

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.

Recognition of the soviet government by France is regarded in political circles as imminent.

General James Barry Hertzog, leader of the victorious parties in the recent elections, Tuesday accepted the premiership of South Africa, succeeding General Jan Christian Smuts.

Forty thousand workers on men and children's clothing in New York city and vicinity have voted to strike Wednesday, it is announced by the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America.

Directors of the Washington Wheat Growers voted to suspend for one year the compulsory wheat pooling plan of the organization and release members from their contracts for that period. The officers will market the crops of any members so desiring, it was stated.

Five men were believed to have been burned to death late Tuesday in a fire that followed the explosion of naphtha aboard the British freighter Egremont Castle at her dock in Brooklyn. Seven other men were seriously burned.

Disorganization of railroad service, with three trains derailed or marooned in southern and western Iowa, heavy damage to communication lines and considerable crop loss, was the result of severe storms that swept across the state early Tuesday.

Unselfish service for others, without hope of reward, is the basis of true happiness and of true Lionism, President Noel, Grand Rapids, Mich., declared in Omaha Tuesday in his annual address before the convention of the International Association of Lions' clubs.

Seven men were killed by an explosion at a rock quarry six miles south of Winston Salem, N. C., Tuesday afternoon when lightning struck a shed in which the men had taken refuge during a thunder storm and in which was stored a quantity of explosives.

Brigadier-General Charles E. Sawyer has resigned as personal physician to the president. The action was taken, it was explained, so that he could return to Marion, O., and devote his attention to the Harding Memorial association. The resignation was accepted by President Coolidge.

Fire which has burned over an area of 2000 acres of forest land in the vicinity of the Tulare and Fresno county lines in California was out of control late Tuesday, according to advices to the United States forest headquarters here. Seventy-five men were employed in fighting the blaze.

United States Attorney Williams at San Francisco has tendered his resignation, Attorney-General Stone announced Tuesday. The resignation was recently called for by Mr. Stone because of "negligence and inefficiency." The attorney-general said it would be acted upon at an early date.

A. M. Manson, attorney-general, declared on his arrival in Victoria, B. C., that on the face of the returns the province appears to have gone strongly against sale of beer by the glass. He said it has not been decided whether those places that voted for beer would be granted the privilege of sale by the glass.

A walkout of shipyard workers occurred in San Pedro, Cal., Monday at the Bethlehem shipyards as a result of an increase in working hours from 44 hours weekly to 48 hours. According to shipyard officials, 50 men quit. The unions claimed that approximately 200 men were out. All trades were affected. The plant employs 490 men.

The United States is not only willing but anxious to assist Europe in pushing the settlement of her reparations problem, but does not intend to participate in any political difficulties overseas, a spokesman for President Coolidge said Tuesday in commenting on the proposed interallied conference in London next month to consider means of putting the Dawes plan into effect.

Something to Shudder At. It is said that a dish served to persons of distinction in Pharaoh's time was made of lentils, oil and garlic.

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Oregon City.—A 50-year-old cherry tree at the home of Mrs. Charles Babcock in this city is doing its share toward furnishing a big crop this year.

Salem.—There were five fatalities in Oregon due to industrial accidents in the week ending June 26, according to a report issued Saturday by the state industrial accident commission.

Salem.—Completed petitions for the so-called naturopath initiative measures to be referred to the voters of Oregon at the November election were filed with the secretary of state Saturday.

Eugene.—The Lane county grand jury has been called to meet July 1 to take up a number of criminal cases. The jury was first impaneled at the February term of court and has been recalled twice previous to this time.

Salem.—There was a total of 4461 persons in Oregon's 11 institutions on June 1 of this year as against 4231 on the same date in 1923, according to a report prepared here Saturday for consideration of Governor Pierce and other officials.

Hillsboro.—Voters of 18 school districts of Washington county, including the city of Hillsboro, Saturday voted by nearly three to one to organize a union high school district. The districts acting have a combined valuation of approximately \$5,000,000.

Hillsboro.—The Banks hog and dairy show will be held September 17, 18, 19, according to S. C. Inkley, manager. Combined with it will be the grand fair and the County Calf and Pig club fair. Electric lights have been installed so the fair may be open evenings.

Salem.—A deficiency appropriation aggregating approximately \$21,000, with which to conduct affairs of the state income tax department during the last seven months of the present biennium, was requested at a meeting of the state emergency board held here Sunday.

Haines.—About 1000 persons witnessed the closing races and exhibition riding on the program of the Haines Stampede here Saturday. This was the record attendance for the three days. Call for work on the ranches during the haying season prevented a larger attendance.

Salem.—Mrs. John L. Brady Sunday sent a telegram to Louise Shields, a writer, asking whether she will accept the position of executive secretary to have charge of social service work among the workers in the canneries and orchards of Marion and Polk counties during the present season.

Astoria.—Sunday night Astoria's street railway system, which has been in operation for more than 40 years, went into discard. It was supplanted by a fleet of Mack motor busses operated by the Astoria Transit company. Each of these busses cost \$8000 and will seat 25 passengers with standing room for others.

Brownsville.—After an absence of 41 years, Hugh Dunlap of Prescott, Wash., accompanied by his brother, Robert, has returned to this city to visit survivors of 50 years ago. The boys visited the farm where they were born. In the hills five miles southeast of here, but found few signs of the log cabin in which they were born.

Salem.—With more than \$32,000 allotted to the payment of premiums, the management of the Oregon state fair, which opens here September 22, probably will bring together in the great annual exposition not only the largest but the best display of products of the field and farm ever assembled at a similar event in the west.

Salem.—Cherry growers here were more hopeful Sunday when it was announced that Foster Butner of Roseburg, had entered the local market and would pay above the ruling prices for fancy cherries packed in 20-pound boxes for his eastern clients. Mr. Butner has established headquarters at a local hotel, and started advertising for a large quantity of the fancy product.

Salem.—Property damage resulting from fires in Oregon during 1923 aggregated approximately \$10,000,000 or \$11.25 per capita, according to the annual report of Will H. Moore, which was completed Saturday. Mr. Moore, by virtue of his appointment as state insurance commissioner, also is state fire marshal. The report showed that eight persons lost their lives as a result of the fires, while 25 persons suffered injuries from the same source. Deaths resulting from fires during the year were 11 less than during the previous year.

All the Difference.

The very gnarliest and hardest of hearts has some musical strings in it; but they are tuned differently in every one of us.—Longfellow.

STORM DAMAGE IS \$50,000,000

Death Toll 159; Many Homeless in Ohio.

LORAIN HIT HARDEST

Thirty-five on Wrecked Launch Hurt; Thousands Out of Factories Miss Death.

Cleveland, O.—Loss of life in Saturday's tornado which wrecked a large portion of Lorain and parts of Sandusky and other Ohio cities was not as great as first reports indicated, but rechecking of casualties showed that more than 100 persons lost their lives in this storm and almost simultaneous disturbances at Pittsburg and in the upper Mississippi valley.

The greatest loss of life was at Lorain where the latest count showed 59 dead and 113 injured, a score of them suffering severe hurts. The property loss there was upward of \$30,000,000, 125 city blocks having been demolished. At Sandusky it was found that only six persons were killed, although 100 were injured and property valued at \$2,000,000 was destroyed.

There were seven fatalities in Cleveland, although the property damage was small. Pittsburg reported 16 persons killed in western Pennsylvania, while Nantua, O., reported three dead and Akron one. The death toll in Iowa and Illinois was 12, making a death list of 109. The total property damage when reports from the rural regions are complete, will probably aggregate \$50,000,000.

Despite the devastation at Lorain, where the tornado tore down a quarter of the city, organized rescue work went forward smoothly and state troops kept order among the inhabitants, hundreds of whom were thrown out of their homes and had to be sheltered in tents and with friends.

The great loss of life at Lorain took place in the State theater, a four-story building, which partly collapsed and crushed many of the spectators at a matinee movie show. As soon as rescue work was organized a survey of the situation led to the deduction that many scores had been killed, for buildings had been whipped down over the heads of several fairly large assemblages. At a bathing beach house the structure was torn to pieces and it was announced that dozens had lost their lives at this place.

Investigation Sunday when light permitted a search of the ruins showed that probably everyone at the beach had escaped with his life. The fact that the tornado struck both Sandusky and Lorain while factories were emptied on account of Saturday afternoon holiday probably reduced the death toll by hundreds, for a number of manufacturing plants were torn down only a few hours after several thousand employes had left their work.

Four Killed in Wreck.

Spokane, Wash.—Mrs. G. W. Gibson, her 6-year-old son Darel, and her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. John Jordan, all of this city, were killed when an automobile in which they were riding was struck by a Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul passenger train in a rock cut two miles south of Cheney, in this county, Sunday.

Mr. Gibson, who was driving the car, escaped with minor injuries. He is publicity manager for the McClintock-Trunkey company, wholesale grocers of this city and Seattle. According to information received here, the engine of the automobile went dead on the railroad track. No one except those in the automobile witnessed the accident.

Seattle Joins Raided.

Seattle.—Continuing a campaign of law enforcement inaugurated by Mrs. Henry Landes, acting mayor, police raided seven alleged bootlegging establishments Saturday night. The raids were conducted at the direction of Captain Claude G. Bannick who was appointed acting chief by Mrs. Landes when she dismissed W. B. Sovereigns, ex-chief, and took personal charge of the police department.

Employment Falls Off.

Chicago.—Employment reports for May from industries in the seventh federal reserve district show a slackening in industrial operations, according to the monthly business conditions report of the federal reserve bank of Chicago, made public here.

The Red Lock

By DAVID ANDERSON
Author of "The Blue Moon"
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"MISTOOK"

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 readily 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. At the village store and post office Loge Belden, a newcomer says he saw the new parson with his arm around Texie. Jack looks him, shoots a pistol from his hand and makes him say he was mistaken.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

"Yes, them's mighty fine sentiments," cut the thin edged voice of the postmaster across the silence—and the dream dissolved in the fisherman's eye—"an' I mostly agrees with 'em an' says amen to 'em, an' the new parson may be all 'e's cracked up to be, but still I ain't takin' back nothin'."

Zeke's thin voice ceased, lost somewhere in the cavernous labyrinth of his sharp, inquisitive nose.

Uncle Nick prodded down the contents of his pipe with his finger and smoked a while in silence. Taking the stem from between his lips after a time, he blew the smoke away, slowly, as if to get the full taste of it, and waved the pipe across toward the postmaster—a well understood preliminary to a renewal of the argument.

At the moment Loge Belden took a gulp from his bottle of "squirrel," put the cork in, slapped it tight and slouched up along the counter.

"Say, I'd just like t' put one t' that. This evenin' as I come up the River road past this hyur Warhope homestead an' Sime Collin's house, I stopped a little bit on the bridge across Eagle run an' happened t' look over in the orch'rd b'twixt ol' Sime's an' the parsonage. Y'u know ther's a spring along the creek thar under the edge o' the hill, an' ther's a bench t' set on under the maple tree by the spring.

"Well, as I come a-past, thar set this hyur new parson an' that Texie gal on that bench, an' as near as I could make out, bein' purty well along tow'rds dark, he had 'is arm around 'er. You fellers 'r wastin' a lot o' breath on that gal. I 'low the parson—"

The room suddenly was deadly still, with every eye turned toward the door. Belden felt the stillness; hesitated; turned—

"In the open door, framed in sharp outline against the dark background of the nightfall, stood the tall form of Jack Warhope.

Belden grinned oddly; muttered a word or two; leaned against the counter and looked down at the floor.

With the reach and spring that only the woods and hills can give, Warhope walked into the room.

"I 'low y'u must 'a' been mistook about that arm."

"Not a d—n bit."

Like lightning came the sharp smack of an open hand that fanned Belden's head back. He leaped away from the counter and struck—a good smashing swing, clean from the hip; but it didn't land.

It was apparent that Belden had a high opinion of his ability as a rough and tumble fighter, for he stepped right in and mixed it fast and furious—the whirlwind give and take of the mountains. The man he faced ducked or sidestepped or dashed aside everything Belden had, and came back with an occasional jab that was maddening.

Belden lost his temper—the mistake of many a better man—and lunged viciously. He ran into an uppercut to the chin that doubled him back over a barrel of salt. He whirled up, and his right hand clawed the butt of a pistol out of his pocket.

The pistol came out, but that was all. A heavy six-gun leaped from the woodsman's side, a bullet crashed into the pistol butt, gashed Belden's hand slightly and tore on into the salt barrel.

The woodsman stuck the six-gun back into the holster at his hip, hidden by his hunting blouse, snatched Belden by the collar and jerked him out into the middle of the floor.

"I 'low y'u must 'a' be'n mistook about that arm."

Belden's small beady eyes burned

like hot copper as he wrung his hand. He cursed the pain; swallowed hard; finally muttered.

"The light werdn't none too dern' good. I 'low I must 'a'."

The woodsman dropped the other's collar, talked a moment or so with Uncle Nick and Counterman about the seining trip next day—the matter that had brought him into the store—and passed out at the door. The crowd gathered around Belden.

Uncle Nick picked up the broken pistol and stuck it back, muttering as he examined the gashed hand.

"Y'u ort 'a' had more sense than t' pull on him. He ain't no ways spry on talk, but he can pick hick'ry nuts with a six-gun."

CHAPTER V

Arrows of the River Gods.

The Rev. Caleb Hopkins was at the boat landing in good time next morning.

The others were already there, sitting in the long skiff, Uncle Nick in the stern, Jack Warhope and Al Counterman at the oars, the latter still holding the boat to the wharf.

In his nervous and minding way the preacher scrambled in; Counterman shoved off; the oars dropped into the water; and, with the seine coiled up on the stern locker under the experienced care of Uncle Nick, the live box towing behind, the skiff slipped away up the river toward Alpine Island.

Alpine Island divides the Wabash into two nearly equal channels. The skiff was guided into the north channel, and had glanced along nearly to the head of the island when Counterman rested his oars with the remark that just there would be a good place to make the first haul.

The skiff was accordingly turned in to the island, and the prow drawn up on the sandy margin. Each man, Uncle Nick excepted, hurriedly undressed, stacked his clothes in the boat and drew on his rough fishing garments.

In strict justice to the truth it must be stated that only Counterman and the woodsman hurriedly undressed. The preacher was far slower and quite noticeably embarrassed over the unusual experience. The ragged boots too large, the shabby trousers too tight, the faded straw hat ridiculously unbecoming, it was the queerest wading rig ever seen along the Wabash. The others eyed it askance and winked around at one another. Even



Even the Preacher Himself Must Have Caught Something of the Humor of the Odd Make-up.

the preacher himself must have caught something of the humor of the odd make-up, for his studiously circumspect face relaxed into a suggestion of a grin.

After a mild bit of urging, a prodigious deal of coaching, he was left near shore to hold the brail stick while Jack and Counterman rowed out around as great an expanse of water as the length of the seine permitted.

On nearing the shore at the completion of the circuit, the two rowers leaped into the water the moment it was shallow enough, leaving the boat to Uncle Nick, and raced for the bank at top speed, holding the brail stick to the bottom as they ran.

With the frantic river tribes thus forced to shore, the water began to be wildly agitated. Long ripples shot from side to side of the rapidly diminishing space inclosed by the net, as some panic-stricken swimmer plowed his reckless way near the surface.

Even the preacher's tired and studious eyes waked with the excitement, and he tugged eagerly at the brail as the bass and pickerel began to leap, glittering in the morning sun like silver arrows shot up by the river gods.

"Thar, boys, haul 'er easy," directed Counterman. "We got 'em. They can't git away now. Man! hain't ther' a wad uv 'em! I know'd t'is was a good hole."

The good fish were dropped into the live box, the others thrown back into the river—precisely as war claims the best men and leaves the defective—and the fisherman seined on.

Several hauls had been made, none of them quite so profitable as the first, and the sun was fast mounting toward mid-day when, as a wind-up, they prepared to drag the famous Alpine hole that lay along the south edge of the narrow sandbar jutting far downstream from the lower end of the island.

"This hyur's a hard hole t' fish," observed Counterman, handing the near brail to the preacher and taking his place at the oars with Jack, "but they're thar, if we can git 'em."

"Banks' party steep," called Uncle Nick from his place in the stern. "Better not try t' waste out none."

The preacher nodded and the other stooped to his task at the seine.

But when the usual circuit was completed and they began to haul in on the seine, it was noticed that it did not bow out in the wide curve a spread seine should. Instead, as the men pulled, the sides drew in toward each other until the floating corks stretched out into the river in nearly parallel lines.

"Hung up, by thunder," growled Counterman, scraping the sweat from his grimy forehead with a grimier forefinger. "Sag 'r somethin' about forty yards thar—right whar the bottom's out, too, as the feller says."

Jack walked up the bank a short distance to where the boat was beached.

Stripped to the skin, a figure that might have been a model for those master sculptors who conferred immortality upon the gods of classic Greece, he was just slipping into the water when Uncle Nick came up the bar.

"You'll find the lead line fast on somethin'—a snag more'n likely," he directed. "Jist h'ist it off. Tain't no trick—but we've lost our fish."

Warhope glanced back over his shoulder and nodded. The next moment he was plowing through the stream with strokes so powerful it seemed his great shoulders fairly scorned the water and spurned it out of the way. But the task ahead proved harder than the light remark of his old friend had indicated. It was only after he had three times dived to the bottom of Alpine hole that he was able to locate the snag and release the seine.

When he swam ashore, following the seine as Uncle Nick and Counterman hauled it in, the preacher, who had come up the bar, was seated on the forward gunwale of the boat, feeling over his clothes stacked in the bow, as if eager to assure himself that they had not come to harm.

The woodsman was putting his wading clothes on again when a slight thud, as of some heavy object striking the bottom of the boat, caught his quick ear. Without turning his head—he happened to be just then squeezing the water out of his hair before putting his shirt on—he was able to catch a glimpse of the ivory butt of a six-gun protruding from a pocket of the black frock coat as it was being tucked back in the pile with the tall hat and shiny boots.

Nor was that all—with a deftness that would hardly have been expected in one of his profession, the slim fingers were feeling over the other two stacks of clothes as if making sure that the six-gun he had just tucked away was the only one in the crowd.

Still, probably such an intention was farthest from his thought. Six-gun and all, it was likely merely another of the many eccentricities of a man who had the double drawback of being a professor as well as a tenderfoot—in the eyes of the woodsman, a combination about as bad as could be made.

Uncle Nick and Counterman had just finished hauling in the seine when Jack Warhope, followed by the preacher, came down the bar and rejoined them. But the old man's prediction about losing the fish proved correct. The haul produced not a thing except a very surprised, highly indignant snapping turtle. Counterman kicked the turtle back into the water and stared ruefully at the empty seine.

"Them fish has t' be made up"—he glanced up the river—"an' thar's jist one shore place t' do it—"

"Mud haul," Uncle Nick finished.

"Egac'y. Hit's sich a nasty place t' fish that it ain't hardly ever fished, but they're thar."

The preacher had turned a quick look up the river; an expression of polite displeasure clouded his face—an expression which the others, busy with the seine, failed to notice. As a matter of fact, his part in the morning's sport had been next to negligible. After the mild and momentary excitement over the first haul, his interest had obviously waned.

The houseboat and the foot-print on its dusty deck.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)
Rumor is always a poor reasoner.