

# 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.

The Western Sugar Refinery at San Francisco announced another advance in the price of refined cane sugar of 25 cents a hundred pounds. The new base price, \$9.35 a hundred, was effective Tuesday.

Demands that congress enact legislation making it still easier for agriculture to obtain credit required by the industry were contained in resolutions adopted by the Iowa Farmers' union in annual convention Friday.

Attorney General Daugherty advised President Coolidge last week that the Laaker-Farley plan for solving the merchant marine problem is not legal, thus once more throwing into the laps of government officials the task of formulating a shipping policy.

A letter asking United States Senator Johnson of California to state his attitude toward a proposal for modification of the Volstead act so as to legalize beer and light wine has been forwarded to San Francisco by Don E. de Bow of Omaha, secretary of the National Liberty league.

Conditions which have prevailed in Amoy since August 20 remained unchanged Sunday with the city, besieged by north China forces of Chen Chiung-Ming, continually expecting attack by the besieging forces, and with traffic into the interior completely cut off. Seven gunboats were in the harbor.

Chris Hill, who has a long federal court record for violations of the national prohibition law and who recently was released from prison after serving a two months' sentence, has obtained nomination papers and will strive for the democratic nomination for sheriff of the county of Honolulu.

The Philippine press generally has commented favorably on an interview with Major Yoji Fujii of the Japanese army carried at Manila, P. I., recently in which he disclaimed on behalf of Japan any interest in the Philippine islands other than that prompted by a desire for friendly intercourse and trade.

The total area of California's forest, brush and grass lands burned over by fires during the period from August 20 to September 20 last was 115,665 acres. In addition to a watershed area of 300 square miles in Sonoma county, says a preliminary statement on fire losses made public by State Forester M. B. Pratt.

Fire of undetermined origin Saturday, in Birmingham, Ala., wrecked the storage and packing plant of Swift & Co., in the heart of the city's wholesale district. The loss was estimated at \$250,000. Firemen directed their energies to save adjoining structures. Tons of packing house products were fuel for the flames.

Belgium appears to have won the international balloon race for the Gordon Bennett cup again this year, either with Demuyter, the landing of whose balloon, *Gelgica*, at 1 o'clock Monday about the center of Sweden, gives him a distance of about 600 miles, or with Yeenstra, plotting the Prince Leopold, whose fate at the moment is unknown.

A great political convention of women, in which every state in the union will be represented, is to be held in Washington, December 2 and 3, when the National Women's party will concentrate all its efforts on the passage through the senate of the proposed equal rights amendment to the constitution. It was announced in Colorado Springs, Colo.

Two armed robbers early Sunday held up the automobile in which W. R. Hyland of Venice, Cal., and a woman were riding, climbed into the rear seat, forced Hyland to drive to a point near Montebello, suburb, and there robbed Hyland of the car and the woman of jewelry valued at several thousand dollars, according to Hyland's report to the sheriff's office.

Fiscal agents in Leipzig, Germany, accompanied by squads of plain clothes men, swooped down Saturday on Leipzig's money changers and bagged several thousand dollars and a mixed assortment of other currencies, which they confiscated after the owners had been given receipts, redeemable in paper marks. Raiding squads also invaded the hotels and seized all foreign currency found on the waiters and other employes.

## LABOR SESSION UNDER WAY

American Federation Formulates and Handles Routine First Day.

Portland, Or.—With an unprecedented display of harmony and unanimity of purpose, the 500 delegates representing the American Federation of Labor opened the 43d annual convention of the organization at the municipal auditorium Monday.

Form and ceremony marked the formal opening of labor's two weeks of deliberation and work. Addresses were delivered by Mayor Baker, Governor Pierce, G. A. Von Schriltz and Otto Hartwig. An invocation was given by Bishop Walter Taylor Sumner.

And then Samuel Gompers, the 72-year-old head of the federation, took the floor, and with his customary fire and vigor flayed the enemies of trade unionism—red and reactionary alike—outlined the federation's aims, spoke on immigration, child labor, co-operation between farmer and workingman, open and closed shop and various other subjects connected with the labor movement.

The morning session of the convention, beginning at 10 o'clock and lasting until well after noon, was taken up almost exclusively with formalities. A short part of the morning session and practically the entire afternoon session were devoted to organization and routine work. The most important feature of the day was the release for the public of the annual report of the executive council of the federation. The appointment of committees, the seating of delegates, the many routine acts connected with the opening of a convention of such magnitude occupied the rest of the day.

While the formalities connected with the opening of the morning session were principally courtesies and welcomes from various persons to the visiting delegates, remarks made by Governor Pierce and answered by Mr. Gompers showed a new political trend.

The governor, introduced as a plain dirt farmer, complained of the inequality of a system that gives the farmer but \$1 out of the \$3 which the producer pays for agricultural products. This remark was greeted with continuous applause. Fifteen minutes later Mr. Gompers declared that the day is at hand when the farmer and the industrial workingman will unite against a common enemy, the profiteer.

The honor of opening the convention went to G. A. Von Schriltz, president of the Portland Central Labor Council.

Then the curtain rose slowly, revealing at the back of the stage a massed orchestra of 100 pieces. At a sign from the leader the musicians struck up "The Star Spangled Banner" and the audience arose.

## Andes Mountains Moving East

Washington, D. C.—Vast geological changes in which the Andes mountains are being pushed slowly eastward and the California coast ranges forced northward are in progress in the opinion of Dr. Bailey Willis, professor emeritus of geology at Leland Stanford university. The eastern part of Japan, he said, is probably moving westward.

Dr. Willis has just returned from South America, where he was sent by the Carnegie Institution of Washington to study the earthquake which rocked Chile a year ago.

The changes in the earth's surface, he said, are resulting from irresistible pressure exerted from within the earth beneath the "Pacific deep," which offers an explanation of recent disastrous tremors.

Both the Chilean earthquake and the Japanese catastrophe, Dr. Willis believes, were due to the process of geological changes and many equally serious seismic disturbances may be expected for generations to come.

Although scientists have known, he declared, that the California ranges are marching northward, it took the Chilean earthquake to prove that the Andes are shifting steadily eastward. The movement in each case is away from the ocean.

## Oregon Hen Is Placed.

Santa Cruz, Cal.—Ten pullets owned by L. A. Thornewill of Santa Cruz won first place in the fourth egg-laying contest here. The hens laid 2816 eggs. First place in the individual hen contest also was taken by one of Thornewill's birds, which laid 315 eggs. Second place went to a pullet owned by Wire & Son of Oregon, which laid 310 eggs, and third place to one of Thornewill's pullets, which laid 304 eggs.

Port Orford.—With 150 delegates present from Coos, Curry, Jackson, Josephine and Klamath counties, the Southern Oregon Highway association was formed here Saturday night at a banquet given by the Port Orford chamber of commerce. Its purpose is to build a highway from here to the Pacific highway near Grants Pass, and pave the Ashland-Klamath Falls highway.

## RIOTING SEVERE IN DUSSELDORF

Score Persons Killed and Hundreds Wounded

40,000 IN GATHERING

Great Separatist Demonstration Terminates in Veritable Massacre. Security Police Blamed.

Munich.—It was officially announced Sunday that the German government's laws for the protection of the republic are no longer in force in Barvaria.

Dusseldorf.—It was variously estimated that from 10 to 15 person were killed and that between 200 and 300, many of them women and children, were injured during the disorders at the separatist demonstration Sunday.

The trouble began at 4 o'clock in the afternoon when 40,000 persons, including 15,000 manifestants, had assembled in the square. The panic-stricken crowd fled for safety immediately the shooting began, trampling women and children. So rapid was the flight that in 30 minutes Hindenburg strasse was deserted.

The firing originated from the houses overlooking the square, but rapidly degenerated into a general shooting affray, in which the police, communists and separatists took part.

The great separatist demonstration here terminated in a veritable massacre. A score of persons were known to have been killed and the wounded were believed to be numbered in the hundreds. Dusseldorf was still seething with excitement and more trouble was feared tonight.

The French occupation authorities held the German military police—the security police—responsible for the outbreak, declaring that they started the shooting, in which the communist groups later joined. The hospitals and police barracks were filled with wounded, and French military doctors were rendering all possible assistance.

The French authorities sent out patrols to round up all the security police they could find in the streets and place under arrest all those still held in reserve at headquarters.

The city awoke early, teeming with excitement; thousands were abroad in spite of an appeal addressed to the population to remain indoors. But streetcars, automobiles and other vehicles were absent from the streets and the hotels and stores had all lowered their iron and steel gratings.

About 11 o'clock the first of the 25 trains bearing the manifestants to Dusseldorf arrived and was received by a company of Rhineland public militia, which had just sworn allegiance to the green, white and red flag.

Soon after noon all the manifestants from points in the "Rhineland republic" had reached the city and a procession formed and marched behind innumerable green, white and red republican emblems to Hindenburgstrasse—a thoroughfare 200 feet wide by 1000 feet long, adorned with heroic size statues of William I, Bismark and Von Moltke.

Standing directly under the statue of William I, the separatist leader, Joseph Matthes, began speaking.

"The separatists," he declared, "are animated by hatred toward none, but only desire peace, security and tranquility."

Suddenly, without warning, several shots were fired, from behind a lowered steel curtain protecting the plate glass entrance to a store. In the panic that ensued a small group made a concentrated rush for the speaker. The security police fired a fusillade and the shooting became general, the police being especially active in smashing their way through the crowds and taking prisoner many who were transferred to headquarters.

French military forces were rushed to the scene and ordered the green police to cease using their revolvers but, according to the French, the police refused and continued to fire. The cavalry seized many of the police and surrounded their barracks quelling the disturbance in a few minutes.

## Engine Drops Into Bay.

San Francisco.—The locomotive of The Oregonian, an express train of the S. P. company, operating between San Francisco and Portland, dropped from a ferry slip into the water at Porta Costa, Contra Costa county, Sunday, the company announced here. The locomotive was uncoupled from the remainder of the train at the time of the accident. It had been driven on the slip to wait the arrival of a train ferry. The crew escaped.

# ERSKINE DALE—PIONEER

By JOHN FOX, Jr.

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### "GENTLEMEN!"

**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 Kahoto. He is given shelter and attracts the favorable attention of Dave Yandell, 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. At Red Oaks, plantation on the James river, Virginia, Colonel Dale's home, the boy appears with a message for the colonel, who after reading it introduces the bearer to his daughter Barbara as her cousin, Erskine Dale. Erskine meets two other cousins, Harry Dale and Hugh Wiloughby. Dueling rapiers on a wall at Red Oaks attract Erskine's attention. He takes his first fencing lesson from Hugh. Yandell visits Red Oaks. At the county fair at Williamsburg Erskine meets a youth, Dane Grey, and there at once arises a bitter antagonism between them.

### CHAPTER VI—Continued.

The bully rushed. Dave caught him around the neck with his left arm, his right swinging low, the bully was lifted from the ground, crushed against Dave's breast, the wind went out of him with a grunt, and Dave with a smile began swinging him to and fro as though he were putting a child to sleep. The spectators yelled their laughter and the bully roared like a bull. Then Dave reached around with his left hand, caught the bully's left wrist, pulled loose his hold, and with a leftward twist of his own body tossed his antagonist some several feet away. The bully turned once in the air and lighted resoundingly on his back. He got up dazed and sullen, but breaking into a good-natured laugh, shook his head and held forth the buckles to Dave.

"You won 'em," Dave said. "They're yours. I wasn't wrestling for them. You challenged. We'll shake hands."

Then My Lord Dunmore sent for Dave and asked him where he was from.

"And do you know the Indian country on this side of the Cumberland?" asked his lordship.

"Very well."

His lordship smiled thoughtfully.

"I may have need of you."

Dave bowed:

"I am an American, my lord."

His lordship flamed, but he controlled himself.

"You are at least an open enemy," he said, and gave orders to move on.

The horse race was now on, and Colonel Dale had given Hugh permission to ride Firefly, but when he saw the lad's condition he preemptorily refused.

"And nobody else can ride him," he said, with much disappointment.

"Let me try!" cried Erskine.

"You!" Colonel Dale started to laugh, but he caught Dave's eye.

"Surely," said Dave. The colonel hesitated.

"Very well—I will."

At once the three went to the horse, and the negro groom rolled his eyes when he learned what his purpose was.

"Dis hos'll kill dat boy," he muttered, but the horse had already submitted his haughty head to the lad's hand and was standing quietly. Even Colonel Dale showed amazement and concern when the boy insisted that the saddle be taken off, as he wanted to ride bareback, and again Dave overcame his scruples with a word of full confidence. The boy had been riding pony races bareback, he explained, among the Indians, as long as he had been able to sit a horse. The astonishment of the crowd when they saw Colonel Dale's favorite horse enter the course with a young Indian apparently on him bareback will have to be imagined, but when they recognized the rider as the lad who had won the race, the betting through psychological perversity was stronger than ever on Firefly. Hugh even took an additional bet with his friend Grey, who was quite openly scornful.

"You bet on the horse now," he said.

"On both," said Hugh.

It was a pretty and a close race between Firefly and a white-starred bay mare, and they came down the course neck and neck like two whirlwinds. A war-whoop so Indian-like and curdling that it startled every old frontiersman who heard it came suddenly from one of the riders. Then Firefly stretched ahead inch by inch, and another triumphant savage yell heralded victory as the black horse swept over the line a length ahead. Dane Grey swore quite fearfully, for it was a bet that he could ill afford to lose. He was talking with Barbara when the boy came back to the Dales, and something he was saying made

the girl color resentfully, and the lad heard her say sharply:

"He is my cousin," and she turned away from the young gallant and gave the youthful winner a glad smile.

Again Hugh and Dane Grey were missing when the party started back to the town—they were gone to bet on "Bacon's Thunderbolts" in a cock-fight. That night they still were missing when the party went to see the Virginia Comedians in a play by one Mr. Congreve—they were gaming that night—and next morning when the Kentucky lad rose, he and Dave through his window saw the two young roisterers approaching the porch of the hotel—much disheveled and all but staggering with drink.

"I don't like that young man," said Dave, "and he has a bad influence on Hugh."

That morning news came from New England that set the town a-quake. England's answer to the Boston tea party had been the closing of Boston harbor. In the House of Burgesses, the news was met with a burst of indignation. The 1st of June was straightway set apart as a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer that God would avert the calamity threatening the civil rights of America. In the middle of the afternoon my lord's coach and six white horses swung from his great yard and made for the capitol—my lord sitting erect and haughty, his lips set with the resolution to crush the spirit of the rebellion. It must have been a notable scene, for Nicholas, Bland, Lee, Harriso, Pendleton, Henry and Jefferson, and perhaps Washington, were there. And my lord was far from popular. He had hitherto girded himself with all the trappings of etiquette, had a court herald prescribe rules for the guidance of Virginians in approaching his excellency, had entertained little and, unlike his predecessors, made no effort to establish cordial relations with the people of the capital. The Burgesses were to give a great ball in his honor that very night, and now he was come to



**The Two Backwoodsmen Had Been Dazzled by the Brilliance of It All.**

dissolve them. And dissolve them he did. They bowed gravely and with no protest. Shaking with anger my lord stalked to his coach and six while they repaired to the Apollo room to prohibit the use of tea and propose a general congress of the colonies. And that ball came to pass. Haughty hosts received their haughty guest with the finest and gravest courtesy, bent low over my lady's hand, danced with her daughters, and wrung from my lord's reluctant lips the one grudging word of comment: "Gentlemen!"

And the ladies of his family bobbed their heads sadly in confirmation, for the steel-like barrier between them was so palpable that it could have been touched that night, it seemed, by the hand.

The two backwoodsmen had been dazzled by the brilliance of it all, for the boy had stood with Barbara, who had been allowed to look on for a while. Again my lord had summoned Dave to him and asked many questions about the wilderness beyond the Cumberland, and he even had the boy to come up and shake hands, and asked him where he had learned to ride so well.

Before Barbara was sent home Hugh and Dane Grey, dressed with great care, came in, with an exaggeration of dignity and politeness that fooled few others than themselves. Hugh, catching Barbara's sad and reproachful glance, did not dare go near her, but Dane made straight for her side when he entered the room—and bowed with great gallantry. To the boy he paid no attention whatever, and the latter, fired with indignation and hate, turned hastily away. But in

a corner unseen he could not withhold watching the two closely, and he felt vaguely that he was watching a frightened bird and a snake. The little girl's self-composure seemed quite to vanish, her face flushed, her eyes were downcast, and her whole attitude had a mature embarrassment that was far beyond her years. The lad wondered and was deeply disturbed. The half overlooking and wholly contemptuous glance that Grey had shot over his head had stung him life a knife-cut, so like an actual knife indeed that without knowing it his right hand was then fumbling at his belt. Dave too was noticing and so was Barbara's mother and her father, who knew very well that this smooth, suave, bold young daredevil was deliberately leading Hugh into all the mischief he could find. Nor did he leave the girl's side until she was taken home. Erskine, too, left then and went back to the tavern and up to his room. Then with his knife in his belt he went down again and waited on the porch. Already guests were coming back from the party and it was not long before he saw Hugh and Dane Grey half-stumbling up the steps. Erskine rose, Grey confronted the lad dully for a moment and then straightened.

"Here's anuzzer one wants to fight," he said thickly. "My young friend, I will oblige you anywhere with anything, at any time—except tonight. You must regard that as great honor, for I am not accustomed to fight with savages."

And he waved the boy away with such an insolent gesture that the lad, knowing no other desire with an enemy than to kill him in any way possible, snatched his knife from his belt. He heard a cry of surprise and horror from Hugh and a huge hand caught his upraised wrist.

"Put it back!" said Dave sternly.

The dazed boy obeyed and Dave led him upstairs.

Dave talked to the lad about the enormity of his offense, but to Dave he was inclined to defend himself and his action. Next morning, however, when the party started back to Red Oaks, Erskine felt a difference in the atmosphere that made him uneasy. Barbara alone seemed unchanged, and he was quick to guess that she had not been told of the incident. Hugh was distinctly distant and surly for another reason as well. He had wanted to ask young Grey to become one of their party and his father had decisively forbidden him—for another reason, too, than his influence over Hugh; Grey and his family were Tories and in high favor with Lord Dunmore.

As yet Dave had made no explanation or excuse for his young friend, but he soon made up his mind that it would be wise to offer the best extenuation as soon as possible; which was simply that the lad knew no better, had not yet had the chance to learn, and on the rage of impulse had acted just as he would have done among the Indians, whose code alone he knew.

The matter came to a head shortly after their arrival at Red Oaks when Colonel Dale, Harry, Hugh and Dave were on the front porch. The boy was standing behind the box-hedge near the steps and Barbara had just appeared in the doorway.

"Well, what was the trouble?" Colonel Dale had just asked.

"He tried to stab Grey unarmed and without warning," said Hugh shortly.

At the moment the boy caught sight of Barbara. Her eyes, filled with scorn, met his in one long, sad, withering look, and she turned noiselessly back into the house. Noiselessly too he melted into the garden, slipped down to the river bank, and dropped to the ground. He knew at last what he had done. Nothing was said to him when he came back to the house and that night he scarcely opened his lips. In silence he went to bed and next morning he was gone.

The mystery was explained when Barbara told the boy too must have overheard Hugh.

"He's hurt," said Dave, "and he's gone home."

"On foot?" asked Colonel Dale incredulously.

"He can trot all day and make almost as good time as a horse."

"Why, he'll starve."

"He could get there on roots and herbs and wild honey, but he'll have fresh meat every day. Still, I'll have to try to overtake him. I must go, anyhow."

And he asked for his horse and went to get ready for the journey. Ten minutes later Hugh and Harry rushed joyously to his room.

"We're going with you!" they cried, and Dave was greatly pleased. An hour later all were ready, and at the last moment Firefly was led in, saddled and bridled, and with a leading halter around his neck.

"It make me laugh. I have no use. I give hole dam piantashun Barbara."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Always on Full Time. Mills may start and mills may stop, but the divorce mill runs on forever. —Boston Transcript.