

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 campaign to wipe out trachoma, an eye disease which has been epidemic among Indians, will be started July 1, say special physicians of the Indian office and the public health service.

With 20 reported dead and damage estimated at more than a million dollars, South Dakota set to work Tuesday to establish communication with the storm-swept area.

By using for the first time telephonically the radio beam system through which the wireless waves are thrown in a particular direction, William Marconi, inventor of the wireless, is reported to have spoken from Poldhu station in Cornwall to Buenos Aires.

Three men were asphyxiated and 25 others were taken to a hospital at Indiana Harbor, Ind., as a result of a veritable flood of gas that suddenly filled the room in a steel plant in which they were working late Sunday. Ten of the men in the hospital were near death.

Superintendent of Police Collins of Chicago declared Tuesday that the sensational robbery of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul mail train last Thursday night netted the outlaws \$3,000,000, chiefly in securities, but including \$70,000 in cash, and that the identity of all the robbers was known.

Before a medical meeting held at St. James hospital, Butte, Mont., Saturday night Dr. T. J. Glover of New York presented a paper describing in detail his cancer research work. He demonstrated by numerous slides his animal experimental work and showed and described the germ that causes cancer.

A riot followed an attempt Tuesday by Republicans to prevent Lieutenant-Governor Tough from presiding over today's session of the Rhode Island state senate. Men and women were trampled upon by the political combatants. Republicans and democrats clashed, with spectators taking sides in a free-for-all fist fight.

The senate committee which will investigate campaign contributions and expenditures this year plans to establish headquarters at Chicago and to meet upon request for any member, it was announced Tuesday after the organization session. Senator Borah, republican, Idaho, was selected as chairman of the committee, which decided to call on political campaign managers for reports every ten days.

Two whales came into the harbor at Bandon, Oregon last week, and their presence brought out a large crowd of spectators, who watched them as they went up the channel to the milk condensary, and there turned back to sea, leaving the port soon after their entrance. A similar visit was made to Coos bay a year ago when three whales came into the bay and proceeded 13 miles from the ocean to the vicinity of the port dock, between North Bend and Marshfield.

An audience of 130,000 Britons filled the gigantic stadium at Wembley Saturday to find out for themselves just what an imported American "rodeo" is like. The afternoon demonstrations of the prowess of the cowboys were greeted with enthusiasm, but at the evening performance there was an unfortunate accident during the roping and tying contests. A steer's leg was broken. This brought many of the audience to their feet. They indulged in several minutes of booing and hissing and some women left the stadium.

A sturdy, tireless Washington crew triumphed over the eights of four eastern colleges Tuesday at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and won the premier race of the intercollegiate rowing association regatta by a wide margin, repeating last year's Washington victory. Another western crew, that of Wisconsin, unconsidered by the experts, picked up its pace in the last mile, pressed the victors and finished second. Pennsylvania, selected as the outstanding crew among the eastern competitors, lagged behind and at the finish was almost four boat lengths behind Washington and one behind Cornell.

SPANS CONTINENT IN DAY

New York-San Francisco Dash Is Completed by Aviator Maughan.

Crissy Field, San Francisco.—Lieutenant Russell L. Maughan, army flier, successfully completed his daylight long distance flight Monday from New York to San Francisco when he landed at Crissy Field at 9:47:15 P. M. He arrived in San Francisco at 9:44 P. M. As soon as the plane landed newspaper men broke through police lines holding back a huge crowd lining the field and greeted the flier. A few seconds later the mammoth throng of spectators, cheering and shouting, while automobile sirens shrieked in a bedlam of noise, surged over the landing field and surrounded the plane.

Maughan landed in a brilliant pathway, huge flares making the field almost as light as day. The landing was made without mishap. The plane, in which Maughan left New York at 2:59 1/2 A. M. (eastern time), Monday on his third attempt to span the continent, was first sighted when he circled the field twice in the deepening dusk.

Maughan dropped down on the field at the northeast corner and taxied to the center of the field. There the plane became the center of a surging, shouting, wildly excited mass of spectators.

The way was cleared however, for news photographers to take pictures of the plane and the daring flier.

Maughan's landing at 9:47:15 P. M. made his time for the 2850-mile air-line dash from New York, including five refueling stops en route, 21 hours 47 1/2 minutes, slightly under his original estimate of the time the flight would consume.

Apparently almost overcome with emotion and jubilant at the victory which he had achieved, Lieutenant Maughan seemed unable to speak when his plane came to a stop. His face bore a serious and drawn expression.

He was lifted bodily from the cockpit by his cheering comrades of the air service and carried on their shoulders through the swirling crowd to a rear door of the army headquarters.

Lieutenant Maughan's landing time was given officially as 9:47:15 o'clock, making his total elapsed time for the trip 21 hours, 47 minutes 45 seconds.

The demonstration accorded Maughan was without parallel in the history of local aviation events.

Darkness already clothed the field when the drone of his motor first was heard. The crowd began cheering.

Maughan's plane then was lost to view in a slight mist which overhung the field, although its shadow could be discerned intermittently. On his second circuit over the field the mist blotted it from sight completely, and the din burst forth with renewed vigor when he unexpectedly soared down the field at the south end of the big quadrangle.

"Gee, but, its good to be here," were the first words of Lieutenant Maughan as he was lifted from the cockpit of his plane.

"I am tired but happy."

Aside from evidences of nervousness and extreme fatigue, the airman was in excellent physical condition despite the rigorous journey he had completed.

Many Strikers Return.

Toronto.—Postal workers in a number of towns and cities took advantage of the government's offer to reinstate all men who returned to work at 8 o'clock Saturday morning, according to reports received here. Latest reports indicated that the strike was successful only in Toronto and Windsor.

Negotiations by telephone between postal employees' representatives here and government officials at Ottawa, which were interrupted by an electrical storm, were resumed Saturday.

Meats Held Essential.

Chicago.—It would seem from experiments of Slenaker and Card at Leland Stanford Junior university that a vegetarian diet practiced during succeeding generations "would result in the extinction" of those practicing it, Dr. C. Robert Moulton, director of the committee on nutrition of the American Institute of Meat Packers, said Monday. Dr. Moulton said that the calorific measurement "is an inadequate expression of food value."

Foochow Is Flooded.

Shanghai.—One of the most disastrous floods in the history of the Min river, Fukien province, is reported in a telegram from Foochow, an important port at the mouth of that river. There have been many casualties and the damage will amount to millions of dollars, according to reports.

Three-fourths of the city of Foochow is flooded, including large warehouses containing rice and tea, which have been ruined.

FARM DEAL LIKELY TO BE PUT THROUGH

Offer of Marketing Facilities Looks Good.

BENEFITS HELD BIG

About \$25,000,000 Involved in Proposed Merger and Control of Chicago Plants.

Chicago.—A plan for grain farmers to own and control a huge system of elevators and grain facilities now controlled by five large board of trade firms, which would be merged in a co-operative association, Saturday was in the hands of a committee of the American Farm Bureau federation, headed by O. E. Bradfute, president of the federation, as chairman of the committee.

The merger plan would involve about \$25,000,000, it was said, representing the appraised value of the properties of the five companies.

The plan was endorsed by George Marcy, president of the Armour Grain company, who said he believed it would go through.

Although the firm of James A. Patton, known as the "wheat king" until he retired from operations on the board of trade, was mentioned in an announcement from the Farm Bureau federation late Saturday, Mr. Patton said he had had no connection with the merger arrangement.

John Callan O'Loughlin, spokesman for Emanuel F. Rosenbaum of the Rosenbaum Grain corporation, said approval by the government of such a plan as was proposed was already indicated by the Capper-Volstead act and similar federal legislation. He added that the department of agriculture was on record as encouraging co-operatives. Mr. O'Loughlin said he had conferred with farm bureau representatives in Washington.

The special committee of the Farm Bureau federation of which President Bradfute is chairman, appointed to study the co-operative merger plan, probably will meet within a week, it was announced.

Mr. Marcy, head of the Armour Grain company, in discussing the plan, said the co-operative movement, favored by President Coolidge and aided by Frank O. Lowden, ex-governor of Illinois, had grown to an extent not generally suspected.

"I do not know what the other firms think, but we are certainly willing to go in and the matter is taking concrete shape," he said. "It will be a good thing for the farmer and also for the present grain marketing system. This plan will not upset the existing marketing mechanism in the slightest. Grain must move through existing channels, but it will move in more orderly fashion. The function of speculation will not be interfered with. The proposed marketing corporation would have to hedge and always be even on the market, just like the millers.

"This co-operative elevator movement has attained greater dimensions than people generally suppose. President Coolidge is in favor of it and ex-Governor Lowden has done much to promote it. But the co-operative elevators grew up hit or miss without any central organization. Under this plan all marketing activities will be co-ordinated.

"The farmers can still have their pools and hold or sell as they see fit, but when their representatives sit down with the expert grain marketing men we have in Armour and other companies, and learn of the current situation, they can advise their local organizations much better as to their course."

Tornado Kills Three.

Tracy, Minn.—Three persons dead, a score or more injured, and extensive property damage to more than a hundred farms was the toll of a tornado that swept through sections of four southwestern Minnesota counties late Sunday. John Edwards died at a hospital here as the result of injuries received when the tornado struck his farm. His wife was seriously injured and two sons and a baby also received hurts.

Cummins Out of Mexico.

Laredo, Tex.—H. A. Cunard Cummins, charge des archives, of the British legation at the City of Mexico, crossed the border into the United States here Sunday and left immediately for San Antonio. He refused to comment as to whether or not his retirement from Mexico was voluntary.

THE RED LOCK

A Tale of the Flatwoods
By DAVID ANDERSON
Author of "The Blue Moon"
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"SOME LOOKER"

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 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. Texie and Jack talk of the red lock of "Red Collin," 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. Pap Simon introduces the villagers to the new preacher, who was a college mate of Ken. At supper at the Collin home the preacher tells how the boy killed a gambler and disappeared. His father attributes Ken's fall from grace to his red lock of hair. Then Pap Simon has a sort of stroke, brought on by reading a letter from Ken, "somewhere in New York," who curses his father on his death bed. A postscript by another hand says he is dead.

CHAPTER IV

The Room Was Deadly Still.

Buckeye was the capital of the Flatwoods. Snuggled away in a pocket of the bluffs where Eagle run breaks into the valley of the Wabash, it never woke up but once—when a rumor trickled in from somewhere that a railroad was headed that way. But the rumor subsided. Buckeye went back to sleep, and the big world forgot that it was there.

Zeke Pollock's general store was the largest in the place. Zeke sold everything, from onion sets to grindstones, including whisky—barrels of it, from "squirrel" to mellow old Bourbon—right from the spigot. A flatwoodsman could buy it as he wanted it, from a drink to a jugful, but "furriners" had to be identified to get it in quantities less than a quart—an identification quite as exacting, though of a different sort, as that required to borrow money from Simon Collin—which is another way of saying that a man's face went as far in the Flatwoods as his nose.

In the mellow evening of the day following the old banker's collapse over the remarkable letter—no syllable of which had been allowed to get beyond the red-roofed cottage—Uncle Nick Willes, a tall, iron-gray old man with twinkling eyes, sat smoking a quietly meditative pipe in the one chair of the store.

It was a variegated company that grouped around him in the dim half-light of the feeble coal-oil lamp, with its charred wick and smoke-stained chimney.

There was Zeke Pollock, the postmaster and proprietor of the store, a little old rag of a man; Al Counterman, a one-eyed fisherman, with a complexion like a smoke-dried bacon rind; the blacksmith, with his hard arms, and hands so horny they could



Village Loafers Were There—Aimless, Doless Drifters Who Had Nowhere Else to Go.

hold a piece of iron hot enough to sizzle water. Village loafers were there—aimless, doless drifters who had nowhere else to go.

Besides these, Legs Belden, said to be a Kentucky mountain man, tall, lanky and just comfortably in his prime, with a reddish-sandy mustache and goatee, leaned on the end of the counter nearest the door. Little was known of him except that he and his sister had lately moved into an old cabin on one of Simon Collin's farms up at the head of Eagle hollow, and that he had taken the job of clearing the timber from an upland field and making it ready for the plow. Some said he had been a pearl fisher, others that he was "wanted" down at Vincennes. The Flatwoods held him at arm's length—and waited.

"Recollect Jim Rummidge, don't y'u, Zeke?" Uncle Nick remarked.

"Jim Rummidge, reckon I do that," piped Zeke's thin voice, as he leaned forward across the counter. "Aln't

go'n' t' frigit 'im, nuther, not right soon I ain't. Went off t' Missouri own' me a dollar and thirty-four cents, and I never did git it."

"Aw, well, Zeke, don't worry none," Uncle Nick rejoined, "y'u've wormed it outen some other pore devil b' this time, more'n likely."

The blacksmith slapped his heavy hand down on his thigh, the others laughed, the fisherman's frisky eye twinkled and he swore merrily.

Zeke said never a word, but the expression in his little rat eyes might have meant any number of things.

"Blamedest feller—that Jim Rummidge," Uncle Nick went on, "Ther' werdn't nothin' but what him an' that brother Si o' his'n was up to when they was youngsters. Recollect one Sunday Jim tuck it into 'is head t' yoke up a couple o' calves o' man Rummidge was cal'latin' t' save fr oxen, an' 'e coaxed Si t' play off sick with 'im so's they wouldn't haf t' go t' church. Well, the ol' folks werdn't more'n out o' sight when up jumps Jim, an' Si right after 'im, an' they breaks fr the barn-lot t' yoke up them yearlin's."

"Sh-h-h—!" warned Zeke, "hyur comes the parson."

Almost with the words, the dapper, nervously alert young preacher entered the door. In spite of his studious air of riper years, he couldn't have been more than six or seven and twenty. The trade-mark of his calling was hung all over him. His shiny boots, elaborate frock coat, neck stock, high hat and enormous spectacles fairly shrieked schoolmaster.

And yet one could not help wondering why fate had set such a man as the Rev. Caleb Hopkins to the business of keeping school. Dissociated from all suggestion of theology and chalk, his figure was about all that could be desired in a man—height a trifle above medium; well set up; lithe and graceful—and his face—nothing short of handsome, only for a certain air of peering severity.

To look at him as he entered the door—six feet of lithe young manhood smothering under its ascetic, not to say somber, investiture—one would never have guessed that there was anything wrong with his health, and yet that was precisely what had brought him to the Flatwoods.

And now as he walked past Legs Belden slouched against the counter, he stopped and stood staring curiously at him.

Belden seemed on the point of resenting the look, when the Reverend Caleb quickly turned away, and with a nod passed the group around Uncle Nick and went on to the post office window at the rear of the room.

"What d' y'u say we ask 'im t' g' 'long," whispered Al Counterman to Uncle Nick as the young minister stood waiting for Zeke Pollock to adjust his dirty spectacles on his thin nose, turn up the smoky lamp and laboriously sort over the meager bunch of letters and postcards.

"Y'u da'sn't," Uncle Nick answered guardedly.

"Watch me, an' y'u'll see whuther I da'st. I ain't a-feared of no parson."

"Mr. Hopkins," he called a moment later, stepping in front of the young preacher as he passed toward the door, "a passel of us fellers is goin' a-selin' up around Alpine Island in the mornin'. I reckon y'u wouldn't like t' go long, n'r nothin', would y'u?"

"Who are going, did you say?"

"Oh, me an' Uncle Nick, thar, an' Big Jack Warhope."

"I have promised to be at the social tomorrow evening at the schoolhouse, which, I am informed, is always held in celebration of the last day of school. Do you expect to return in time for that?"

"Aw, we'll be back by noon, easy."

"Let me see," pondered the preacher, not willing to compromise his dignity by appearing overanxious. "This is Wednesday; tomorrow is Thursday—I believe I may safely allow myself this recreation. I shall be most happy to avail myself of your kind invitation."

The fisherman stood fingering his hat and staring at the door long after the minister had passed out, the twinkle gone from his puckered one eye, a puzzled look on his smoked bacon rind of a face.

"Well, I'll be derned! Wouldn't that singe y'ur whiskers! I dunno yit whuther he said 'e'd come 'r not."

Uncle Nick threw his head back and fairly roared, while the postmaster rumbled up his dry countenance into a half begrudged grin.

"Course he said 'e'd come. Whar y'u brung up at, anyhow? Didn't y'u hyur 'im say he'd 'vail himself of y'ur kind invitation? Course he's cal'latin' t' come. Zeke, we'll haf t' git Al a new spellin' book an' start 'im t' school next fall."

"Well," muttered the fisherman, as his face cleared and the twinkle came back to his waggish one eye, "all I got t' say is: he can use up more dictionary sayin' yes than any man I ever heard' of. But aln't 'e some looker—barrin' that killin' rig he's hobbled up in?"

"Most too good-lookin'," piped Zeke. "Aw, dunno, Zeke," Uncle Nick observed, "aln't go'n' t' burt 'im none. Only drawback I can see is: it's a pity t' waste all them good looks on a preacher."

"Anyhow," put in Al, his rakish eye dancing at Uncle Nick's remark, "he was ugly enough t' tree the devil up a thorn bush, I don't 'low it'd hep 'is preachin' none. An' I reckon he should be some preacher, 'r he wouldn't be where 'e is—teachin' in a

college that makes preachers. I bet y'u he can cipher plum' through any 'rethmetic you can hand 'im, an' they say he's posted on purt high ever'thing that's goin' on, 'r ever went on."

"That ain't nether hyur n'r there," argued Zeke. "That ain't no more'n his duty, an' what the taxpayers back whar 'e come from 'r payin' 'im fr."

"Duty 'r no duty," rejoined the fisherman, "it's a dern good sign."

"All the same," snapped the postmaster, "if I had a gal—which I ain't got, n'r never had—I wouldn't want 'er throwed with 'im like Sime Collin's gal is, an' she shouldn't be, nuther."

"Aw, well, Zeke," drawled Uncle Nick, "if she tuck after 'er daddy in looks, I reckon they wouldn't be no great danger."

The raucous laugh that followed from the crowd jarr'd the postmaster. "I don't care what y'u say," he shrilled in his high, thin voice, "Texie Collin's got good looks enough, if that's what y'u want. I dunno what Sime Collin's a-thinkin' about. It ain't like 'im, t' take in a teetotal furriner that a-way, preacher 'r no preacher—don't keer if 'e was a classmate o' Ken's. That ain't no recommend, nohow—bel'n a classmate o' Ken's—'r he was as orn'y as the devil makes 'em. They're boun' to be throwed 'gether more'n they ought t' be."

"Aln't much more'n a kid, nuther," the blacksmith remarked, apparently thoughtfully impressed, as he searched his pockets for a match.

"Som'er's around seventeen 'r eighteen—"

The postmaster glanced across at Uncle Nick, as if for confirmation of his statement. The old man took the



They's Thousand's and Tens o' Thousand's o' Gals That Cayn't Be Drawed On, No Matter What Feller Comes Along.

pipe from between his lips and sat tapping the stem against his thumb nail.

"I 'low y'ur not fur off," he answered meditatively to the postmaster's look. "Big Jack's twenty past, an' I've hearn say Texie was three years younger to a day. That would bring 'er right around seventeen 'r eighteen."

"An' s'poson she is—every leek of it," the postmaster went on. "A gal ain't got none too much sense at eighteen—an' ther' ain't no gal but what can be drawed on, if the right feller comes along."

"Hol' on thar, Zeke, hol' on!" Uncle Nick had been leaning back against a cracker barrel. His chair came down with a bang, and his voice rang like struck metal. "You're goin' a leetle too fur. They's thousand's an' tens o' thousand's o' gals that cayn't be drawed on, no matter what feller comes along."

"There's a heap more nice gals than men. Ther' never was a bad gal but what ther' was a bad man first. An' after it's over—she's done. All endurin' the years t' come her heart has t' be drug in the dust, while the man—no, I won't call 'im man, an' I cayn't call 'im beast, fr the beasts 'r clean compared—carries 'is head as high as b'fore. I tell y'u, people hain't never looked at them things right. The man d'serves t' be judged accordin' t' the same way the gal is—only more so."

A hush fell over the group. The blacksmith sat patting his foot softly on the floor. Presently his calloused hand came down upon his knee with a sounding slap, while his eyes, dull at most times from long looking into the forge fire, lighted with the fervor of his feelings.

"Good fr you, Uncle Nick! I agree with y'u complete. That's my kind o' preachin'—right t' the pint."

"My sentiments to a hair," chimed in the fisherman. "I alw'ys takes the girl's part an' be d-d t' the man. That's how I lost this eye. It was when—but no matter, I hain't never b'grudged it—"

The fisherman's lone eye settled into a vacant stare at a crack in the floor; the hard lines of his face deepened. Could the others have glimpsed back of that seamed and weather-beaten mask, they might have read there the deep graven memory of a day that was dead—a dream and an awakening, a romance and a tragedy—that had driven him, as the storm drives the driftwood, with what the world calls a crime slated against him, to bury his life here with his dog and fishing gear, alone in his bachelor cabin on the river shore.

"I 'low y'u must 'a' been mis-took about that—arm."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)