

## 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.

One woman was killed and two injured in Belfast Tuesday night in a bomb explosion. The bomb was thrown from a railroad embankment into the street.

Twenty millions of Koreans are being reduced "to political and economic serfdom" by Japan, Dr. Philip Jaisohn, vice-chairman of the Korean commission to the arms conference, asserted Tuesday in an address.

Recognition by the United States of the far eastern republic of Siberia is hoped for by the far eastern republic's trade mission to America, which arrived in Victoria, B. C., Monday on the steamer Empress of Asia, Skvinsky, one of the delegates, declared.

Members of several armament delegations informally suggested last week that any thought of adjourning the sessions for the Christmas holidays be abandoned in the expectation that by adopting such a course the deliberations could be concluded by the end of December.

Declaring willingness to abide by the limitations placed by the agenda on the subjects to be considered by the conference, the Italian delegation through a spokesman Tuesday showed a lively interest in the possibility of a subsequent economic conference to consider the financial situation of Europe.

Thirty-one more war law offenders in federal prisons have been uncovered in the preparation by the department of justice of digests of their cases for the attention of President Harding, Attorney-General Daugherty said Tuesday. Examination of the records have revealed that the total is 206.

Albert Borde, 60, of Jacksonville, Ore., is lying at the point of death as the result of his falling into a vat of boiling water Sunday afternoon while helping a neighbor scald hogs. Mr. Borde had a rope around the carcass of a hog and was dragging it toward the vat when the rope slipped, causing him to topple over backward into the water.

C. Fred Kohl, San Francisco capitalist and clubman, who ended his life at Del Monte last week, left his widow, Mrs. Elizabeth G. Kohl, her choice of \$1000 a month for life or \$250,000 outright. He bequeathed \$250,000 and the residue of the estate to a friend, Mrs. Marion Lord of New York, according to the terms of his will, filed for probate.

Secretary Hughes, as chairman of the armament conference, Wednesday received Miss Kate Manicomis of London, who called as representative of the working women of 48 nations participating in the Geneva conference. She assured Mr. Hughes of the deep gratification of those she represented for the "advanced position taken by the American delegation."

Graver C. Bergdoll, convicted draft evader, through his mother, Mrs. Emma C. Bergdoll, has filed suit in the supreme court of the District of Columbia for return of property valued at \$750,000, seized by the government. The petition sets forth that Bergdoll is a citizen of the United States, regards his stay in Germany as "temporary, and expects to return."

The Philippine Islands should remain in their "present general status" until the people there "have had time to absorb and thoroughly master the power already in their hands," ex-Major-General Leonard Wood, now governor-general, and W. Cameron Forbes, ex-governor-general, say in their report to President Harding, based on their six months' study of conditions in the islands.

Europe is being treated as a negligible quantity at the Washington conference in the opinion of the Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung, the organ of Hugo Stinnes, leading German financier. It saw evidence in the circumstances that curtailing of naval armaments has received primary consideration, and that the issue of land armaments was not causing the conference apprehension. This attitude, said the newspaper, "gives France an indefinite franchise to continue her devastation of the European mainland."

## FOUR-POWER ALLIANCE UP

United States, Great Britain, France and Japan Included.

Washington, D. C.—The question of a three or four-power agreement to replace the Anglo-Japanese alliance is demanding increased attention among arms delegates while they wait for Japan to define her position on the naval ratio.

The latest suggestion contemplating an entente to include the United States, Great Britain, Japan and France, has developed to the point where a tentative treaty draft is under consideration in some quarters although it has not been formally presented to the conference.

There are indications that the Japanese delegates and perhaps the British, are consulting their home government on such a proposition while they are asking for further instructions on naval ratio.

On the part of the American government there apparently is no disposition to entertain an entente proposal, at least at present. Later such a suggestion may receive consideration, provided it includes no requirements counter to American public opinion.

Upon high authority it was said that the naval problem as it was referred to Tokyo involved no proposal for a political agreement, but is concerned solely with the naval and military aspects of the situation. The American delegation adheres to its expectation that the naval issue will be settled without conditioning the decision on a political rearrangement.

Admiral Baron Kato of the Japanese delegation said, however, that the naval question involved issues of far-reaching effect upon the national and international life of Japan and upon the policies of great powers for decades to come and perhaps permanently. These issues, he said, should be brought to the full knowledge and consideration of his government.

## May Give Germany More Time

Paris.—Germany will probably be granted a three years' delay in her cash indemnity payments, the Associated Press is informed from the most reliable sources.

Negotiations are going on between reparations officials of France and Great Britain, and responsible officials of both countries virtually agree that Germany must be given a breathing spell.

All that remains to be done is to work out a scheme acceptable to both countries.

The suggestion of a three-year moratorium has been abandoned at the solicitation of France. The French representatives explained that the word moratorium was offensive to the French people in connection with the indemnity, as it was understood to mean complete suspension of all payments.

## Railway Conditions Improve

Chicago.—Reports to the railroad labor board show steadily improving conditions among the railroads. B. W. Hooper, vice-chairman of the board, said in a statement Sunday night. He pointed out that the board's decision not to consider wage reductions for any class of employees until working rules for the class had been disposed of, had not delayed consideration of wage disputes on any railroad or for any class of employees. His statement said:

"The railroad situation is more conducive to optimism than it has been for many months. Absence of any serious general labor disturbance, combined with the disposition of the carriers to make voluntary reductions in freight rates will both contribute to the restoration of sound business conditions."

## Helium Elevates Blimp.

Washington, D. C.—Naval Blimp C-7, the first airship ever to be inflated with helium, the non-explosive gas, arrived over Washington Monday and landed at the navy aviation station at Anacostia, a suburb, for inspection by naval officials. The ship left Hampton Roads Monday morning and made quick time to Washington. The C-7 contains in her huge silver envelope virtually the world's available supply of the new gas.

## Aliens to Be Protected.

Washington, D. C.—A proclamation has been issued by nationalist leaders in India calling on loyal natives to assist in protecting all American and European non-combatants "during the revolution expected to break over India this month." This is according to information received by N. C. Chose, director of the American commission to promote self-government in India.

Washington, D. C.—Approval of 50 advances for agricultural and livestock purposes aggregating \$2,812,000 was announced Monday by the war finance corporation. Washington state received \$10,000.

## FARMER BUYS HIGH BUT SELLS CHEAP

He Pays \$24 for Spuds in Cafe  
He Gets 60 Cents For.

## BEEF, WHEAT, SAME

Nebraska Commission Trying to Discover Who Is Responsible for  
This Tremendous Spread.

Omaha, Neb.—A Nebraska state commission is trying to discover who is responsible for the tremendous "spread" in the price of farm products from the time they leave the farm to the time they appear on the table of the consumer. For two weeks the commission has been taking testimony and will continue to do so a month or so.

The commission has developed some good "stuff." For instance, it has found a bushel of potatoes, for which the farmer received about 60 cents, sells for \$24 when served in a restaurant as baked potatoes.

It has developed that coffee, which retails for 29 cents a pound at a grocery, sells for \$2 in a cafe.

It has developed that a loaf of bread which costs, to bake, about six or seven cents, and retails for 11 cents, sells for 90 cents when served as toast.

It has developed that a pound of beef which the farmer sold for about 6 cents and which the retail market sells for 12 cents, is passed on to the customer as roast beef at a price of 46 cents as the ultimate consumer walks down the line at a cafeteria.

Not only will the commission investigate the tremendous spread in farm product prices, but it will investigate the profit in clothing, in rents, in meats, in banks, and in all the phases of the cost of living or of doing business.

The commission was appointed some time ago by Governor McKelvie and was instructed to get to the very bottom of the question. The commission has no power to punish, even though it finds where punishment is deserved. It can, however, make public its findings and leave to the public the matter of punishment.

That there are too many hands between the producer and the consumer was one of the early developments of the investigation. About ten profits are shown to be taken from the time the farmer sells his wheat until the loaf of bread appears on the table. All along the line, country elevator, railroad, terminal elevator, selling grain commission, purchasing grain commission, miller, jobber of flour, wholesaler of flour, baker, retailer—all are shown to take a profit.

## ARBUCKLE JURY FAILS TO AGREE

San Francisco.—The jury in the manslaughter case of Roscoe C. (Fatty) Arbuckle was discharged at noon Sunday when it was unable to agree after deliberating more than 41 hours. The final ballot stood 10 to 2, according to an announcement to the court by the jury foreman, but he did not then indicate whether it favored conviction or acquittal. The case was set for retrial January 9.

August Fritze, the jury foreman, issued a signed statement several hours after the jury was discharged, saying that one of the woman jurors who was in the minority refused to consider the evidence from the beginning and declared that "she would cast her ballot and would not change it until hell froze over."

There were two jurors who voted for conviction, according to Fritze.

## Marine Kills Farmer.

Shreveport, La.—Wylie Clark, a farmer, was shot and killed by a marine postal guard Sunday while a Kansas City Southern passenger train was standing at Blanchard, Caddo parish. A warrant for Willis was issued. Willis was said to have continued with the train, not knowing the fate of the man he shot. Witnesses said Clark was standing 12 feet from the train when the marine ordered him to move.

## 7000 Cotton Bales Burn.

Greenwood, Miss.—More than 7000 bales of long staple cotton were destroyed by a fire of undetermined origin in the warehouse of the Greenwood Compress & Storage company here Sunday night. The loss was estimated at \$750,000.

# The Voice of the Pack

By EDISON MARSHALL

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## CHAPTER I.—Continued.

Into a little hollow in the bark, on the underside of the log, some hand had thrust a small roll of papers. They were rain-soaked now, and the ink had dimmed and blotted; but Dan realized their significance. They were the complete evidence that Hildreth had accumulated against the arsoning—letters that had passed back and forth between himself and Cranston, a threat of murder from the former if Hildreth turned state's evidence, and a signed statement of the arson activities of the ring by Hildreth himself.



Some Hand Had Thrust a Small Roll of Paper.

They were not only enough to break up the ring and send its members to prison; with the aid of the empty shell and other circumstantial evidence, they could in all probability convict Bert Cranston of murder.

For a long time he stood with the shadows of the pines lengthening about him, his gray eyes in curious shadow. For the moment a glimpse was given him into the deep wells of the human soul; and understanding came to him. Was there no balm for untold even in the moment of death? Were men unable to forget the themes and motives of their lives, even when he shadows closed down upon them? Hildreth had known what hand had struck him down. And even on the frontier of death, his first thought was to hide his evidence where Cranston could not find it when he searched the body, but where later it might be found by the detectives that were sure to come. It was the old creed of a life for a life. He wanted his evidence to be preserved—not that right should be wronged, but so that Cranston could be prosecuted and convicted and made to suffer. His hatred of Cranston that had made him turn state's evidence in the first place had been carried with him down into death.

As Dan stood wondering, he thought he heard a twig crack on the trail behind him, and he wondered what forest creature was still lingering on the ridges at the eve of the snows.

The snow began to fall in earnest at midnight—great, white flakes that almost in an instant covered the leaves. It was the real beginning of winter, and all living creatures knew it. The wolf pack sang to it from the ridge—a wild and plaintive song that made Bert Cranston, sleeping in a lean-to on the Umpqua side of the Divide, swear and mutter in his sleep. But he didn't really awaken until Jim Gibbs, one of his gang, returned from his secret mission.

They wasted no words. Bert flung aside the blankets, lighted a candle and placed it out of the reach of the slight wind. His face looked swarthy and deep-lined in its light.

"Well?" he demanded. "What did you find?"

"Nothin'." Jim Gibbs answered gutturally. "If you ask me what I found out, I might have somethin' to answer."

"Then—" and Bert, after the manner of his kind, breathed an oath—"What did you find out?"

His tone, except for an added note of savagery, remained the same. Yet his heart was thumping a great deal louder than he liked to have it. Realizing that the snows were at hand, he had sent Gibbs for a last search of the body, to find and recover the evidence that Hildreth had against him and which had not been revealed either in Hildreth's person or in his cabin. He had become increasingly apprehensive about those letters he had written Hildreth, and certain other documents that had been in his possession. He didn't understand why they hadn't turned up. And now the

snows had started, and Jim Gibbs had returned empty-handed, but evidently not empty-minded.

"I've found that the body's been uncovered—and men are already searching for clues. And moreover—I think they've found them." He paused, weighing the effect of his words. His eyes glittered with cunning. But that he was, he was wondering whether the time had arrived to leave the ship. He had no intention of continuing to give his services to a man with a rope-noose closing about him. And Cranston, knowing this fact, hated him as he hated the buzzard that would claim him in the end, and tried to hide his apprehension.

"Go on. Blat it out," Cranston ordered. "Or else go away and let me sleep."

It was a bluff; but it worked. If Gibbs had gone without speaking, Cranston would have known no sleep that night. But the man became more fawning.

"I'm tellin' you, fast as I can," he went on, almost whining. "I went to the cabin, just as you said. But I didn't get a chance to search it—"

"Why not?" Cranston thundered. His voice re-echoed among the snow-wet pines.

"I'll tell you why! Because some one else—evidently a cop—was already searchin' it. Both of us know there's nothin' there, anyway. We've gone over it too many times. After a while he went away—but I didn't turn back yet. That wouldn't be Jim Gibbs. I shadowed him, just as you'd want me to. And he went straight back to the body."

"Yes?" Cranston had hard work curbing his impatience. Again Gibbs' eyes were full of ominous speculations.

"He stopped at the body, and it was plain he'd been there before. He went crawling through the thickets, lookin' for clues. He done what you and me never thought to do—lookin' all the way between the trail and the body. He'd already found the brass shell you told me to get. At least, it wasn't there when I looked, after he'd gone. You should've thought of it before. But he found somethin' else a whole lot more important—a roll of papers that Hildreth had chucked into an old pine stump when he was dyin'. It was your fault, Cranston, for not gettin' them that night. This detective stood and read 'em on the trail. And you know—just as well as I do—what they were."

"D—n you, I went back the next morning, as soon as I could see. And the mountain lion had already been there. I went back lots of times since. And that shell ain't nothin'—but all the time I supposed I put it in my pocket. You know how it is—a fellow throws his empty shell out by habit."

Gibbs' eyes grew more intent. What was this thing? Cranston's tone, instead of commanding, was almost pleading. But the leader caught himself at once.

"I don't see why I need to explain any of that to you. What I want to know is this: why you didn't shoot and get those papers away from him?"

For an instant their eyes battled. But Gibbs had never the strength of his leader. If he had, it would have been asserted long since. He sucked in his breath, and his gaze fell away. It rested on Cranston's rifle, that in some manner had been pulled up across his knees. And at once he was cowed. He was never so fast with a gun as Cranston.

"Blood on my hands, eh—same as on yours?" he mumbled, looking down. "What do you think I want, a rope around my neck? These hills are big, but the arm of the law has reached up before, and it might again. You might as well know first as last I'm not goin' to do any killin's to cover up your murders."

"That comes of not going myself. You fool—if he gets that evidence down to the courts you're broken the same as me."

"But I wouldn't get more'n a year or so, at most—and that's a heap different from the gallows. I did aim at him—"

"But you just lacked the guts to pull the trigger!"

"I did, and I ain't ashamed of it. But besides—the snows are here now, and he won't be able to even get word to the valleys for six months. If you want him killed so bad, do it yourself."

This was a thought indeed. On the other hand, another murder might not be necessary. Months would pass before the road would be opened, and in the meantime Cranston would have a thousand chances to steal back the accusing letters. He didn't believe for an instant that the man Gibbs had seen was a detective. He had kept too close watch over the roads for that.

"A tall chap, in outing clothes—dark-haired and clean-shaven?"

"Yes?"

"Wears a tan hat?"

"That's the man."

"I know him—and I wish you'd pondered him. That's Falling—the tunderfoot that's been staying at Lennox's. He's a lunger."

"He didn't look like no lunger to me."

"But no matter about that—it's just as I thought. And I'll get 'em back—mark my little words."

In the meantime the best thing to do was to move at once to his winter trapping grounds—a certain neglected region on the lower levels of the North Fork. If at any time within the next few weeks, Dan should attempt to carry word down to the settlements, he would be certain to pass within view of his camp. But he knew that the chance of Dan starting upon any such journey before the snow had melted was not one in a thousand. To be caught in the Divide in the winter means to be snowed in as completely as the Innuits of upper Greenland. No word could pass except by man on snowshoes.

Yet if the chance did come, if the house should be left unguarded, it might pay Cranston to make an immediate search. Dan would have no reason for supposing that Cranston suspected his possession of the letters; he would not be particularly watchful, and would probably pigeon-hole them until spring in Lennox's desk.

And the truth was that Cranston had reasoned out the situation almost perfectly. When Dan awakened in the morning, and the snow lay already a foot deep over the wilderness world, he knew that he would have no chance to act upon the Cranston case until the snows melted in the spring. So he pushed all thought of it out of his mind and turned his attention to more pleasant subjects. It was true that he read the documents over twice as he lay in bed. Then he tied them into a neat packet and put them away where they would be quickly available. Then he thrust his head out of the window and let the great snowflakes sift down upon his face. It was winter at last, the season that he loved.

He didn't stir from the house that first day of the storm. Snowbird and he found plenty of pleasant things to do and talk about before the roaring fire that he built in the grate. He was glad of the great pile of wood that lay outside the door. It meant life itself, in this season. Then Snowbird led him to the windows, and they watched the white drifts pile up over the low underbrush.

When finally the snowstorm ceased, five days later, the whole face of the wilderness was changed. The buckbrush was mostly covered, the fences were out of sight; the forest seemed a clear, clean sweep of white, broken only by an occasional tall thicket and by the great, snow-covered trees.

When the clouds blew away, and the air grew clear, the temperature began to fall. Dan had no way of knowing how low it went. Thermometers were not considered essential at the Lennox home. But when his eyelids congealed with the frost, and his



"You Just Lacked the Guts to Pull the Trigger."

mitten froze to the logs of firewood that he carried through the door, and the pine trees exploded and cracked in the darkness, he was correct in his belief that it was very, very cold.

But he loved the cold, and the silence and austerity that went with it. The wilderness claimed him as never before. The rugged breed that were his ancestors had struggled through such seasons as this and passed a love of them down through the years to him.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Wedding Rings Use Much Gold. More than 7,000 pounds of pure gold, says an authority, are required each year to supply the wedding rings for brides.