

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.

J. P. Hyde, justice of the peace of Blaine, Wash., who cut his throat when he fell on an ax Monday morning, died Tuesday.

Three soldiers were killed and nine seriously burned when pyrotechnics exploded in a pit during an exhibition at Camp Bullis, north of San Antonio, Tex., Monday night.

The nomination of William Henry Hay to be a brigadier-general of cavalry was sent to the senate Tuesday. Edmund Wittensier was nominated as a brigadier-general of infantry.

A police patrol on special assignment between Amagh and Charlemont, Ireland, was ambushed Sunday and two in the patrol were wounded. Later Dunganon police searched the district and arrested five men.

Reduced rates on eggs from Seattle and vicinity to Chicago and surrounding territory will be effective May 25, it was announced Tuesday by the Northern Pacific railroad. The old rate was \$3.33 1/4 per 100 pounds, which will be reduced to \$2.60.

A rapid spread of the coal strike into non-union strongholds was admitted Tuesday at headquarters of the bituminous operators' association. "The enemy is gaining ground much faster than we anticipated," said the president of a Pennsylvania company.

The Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway company, in its annual report for the year ended December 31, 1921, made public Tuesday, showed a balance of income available for dividends of \$5,780,269.22, of which \$3,567,695 was applied to the payment of full dividends on the preferred stock.

Charges that the war department has sold property and is selling property at "ridiculously and criminally low prices to favored customers, concealing from congress and deliberately misrepresenting the facts," were made in the house Tuesday by Representative Johnson, republican, South Dakota.

Guarantors for the Chicago Grand Opera company will have to stand an assessment of "not more than \$65,000 at the outside," for the deficit incurred by the company in the two weeks just concluded in San Francisco, it was stated by Selby C. Oppenheim, who had charge of the appearance here.

Michael H. Walsh, 74, horticulturist, internationally known as the originator of the Rambler roses, died at his home in Woods Hole, Mass., Monday night. The Lady Gay and the Minnehaha were rambler creations evolved by him. They brought him grand awards by societies in this country and abroad.

Secretary Hughes has received from Ambassador Harvey in London a note from Lord Curzon, foreign secretary, which stated that the government of Great Britain would not in any circumstances question the rights of the United States in its claims for payment of costs of the American army of occupation in Germany.

Approval of 80 advances for agricultural and livestock purposes aggregating \$2,616,000 was announced Monday by the war finance corporation. Distribution of the loans included: California, \$900,000; Colorado, \$58,000; Idaho, \$10,000; Iowa, \$118,000; Montana, \$71,000; Texas, \$401,000; Utah, \$299,000, and Washington, \$10,000.

Solution of the mystery of the finding last Friday of the package of 2000 \$5 treasury bills in the Potomac river near the bureau of engraving and printing was announced Monday by Chief Moran of the secret service, who said that the bills were a part of the bundle of 1000 sheets, each containing four \$5 notes, stolen from the bureau about a year ago.

The allied debt refunding commission created by congress and entrusted with conversion into long-time securities of the debts of the allied nations to the United States was formally completed Tuesday through confirmation by the senate of the nominations of Senator Smoot of Utah and Representative Burton of Ohio, republicans, as members of the commission.

SIGN RUSSO-GERMAN TREATY

Full Diplomatic Relations to Be Re-established—Act Declared Disloyal.

Genoa.—A treaty between Germany and Russia was signed at Rapallo Sunday, the signatories being the foreign ministers of the two countries, George Tchitcherin for Russia and Dr. Walter Rathenau for Germany.

The signing of the treaty between Germany and Russia, which nullifies the Best-Litovsk treaty, cancels all war claims arising from the nationalization of property, and re-establishes full diplomatic relations between these two countries on a basis of equality, has caused profound astonishment and resentment among the allied delegations.

The ministers of the powers which convened the conference decided at a meeting held Monday night to have a committee of experts examine this treaty, to determine whether it conflicts with the Cannes resolution or the treaty of Versailles.

Subsequently the convening powers will meet with Poland, Czechoslovakia, Roumania and Jugo-Slavia to ascertain the views of the lesser powers and deal with the report of the experts. The British and French delegates declared that they considered the signature of the treaty a disloyal act. Apparently it may imperil the conference.

It is stated that the signing of the treaty, which took place at Rapallo was unknown to the allied leaders, when Delegates Barthou, Schanzer and Thuenye met to consider the reply which the Russians might make to the conditions imposed on that country, but as soon as the delegates learned of the treaty, their program was changed, and the situation, which is considered extremely grave, was fully discussed.

M. Barthou, head of the French delegation, is seeking further instruction from his government at Paris, and declared that he would not sit beside Russians in semi-official meetings.

The situation is so critical that the most prominent delegates are reserving their opinion until after the experts examine the new document, which is generally regarded in allied circles as an infringement of the Genoa agenda, because it has to do with reparations and affects existing treaties.

STORM AND FLOOD SWEEP MID-WEST

Chicago.—Twenty-one persons were known to have been killed, more than 100 injured and thousands made homeless by tornadoes and flood waters which swept over the central west Monday.

Tornadoes were reported in a score of Illinois and Indiana towns. Homes were demolished, telephone and telegraph service to the stricken districts crippled and livestock killed.

Throughout the area from Ohio on the east to Kansas and Nebraska on the west, heavy rains swelled streams already out of their banks and inundated thousands of acres of rich farm land in addition to vast tracts already under water.

While snow and sleet covered Colorado, Kansas and Nebraska, Missouri and Iowa were pelted with heavy hail storms which smashed windows and damaged crops several inches of snow were reported from Denver.

The storm was believed to have been the same which lashed several towns in northeastern Kansas Sunday night, killing several persons, then jumped over Missouri to reappear early Monday in southern Illinois.

At Irvington the twister swept a path 23 miles long and 150 yards wide through the center of the village, killing several persons. More than half of the homes in the community were destroyed. Plainfield, Ill., was almost obliterated.

After visiting many Illinois towns, the tornado jumped into Indiana, striking Hedrick, a small village in the western part of the state, early in the afternoon. Two hours later, before the place had time to recover, a second tornado caused several deaths and heavy property damage.

Diving Plane Kills Two

Dallas, Tex.—Captain G. S. Little and Sergeant James L. Johnson, army officers from Kelly field, San Antonio, were killed here Sunday, when the airplane in which they were riding went into a nose dive at a height of about 100 feet and fell.

The accident occurred near a private landing field and it is believed the aviators intended to make a landing when the plane dropped to the ground.

Railroad Shops Burn.

Kearney, N. J.—Four shops, nine motors valued at \$40,000 and several passenger cars were destroyed by fire in the repair shops of the Pennsylvania railroad between Kearney and Jersey City Sunday. A conservative estimate of the loss was \$500,000.

ALLIES GIVE CURT ORDER TO RUSSIA

Definite Yes-or-No Answer Is Demanded.

FRENCH IRRITATED

Lloyd George Announces That Aim Is to Form Pact Between 34 Nations Represented.

Genoa.—The Russian delegates were told Saturday to answer definitely yes or no as to whether they will put into practice the conditions of the Cannes resolution and the guarantees submitted to the London experts' report, according to a French communique issued subsequent to the adjournment of a lengthy meeting between the allied leaders and the Russians.

It seemed impossible, said the French statement, to get anything tangible from the soviet delegates, who astonished the allied representatives by demanding 50,000,000,000 gold rubles as the amount due Russia because of foreign intervention. This is two and a half times greater than the amount the allies claim from Russia.

An Italian statement regarding the meeting was more optimistic. It pointed out that the subjects discussed are more vast in scope than was dreamed of when the Genoa conference originated.

"This," says the statement, "is an attempt to bring about the co-existence in the world of finance, economy and commerce two opposite regimes—capitalism and communism. This morning the experts were struggling in a kingdom of figures and in the afternoon the allied leaders took the discussion back into the kingdom of principles."

Premier Lloyd George of Great Britain has announced that his aim at the Genoa conference is to bring into being a pact among the 34 nations represented, agreeing not to invade one another's territories. It would be similar to the four-power pact negotiated at Washington.

Britain is against a pact with military sanctions, it was declared, because sanctions belong to the order of ideas that an endeavor is being made to get away from, and guarantees would mean a new grouping of the powers. The military holiday idea is not practical.

In response to questions, the spokesman for the British said that Mr. Lloyd George's plan resembled President Harding's idea for an association, which it was hoped would bring disarmament or a big reduction of armament in its wake.

Lloyd George received a cable message from Senator Joseph I. France of Maryland, saying he was about to propose a resolution in the American senate asking that America be represented at the conference.

The message was referred to the secretary-general of the conference. The British attitude was described as being that the British government could not interfere with the affairs of another nation.

Notes Over-Subscribed.

Washington, D. C.—A hearty over-subscription to the new treasury issue of 3 1/2 per cent six months' certificates bearing the lowest government interest rates since 1917 was announced Saturday night by Secretary Mellon. Preliminary reports, he said, indicate that the total subscriptions will aggregate more than \$300,000,000 for the issue, which was for about \$150,000,000. All the federal reserve districts, he said, have reported oversubscriptions of their quotas.

6000 Tenants Rebel.

Chicago.—Six thousand tenants of Chicago apartment houses, at a mass meeting Sunday, pledged themselves to refuse to move on May 1, Chicago's semi-annual moving day, and to refuse to pay increased rents.

The meeting was held under the auspices of the Tenants' league of Chicago. Many of the tenants reported that landlords had served notice of a \$10 increase in rent effective May 1.

Alien Law Is Extended.

Washington, D. C.—The senate Saturday adopted the house joint resolution extending to June 1, 1924, the provision of the present three per cent immigration restriction law. Several amendments were added to the house measure which originally would have extended the present law for only one year.

The Shadow of the Sheltering Pines

A New Romance of the Storm Country

By GRACE MILLER WHITE

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CHAPTER XI—Continued.

"God, how I've prayed for this minute," he exclaimed, turning on her suddenly.

"I have, too," said Tonibel in a by, sweet voice. "I thought you'd forgotten about me."

"Why, I couldn't do my work half ray well, I've thought about you so much," cried the boy, "and I've been planning a lot for you and me. You see, Dr. John is a sort of a guardian to me, and next year I'll be twenty-three. Then I have all my own money, can get married then, if I want to."

"Oh," said Tonibel in a queer little voice.

"Yes, I believe in early marriages," Phillip went on emphatically. "Wasn't it a queer thing that all the while was haunting the shore you were in the house, my home almost? You see, I live just next door to you."

"Oh!" Tony said again. Something had hurt her dreadfully. Something he had said. He might be married next year and, of course, it would be to Katherine.

"And time and again I heard how such some little girl was helping Dr. Paul," he went on. "But somehow I never heard your name and hadn't he last idea— He stopped. Then he slipped his arm about her. "I didn't know she was my little girl," he finished.

Tony closed her eyes. All the unhappiness of the past weeks left her that moment like a vanished burden. She had said she was his little girl. How very lovely the world was!

"Lean against me, dear," murmured Phillip. "And this time—Oh, Tony, don't leave me today without telling me you love me a lot."

Tony glimpsed him with one little upward glance. Her eyes were staring.

"I love you more'n the whole world," she trembled. "More'n I know how to tell."

It isn't any one's affair just how many times Phillip made Tony tell him he'd marry him, nor is it any one's affair how many times he kissed her, but it is our business to listen to Phillip's conclusion.

"I'm going to tell Cousin John and Cousin Paul tonight that we're going to be married," he said, and Tonibel had no inclination to forbid him.

With dark thoughts, Katherine was watching for them to come back again. She saw the happy shining face of the girl, saw Phillip lift the little figure from the car and draw her up the steps. Her teeth came together in sharp misery as she turned from the window and went upstairs.

CHAPTER XII.

A Little Drop of Something.

Reginald was sitting in his mother's room that evening when his sister opened the door and entered. The girl looked about for Mrs. Curtis, then picked up a cigarette and lit it. She was so white and drawn looking that her brother stared at her.

"What's the matter, sis?" he asked with no particular interest in his voice. "I hate everybody in the world," snapped the girl.

"Whew! That's some hate," laughed Reggie.

Katherine threw herself down on the divan.

"Worst of any one I hate Paul Pendlehaven and next—well, next I hate Cousin John," she said between her teeth. "I wish, oh, how I wish Paul would die tonight. I'd almost like to kill him myself. If it weren't for him, we'd all have money, and if it weren't for that girl with him, he'd die."

"Well, I might cheer you up a little if I told you that perhaps before long our illustrious Cousin Paul will be under the sod."

The girl sat up and stared at him.

"Don't be a fool, Reggie," she said with a sneer. "Cousin John says Paul will be able to go out of the house very soon, that by next week he can go anywhere he likes."

Reginald got up lazily. He said something under his breath that made his sister struggle to her feet. She stood a moment and gazed with startled eyes at the door that had closed Reggie on the other side of it.

"Now, what'd he mean by that?" he wondered dully. "What did he mean by saying that if he could help Cousin Paul would never drive again. I wonder just what he meant by that!" Reggie knew what he meant by his words if Katherine didn't. He intended to put Dr. Paul out of the way, thus helping his mother as well as himself. He wanted to get away from the town, to leave the town that always put him in mind of Tonibel Devon. The least wind that blew brought back the awful moment when he and Devon had discovered the girl had drowned herself, and because of his tormenting conscience he drank more heavily every day. After leaving his sister he went to his room where he filled himself up with brandy. The drinker he got the more dim grew the picture of Tony's pale, terrified face.

He slept soddenly for an hour or so and only awoke when a servant rapped at the door and told him dinner was ready. He was too ill to get up and

lay staring hopelessly about the room. Then suddenly out of the shadows in the corner floated Tonibel Devon. He groaned and turned slowly in the bed. Instead of getting better he was getting worse. The ghost of Devon's daughter was haunting him in every one of his sober hours. He hated Ithaca and every one in it. If Dr. Paul were dead—

He sat up, his head whirling. He crawled to the floor, went to the bathroom and soaked his head in cold water. Then he sent a servant for a pot of strong coffee.

So happy was Dr. Paul to have Tonibel back that he insisted on sitting up to his dinner.

"It was a long hour, my dear," he said, smiling. "But I'm glad you went out. He's a nice fellow, Phillip. My brother and I have often wished our young cousin would pattern after him, but it does seem as if nothing can be done with him. Even his mother has no influence over him."

"I've never seen him," stated Tonibel.

"He's scarcely ever at home," answered Dr. Paul, "and the worst of it is, he gives no explanation as to where he goes."

Then after dinner as usual Tonibel, with Gussie Piglet in her arms, read from the Bible. The clock struck ten when she arose softly and began to prepare for the night. By the even breathing of the man on the bed she knew he was asleep, and as quiet as a mouse she crept about softly so as not to arouse him. The suite directly back of Paul Pendlehaven's had been given to her. She went into her bedroom and made ready to retire. Then over her night robe she drew a light kimono.

She turned off the electric switch and stood near the window looking out. Her heart sang with gladness. She had but to hearken back to the afternoon to hear a dear voice telling her of a great love, love for her, Tonibel Devon. How very much she had to be thankful for!

Suddenly she saw the tall tree directly in front of Dr. Paul's room shake as if a giant hand were clutch-



Through the Break in the Netting She Thrust Her Fiet.

ing at its roots. How could that be? There wasn't any wind, not even a breeze. Her heart jumped into her throat as she crept away from the window and back into Pendlehaven's room. The little night lamp glimmered dimly above the small table with its load of medicine glasses. She stood in the shadow and peered through the screen. There among the dripping branches was the quiet figure of a man.

Her mind went immediately to her father, but she put the thought of him away, for the form in the tree was much more slender than Uriah Devon's.

Dr. Pendlehaven still slept, his face turned toward the wall, and Tonibel squatted down at the foot of the bed, keeping the dark figure in the tree in the line of her vision. She dared not leave the room, nor dared she call out. How often Dr. John had told her that his brother must be kept free from shocks of every kind. For another ten minutes she leaned her chin on her hand, still keeping her eyes on the window. Then she saw the flutter of a wistaria branch against the screen and knew that the hour had come. Another tense silence for several minutes, then a little scraping sound as if a sharp instrument was moving over wire. Some one was trying to get in. Tonibel crawled forward on her knees until she was directly in front of Dr. Paul.

She sank back against the bed and waited.

The scraping sound at length ceased. With a forward shove of her head, Tonibel saw that the wire netting had been ripped fully a foot, and then she saw a hand move little by little through the opening, until a long arm was fully inside the room. Tony watched it, fascinated. Then she saw it waver toward the table, pause, open and lay some little pellets down without a sound. Then long white fingers drew off the covers of the glasses

noiselessly and picked up the pellets one after another and dropped them silently into the medicine. As quietly the covers were restored, and the arm slowly withdrawn. Directly beneath the window, Tonibel rose up.

There through the faint light she was staring into the face of Reginald Brown. Instantly she recognized him, and all the terror of that day when he and her brutal father had placed a menacing shadow over her swept her nearly off her feet. Reginald had come not only to harm Paul Pendlehaven, but to get her!

"Stand by, Salvation of the Lord," shot across her tortured soul, and then through the break in the wire netting she thrust her clenched fist. Reginald took the blow she gave him without an audible sound and fell backward into the garden below. He was paralyzed by the blazing eyes and the memory that the body of the ghost-girl was somewhere beneath the broad surface of Lake Cayuga.

Tonibel heard him land on the soft grass, and for a few seconds she stood panting against the window. Then she withdrew her arm and crouched down on the floor.

What had her father's pal put in Dr. Paul's medicine? Minute by minute she became more acutely sure that no good had been intended. Silently she took up the glasses and carried them to her own room. Then she slipped out into the hall, ran along the corridor and rapped softly on John Pendlehaven's apartments. Twice she repeated her summons in nervous little rapt-raps that penetrated Dr. John's sound slumber. When he recognized her, opened the door and noticed how white she was, he drew her instantly to him and shut the door.

Between chattering teeth she began to tell him the dreadful tale. As she went on with the story the listener's face grew much concerned.

"Somebody's tried to poison him," he cried, taking a long breath. "My God, who could be so damnable as that? Come, let me get the stuff."

Together they stole back to Tonibel's room and Dr. John carried away the medicine with him, leaving Tony with a caution not to speak of the matter to his brother. Putting on his clothes, John went outside and made a tour of the house. It wasn't difficult to find the place where the man had fallen, but there was no sign of him anywhere.

Tonibel did not sleep at all that night. But very early in the morning she arose and slipped into Dr. Paul's room and put back the medicine Dr. John had given her.

During the morning Dr. John Pendlehaven softly entered her room. He came forward, his hands outstretched, his face white and very grave.

"Darling little girl," he whispered, with much emotion. "You have saved my brother's life. The villain, whoever he was, put the rankest kind of poison in it. He must have gotten it from some doctor, for no druggist would have sold it to him."

"Mebbe he's dead," replied Tony gently, with an expression of awe. "It was a long tumble he took."

"No; he got away! I've hunted the place over for him. Would you know him again if you saw him?"

"Sure," replied Tony, nodding, but she said no more. To tell him who the man was would mean to break the solemn oath she had made on the Christ to her mother.

A timid knock brought the conversation to a close. Mrs. Curtis was at the threshold when Pendlehaven opened the door.

"I've been looking the house over for you, John," she began. "Boy's got a headache! He said for you not to bother to come to him, but to give me something to make him sleep."

"Is he drunk?" demanded Pendlehaven.

Mrs. Curtis began to cry. "John, how unkind!" she sniffed from the haven of her handkerchief.

"The moment the child complains everybody accuses him of drinking. No, of course, he isn't drunk."

For many days Reginald Curtis tossed fitfully in bed, tortured by the thought that he would never cease being haunted by Tony Devon's spirit. He dared not get up, for he was covered with bruises from his fall, and added to his misery, he imagined every time the door opened he was going to be arrested. But no such thing happened, and one afternoon when Dr. John was gone and his mother and Katherine were shopping downtown, he crawled out of bed and made his way softly from the house.

Uriah Devon had ventured back to the Hoghole with his canal boat, so when Reginald appeared aboard her Devon met him with a growl.

"Where in h— you been all this time, Reg?" he demanded in a sinister tone.

Reggie shuddered, as he sank down on the bench.

"I'm going crazy," he muttered.

"I've been awful sick."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The trouble with too many children is that the education of the parents has been sadly neglected.