

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.

Fire that caused damage of about \$75,000 destroyed several buildings at Milton, Oregon, Monday.

A bill carrying salary increase for postal employees, differing in many respects from the one approved recently by the senate, was passed Monday by the house.

A monument second only in size to that of George Washington will be dedicated to Jefferson Davis, only president of the Confederate states of America, at his birthplace, Fairview, Ky., June 7.

An appropriation of \$1,500,000 for the construction of a sanitary fire-proof hospital at the national home for disabled volunteer soldiers, Santa Monica, Cal., would be authorized under a bill passed by the house.

Peter Iverson of Poulsbo announced his candidacy for the republican nomination for governor of Washington in a statement published in Olympia Monday. With the announcement Mr. Iverson issued a statement of his platform.

Farmers, trades union men, socialists, members of the non-partisan league and other groups and individuals opposed to the two dominant political parties in America met in San Francisco Saturday, through 300 delegates, and set in motion a third party in the state.

Mrs. Henry Landes, whose husband is dean of the school of science of the University of Washington, was chosen president Monday of the Seattle city council, to which she was elected two years ago. In her new capacity she will be acting mayor when the chief executive is out of town.

Britain's imports for the financial year ended March 31 totaled 1,126,200,000 pounds sterling, according to the Board of Trade Journal. Exports of British produce and manufactures for the same period were 775,200,000 and exports of foreign and colonial merchandise were 129,100,000 pounds.

Declared "guilty" late Saturday of teaching doctrines not held by the Protestant Episcopal church, William Montgomery Brown, retired bishop from Arkansas, asserted his case was far from settled. "I cannot be deposed," he said, and this was supplemented by formal notice of appeal, filed by his counsel.

With a demand that there be a vote immediately on the Harding-Coolidge world court plan, or, failing that, an extra senate session for that purpose, a letter signed by several men prominent in national and academic circles, was forwarded Tuesday to President Coolidge and to members of the senate foreign relations committee.

A decision that may have the effect of reopening the whole field of litigation involved in the big five packers' consent decree case, was handed down Tuesday by the District of Columbia court of appeals. Reversing a lower court ruling, the court of appeals upheld the right of the California co-operative canneries to intervene in the case.

Final arguments in the federal trade commission case against the Douglas Fir Exploitation & Export company and 107 other northwest lumber companies were opened in Washington, D. C. Monday. The commission complaint charges the respondents with price-fixing operations. The companies named control 85 per cent of the Douglas fir lumber industry of the northwest.

The McNary-Haugen export corporation bill was finally killed in the house Tuesday afternoon by the overwhelming vote of 224 to 154. Immediately the republican steering committee granted an audience to representatives of the agricultural districts, resulting in the decision to have a new bill drafted by which the war finance corporation would be authorized to purchase all of the exportable surplus of the 1924 wheat crop and swine, also the products of wheat and swine, with a view to stabilizing the producer's prices. The president also would be empowered to declare an embargo on either of these staples. The authority of the war finance corporation would run to July 1, 1925, while the McNary-Haugen bill provisions extended over five years.

FAILS TO PROVIDE FUNDS

Cash [Bonus Payments Under Bonus Law Delayed by Congress.

Washington, D. C.—Failure of congress to pass the second deficiency appropriation bill, carrying among other items one for administering the bonus law, was discussed by President Coolidge and Budget Director Lord Monday at a White House conference, after which it was indicated that the action was not expected to delay seriously operation of the compensation law.

It has been pointed out by officials that several months must necessarily elapse before payments under the law could be started and that meantime administrative expense would be the only necessity. Favorable action on the bill in December, it was indicated after Monday's conference, would meet the situation.

Federal income taxpayers, however, who made full payments on March 15 will not be able to get their 25 per cent refund allowed by the new revenue law until the bill is passed. An appropriation of more than \$16,000,000 to be used in making the refunds was carried in the bill.

The whole situation created by the failure of the deficiency bill was gone over at the conference, and afterwards it was said that only one provision of the bill would be carried out in full, an item for \$3,500,000 to fight the foot and mouth disease in California. Director Lord said funds for this were available from a surplus in the agricultural department, but that other provisions would have to wait until December.

There were no indications whatever that President Coolidge had any intention of calling a special session of congress to pass the bill, which carried appropriations of about \$198,000,000, although Director Lord declared there was no way of obtaining the funds otherwise. The reclamation program carried in the bill was discussed by the president with Senator Borah. Senator Borah held it would be possible for the secretary of the interior to take care of settlers on the reclamation projects by postponement of forfeiture clause to meet the immediate emergency.

JAPS RAID AMERICAN DANCE IN TOKIO

Tokio.—Japanese seeking to solidify national sentiment against the new law excluding them from the United States carried their campaign into the foreign quarters here Saturday, breaking up a dance at the Imperial hotel.

A band of 30 ronin, or political ruffians, raided the dance, and by insulting and profane speeches and actions created such a disturbance that a free-for-all fight was averted only by interference of some of the calmer Japanese guests, who persuaded the intruders to leave.

The ronin took possession of the dance floor and made a number of bitter and profane anti-American speeches, which they punctuated by dances with swords drawn. Two American women fainted.

It was learned from authoritative Japanese sources friendly to America that this demonstration was only part of a larger affair which has been planned with the intention of evicting all Americans from the country.

Hand-bills scattered by the ronin before they departed demanded deportation of all Americans, boycotts against American merchandise and motion pictures, exclusion of Americans from Japan, abrogation of all treaties between the two countries and "abolition of the evil of dancing, which is ruining our country."

The handbills bore the signature "Great Forward association."

Up to tonight, the American community here had not directly felt the effects of the enactment in the United States of the exclusion law. For that reason the demonstration made a profound impression, which also was manifested in official circles. The American charge d'affaires was among those at the hotel when the dance was raided.

No interference was tendered the ronin by the police, who were said to have been told of the program in advance. Newspaper photographers, also forewarned, were stationed in advantageous positions about the room where the demonstration took place.

Rate Plea Is Denied.

Washington, D. C.—The supreme court has refused to grant 60 days' time for the filing of petitions for rehearings in the recently decided cases involving long and short haul rates as applied to Portland and Astoria, Or., presented in two cases brought by the San Francisco & Portland Steamship company and the director-general of railroads against A. J. Barrington, and one against the Portland Seed company.

CONGRESS QUILTS AMID TURMOIL

Measure For Bonus Money
Fails to Pass.

FARMERS' AID LOSES

Postal Pay Increases Also Go By
Boards When President
Exerts Veto Power

Washington, D. C.—Congress ended its six months session Saturday night in an atmosphere of controversy and turmoil characteristic of the bitter dissension which has marked its proceedings from the start.

Western senators and representatives in the final hours of the session fought and lost a desperate fight for legislation to relieve the farmer and to reform the reclamation policy of the government.

Many other measures, including the bill authorizing construction of eight new cruisers and modernization of battleships and the deficiency appropriation bill carrying funds to begin operation of the bonus law and for many other purposes, failed in the final crash of legislation when the session ended automatically at 7 P. M.

Not only did the deficiency bill go down in defeat in the race against time, but a special resolution adopted in the last five minutes by the house to make the bonus appropriation available regardless, was lost in the senate. Republican leaders declared that only a special session of congress could provide the necessary funds for the initial costs of the compensation measure.

The deficiency bill itself was blocked at the last minute by Senator Pittman, democrat, Nevada, because the omission of a reclamation appropriation proposed by him, and action on the emergency bonus resolution was prevented by objections by Senators Borah, republican, Idaho, and King, democrat, Utah.

The postal salaries increase bill, passed by both senate and house by almost unanimous votes, also went by the board when President Coolidge vetoed it on the ground that it was "extravagant." No effort to call it up for re-passage was made in the short time remaining.

A renewal of the Teapot Dome debate in the senate, growing out of a futile effort by Senator Walsh of Montana to obtain approval of the majority report of the oil committee, tied up business at that end of the capitol most of the afternoon.

The house cleaned up many minor bills, but spent most of the day quarreling over the reclamation legislation, which had been attached by the senate to the deficiency bill. The principal features of the administration's reclamation plan finally were accepted, but other changes were made to which the senate would not agree.

Cancer Cause Learned.

Philadelphia.—The North American said Monday in an article withheld from publication for 15 months, "In the interest of science, that the cause of cancer has been discovered, also a treatment for it, which, though still in experimental stage, is producing remarkable results."

The discoverer is Dr. T. G. Glover, a native of Toronto, Canada, who, the article says, has established scientifically that the disease is due to micro-organisms. Dr. Glover has located the germ and proved by the "conclusive laboratory test known as the 'Koch cycle'" its part as the causative factor. Dr. Glover has conducted his research work in New York City for four years.

Snow Strikes Montana.

Missoula, Mont.—Kalispell emerged Sunday from one of the worst snow storms in the history of Flathead valley, in which all records of precipitation for 24 hours were broken, according to a telegram received from Kalispell by the Missoulian 2.24 inches of moisture fell. The storm broke early Saturday morning and Sunday morning nine inches of heavy wet snow had fallen. The moisture relieves the drought conditions.

Public Debt Reduced.

Washington, D. C.—Pre-war interest rates appeared on government securities Saturday with the announcement by the treasury of its June fiscal program. The operation includes an issue of \$150,000,000 in securities of indebtedness and indicates a cut in the public debt of \$350,000,000.

THE RED LOCK

A Tale of the Flatwoods

By DAVID ANDERSON
Author of "The Blue Moon"
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"BIG JACK!"

SYNOPSIS.—On the banks of the Wabash stand Texie Colin 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 boy of Pap Simon, who had foreclosed a mortgage on the Warhope estate. At first Texie and Jack talk sadly of Ken Colin, 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. Texie and Jack talk of the red lock of "Red Colin," inherited by Ken. And Jack says, he's coming back as soon as he finds gold in California. Then arrives the new preacher, Rev. Caleb Hopkins.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

"Mercy! but you're a hard man 't' herd. Don't y'u know you're goin' home with 't' supper?"

"First I hear'd of it," the woodsman drawled, shifting his shoulder against the post.

The girl glanced at the preacher standing at the edge of the road, jerked her head ever so slightly toward him—a motion so elusive that it would have escaped anybody else but Jack Warhope—and lowered her voice to a whisper:

"We'll git 'im 't' tell us about—Ken." She turned away. The shoulders left the porch post, and the man followed.

The old banker was holding out his hand for the letters. He glanced them over, grunted, thrust them unopened into the pocket of his faded coat; muttered a word, drew them forth again, sorted out one, stared hard at the address and postmark; and then, with a half petulant grimace, knocked the bunch of letters together, crammed them back into his pocket again and, followed by the others, trudged away up the road.

The venerable widow, like the rest of the village, must have been on the lookout for the new preacher, for she was at the door to meet him as he came up the walk with the others. The old banker presented him.

"So glad to have you come, Brother Hopkins. It has been so dreadfully lonesome since—!"

The mild old eyes floated full of tears. The preacher seemed not to notice.

"I saw your husband's obituary in one of the church papers."

The widow dabbed at her eyes with a black-bordered handkerchief; the preacher, in his hesitating, jerky way, went on.

"I immediately wrote to Mr. Colin offering to come on a—ah—sort of vacation trip and serve the congregation until the vacancy could be filled. I was the more attracted to the thought of coming because my health had given way under the dual strain of preaching and teaching. And then, too, I had heard much about Buckeye and the Flatwoods from a—ah—classmate of mine while a student in the college in which I now have the honor to hold a professorship."

The banker frowned thoughtfully; Texie glanced at Jack.

Evening shadows were gathering thick in the corners of the room. The old man, becoming aware of them, glanced about him and turned to the widow.

"Well, Sister Mason, if you don't mind, I'll jist show Brother Hopkins the study, and then you better 't' long over with us 't' supper."

With the fine courtesy of one trained to the paragonage, she excused herself; the old banker went on:

"I b'lieve you said he was 't' have the use of the study?"

The widow Mason was only too well used to the crisp curt ways of Simon Colin. She turned to the young preacher.

"Brother Hopkins, I don't want you to feel that you are to have merely the study. My home is your home. Please feel free to use all of it or any part of it."

The young preacher bowed very low, and turned to the banker, who led the way up the stairs with as much authority as if he owned the place—which, in reality, he did.

The study, with its writing desk and leather easy chair, with its shelves and shelves of books, showed that its late owner had been a man of studious habits and apparently scholarly attainments.

An immense apple-tree grew by the east window, thrusting its stout branches so close as almost to brush the panes. Through its opening blossoms and half sprung leaves enough of the day remained to catch a view of the old banker's two or three acres of park-like orchard that lay between the paragonage and the red-roofed cottage.

The young preacher stood at the window and gazed out over the orchard, aromatic with promise, green with its thick mat of blue-grass, white under the trees where the blossoms snowed down.

The banker slapped him on the shoulder. He must have been deeply absorbed in the spell of the place, with its quiet and repose, for he started and laughed nervously.

"I must have been dreaming." The old man tossed a hand toward the window.

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"Not s' bad, is it?"

"It is very beautiful." "I loved y'u'd like it." The old man rubbed his long bony hands together in a sort of grim satisfaction. "My daughter fools away hours and hours in that seat yonder under the big maple by the spring. I 'low ther' ain't a bird comes by she cain't mock."

The preacher looked at him curiously, half sternly.

"I can well believe you," he said. "A girl like your daughter, with her quite obvious gifts and possibilities, and so much a part of this wonderful profusion of wild nature about her, would naturally seek some such diversion to keep her life from starving in this out-of-the-way place."

The money-lender pondered these words and seemed on the point of resenting them; but only jerked his thumb toward the window again.

"Took a right smart pile 't' fix it up like that. Money wasted, I tell 'er. We'll go across that way 't' the house, if y'u like."

"It would please me greatly." The momentary sternness had left the eyes behind the spectacles, the jerky precise voice had resumed its effusive drawl.

When they came down, Texie and Jack had already gone out into the yard. Mrs. Mason was standing in the door, talking to them.

The gray-haired gentlewoman turned to the preacher.

"Brother Hopkins, won't you please run over for a few minutes after sup-



"Brother Hopkins, Won't You Please Run Over for a Few Minutes After Supper?"

per? I have so longed to talk with a minister since—since—"

"It is a minister's duty to go where his people call him," he said, in a voice pitched to reach the ears of the others, as it might have seemed. "I shall be very pleased to come."

He bowed himself out and joined the half impatient banker on the doorstep.

"Come on," the old man called to the others down the walk, "we're goin' across the orch'rd. Brother Hopkins 'lows he'd like to."

There was no gate between the banker's park-like orchard and the paragonage yard. The fence had to be climbed. When they reached it the preacher offered his hand to the girl, who, to the amazement of the woodsman, took it and allowed him to lift her down—a concession that meant much in the Flatwoods.

At the bridge over Eagle run—merely a huge foot log broad-axed flat along the top—the girl allowed the preacher to assist her again, and the woodsman was treated to his second surprise. He had seen her, hundreds of times, skip across that log as sure-footed as a squirrel.

The path beyond led past the big maple with the rustic seat beneath the shelter of its far-flung branches. At its roots a spring gushed up, lapping the white pebbles of the tiny gutter it had worn for itself on its way to Eagle run.

"Whispering spring," said Texie simply, raising her eyes to the preacher. "Jack named it that. He can think of s' many names 'r things. He's a poet, I guess."

The woodsman sidged. The preacher glanced toward him, but made no comment.

"My brother, Ken, use 't' tell me the fairies come down out of the cliffs at night 't' dance around Whispering spring, and I b'lieved him—I b'lieved everything he told me them days—and I use 't' watch 'r the fairies."

She looked up at the preacher; then back into the spring.

"Do you b'lieve in fairies?" She asked the question as if she hoped he did believe in them.

He glanced down at the reflected face in the water. "Yes; there's a fairy peeping into the spring right now."

The old banker grunted; the woodsman turned to the face behind the huge spectacles. It was the first thing

the preacher had said that caught his interest.

The girl was so entirely an unspoiled creature of the woods that she let the preacher see how much the neat compliment pleased her. With the color tingling over her face, she sprang over the gnarled roots of the great maple and ran a few steps up the path to the edge of the yard, paused and then hurried on. The preacher looked after her in his peering way, while the woodsman strode up the path and overtook her at the kitchen door.

"I'll run over and do the chores, and then come back," he said.

He walked on a little way and then came slowly back. The girl, just going into the kitchen, seemed to know that he had turned—seemed to know that he would turn back. With her hand on the door casement she waited for him to speak.

The man glanced out over the orchard; up the side of the cliffs; along the timber line that bearded them; came back to the eyes. The inquisitiveness had lessened; the rogishness deepened.

"You let 'im lift y'u!" he muttered.

With an odd, hard little laugh she darted in at the kitchen door.

CHAPTER III

Three Candles.

The last flare of sunset had followed the Wabash out under the rim of the west by the time Jack Warhope came back along the orchard path to the red-roofed cottage.

From the porch at the front of the house came the drone of the banker's voice, broken occasionally by the preacher's precise, jerky sentences.

Warhope listened for a moment. The money-lender was talking about a quarter-section that he had foreclosed on the day before. The woodsman had heard many an hour of that talk. With a shrug of his shoulders, he pushed the gate open and walked around to the kitchen door.

With a step that the woods had made light as a falling leaf he slipped in and stood motionless. The portly, pudgy form of Mrs. Curry, the housekeeper, was bent over the cook stove, busy with the supper.

The clink of a shadow and the clink of dishes in the adjoining dining room told the grinning intruder that Texie was "settlin'" the table. For such an occasion there would be a white cloth, the best silver would be out, and there would be three candles instead of one.

The clink of the dishes ceased and the girl appeared in the doorway between the two rooms. Seeing Jack, she paused, tried to look severe, but failed.

"Now look at that!"

Mrs. Curry straightened, and exclaimed:

"Big Jack! Mercy, how you can slip up on a body."

"Put 'im 't' work, Mis' Curry. We don't 'low no loafers, do we?"

The housekeeper in reply was interrupted by a misbehaving skillet and she turned back to the stove.

Supper was on the table. The woodsman took his place with the others. The banker dropped his hands in his lap, nodding toward the preacher, and bowed his head.

The traditions of the Flatwoods called for a long and sonorous grace—a sort of sermonette—when the preacher was a guest, but the new minister seemed never to have heard of any such tradition. The grace he said was so short, so direct and concise, yet so beautiful in thought and diction that the banker looked at him in pleased surprise.

Supper over, there fell a moment of silence—the delicious breath of repose that almost always follows the evening meal in quiet country homes. The old money-lender sat marking on the tablecloth with his fork, as if mapping out the boundary lines of other quarter-sections that he hoped to have the chance to foreclose in a short time.

The girl seized the favorable moment, and leaning forward, said: "Now, Mr. Hopkins, tell us about—my brother—Ken. I've ben wishin' all evenin' 't' ask y'u."

Her father stopped marking on the tablecloth and sat very still; the housekeeper crossed her knife and fork on her plate, as the Christians of Spain used to do in the days of Moorish domination; the woodsman let his thoughts revel in the faultless profile of the girl's face. The preacher caught the wistful look in her eyes—the subdued eagerness of one who could not resist the desire to ask, yet dreaded the answer. He fumbled his napkin.

"P. S.—Mr. Colin is dead. He died before he could quite finish signing his name."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

World's Coldest Place.

The Province of Verchojanek, in Oriental Siberia, is the coldest inhabited place in the world. The daily mean temperature throughout the year is 2.72 degrees below zero.

Often Done.

"Why don't you get a new hotel in Plunkville?" "It is easier to change the name of the old one."—Louisville Courier-Journal.