

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.

Arizona federal authorities admitted Tuesday that there have come to their attention persistent rumors to the effect that the execution of General Francisco Reyna in Nogales Monday was preceded by irregularities.

With \$411,831 already collected, the annual revenue from automobile owners in Washington bids fair to exceed the \$750,000 estimate set by the last legislature, which passed the law, according to Fred J. Dibble, director of licenses.

The United States probably will be invited to send official representatives to the international financial and economic conference, which is to be called by the allied supreme council at its annual meeting in Cannes early next year.

The supreme court of Massachusetts Tuesday denied the motion of the trustees of the Christian Science Publishing society for an injunction to restrain the directors of the First Church of Christ, Scientist, from removing the trustees.

What is said to be the heaviest sentence yet pronounced on a woman in federal court in Washington for violation of the Harrison drug act Tuesday sent Mrs. Kate Viethner to the King county jail for one year. Sentence was imposed by Judge Neterer, who denied a motion for a new trial.

Deaths from cancer in the death registration area of the United States in 1920 totaled approximately 73,000, according to a report by the census bureau, which on a basis of proportional population estimated the total deaths for the entire country at 89,000, or an increase of 5000 from the estimate for 1919.

Rear-Admiral Charles Henry Davis, retired, brother-in-law of Senator Lodge of Massachusetts, died at his home in Washington, D. C., Tuesday. He was a native of Boston and 76 years of age. Admiral Davis was a son of the late Rear-Admiral Charles Henry Davis and a brother of Mrs. Lodge.

An involuntary petition in bankruptcy was filed in the New York federal court Tuesday against Robert H. Ingersoll & Bro., manufacturers of the Ingersoll watches of this city. Liabilities were set forth as \$3,000,000 and assets, exclusive of good will, as \$2,000,000. The concern admitted its inability to pay its debts and expressed willingness to be adjudged bankrupt.

Changes in soviet governmental policies, recently made, or indicated as in prospect, may eventually bring about a resumption of trade relations between Russia and the United States, it was said Tuesday at the White House. Reports received recently by the American government, it was added, were most optimistic as to the course likely to be pursued by the soviet authorities.

Attired in their tribal robes, Chief Red Feather of Muskogee, Okla., and Princess Andetaah of Davenport, Ia., were married in the parlors of a Salem hotel at noon Tuesday. The chief signs his name as Edward Demoss, and has been engaged in the theatrical business for a number of years. He is an Indian and as a soloist has appeared in many of the leading theaters of the country. His bride, who is an Indian, has been acquainted with her husband since childhood.

The people of the United States spent more than \$100,000,000 for toys and games during the year just ending. The National City bank of New York quoted that the factory value of toys manufactured here more than trebled when the war cut us off from Germany, formerly the chief source of toy imports. In 1919 the value of toys made here was \$46,000,000 against \$14,000,000 in 1914. Imports of toys fell from \$5,000,000 in the year before the war to \$1,000,000 in 1918. In 1920 imports of toys rose to \$6,000,000, and this year to \$10,000,000, more than the value in any year before the war. Capital engaged in the industry here advanced from \$10,000,000 in 1914 to \$25,000,000 in 1919.

SECRET COMPACT CHARGED

Far East Republic Asks Investigation—France and Japan Deny.

Washington, D. C.—While practically all machinery of the arms conference halted for New Year's, the unofficial delegation of the far eastern republic took advantage of the lull to press charges of a secret French-Japanese understanding for perpetuation of Japanese control in Siberia.

The far eastern delegates declared proof of their charges, already denied by the French and Japanese delegates, could be obtained by examination of original documents in the archives of the far eastern government at Chita. They suggested that such inquiry be made by American consular officials so that results might be known to the conference when it considers Siberian problems.

To emphasize the French denial made Tuesday, Albert Sarraut, head of the French delegation, notified Secretary Hughes, as chairman of the conference, that the charges were wholly without foundation in fact. The French government, he said in a written communication, had entered into no commitments regarding Siberia except those of which the United States was aware.

In view of the French and Japanese repudiation of the charges and the position of the far eastern delegates as "outsiders" sent to the conference by an unrecognized government, the inclination in many conference circles was not to take the development very seriously. At the same time the accusations attracted widespread attention.

Naval experts alone worked Tuesday studying technical questions which remain to be settled in connection with the naval agreement. It was said their deliberations were at such a stage that all the loose ends of the settlement probably could be cleared away within a few days. If questions of policy raised by the submarine regulation proposals can be settled in time the conference leaders believe that a five-power naval treaty can be put into definite form this week.

Panama Hit By Quake.

Panama.—An earthquake lasting about a minute occurred at 1 o'clock Monday morning, shaking up the city, but doing no damage either here or along the Panama canal. The center of the shock was about 60 miles distant.

A heavy flood due to rains was registered in Gatun lake between 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon and 8 o'clock Monday morning.

Hamberlain, S. D.—A pronounced earthquake, lasting about 55 seconds, was felt here at 9:50 Monday morning. Many brick chimneys were tumbled down, dishes were shaken from cupboard shelves and house plants thrown to the floor by the tremors.

Hays May Yet Quit Job.

New York.—Postmaster-General Hays started back to Washington late Tuesday to resume his duties after three weeks of rest. He said he still was considering an invitation to become head of a group of motion picture producing and distributing corporations, and probably would give them his answer at a conference in Washington January 14. He is reported to have been offered a three-year contract at \$150,000 a year.

Hope Seen For Farmer.

Washington, D. C.—The farmer can enter the new year in a spirit of hopefulness and good cheer. Secretary of Agriculture Wallace said Monday in a message to farmers.

"I see nothing which indicates boom times for the farmers in the near future," he continued, "but there does seem to be a promise of better times both for the farmer and for those whose business is largely dependent upon him."

Radical Trio Quit Riga.

Riga.—After a week's imprisonment, during which time they were not permitted to communicate with outsiders, Emma Goldman, Alexander Berkman and Alexander Shapiro, deportees from America, who recently came out of soviet Russia, started a second time Tuesday for Reval, Estonia. The radicals intend to go on to Stockholm.

New York Hit By Cold.

Utica, N. Y.—Temperatures ranging from 15 to 27 degrees below zero were reported Monday. They were from central and northern sections of the state.

TASK OF LIMITING NAVIES NEAR END

Tonnage of Airplane Carriers Definitely Fixed.

DETAILS FOR EXPERTS

Americans Withdraw Objections to Japan's Plea to Clarify Treaty on Pacific.

Washington, D. C.—The arms conference has virtually reached the end of its efforts to put a curb on naval armaments.

To the capital ship settlement was added Friday an agreement for limitation of future tonnage in airplane carriers, and then the naval committee adjourned indefinitely, leaving determination of various problems of detail to a sub-committee of experts.

Some sort of declaration with regard to the use of submarines and an agreement not to construct any auxiliary vessels hereafter with a tonnage of more than 10,000 are expected also to be added to the accomplishments of the conference before the final curtain is rung down. A five-power treaty embodying all the points of which there is agreement now is in process of drafting.

There are growing indications, too, that the four-power treaty to preserve peace in the Pacific, which already has been signed, will be in some way further clarified before the conference quits. The American delegation is understood to have withdrawn any objection to the Japanese proposal that the treaty's scope be defined as not including the major Japanese islands, and the plan for an exchange of clarifying notes or for amendment of the treaty text is expected to take definite form within a few days.

The Japanese request for a clarification of the treaty's terms is said to have been based largely on the development of a difference in view on the subject between President Harding and the American delegation. This development has been a topic of such widespread speculation in conference circles that the president Friday took occasion to characterize as "silly" published reports that Secretary Hughes was considering resigning from the cabinet as a result of differences arising between him and the White House during the arms negotiations.

What is to be done about the far eastern problems now becomes the big unanswered question of the conference. Japan and China are deadlocked in their efforts at a separate settlement of the Shantung controversy and, as a consequence, all the other far eastern discussions are at a standstill. It was indicated that a meeting of the far eastern committee would be held this week, at which China would attempt to transfer the Shantung negotiations into the full conference.

Venus Held Uninhabited.

Swarthmore, Pa.—Investigations by E. St. John, director of the Wilson observatory, California, and Seth B. Nicholson, his assistant, indicate that the planet Venus supports no life, they asserted in papers read before the American Astronomical society in convention at the Sproul observatory, Swarthmore college. Both declared they had discovered no oxygen or water on Venus and therefore the presence of even animal life was precluded. The council of the society decided to hold its next meeting at Yerkes observatory, Williams Bay, Wis., the week following next Labor day.

Poles Out of Position.

Swarthmore, Pa.—Walter D. Lambert, mathematician of the United States coast and geodetic survey describes calculations made at a number of observatories showing a slight motion of the earth's poles. The north pole has dipped slightly to the south, the observations over a period of years indicate, he said, but the movement has never taken the pole more than 60 feet out of its position.

117 Farm Loans Granted.

Washington, D. C.—Approval of 117 advances for agriculture and livestock purpose, aggregating \$3,699,000, was announced Friday by the war finance corporation. The loans distributed included: Montana, \$155,000; Oregon, \$37,000; Washington, \$48,000; Wyoming, \$105,000; California, \$424,000; North Dakota, \$284,000; South Dakota, \$268,000.

The Voice of the Pack

By EDISON MARSHALL

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CHAPTER II—Continued.

"We'll rest now," Dan told them at an o'clock. "The sun is warm enough so that we won't need much of a fire. And we'll try to get five hours' sleep."

"Too long, if we're going to make it out," Lennox objected.

"That leaves a workday of nineteen hours," Dan persisted. "Not any too little. Five hours it will be."

He found where the snow had drifted against a great, dead log, leaving the white covering only a foot in leath on the lee side. He began to scrape the snow away, then hacked at the log with his ax until he had procured a piece of comparatively dry wood from its center. They all stood breathless while he lighted the little pile of kindling and heaped it with green wood—the only wood procurable. But it didn't burn freely. It smoked fitfully, threatening to die out, and emitting very little heat.

But they didn't particularly care. The sun was warm above, as always in the mountain winters of southern Oregon. Snowbird and Dan cleared spaces beside the fire and slept. Lennox, who had rested on the journey, lay on his sled and with his uninjured arm tried to hack enough wood from the saplings that Dan had cut to keep the fire burning.

At three they got up, still tired and aching in their bones from exposure. Twenty-four hours had passed since they had tasted food, and their unrelieved systems complained. There is no better engine in the wide world than the human body. It will stand more neglect and abuse than the finest steel motors ever made by the hands of craftsmen. A man may fast many days if he lies quietly in one place and keeps warm. But fasting is a jeadly proposition while pulling sledges over the snow.

Dan was less hopeful now. His face told what his words did not. The lines cleft deeper about his lips and eyes; and Snowbird's heart ached when he tried to encourage her with a smile. It was a wan, strange smile that couldn't quite hide the first sickness of despair.

The shadows quickly lengthened—simply leaping over the snow from the fast-falling sun. The twilight deepened, the snow turned gray, and then, in a vague way, the journey began to partake of a quality of unreality. It was not that the cold and the snow and their hunger were not entirely real, or that the wilderness was no longer naked to their eyes. It was just that their whole effort seemed like some dreadful, unburdened journey in a dream—a stumbling advance under difficulties too many and real to be true.

The first sign was the far-off cry of the wolf pack. It was very faint, simply a stir in the ear drums, yet it was entirely clear. That clear, cold mountain air was a perfect telephone system, conveying a message distinctly, no matter how faintly. There were no tall buildings or cities to disturb the ether waves. And all three of them knew at the same instant it was not exactly the cry they had heard before.

They couldn't have told just why, even if they had wished to talk about it. In some dim way, it had told the strange quality of despair it had held before. It was as if the pack were running with renewed life, that each wolf was calling to another with a dreadful sort of exultation. It was an excited cry, too—not the long, sad song they had learned to listen for. It sounded immediately behind them.

They couldn't help but listen. No human ears could have shut out the sound. But none of them pretended that they had heard. And this was the worst sign of all. Each one of the three was hoping against hope in his very heart; and at the same time, hoping that the others did not understand.

For a long time, as the darkness deepened about them, the forests were still. Perhaps, Dan thought, he had been mistaken after all. His shoulders straightened. Then the chorus blared again.

The man looked back at the girl, smiling into her eyes. Lennox lay as if asleep, the lines of his dark face curiously pronounced. And the girl, because she was of the mountains, body and soul, answered Dan's smile. Then they knew that all of them knew the truth. Not even an inexperienced ear could have any delusions about the pack song now. It was that oldest of wilderness songs, the hunting-cry—that frenzied song of blood-lust that the wolf pack utters when it is running on the trail of game. It had found the track of living flesh at last.

"There's no use stopping, or trying to climb a tree," Dan told them simply. "In the first place, Lennox can't do it. In the second, we've got to take a chance—for cold and hunger can get up a tree where the wolf pack can't." He spoke wholly without emotion. Once more he tightened the traces of the sled.

"I've heard that sometimes the pack will chase a man for days without attacking," Lennox told them. "It all depends on how long they've gone

without food. Keep on and try to forget 'em. Maybe we can keep 'em bluffed."

But as the hours passed, it became increasingly difficult to forget the wolf pack. It was only a matter of turning the head and peering for an instant into the shadows to catch a glimpse of one of the creatures. Their usual fear of men, always their first emotion, had given way wholly to a hunting cunning; an effort to procure their game without too great risk of their own lives. In the desperation of their hunger they could not remember such things as the fear of men. They spread out farther, and at last Dan looked up to find one of the gray beasts waiting, like a shadow himself, in the shadow of a tree not one hundred feet from the sled. Snowbird whipped out her pistol.

"Don't dare!" Dan's voice cracked out to her. He didn't speak loudly; yet the words came so sharp and commanding, so like pistol fire itself, that they penetrated into her consciousness and choked back the nervous reflexes that in an instant might have lost them one of their three precious shells. She caught herself with a sob. Dan shouted at the wolf, and it melted into the shadows.

"You won't do it again, Snowbird?" he asked her very humbly. But his meaning was clear. He was not as skilled with a pistol as she; but if her nerves were breaking, the gun must be taken from her hands. The three shells must be saved to the moment of utmost need.

"No," she told him, looking straight into his eyes. "I won't do it again."

He believed her. He knew that she spoke the truth. He met her eyes with a half smile. Then, wholly without warning, Fate played its last trump.

Again the wilderness reminded them of its might, and their brave spirits were almost broken by the utter remorselessness of the blow. The girl went on her face with a crack of wood.



"Maybe We Can Keep Them Bluffed."

Her snow shoe had been cracked by her fall of the day before, when running to the fire, and whether she struck some other obstruction in the snow, or whether the cracked wood had simply given way under her weight, mattered not even enough for them to investigate. As in all great disasters, only the result remained. The result in this case was that her snowshoe, without which she could not walk at all in the snow, was irreparably broken.

"Fate has stacked the cards against us," Lennox told them, after the first moment's horror from the broken snowshoe.

But no one answered him. The girl, white-faced, kept her wide eyes on Dan. He seemed to be peering into the shadows beside the trail, as if he were watching for the gray forms that now and then glided from tree to tree. In reality, he was not looking for wolves. He was gazing down into his own soul, measuring his own spirit for the trial that lay before him.

The girl, unable to step with the broken snowshoe, rested her weight on one foot and hobbled like a bird with broken wings across to him. No sight of all this terrible journey had been more dreadful in her father's eyes than this. It seemed to split open the strong heart of the man. She touched her hand to his arm.

"I'm sorry, Dan," she told him. "You tried so hard—"

Just one little sound broke from his throat—a strange, deep gasp that could not be suppressed. Then he caught her hand in his and kissed it—again and again. "Do you think I care about that?" he asked her. "I only wish I could have done more—and what I have done doesn't count. Just as in my fight with Cranston, nothing

counts because I didn't win. It's just fate, Snowbird. It's no one's fault, but maybe, in this world, nothing is ever anyone's fault." For in the twilight of those winter woods, in the shadow of death itself, perhaps he was catching glimpses of eternal truths that are hidden from all but the most far-seeing eyes.

"And this is the end?" she asked him. She spoke very bravely.

"No!" His hand tightened on hers. "No, so long as an ounce of strength remains. To fight—never to give up—may God give me spirit for it till I die."

And this was no idle prayer. His eyes raised to the starry sky as he spoke.

"But, son," Lennox asked him rather quietly, "what can you do? The wolves aren't going to wait a great deal longer, and we can't go on."

"There's one thing more—one more trial to make," Dan answered. "I thought about it at first, but it was too long a chance to try if there was any other way. And I suppose you thought of it too."

"Overtaking Cranston?"

"Of course. And it sounds like a crazy dream. But listen, both of you. If we have got to die, up here in the snow—and it looks like we had—what is the thing you want done worst before we go?"

Lennox's hands clasped, and he leaned forward on the sled. "Pay Cranston!" he said.

"Yes!" Dan's voice rang. "Cranston's never going to be paid unless we do it. There will be no signs of incendiarism at the house, and no proofs. They'll find our bodies in the snow, and we'll just be a mystery, with no one made to pay. The evidence in my pocket will be taken by Cranston, some time this winter. If I don't make him pay, he never will pay. And that's one reason why I'm going to try to carry out this plan I've got."

The second reason is that it's the one hope we have left. I take it that none of us are deceived on that point. And no man can die tamely—if he is a man—while there's a chance. I mean a young man, like me—not one who is old and tired. It sounds perfectly silly to talk about finding Cranston's winter quarters, and then, with my bare hands, conquering him, taking his food and his blankets and his snowshoes and his rifle, to fight away these wolves, and bringing 'em back here."

"You wouldn't be barehanded," the girl reminded him. "You could have the pistol."

He didn't even seem to hear her. "I've been thinking about it. It's a long, long chance—much worse than the chance we had of getting out by straight walking. I think we could have made it, if the wolves had kept off and the snowshoe hadn't broken. It would have nearly killed us, but I believe we could have got out. That's why I didn't try this other way first. A man with his bare hands hasn't much of a chance against another with a rifle, and I don't want you to be too hopeful. And of course, the hardest problem is finding his camp."

"But I do feel sure of one thing: that he is back to his old trapping line on the North Fork—somewhere south of here—and his camp is somewhere on the river. I think he would have gone there so that he could cut off any attempt I might make to get through with those letters. My plan is to start back at an angle that will carry me between the North Fork and our old house. Somewhere in there I'll find his tracks, the tracks he made when he first came over to burn up the house. I suppose he was careful to mix 'em up after once he arrived here, but the first part of the way he likely walked straight toward the house from his camp. Somewhere, if I go that way, I'll cross his trail—with in 10 miles at least. Then I'll back-track him to his camp."

"And never come back!" the girl cried.

"Maybe not. But at least everything that can be done will be done. Nothing will be left. No regrets. We will have made the last trial. I'm not going to waste any time, Snowbird. The sooner we get your fire built the better."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Make Love and Live Long.

The act of love-making has a direct influence on the heart and blood, says a medical correspondent. It stimulates the working capacity of the former organ, and keeps it up to concert pitch. As a result, the blood circulates with greater strength, and every part of the body is accordingly strengthened. Love-making, moreover, has a very decided influence in stimulating the working of the liver. Patent medicines would have to go out of business to a considerable extent if the world were more generally given to the art of making love with genuine feeling. Perhaps the most striking proof of the immunity of lovers from one form of ill, viz., colds and chills, is afforded by the fact that a pair of Cupid's devotees will sit on a damp bench for hours and take no harm.

It is just as wise to watch your windings as it is to wind your watch.