

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.

The cabinet has resigned. This change in the Chinese government became known in Peking Tuesday.

Petty Officer Flowers of the United States destroyer Sycard was killed Monday in an automobile accident in Calcutta, says a dispatch from that city.

Jewelry estimated at \$25,000 in value was stolen Sunday night from the apartment of B. Charles Ehrman, San Francisco importer, while he and Mrs. Ehrman were out driving.

Dates for formal notification of President Coolidge and Charles G. Dawes, republican vice-presidential candidate, of their nomination by the Cleveland convention are fixed for July 24 and 31, respectively.

The lower part of Main street in Jacksonville, Fla., Monday was enveloped by a fire which destroyed the large warehouse building occupied by the Quaker Oats company, the Booth Fisheries and the St. Johns river boat line.

The appointment of Kenneth Durham of Spokane as director of the department of labor and industries was announced by Governor Hart Tuesday. Mr. Durham, who succeeds Edward Clifford, resigned, has been supervisor of industrial insurance for the past year.

Blown into Bend, Or. by the storm which passed over the mountains Monday evening, or coming in answer to a migratory instinct, swarms of large moths, believed to be of the pandora variety, affixed themselves to the walls of buildings and telephone poles in the city Monday night.

Six persons, including Dr. F. W. McNair, president of the Michigan College of Mines, lost their lives and 17 others were injured Monday when a solid mail train on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy road crashed into the rear end of the eastbound passenger train No. 2, from Denver, at Buda, Ill.

The Rev. George Douglas Byers, an American citizen attached to the Presbyterian mission, was murdered June 24, presumably by bandits at Kuchek, island of Hainan, according to information received by American Minister Schurman at Peking and forwarded to the state department Monday.

The derelict of the tramp steamer Bridgetown, which last cleared Barbados in February with a \$2,000,000 liquor cargo and since was reported on the Jersey coast rum row, was reported Monday by Captain Lainsom of the Royal Mail liner Ohio to have been sighted last Wednesday off the Grand Banks.

A lighted lantern, hung below, kept a cougar up a large cottonwood tree Saturday night at the home of Gerland Robinson, who lives two miles northwest of Goldendale. At daybreak Sunday morning the animal was shot by Robinson and Otis Morgan, a nearby neighbor. It measured 6 feet 8 inches from tip to tip and weighed 100 pounds.

Proposed consolidation of the Southern Pacific and El Paso & Southwestern railroad system was defended in a statement issued Tuesday by Julius Kruttschnitt, chairman of the Southern Pacific company. He said the union would insure preservation of existing routes and channels of trade and commerce in harmony with the policy of the transportation act.

The same bandit who three weeks ago held up and robbed the North Sacramento branch of the California Trust & Savings bank of \$2000 held up the bank again at 11 o'clock Tuesday and took \$600. The bandit was identified by the bank officials as the man who had been there before. He was unmasked on both occasions. He operated in the same manner and fled in an automobile as before.

Further evidence of the crafty supermind of Nathan Leopold Jr., who with Richard Loeb, murdered little Robert Franks, came Tuesday when the state learned of what appears to have been an attempt to shift the blame for the murder to the shoulders of a fellow student, George Lewis, who was brought in for questioning. Lewis is an ornithologist and had taken one of Leopold's classes on a field trip about the time of the murder.

PRESIDENT'S SON IS DEAD

Blood Poisoning Proves Fatal to Calvin Coolidge, Jr.

Washington, D. C.—Calvin Coolidge Jr., son of the president, died Monday night at Walter Reed hospital of blood poisoning.

The end came after the boy had battled with the utmost bravery and fortitude for five days against a disease which had racked his body with pain and sapped the reserve strength of his frail constitution.

President and Mrs. Coolidge, who had maintained constant vigil at the hospital, were at his bedside, hopeful and cheering and comforting their son to the last.

A sinking spell, the fourth he had suffered in 24 hours, brought death. Notwithstanding the use of oxygen and other restoratives, the courage which had withstood crisis after crisis and had beaten death off repeatedly was unable to meet the attack. The collapse began at 6:30 o'clock and he died at 10:20 o'clock.

E. T. Clark, the president's personal secretary, emerged from the sickroom at 10 o'clock and told those waiting outside that the patient was sinking, but that his stamina was resisting every backward step.

Neither President Coolidge nor Mrs. Coolidge came out, and the physicians remained to minister to the suffering boy's last minutes.

The White House, where a staff had been kept busy while the presidential residence was temporarily removed to Walter Reed hospital, ceased to function for the time, and Secretary Stemp and others rushed to the hospital. In other parts of the city, where the illness of the boy had gripped public interest to the exclusion of almost everything else, there were anxious inquiries as to his condition and expressions of sympathy for the parents.

Announcement that death had finally ended the sufferings of the frail boy was made by Mr. Clark. He walked slowly from the room and those who were gathered there knew from his demeanor that the end had come.

The infection developed from a broken blister on the right foot, sustained during a tennis match with his brother John on the White House courts last Monday. At first paying no attention to it, the youth developed an alarming condition by Wednesday night and physicians were summoned.

The poison, however, once started, had spread so rapidly that medical skill was without avail. A number of specialists were called to act with White House physicians on the case and a desperate fight for life was made by the boy, who struggled in great pain and with high fever.

Church Asks Freedom.

Decorah, Iowa.—Resolutions calling for freedom of religious worship and absolute separation of church and state were adopted Monday at the closing session here of the fifth annual district convention of the Norwegian Lutheran church of America.

Another resolution adopted declared "it is the duty of all citizens to obey laws enacted by the government."

The Lutherans in still another resolution deplored war and welcomed its banishment, but declared they stood ready to "sacrifice even our lives whenever the government, in order to preserve the common welfare summons us to the field of battle."

Tunnel Plan Abandoned.

London.—Prime Minister MacDonald announced Monday in the house of commons that the British government had decided against the construction of a tunnel under the English channel.

Mr. MacDonald declared that the government had accepted the advice of the committee on imperial defense that the advantages of the tunnel were not commensurate with its disadvantages from a defense viewpoint.

Cyclone Stops Air Mail.

Omaha.—Frank Yager, air mail pilot flying between Cheyenne and Omaha, was forced down at Chappell, Neb., about 25 miles north of Julesburg, Colo., by what air mail officials termed a "young cyclone" at 8:15 Monday night. A relief plane piloted by Jack Knight was sent from the Omaha field to pick up Yager's cargo.

Keno Forest in Flames.

Klamath Falls, Or.—Lightning caused a serious forest fire in the Keno section, 14 miles west of Klamath Falls, Sunday and local fire-fighters have been unable so far to get the flames under control. The fire has spread over a front of three miles and threatens an immense area of Weyerhaeuser Timber company pine.

Accused Cowboys Free.

Hendon, England.—Court summons which had been issued against Tex Austin and other promoters of the rodeo in the Wembley stadium and cowboys participating in it, charging cruelty to animals in the steer-roping contest, were dismissed Monday.

FORM NEW PARTY IN JANUARY NEXT

La Follette Candidacy Formally Indorsed.

CONFERENCE ENDED

All Elements at Cleveland Convention Reported in Full Accord at Conclusion.

Cleveland, O.—After indorsing Robert M. La Follette as a presidential candidate and providing for the organization of a new political party next January, the conference for progressive political action wound up its convention early Saturday night.

The conference empowered its national committee to select a vice-presidential candidate after conference with the "La Follette-for-president committee."

La Follette was indorsed as a candidate on his own platform. The convention then adopted for itself a platform embodying the ideas contained in the Wisconsin document and in the statement of principles issued at the St. Louis session of the conference last February.

The final day of the gathering worked out strictly according to plans of the leaders and without appreciable opposition. But just before adjournment some of the delegates, dazed by the rapidity of events, had to be assured by the chair that La Follette actually had been "nominated" and that definite provision had been made for the new party.

The confusion arose from the fact that the report of the committee on organization recommended this action and that no separate motion of indorsement was offered. The report itself was adopted without a dissenting vote, but the significance of this action did not dawn on either delegates or galleries and there was a total absence of demonstration.

Repeatedly, Friday as Saturday, the name "La Follette" was the signal for an outburst of cheering and applause. Yet the culmination of the convention's work, coming in the form of a committee recommendation, did not draw even a pattering of hand-clapping.

All elements in the convention were intent on showing they were back of La Follette's candidacy. After losing a fight before the organization committee for immediate formation of a new party, the socialists, led by Morris Hillquit of New York, were the first to second the indorsement report.

The farmer-labor party elements who backed Parley Christiansen in the 1920 campaign, and who also had urged the "third party idea," then rallied to the support of La Follette as an independent, Abraham Lefkowitz, New York, being their spokesman.

Wolves Cause Losses.

Klamath Falls, Or.—Driven down from the higher mountains by the unusual drought, timber wolves were reported to be raising havoc with cattle ranchers on the west shore of Klamath lake. The wolves killed six calves and one grown steer at the Doak ranch during the past few days.

Two of the wolves have been killed by ranch hands, who report the animals more bold than in the usual case during a severe winter. According to the ranchers, invasions by wolves at this season have never been known before.

Bodies of Five Boys Found.

Baltimore, Md.—The bodies of five boys, members of the Baltimore Evening Sun's newsboy band, and that of a negro, were found on the hulk of the bay steamer Three Rivers Sunday when the remains of the vessel, which was burned to the water line in Chesapeake bay early yesterday morning, was towed into Baltimore. This brings the total number of victims of the fire up to 19 and accounts for all those known to be missing.

Two Jugo-Slavs Slain.

Belgrade.—An incident is reported from the Italo-Jugo-Slav frontier in which two Jugo-Slav customs officers were killed. The version of the incident received here says the customs men, while patrolling, met three Italian frontier guards who summoned them to halt. When the customs men pointed out that they were on Jugo-Slav territory, according to this account, the Italians opened fire, killing them and wounding a civilian.

The Red Lock

A Tale of the Flatwoods

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"The Blue Moon"

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

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THE FOOTPRINT

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. Pap Simon introduces the villagers to the new preacher, who was a college mate of Ken. At supper at the Colin 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 Beiden, a newcomer, says he saw the new person with his arm around Texie. Jack licks him, shoots a pistol from his hand and makes him say he was mistaken. The preacher and the villagers fishing. Jack discovers the preacher carries a six-gun.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"Mud haul—" he muttered; "is it far?"

"Mile 'r so," granted Uncle Nick, as he stooped over the seine, helping spread the meshes straight.

"I really should not remain away from the study so long," the preacher pursued. "I must have time to collect my thoughts somewhat, as I understand I shall be expected to make a few remarks at the festival tonight."

Uncle Nick leered around at him.

"An' then remarks will be few, parson. I 'low y' u neen' t' worry y' u head about them remarks none. They'll be another scent in the air t'night."

The old man winked at Counterman, nudged off down the sandbar to the live box, dragged it up along the edge of the stream and hitched it to the stern of the skiff. He had hardly finished when Jack and Counterman came with the seine.

The preacher came last, his eyes still drawn irresistibly up the river.

"Is there not some—other place?" he asked, reluctantly taking his seat in the bow, "some—neerer place?"

Uncle Nick studied him out of his deep-set eyes. He was a guest, in a



Guest and Preacher Though He Was, He Was Still a Tenderfoot.

sense, and he was—the preacher. The old man's face became thoughtful; he glanced at Counterman.

"Thar's Grassy bar," he muttered; half questioned, "an' thar's Yaller branch—"

Counterman spit out into the river—a preliminary that usually had to be attended to before he spoke.

"Grassy bar," he repeated thoughtfully, peering over his shoulder at the preacher in the bow, as if he too had caught something of Uncle Nick's considerations. "Hit's better fr' spearin'. An' Yaller branch"—he glanced up at the sun; swept sky and river with his puckered one eye—"I day's too glory. Hit ain't deep enough. No, I'm fr' Mud haul. They'll be scrooched in thar thick as bees around a law tree."

The decision seemed final. The

preacher glanced again up the river, and pulled the faded straw hat farther down over his head as if afraid of sunburn.

"Is it dreadfully—muddy?" he mumbled.

Guest and preacher though he was, he was still a tenderfoot. Counterman's raucous laugh exposed the huge wad of tobacco between his jaws. Nick took the unlighted pipe from between his lips, and his roar wheeled a wisp of sand snipe that happened at the moment to be glancing up the bar.

"Not as muddy as it—sounds," he chuckled, grabbing a match out of his trousers pocket.

That settled it. The preacher, apparently resigned to whatever further hardships fate might have in store for him, sat watching the shore line, with its witchery of lapping water, its bordering fringe of pebbles and white shells, draw slowly by.

The fishermen landed. The live box was hitched to a stake as before, the half-reluctant preacher left to hold the brail stick, while the others rowed out and around the fifty yards or more of murky water that lay between the point and the shore.

Hardly had the circuit been completed when it began to be apparent that Counterman's judgment would be amply justified.

The final haul proved to be much the best of the day. The good fish were dropped into the live box, the others tossed back into the river, and the fishermen set about preparing to return to the village. The brail sticks were united, the seine rolled up, and the woodsman walked up the bar for the boat.

He stooped over the craft, possibly recalling the circumstance of the six-gun concealed in the frock coat; laid his hand to the bow to push it off; straightened after a moment, walked some distance farther up the bar and stood gazing intently toward the narrow upper end of the arm of water where it disappeared under the overlapping branches of trees and tangled vines. Snuggled away under the tangle, in a manner that must have made it practically invisible, except from that one point, lay a small houseboat.

A trifling circumstance enough—houseboats were common on the Wabash—but why there? The place was dark and dank, the bank boggy, and there was no spring short of Alpine island. The woodsman turned and motioned to his companions.

"They had been watching him and at his sign came trooping up the bar—the preacher fagged and lagging behind—and gathered around him. Following the direction of his finger, they peered in under the overlapping trees.

Counterman grinned around at the others after a moment and jerked his thumb back toward the skiff.

"S'posin' we row up an' pay 'im a visit? I'd like t' see a man with sich an eye fr' a camplin' place."

Uncle Nick tossed up his chin, grunted, and led the way down the bar to where he had beached the boat.

The preacher appeared to be considerably vexed at the further prolongation of a trip that was growing more and more irksome to him. It might almost have been imagined that a frown ruffled the studious primness of his brow. But as the skiff glided up the narrowing arm of dead water, he appeared to get himself in hand again.

The frown disappeared and his air became that of a man only mildly interested in what went on about him.

There was little formality among men of the river and the woods—a fine enough delicacy, though, when big moments come. They brought to the bow of the skiff up under the stern of the secluded little craft and climbed aboard.

There was both a fore and an aft door to the tiny cabin that occupied the whole mid-section of the deck, but no windows on either side. Both doors were heavily padlocked—a further proof of the owner's exclusiveness. On the dusty boards there were a number of footprints, some of them—curiously enough—made by a boot that must have been stylish, even dainty.

Uncle Nick leaned upon the railing of the forward deck and prodded his pipe, while the one-eyed fisherman gnawed himself a fresh chew from a twenty plug that he clawed up out of his overalls pocket, the two of them generalizing on the circumstance of stylish boot tracks, no windows and padlocked doors.

The preacher had joined in the discussion and was just telling them, in his half-bored drawl, that it might be some naturalist taking unusual pains to preserve his specimens, when Jack Warhope, still standing in the skiff and holding it to the stern of the houseboat, picked up one of the shiny boots from the preacher's stack of clothes in the bow, and hidden from the others by the cabin, pressed the heel of it down hard beside one of the heel-prints on the dusty after-deck.

The two prints coincided perfectly.

CAPTER VI

Mettle of the Minister.

The Buckeye schoolhouse stood on the extreme west side of the village. A plain one-room building of the general type of the period—painted gone; weather-beaten; no belfry; no ornamentation; three windows on each side; a chimney at the back; a battered door in front.

The "festival" in celebration of the close of school was a distinct event at Buckeye.

The pupils' desks had been removed and placed around the walls. A long table extended across the rear. The rest of the room was clear, except for the great box stove that stood in the center of the floor, rusty red, and huge enough and deep enough to swallow a stick of cord-wood whole.

Everything was free, each family that sent children to school bringing a well-filled basket. And such a feast as the housewives of the neighborhood furnished forth could have been found nowhere else in the land except there in the great Flatwoods that lay, warped and wild, along the north bank of the upper Wabash.

Uncle Nick was there—which meant that things were not likely to drag, for he was the wisest, wittiest, and, as he himself said, "the no-accountest" man in the Flatwoods—a free-and-easy, happy-go-lucky, catch-as-catch-can sort of man.

He had been a great hunter and border ranger in his time, having come to the Wabash country when it was still the frontier and the Indians made it dangerous. Nearly forty years before, a man in his pride and prime, he had been one of Harrison's most trusted scouts, and had borne an honorable part in the grim and deadly struggle that took place in the early dawn upon that swamp-bound point of woodland on the Tippecanoe.

Aunt Liza, the "other half" of Uncle Nick, was there too. But if he had an oversupply of jollity in his disposition, she had a far greater oversupply of grimness. Aunt Liza was the one person in the world on whom Uncle Nick's wit fell flat.

In all matters pertaining to their few acres of bottom land, and in their cabin home a little way up Eagle Hollow road, her word was law.

Uncle Nick was perched upon one of the desks, his back to the wall, his eyes twinkling merrily, already an in-



He Was Raking Over His Scant Stock of Words for One That Would Fit the Occasion.

terested audience around him roaring at his drollery, when Jack Warhope pushed his way through the jam of men and boys at the door and joined the aimlessly sauntering crowd in the schoolhouse.

The Reverend Caleb Hopkins arrived, as he had promised—he and Texie and Mrs. Mason. He had been anxiously awaited, since it had long been the custom to have the minister sit at the first table and launch the "festival" with a blessing.

Zeké Pollock—likewise by ancient custom, a sort of self-appointed master of ceremonies—his sharp hatchet face scrubbed shiny with home-made soap perfumed with sassafras, pounced on the preacher and hurried him to the head of the table, with Widow Mason on his right, Miss Martin, the teacher, on his left, and as many pupils as possible lined up along the sides of the bounteous board.

The preacher's remarks were short—simple; concise; every sentence packed with thought; every gesture alive with grace. No speaker could have asked a better audience. He had been well heralded and expectation was at keener pitch. And no speaker ever better improved his opportunity. The speech ended while the audience was still hungry to hear more—a trick that many a less brilliant speaker might well copy. He turned back to the table and raised his hand. The two long rows of youngsters stood in awkwardly decorous expectancy. The low tones of the solemn grace fell softly impressive; the minister resumed his seat; a deep breath swept down the two rows of hungry urchins; and—the "festival" was on.

A good length of the candles in the windows had burned away when Jack, sauntering aimlessly in the crowd, found himself, for the first time that evening, face to face with Texie, where she leaned over Mrs. Mason's chair.

The girl looked up and smiled. He was raking over his scant stock of words for one that would fit the occasion—words being about the hardest things he had to reckon with—when the young preacher, suave and affable, by odds the most popular man in the house, joined the group.

Through the mind of Jack Warhope flashed a comparison between the preacher and himself. The comparison showed dead against him. For the first time in his life he was half ashamed of his ungainly clothes, of the great limbs, the massive chest and shoulders—the "six-foot-three" of bone and brawn upon which the Flatwoods had exhausted its utmost imagination, its ultimate romance, when it bestowed the title: Big Jack.

"The preacher slowly raised an arm and pointed toward the open door.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)