

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 fire that threatened a business block in the heart of Redding, Cal., was controlled after two hours of fighting Tuesday and confined to damage estimated at \$60,000.

Preparation of a new Mellon plan embodying suggestions for a further revision of the tax law in accordance with President Coolidge's promise to press for tax reform to supplement tax reduction is under way.

Germany's request that inter-allied military control of her armaments cease on September 30 was denied by the allied council of ambassadors in a note handed to the German ambassador in Paris Tuesday evening. It was announced Wednesday.

With a view toward curtailing the importation of luxuries, encouraging thrift and balancing foreign trade, the Japanese government introduced in the diet Monday a bill providing for an ad valorem duty of 100 per cent on 250 articles listed as luxuries.

Dr. Robert Max Garrett, 43, associate professor of English at the University of Washington for 15 years and a prominent English scholar of the Pacific coast, died Tuesday at his home in Seattle after an illness of four weeks caused by a nervous breakdown.

Ceremonies for the formal notification of President Coolidge of his nomination by the republican national convention as the presidential candidate were indefinitely postponed Tuesday on account of the death of Mr. Coolidge's son. The date had been fixed for July 24.

A. Williams, D. Casey and H. W. Barker, all construction workers on the Eugene-Klamath Falls cutoff, have been bound over to the federal grand jury on charges of smoking up Salt creek, after smoking had been forbidden there by the forest office because of fire danger.

Prohibition is a failure in the United States owing to contempt for the Volstead act and contempt for law in general, declared Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia university, New York City, on his arrival in Victoria, B. C., to investigate the British Columbia liquor control system.

Latest advices from Rio de Janeiro indicate announcements of capture by government forces of rebel positions in Sao Paulo were premature. The positions now are being bombarded by heavy artillery, with airplanes cooperating. It is stated, and the official word is that "all is ready for the final assault."

The election of John G. Price of Columbus, O., as grand exalted ruler and the selection of Portland, Ore., as the next annual meeting place of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks were the chief events of the executive session of the grand lodge in Boston Tuesday, held in conjunction with the sixtieth annual convention of the order.

Reduction in the duty on sugar by about one-fourth will be recommended to President Coolidge by three of the six members of the tariff commission. The report of these members, who are expected to take the position that the duties of the Fordney-McCumber tariff law constitute an unjustifiable burden upon the American people, is nearing completion.

Rear-Admiral Oscar F. Stanton, 59, U. S. N. retired, died at his home in New London, Conn., Sunday after a brief illness. He is survived by two daughters. He graduated from Annapolis in 1853 and during the civil war fought under Farragut with the west coast blockade squadron, commanding the U. S. S. Pinola in the battle of Mobile bay. He was retired in 1894.

Attorney-General Stone, addressing the annual convention of the American Bar association in Philadelphia Tuesday night, declared that "notwithstanding the improvement, actual and potential, in our state law," the actual administration of justice in the United States was not improving and that there were multiplying evidences that it was in a period of decline, which began before the world war and was greatly accelerated by the war.

ALLIES CONFIDENT ON PACT

Dawes Plan Up Before Reparations Committee in London.

London.—The inter-allied conference, which assembled in the foreign office Wednesday morning for the purpose of putting the Dawes report on reparations into effect opened in an atmosphere of optimism.

When the tentative arrangements for the meeting were concluded between Premiers MacDonald and Herriot at Paris last Thursday, the French premier characterized the occasion as the best day for the entente since the armistice was signed and competent American and British observers declared they hoped that within a fortnight the deliberations would be productive of an arrangement which will end once and for all time the quarrels and misunderstandings that have been continuous among the nations of Europe since the hostilities of the great war ended and the allied powers began their struggles to get war compensation out of Germany. Such hopes as these have been expressed prior to numerous other conferences of the allied statesmen during the last six years, but disappointment followed as the meetings were themselves out or abruptly broken up. The fundamental difficulties of the reparation problem are still unsolved but the participation of the United States through the experts who worked in Paris for two months this year to produce the recommendations now universally known as the Dawes report, has given new hope to the allies and Germany alike, and launched the seemingly perennial reparations problem on an entirely new phase.

The allies and Germany jumped to accept the experts' report in principle, and on Wednesday Mr. MacDonald, M. Herriot, M. Theunis, the Belgian premier, and other allied plenipotentiaries, together with Ambassador Kellogg as the official representative of the United States, empowered to act in behalf of American interests, gathered around the big horseshoe table in the foreign office overlooking Downing street to give political effect to the business-like economic findings of General Dawes and his colleagues.

There were more than 150 delegates, experts and advisers present when the British prime minister welcomed them to the conference and heard the responses of the leading plenipotentiaries.

Great Britain, France, Italy, Belgium and Japan are each represented at the conference table by several delegates.

Ambassador Kellogg is the only accredited representative of the United States, but throughout the deliberations, Colonel James A. Logan Jr., who has followed the complexities of the reparations problem from the beginning, will sit beside the ambassador as his official adviser. Four other Americans, two from the embassy and two of Colonel Logan's assistants, will be included in the conference secretariat.

The only other American who is to participate is Owen D. Young, known to the British as the man behind the Dawes report. He was a member of the Dawes committee on the German budget and currency problem, and was the general's chief aide in drawing up the experts' proposals.

Two Missionaries Shot.

Chenoweth, Hunan.—Revs. Karl Beck and George Snyder, missionaries of the Reformed Presbyterian church, were suffering from bullet wounds, one Chinese general is dead and another a fugitive with a price on his head, as the result of a feud growing out of ammunition purchases which led to hostilities on the night of June 2. Beck and Snyder were trying to make peace between the hostile factions when they were wounded.

Policemen Guard Flag.

Berlin.—Policemen with rifles from atop the Brandenburg gate and the roofs of nearby buildings guarded the flag flying over the French embassy Monday to prevent a repetition of the incident of three years ago on the French national holiday when the tricolor was wrested from the staff. The embassy hoists its flag only on July 14.

Debt Remission Urged.

Chicago.—Remission by the United States of its war loans, not only as a good moral measure, but for the sake of better prosperity, was advocated by Clarence S. Darrow, the attorney, Monday in an address before the University of Michigan Alumnae club of Chicago.

Lutherans Plan Drive.

St. Paul.—A house-to-house, nationwide soul-saving campaign will be formally authorized by the Walter league, which began business sessions of its 32d annual international convention here Monday. The project provides for an aggressive campaign in the field of home missions.

SAVANT PREDICTS NEW YORK QUAKE

Earth Fault Under Manhattan, Is Statement.

BIG BLOCKS MENACE

Release of Pressure Inside Planet By Oil Drilling Declared Likely to Bring Violent Reaction.

Philadelphia.—"There is very real danger that New York city may suffer from an earthquake one of these days. Unless the world gets over its mad search for oil, there are going to be some radical changes on this planet." These are some of the startling predictions made by Professor David Todd of Amherst college, professor of astronomy, internationally-known scientist and author of half a dozen books and innumerable articles. Professor Todd is spending his summer at the estate of P. M. Sharpless, near Westchester.

Professor Todd's observations are not based on any Sodom and Gomorrah idea of divine vengeance, but are, as he points out, the result of cold, scientific reasoning. New York city, he said, is as likely a site for the next earthquake as any of the United States. This is because of the geological formation of the land beneath it. Earthquakes almost invariably come at a point where two strata



JOHN W. DAVIS

Nominated for President on the 103rd ballot by the Democratic National convention, Charles W. Bryan, of Nebraska, brother of W. J. Bryan, was chosen for vice President on the first ballot.

or layers beneath the surface of the ground come together. When terrific pressure comes on this point it is inevitable that it should crack.

According to Professor Todd, it has been ascertained that just such an underground joint lies beneath Manhattan Island. The pressure which will eventually force this joint apart and cause an earthquake is due, to the thousands and thousands of tons which are being heaped onto to the island in the shape of huge buildings and foundations.

He predicted that when the earthquake finally comes the destruction which will follow will be far greater and more terrible than that which followed the Japanese upheaval of last summer.

Professor Todd was also pessimistic over the consequences of the "oil madness" which is gripping the world at present.

"Did you ever see a driller strike oil?" he asked. "If you have you will get some idea of the tremendous pressure which is locked up in the ground beneath us. It is this pressure which holds the world in shape and with countless hundreds of oil wells tapping this pressure in every part of the globe, what will be the result I dare not predict."

Scientists have spent considerable time guessing at the result of this mad tapping of the power which lies beneath us. Some have predicted that eventually there will be a huge collapse of the earth's surface more destructive than any earthquake the world has known. Others believe that the final outcome will be a change in the climate of the earth. When geologists are asked as to the outcome they seldom commit themselves.

"What happens when a chair is pulled out from under you?" they ask.

Boat Upsets; 5 Drown.

Victoria, B. C.—A tragedy involving five lives was disclosed Sunday when an overturned sailboat and the body of a woman were picked up in Ross by one of Victoria's beach resorts. The woman was identified as Mrs. Watson, wife of Lieutenant R. Watson, a British naval officer. Lieutenant and Mrs. Watson left here Saturday in the sail boat, manned by three sailors from the naval barracks for a pleasure cruise.

THE RED LOCK

A Tale of the Flatwoods

By DAVID ANDERSON
Author of "The Blue Moon"
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THE NAKED KNIFE

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 orphaned boy of Pap Simon who had foreclosed a mortgage on the Warhope estate. At first Texie and Jack talk sady 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 Colton 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 Reiden, a newcomer, says he saw the new parson with his arm around Texie. Jack kicks him, shoots a pistol from his hand and makes him say he was mistaken. The preacher and the villagers go fishing. Jack discovers the preacher carries a six-gun. A footprint on a concealed horseboat fits the preacher's boot.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

Of a truth, the comparison between the two men could not well have been more striking. The young preacher was a very handsome man. The beard and spectacles, the mass of hair falling about his ears, seemed to invest him with an air of exquisite mystery—an air that has such power to compel the attention of women.

The young woodsman, on the other hand, with his uncouth and ill-fitting clothes, though far from plain, owed whatever attractions he possessed to his magnificent physique, a bold regularity of features, and an honest, open frankness—a man's man.

With a jerky, elaborate bow to Jack, the young preacher turned to Texie.

"I was just hunting for you, Miss Texie. They want you at the punch bowl."

The girl must have known the woodsman was about to speak to her. His face was as easy to read as the signs of spring. She glanced at him; dropped her eyes; laughed—a trifle uneasily she thought, knowing her so well—and walked away beside the minister.

The woodsman stood looking after them, a queer sense of emptiness in his breast—a man nursed by nature, untainted to juggle with the heart's emotions.

The voice of the gray-haired gentleman in the rocking chair recalled his straying thoughts.

"Aren't they a fine-looking couple?" she was saying.

"Uh-huh."

"As I look back over the years since we came to Buckeye, I remember that you and she have always been playmates. My dear husband so often used to speak of the beautiful companionship between you. Long association with one so sweet and innocent must have had a most edifying influence upon you."

"It didn't hurt me none."

"Dear me! but you are laconic this evening, my lad. Do you always speak with such Spartan brevity?"

She might as well have said it in Latin. Jack was frowning hard in an effort to make out her meaning when Zeke Pollock, officiously omnipresent, stopped at the old lady's chair.

The woodsman was saved. He walked away in the crowd, while Aunt Liza, a few seats away, never backward about airing her views, leaned over toward the postmaster's wife and, in hoarse half-whispers, laid down her vastly positive opinion on the very subject he had just escaped discussing.

"Ain't it a burnin' shame the way Texie lets the new parson carry on with 'er, an' leavin' Big Jack out 'n the cold!—an' him 'w'ith any two o' the parson, the best breath 'e ever drawn. She'll rue it. Mark my words, Hanner Pollock, she'll rue it."

"Aw, shucks, Aunt Liza, you're just jealous 'r Big Jack, him bein' about 'y' s' much, an' Uncle Nick a-teachin' 'im all about the woods an' boxin' an' s'ch."

"Nick! Nick!"—it would be utterly impossible to commit to paper the ultimate contempt in the stifled tones—"fr the lan' sakes! What d' y' s'pose I care who the ol' man teaches 's fool truck an' boxin' tricks to? She'll rue the day she draps a fine lad like Big Jack—bound though 'e be—an' takes up with a teetotal furriner, 'st b'cays 'e happens t' be a mite slicker-lookin' mebbe—though, fr my part I don't conssit 'im one lotum better-lookin' than Big Jack is. She'll rue it, Hanner Pollock, she'll rue it. That parson ain't got all that p'laver an' meechin' ways fr nothin', now there's the business of it, I jeeziny!"

The postmaster's wife had her lips set ready for her reply when there came a sudden commotion at the door. A strange man, tall and powerfully

built, a slouch hat pulled low over his head, a swart face covered by a heavy stubble of black beard, and apparently just drunk enough to be dangerous, was roughly elbowing the crowd aside as he stalked back toward the table.

"Gimme some cake," he growled.

Miss Martin, trembling on the verge of panic, passed a plate of cake to him. He snatched off a piece, held it up contemptuously for a moment and then slammed it back with a force that dashed the plate from the timid little teacher's hand and scattered its contents all about the table.

"Aw, h—ll, gimme some cake!"

The preacher's shoulders lifted where he stood stooped among the women around the punch bowl. A spark of anger leaped into the eyes behind the spectacles, and his fingers curled toward his palms—a movement that the others were too intent upon the intruder to notice. But the flash passed with the instant; his shoulders drooped; to his eyes came back the look of peering benevolence.

"Friend," he called, still keeping his place among the women, "do you not realize that you are intimidating these ladies and spolling this—ah—most enjoyable evening? Will you not please—"

The swart-faced man stared insolently at the preacher, a curiously bewildered look crossed his heavy face. He seemed to study the drooping shoulders, the studious eyes behind the spectacles.

"Say, you pore devil of a gospel slinger," he snarled, "who's runnin' this show? Dry up, 'r I might take a notion t' saunter over and twist 'y' ear."

Turning back to the table, he took from his pocket an ugly clasp knife and, snatching up a big cake that stood still uncut, a sort of ornamental cen-



"Say, You Pore Devil of a Gospel Slinger," He Snarled, "Who's Runnin' This Show?"

terpiece that had been selected for the honor because of its size and beauty, he hacked himself off an enormous slice.

There is that about a naked knife—a certain cold, flinching thought of sharp steel drawn across warm flesh—that no other weapon inspires. Women gasped; children flew in terror to their parents; the desperado was left with the cleared center of the floor to himself.

He hacked himself off another huge section; gulped it down; laughed contemptuously, and slammed the rest of the beautiful confection at a window with a force that snuffed out a candle and shivered the glass to splinters; he glared around at the shrinking circle and smacked the knife against the palm of his hand.

"Say, ladies," he leered, his voice sounding harsh and strident in the dead silence of the room, "you and the youngsters here'n t' git panicky, I ain't goin' t' hurt you none. I jist sauntered in t' git a look at a Jay I've hear'n tell shoots up K'nuckians."

The reference was too plain to be misunderstood. Not a man there but had heard of the shoot-up in the post office the evening before. Every eye turned toward Jack Warhope, standing a step or two in front of the shrinking circle—for the others had drawn back and he had not.

The eyes of the desperado followed the eyes of the crowd. Slouching across the floor till the two stood face to face, he stiffened and glared with dull savagery.

Texie, just back of the preacher at the punch bowl, leaped across the table and almost stopped breathing.

"I'm a K'nuckian."

"I low they was right sorry when 'y' left."

The reply stung the drunk man to madness. With unexpected viciousness he lunged and struck with the knife.

The woodsman sprang back, warded the blow with ready quickness, and whipped a vicious jab to the chin that pitched the intruder backward to the floor. But the blow, quick as it was,

had come the flick of an instant too late, the knife had found his flesh, grazed the left side of his neck, ripped through collar and tie and gashed his shoulder half-way to the armpit.

Right there the Flatwoods showed its teeth. Fifty pistols leaped into view. A Counterman, far back in the crowd, snatched a long-barreled six-gun from somewhere under his blouse and his lanky body stiffened to balance, a light in his one eye no man there ever seen before. Uncle Nick, with a vigor that set at defiance his weight of years, hurried younger men aside and sprang into the cleared circle.

But with so many women and children present pistols were out of the question. The desperado doubtless counted on this very fact. Stung to madness by the blow, he leaped up and lunged again with the knife.

This time he ran square into the preacher. With a readiness and courage hardly looked for in one of his cloth, he had stepped in front of Jack Warhope, his tall figure erect and superbly dominant.

Fifty flatwoodsman, half crouched and straining forward, stood staring. The eyes of the dark-faced man stretched so wide that they appeared to bulge from their sockets. He lifted a dirty hand, brushed it across the wily stubble of his face and, like a man half dazed, slowly shut the clasp knife and put it back in his pocket. Fifty flatwoodsman relaxed, straightened; fifty pistols went back into hiding.

The preacher slowly raised an arm and pointed toward the open door. The desperado's eyes dropped; he rubbed his lips together as if to loosen them; turned and stalked from the room.

"Mebbe we orn't t' let 'im git away," muttered a voice.

"Aw leave 'im go," grunted Uncle Nick, a curiously puzzled expression on his face as he gazed at the open door through which the renegade had gone. "He's licked—an' 'e ain't w'ith hangin'."

The old man turned away, still with the puzzled expression on his face, motioned Jack to a chair at the side of the room and began examining his hurt.

At that moment Texie slipped through the crowd, some white strips of torn tablecloth in her hand, and approached the woodsman. A smile twisted his lips, and the girl, dipping one of the strips in the cold water Aunt Liza brought, began to wash the blood from the gashed shoulder and make it ready to be bandaged.

The preacher looked on a moment, turned away and went back among the women who were gathering again about the punch bowl. The elaborate frock coat and stiff neck stock had again asserted themselves. The stoop had come back to his shoulders; the flare had left his eyes.

The girl, with fingers trembling, glanced through the open door into the square of darkness that had swallowed up the desperado; bent low over the bandages, and brought her face close to the woodsman's ear.

"Jack—he looked like—like—Ken would 'a' looked!"

The woodsman started; looked into the square of darkness; and then into the girl's face.

"No, no!" he whispered. "Even if he was alive, he wouldn't 'a' come down that—low!"

CHAPTER VII

Fancies and Fence Rails.

Jack Warhope made a one-handed job of his work among the feed-pens next forenoon, though it was a task for two. The young woodsman was immensely sensitive over the fact that he was a bound boy, though Simon Colin never intruded it on him and seldom exercised any sort of authority over him.

He allowed him to live on in the cabin where his father and mother had dreamed their dream, to come and go as he pleased. The shrewd old money-lender probably knew that the young man's high spirit would urge him further than any amount of exercised authority possibly could. And Simon Colin knew the race from which his bound boy had sprung.

From the first, Simon's treatment of his bound boy had caused his neighbors no small wonder—it was so unlike him. He had sent him to the village school till he outgrew it, and had allowed him to roam the woods without any sort of restraint. Far from discouraging his very aptitude for woodcraft, he had even loosened his heart-strings—and his purse-strings; an infinitely harder thing for him to do—to the extent of buying him the best double-barreled shotgun the market afforded, and a revolver of model and workmanship as fine as the art of revolver-making could produce at that time—two gifts on which the boy certainly cast no discredit.

"Why don't 'y' try some day t'—trap your—fairy?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sea Water as Cure.

Sea water is at its best for curative purposes 20 miles from shore and at a depth of 30 fathoms. Its beneficial properties are derived from the "halogen" it contains in solution.