strode into the living room, warming his hands in an instant beside the fireplace. The fire needed fuel. It had evidently been neglected for nearly an hour.

Then he called Snowbird. His voice echoed in the silent room, unanswered. He called again, then went to look for her. At the door of the dining room he found the note that she had left for him.

It told, very simply and plainly, that her father lay injured in his bed, and he was to remain and do what he could for him. She had gone for help to the ranger station.

He leaped through the rooms to Lennox's door, then went in on tiptoe. And the first thing he saw when he opened the door was the grizzled man's gray face on the pillow.

"You're home early, Dan," he said. "How many did you get?"

It was entirely characteristic. Shaggy old Wolf is too proud to howl over the wounds that lay him low, and this gray old bear on the bed had par-taken of his spirit.

"Good Lord," Dan answered. "How badly are you hurt?"

"Not so bad but that I'm sorry that Snowbird has gone drifting twelve miles over the hills for help. It's dark as pitch."

And it was. Dan could scarcely make out the outline of the somber ridges against the sky.

They talked on, and their subject was whether Dan should remain to take care of Lennox, or whether he should attempt to overtake Snowbird with the horse. Of course the girl had ordered him to stay. Lennox, on the other hand, said that Dan could not help him in the least, and desired him to follow the girl.

"I'm not often anxious about her," he said slowly. "But it is a long walk through the wildest part of the Divide. Some way—I can't bear accidents tonight. I don't like to think of her on those mountains alone."

And remembering what had lain beside the trail, Dan felt the same. He had heard, long ago, that any animal that once tasted human flesh loses its fear of men and is never to be trusted again. Some wild animal that still hunted the ridges had, in the last month, done just that thing. He left the room and walked softly to the door.

The night lay silent and mysterious over the Divide. He stood listening. The girl had started only an hour before, and it was unlikely that she could have traversed more than two miles of the steep trail in that time. Although the horse ordinarily did not climb a hill more swiftly than a human being, he didn't doubt but that he could overtake her before she went three miles farther. But where lay his duty—with the injured man in the house or with the daughter on her errand of mercy in the darkness?

Then the matter was decided for him. So faint that it only whispered at the dim, outer frontiers of hearing, a sound came pricking through the darkness. Only his months of listening to the faint sounds of the forest, and the incredible silence of the night enabled him to hear it at all. But he knew what it was, the report of a pistol. Snowbird had met an enemy in the darkness.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)