

# 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.

Andrew Bonar Law, ex-premier of Great Britain, died early Tuesday. The ex-premier has been suffering with septic pneumonia.

Diseases of the heart can be photographed by means of electrical connections at the shoulder and opposite hip which register heart actions on a film, says a Des Moines dispatch.

The appointment of Frank B. Kellogg as United States ambassador to Great Britain formally has been accepted by the British government, it was announced Wednesday afternoon.

Wanda Hawley, motion picture actress, won an interlocutory decree of divorce from Allen B. Hawley in the Los Angeles court Tuesday on the grounds of non-support and extreme cruelty.

The Pottawatomie Indians, living near Mayetta, Kan., Monday went to Washington to investigate a claim by the Indians to the ownership of land on the Lake Michigan water front in Chicago valued by them at \$35,000,000.

With regard to rumors that the German ex-crown prince had requested permission from the Dutch authorities to return to Germany, it was learned in Berlin Wednesday that no formal request to this effect has been made to the Berlin government.

Robert Broom, 91, and a widow, and Elizabeth Bolt, 88, and a spinster, were married Tuesday at Forest Gate, East London. Both were so feeble that they were obliged to sit during the ceremony, which was curtailed. They signed the register with trembling hands.

Bad judgment and faulty navigation on the part of three officers caused the loss of 25 lives and of naval material to the value of \$13,000,000 in the destroyer accident on Honda point, California, September 8, the board of inquiry declared in its final report to Secretary Denby.

The Italian fascists and their supporters united Wednesday for the celebration of the first anniversary of their rise to power. It was a year ago that the fascist army, after taking over other large cities, entered the capital and paved the way for the Mussolini government.

By notes delivered to the French and Belgian governments Wednesday the British government puts into formal form the announcement made recently by Premier Baldwin that the government cannot view with equanimity the creation of separate states in Germany or the dismemberment of that country.

Grand masters and past grand masters of Masons in America, gathered in Washington, D. C. for the laying of a cornerstone of the great memorial to George Washington at Alexandria, Va., broke a precedent of many years' standing by voting Wednesday for the convening of annual conferences of grand masters hereafter.

The inter-allied reparations commission has unanimously voted to postpone consideration of the German application for a hearing on Germany's capacity for payment until further information is received on the negotiations between the allied governments for the creation of an expert's committee to investigate the subject.

Charges that Sergeant William Cunningham was made the victim of a conspiracy, brutally assaulted and unjustly sentenced after court trial to imprisonment at Leavenworth because of the part he took in investigating a \$2,000,000 theft of army material at Kelly Field, Tex., are to be investigated a second time by the war department.

A million-dollar timber purchase by the Brooks-Scanlon Lumber company of Bend, Or., which will lengthen the company's local milling operations by nearly three years, was announced Tuesday by H. E. Allen, assistant general manager. The deal, by which the company becomes the owner of the Alworth-Washburn tract of approximately 25,000 acres, was completed at Brooks-Scanlon headquarters in Minneapolis.

## U. S. GOODS SOLD FOR SONG

Hospital Stores Virtually Given Away — Senators Are Amazed.

Washington, D. C. — An amazing story of how millions of dollars' worth of hospital stores, badly needed for the treatment of disabled soldiers, were removed from the Perryville, Md., supply depot and sold for a small fraction of their value was related Monday before the senate committee investigating the veterans' bureau.

At the very time the bureau was selling these supplies at approximately 20 per cent of their invoice value, it was buying the same kinds of goods at the full market value. While it was shipping new bed sheets through one door of a depot to a Boston concern for approximately 16 cents each it was bringing in through another door more sheets of not so good a quality purchased from a New York company for \$1.03 each, according to the testimony.

The detailed story of the transaction, told principally by N. B. Hendrix, chief storekeeper at Perryville, caused the committee to exclaim in astonishment at times, and at the conclusion of the session General O'Ryan, chief counsel for the committee, burst forth:

"The whole transaction is almost inconceivable. It is a perfect outrage."

Colonel Forbes, former director of the bureau, under whose direction the deal was arranged and carried out, sat beside his counsel and listened attentively to the testimony but without any display of feeling.

The decision to sell part of the Perryville stores as surplus was made by the bureau planning board on November 10, 1932. Within a week the contract for the sale had been let to the Thompson-Kelly company of Boston and the goods were beginning to move out of the depot.

"Pretty fast work," General O'Ryan commented.

Some idea of the magnitude of the deal was furnished by the statement that 150 freight car loads of sheets, towels, blankets, gauze and other materials were hauled away.

Lieutenant-Commander Charles R. O'Leary, chief of the bureau supply division during the transaction, insisted that the sheets were "reclaimed" and were unfit for veterans' hospitals. He also questioned the accuracy of statements that the bureau was buying sheets at the same time it was selling them.

## PERIOD FOR FILING CLAIMS NEARLY UP

With the fifth anniversary of the world war ending at hand, hundreds of war veterans of this district, discharged shortly after the armistice was signed, have but a few days more to file compensation claims with the United States veterans' bureau for disabilities due to war service. L. C. Joseph, northwest manager of the bureau, urged that every ex-service man who may be entitled to government benefits make official application for same immediately as the five-year period allowed by the federal law for making compensation requests expires in many instances shortly after November 11 of this year.

The director of the bureau may extend the application period one year if good cause is shown why the veteran failed to make the request for compensation during the time allotted.

"The veterans' bureau is anxious that every ex-service man and woman know the law in this respect in order that no war veteran with even the slightest service disability will fall to make proper application for government compensation within the time limit," said Mr. Joseph. "Filing of a claim protects the veteran in case the war injury or disability, now slight and non-compensable, becomes aggravated at a later date. The claim will be on record and the case may be reopened at any time. The important thing is to file the claim within the allotted time and then make every effort to prove service connection of the disabilities alleged."

Mr. Joseph also urged that all ex-service men who have not reinstated their war risk insurance do so at the earliest possible date. The procedure is simple and delay means increased premium rates as shown by the age table, he stated. Compensation claims may be filed or government insurance reinstated either by letter or personal visit to the veterans' bureau office at Seattle, Portland, Spokane or Boise.

## Congo Atrocities Aired.

Brussels. — Charges of ill-treatment of negroes in the Belgian Congo are published in a bulletin of the League for Protection and Evangelization of the Blacks, which the newspapers reproduced Monday with a demand for an investigation. It is alleged that some unwilling natives were taken to vaccination centers with ropes around their necks, sometimes five or six days' journey and 27 were known to have died of hardships.

## AMERICA PLEDGED TO HELP EUROPE

Lot Cast With Other Nations, Says Herrick.

CONCERN PROFOUND

Whole Question Declared to Rise Far Above Clamor and Strife of Partisan Politics.

Navarin Farm, Champagne, France. — "We have put our hands to the plow and we are willing to run the furrow through," said Myron T. Herrick, the American ambassador, in discussing American participation in European affairs, during a speech Sunday at the dedication of a monument to the Americans and French who fell in the Champagne district during the world war. "Whether we like it or not," Mr. Herrick added, "our lot now is cast in with the other nations to a very considerable extent."

America's entry into the war, the ambassador said, was prompted by idealism and sentiment for France, but also by "plain common sense, business and for the right." For high motives to be effective in results they "must be founded on sound economic," he continued.

"The situation in Europe at this minute concerns America as profoundly, though far less tragically, than did the affairs of 1914 to 1917," the ambassador declared. "Our continued wellbeing depends largely upon the settlement of Europe's affairs and calls for the exercise of the same common sense and business judgment as actuated America in joining the war."

"If we were to stand aloof from what we call this 'European mess' when it is apparent the balance can not be redressed without our help," the ambassador continued, "then why did we come into the war in 1917? Were we mistaken then? Were the government and the people wrong in the almost unanimous decision to act? I answer no. No such disgraceful verdict upon this case will ever be rendered by the American people. We have put our hands to the plow and we are willing to run the furrow through for we now know if the present problem is not solved, and justice and quickly solved, then truly America will have fought in the war in vain."

Mr. Herrick said the United States had been forced into the war after three years of deliberation "by what we believed to be our own best interests backed by moral indignation," and now these same forces were "calling on us to aid in redressing the balance of the world."

"Can it be accomplished without us?" asked Mr. Herrick, who continued: "The logic of events is stronger than any man's wishes and the vital concerns of a country take precedence over the personal preference of either its statesmen or its individual citizens."

"Because of the things we fought for, because of the things we hoped for, because of the things our men died for—whether we like it or not, our lot now is cast in with the other nations to a very considerable extent. This whole question rises far and away above the clamor and strife of partisan politics, and whosoever seeks to use it for political advantage sullies the memory of the dead we have come here to honor."

## Royal Police Punished.

Victoria, B. C. — For trafficking in narcotics two members of the royal Canadian mounted police and a former member were sentenced here Saturday. A royal commission has been named to investigate the incidents that led to conviction of the officers.

F. W. Eccles was given 18 months in prison and fined \$1000. W. L. Smith was sentenced to nine months and to pay \$500. They belong to the Vancouver section of the force. Frank Fernandez, formerly of the force, was given 15 months and fined \$1000. Petition for appeal was refused.

## Melbourne Mob Amuck.

Melbourne, Australia. — The comparative quiet prevailing since the beginning of the Melbourne police strike Wednesday was broken late Saturday when gangs of rowdies became active. These gangs swept through the crowded streets, overturning tram cars, smashing shop windows and robbing many stores. The tramway board finally stopped all service and special police dispersed the crowds. Many rioters were injured.

# ERSKINE DALE — PIONEER

By John Fox, Jr.

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CHAPTER X—Continued.

A striking figure the lad made riding into the old capital one afternoon just before the sun sank behind the western woods. Students no longer wandered through the campus of William and Mary college. Only an occasional maid in silk and lace tripped along the street in high-heeled shoes and clocked stockings, and no coach and four was in sight. The governor's palace, in its great yard amid Linden trees, was closed and deserted. My Lord Dunmore was long in sad flight, as Erskine later learned, but not in his coach with its six milk-white horses. But there was the bust of Sir Walter in front of Raleigh tavern, and there he drew up, before the steps where he was once night taking Dane Grey's life. A negro servant came forward to care for his horse, but a coal-black young giant leaped around the corner and seized the bridle with a welcoming cry:

"Marse Erskine! But I knowed Firefly fust." It was Ephraim, the groom who had brought out Barbara's ponies, who had turned the horse over to him for the race at the fair.

"I come from de plantation fer ole marse," the boy explained. The host of the tavern heard and came down to give his welcome, for any Dale, no matter what his garb, could always have the best in that tavern. More than that, a bewigged solicitor, learning his name, presented himself with the cheerful news that he had quite a little sum of money that had been confided to his keeping by Colonel Dale for his nephew, Erskine. A strange deference seemed to be paid him by everybody, which was a grateful change from the suspicion he had left among his pioneer friends. The little tavern was thronged and the air charged with the spirit of war. Indeed, nothing else was talked. My Lord Dunmore had come to a sad and unbecoming end. He had stayed afar from the battlefield of Point Pleasant and had left stalwart General Lewis to fight Cornstalk and his braves alone. Later My Lady Dunmore and her sprightly daughters took refuge on a man-of-war—whither my lord soon followed them. His fleet ravaged the banks of the rivers and committed every outrage. His marines set fire to Norfolk, which was in ashes when he weighed anchor and sailed away to more depredations. When he entrenched himself on Gwynn's Island, that same stalwart Lewis opened a heavy cannonade on feet and island, and sent a ball through the indignant nobleman's flagship. Next day he saw a force making for the island in boats, and my lord spread all sail; and so back to merry England, and to Virginia no more. Meanwhile, Mr. Washington had reached Boston and started his duties under the Cambridge elm. Several times during the talk Erskine had heard mentioned the name of Dane Grey. Young Grey had been with Dunmore and not with Lewis at Point Pleasant, and had been conspicuous at the palace through much of the succeeding turmoil—the hint being his devotion to one of the daughters, since he was now an unquestioned loyalist.

Next morning Erskine rode forth along a sandy road, amidst the singing of birds and through a forest of tiny upshooting leaves, for Red Oaks on the James. He had forsworn Colonel Dale to secrecy as to the note he had left behind giving his birthright to his little cousin, Barbara, and he knew the confidence would be kept inviolate. At the boat landing he hitched his horse to the low-slung branch of an oak and took the path through tangled rose bushes and undergrowth along the bank of the river, halting where it would give him forth on the great, broad, grassy way that led to the house among the oaks. There was the sundial that had marked every sunny hour since he had been away. For a moment he stood there, and when he stepped into the open he shrank back hastily—a girl was coming through the opening of boxwood from the house—coming slowly, bareheaded, her hands clasped behind her, her eyes downward. His heart throbbed as he waited, throbbing the more when his ears caught even the soft tread of her little feet, and seemed to stop when she paused at the sundial, and as before searched the river with her eyes. And as before the song of negro oarsmen came over the yellow flood, growing stronger as they neared. Soon the girl fluttered a handkerchief from the single passenger in the stern came an answering flutter of white and a glad cry. At the bend of the river the boat disappeared from Erskine's sight under the bank, and he watched the girl. How she had grown! Her slim figure had rounded and shot upward, and her white gown had dropped to her dainty ankles. Now her face was flushed and her eye flashed with excitement—it was no mere kinsman in that boat, and the boy's heart began to throb again—throb fiercely and with racking emotions that he had never known before. A fiery looking youth sprang up the landing-steps, bowed gallantly over the girl's hand, and the two turned up the path, the girl rosy with smiles and the youth bending over her with a most protecting and tender air. It was Dane Grey, and the heart of the watcher turned mortal sick.

CHAPTER XI.

A long time Erskine sat motionless, wondering what ailed him. He had never liked nor trusted Grey; he believed he would have trouble with him some day, but he had other enemies and he did not feel toward them as he

did toward this dandy mincing up that beautiful broad path. With a little grunt he turned back along the path. Firefly whinnied to him and nipped at him with playful restlessness as though eager to be on his way to the barn, and he stood awhile with one arm across his saddle. Once he reached upward to untie the reins, and with another grunt strode back and went rapidly up the path. Grey and Barbara had disappeared, but a tall youth who sat behind one of the big pillars saw him coming and rose, bewildered, but not for long. Each recognized the other swiftly, and Hugh came with stiff courtesy forward. Erskine smiled:

"You don't know me?" Hugh bowed:

"Quite well." The woodsman drew himself up with quick breath—paling without, flaming within—but before he could speak there was a quick step and an astonished cry within the hall and Harry sprang out.

"Erskine! Erskine!" he shouted, and he leaped down the steps with both hands outstretched. "You here! You—you old Indian—how did you get here?" He caught Erskine by both hands and then fell to shaking him by the shoulders. "Where's your horse?" And then he noticed the boy's pale and embarrassed face and his eyes shifting to Hugh, who stood, still cold, still courteous, and he checked some hot outburst at his lips.

"I'm glad you've come, and I'm glad you've come right now—where's your horse?"

"I left him hitched at the landing," Erskine had to answer, and Harry looked puzzled:

"The landing! Why, what—?" He wheeled and shouted to a darcy:

"Put Master Erskine's horse in the barn and feed him." And he led Erskine within—to the same room where he had slept before, and poured out some water in a bowl.

"Take your time," he said, and he went back to the porch. Erskine could hear and see him through the latticed blinds.

"Hugh," said the lad in a low, cold voice, "I am lost here, and if you don't like this you can take that path."

"You are right," was the answer; "but you wait until Uncle Harry gets home."

The matter was quite plain to Erskine within. The presence of Dane Grey made it plain, and as Erskine dipped both hands into the cold water



"Never to You, My Dear Cousin."

he made up his mind to an understanding with that young gentleman that would be complete and final. And so he was ready when he and Harry were on the porch again and Barbara and Grey emerged from the rose bushes and came slowly up the path. Harry looked worried, but Erskine sat still, with a faint smile at his mouth and in his eyes. Barbara saw him first and she did not rush forward. Instead, she stopped, with wide eyes, a stifled cry, and lifting one hand toward her heart. Grey saw too, flushed rather painfully, and calmed himself. Erskine had sprang down the steps.

"Why, have I changed so much?" he cried. "Hugh didn't seem to know me, either." His voice was gay, friendly, even affectionate, but his eyes danced with strange lights that puzzled the girl.

"Of course I knew you," she faltered, paling a little, but gathering herself rather haughtily—a fact that Erskine seemed not to notice. "You took me by surprise and you have changed—but I don't know how much." The significance of this too seemed to pass Erskine by, for he bent over Barbara's hand and kissed it.

"Never to you, my dear cousin," he said gallantly, and then he bowed to Dane Grey, not offering to shake hands.

"Of course I know Mr. Grey." To say that the gentleman was dumfounded is to put it mildly—this wild Indian playing the courtier with exquisite impudence and doing it well! Harry seemed like to burst with restrained merriment, and Barbara was sorely put to it to keep her poise. The great dinner bell from behind the house boomed its summons to the woods and fields.

"Come on," called Harry. "I imagine you're hungry, cousin."

"I am," said Erskine. "I've had nothing to eat since—since early morn." Barbara's eyes flashed upward and Grey was plainly startled. Was there a slight stress on those two words? Erskine's face was as expressionless as bronze. Harry had bolted into the hall.

Mrs. Dale was visiting down the river, so Barbara sat in her mother's place, with Erskine at her right, Grey to her left, Hugh next to him, and Harry at the head. Harry did not wait long.

"Now, you White Arrow, you Big Chief, tell us the story. Where have you been, what have you been doing, and what do you mean to do? I've heard a good deal, but I want it all." Grey began to look uncomfortable, and so, in truth, did Barbara.

"What have you heard?" asked Erskine quietly.

"Never mind," interposed Barbara quickly; "you tell us."

"Well," began Erskine slowly, "you remember that day we met some Indians who told me that old Kahtoo, my foster-father, was ill, and that he wanted to see me before he died? I went exactly as I would have gone had white men given the same message from Colonel Dale, and even for better reasons. A bad prophet was stirring up trouble in the tribe against the old chief. An enemy of mine, Crooked Lightning, was helping him. He wanted his son, Black Wolf, as chief, and the old chief wanted me. I heard the Indians were going to join the British. I didn't want to be chief, but I did want influence in the tribe, so I stayed. There was a white woman in the camp and an Indian girl named Early Morn. I told the old chief that I would fight with the whites against the Indians and with the whites against them both. Crooked Lightning overheard me, and you can imagine what use he made of what I said. I took the wampum belt for the old chief to the powwow between the Indians and the British, and I found I could do nothing. I met Mr. Grey there." He bowed slightly to Dane and then looked at him steadily. "I was told that he was there in the interest of an English fur company. When I found I could do nothing with the Indians, I told the council what I had told the old chief." He paused. Barbara's face was pale and she was breathing hard. She had not looked at Grey, but Harry had been watching him covertly and he did not look comfortable. Erskine paused.

"What!" shouted Harry. "You told both that you would fight with the whites against both! What'd they do to you?"

Erskine smiled.

"Well, here I am. I jumped over the heads of the outer ring and ran. Firefly heard me calling him. I had left his halter loose. He broke away. I jumped on him, and you know nothing can catch Firefly."

"Didn't they shoot at you?"

"Of course." Again he paused.

"Well," said Harry impatiently, "that isn't the end."

"I went back to the camp. Crooked Lightning followed me and they tied me and were going to burn me at the stake."

"Good heavens!" breathed Barbara. "How'd you get away?"

"The Indian girl, Early Morn, slipped under the tent and cut me loose. The white woman got my gun, and Firefly—you know nothing can catch Firefly." The silence was intense. Hugh looked dazed, Barbara was on the point of tears, Harry was triumphant, and Grey was painfully flushed.

"And you want to know what I am going to do now?" Erskine went on. "I'm going with Capt. George Rogers Clark—with what command are you, Mr. Grey?"

"That's a secret," he smiled coolly. "I'll let you know later," and Barbara, with an inward sigh of relief, rose quickly, but would not leave them behind.

"But the white woman?" questioned Harry. "Why doesn't she leave the Indians?"

"Early Morn—a half-breed—is her daughter," said Erskine simply.

"Oh!" and Harry questioned no further.

"Early Morn was the best-looking Indian girl I ever saw," said Erskine, "and the bravest." For the first time Grey glanced at Barbara. "She saved my life," Erskine went on gravely, "and mine is hers whenever she needs it." Harry reached over and gripped his hand.

As yet not one word had been said of Grey's missing, but Barbara's cool disdain made him shamed and hot, and in her eyes was the sorrow of her injustice to Erskine. In the hallway she excused herself with a courtesy, Hugh went to the stables, Harry disappeared for a moment, and the two were left alone. With smoldering fire Erskine turned to Grey.

"It seems you have been amusing yourself with my kinspeople at my expense." Grey drew himself up in haughty silence. Erskine went on: "I have known some lars who were not cowards."

"You forget yourself."

"No—nor you."

"You remember a promise I made you once?"

"Twice," corrected Erskine. Grey's eyes flashed upward to the crossed rapiers on the wall.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Getting It Straight.

"Does Ferdie live on the avenue?"

"No, Ferdie lives on his father, who lives on the avenue."