

WORLD HAPPENINGS OF CURRENT WEEK

Brief Resume Most Important Daily News Items.

COMPILED FOR YOU

Events of Noted People, Governments and Pacific Northwest, and Other Things Worth Knowing.

A bill carrying a general program of road building in national parks has been placed in the hands of Representative Sinnott as chairman of the house public lands committee for introduction.

President Coolidge was asked Tuesday by a delegation representing Minnesota, Wisconsin, North and South Dakota, to order modification by the department of agriculture of the existing wheat grades.

It was learned unofficially in Manila Tuesday afternoon that six destroyers from the American Asiatic fleet have been ordered to proceed at once to Hongkong in connection with the situation at Canton and vicinity.

L. S. Swenson, the American minister at Christiania, has received a telegram from Captain Roald Amundsen, in which the explorer congratulates the American navy on its decision to explore the north polar quadrant.

Funeral services Thursday morning for Lord Shaugnessy, chairman of the board of directors of the Canadian Pacific railway, were in the nature of a national event. The services were held at St. Patrick's church and interment in Cote des Neiges cemetery in Montreal.

The Canadian minister of marine and fisheries has been authorized to issue licenses to United States fishing vessels on the Pacific coast of Canada, which will permit them, during 1924, to enter British Columbia ports with certain privileges they have not had heretofore.

Two large crevices are emitting 2,000,000 cubic feet of molten lava every hour from the Kilauwa volcano, said a wireless message received by the department of the interior from Thomas Bales, superintendent of the Hawaii national park, in which the volcano is located.

After two days of argument the board of arbitration of the National Association of Professional Baseball Leagues in Chicago Tuesday night voted to recognize Harry A. Williams, formerly a Los Angeles sports writer, as the legally elected president of the Pacific Coast league.

Formal presentation of the Nobel prize awards was made at Stockholm Monday in the presence of the king, the cabinet, the foreign diplomats and representatives of scientific organizations. Four recipients, including William Butler Yeats, winner of the literature prize, received their awards in person.

Five hundred dollars was set aside by Mrs. Clementine Reiser, who died at her home in Eugene a few days ago, for the care of her poodle dog during its lifetime, according to her will, admitted to probate yesterday. The executor of the will is directed to retain this amount and expend not more than \$5 a month for the dog's care.

President Coolidge formally opened the way Tuesday to co-operation by American economic experts in the double inquiry proposed by the reparations commission into Germany's financial situation. A formal White House statement said the Washington government would "view with favor the acceptance by American experts of an invitation to sit upon the inquiry committees."

One person was dead and several others were recovering from injuries Monday as the result of accidents attributed to the high winds which swept Los Angeles and vicinity, uprooting trees, unroofing houses, wrecking store fronts and demolishing fences and signs. No accurate estimate of property damage was available, but the loss was believed to have run into thousands of dollars.

The approximate location of the population center of Oregon is 24.6 miles southeast of Marquam, Clackamas county, according to statistics made public Tuesday by the federal census bureau. The movement of the center from 1910 to 1920 was 4.2 miles in a direct line from point to point, while the direction of the movement was 4.0 miles northward and 1.1 miles eastward, the bureau's figures showed.

RUSSIA SEEKS RECOGNITION

Soviet Appears Hopeful of Receiving Answer to Communication.

Washington, D. C.—A note from the Russian foreign office making a new bid for recognition of the soviet government by the United States reached the White House Monday and was referred to the state department for consideration. The only comment made in official circles was that the communication, like all others filed with the Washington government, would be studied carefully before a decision was announced. It was added that any decision would be made in the light of the well-understood views of officials here as to the necessity of complete guarantees of stability and orderly government in Russia.

Moscow.—Foreign Minister Tchitcherine's note asking resumption of friendly relations between Russia and America present the first instance of a member of the soviet government directly addressing the president of the United States. Once, in 1921, the soviet central executive committee sent a communication to the American congress, but previous communications from M. Tchitcherine, Litvinoff and other members of the government have been sent to the secretary of state.

It appears that the Moscow government is really hopeful of receiving an answer to the present offer. President Coolidge's reference to Russia in his message to congress, while not altogether pleasing to the bolsheviks, was considered in official circles here as a step forward. M. Tchitcherine's note is understood to mean exactly what it says, that "the soviet government is ready to do all in its power so far as the dignity and interests of its country permit to bring about a friendship with the United States."

How far Russia is ready to go in this direction in the case of her claim against the United States for the American intervention in Siberia and the Archangel region is not clear, but from unofficial sources it appears that the question of debts would not be considered greatly important in the event negotiations were brought about. It is recalled that Kari Radek, in an article in the official Pravda last year, said Russia was ready to "buy" American recognition.

The soviet government is represented as believing that, now more than ever, there is paramount necessity for some stability in Russo-American relations. Russian co-operatives are said to be operating in the United States, and it is further reported that a syndicate recently was formed there to finance the shipment of American cotton to this country.

Singular People Found.

New York.—Discovery of a tribe whose people he believed to have antedated the ancient Egyptians was reported Monday to the National Foreign Trade council by John Giffen Culbertson, a manufacturer of Wichita Falls, Tex., on his return from a South American tour of a year and a half. These people, known as the Machigina, speak a language very similar in construction to English, he reported, and they worship trees in the tradition that their ancestors escaped extinction in the biblical flood by climbing trees. The tribes live near the headwaters of the Amazon, where Mr. Culbertson said he had invaded forests never before penetrated by white men.

Throne Offered Yankee.

Rome.—A member of the Albanian mission in Rome said Monday that a certain American millionaire has just been offered the throne of Albania, in succession to Prince William of Wied, in the hope that he can put the country on a sound financial basis. It is understood that Harry F. Sinclair, the American oil man, is the prospective king of Albania. Several of Mr. Sinclair's confidential agents passed through Rome en route to Tirana last week. They are under the close surveillance of the political police of several European countries.

Negro Shoots Two Men.

Pendleton, Or.—Pete Gunis and Harry Zographos are in St. Anthony's hospital with bullet holes in their abdomens, and officers were looking for a negro named E. Groopie, who is suspected of having shot the two men in the railroad yard at Rieth early Monday morning. The wounded men declared that their injuries were inflicted as a result of an accident and that the negro did not know his gun was loaded.

Borah Not Candidate.

Washington, D. C.—Senator Borah of Idaho "is not a candidate for the presidential nomination of any party," he said Sunday in discussing a prediction of Frank E. Johnesse at Boise, Idaho, that he would soon announce his candidacy for president on the progressive ticket. Johnesse predicted that Borah would be in the race in 90 days.

AMNESTY GIVEN WAR PRISONERS

Thirty-one Remaining Violators Freed by Coolidge.

COMMITTEE ADVISES

Move Declared Favored by Majority of Members—Report of Investigators Not Revealed.

Washington, D. C.—The plea for amnesty which has been presented repeatedly to three national administrations was granted finally Saturday by President Coolidge in commuting the sentences of all remaining imprisoned violators of war laws.

The action of the president will bring about the release before Christmas of 31 men now serving sentences in the federal prison at Leavenworth, Kan., for violation of the espionage act. Two of these men were convicted at Kansas City in 1919; along with 24 other alleged members of the I. W. W.; nine of them were convicted in Chicago, together with William D. ("Big Bill") Haywood, general secretary-treasurer of the I. W. W., and the others were found guilty in Sacramento in 1919.

Mr. Coolidge acted upon receipt of a recommendation for amnesty from the special committee he appointed several weeks ago to make a distinguished study of the question of clemency for war-law violators.

This committee was composed of Newton D. Baker, secretary of war during the war period; Major-General James G. Harbord, who served overseas as head of the service of supplies of the American army, and Bishop Charles H. Brent of the Episcopal church, who was chief of the army chaplain service during the war.

The report of the special committee was not made public, but the White House announcement of the president's action said a majority of committee members favored amnesty.

The announcement was made in the following statement:

"It is announced today that the president and Attorney-General Daugherty, after conferring together and considering the joint report prepared by Newton D. Baker, Bishop Charles H. Brent and General J. G. Harbord, upon war-time prisoners, have decided to adopt and follow the majority recommendation of the committee, and accordingly the president today, in conformity with the recommendation of the attorney-general, has commuted the sentences of all the remaining war-time prisoners convicted at Chicago, Kansas City and Sacramento to the terms already served.

"Warrants of commutation are being prepared, and as soon as signed by the president will be sent to the wardens with instructions to release the prisoners."

City Has \$800,000 Fire.

Charlotte, N. C.—Damage estimated at from \$500,000 to \$800,000 was done here Sunday night by a fire discovered at 8 o'clock in the East Trade street mercantile section.

At least one man, a negro, whose name could not be learned, was injured in the blaze. The negro failed to heed a warning to leave the warehouse of the Smith-Wadsworth company on North College street and was struck by a falling wall. There were reports that a number of other persons had been injured or killed by falling walls but these could not be verified.

\$150,000 Bribe Refused.

Mobile, Ala.—The charge that "fixers" representing the liquor traffic, gambling, slot machines and other forms of law violations in the city of Mobile had offered him \$150,000 as bribe money to "slow up the work of his office" was made in a public statement issued Sunday night by Federal District Attorney Aubrey Boyles. The statement was given out following closely upon the adjournment of the federal grand jury late Saturday night, which returned 17 indictments as a result of the recent exposures here by agents of the United States government.

Monroe Doctrine Is Hit.

New York.—Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt told the foreign policy association that the political parties endorsed the Monroe doctrine because neither fathered it and both liked antiques. "There are more entangling things in the Monroe doctrine," she declared, "than George Washington ever dreamed of. To say the doctrine is right and true because all Americans believe in it is wrong, because South Americans do not believe in it."

Erskine Dale — Pioneer

By John Fox, Jr.

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CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

Grey was cautious at first, trying out his opponent's increase in skill: "You have made marked improvement." "Thank you," smiled Erskine. "Your wrist is much stronger." "Naturally," Grey leaped backward and parried just in time a vicious thrust that was like a dart of lightning. "Ah! A Frenchman taught you that." "A Frenchman taught me all the little I know." "I wonder if he taught you how to meet this."

"He did," answered Erskine, parrying easily and with an answering thrust that turned Grey suddenly anxious. Constantly Grey maneuvered to keep his back to the moon, and just as constantly Erskine easily kept him where the light shone fairly on both. Grey began to breathe heavily. "I think, too," said Erskine, "that my wind is a little better than yours—would you like a short resting spell?"

From the shadow Ephraim chuckled, and Grey snapped: "Make that black devil—"

"Keep quiet, Ephraim!" broke in Erskine sternly. Again Grey maneuvered for the moon, to no avail, and Erskine gave warning: "Try that again and I will put that moon in your eyes and keep it there."

Grey was getting angry now and was beginning to pant. "Your wind is short," said Erskine with mock compassion. "I will give you a little breathing-spell presently." Grey was not wasting his precious breath now and he made no answer. "Now!" said Erskine sharply, and Grey's blade flew from his hand and lay like a streak of silver on the dewy grass. Grey rushed for it.

"D—n you!" he raged, and wheeled furiously—patience, humor, and caution quite gone—and they fought now in deadly silence. Ephraim saw the British officer appear in the hall and walk unsteadily down the steps as though he were coming down the path, but he dared not open his lips. There was the sound of voices, and it was evident that the game had ended in a quarrel and the players were coming up the river bank toward them. Erskine heard, but if Grey did he at first gave no sign—he was too much concerned with the death that faced him. Suddenly Erskine knew that Grey had heard, for the fear in his face gave way to a diabolic grin of triumph and he lashed suddenly into defense—if he could protect himself only a little longer! Erskine had delayed the finishing stroke too long and he must make it now. Grey gave way step by step—parrying only. The blades flashed like tiny bits of lightning. Erskine's face, grim and inexorable, brought the sick fear back into Grey's eyes, and Erskine saw his enemy's lips open. He lunged then, his blade went true, sank to the hilt, and Grey's warped soul started on its way with a craven cry for help. Erskine sprang back into the shadows and snatched his pistol from Ephraim's hand:

"Get out of the way now. Tell them I did it."

Once he looked back. He saw Barbara at the hall door with old mammy behind her. With a running leap he vaulted the hedge, and hidden in the bushes, Ephraim heard Firefly's hoofs beating ever more faintly the sandy road.

CHAPTER XVIII

Yorktown broke the British heart, and General Dale, still weak from wounds, went home to Red Oaks. It was not long before, with gentle inquiry, he had pieced out the full story of Barbara and Erskine and Dane Grey, and wisely he waited his chance with each phase of the situation. Frankly he told her first of Grey's dark treachery, and the girl listened with horrified silence, for she would as soon have distrusted that beloved father as the heavenly Father in her prayers. She left him when he finished the story and he let her go without another word. All day she was in her room and at sunset she gave him her answer, for she came to him dressed in white, knelt by his chair, and put her head in his lap. And there was a rose in her hair.

"I have never understood about myself—and that man," she said, "and I never will."

"I do," said the general gently, "and I understand you through my sister who was so like you. Erskine's father was as indignant as Harry is now, and I am trying to act toward you as my father did toward her." The girl pressed her lips to one of his hands.

"I think I'd better tell you the whole story now," said General Dale, and he told of Erskine's father, his wilderness and his wanderings, his marriage, and the capture of his wife and the little son by the Indians, all of which she knew, and the girl wondered why he should be telling her again. The general paused:

"You know Erskine's mother was not killed. He found her." The girl looked up amazed and incredulous. "Yes," he went on, "the white woman whom he found in the Indian village was his mother."

"Father!" She lifted her head quickly, leaned back with hands caught tight in front of her, looked up into his face—her own crimsoning and paling as she took in the full meaning of it all. Her eyes dropped. "Then," she said slowly, "that Indian girl—Early Morn—is his half-sister. Oh, oh!" A great pity flooded her heart and eyes. "Why didn't Erskine take them away from the Indians?"

"His mother wouldn't leave them." And Barbara understood. "Poor Erskine!" she whispered, and her tears came. Her father leaned back and for a moment closed his eyes. "There is more," he said finally. "Erskine's father was the eldest brother—and Red Oaks—"

The girl sprang to her feet, startled, agonized, shamed: "Belongs to Erskine," she finished with her face in her hands. "God pity me," she whispered, "I drove him from his own home."

"No," said the old general with a gentle smile. He was driving the barb deep, but sooner or later it had to be done.

"Look here!" He pulled an old piece of paper from his pocket and handed it to her. Her wide eyes fell upon a rude boyish scrawl and a rude drawing of a buffalo pierced by an arrow:

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

"Oh!" gasped the girl and then—"where is he?"

"Waiting at Williamsburg to get his discharge." She rushed swiftly down the steps, calling:

"Ephraim! Ephraim!"

And ten minutes later the happy, grinning Ephraim, mounted on the thoroughbred, was speeding ahead of a whirlwind of dust with a little scented note in his battered slouch hat:

"You said you would come whenever I wanted you. I want you to come now."

BARBARA.

The girl would not go to bed, and the old general from his window saw her like some white spirit of the night motionless on the porch. And there through the long hours she sat. Once she rose and started down the great path toward the sundial, moving slowly through the flowers and moonlight until she was opposite a giant magnolia. Where the shadow of it touched the light on the grass, she had last seen Grey's white face and scarlet breast. With a shudder she turned back. The night whitened.

A catbird started the morning chorus. The dawn came and with it Ephraim. The girl waited where she was. Ephraim took off his battered hat.

"Marse Erskine done gone, Miss Barbary," he said brokenly. "He done gone two days."

The girl said nothing, and there the old general found her still motionless—the torn bits of Erskine's scrawling deed scattered about her feet.

CHAPTER XIX

On the summit of Cumberland gap Erskine Dale faced Firefly to the east and looked his last on the forests that swept unbroken back to the river James. It was all over for him back there and he turned to the wilder depths, those endless leagues of shadowy woodlands, that he would never leave again.

At Boonesborough he learned from the old ferryman that, while the war might be coming to an end in Virginia, it was raging worse than ever in Kentucky. There had been bloody Indian forays, bloody white reprisals, fierce private wars, and even then the whole border was in a flame. Forts had been pushed westward even beyond Lexington, and 1782 had been Kentucky's year of blood. Erskine pushed on, and ever grew his hopelessness. The British had drawn all the savages of the Northwest into the war.

As soon as the snow was off the ground the forays had begun. Horses were stolen, cabins burned, and women and children were carried off captive. The pioneers had been confined to their stockaded forts, and only small bands of riflemen sallied out to patrol the country. Old Jerome Sanders' fort was deserted. Old Jerome had been killed. Twenty-three widows were at Harrodsburg filing the claims of dead husbands, and among them were Polly Conrad and Honor Sanders. The people were expecting an attack in great force from the Indians led by the British. At the Blue Licks there had been a successful ambush by the Indians and the whites had lost half their number, among them many brave men and natural leaders of the settlements. Captain Clark was at the mouth of Cicking river and about to set out on an expedition and needed men.

Erskine, sure of a welcome, joined him and again rode forth with Clark through the northern wilderness, and this time a thousand mounted riflemen followed them. Clark had been stirred at last from his lethargy by the tragedy of the Blue Licks and this expedition was one of reprisal and revenge; and it was to be the last. The time was autumn and the corn was ripe. The triumphant savages rested in their villages unsuspecting and unafraid, and Clark fell upon them like a whirlwind. Taken by surprise, and startled and dismayed by such evidence of the quick rebirth of power in the beaten whites, the Indians of every village fled at their approach, and Clark put the torch not only to cabin and wigwam but to the fields of standing corn. As winter was coming on, this would be a sad blow, as Clark intended, to the savages.

Erskine had told the big chief of his mother, and every man knew the story and was on guard that she should come to no harm. A captured Shawnee told them that the Shaw-

nees had got word that the whites were coming, and their women and old men had fled or were fleeing, all except in a village he had just left—he paused and pointed toward the east where a few wisps of smoke were rising. Erskine turned: "Do you know Kahtoo?"

"He is in that village." Erskine hesitated: "And the white woman—Gray Dove?"

"She, too, is there." "And Early Morn?" "Yes," grunted the savage. "What does he say?" asked Clark. "There is a white woman and her daughter in a village, there," said Erskine, pointing in the direction of the smoke.

Clark's voice was announcing the fact to his men. Hastily he selected twenty. "See that no harm comes to them," he cried, and dashed forward. Erskine in advance saw Black Wolf and a few bucks covering the retreat of some feeble women. They made a feeble resistance of a volley and they too turned to flee. A white woman emerged from a tent and with great dignity stood, peering with dim eyes. To Clark's amazement Erskine rushed forward and took her in his arms. A moment later Erskine cried:

"My sister, where is she?"

The white woman's trembling lips opened, but before she could answer, a harsh, angry voice broke in laughingly, and Erskine turned to see Black Wolf stalking in, a prisoner between two stalwart woodsmen.

"Early Morn is Black Wolf's squaw. She is gone—He waved one hand toward the forest. The insolence of the savage angered Clark, and not understanding what he said, he asked angrily:

"Who is this fellow?" "He is the husband of my half-sister," answered Erskine gravely. Clark looked dazed and uncomprehending:

"And that woman?" "My mother," said Erskine gently. "Good God!" breathed Clark. He turned quickly and waved the open-mouthed woodsmen away, and Erskine and his mother were left alone. A feeble voice called from a tent near by:

"Old Kahtoo!" said Erskine's mother. "He is dying and he talks of nothing but you—go to him!" And Erskine went. The old man lay trembling with palsy on a buffalo-robe, but the incredible spirit in his wasted body was still burning in his eyes.

"My son," said he, "I knew your voice. I said I should not die until I had seen you again. It is well . . . it is well," he repeated, and wearily his eyes closed. And thus Erskine knew it would be.

CHAPTER XX

That winter Erskine made his clearing on the land that Dave Yandell had picked out for him, and in the center of it threw up a rude log hut in which to house his mother, for his remembrance of her made him believe that she would prefer to live alone. He told his plans to none.

In the early spring, when he brought his mother home, she said that Black Wolf had escaped and gone farther into the wilderness—that Early Morn had gone with him. His mother seemed ill and unhappy. Erskine, not knowing that Barbara was on her way to find him, started on a hunting-trip. In a few days Barbara arrived and found his mother unable to leave her bed, and Lydia Noe sitting beside her. Harry had just been there to say good-bye before going to Virginia.

Barbara was dismayed by Erskine's absence and his mother's look of suffering and extreme weakness, and the touch of her cold fingers. There was no way of reaching her son, she said—he did not know of her illness. Barbara told her of Erskine's giving her his inheritance, and that she had come to return it. Meanwhile Erskine, haunted by his mother's sad face, had turned homeward. To his bewilderment, he found Barbara at his mother's bedside. A glance at their faces told him that death was near. His mother held out her hand to him while still holding Barbara's. As in a dream, he bent over to kiss her, and with a last effort she joined their hands, clasping both. A great peace transformed her face as she slowly looked at Barbara and then up at Erskine. With a sigh her head sank lower, and her lovely dimming eyes passed into the final dark.

Two days later they were married. The woodsmen, old friends of Erskine's, were awed by Barbara's daintiness, and there were none of the rude jests they usually flung back and forth. With hearty handshakes they said good-bye and disappeared into the mighty forest. In the silence that fell, Erskine spoke of the life before them, of its hardships and dangers, and then of the safety and comfort of Virginia. Barbara smiled:

"You choose the wilderness, and your choice is mine. We will leave the same choice . . ." She flushed suddenly and bent her head.

"To those who come after us," finished Erskine.

[THE END.]

Greatly interested. "The milkmaids of Jamaica are one of the wonders of the island," reported a prominent Bradford (Pa.) business man, after a stay in Montego Bay, Jamaica, B. W. I. "They can carry large cans of milk from mountain ranges to markets on their heads, and never even move the cans as they sell and pour out the milk. They go upstairs and down, and are so adept that when they start up a flight they can begin to fill their pitchers, measuring the amount by the number of steps taken. I watched them many times with great interest and delight."