

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 sanguinary battle was reported to be in progress since Tuesday at Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil, within a league of the Uruguayan border, between rebels and Brazilian regular troops.

A new island has emerged near the Idu group, according to the Eastern News Agency, but the report that the province of Oshima in the southern end of the island of Hokkaido had been submerged is declared to be untrue.

Great Britain will not abandon her right to reparations or her claims to the debts which other nations owe her, the Earl of Birkenhead, lord high chancellor in the Lloyd George cabinet, declared in an address in Montreal Tuesday.

The United States government, under President Coolidge as under President Harding, will await evidence of the existence of a government in Russia in accord with American standards before granting diplomatic recognition to that country.

The delegates of war veterans' associations, representing seven allied countries, at their fourth annual congress in Brussels, adopted a resolution Tuesday endorsing the occupation of the Ruhr as a legal means to obtain reparations under the Versailles treaty.

William C. Van Fleet, judge of the United States district court in San Francisco, died in his home Monday after a brief illness. Death was preceded by two days of semi-consciousness following a cerebral hemorrhage suffered while he was at dinner Friday night.

All members of the American embassy staff at Tokio are safe. Ambassador Woods advised the state department Tuesday in the first message received from him since the earthquake that none of the embassy staff was injured, although all of the embassy buildings were destroyed.

With the Red Cross appealing for a relief fund of \$5,000,000 and all executive agencies of the government devoted to organizing emergency aid in the far east, America has fairly embarked Tuesday upon a stupendous undertaking of succoring the millions of victims of the catastrophe in Japan.

The entire rice crop of California is being held for Japanese relief and there will be no profiteering during the emergency period, according to an announcement made by Harry M. Crooch, attorney for the Rice Growers' association of California, which controls practically the entire rice crop.

Cable orders from Kobe, Japan, for approximately 500,000,000 feet of lumber for use in the rebuilding of Yokohama, Tokio and other Japanese cities laid waste by earthquake and fire were received in San Francisco Tuesday, according to statements made by representatives of steamships and northern Pacific mills.

Colonel Stephen E. Low of St. Louis, member of the Red Cross and attached to the near east relief at Cortu, reports that altogether there were 20 killed by the Italian bombardment prior to the occupation of the island. Among them were 16 children, most of them killed by shrapnel which was fired among a crowd of Red Cross orphanage children bathing in the sea.

After extensive questioning the Sacramento police Monday released Hugo F. Bur, said to be a Belgian painter, who was taken into custody last Saturday in connection with the disappearance of "The Entombment of Christ," a masterpiece by Guido Reni, from the E. B. Crocker art gallery here. The officers declared they were convinced that Bur knew nothing of the theft of the painting.

Under the emergency commandeering act now in operation in Japan, food, building materials, medicaments and vehicles, as well as human labor and services, may be commandeered. Prefectural governors are authorized to issue commandeering orders for goods at a price based on the average market prices. Failure of compliance will be punished by a heavy fine or three years' imprisonment.

SUN ECLIPSE FILMED IN FOG

Two Savants Succeed While Others Fail—Conditions Unfavorable.

Santa Barbara, Cal.—Almost perfect photographs of the sun's corona during the total eclipse were made by a party headed by Professor James Worthing of London, a fellow of the American Society for the Advancement of Science, and Dr. Alfred E. Burton, professor emeritus of astronomy in the Massachusetts institute of technology, in lower Lompoc valley, 50 miles north of here. The photographs are believed to be virtually the only satisfactory ones made Monday, owing to unfavorable weather conditions.

Professor Worthing said that he had developed four negatives of the number taken and that the result would be among the best ever made of the corona accompanying a total eclipse.

The instrument was a specially built eolostat with three mirrors feeding light to four cameras of 17, 14, 9 and 5-foot foci.

Foggy conditions and haze from a forest fire burning in the Santa Barbara national forest prevented successful results at any other point in the Santa Barbara district, although many attempts were made to obtain photographs at various places in the totality zone in the county.

The period of greatest obscurity at the Lompoc valley observation station was 2½ minutes.

Los Angeles.—Scientific observation of Monday's eclipse of the sun generally failed, according to reports received here, except possibly in the case of naval aviators who flew above the clouds and fog at San Diego and took photographs of the phenomenon.

Clouds or fog obscured the view at the time of totality at all points from Santa Barbara, Cal., to Ensenada, Mexico, where scientists had made preparations to study the eclipse. These points included Avalon, on Santa Catalina island; San Clemente island, San Diego, Mount Wilson and Point Loma.

Scientists who came from all parts of the world and who had worked months on their plans took their defeat gracefully.

CHOLERA OUTBREAK IN JAPAN IS DENIED

Tokio.—Reports of a threatened epidemic of cholera in the region devastated by the earthquake are unfounded, according to the authorities.

Sharp earthquake shocks again Sunday night aroused considerable nervousness but did not interfere with the work of reconstruction, which the end of the first week of Japan's disaster shows to be well under way.

Sixty thousand bodies had been recovered in Tokio and Yokohama up to and including Monday and the police estimate that 500,000 persons have been treated for wounds and sickness as a result of the earthquake. A landing party from the flagship *Huron* of the United States Asiatic fleet buried the dead from the American naval hospital at Yokohama.

All available ships are removing the refugees from the devastated cities. The refugees, made more eager to leave by their fear of an epidemic, were crowding all the docks waiting for places on the boats. The American destroyers are taking refugees of all nationalities from Tokio to the liners at Yokohama.

The authorities have established public latrines over Tokio and Yokohama and are cleaning up all deposits of filth and rubbish.

Treasury Wants Cash.

Washington, D. C.—After remaining out of the money market three months the treasury Monday announced a new issue of certificates of indebtedness, aggregating \$200,000,000 and maturing six months from September 15. The notes will bear 4½ per cent interest. The announcement of the September financing programme also contained the declaration that no further fiscal operations are contemplated by the government before December 15, when maturing certificates of indebtedness will require new borrowings.

Woman, 110, Still Spry.

Chicago.—Anna Russo, who has celebrated her 110th birthday, is a great-grandmother, but she danced and frolicked about Monday, to the envy of women not half her age. All the women in her family, which is Sicilian, have lived to be very old, but the men die young. Mrs. Russo's husband died when he was 55. Her three daughters, the youngest of whom is 66, are still spry and all of them are grandmothers to 20 or more.

NAVAL DISASTER COSTS 23 LIVES

List of U. S. Destroyers Is Increased to Seven.

MEN SINK IN BUNKS

All Fatalities on Vessel Which Upsets Two Minutes After Grounding—Cuba Reported Sunk.

Santa Barbara, Cal.—Seven United States navy destroyers and the Pacific Mail liner *Cuba* were wrecked Saturday night, the naval craft off Arguello light, 75 miles north of Santa Barbara, and the steamer on a reef off the southeast end of San Miguel island, 35 miles off this port.

Twenty-five sailors lost their lives in the naval disaster and all destroyers involved were reported total losses.

The *Cuba* was said to have sunk during the night, but all passengers and members of her crew were believed to have been landed at Los Angeles by the naval destroyer *Reno* or to be on the way to San Francisco aboard the Standard Oil tanker *W. S. Miller*, with the exception of Captain C. J. Holland, the purser, the steward and eight seamen who remained aboard to guard a shipment of \$2,500,000 in silver bullion.

Dense fog was the cause of the disaster.

The destroyers *Chauncey*, *Woodbury*, *Fuller*, *S. P. Lee*, *Nicholas*, *Young* and *Delphy* were all beached within a few minutes of one another, according to naval officers.

The flotilla of which the wrecked craft formed a part was in command of Captain Edward Watson, commanding officer of the *Delphy*. The dead were all trapped in their bunks on the *Young* when the vessel struck and were drowned when the craft capsized within two minutes after she had struck.

More than 500 men were rescued from the wrecked destroyers, which were reported to be pounding to pieces on the rocks, total losses. Of the survivors, 15 of the seriously injured were brought to the Santa Barbara county hospital here.

One hundred others were cut and bruised in their swim to safety over the jagged rocks.

The destroyers were traveling in formation at 20 knots an hour in a heavy sea and dense fog when the leading vessel crashed.

Carried ahead by a strong tide, the others piled on the beach in succession. Lying in line along the shore, at intervals of 250 feet, the boats were slowly breaking up. One of them, the *Chauncey*, was resting high on the rocks.

Air Mail Test Planned.

Washington, D. C.—Plans for a test lasting probably a month to determine the feasibility of permanent establishment of a 24-hour coast-to-coast air mail service are under consideration by postoffice department officials.

Postmaster-General New said Sunday that the possibility of such service had been demonstrated during the recent experiment, but that before recommendations were made by the postoffice department to congress it had been virtually decided that a trial of one month should be made to ascertain whether there was sufficient demand for such service. He indicated that the month's test would be made before bad weather sets in this fall.

Claims Treaties Signed.

Washington, D. C.—Two conventions providing machinery for the adjustment of claims between the United States and Mexico were signed Saturday. When ratified by the United States senate and the Mexican congress, the conventions will lead to the creation of commissions and the payment of claims aggregating millions of dollars for damages sustained in the last half century.

Peak Changed By Quake.

Shanghai.—A Nippon Dempo news agency dispatch from Osaka states that the summit of Mount Fuji, apparently as a result of the earthquake, has undergone a most noticeable change, the peak now appearing much flatter than formerly. It was also stated that all the Toki colleges were destroyed, with the exception of Waseda and Keio universities.

Washington, D. C.—The dog family line at the White House will not be broken despite the change in administration. Laddie Boy will be succeeded by his half-brother as the White House dog.

ERSKINE DALE—PIONEER

By John Fox, Jr.

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COUSIN BARBARA

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 Vandell, a leader among the settlers. The boy warns his new friends of the coming of a Shawnee war party. The fort is attacked, and only saved by the timely appearance of a party of Virginians. The leader of these is fatally wounded, but in his dying moments recognizes the fugitive youth as his son.

CHAPTER IV

The little girl rose startled, but her breeding was too fine for betrayal, and she went to him with hand outstretched. The boy took it as he had taken her father's, limply and without rising. The father frowned and smiled—how could the lad have learned manners? And then he, too, saw the hole in the moccasins, through which the bleeding had started again. "Take him into the kitchen, Barbara, and tell Hannah to wash his foot and bandage it."

The boy looked uncomfortable and shook his head, but the little girl was smiling and she told him to come



"You Go On Back an' Wait for Yo' Company, Little Miss; I'll Tend to Him!"

with such sweet imperiousness that he rose helplessly. Old Hannah's eyes made a bewildered start!

"You go on back an' wait for yo' company, little miss; I'll tend to him!"

And when the boy still protested, she fared up:

"Looky here, son, little miss tell me to wash yo' foot, an' I see gwinter do it, ef I got to tie yo' fust; now yo' keep still. Whar yo' come from?"

His answer was a somewhat haughty grunt that at once touched the quick instincts of the old negress and checked further question. Swiftly and silently she bound his foot, and with great respect she led him to a little room in one ell of the great house in which was a tub of warm water.

"Ole marster say you been travellin' an' mebbe yo' like to refresh yo' self wid a hot bath. Dar's some o' little marster's clothes on de bed dar, an' a pair o' his shoes, an' I know dey'll jus' fit yo' snug. You'll find all de folks on de front po'ch when yo' git through."

She closed the door. Once, winter and summer, the boy had daily plunged into the river with his Indian companions, but he had never had a bath in his life, and he did not know what the word meant; yet he had learned so much at the fort that he had no trouble making out what the tub of water was for. For the same reason he felt no surprise when he picked up the clothes; he was only puzzled how to get into them. He tried, and struggling with the breeches he threw one hand out to the wall to keep from falling and caught a red cord with a bushy red tassel; whereat there was a ringing that made him spring away from it. A moment later there was a knock at his door.

"Did yo' ring, suh?" asked a voice. What that meant he did not know, and he made no answer. The door was opened slightly and a woolly head appeared.

"Do yo' want anything, suh?"

"No."

"Den I reckon hit was anudder bell—yassuh."

The boy began putting on his own clothes.

Outside Colonel Dale and Barbara had strolled down the big path to the sun-dial, the colonel telling the story of the little Kentucky kinsman—the little girl listening and wide-eyed.

"Is he going to live here with us, papa?"

"Perhaps. You must be very nice to him. He has lived a rude, rough life, but I can see he is very sensitive."

At the bend of the river there was the flash of dripping oars, and the song of the black oarsmen came across the yellow flood.

"There they come!" cried Barbara. And from his window the little Kentuckian saw the company coming up the path, brave with gay clothes and smiles and gallantries. The colonel walked with a grand lady at the head, behind were the belles and beaux, and bringing up the rear was Barbara, escorted by a youth of his own age, who carried his hat under his arm and bore himself as haughtily as his elders. No sooner did he see them mounting to the porch than there was the sound of a horn in the rear, and looking out of the other window the lad saw a coach and four dash through the gate and swing around the road that encircled the great trees, and up to the rear portico, where there was a joyous clamor of greetings. Where did all those people come from? Were they going to stay there and would he have to be among them? All the men were dressed alike and not one was dressed like him. Panic assailed him, and once more he looked at the clothes on the bed, and then without hesitation walked through the hallway, and stopped on the threshold of the front door. A quaint figure he made there, and for the moment the gay talk and laughter quite ceased. The story of him already had been told, and already was sweeping from cabin to cabin to the farthest edge of the great plantation. No son of Powhatan could have stood there with more dignity, and young Harry Dale's face broke into a smile of welcome. His father being indoors he went forward with hand outstretched.

"I am your cousin Harry," he said, and taking him by the arm he led him on the round of presentation.

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

"This is your cousin, Miss Katherine Dale; another cousin, Miss Mary; and this is your cousin Hugh."

And the young ladies greeted him with frank, eager interest, and the young gentlemen suddenly repressed patronizing smiles and gave him grave greeting, for if ever a rapier flashed from a human head, it flashed from the piercing black eye of that little Kentucky backwoodsman when his cousin Hugh, with a rather whimsical smile, bowed with a politeness that was a trifle too elaborate. Mrs. General Willoughby guessed how the lad's heart was thumping with the effort to conceal his embarrassment, and when a tinge of color spread on each side of his set mouth and his eyes began to waver uncertainly, her intuition was quick and kind.

"Barbara," she asked, "have you shown your cousin your ponies?"

The little girl saw her motive and laughed merrily:

"Why, I haven't had time to show him anything. Come on, cousin."

The boy followed her down the steps in his noiseless moccasins, along a grass path between hedges of ancient box, around an ell, and past the kitchen and toward the stables. At the gate the little girl called imperiously:

"Ephraim, bring one of my ponies!"

And in a moment out came a sturdy little slave whose head was all black skin, black wool and white teeth, leading two creamy-white little horses that shook the lad's composure at last, for he knew ponies as far back as he could remember, but he had never seen the like of them. His hand almost trembled when he ran it over their sleek coats, and unconsciously he dropped into his Indian speech and did not know it until the girl asked laughingly:

"Why, what are you saying to my ponies?"

And he blushed, for the little girl's artless prattling and friendliness were already beginning to make him quite human.

"That's Injun talk."

Hugh had followed them.

"Barbara, your mother wants you," he said, and the little girl turned toward the house. The stranger was ill at ease with Hugh and the latter knew it.

"It must be very exciting where you live."

"How?"

"Oh, fighting Indians and shooting deer and turkeys and buffalo. It must be great fun."

"Nobody does it for fun—it's mighty hard work."

"My uncle—your father—used to tell us about his wonderful adventures out there."

"He had no chance to tell me."

"But yours must have been more wonderful than his."

The boy gave a little grunt that was a survival of his Indian life, and turned to go back to the house.

"But all this, I suppose, is as strange to you."

"More."

Hugh was polite and apparently sincere in interest, but the lad was vaguely disturbed and he quickened his step. The porch was empty when they turned the corner of the house, but young Harry Dale came running down the steps, his honest face alight, and caught the little Kentuckian by the arm.

"Get ready for supper, Hugh—come on, cousin," he said, and led the stranger to his room and pointed to the clothes on the bed.

"Don't they fit?" he asked, smiling.

"I don't know—I don't know how to git into 'em."

Young Harry laughed joyously.

"Of course not. I wouldn't know how to put yours on either. You just wait," he cried, and disappeared to return quickly with an armful of clothes.

"Take off your war-dress," he said, "and I'll show you."

With heart warming to such kindness, and helpless against it, the lad obeyed like a child and was dressed like a child.

"Now, I've got to hurry," said Harry. "I'll come back for you. Just look at yourself," he called at the door.

And the stranger did look at the wonderful vision that a great mirror as tall as himself gave back. His eyes began to sting, and he rubbed them with the back of his hand and looked at the hand curiously. It was moist. He had seen tears in a woman's eyes, but he did not know that they could come to a man and he felt ashamed.

CHAPTER V

The boy stood at a window looking out into the gathering dusk. The neighing of horses, the lowing of cattle, the piping of roosting turkeys and motherly clatter of roosting hens, the weird songs of negroes, the sounds of busy preparation through the house and from the kitchen—all were sounds of peace and plenty, security and service. And over in his own wilds at that hour they were driving cows and horses into the stockade. They were cooking their rude supper in the open. A man had gone to each of the watch-towers. From the blackening woods came the curdling cry of a panther and the hooting of owls. Away on over the still westward wilds were the wigwams of squaws, paposes, braves, the red men—red in skin, in blood, in heart, and red with hate against the whites.

Perhaps they were circling a fire at that moment in a frenzied war-dance—perhaps the hooting at that moment from the woods around the fort was not the hooting of owls at all. There all was hardship—danger; here all was comfort and peace. If they could see him now! See his room, his fire, his bed, his clothes! They had told him to come, and yet he felt now the shame of desertion. He had come, but he would not stay long away. The door opened, he turned, and Harry Dale came eagerly in.

"Mother wants to see you."

The two boys paused in the hall and Harry pointed to a pair of crossed rapiers over the mantelpiece.

"Those were your father's," he said; "he was a wonderful fencer."

The lad shook his head in ignorance, and Harry smiled.

"I'll show you tomorrow."

At a door in the other ell Harry knocked gently, and the voice that was low and sweet but vibrant with imperiousness called:

"Come in!"

"Here he is, mother."

The lad stepped into warmth, subtle fragrance and many candle lights. The great lady was just rising from a



"Here He is, Mother."

chair in front of her mirror, brocaded, powdered and starred with jewels. So brilliant a vision almost stunned the little stranger and it took an effort for him to lift his eyes to hers.

"Why, this is not the lad you told me of," she said. "Come here! Both of you." They came and the lady scrutinized them comparably.

"Actually you look alike—and, Harry, you have no advantage, even if you are my own son. I am glad you are here," she said with sudden sobriety, and smiling tenderly she put both hands on his shoulders, drew him to her and kissed him, and again he felt in his eyes that curious sting.

"You fight with 'em? I want to learn how to use them!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Lines to Be Remembered. Quiet minds cannot be perplexed or frightened, but go on in fortune or misfortune at their own private pace, like a clock during a thunderstorm.—R. L. Stevenson.