

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.

Nine members of one family died Tuesday from eating what they thought were mushrooms. Deaths from this cause in Berlin within the last 24 hours total 18.

The present run of humpback salmon in waters near Everett, Wash., is exceeding all records since 1918 and canneries running to capacity are being forced to reject fish.

Lassen Peak was in eruption for more than an hour Monday. The smoke cloud lingered in the sky long after the eruption ceased, and was noted as far south as Chico, 55 miles distant. Observers said that it was the biggest eruption of the peak this year.

Any discussion in the public press of a policy looking to the abolition of war will be welcomed by President Coolidge. It was said Tuesday at the White House in connection with the recent publication of a letter by President Harding suggesting such a discussion.

Undivided allegiance to the constitution and unhesitating obedience to legislative action were urged upon the press of the nation by President Coolidge in a letter to A. G. Newmyer, president of the Southern Newspaper Publishers' association, made public Wednesday.

A promise of legal protection for the American public against dishonest business was made Wednesday by Assistant Attorney-General Seymour, in charge of anti-trust prosecutions of the department of justice, in addressing the National Association of Attorney-Generals.

A fire, apparently of incendiary origin and starting about 4 o'clock Tuesday morning, completely destroyed the Columbia Planing Mill company's plant at Astoria, Or., as well as a machine shop belonging to the Wilson Shipbuilding company, and their contents.

Bread made at municipal bakeries in Omaha soon may be on sale at fire houses by city firemen. Mayor Dahlman announced Monday appointment of City Commissioner Hopkins, Dean Noyes and himself as a committee to inquire into the advisability of municipally owned bakeries.

One white robed klanman was killed, another man seriously wounded and an undetermined number of other persons hurt during hours of rioting precipitated by an attempt of Ku Klux klanmen to parade through the village of Carnegie, a suburb of Pittsburg, Sunday night after a spectacular demonstration on a nearby hill.

John C. Skinner, ex-civilian chief of the sales department of the surplus supply division of the army quartermaster general's office, who, with four others, was indicted August 23 for alleged frauds against the government in connection with the sale of surplus supplies, Tuesday pleaded not guilty and was released on \$5000 bail.

It is officially announced from Rome that the entire Italian mission assigned to the work of establishing the Albanian-Greek frontiers has been massacred by Greeks. A semi-official note says that the Italian government already has taken the severe measures that the extraordinary gravity of the situation warrants. Intense excitement has been created here over the incident.

Because a stomach pump was used to extract morphine he had swallowed when government agents arrested him as an alleged drug peddler, George Bennett of San Francisco Wednesday filed in federal court a petition for a writ of habeas corpus. Bennett asserts he is detained illegally, since he was "forced to give evidence against himself in violation of his constitutional rights."

Omaha Wednesday started its fight against typhoid fever and other diseases which scientists say menace the city following its week without water. The breakdown of the water system was a tremendous inconvenience, but the specialists say the city is now threatened with a calamity in the form of epidemics of typhoid, dysentery and other germ diseases due to the impurities carried by the water system last week.

ITALY READY TO BOLT LEAGUE

Mussolini Prepared to Withdraw Delegates—Athens Voices Protest.

Rome.—Premier Mussolini, it is understood, is ready to withdraw the Italian delegates from the Geneva conference if his viewpoint concerning the conflict with Greece is not shared by the league of nations.

If Italy's viewpoint that the league of nations is incompetent to settle the Greco-Italian difficulty is not accepted by the league, Italy, it is understood, is ready to submit the question of the league's competency to the international court at The Hague. This court, however, if called upon, must give a decision from an abstract standpoint without reference to the present Greco-Italian conflict.

Athens.—The Italo-Greek situation is stationary and the announcement that the British Atlantic fleet is proceeding to Mediterranean waters has produced a soothing effect, although the purpose of the move is unknown. Memorial services were held in all the Greek churches Monday for the refugees and others killed during the Italian bombardment at Corfu. There were immense congregations everywhere and the services were most impressive.

The government has addressed an energetic protest to the allies against the bombardment of unfortified Corfu and the killing of innocent persons.

The action of the revolutionary committee in making arrangements for elections has eased the internal situation and has created a good impression in diplomatic circles where certain diplomats have been urging a return to a parliamentary regime.

The Greek government warns the public against expecting intervention of the British fleet at Corfu, and news from Geneva is accepted as indicating that no help is coming from the league of nations. As a result, public opinion is more bitter and anxious than ever. There is great disappointment and indignation at the attitude of the league.

FOOD RIOTS BEGUN IN STRICKEN DISTRICT

San Francisco.—Food riots have broken out in Tokio, according to a radiogram received by the Radio corporation from Iwaki station, 155 miles from Tokio. The gendarmerie are reported in these advices to have exercised the most strenuous measures to suppress the disorders, even attacking the rioters with their swords.

A number of Koreans were in the mob, the advices said.

The advices confirmed earlier reports of a great fire in Yokohama and an estimate that there had been at least 100,000 casualties there.

The fires, the message said, were caused by or followed by the explosion of oil storage tanks in the city, where reserves of fuel oil for the merchant and naval marine were kept.

Six Koreans were shot to death by soldiers making martial law effective in the devastated area of Tokio, according to wireless messages received here at 3 o'clock Monday morning from Tomioka by the Radio corporation of America.

The same message said the work of relief was already under way and provisions were being supplied to refugees from the Tokio central station, which was undamaged.

Nogeyama, a better-class residential section of Yokohama; Isoyama, another section where stood a notable statue of Io Naosuke, prime minister of the Shogun at the time Japan was opened to foreign intercourse, and Kamoyama, a third section, all were destroyed, leaving thousands in extreme misery.

Many Europeans, visitors and residents of that section, were missing.

Sea Swells Run High.

Los Angeles.—Ground swells 20 feet high, larger than any in the experience of mariners at Los Angeles harbor, reached the southern California coast early Monday morning, the first evidence here of the tidal wave and earthquake which killed hundreds of thousands in Japan.

Captain Frank Miller, keeper of the breakwater lighthouse at the harbor, reported that the large waves were first observed at 1 A. M. and rushed in with increasing intensity all day long. The swells lifted entirely over the 15-foot breakwater and carried away all loose objects, including boat tender at the lighthouse and much planking piled along the shore.

One Operator Gives News.

San Francisco, Cal.—Through T. Yonemura, an obscure Japanese radio operator and the only human link between Japan and the rest of the world after Saturday's devastating earthquake, came the first and subsequent news of the catastrophe that had struck the island empire. Yonemura is operator at Tomioka, 144 miles north of Tokio. By some strange freak this station was spared by the quake.

MILLION HOMELESS IN JAPAN'S QUAKE

Final Tragic Touch Is Added by Terrific Typhoon.

TOKIO'S DEAD 130,000

Landing Party Says Only 40,000 Left of Yokohama's 423,000—Dead and Dying Everywhere.

Tokio.—The American embassy was destroyed. Martial law prevails in all the cities in the devastated area. Tokio is orderly, although outside relief is needed badly.

Nagasaki.—The special bureau opened for the aid of earthquake victims announces that 350,000 houses have been destroyed in Tokio and that the casualties number 130,000.

Pekin.—There are but 40,000 persons left in the city of Yokohama, all the rest being dead or having fled to places of greater safety, according to a landing party from the steamer Korea Maru, whose report on conditions was received here Monday. Yokohama's population as given by the last enumeration was approximately 423,000.

London.—All the Europeans are believed to be safe, both in Tokio and Yokohama, reads a cable dispatch received by a London firm from an allied company in Japan, according to the Daily Express.

San Francisco.—Every report received from Japan throughout Monday confirmed or increased previous estimates of the havoc wrought in death and destruction by the quadruple catastrophe which has befallen the central eastern section of Hondo, largest of the islands of the Japanese empire.

Beginning at noon Saturday with a series of earthquakes which razed most of the city of Tokio and large sections of Yokohama, and other cities in the vicinity, the disaster was continued by fires which broke out in scores of places. Tidal waves followed, engulfing and washing into the sea hundreds of buildings. Then came a typhoon, adding a final and tragic touch to what is probably the greatest calamity of modern times.

Topping all previous estimates of death and ruin, Ujiro Oyama, Japanese consul-general in San Francisco, late Monday received from Shichitaro Yada, Japanese consul-general in Shanghai, a report that 160,000 persons were killed and 1,000,000 homeless in the Tokio-Yokohama section.

Previous estimates from various sources had placed the casualties as high as 150,000 dead in Tokio alone. One of these came from the Japanese minister of marine by way of Osaka. Other reports told of mountainous casualties both on land and sea.

AMERICA RUSHES RELIEF TO JAPAN

Washington, D. C.—The United States moved swiftly Monday to bring the full force of the government and the people to the aid of stricken Japan.

While government executive departments were directed to assist in the work, the public was urged in an appeal issued by President Coolidge to contribute funds through the American Red Cross for aiding the unfortunate and giving relief to the people of Japan.

The Red Cross at once announced that it had started the fund with a contribution of \$100,000 for the relief of victims of the earthquake and in addition had appropriated from its reserve fund \$10,000 for the assistance of Americans caught in the disaster zone.

Arrangements were made at the same time for individual contributions to be received either through the national headquarters or through any of the Red Cross chapters. The funds will be sent through the state department to the Japanese Red Cross, an efficient organization.

Wire Offices Burned.

Osaka.—According to a report received at the telegraph office here, the Central Telegraph & Telephone office in Tokio was completely burned. It is believed the telephone system can be partly restored soon, but that full restoration will take more than a month. Despatched from Osaka for Tokio with food and water and another ship is being sent to the capital from Kobe.

Erskine Dale — Pioneer

By John Fox, Jr.

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"THAT'S MY SON!"

SYNOPSIS.—To the Kentucky wilderness outpost commanded by Jerome Sanders, in the time immediately preceding the Revolution, comes a white boy fleeing from a tribe of Shawnees by whom he had been captured and adopted as a son of the chief, Kahtoo. He is given shelter and attracts the favorable attention of Dave Yandell, a leader among the settlers. The youngster is named— a breech-clouted savage. He speaks only bastard French and Shawnee. But he shows a patch of white skin and proudly taps his breast. "Paleface—white man!"

CHAPTER II

Old Jerome and Dave and the older men gathered in one corner of the stockade for a council of war. The boy had made it plain that the attacking party was at least two days behind the three Indians from whom he had escaped, so that there was no danger that day, and they could wait until night to send messengers to warn the settlers outside to seek safety within the fort. Meanwhile, Jerome would dispatch five men with Dave to scout for the three Indians who might be near by in the woods, and the boy, who saw them slip out the rear gate of the fort, at once knew their purpose, shook his head, and waved his hand to say that his late friends were gone back to hurry on the big war party to the attack, now that the whites themselves knew their danger. Old Jerome nodded that he understood, and nodded to others his appreciation of the sense and keenness of the lad, but he let the men go just the same.

Mother Sanders appeared and cried to Bud to bring the "Injun" to her cabin. She had been unearthing clothes for the "little heathen," and Bud helped to put them on. In a few minutes the lad reappeared in fringed hunting shirt and trousers, wringing in them most uncomfortably, for they made him itch, but at the same time wearing them proudly.

On the mighty wilderness the sun sank slowly and old Jerome sat in the western tower to watch alone. The silence out there was oppressive and significant, for it meant that the boy's theory was right; the three Indians had gone back to their fellows, and when darkness came the old man sent runners to the outlying cabins to warn the inmates to take refuge within the fort. And the gathering was none too soon. The hooting of owls started before dawn. A flaming arrow hissed from the woods, thudded into the roof of one of the cabins, spluttered feebly on a dew-drenched ridge-pole, and went out. Savage war-whoops rent the air, and the battle was on. All day the fight went on. There were feints of attack in front and rushes from the rear, and there were rushes from all sides. The women loaded rifles and cooked and cared for the wounded. Thrice an Indian reached the wall of the stockade and set a cabin on fire, but no one of the three got back to the woods alive. The stranger boy sat stoically in the center of the enclosure watching everything, and making no effort to take part. Late in the afternoon the ammunition began to run low and the muddy discoloration of the river showed that the red men had begun to tunnel under the walls of the fort. And yet a last sally was made just before sunset. A body pushed against Dave in the tower and Dave saw the stranger boy at his side with his bow and arrow. A few minutes later he heard a yell from the lad which rang high over the din, and he saw the feathered tip of an arrow shaking in the breast of a big Indian who staggered and fell behind a bush. Just at that moment there were yells from the woods behind—the yells of white men that were answered by joyful yells within the fort:

"The Virginians! The Virginians!" And as the rescuers dashed into sight on horse and afoot, Dave saw the lad leap the wall of the stockade and disappear behind the fleeing Indians.

"Gone back to 'em," he grunted to himself. The gates were thrown open. Old Jerome and his men rushed out, and besieged and rescuers poured all their fire after the running Indians, some of whom turned bravely to empty their rifles once more.

"Git in! Git in, quick!" yelled old Joel. He knew another volley would come as soon as the Indians reached the cover of thick woods, and come the volley did. Three men fell—one the leader of the Virginians, whose head flopped forward as he entered the gate and was caught in old Joel's arms. Not another sound came from the woods, but again Dave from the tower saw the cane-brush rustle at the edge of a thicket, saw a hand thrust upward with the palm of peace toward the fort, and again the stranger boy emerged—this time with a bloody scalp dangling in his left hand. Dave sprang down and met him at the gate. The boy shook his bow and arrow proudly, pointed to a cross-shaped scar on the scalp, and Dave made out from his explanation that once before the lad had tried to kill his tormentor and that the scar was the sign. In the center of the enclosure the wounded Virginian lay, and when old Jerome stripped the shirt from his breast he shook his head gravely. The wounded man opened his eyes just in time to see and he smiled.

"I know it," he said faintly, and then his eyes caught the boy with the

scalp, were fixed steadily and began to widen.

"Who is that boy?" he asked sharply.

"Never mind now," said old Joel soothingly, "you must keep still!" The boy's eyes had begun to shift under the scrutiny and he started away.

"Come back here!" commanded the wounded man, and still searching the lad he said sharply again:

"Who is that boy?" Nor would he have his wound dressed or even take the cup of water handed to him until old Joel briefly told the story, when he lay back on the ground and closed his eyes.

Darkness fell. In each tower a watcher kept his eyes strained toward the black silent woods. The dying man was laid on a rude bed within one cabin, and old Joel lay on the floor of it close to the door. The stranger lad refused to sleep indoors and huddled himself in a blanket on the ground in one corner of the stockade. Men, women and children fell to a deep and weary sleep. An hour later the boy in the corner threw aside his blanket, and when, a moment later, Lydia Noe, feverish and thirsty, rose from her bed to get a drink of water outside her door, she stopped short on the threshold. The lad, stark naked but for his breech-clout and swinging his bloody scalp over his head, was stamping around the fire-dancing the sculp-dance of the savage to a low, fierce, guttural song. The boy saw her, saw her face in the blaze, stricken white with fright and horror, saw her too paralyzed to move and he stopped, staring at her a moment with savage rage, and went on again. Old Joel's body filled the next doorway. He called out with a harsh oath, and again the boy stopped. With another oath and a threatening gesture Joel motioned to the corner of the stockade, and with a flare of defiance in his black eyes the lad stalked slowly and proudly away. From behind him the voice of the wounded man called, and old Joel turned. There was a ghastly smile on the Virginian's pallid face.

"I saw it," he said painfully. "That's—that's my son!"

CHAPTER III

From the sundial on the edge of the high bank, straight above the brim of the majestic yellow James, a noble path of thick grass as broad as a modern highway ran hundreds of yards between hedges of roses straight to the open door of the great manor-house with its wide verandas.

"Who is that boy?" He Asked Sharply.

and mighty pillars set deep back from the river in a grove of ancient oaks. Behind the house spread a little kingdom, divided into fields of grass, wheat, tobacco, and corn, and dotted with white-washed cabins filled with slaves. Already the house had been built a hundred years of brick brought from England in the builder's own ships, it was said, and the second son of the reigning generation, one Colonel Dale, sat in the veranda alone. He was a royalist officer, this second son, but his elder brother had the spirit of daring and adventure that should have been his, and he had been sitting there four years before when that elder brother came home from his first pioneering trip into the wilds, to tell that his wife was dead and their only son was a captive among the Indians. Two years later still, word came that the father, too, had met death from the savages, and the little kingdom passed into Colonel Dale's hands.

Indentured servants, as well as blacks from Africa, had labored on that path in front of him; and up it had once stalked a deputation of the great Powhatan's red tribes. Up that path had come members of the worshipful House of Burgesses; bluff planters in silk coats, the governor and members of the council; distinguished visitors from England, colonial gentlemen and ladies. And all was English still—books, clothes, plates, knives, and forks; the church, the Church of England; the Governor, the representative of the King; his Council, the English Parliament—socially aristocratic, politically republican. For ancient usage held that all



"Who is that boy?" He Asked Sharply.

"He live here?" "You wish to see him?" The boy grunted assent, and with a shock of resentment the little lady started up the path with her head very high indeed. The boy slipped noiselessly after her, his face unmoved, but his eyes were darting right and left to the flowers, trees, and bushes, to every flitting, strange bird, the gray streak of a scampering squirrel, and what he could not see, his ears took in—the clanking chains of work-horses, the whir of a quail, the screech of a peacock, the songs of negroes from far-off fields.

On the porch sat a gentleman in powdered wig and knee-breeches, who, lifting his eyes from a copy of The Spectator to give an order to a negro servant, saw the two coming, and the first look of bewilderment on his fine face gave way to a tolerant smile. He asked no question, for a purpose very decided and definite was plainly bringing the little lady on, and he would not have to question. Swiftly she ran up the steps, her mouth primly set, and handed him a letter.

"The messenger is the son of a king."

"A what?"

"The son of a king," she repeated.

"Ah," said the gentleman, humoring her, "ask his highness to be sent."

His highness was looking from one to the other gravely and keenly. He did not quite understand, but he knew gentle fun was being poked at him, and he dropped sullenly on the edge of the porch and stared in front of him. The little girl saw that his moccasins were much worn and that in one was a hole with the edge blood-stained. And then she began to watch her father's face, which showed that the contents of the letter were astounding him. He rose quickly when he had finished and put out his hand to the stranger.

"I am glad to see you, my boy," he said with great kindness. "Barbara, this is a little kinsman of ours from Kentucky. He was the adopted son of an Indian chief, but by blood he is your cousin. His name is Erskine Dale."

"Mrs. Willoughby, may I present by cousin from Kentucky?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)