

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 very light and almost invisible fall of snow in Chicago Monday was the third latest snowfall in more than half a century, the weather bureau said. The temperature early was 45.

Four women were killed and six other persons were injured by a tornado which struck near Springtown, Okla., late Tuesday night, according to reports over crippled wires.

An earthquake shock Tuesday wrecked a building at Port de Paix, Haiti, killing three persons and injuring several others. A church steeple was demolished and the guardhouse barracks were badly damaged.

The resolution to change the name of Mount Rainier to Mount Tacoma will not be considered at this session of congress, Chairman Sinnott of the house public lands committee informed Representatives of the Tacoma chamber of commerce Tuesday.

Police at Hanna City, Ill., Tuesday night arrested Norma Anderson, who, with her 2-year-old baby in her arms, held up and robbed the A. C. Steenburg bank, obtaining \$1500 in cash. All of the money was recovered when the Anderson woman was taken into custody.

A permit for a \$1,000,000 temple which is to be erected by the Seattle aerie, No. 1, Fraternal Order of Eagles here, was issued Tuesday. Officers of the lodge announced that work of razing buildings on a site preparatory to construction would commence next month.

Arguments on the first of three motions filed by the defense occupied the initial session Tuesday of the trial board of the Protestant Episcopal church, summoned to Cleveland, O., to pass on charges that Right Rev. William Montgomery Brown, ex-bishop of Arkansas, uttered doctrines not held by the church.

Still maimed and in the shadow of a devastating series of tornadoes of less than a month ago, rural Alabama and Mississippi late Tuesday again were stricken by a second storm visitation, and at a late hour were taking toll of their dead and injured and the unestimated thousands of dollars' damage done to farms and homes and buildings.

Four policemen, a democratic politician, an ex-prohibition agent and 32 alleged beer makers and runners, including John Torrio and Dean O'Bannon, were indicted by the federal grand jury Tuesday on charges of conspiracy to violate the prohibition law. The indictments were returned in court as a result of a recent raid on the Sieben brewery in Chicago, Ill.

Permitting their mother to have them only at feeding time and then taking them under her wing the rest of the time, a Rhode Island hen in Janesville, Wis., has adopted three 10-day-old kittens. The biddy, owned by Julius Granke, guards the Maltese kittens jealously, drives off Mrs. Tabby whenever she comes near and keeps all intruding chickens at a distance.

The majority of American schools are lost to God and the gospel and today are the seats of unsound teaching and the prolific mothers of modernist preachers, all because Satan, working with his trump card, is ever busy, was the assertion made in Milwaukee, Wis., late Tuesday by Rev. W. B. Riley, Minneapolis, before the Baptist Bible union, a fundamentalist organization.

Nine persons were indicted Tuesday by the grand jury at Portland as the climax of the county bridge probe. Three former county commissioners, Charles S. Rudeen, J. H. Rankin and Dow V. Walker, were charged with malfeasance in office in one indictment, and five contractors, officers of the three companies awarded the trans-Willamette bridge jobs April 1, were named in another indictment, the charge being conspiracy in submitting a collusive bid on the work, thereby defeating free competition on a public contract.

A Sad Error.

The lives of many are ruined by the fatal delusion that the more one possesses the more one enjoys.—Boston Evening Transcript.

TAX-CUT MEASURE SIGNED

President Says Bill Lacks Economic Reform—Small Incomes Benefit.

Washington, D. C.—President Coolidge Monday signed the tax reduction bill, but declaring it unsatisfactory, announced he would bend all his energies to obtain enactment of a better measure at the next session of congress.

The bill, which decreases tax rates in most instances to the lowest levels since 1917 and which was the basis of the hottest legislative fight of the present session of congress, was declared by the president in a 2500-word statement issued incident with his approval of the measure to represent merely "tax reduction, not tax reform."

"The bill does not represent a sound permanent tax policy and in its passage has been subject to unfortunate influence which ought not to control fiscal questions," the executive said. "Still, in spite of its obvious defects, its advantages as a temporary relief and a temporary adjustment of business conditions, in view of the uncertainty of a better law within a reasonable time, leads me to believe that the best interests of the country would be subserved if this bill became a law."

"A correction of its defects may be left to the next session of the congress. I trust a bill less political and more truly economic may be passed at that time. To that end I shall bend all my energies."

The legislation as approved by the president reduces the taxes of almost every federal taxpayer and cuts down the federal revenues by an amount estimated at \$361,000,000 for the next fiscal year. This reduction, however, will not result in any deficit, according to treasury experts.

The principal effect of the new law will not be felt until next year, the 56 per cent reductions in income taxes being made applicable to incomes of this year, but payable in 1925. Immediate relief, however, is granted every income taxpayer, as a 25 per cent decrease in the case of incomes in the current year and now due. Persons who are paying this year's income taxes on the installment plan may cut their second payment, due June 15, by one-half and their other two installments by one-fourth each. Those who already have paid their income taxes in full will get a refund without applying for it.

Another effect that soon will be appreciable is the provision of the new law repealing within 30 days any excise taxes such as those on telegraph and telephone messages, soft drinks, candy, carpets, rugs, trunks and theater admissions of 50 cents or less.

The revision of the income tax rates effected under the new law brings a cut in all such levies. This amounts to 50 per cent reduction on incomes of \$8000 and under. On amounts above that the normal rate is cut from 8 to 6 per cent, while the surtax rates are revised on a similar basis.

The new surtax schedule starts with 1 per cent on \$10,000 and graduates up to 40 per cent on \$500,000 and over.

A new feature written into the legislation at the recommendation of Secretary Mellon, who initiated the move for tax revision last September, provides for an additional reduction of 25 per cent on earned incomes up to \$10,000 with all incomes of \$5000 and under classed as earned.

Approval was given by the president to the measure exactly one week to the hour from the time he received it after almost unanimous final action by the house and senate. The president acted after study of a lengthy report made on the bill by the treasury department and after several conferences with Secretary Mellon, to whose original plan for tax revision he had given his support and indorsement.

Man Is Heavily Insured.

New York.—The most heavily insured man in this country—if not in any land—is Rodman Wanamaker. He carries life insurance policies aggregating \$6,000,000, according to an announcement by the Association of Life Underwriters of Philadelphia.

Wanamaker, son of the late department store multi-millionaire, John Wanamaker, who heads the list of 65 American business men, each of whom carries more than \$1,000,000 life insurance, has just taken out another policy for \$1,500,000, which brings his total up to \$6,000,000.

Power Boat Blown Up.

Port Orchard, Wash.—Walter Harris, owner of the Georgia, a vessel plying between this port and the Bremerton navy-yard, was missing Monday and believed dead from an explosion completely wrecking his boat and causing slight damage to nearby buildings. The boat was berthed at the main dock here and Captain Harris was the only person aboard, so far as known. It was believed the explosion took place while repairing the engine.

FIRE IN SCHOOL COSTS 22 LIVES

20 Others in Precarious Condition in Hospital.

YOUNG AND OLD BURN

3-Story California Structure Is Called Fire-Trap—Nurses From Hospital Make Rescues.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Ashes of the Hope development school for sub-normal children at Playa Del Rey, 18 miles from here, on the ocean beach, Sunday yielded the burned bodies of 22 persons as the result of a fire last night. Twenty others, inmates of the school, are in a precarious condition at St. Catherine's hospital in Santa Monica, a few miles away. The holocaust victims ranged in years from 4 to 48.

The three-story structure, reclaimed from the abandoned building of an old cafe in the deserted pleasure resort town of many years ago, was declared by investigators to have been a fire trap isolated from any protection. All that remains of it is a brick chimney and twisted iron pipes and ashes.

About 40 girls were housed within the private institution when flames burst out at 8:30 Saturday night. In addition there were in the old building the matron, Mrs. J. C. Thomas, and Wilfred Ringer, 14-year-old adopted son of the proprietor, Mrs. Mary E. Jacobs. The matron and the boy perished.

A family of beach picnickers observed the flames and sounded the alarm. Before the fire apparatus could arrive from Venice, the nearest town, the building was a mass of uncontrollable flames.

One of the first rescue squads to arrive was a staff of nurses from St. Catherine's hospital in Santa Monica. They were instrumental in rescuing 18 children, all of whom were suffering from fumes and whose lives were in the balance. Six firemen were treated for minor injuries.

JAPANESE CHARGE TREATY VIOLATION

Washington, D. C.—Japan's "solemn protest" against the exclusion section of the new immigration law was formally presented to Secretary Hughes Saturday by Ambassador Hanihara, and was made public at the state department without comment.

Coupled with the protest was the request of the Japanese government that the American government "take all possible and suitable measures" for removal of discrimination. The communication declared international discriminations are particularly "unwelcome" when "based on race," and added that discrimination of that character is expressed in the exclusion statute.

The history of commercial agreements between the two countries, it was declared, showed that the Japanese government has sought to protect its nationals from "discriminatory immigration legislation in the United States," which position was "fully understood and appreciated by the American government."

"The Japanese government desires now to point out," said the note, "that the new legislation is in entire disregard of the spirit and circumstances that underlie the conclusion of the treaty of 1911."

It was added that the provisions of the new law "have made it impossible for Japan to continue the undertakings assumed under the gentlemen's agreement."

"The patient, loyal and scrupulous observance by Japan for more than 16 years of these self-denying regulations, in the interest of good relations between the two countries, now seems to have been wasted," the protest continued.

At the end Ambassador Hanihara appended the following paragraph:

"I am instructed further to express the confidence that this communication will be received by the American government in the same spirit of friendliness and candor in which it is made."

Americans Are Barred.

Berlin.—Citizens from countries which failed to recognize the soviet government of Russia will be refused a visa to enter Russia at any price and under any pretext, according to a new secret circular letter sent to the Russian consulates by the Russian commissariat of foreign affairs. The United States heads the list of countries whose citizens are barred. France, Spain, Bulgaria and China also are on the list.

THE RED LOCK

A Tale of the Flatwoods

By DAVID ANDERSON

Author of "The Blue Moon"

Copyright by The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

THE PREACHER

SYNOPSIS.—On the banks of the Wabash stand Texie Collin and Jack Warhope, young and very much in love. Texie is the only daughter of old Pap Simon, rich man and money-lender. Jack is the orphan bound boy of Pap Simon, who had foreclosed a mortgage on the Warhope estate. At first Texie and Jack talk sadly of Ken Collin, the girl's missing brother. Then Jack says that in ten days his servitude will be over, that he will ride out into the big world to seek his fortune. Both know what that will mean to them.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

She glanced away along the distant windings of the road. "When men of the woods ride out—yonder, they don't come back. Ken—didn't."

The man's eyes searched her face for some hidden meaning in her words; apparently did not find it.

"I ain't aimin' t' let the big world yonder swallow me up like it did—Ken. Some flatboatmen told me yesterday there's a wagon train makin' up in the city for the gold diggin' in California. Y' know, when a bound boy's time's out, the man he's bound to most gener'ly starts 'im off with a boss and saddle and bridle. Pap Simon said he fig'd on givin' me Graylock."

"I low we'll fine that wagon train—Graylock and me. And when we find gold, we're—comin' back."

He stole a shy look at her. She dropped her eyes.

"You'll forget the Flatwoods when you've found—gold."

He seemed to search her words again for some meaning that he wished much to find. But her face was very thoughtful and turned aside.

"Forget the Flatwoods! Where else in the world is there a sight like that? The minute I've got money enough I'm comin' back. I'll buy the homestead back from Pap Simon; finish the house; and then—"

An arm unconsciously reached toward her. The movement brought the red-roofed cottage into his line of vision—the red-roofed cottage, where lay a paper that bound him to servitude. He drew his arm back; crushed his hat rim in his powerful fingers.

Down by the rivulet in the barn lot the geese honked and clapped their wings. The sound aroused the man from the half bitter mood and he glanced at his companion, to find her eyes upon him.

"Jack—" she hesitated; "do y' s'pose it could be the red lock that made Ken act like 'a did'?"

The question was so at variance with the man's trend of thought that he was a long time considering it.

"It ain't the red lock," he finally answered in his slow way, "it's the drop of blood that come along with it. For that matter, though, every man gits a bad drop 'r two out of the past. But them bad drops can be overcome, if a man backs ag'in 'em. The trouble with Ken was it didn't 'pear like he wanted t' buck ag'in 'is."

"The 'curse of Collin,'" was the girl's musing comment. "For hundreds of years—ever sence the days of 'Red Collin,' the old sea pirate—it's be'n breakin' out in the family every few generations. It alw'ys worried Ken that it broke out on him. I've sometimes thought it would 'a' be'n better if he'd never 'a' found out the meanin' of that red lock—that it was the 'curse of Collin.'"

"That's it," he commented. "I low Ken fig'd the curse had 'im anyhow, and so it wasn't w'oth while t' buck ag'in it."

"Mother kep' the lock cut off, y' know, till Ken was big enough t' notice it himself. After that he alw'ys kep' it combed under so's it didn't show. I don't reckon anybody in the Flatwoods but you and me and father know'd 'e had it."

"Yes," the woodsman interrupted, "ol' Uncle Nick Wiffles knows. But that's as good as sayin' it's dead and buried. Nothin' ever gits a-past Uncle Nick's jaw."

He grinned, pushed up the mop of tousled hair that fell over his brow and pointed to a scar.

"That's where Ken struck me with 'is whip han'le the day I found out 'e had it."

The girl ran her slim fingers over the scar.

"And he cut me with the whip 'cause I flew at 'im when 'e done it."

"And then I hit 'im with a rock 'cause 'e cut you."

The girl shivered.

"I thought he'd kill y' that day," she said. "His hat fell off, his hair was mussed, and y' know how awful it made 'im look when that red lock worked out and fell down over 'is eyes—wild and savage and terrible; like ol' 'Red Collin' must 'a' looked. He jerked y' up and drew the butt of 'is whip—mercy! It makes me shiver t' think about it. But he only laughed—hard and wild—and let y' go."

A smile crawled across the bold features of the woodsman, narrowed his eyes and pinched out two queer little wisps of friendly frankness.

"This ain't Fourth o' July, n'r Christmas, n'r nobody's wedding. How come the scenery?" He reached out

his big hand and touched the smart bow of ribbon at her waist.

"Wy, didn't y' know, the new preacher's a-comin' on the Millford stage this evenin', and we're all goin' t' meet 'im—you, too."

The twinkle at the corners of the man's eyes deepened.

"Am I?"

"Father's already fixed it fr 'im t' have the use of ol' preacher Mason's study at the parsonage—Miss Mason's terrible lonesome sence the ol' preacher died, and he'll be company. He'll do 'is writin' and makin' up 'is sermons there. He'll board with us—he ain't married, y' know."

She paused and laid a hand on the man's arm. He covered it with his great palm; looked hard at her, with suddenly sobered eyes.

"He was a classmate of—Ken's," she went on, "and he's now one of the teachers and preachers in the very college where Ken went."

The man's eyes widened. She drew her hand from under his palm.

"I low that's why father was s' quick t' hire 'im; and maybe that's why he was s' willin' t' come. He ain't none too well, his letter said, bein' nigh broke down with teachin' and preachin', and he 'lowed this would be a good place t' rest up in."

Her eyes swept the serene landscape; suddenly she raised an arm and pointed to the blurred end of the road. His eyes followed the direction of her right finger. The Millford stage was just crawling out of the bronze shadows and coming into view. The next moment she had seized his hand and was dragging him, half unwilling, down the cliff.

CHAPTER II

East Meets West.

Of four stages that passed through Buckeye each day—the evening stage from up the river—from the city twenty miles above—was by far the most important. Its arrival was the one big event of the day. Half the village was usually gathered about the broken porch of Zeke Pollock's general store to see it come in.

The Buckeye post office shifted back and forth across the River road about as often as the nation changed presidents. Zeke Pollock was a Whig, and the man in the White House in far-off



The Old Man Grinned, as Broadly as the Pinched Shrewdness of His Dry Face Would Allow.

Washington happened to be a Whig. That's why the post office was in a store on the north side of the road in the year of grace, 1848, instead of in a store on the south side.

The River road was a bigger institution than the town. It not only halved the town; it well-nigh halved its political faith. From the Warhope farmstead at the east edge to the school house at the west edge, it formed, in political years, a sort of "devil's lane" between the north siders and the south siders. The farmstead and the red-roofed cottage—which is to say Jack Warhope and the Collins—were both on the north side of the road.

Simon Collin had once been Zeke Pollock's partner, but had dissolved the partnership years before to follow the more lucrative business of lending money and collecting rents—mostly his own. A banker without a bank, so shrewd was his judgment and so hard the bargains he drove, that half the Flatwoods was under mortgage to him.

He still kept a sort of office in the store—a desk by the dusty window; a narrow shelf nailed along the tops of the palings at the longer side; a chair; a table against the wall, on it three or four law books that were never opened. There was no safe. That was at the red-roofed cottage.

Not a very imposing office—but the commerce of the Flatwoods passed across those time-faded, unpainted palings. Even Zeke Pollock, Simon's closest business associate, would have been astonished to know the actual wealth that journeyed in an old satchel back and forth every day between house and store.

Dangerous?—twice the attempt had been made to see inside that satchel, and a man had died each time. The old banker carried a huge double-barreled horse pistol, loaded half to the muzzle with buckshot, and he knew

the way to its light trigger as the weasel knows the way to its den.

And the safe at home—a crackman from the city tried that one night. The old man blew a hole in his ribs the size of an open hand with a sawed-off shotgun he always kept near his bed.

The old banker had just closed his desk, picked up the rusty satchel, and come out on the porch of the store when his daughter and the big woodsman joined the crowd around the post office—a crowd doubly large, gathered for the doubly auspicious occasion.

The girl ran to her father and slipped an arm about his waist. He looked down at her and grunted. It was the only sign he gave that he knew she was there.

Up beyond the Warhope farmstead there came a prodigious rattle of wheels, a clatter of iron-shod hoofs, and the Millford stage dashed into sight; roared across the wooden bridge where the River road crossed Eagle run; rumbled past the church into the village and pulled up in front of the post office.

The crowd flocked around it. The guard threw off the mail sack. Zeke Pollock picked it up and carried it in, and the lumbering stage rattled away down the river.

One passenger had alighted, a tall young man wearing a full beard, neatly cropped and pointed—the new preacher, without a doubt—quite the oddest array of satchels and umbrella, patent leather boots and high hat, stiff neck stock and enormous spectacles, that had ever invaded the Flatwoods.

He seemed nervous as he stood at the side of the road peering through his enormous spectacles, slightly amber tinted, upon the crowd.

The old banker, with his daughter a step behind him, advanced, touched his faded black hat and extended his hand.

"The Rev. Caleb Hopkins, I low?"

The eyes behind the huge spectacles lighted. The young preacher dropped one of his satchels and met the outstretched hand.

"Ah—Mr.—Collin, I take it?"

"All but the mister. I'm jist plain Sime Collin."

The old man grinned, as broadly as the pinched shrewdness of his dry face would allow.

"I want y' t' meet my daughter." He half turned; jerked his thumb toward the girl; jerked it back toward the preacher. "Texie, Mr. Hopkins."

The young preacher touched his tall hat; dropped his other satchel, grasped the girl's hand in both his own and pressed it closer than the occasion could possibly warrant.

It may have been merely the expression of a genial nature touched with the fervency of his profession—the outflowing of a benevolence that embraced all humanity—but even so, it brought a quick flush to the girl's face, and drove her eyes to the ground.

The old banker had turned to the crowd.

"Step up, step up," he called, "and shake hands with the new parson. The way y' hang back, he'll think he's dropped off amongst a pack o' publicans and sinners."

The crowd had evidently been waiting for just such an invitation. Stolid faces raveled into grins, and the quaint vernacular of the Flatwoods had an airing. Odd bits of philosophy, ancient jokes, that nobody would have dared to spring on his neighbor, were freely sprung on the hapless and helpless sojourner from the polite East.

The informal reception was over and most of the crowd gone when Texie noticed Jack Warhope still leaning against the porch post where she had left him. She ran back, caught his arm and dragged him forward.

"Mr. Hopkins, meet Ja—Mr. Warhope."

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Warhope."

The young preacher stretched forth his hand; the other grasped it. The peering eyes behind the heavy glasses studied him with curious intenceness, but the woodsman, only mildly interested, missed the inquisitive look.

The old banker had taken a step up the road.

"Well," he said, "I low that jist about winds up the how-d'y-doin'. Texie, run in and git the mail, and we'll be moseyin'."

He half turned and glanced back over his shoulder at the preacher.

"I've dickered the use of our ol' preacher's study fr y' at the parsonage. Sister Mason—the widder, y' know—she 'lows she'll be right glad to have y' come over and use the study, she's that lonely sence the parson died. We'll stop as we go a-past, and y' can take a look at the study, and meet Sister Mason. But, as I writ y', I'm aimin' fr y' t' put up with me, at least fr a few days—the brisk, raspy voice softened—"I'm hounin' t' have a talk with y' about—the boy."

He glared down at the road; the preacher studied him curiously.

So long had the old money-lender been accustomed to dominate everybody about him that it did not once occur to him to inquire what the preacher's wishes might be. He strode another step or two up the road, remembered that his daughter had gone in after the mail, stopped and frowned half impatiently toward the store door.

At that moment Texie came out with half a dozen letters in her hand, saw the big woodsman, and with a tiny wisp of roguishness in her eyes, stepped on the edge of the porch.

"Yes; there's a fairy peeping into the spring right now."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Enmity of your enemies is less uncertain than the friendship of your friends.