WORLD HAPPENINGS OF CURRENT WEEK

Brief Resume Most Important Daily News Items.

COMPILED FOR YOU

and Pacific Northwest, and Other Things Worth Knowing.

fell for a considerable period Tuesday sending millions of your best young destroyed the immense crop of grapes in Italy.

Governor McMaster of South Dakota Wednesday formally announced his candidacy for United States senator on the republican ticket.

All available men have been dispatched to four bad forest fores which are burning near Republic, Mich. Holdings of Henry Ford in two sections of land are reported to be threatened.

Earl Hackett, 13, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Hackett, living on a farm the part you took in it is one which three miles south of Chehalis, Wash., was shot accidentally Tuesday by his | And my last word is that so far from brother, Lloyd, 16, while the two were

The action of President Coolidge of the United States in ordering an inquiry into the proposal to increase being watched closely in Ottawa, but no official comment is forthcoming.

a grade school teacher at Cosmopolis, Wash., walked through a second story window of a hospital here late Wednesday afternoon and was killed in the fall.

President Coolidge expects Richard Washburn Child, America ambassador to Italy, now en route home on leave of absence, to return to his post at Rome after conclusion of his leave cedented depth of 25 feet, were roarand then to retire at his pleasure. This was announced at the White

The engagement of Archduke Joseph cess Anna Monica, youngest daughter of ex-King Frederick August of Saxony, is announced. Archduke Joseph Francis is 28 years old and his fiancee 20.

Tillamook Daisy Butter King De Kal, prize-winning entry of the Carnation stock farm, Seattle, Wash., and Oconomowoc, Wis., is the grand champion Holstein of the United States, having won that designation Tuesday at the National Dairy exposition at Syracuse, N. Y.

Federal agents Tuesday announced they had discovered evidence to support their theory that synthetic liquor tie coast. This, it is understood, is itors. sold at top notch prices to runners as genuine liquor.

Enoth W. Conyers, 94, a veteran of Clatskanie practically ever since.

The Rev. John William Jones, 47, recently archdeacon of the southwestern Kansas Episcopalian area, with Council Bluffs, Denver and San An- His head was struck against a tree tonio, committed suicide in a hotel in Death was due to hemorrhage. Kansas City Monday.

The longest summer season in the history of the Klondike finds the last life was prominently identified with steamer out of Dawson leaving down the grange a river still free of ice. Yukoners are speculating about the cause of the prolonged high temperature, some attributing it to earthquakes or warm sea currents. The opossibility of a per- first near Birch, Mich., near here. The winter is being debated.

Adjutant-General George A. White of Oregon has telegraphed the commandant of the Paget sound navy yard tion was obtainable. Crews of men to and the navy department at Washing- go to the fire were being organized ton, D. C., that the state of Oregon here. will not accept the battleship Oregon unless the government first overhauls the big vessel and puts it in firstclass condition for delivery without ably will end navy department plans for towing the craft into Portland harbor the latter part of this month.

lish Statesman.

Minneapolis, Minn.-An appeal for the United States to help Europe make peace was made here by David Lloyd George, the war-time premier of Great Britain, in his first public address in this country after concluding his tour of Canada.

Speaking before many hundred per sons at a luncheon given by the Min neapolis civil and commercial asso ciations, the ex-premier said:

"I am not here on any mission, but let me say to you one thing, that until Events of Noted People, Governments the United States of America, with Hostilities Between Germany and its mighty influence, with its great power, with the moral command which it has in the world because of its past with the great claim that you won by coming into the war without any A violent storm, during which hall selfish purpose, but for a holy ideal, men across to fight for liberty and for nothing else-until this great land casts its influence into the scale of peace, I despair of the future."

Referring to a statement that Americans were doing their best to forget the recent world war, he urged that they do not forget.

"There is nothing," he said, "for you to ferget-nothing. There is so verbing, yes, something, for you to be proud of. You came for naugh; but at the call of a great purpose and a great ideal. It ought to be your pride, is worthy of your greatest traditions. forgetting that part, I trust that the United States of America will once more, in due time, in its own way, cast Its might in the scales of peace."

The address was the one formal public function on the program of the the duty on wheat from Canada is distinguished visitor during his day's visit to this city. Arriving early Monday, he was welcomed by huge crowds Delirious from typhoid fever, Miss at the station and on the way to his Meral Lacourse, 25, of Hansen, Idaho, hotel, and thousands crowded the streets and greeted him with applause as he was escorted on a sight-seeing trip along the Mississippi river boule vard and to other points of interest.

15,000 Flee From Flood.

Oklahoma City, Okla.—Lashing, raging overflow waters, swelling the north Canadian river to the unpreing toward Oklahoma City early Mon day, bringing the most destructive flood in the history of Oklahoma.

Driven from their homes by the on rushing torrent, 15,000 persons, with Francis, young son of the former field as many belongings as they could marshal, Archduke Joseph, to Prin- hastily gather together, were being taken to points of safety by all available means of transportation.

Augmented by rain swollen up stream tributaries, the boiling cur rent at the city reservoir, ten miles from here, tore huge gaps in the em bankment of the dam late last night and hurled a devastating nine-foo wall of water into the stream, to bear down on the already stricken south side populace in Oklahoma City

Phonograph Firm Fails.

The Columbia Graphone Manufacturing company, one of ted States government who had travelthe pioneers in the talking machine trade, was placed in the hands of receivers Monday when an involuntary was being concocted, bottled and cas- petition in bankruptcy was filed in ed aboard the rum fleet off the Atlan- federal court in behalf of several cred-

The action was a financial one only, and plans for the reorganization under a new name will be made public. H. L. Wilson, president and general the Mexican war and a member of manager of the company, and James R. the first Oregon legislature, died at Sheffield were appointed receivers by his home in Clatskanie Monday after- Federal Judge Hand and furnished a noon. Mr. Conyers was born in Car- joint bond of \$100,000. No estimate lisle, Ky., December 2, 1828. He came was made of assets, but liabilities to Oregon in 1852 and had lived in were given as approximately \$20,000.

Farmer Killed by Bull.

Wheeler, Or.-Lay Daniel, 67, prom inent northwest breeder of Holstein headquarters at Hutchinson, formerly livestock, was killed Monday morning superintendent of missions at Omaha by a vicious bull. The bovine, withand pastor of churches at Chicago, out warning, charged at Mr. Daniel.

> Mr. Daniel was born in Tillamook county. He took a homestead at Foley 36 years ago and had lived on it since

Five Die in Forest Fire.

Marquette, Mich. - Five men were burned to death Monday in a forest dependence Lumber company of Birch.

Telephone lines between Marquette and the copper country have been sev ered due to the fire and little informa

Volcano Mihara Active.

hara, on Oshima island, has again be- Friday, according to a dispatch recost to the state. This action prob-come active, according to dispatches ceived here Sunday from Morioka. received here.

of smoke and large quantities of lava, and is believed to be a 2000-ton vessel.

America Should Not Forget, Says Eng-PREDICTS NEW WAR

U. S. Intervention Declared Sole Hope of Peace.

TENSION HIGH, BELIEF

France Are Said to Be Imminent Danger.

Princeton, N. J.-A future war beween France and Germany can be avoided only if the United States employs its good offices to relieve the tension now existing in Europe, said John Grier Hibben, president of Princeton university, in an interview Sunday. President Hibben recently returned from an extended trip through prope, where he studied conditions in several countries at first hand

Germany, he is convinced, is playng a "waiting game." Her attitude teward reparations is insincere and she feels that if she waits long enough time will operate in her favor.

"I did not find any evdience of poverty or unusual distress in Germany. The stream of population passed before me much as it appeared in the days of 1912, the time of my last visit to Berlin. I learned, however, that there was suffering, confined almost exclusively to a certain class in Germany.

"The class whose incomes are fixed amounts in marks and for which no adjustment can possibly be made to keep pace with the fall in value is the class which suffers most.

"Much money is being rapidly made and lavishly spent by all who are engaged in industrial pursuits, and the profits are deposited in large amounts in foreign banks in Switzerland, England and New York and investments made in foreign securities.

"It is a significant fact that during the last eight months Germany has been the heaviest buyer of cotton from our country, paying more than \$72,000,000 for it, and is also the heaviest buyer of copper, her importation amounting to something more than \$17,000,000. It is a mystery where this money comes from, but it is evidence that Germany is not insolvent and cannot be regarded in any sense as a

bankrupt nation." Regardless of the Ruhr, Mr. Hibben said, Franco-German relations will be strained for some time to come unless America intervenes. Germany be lieves the French are in the Ruhr with the intention of staying but France protests she will leave when reparations are paid. Dr. Hibben continued in part:

"I met a representative of our Unied extensively in middle Europe and the near east. He brutally told me that Europe was a 'barrel of rotten apples and that the United States could well afford to keep her hands off.' Those who are complacent with this policy must be ready to face another European war in which we will be directly and indirectly involved."

Oklahoma City Flooded.

Enid, Okla.-All stores were flooded and numerous residences were partly submerged by a nine-foot wall of water which swept through parts of Woodward, Okla., Saturday when the North Canadian river overflowed from recent heavy rains, according to reports reaching here over crippled wires tonight

Freedom, a small town on the Cimrron river, also was inundated, the advices said, stores there being flood-

Railroad traffic is demoralized. Nearly 100 bridges have been carried away, and sections of trackage in a number of places are out.

Seven Teachers May Die.

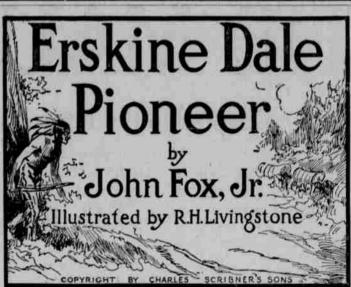
Seattle, Wash.-Seven women may dle as the result of ptomaine poisoning following a luncheon of a King county branch of the Parent-Teacher association at the Ronald school north of the city, according to reports remanent moderation in the Klendike dead were employes of the Lake In- ceived here from physicians who were sent to the Ronald school to take care of the patients.

More than 50 other persons were taken ill but doctors declared they would all recover.

Ship Founders: 36 Safe.

Tokio.-Thirty-six members of the crew of an unnamed steamer were London.-The famous volcano Mi- rescued when the ship foundered on

The steamer, it was stated, is own It was said to be emitting volumes ed by the Kawasaki company, Kobe,



EARLY MORN

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 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 Virginlans. The leader of these is family wounded, but in his dying moments recognizes the fugitive youth as his son. At Red Caks, 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 duces the bearer to his daughter Barbara as her cousin, Erskine Dale. Erskine meets two other cousins, Harry Dale and Hugh Willoughby. 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 Red Oaks. At the county fair at Williamsburg Erakine meets a youth, Dane Grey, and there at once arises a bitter antagonism between them. Grey, in liquer, insults Erakine, and the latter, for the moment all Indian, draws his knife. Yandell disarms him. Ashamed of his conduct in the affair with Grey, Erskine leaves Red Oaks that night, to return to the wilderness. Yandell, with Harry and Hugh, who have been permitted to visit the Sanders fort, overtake him. At the plantation the boy had left a note in which he gave the property, which is his as the son of Colonel Dale's older brother, to Barbara. The party is met by three Shawness, who bring news to Erskine (whose Indian news to Erskine (whose Indian name is White Arrow) that his fos-ter father. Kahtoo, is dying and desires him to come to the tribe and become its chief. After a brief visit to the fort Erskine goes to the

CHAPTER VII-Continued.

On the seventh day he was nearing the village, where the sick chief lay, and when he caught sight of the tee pees in a little creek bottom, he fired his rifle, and putting Firefly into a gallop and with right hand high, swept into the village. Several bucks had caught up bow or rifle at the report of the gun and the clatter of hoofs, but their hands relaxed when they saw his sign of peace. The squaws gathered and there were grunts of recognition and greeting when the boy pulled up in their midst. The flaps of the chief's tent parted and his fostermother started toward him with a sudly back. The old chief's keen black eyes were walting for her and he spoke before she could open her lips: "White Arrow! It is well, Here-at

once!" Erskine had swung from his horse and followed. The old chief measured him from head to foot slowly and his face grew content:

"Show me the horse!" The boy threw back the flaps of the

tent and with a gesture bade an Indian to lead Firefly to and fro. The horse even thrust his beautiful head over his master's shoulder and looked within, snorting gently. Kahtoo waved dismissal:

"You must ride north soon to carry the white wampum and a peace talk. And when you go you must hurry back, for when the sun is highest on the day after you return, my spirit will Dass." And thereupon he turned his face

and went back into sleep.

Just before sunset rifle-shots sounded in the distance-the hunters were coming in - and the accompanying whoons meant great success. Each of three bucks carried a deer over his shoulders, and foremost of the three was Crooked Lightning, who barely paused when he saw Erskine, and then with an insolent glare and grunt passed him and tossed his deer at the feet of the squaws. The boy's hand slipped toward the handle of his tomahawk, but some swift instinct kept him still. The savage must have had good reason for such open defiance, for the lad began to feel that many others shared in his hostility and he began to wonder and speculate.

Quickly the feast was prepared and the boy ate apart-his foster-mother bringing him food-but he could hear the story of the day's hunting and the allusions to the prowess of Crooked Lightning's son, Black Wolf, who was Erskine's age, and he knew they were but slurs against himself.

Fresh wood was thrown on the fire, and as its light leaped upward the lad saw an aged Indian emerge from one of two tents that sat apart on a little rise-saw him lift both hands toward the stars for a moment and then return within. "Who is that?" he asked.

"The new prophet," said his mother. "He has been but one moon here and

has much power over our young men.

An armful of pine fagots was tossed on the blaze, and in a whiter leap of light he saw the face of a woman at the other tent-saw her face and for a moment met her eyes before she shrank back-and neither face nor eyes belonged to an Indian. Startled, he caught his mother by the wrist and all but cried out:

"And that?" The old woman hesitated and scowled:

"A paleface. Kahtoo bought her and adopted her but"-the old woman gave a little guttural cluck of triumph-"she dies tomorrow. Kahtoo will burn her."

"Burn her?" burst out the boy. "The palefaces have killed many of

Kahtoo's kin!"

A little later when he was passing near the white woman's tent a girl sat in front of it pounding corn in a mortar. She looked up at him and, staring, smiled. She had the skin of the half-breed, and he stopped, startled by that fact and her beauty—and went quickly on. At old Kahtoo's lodge he could not help turning to look at her again, and this time she rose quickly and slipped within the tent. He turned to find his foster-mother watching him. "Who is that girl?" The old woman

looked displease

"Daughter of the white woman," "Does she know?"

"Neither knows."

"What is her name?" "Early Morn."

Early Morn and daughter of the white woman-he would like to know more of those two, and he half turned, but the old Indian woman caught him by the arm:

"Do not go there-you will only make more trouble."

He followed the flash of her eyes to the edge of the firelight where a young Indian stood watching and scowling

"Who is that?" "Black Wolf, son of Crooked Light-

"Ah!" thought Erskine,

Within the old chief called faintly and the Indian woman motioned the



The Squaws Gathered and There Were Grunts of Recognition and Greeting When the Boy Pulled Up in Their

lad to go within. The old man's dim

eyes had a new fire. "Talk!" he commanded, and mo tioned to the ground, but the lad did not squat Indian fashion, but stood straight with arms folded, and the chief knew that a conflict was coming. Narrowly he watched White Arrow's face and bearing-uneasily felt the

strange new power of him. "I have been with my own people," said the lad simply, "the palefaces who have come over the big mountains, on and on almost to the big waters. I found my kin. They are many and strong and rich. They, too, were kind to me. I came because you had been kind and because you were sick and because you had sent for me, and to keep my word.

"I have seen Crooked Lightning, His heart is bad. I have seen the new prophet. I do not like him. And I have seen the white woman that you are to burn tomorrow." The lad stopped. His every word had been of defense or indictment and more than once the old chief's eyes shifted unensily.

The dauntless mien of the boy, his steady eyes, and his bold truthfulness. pleased the old man. The lad must take his place as chief. Now White Arrow turned questioner:

"I told you I would come when the

leaves fell and I am here. Why is Crooked Lightning here? Why is the new prophet? Who is the woman? What has she done that she must die? What is the peace talk you wish me

to carry north?" The old man hesitated long with closed eyes. When he opened them the fire was gone and they were dim

again. "The story of the prophet and Crooked Lightning is too long," he said wearily. "I will tell tomorrow. The woman must die because her people have slain mine. Besides, she is growing blind and is a trouble. You carry the white wampum to a council, The Shawnees may join the British against our enemies-the palefaces."

"I will walt," said the lad. "I will carry the white wampum. If you war against the paleface on this side of the mountain-I am your enemy. If you war with the British against them all-I am your enemy. And the woman must not die."

"I have spoken," sald the old man. "I have spoken," said the boy. He turned to lie down and went to sleep. The old man sat on, staring out at the

Just outside the tent a figure slipped away as noiselessly as a snake. When it rose and emerged from the shadows the firelight showed the malignant, triumphant face of Crooked Lightning.

CHAPTER VIII

The Indian boys were plunging into the river when Erskine appeared at the opening of the old chief's tent next morning, and when they came out icicles were clinging to their hair, He had forgotten the custom and he shrugged his shoulders at his mother's inquiring look. But the next morning when Crooked Lightning's son Black Wolf passed him with a taunting

smile he changed his mind.
"Wait!" he said. He turned, stripped quickly to a breech-clout, pointed to a beech down and across the river, challenging Black Wolf to a race. Together they plunged in and the boy's white body clove through the water like the arrow that he was. At the beech he whipped about to meet the angry face of his competitor ten yards behind. Half-way back he was more than twenty yards ahead when he heard a strangled cry. Perhaps it was a ruse to cover the humiliation of defeat, but when he saw bucks rushing for the river bank he knew that the ley water had brought a cramp to Black Wolf, so he turned, caught the lad by his topknot, towed him shoreward, dropped him contemptuously, and stalked back to his tent. His mtoher had built a fire for him, and

the old chief looked pleased and proud, "My spirit shall not pass," he said, and straightway he rose and dressed, and to the astonishment of the tribe emerged from his tent and walked firmly about the village until he found

Crooked Lightning. "You would have Black Wolf chief," he said. "Very well. We shall see who can show the better right-your son or White Arrow"-a challenge that sent Crooked Lightning to brood awhile in his tent, and then secretly to

consult the prophet. Later the old chief talked long to White Arrow. The prophet, he said, had been with them but a little while, He claimed that the Great Spirit had made revelations to him alone. What manner of man was he, questioned the oy-did he have ponies and pelts and jerked meat?

"He is poor," said the chief. "He has only a wife and children and the tribe feeds him."

White Arrow himself grunted - it was the first sign of his old life stirring within him.

Why should the Great Spirit pick ut such a man to favor?" he asked. The chief shook his head.

"Crooked Lightning has found much favor with him, and in turn with the others, so that I have not thought it wise to tell Crooked Lightning that he must go. He has stirred up the young men against me-and against you. They were walting for me to die," boy looked thoughtful and the chief waited. He had not reached the aim of his speech and there was no need to put it in words, for White Arrow

"I will show them," he said quietly. When the two appeared outside, many braves had gathered, for the whole village knew what was in the Should it be a horse race first? wind. Crooked Lightning looked at the boy's thoroughbred and shook his head-Indian ponies would as well try to outrun an arrow, a bullet, a hurricane.

A foot-race? The old chief smiled when Crooked Lightning shook his head again-no brave in the tribe even could match the speed that cave the lad his name. The bow and arrow. the rifle, the tomahawk? Tomahawks and bows and arrows were brought out. Black Wolf was half a head shorter, but stocky and powerfully bullt. White Arrow's sinews had strengthened, but he had scarcely used bow and tomahawk since he had left the tribe. He had the power but not the practice, and Black Wolf won with great ease. When they came to the rifle, Black Wolf was out of the game, for never a bull's-eye did White Arrow miss.

"With a gesture Pontiac bade Crooked Lightning speak."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Man With a Mission, The "man with a mission" is beoming a nulsance. Nine times out of ten he seems to be headed away from the kind of work he is best qualified to do .- Houston Post.

How many self-made men have in reality been made by their wives?