

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.

A New York dispatch says the state of Oregon's \$10,000,000 issue of 4 1/2 per cent soldiers' bonus bonds was bought Tuesday by a syndicate headed by Stacy & Braun. The bid was 100.179.

Permission is granted the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad by the interstate commerce commission to issue \$30,000,000 in new bonds to provide funds for additions and improvements to its lines.

Laden with about 7000 tons of corn and manned by an all-American crew, the steamship Western Maid sailed from Baltimore Tuesday for Reval, where the cargo will be unloaded for starving Russians.

Plans announced in Rochester, N. Y., Tuesday provide for what local officials think would be the largest single school building in the world. It will cover 3 1/2 acres and will have 211 rooms. Its estimated cost is \$4,000,000.

Unless Armistice day is specifically agreed upon as a holiday, railroad employees must be paid for that day, even if they do not work, under a decision of the United States labor board in a clerks' dispute on the Pere Marquette railroad.

The number of idle freight cars increased by 27,998 between January 1 and January 8, according to reports to the car service division of the American Railway association. On the latter date the number of idle cars was given as 646,673.

Chicago's \$2,700,000 municipal repair shops have been closed as a failure, it became known, following an investigation by a committee of aldermen. City work done there "cost 300 per cent of what it would have cost" in commercial shops.

Bread prices were reduced 1 cent in Chicago Tuesday, Russell J. Poole, secretary of the city council committee on living costs, announced. Pound loaves heretofore selling for 10 cents were sold for 9 cents and 24-ounce loaves previously sold for 15 cents went at 14 cents.

The United States cruiser Brooklyn, credited with having fired the first shot against Admiral Cervera's fleet in the battle of Santiago during the Spanish-American war, has been sold by the government to an Oakland, California, firm for junk. The Brooklyn, now obsolete, was built in 1896.

The arrest of Benjamin Greenberg in Boston, Mass., on charges of attempting to dispose of bonds alleged to have been part of the loot in a \$1,000,000 robbery at Los Angeles last March was followed Tuesday by official statements indicating that investigations were taking a wide range.

The proposal of the Lehigh Valley railroad for a reduction in the wages of its firemen and others will be submitted to the railroad labor board. This was decided at a conference between representatives of the men and officials of the company, at which it was found impossible to reach a settlement.

Severe shocks felt in many sections of Los Angeles Tuesday night, shattering window glasses in some quarters and shaking frame dwellings in nine distinct shocks between 7:10 and 8:30 o'clock, agitated many residents. The shocks were of such extent in residential sections that from several places it was reported that people fled from their houses and congregated in the streets. Plastering in many residences was cracked.

The programme which the American farm bureau will submit to the national agricultural conference when it convenes next week will call for early enactment by congress of laws "clearly defining rights of the farmers to market their products co-operatively." In making this announcement, the bureau said its economic and legislative proposals would be based on the plan adopted at the convention in Atlanta, Ga. Also, it was said information which the department of agriculture is collecting on farm tenancy and other problems will be made available to the delegates.

RELIEF FOR FARMERS URGED

President Emphasizes Seriousness of Situation of Agriculturists.

Washington, D. C.—Immediate relief must be given farmers in the present agricultural crisis, delegates to the national agricultural conference, which convened Monday, were told by the speakers. President Harding, who opened the conference, Secretary Wallace, farmers and representatives of industries dependent on agriculture, emphasized the seriousness of the situation and suggested remedies.

Remedial measures outlined by the president and subsequently endorsed by many speakers included more adequate financial facilities, especially working capital, for the farmer on long-time loans to provide for his turnover; extension of co-operative marketing, buying and loan associations of farmers; development of waterway transportation and power possibilities; more efficient machinery for collecting and distributing market information, including the demand and consumptive outlook; development of the St. Lawrence-Great Lakes waterway project and assurance to agriculture of equality of opportunity with all other industries.

Demand for reduction of freight rates was voiced generally by the farmers and a reduction in retail prices also was suggested as a necessary step to start increased consumption of farm products.

Depression in agriculture, which was declared by speakers from five leading farm regions to be general in the United States, is reflected in industries intimately connected with and dependent on a prosperous agriculture. It was asserted by representatives of the milling, packing, fertilizer and implement industries. Each of the latter pledged full co-operation with agriculture in any effort looking to restoration of normal conditions.

Secretary Wallace outlined the purpose of the conference after President Harding had delivered his address and Representative Anderson of Minnesota was made permanent chairman, while 12 major committees were appointed to study problems with the view of submitting recommendations.

W. J. Bryan late in the afternoon described the conference as one of the most important held in this country in a long time. Agriculture, he said, was in the worst condition in 30 years and he could not see how there could be any general prosperity until the condition of the farmer was improved.

Touching on other questions he declared that the present congress had done more than previous ones "because I think it's more scared than other congresses."

Praising the agricultural bloc, he said it was different from other blocs because its members had "acted openly and the others acted secretly."

New Pope Slated to Act.

Washington, D. C.—Some understanding between the Catholic church and the orthodox church of Russia may be an act of the next pope. Benedict XV, entering into negotiations with Lenin, obtained the liberation of the archbishop Monsignor Edward de Ropp, who has been held a prisoner by the bolsheviks. Once the ice was broken, Benedict continued to negotiate for the release of Russian and Polish ecclesiastics.

Pacific Cable Repaired.

San Francisco.—The break in the commercial Pacific cable near Midway Island has been repaired, according to word received Monday by the foreign trade department of the San Francisco chamber of commerce, the work having been done by the cable company's staff at Midway. The staff went out six miles in small boats, raised the cable by hand and put in a temporary splice.

Grain Moving to Russia.

Washington, D. C.—Since the congressional appropriation of \$20,000,000 for Russian famine relief was passed, 12 food cargoes consisting of 3,000,000 bushels of grain have been shipped from this country, Secretary Hoover said Monday. He added that 18 vessels are loading more than 3,000,000 bushels of grain.

Coins to Be Memorial.

Washington, D. C.—Authority for the director of the mint to direct coinage of the Grand Memorial gold dollar and silver half, was granted in a bill house. The measure provides for the coinage of 10,000 gold dollars and 250,000 silver half dollars.

Loaf of Bread 1 Cent.

Great Falls, Mont.—As a result of a continuation of the price war between local bakeries, bread was selling at most retail stores here Monday for 1 cent a loaf. The loaves weigh 16 ounces.

POPE LOSES LONG BATTLE FOR LIFE

Death Takes Pontiff at Six Sunday Morning.

NO HOPE AT MIDNIGHT

Holy Father Remains Cheerful During Illness—Household at Bedside Until End Comes.

Rome.—Pope Benedict died at 6 o'clock Sunday morning.

The end had been expected for several hours. The attending physicians, Cardinal Gasparri and other members of the pope's household were present at the bedside.

From midnight all hope had been abandoned and at 2 o'clock Dr. Battistini had announced that the pope could not live longer than four hours at the maximum.

At 3 o'clock Dr. Cherubini, Cardinal Giorgi and the pope's nephew gathered around the bedside, the end seemingly being near. The pope appeared to be in considerable distress. His extremities then were becoming cold.

After the publication of the bulletin announcing that all hope had been given up, Monsignor Nigone, Father Basil and Dr. Battistini also remained by the bedside. After a time the doctor told his holiness that they were praying for the peace of the world, to which the pope replied:

"I would willingly offer my life for the peace of the world."

He then turned on his side and lay watching those near him.

At 2 A. M. the first definite symptoms of approaching death were marked.

At one lucid period the pope was able to partake of nourishment; he then instructed the major domo to wake him in time for mass, to be celebrated at 5:30 A. M. in his chapel, adjoining the bedroom.

There had been moments Saturday when it was feared the end had come, but stimulants revived the pontiff, and his natural powers of resistance carried him through the turning point temporarily. He seemed to cling to life as did Pope Pius X in 1914 when the final outcome was in doubt for many hours.

Saturday was a day of great uncertainty in Rome and deep anxiety among those who watched and prayed at the vatican, for virtually all hope of the pope's recovery had been abandoned even in early morning.

Exports Take Big Drop.

Washington, D. C.—Exports of manufacturers fell off by \$2,000,000,000, shipments out of the country of raw materials dropped by nearly \$1,000,000,000, and foodstuffs exports declined by about \$500,000,000 during 1921, the commerce department announced Saturday. Imports showed similar declines in the various groups of commodities.

During 1921 exports of manufacturers aggregated \$2,025,000,000, compared with \$4,163,000,000 during 1920, while imports aggregated \$962,000,000 during 1921, as against \$1,689,000,000 the previous year.

Raw materials exported in 1921 amounted to \$984,000,000, as compared with \$1,970,000,000 in 1920, while imports totaled \$853,000,000, against \$1,751,000,000 during 1920.

Shipments of foodstuffs during the past year aggregated \$1,461,000,000, as compared with \$2,033,000,000 during 1920, while imports totaled \$672,000,000, against \$1,815,000,000 during 1920.

Pope's Memorial Plan.

New York.—The Knights of Columbus will undertake a million-dollar welfare work in Italy as a memorial to Pope Benedict XV, James H. Flaherty announced here. "The death of Pope Benedict," he said, "is a personal loss to every one of the 800,000 members of the Knights of Columbus. He was the first supreme pontiff personally to commission the Knights of Columbus to perform a definite work, and we shall make that work a memorial to him."

Rentals Still Soar.

Washington, D. C.—Additional evidence of soaring rental charges here was given Saturday to the senate by Senator Smoot, republican, Utah, who said that the owners of the building which houses the department of justice had proposed an increase of "only some 400 or 500 per cent" when the lease expires in June. Senator King, democrat, Utah, suggested that the government appeal the case to the district rent commission.



CHAPTER III—Continued.

He was risking everything for the sake of speed. He gave no heed to the fallen timber that might have torn the web of his snow shoes to shreds. Because he shut out all thought of it, he had no feeling of fatigue. The fight with Cranston had been a frightful strain on muscle and nerve; but he scarcely remembered it now. His whole purpose was to return to Snowbird before the wolves lost the last of their cowardice.

The jerked venom that he had snatched had brought him back much of his strength. He was wholly unconscious of his heavy pack. Never did he glide so swiftly, so softly, with such unerring step; and it was nothing more or less than a perfect expression of the iron-clad control that his steel nerves had over his muscles.

Then, through the silence, he heard the shout of the pack as the wolf had leaped at Snowbird. He knew what it meant. The wolves were attacking then, and a great flood of black, hating bitterness poured over him at the thought he had been too late. It had all been in vain, and before the thought could fully go home, he heard the dim, far-off crack of a pistol.

Was that the first of the three shots, the one she might expend on the wolves, or had the first two already been spent and was she taking the last gateway of escape? Perhaps even now Lennox was lying still on the sled, and she was standing before the ruin of her fire, praying that her soul might have wings. He shouted with all the power of his lungs across the snow.

But Snowbird only heard the soft glide of the wolves in the snow. The wind was blowing toward Dan; and while he had heard the loud chorus of the pack, one of the most far-carrying cries, and the penetrating crack of a pistol, she couldn't hear his answering shout. In fact, the wilderness seemed preternaturally still. All was breathless, heavy with suspense, and she stood, just as Dan had thought, between the ruin of her fire and the sled, and she looked with straight eyes to the oncoming wolves.

"Hurry, Snowbird," Lennox was whispering. "Give me the pistol—for that last work. We have only a moment more."

He looked very calm and brave, half-raised as he was on the sled, and perhaps a half-smile lingered at his bearded lips. And the bravest thing of all was that to spare her, he was willing to take the little weapon from her hand to use it in its last service. She tried to smile at him, then crept over to his side.

The strain was over. They knew what they had to face. She put the pistol in his steady hand. His hand lowered to his side and he sat waiting. The moments passed. The wolves seemed to be waiting, too, for the last flickering tongue of the little fire to die away. The last of her fuel was ignited and burning out; they were crouched and ready to spring if she should venture forth after more. The darkness closed down deeper, and at last only a column of smoke remained.

It was nothing to be afraid of. The great, gray leader of the pack, a wolf that weighed nearly 100 pounds, began slowly and deliberately to set his muscles for the spring. It was the same as when the great bull elk comes to bay at the base of the cliffs; usually some one wolf, often the great pack leader, wishing to remind his followers of his might, or else some full-grown male proud in his strength, will attack alone. Because this was the noblest game that the pack had ever faced, the leader chose to make the first leap himself. It was true that these two had neither such horns nor razor-edged hoofs as the elk, yet they had eyes that chilled his heart when he tried to look at them. But one was lying almost prone, and the fire was out. Besides, the madness of starvation, intensified ten times by their terrible realization of the wound at her hip, was upon the pack as never before. The muscles bunched at his lean flanks.

But as Snowbird and her father gazed at him in fascinated horror, the great wolf suddenly smashed down in the snow. She was aware of its curious, utter collapse actually before the sound of the rifle shot that occasioned it had penetrated her consciousness. It was a perfect shot at long range; and for a long instant her tortured faculties refused to accept the truth.

Then the rifle spoke again, and a second wolf—a large male that crouched on the other side of the sled—fell kicking forward at the first death; but they halted at the second. And then terror came to them when the third wolf suddenly opened its savage lips and screamed in the death agony.

Up to this time, except for the report of the rifle, the attack had been

made in utter silence. The reason was just that both breath and nervous force are needed to shout; and Dan Falling could afford to waste neither of these vital forces. He had dropped to his knees, and was firing again and again, his gray eyes looking clear and straight along the barrel, his fingers without jerk or tremor pressing again and again at the trigger, his hands holding the rifle as in a vise. Every nerve and muscle were completely in his command. The distance was far, yet he shot with deadly, amazing accuracy. The wolves were within a few feet of the girl, and a fraction's waver in the gun barrel might have sped his bullet toward her.

"It's Dan Falling," Lennox shouted as the fourth wolf died. Then Snowbird snatched her pistol from her father's hand and opened fire. The two shells were no longer needed to free herself and her father from the agony of fangs. She took careful aim, and although a pistol is never as accurate or as powerful as a rifle, she killed one wolf and wounded another.

Frenzied in their savagery, three or four of the remaining wolves leaped at the body of one of the wounded; but the others scattered in all directions. Still Dan fired with the same unbelievable accuracy, and still the wolves died in the snow. The girl and the man were screaming now in the frenzied joy of deliverance. The wolves scurried frantically among the trees; and some of them unknowingly ran full in the face of their enemy, to be shot down without mercy. And few indeed were those that escaped—to collect on a distant ridge, and, perhaps, to be haunted in dream by a death that came out of the shadows to blast the pack.

Again the pack song would be despairing and strange in the winter nights—that age old chant of Famine and Fear and the long war of exist-



"We Will Take It Easy From Now On."

ence with only Death and Darkness in the end. And because it is the voice of the wilderness itself, the tender-foot that camps in the evergreen forest will listen, and his talk will die at his lips, and he will have the beginnings of knowledge. And perhaps he will wonder if God has given him the thews and fiber to meet the wilderness breast to breast as Dan had met it; to remain and to fight and to conquer. And thereby his metal will be tested in the eyes of the Red Gods.

Snowbird stood waiting in the snow, arms stretched to her forester as Dan came running through the wood. But his arms were wider yet, and she went softly into them.

"We will take it easy from now on," Dan Falling told them, after the camp was cleared of its dead and the fire was built high. "We have plenty of food; and we will travel a little while each day and make warm camps at night. We'll have friendship fires, just as sometimes we used to build on the ridge."

"But after you get down in the valleys?" Lennox asked anxiously. "Are you and Snowbird coming up here to live?"

The silence fell over their camp; and a wounded wolf whined in the darkness. "Do you think I could leave it now?" Dan asked. By no gift of words could he have explained why; yet he knew that by token of his conquest, his spirit was wedded to the dark forests forever. "But heaven knows what I'll do for a living." Snowbird crept near him, and her

eyes shone in the bright fire light. "I've solved that," she said. "You know you studied forestry—and I told the supervisor at the station how much you knew about it. I wasn't going to tell you until—until certain things happened—and now they have happened, I can't wait another instant. He said that with a little more study you could get into the forest service—take an examination and become a ranger. You're a natural forester if one ever lived, and you'd love the work."

"Besides," Lennox added, "it would clip my Snowbird's wings to make her live on the plains. My big house will be rebuilt, children. There will be fires in the fire place on the fall nights. There is no use of thinking of the plains."

"And there's going to be a smaller house—just a cottage at first—right beside it," Dan replied. He could go back to his forests, after all. He wouldn't have to throw away his birthright, fought for so hard; and it seemed to him no other occupation could offer so much as that of the forest rangers—those silent, cool-headed guardians of the forest and keepers of its keys.

For a long time Snowbird and he stood together at the edge of the firelight, their bodies warm from the glow, their hearts brimming with words they could not utter. Words always come hard to the mountain people. They are folk of action, and Dan, rather than words, trusted to the yearning of his arms.

"We're made for each other, Snowbird, darling," he told her breathlessly at last. "And at last I can claim what I've been waiting for all these months." He claimed it; and in open defiance to all civil law, he collected fully 100 times in the next few minutes. But it didn't particularly matter, and Snowbird didn't even turn her face. "Maybe you've forgotten you claimed it when you first came back, too," she said.

So he had. It had completely slipped his mind, in the excitement of his fight with the wolf pack. And then while Lennox pretended to be asleep, they sat, breathless with happiness, on the edge of the sled and watched the dawn come out.

They had never seen the snow so lovely in the sunlight.

[THE END.]

ECSTASY IN THE SALESROOM

Goaded "Prospect" Finally Forced, in Self-Defense, to Rise to the Occasion Himself.

"But this is such a sweet little model, honey. Perfect on you. Look at the quality of this duvety, dearie. Now, honey, did you ever see such lines?"

There may have been heroes of grand opera who could make love with the fluency and intensity of a sales-girl drawing near to a sale, but no expert exists whose ardor can thus flame when the actual moment of decision between the higher and the lower comes, writes Marian Storm in the New York Evening Post.

"Lots of little girls that buy these little suits just leave off their little blouses and wear them like little one-piece dresses. Now, this little style, dearie, was made for you. Look, honey, not a wrinkle in back. Isn't it lovely on her?"—appeals to another enraptured creature—"Isn't she just the little girl to wear this little model? Of course, not every one can wear this little suit, dearie. It takes a figure, honey, just like you've got. I wear the same suit myself."

"Dearie, in two weeks you couldn't buy this little suit for half the price again. Isn't it lovely on her? I said, honey, when you came in: 'There's the girl that can wear that little special we got today.' Now turn around, dear. You won't have to do a thing to it. Length—just right, honey. Sleeves—just right, honey. Sweetness," she urged, at passionate climax, "don't let a little chance like this go by! Dearie, if you only—"

"But, oh, my beloved," returned the goaded customer half fiercely. "The price! The price!"

Barnstable's Old Bell.

In the courthouse at Barnstable, Mass., is an old bell, cracked and silent, which may be, and probably is, the oldest bell in the United States. So thinks Mr. Alfred Crocker, clerk of courts of Barnstable county. The date 1075 is still plainly visible in the photograph recently printed in the Boston Evening Transcript.

By this date, however, the old bell had seen nearly a quarter of a century of life in England before it came to America and began calling worshippers together in the church at Sandwich town. Gratitude bought the bell in England, for it came as a gift from Mrs. Peter Adolph, whose husband, Captain Adolph, was lost in the wreck of his vessel on the Massachusetts coast in 1697 despite the efforts of the people of Sandwich.

Drawing an Audience.

Professor Letterkink—I'm delighted to see so large a gathering in the house. I never spoke to an audience of more than 40 before. Your townsmen are interested in science?

The Local Editor—Not much. But my compositor in setting up the ad of your lecture on the "Cosmic Forces," left the "s" out of "Cosmic."

Her Suspicion.

Mr. Gotham—I see a Brooklyn woman has applied to the courts for help from being loved to death by her husband, who, she says, kisses her 300 times a day.

Mrs. Gotham—Can't understand how a man can do so many wrong things that he has to apologize as much as that.