

# 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.

Two bandits held up the Diamant Jewelry company in Kansas City Wednesday and escaped with 14 trays of diamonds valued by Sam Diamant, owner of the store, at \$40,000.

The dissolution of the Cement Manufacturers' association on the ground that it was a trust was ordered by Judge Knox in United States district court of New York Tuesday.

All the passengers of the United Fruit company's steamer San Gil, which is ashore off the Nicaraguan coast, are safely on board the same company's steamer Pastores.

The paymaster of mine No. 1 of the Southern Coal, Coke & Mining company was held up in Belleville, Ill., Tuesday by six outlaws and robbed of \$14,500. The hold-up occurred as the paymaster stepped from a streetcar. The robbers escaped in an automobile.

Two men walking tandem on a pair of specially constructed water skis walked across the bay at Oakland, Cal., Wednesday, negotiating the 3 1/2 miles between San Francisco and Western Pacific Railroad company pier in three hours 33 minutes.

A piece of pipe protruding from the bed of a dry creek in Montecito, Cal., brought death to Helen Ireland, 24 years old, Wednesday night when a bicycle which she was riding leaped from the road and plunged with her over a bluff into the creek bottom.

William F. ("Whitney") Doreing and David Weissman, convicted Saturday of complicity in the robbery of \$2,400,000 in securities from an armored mail truck in St. Louis April 2, Wednesday were sentenced in federal court to 30 and 25 years' imprisonment respectively.

Mrs. Florence B. Tully was granted a divorce in the superior court in Los Angeles Monday from James Tully, novelist and ex-pugilist, on the grounds of desertion. Her husband told her he was leaving her, she said, because "I must write, and to write I must have quiet and peace."

William Kelley, a messenger for the Manufacturers Trust company, New York, Wednesday was shot and seriously wounded by four armed bandits, who accosted him as he was delivering \$20,000 to a concern in the upper east side, who forced the money from his hands when he refused to surrender it.

Unusually heavy rains in Panama caused the slide last Tuesday of a large quantity of earth which covered the Panama railroad tracks for a distance of 300 feet about three miles from Pedro Miguel, resulting in suspension of traffic between Panama and Colon. The slide was 16 feet deep at one point.

The American and allied diplomatic delegations in Constantinople have been officially notified that Ankara no longer considers them as high commissions and that they will henceforth be designated as "representations." The American embassy insists upon retaining the title of high commission.

Ambassador Harvey delivered a long farewell speech at the Pilgrims' dinner in London Tuesday night in which he reiterated the willingness of the United States to help assess Germany's capacity to pay reparations. The telegram was sent after the conference had discussed a proposal to sell 50,000,000 bushels of American wheat to European countries including Germany.

The steamer Claremont, which was disabled in a storm off the mouth of the Columbia river last week, limped into San Pedro, Cal., Tuesday with her pumps going full force and steering with a jury rudder rigged in a 60-mile gale. Her deck load of 500,000 feet of lumber was washed overboard in the storm and her rigging badly damaged.

John E. Taylor, better known as John E. Campbell, a student last year in the Journalism department at the University of Washington pleaded guilty of burglary in superior court Wednesday and was sentenced to from two to 15 years in the state reformatory. Taylor confessed to the police who arrested him that he had plundered many fraternity houses at the university this fall.

## INCOME TAX OVER BILLION

Government 1921 Collections Amount to Total of \$1,420,962,438.

Washington, D. C. — The treasury collected income and profit taxes from 7,018,573 individuals and firms for the calendar year 1921, receipts from this source totaling \$1,420,962,438.

A statistical report made public by the bureau of internal revenue shows that such revenue decreased approximately \$1,250,000,000 from 1920 while there was a reduction of about 600,000 in the number of persons and firms making returns.

Of the total returns filed 6,662,176 were by individuals.

Reductions in the amounts of taxes paid and the number of returns filed as compared with 1920 extend all along the line from the persons paying taxes on income of \$1000 to the maximum class of one million dollars or more. There were only 21 in the latter class in 1921, while in 1920 the records show 33 persons admitted having incomes of "one million dollars and over."

Detailed figures disclosed that 12 of the 21 paid taxes on incomes between \$1,000,000 and \$1,500,000, and none reported incomes between a million and a half and two million.

Washington, D. C. — Statistics just completed by the internal revenue bureau for the year 1921 shows that taxes were paid to the federal government on but one net income of \$5,000,000 or more. That income was not reported by John D. Rockefeller. In fact, if statistics count for anything, the net income turned in by Mr. Rockefeller for 1921 was only somewhere between \$1,000,000 and \$1,500,000.

This fact caused much surprise because it had generally been conceded that one of four net incomes of \$5,000,000 or more returned the previous year, 1920, represented Mr. Rockefeller's income. Henry Ford and his wife and Mr. Ford's son Edsel Ford, and his wife, were supposed to have turned in two of the other record incomes in 1920. The identity of the fourth income return was in doubt. It is pretty well established by the statistical tables issued recently that the incomes of the Fords, father and son, dropped to about \$3,000,000 to \$4,000,000 each in 1921, as compared with over \$5,000,000 in 1920.

While the business depression in 1921 cut deeply into practically all of the huge personal incomes and also reduced net taxable incomes returned by corporations by more than \$3,500,000,000 from the total reached in 1920, the almost sensational fall in the Rockefeller income from more than \$5,000,000 to not more than \$1,500,000 was a subject of much comment. Of course the actual income of Mr. Rockefeller largely exceeds either of the figures given and it should be understood that net income as used for the government statistics does not include income from tax exemptions and other income upon which government tax is not payable.

The statistics as compiled and published by the government do not include the names of the persons reporting net incomes, but they do classify the incomes by sex and family relationship and by the states from which they are returned.

### Insulin Now Available.

Indianapolis, Ind.—Insulin, the specific for sugar diabetes of recent discovery, is in production to meet the world's need at a price intended to make it available to the poorest sufferers. It was disclosed Monday. Inquiries for insulin are coming in from all quarters of the globe. Between 25,000 and 30,000 diabetic patients are under the insulin treatment, according to clinical reports, which in reporting thousands of clinical tests, have shown no failures.

### Higher Tariff is Asked.

St. Paul, Minn.—An appeal to President Coolidge and Minnesota congressmen to increase by about 50 per cent the tariff on American wheat was sent Monday after a conference of leading agriculturists in the state and Governor Preus.

The telegram was sent after the conference had discussed a proposal to sell 50,000,000 bushels of American wheat to European countries including Germany.

### Sunken Diver Floated.

Panama.—The American submarine O-5, which was sunk in a collision with the steamer Abangarez Monday, was raised shortly after 1 o'clock Tuesday morning. Chief Electrician Brown and Torpedoman Breault were rescued alive from the hull and taken to the Colon hospital. No trace was found of the three other missing men. It is thought Brown and Breault may recover.

### Georgia City Trembles.

Rome, Ga.—Earth shocks here Monday caused several buildings to shake. Little damage was caused, although a number of persons were panic-stricken for a while.

## 3 ALLIES ACCEPT OFFER OF PARLEY

France, Belgium and Italy Agree on New Move.

## AMERICA OFFERS AID

Paris' Consent Involves Question of Acceptance of Divorce of Debts From Meeting.

London.—France, Belgium and Italy have accepted the British invitation for a reparations conference, with the understanding that it shall take the form of a committee of experts under the authority of the present interallied reparations commission.

America's decision to lend her advice and co-operation in the conference seems to have lifted Europe out of the slough of depression.

Secretary Hughes' prompt and decisive response to Marquis Curson's plea for American assistance has given impetus to a situation which has heretofore been marked by utter inertia and for the first time British officials begin to see a rift in the mists which so long enveloped the problem.

America's voice stressing the imperative need of finding a suitable financial plan to prevent economic disaster in Europe, found prompt echoes in Paris, Brussels and Rome and before it became known late Saturday afternoon at the British foreign office that France, Belgium and Italy had all accepted the principle of an advisory conference of experts.

While the British authorities would have preferred a full conference of ministers to liquidate the reparations troubles, they hope the preliminary conference of experts will lead to a larger council of allied and American statesmen.

France's consent to enter the advisory conference of experts will involve the question of acceptance of the American principle that interallied debts and German reparations must be divorced, a point upon which Premier Poincare heretofore has differed from Great Britain and the United States.

France will also have to face the question of reducing the amount of indemnity expected from Germany under the Versailles treaty, which in the past has been fixed at 6,600,000,000 pound sterling or 132,000,000,000 gold marks. This sum, and the question of granting a moratorium to Germany were the points which led to the failure of the last expert bankers' commission of which J. P. Morgan was a member.

If, as the British government anticipates, M. Poincare agrees to these and other conditions it will then remain only for the nations participating in the conference to appoint their experts and formulate a program of procedure.

Paris.—An official communique, written by Premier Poincare and issued at the French foreign office Sunday night, reiterated the French government's determination to refuse to agree to any reduction of the German debt as fixed by the London conference in May, 1921.

The communique insisted that a committee of experts, organized within the scope of the reparations commission to investigate Germany's capacity for payment, has no authority to make any reduction in Germany's debt. It said it considered that such a committee would be practically a mere addition to the present staff of experts of the reparations commission.

Detroit.—Subpoena servers, who for nearly six months have been endeavoring to serve a summons on Henry Ford in a damage suit, succeeded Saturday by appearing at the "shooting" of a motion picture film in which Mr. Ford and a threshing machine were the star performers. The summons was used in connection with a suit for \$100,000 damages against Mr. Ford by B. Frank Emery, for personal injuries when thrown from an automobile owned by Mr. Ford.

### 12-Mile Limit Limited.

London.—In connection with the acceptance in principle of Secretary Hughes' proposals for a 12-mile limit in the search for contraband liquor, the British government, it was stated Saturday, desires to make it clear that there is no intention of extending the existing three-mile limit governing fisheries and maritime rights generally.

# ERSKINE DALE—PIONEER

By JOHN FOX, Jr.

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### OFF FOR VIRGINIA

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 boy warns 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 Willoughby. 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. Grey, in liquor, insults Erskine, and the latter, for the moment all Indian, draws his knife. Yandell disarms him. Ashamed, 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 Shawnees, who bring news to Erskine (whose Indian name is White Arrow) that his foster 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 tribe. He finds there a white woman and her half-breed daughter, Early Morn, and saves the woman from death. He tells Kahtoo he is with the Americans against the British. An enemy, Crooked Lightning, overhears him. Kahtoo sends Erskine to a council where British envoys meet Indian chiefs. Dane Grey is there, and the bitter feeling is intensified. Crooked Lightning denounces Erskine as a traitor and friend of the Americans. The youth escapes death by flight. Reaching his tribe, Erskine finds his enemies have the upper hand. He is held as a prisoner, waiting only for the arrival of Crooked Lightning, to be burned at the stake.

### CHAPTER IX—Continued.

"She will not burn. Some fur traders have been here. The white chief McGee sent me a wampum belt and a talk. His messenger brought much fire-water and he gave me that"—he pointed to a silver-mounted rifle—"and I promised that she should live. But I cannot help you." Erskine thought quickly. He laid his rifle down, stepped slowly outside, and stretched his arms with a yawn. Then still leisurely he moved toward his horse as though to take care of it. But the braves were too keen and watchful and they were not fooled by the fact that he had left his rifle behind. Before he was close enough to leap for Firey's back, three bucks darted from behind a lodge and threw themselves upon him. In a moment he was face down on the ground, his hands were tied behind his back, and when turned over he looked up into the grinning face of Black Wolf, who with the help of another brave dragged him to a lodge and roughly threw him within, and left him alone. On the way he saw his foster-mother's eyes flashing helplessly, saw the girl Early Morn indignantly telling her mother what was going on, and the white woman's face was wet with tears. He turned over so that he could look through the tent-flaps. Two bucks were driving a stake in the center of the space around which the lodges were ringed. Two more were bringing fagots of wood and it was plain what was going to become of him. His foster-mother, who was fiercely haranguing one of the chiefs, turned angrily into Kahtoo's lodge and he could see the white woman rocking her body and wringing her hands. Then the old chief appeared and lifted his hands.

"Crooked Lightning will be very angry. The prisoner is his—not yours. It is for him to say what the punishment shall be—not for you. Wait for him! Hold a council and if you decide against him, though he is my son—he shall die." For a moment the preparations ceased and all turned to the prophet, who had appeared before his lodge.

"Kahtoo is right," he said. "The Great Spirit will not approve if White Arrow die except by the will of the council—and Crooked Lightning will be angry." There was a chorus of protesting grunts, but the preparations ceased. The boy could feel the malevolence in the prophet's tone and he knew that the impostor wanted to curry further favor with Crooked Lightning and not rob him of the joy of watching his victim's torture. So the braves went back to their fire-water, and soon the boy's foster mother brought him something to eat, but she could say nothing, for Black Wolf had appointed himself sentinel and sat, rifle in hand, at the door of the lodge.

Night came on. The drinking be-

came more furious and once Erskine saw a pale-brown arm thrust from behind the lodge and place a jug at the feet of Black Wolf, who grunted and drank deep. One by one the braves went to drunken sleep about the fire. The fire died down and by the last flickering flame the lad saw Black Wolf's chin sinking sleepily to his chest. There was the slightest rustle behind the tent. He felt something groping for his hands and feet, felt the point of a knife graze the skin of his wrist and ankles—felt the thongs loosen and drop apart. Noiselessly, inch by inch, he crept to the wall of the tent, which was carefully lifted for him. Outside he rose and waited. Like a shadow the girl Early Morn stole before him and like a shadow he followed. In a few minutes they were by the river-bank, away from the town. The moon rose, and from the shadow of a beech the white woman stepped forth with his rifle and powder-horn and bullet-pouch and some food. She pointed to his horse a little farther down. He looked long and silently into the Indian girl's eyes and took the white woman's shaking hand. Once he looked back. The Indian girl was stoic as stone. A bar of moonlight showed the white woman's face wet with tears.

Again Dave Yandell from a watchtower saw a topknot rise above a patch of cane, now leafless and winter-bitten—saw a hand lifted high above it with a palm of peace toward him. And again an Indian youth emerged, this time leading a black horse with a drooping head. Both came painfully on, staggering, it seemed, from wounds or weakness, and Dave sprang from



"I Told Kahtoo I Would Fight with the Americans Against the British and Indians; and With You Against Him!"

the tower and rushed with others to the gate. He knew the horse and there was dread in his heart. Perhaps the approaching Indian had slain the boy, had stolen the horse, and was innocently coming there for food.

"Don't you know me, Dave?" he asked, weakly.

"My God! It's White Arrow!"

### CHAPTER X

Straightway the lad sensed a curious change in the attitude of the garrison. The old warmth was absent. The atmosphere was charged with suspicion, hostility. Old Jerome was surly, his old playmates were distant. Only Dave, Mother Sanders and Lydia were unchanged. The predominant note was curiosity, and they started to ply him with questions, but Dave took him to a cabin, and Mother Sanders brought him something to eat.

"Had a purty hard time," stated Dave. The boy nodded.

"I had only three bullets. Firey went lame and I had to lead him. I couldn't eat cane and Firey couldn't eat pheasant. I got one from a hawk," he explained. "What's the matter out there?"

"Nothin'," said Dave, gruffly, and he made the boy go to sleep. His story came when all were around the fire at supper, and was listened to with eagerness. Again the boy felt the hostility and it made him resentful and haughty and his story brief and terse. Most fluid and sensitive natures have a chameleon quality, no matter what stratum of adamant be beneath. The boy was dressed like an Indian, he looked like one, and he had brought back, it seemed, the bearing of an Indian—his wildness and stoicism. He spoke like a chief in a council, and even in English his phrasing and metaphors belonged to the red man. No wonder they believed the stories they had heard of him—but there was shame in many faces and little doubt in any save one before he finished.

He had gone to see his foster-mother and his foster-father—old chief

Kahtoo, the Shawnee—because he had given his word. Kahtoo thought he was dying and wanted him to be chief when the Great Spirit called. Kahtoo had once saved his life, had been kind, and made him a son. That he could not forget. An evil prophet had come to the tribe and through his enemies, Crooked Lightning and Black Wolf, had gained much influence. They were to burn a captive white woman as a sacrifice. He had stayed to save her, to argue with old Kahtoo, and carry the wampum and a talk to a big council with the British. He had made his talk and—escaped. He had gone back to his tribe, had been tried, and was to be burned at the stake. Again he had escaped with the help of the white woman and her daughter. The tribes had joined the British, and even then were planning an early attack on this very fort and all others.

The interest was tense and every face was startled at this calm statement of their immediate danger. Old Jerome burst out:

"Why did you have to escape from the council—and from the Shawnees?"

"At the council I told the Indians that they should be friends, not enemies, of the Americans, and Crooked Lightning called me a traitor. He had overheard my talk with Kahtoo."

"What was that?" asked Dave, quickly.

"I told Kahtoo I would fight with the Americans against the British and Indians; and with you against him!" And he turned away and went back to the cabin.

"What'd I tell ye!" cried Dave indignantly, and he followed the boy, who had gone to his bunk, and put one big hand on his shoulder.

"They thought you'd turned Injun agin," he said, "but it's all right now."

"I know," said the lad, and with a muffled sound that was half the grunt of an Indian and half the sob of a white man turned his face away.

Again Dave reached for the lad's shoulder.

"Don't blame 'em too much. I'll tell you now. Some fur traders came by here, and one of 'em said you was goin' to marry an Injun girl named Early Morn; that you was goin' to stay with 'em and fight with 'em alongside the British. Of course I knowed better, but—"

"Why," interrupted Erskine, "they must have been the same traders who came to the Shawnee town and brought whisky."

"That's what the feller said and why folks here believed him."

"Who was he?" demanded Erskine.

"You know him—Dane Grey."

All tried to make amends straightway for the injustice they had done him, but the boy's heart remained sore that their trust was so little. Then, when they gathered all settlers within the fort and made all preparations and no Indians came, many seemed again to get distrustful and the lad was not happy. The winter was long and hard. A blizzard had driven the game west and south and the garrison was hard put to it for food. Every day that the hunters went forth the boy was among them and he did far more than his share in the killing of game. But when winter was breaking, more news came in of the war. The flag that had been fashioned of a soldier's white shirt, an old blue army coat, and a red petticoat was now the Stars and Stripes of the American cause. Burgoyne had not cut off New England, that "head of the rebellion," from the other colonies. On the contrary, the Americans had beaten him at Saratoga and marched his army off under those same Stars and Stripes, and for the first time Erskine heard of gallant Lafayette—how he had run to Washington with the portentous news from his king—that beautiful, passionate France would stretch forth her helping hand. And Erskine learned what that news meant to Washington's "naked and starving" soldiers dying on the frozen hillsides of Valley Forge. Then George Rogers Clark had passed the fort on his way to Williamsburg to get money and men for his great venture in the Northwest, and Erskine got a ready permission to accompany him as soldier and guide. After Clark was gone the lad got restless; and one morning, when the first breath of spring came, he mounted his horse, in spite of arguments and protestations, and set forth for Virginia on the wilderness trail. He was going to join Clark, he said, but more than Clark and the war were drawing him to the outer world. What it was he hardly knew, for he was not yet much given to searching his heart or mind. He did know, however, that some strange force had long been working within him that was steadily growing stronger, was surging now like a flame and swinging him between strange moods of depression and exultation. Perhaps it was but the spirit of spring in his heart, but with his mind's eye he was ever seeing at the end of his journey the face of his little cousin Barbara Dale.

"You took me by surprise and you have changed—but I don't know how much."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)