

# 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 were killed and 12 injured, one perhaps fatally, in the explosion of a compressed air tank in a machine shop of the Kansas City Railway company Tuesday.

A virtual brigade was thrown around Flume Tuesday by Italian Commissioner Castell, who issued orders forbidding the entrance into the city of any but Flume citizens.

The steamer Bornholm, five days out from St. Johns, N. F., for Halifax, is stuck fast in the ice about 70 miles southwest of Cape Race. She has sufficient coal for eight days.

Two bandits Tuesday held up Willis Litchfield, representative of the New York Globe, in front of the newspaper office in Dey street, and escaped with \$1193 in cash and \$7985 in checks.

The American legation of Peking has requested the Chinese government to take immediately all possible measures to apprehend and bring to trial the robbers who murdered Dr. A. L. Shelton, an American missionary, at Batung February 17, it was announced at the state department.

Max Wilkofski drew a pat royal flush in a midnight game at the home of Michael Eisenberg in Newark, N. J. Before he could open the pot he pitched forward on the table, dead. Physicians said heart disease was the cause.

Viscount Grey of Fallodon, formerly secretary of state for foreign affairs, underwent an operation Tuesday night for ulcer. Although the operation was declared successful the patient was considered to be in quite a serious condition.

Rioting in Hanover street, Belfast, Ireland, Tuesday afternoon resulted in firing into a crowd by the military, killing two boys and wounding another. The lord mayor announced that the imposition of martial law was imminent.

An import duty of 7 cents a pound on long staple cotton—the figure in the emergency tariff law—is understood to have been agreed upon by republican members of the senate finance committee who are rewriting the Fordney tariff bill.

Five deaths appeared to be the total of fatalities in the tornado, which early Tuesday ravaged mill villages in Georgia and South Carolina. The storm centered at Warrenville, S. C., where, in addition to the five persons killed, a number were injured.

German reparations payments to the allies in cash, payments in kind, and cessions of state property, between the armistice and December 31, 1921, amounted to 8,487,856,000 gold marks, says a report issued Tuesday by the reparations commission.

When James Hawkins, a negro of Peoria, Ill., roused from his sleep, jumped from his burning room, his pajamas caught on a nail on the window casing and left him dangling 30 feet above ground with flames leaping about him. Firemen rushed a ladder to the shrieking man and saved him.

Attorney-General Daugherty has been asked by President Harding for an opinion as to the right of Senator Smoot, republican, Utah, and Representative Burton, republican, Ohio, to sit on the allied debt refunding commission while retaining their seats in congress, it was announced at the white house.

The alleged victims of Alfred E. Lindsay, of New York, who is charged with swindling wealthy women of nearly \$1,000,000 in fake stock transactions, Monday filed an involuntary petition in bankruptcy against him in federal court. Lindsay, described as a broker in investment securities, was recently indicted in the state courts.

The compromise soldiers' bonus bill, carrying a bank loan provision in place of the cash installment plan, originally proposed and once approved by the house, finally was agreed to Tuesday by republican members of the ways and means committee. It was introduced later in the house by Chairman Fordney, who announced that it would not be called up until next Monday, if then.

## CONSTRUCTION WORK BEGUN

Railroads Give Contracts for Many Miles of New Road.

Chicago.—More construction work is actually under way or projected by the railways of the country for 1922 than for several years, according to statistics presented Monday by the Railway Age. This was attributed to the shortage of railway facilities and the improvement in railway net earnings within recent months.

"It is significant," the magazine said, "that public announcement has already been made of plans to construct more than 500 miles of new line this year and contracts already have been let for at least half. Among the projects authorized are an extension of 55 miles on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe from Statanta, Kan., west, and a line 40 miles long from Pawhuska, Okla., to Owen, which are understood to be the first of several projects which this road has in contemplation." The Dallas-Terrell, a Texas road, has awarded a contract for the construction of 34 miles of line; the Portland, Astoria & Eastern is now building a 32-mile extension at a cost of \$2,600,000, and the Kansas & Oklahoma Southern has been authorized to build 71 miles.

"With reference to a second track, the Santa Fe has announced that it will reduce grades and provide an additional track between Yampal, Ariz., and Griffith, 75 miles; the Great Northern will build 47 miles of second track in Washington and elsewhere, and the St. Louis-San Francisco has awarded contracts for 20 miles.

"Insofar as terminal facilities are concerned, the Pere Marquette has appropriated \$1,400,000 for the construction of locomotive shops at Grand Rapids, Mich.; the Missouri, Kansas & Texas has awarded contracts for the construction of a new gravity classification yard and shops at Denison, Tex., at an estimated cost of \$3,000,000; the Santa Fe has undertaken the construction of additions to its shops at San Bernardino, Cal., estimated to cost \$224,000, and the Canadian Pacific has announced its intention of proceeding with the construction of a large ocean terminal on Burrard inlet, Vancouver.

"In this summary no attempt has been made to present a complete list of the larger projects which have been authorized or those which are in contemplation, but concerning which no specific announcement has yet been made, or to include the smaller projects such as stations and yard extensions. The list enumerated is, however, sufficient to demonstrate conclusively that the railways are viewing the future with more optimism."

### Dairy Congress Planned

Washington, D. C.—Leading dairy and manufacturing interests at a conference at the department of agriculture Monday decided upon preliminary plans for the holding of the world's dairy congress in this country some time next fall. The date or the city in which the congress will assemble were not decided upon. Secretary Wallace and H. E. Van Norman, president of the World's Dairy Congress association, announced that the congress would be divided into four sections—industry and economics, regulation and control, national health, and research and education.

### Life Is Held Restored.

Chicago.—George Anston Sunday asserted that his invention, the "pneumaphone," can revive apparently dead persons within a 72-hour period, if they have "died" of pneumonia, asphyxia, heart disease, or nervous exhaustion. His invention, shaped much like a bicycle pump, has revived persons given up for dead as long as three days, Anston declared, and offered to appear before a scientific board to demonstrate it.

### More Wars Predicted.

Milwaukee.—In addressing several hundred persons, Wilbur Glenn Voliva, overseer of Zion, Sunday prophesied that Great Britain would lose many of her colonial possessions, which would be followed by the formation of a great northeastern confederacy, with Russia, Germany, Japan and China forming to combat nations already allied. "There is no peace for the world—nothing but hell," he declared.

### Railroad Orders Cars.

San Francisco.—Fifty steel cars of the most modern type, to cost \$800,000, were contracted for Monday by Paul Shoup, president of the Pacific Electric company, for service between Los Angeles and Hollywood, Cal. This information was embodied in a telegram received from him by the state railroad commission.

### Farm Loans Are Approved

Washington, D. C.—Approval of 91 advances for agricultural and livestock purposes aggregating \$2,504,000 was announced Monday by the war finance corporation. The advances included: Idaho, \$138,000 and Montana \$38,000.

## RUSSIAN CORPSES BURIED IN HEAPS

Tangled Bodies Thrown Into Great Excavations.

VOLGA VALLEY SCENE

Relief Expert Pictures Vast Famine Area, Where Bugs and Bandits Vie With Disease.

Washington, D. C.—Tangled heaps of frozen corpses, some attacked by starved dogs, sickness, dirt and cold in the Volga valley are described to Secretary Hoover in a nightmare picture of the famine districts of soviet Russia drawn by Dr. Thomas H. Dickinson, of the American relief administration, in a special report on conditions there.

Dr. Dickinson made a month's tour of the Volga valley and the foothills of the Urals, traveling 4000 miles by rail, auto and sledge, inspecting 150 villages on the snow-covered steppes. In his report to Mr. Hoover, Dr. Dickinson gave the bare and gruesome details of his observations.

"Losses from famine in soviet Russia," he said, "come under the heads of emigration, disease and death. Emigration from the villages now rises to about 30 per cent. Houses are deserted, not a dog, cat or pig left, with snow breaking through the roofs and windows. Smoke comes from the chimneys of not more than half the houses. Traveling on the roads one comes across pathetic caravans, father, mother, grandparents and samovar. When camel or horse falls sick they leave him to die on the open plain. Sick persons sit on top of the sledges and are taken to town to die.

"On sidings everywhere, from Poland to the Urals, are freight cars crowded with refugees. The government has not the locomotives to carry them, so they are waiting. "Disease is general. Swollen bellies of children are so common as no longer to excite remark. The characteristic expression of childhood in Russia is that of a person 'sore at life.' I have learned to dread going into a room full of children. They all look up at me accusingly, bitterly, as if I had done it. They are born with resentment in their hearts.

"Diseases are well distributed between summer and winter. Last summer cholera, this winter typhus. Russia lost 6,000,000 dead of typhus in 1919. One city of 200,000 lost 45,000. This year will be as bad. "So many are already dying that they are burying them in wagon loads. They take off the clothes of the dead, throw them into boxes, put snow on the bodies to freeze them, then transport them in piles to the cemetery. There, twice a week, they are thrown into great holes, crosswise, packed closely. Dogs have become a menace and attack piles of bodies in droves and dig into graves. Dead children, starved to death, are left outside in open ways in piles, covered with rags until they can be hauled away.

From his notes Dr. Dickinson describes a burying ground near Samara, where the dead, gnawed by dogs, were piled in frozen mounds until thrown into great excavations.

### Soviet to Lease Farms.

Moscow.—The soviet government soon will be ready to lease to foreign concerns large soviet estates in the Volga and southeast Russia on a concession basis.

M. Cereza, member of the supreme economic council, who is charged with the task of raising 1,000,000,000 gold rubles, or \$500,000,000, for agricultural and road improvements, announced the plan in an interview with the official Russian press bureau.

M. Cereza said the leases will be designed to put much of the most valuable grain land in Russia temporarily in the hands of foreign capitalists.

### Mexico to Quell Riots.

Mexico City.—Disturbances, accompanied by some bloodshed, which have taken place in the states of Michoacan and Jalisco during the last few weeks, have caused the government to assume an energetic attitude in policing these districts, although the activities do not appear to have been directed against President Obregon. Morelia, capital of Michoacan, for several days has been in a state of panic, due to threats of rebels.



A New Romance of the Storm Country

### THE FIGHT.

Synopsis.—Lonely and friendless, Tonnibel Devon, living on a canal boat with a brutal father and a worn-out, discouraged mother, wanders into a Salvation army hall at Ithaca, N. Y. There she meets a young Salvation army captain, Philip MacCauley, Uriah Devon, Tony's father, announces he has arranged for Tony to marry Reginald Brown, a worthless companion. Mrs. Devon objects, and Uriah beats her. Their quarrel reveals that there is a secret between them in which Tony is the central figure. Tony refuses to marry Reginald and escapes a beating by jumping into the lake. She finds a baby's picture with offer of reward for its delivery to Doctor Pendlehaven. She delivers the picture and the doctor visits her mother. Mrs. Devon makes Tony swear "never to say nothing" mean against Uriah Devon." The Devons disappear and Tony again visits the Pendlehavens.

### CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

"This is my brother, Paul Pendlehaven, my child," said Doctor John. "He wants to thank you for bringing back the picture."

"Sit down a while," murmured Doctor Paul.

She squatted unceremoniously upon the bed beside the pig.

"Our little friend here is in trouble," said Doctor John to his brother, "and wants work. I'll come back after three." Then he went out.

For a long time Paul Pendlehaven looked at Tony, and Tony looked back at him. Tony was mentally pitying him with all her loving heart. He was thinking over the conversation he and his brother had had about this strange little girl who had brought from a thief's den the picture of his baby.

"How would you like to stay here a while with me?" he asked at length.

Gray eyes widened to the fullest extent of fringed lids.

"Lordy," was all Tonnibel could say, as she glanced around.

"You might wait on me," explained the doctor, "and keep me company. I do get lonely sometimes. Would you like that? I know you like flowers."

"I love 'em," cried Tonnibel.

Pendlehaven smiled into the shining eyes. He felt better already.

"I've such a lot of them all over this wing," he went on. "You might take care of them for me and—other things."

Tony was almost bursting with joy. She had within her the greatest gift of God, supreme gratitude. To work for him would be bliss indeed. She didn't want to cry, so to keep from it, she bit down on her red underlip. He had said in positive tones that he wanted her. It did seem good to be wanted somewhere. What she did then Pendlehaven remembered many a long day. She bent over and kissed his hand. The warm red lips thrilled him as vibrant youth always thrills weakness.

"Can Gussie stay, too?" she pleaded presently. "She'd be without anybody if she didn't have me."

"Yes," said Pendlehaven, as his brother opened the door. "You can



"For Heaven's Sake, What's the Matter?" Asked the Girl.

make her a nice home in my conservatory."

It took but a moment for the sick man to explain to Doctor John his arrangements with Tonnibel, and the girl's heart was not the only rejoicing one among the trio.

When Katherine Curtis came home late that afternoon she found her mother in a towering rage, surrounded by many strange looking boxes and bundles.

"For heaven's sake, what's the matter?" asked the girl.

"I think your Cousin John's gone mad," said Mrs. Curtis, beginning to cry. "He's brought a ragged girl into

the house to stay, a girl with bare feet, and enough hair for three people. From what I could gather she's going to stay over with Paul. And John insisted on my going with him to buy these. Think of a poor nobody dressed up like a horse."

Katherine looked at her keenly. "I suppose you served Cousin John a deep-seated spell of hysterics, didn't you, when he popped the girl in on you?" she demanded.

"I did my best," admitted Mrs. Curtis, sniffing.

"Men get surfeited to women's tears, mamma darling," said the all-wise Katherine. "If I wanted to make any impression on him, I'd leave off howling every minute or two. And you don't look pretty when your nose is red. Who is the gutter rat?"

"I'm sure I don't know. She's got a queer name, and I asked her about herself, and she looked as sulky as could be."

"Leave it to me—" began Katherine. Just then the door swung open, and there appeared before Katherine Curtis a girl who made her breath almost stop with surprise. A very young girl, too, the gazer caught at a glance. Abundant curls hung about one of the most beautiful faces Katherine had ever seen. Her mother hadn't told her the girl was so pretty. She felt a nervousness come over her when she thought of Philip MacCauley.

In silence Tonnibel donned her new clothes, and when she stood up to be inspected, Mrs. Curtis scowled at her. "Go show Doctor John," she said. "He told me to send you right down to him."

Tonnibel was glad to escape. Katherine hadn't said a word to her, but both girls had eyed each other approvingly, and Katherine suddenly came to a resolution, which she made known to her mother the moment they were alone.

"She can't stay in this house," she said between her teeth.

Mrs. Curtis laughed sarcastically. "See what you can do with your cousin, then," she snapped. "I did my best with John, and he positively refused to let me go to Paul! As much as told me it was none of my business."

"I won't cry when I talk to him," said the girl. "I'll speak my mind outright. I'll make the house too hot to hold her. I think I know how to put one over on our philanthropic cousins."

When Tonnibel came into the office that evening to ask a very important question of Doctor Pendlehaven, he said to her:

"My dear, I want you always to remember what I am going to tell you now. This house belongs to my brother and me. I do not wish you to take orders from anyone but us."

Tony gazed at him a moment, not understanding at first. Then her lips widened.

"That means if anyone says I've got to hike back to the canal boat, I don't go unless one of you tells me to," she demanded. "Is that it?"

The doctor laughed.

"Yes, that's it," said he. "Now what did you want of me?"

"Can I go down the lake tomorrow afternoon—" she hesitated and then went on, "I want to see if anyone's home."

"Certainly, dear child, you can," was the answer. "But get back before it's dark; I don't want anything to happen to my little Tony Girl."

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### The Fight.

Little by little Paul Pendlehaven taught her, and little by little Tony's salvation boy preached his lessons of Universal Love to her; and the eager young mind drank in the knowledge as a thirsty plant takes in water.

There were no signs of Uriah and Edith returning, and Tonnibel grew daily more hopeless when she thought of her mother. Perhaps she would never see her again. She had strenuously refused to speak of her people to Paul Pendlehaven.

Doctor John noticed as the days passed how much better his brother was looking, and no wonder his own heart warmed hourly to the curly-headed waif who had come among them so mysteriously.

Unknown to either of the doctors, Mrs. Curtis and her daughter had been able to keep Tony Devon from meeting Philip MacCauley in the house. At first John Pendlehaven had insisted that Tony attend the family table, but both Paul and the girl decided that her meals should be served in the sick room. Perhaps if Philip MacCauley hadn't been interested in a certain little girl on a canal boat, his curiosity would have taken him to Paul's apartments to make the acquaintance of the little companion John Pendlehaven had casually spoken of.

"She's a wonder, Phil," he said one evening. "For the first time I've hopes of Paul's recovery."

"Good!" replied Philip, and immediately fell into a reverie.

Tonnibel had reached the canal boat and had changed to her old clothes when suddenly she heard footsteps on the path beside the Hoghole. Her heart almost leapt out of her mouth. Perhaps her mother was coming home, perhaps her father. Tremblingly she peeped out through the aperture. She drew back instantly. Reginald Brown was approaching the canal boat. She heard him cross the deck, and then the footsteps ceased. She hoped with all her might and main that he wouldn't think of coming downstairs.

But that was exactly what he did do. She crouched up against the bunk, as the boy stepped into the cabin. When he saw her a slow grin spread over his thin face.

"So you're here," he got out thickly. "Where have you been? I've visited this place three times in that many weeks. Where have you been, I say?"

"Go away," she said, half frightened to death. "You'd better get out of here before my mother comes back. She'll beat you with the broom!"

"I'm not afraid of your father or mother," he said tauntingly. "I know where they are."

The words sent Tonnibel forward a step.

"Honest?" she gasped. "Is it honest what you say?"

"Certainly," replied the young man, "and they told me to come here and get you."

"Where are they?" She had come very near him now, her eyes gazing at



Never Had She Seen Such Strength.

him wistfully. "Please tell me where my mummy is!"

"Never mind just now," said he, his eyes taking in her slight young figure passionately. "Here, I want to kiss you."

He dragged her forward until her slender, quivering body was pressed against his. He had said he intended to kiss her. All the rebellion of a primitive uneducated nature sprang into life within Tony Devon. The curly head darted upward for a moment, and the gray eyes blazed into the muddy blue ones, leering down upon her. Then, knowing no other way to protect herself from desecration, she set her sharp white teeth into Reggie's hand, sinking them deep beneath his skin. A cry of hurt rage escaped his lips, and he flung her from him.

"You little vixen," he got out, shaking his hand in panic. "You little wicked brat! There! Now I'll teach you to bite me again."

He sprang at her, and Tony screamed twice with all her lung power. Then something happened! Someone grasped hold of the man who had snatched her into his arms, and for what seemed an interminable time two forms struggled together in the small cabin. For a few seconds Tony didn't realize who Reggie's assailant was; then with a grip at her heart she recognized Philip's white face as with terrible strength he dragged Reggie up the steps.

Into her terrified eyes came one strange flashing smile of welcome. Her salvation man had saved her, and as every woman does in cases where her need is great, she cried out her thanksgiving in his name, that best-beloved name of Philip. By this time the two men were struggling on the deck, and as if impelled by some unknown force Tony staggered up the steps.

It was just as she reached the top that she saw Captain MacCauley, by one mighty effort, lift the struggling figure of the other man and throw him into the lake. A sharp ejaculation fell from her lips. Never had she seen such strength, never had her heart sung as it did then. She trembled so that when Philip swung back and rushed toward her, she sank down at his feet. As falls away an old garment so fell away Philip's anger. Tenderly he lifted her up and spoke to her.

"Poor little girl," he whispered. But he had no time to add anything, nor had Tony time to answer him.

For there on the Hoghole path looking at her, a frown dragging his brows together, was her father.

Uriah Devon had halted at the sight of a man being thrown into the water. Then he came forward, and the girl loosened herself from the arms that held her and turned swiftly to him.

The face in the window.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Don't forget that the wisest owl occasionally hoots at the wrong time.