

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.

Mrs. R. A. Pittack of Everett, Wash., collected bounty Tuesday on a wildcat that was killed when struck by her automobile near Granite Falls.

The ministry of Premier Berge in Norway has resigned as a result of the defeat of the government's proposals for balancing the budget.

The first American Legion party, which will visit the battlefields under the auspices of the United States line, arrived Tuesday at Cherbourg, France.

Participation by President Coolidge in the national campaign is expected to be limited to less than a dozen speeches and to involve no extended campaign tour.

William Jones, of Yuma, Ariz., confessed slayer, escaped from a sheriff's posse under a fusillade of pistol shots, only to lose his life in flight in the quick sands of the Colorado river.

Sir William Abbott Ehrman, one of the best known marine biologists in Great Britain, arrived in London from Liverpool Monday and was found dead in his hotel room Tuesday night.

Three thousand civilians are reported to have been killed and injured in fighting at Sao Paulo between Brazilian federal and revolutionary forces. Reports received by the state department said, however, that no Americans were included among the casualties.

Sentenced to read every newspaper in Los Angeles each day for the next six months and rewrite the traffic accident stories in them in his own handwriting was the punishment meted out to W. G. Lovell, 18, who was charged with speeding.

Trapped in their second-story home near Sandy lake, 21 miles from Sharon, Pa., five children of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hedgelin, ranging in age from 9 months to 9 years, were burned to death when the home was destroyed by fire early Tuesday.

Because his father "was always swearing around the house," 21-year-old Willard Kruger killed him with an iron bar and buried his body in an abandoned hog pen. This was disclosed in a formal confession which authorities said young Kruger made in Hudson, Wis., Tuesday.

Reliable information received in Santos, Brazil, Tuesday, from Sao Paulo is to the effect that the government forces have recaptured several outlying sections of the city from the rebels and are bringing up heavy artillery and placing it at strategic points commanding rebel strongholds.

With the interallied conference on the Dawes reparation plan not yet a week old, the American ambassador, Frank B. Kellogg, has been called upon to play the delicate role of mediator, which all the delegations confidently predict would be his, sooner or later, when the statesmen opened their parleys.

Five hundred and twenty-eight women and children, passengers on the Eastern Steamship company's sound liner Boston, which was rammed by the tanker Swiftarrow late Tuesday night off Point Judith, L. I., arrived in New York Wednesday with dramatic stories of their rescue at sea in a dense fog.

Thirty-six leading grain firms of the northwest Monday offered to sell 1062 country elevators, 22 Minneapolis terminals and 12 Duluth terminals to the American Farm Bureau Federation. The offer will be submitted formally to the directors of the new \$26,000,000 grain sales corporation Wednesday at Chicago.

Fritz Haarman, known as the "vampire murderer," has been charged with 17 murders in an indictment just filed in Hanover, Germany. The police believe they will be able to prove his guilt in at least eight other cases. Numerous disappearances reported in various parts of Germany are being traced to his house.

Carl C. Magee, editor of the Albuquerque, N. M., State Tribune, because of editorials in Magee's paper criticizing court decisions, early Tuesday was found guilty of contempt of court by District Judge Leahy at Las Vegas, N. M., and sentenced to three months in jail. Governor Hinkle later in the day issued a pardon for Magee.

STERN NOTE SENT PERSIA

U. S. Warning Outlines Imbrie Case Course—Reparation Asked.

Washington, D. C.—Stern warning that continuance of American diplomatic and consular officers in Persia will depend upon action taken by the Persian government to protect adequately the American nationals in that country has been served on the Persian foreign minister, by Minister Joseph S. Kornfeld at Teheran.

The note made public Monday at the state department was delivered Saturday and deals only with the murder by a mob in Teheran of Vice-Consul Robert W. Imbrie. It was sent before word was received of the subsequent attack by "hoodlums" on the consul's widow, Mrs. Katherine G. Imbrie.

A further communication in connection with that attack was sent immediately by the state department to Minister Kornfeld, instructing him to make certain representations orally to the foreign minister. It is understood nothing will be made public here with reference to this statement, however, because of its oral character.

In connection with the murder of Consul Imbrie, the state department pointed out to the Persian government that the facts disclosed by its investigation "do not indicate that the police or military authorities made any adequate effort to protect the American consular representatives."

"There appears in fact," the note continues, "to be evidence which it is believed the Persian government will itself desire to investigate most vigorously that certain military elements participated in the assault."

Preliminary official reports regarding the later attack on Mrs. Imbrie by "several hoodlums" also showed a failure on the part of the Persian police to afford protection. A police official was reported to have stood idly by within 10 feet of the point where Mrs. Imbrie was subjected to insult. In outlining steps which it believes the Persian government should take in connection with the murder of Consul Imbrie, the state department notes that the Teheran authorities on their own initiative already have declared their purpose of making redress to the widow of the slain official. That redress should extend, the note declared, to the payment of costs for the sending of an American warship to bring home the body and also the establishment of a military guard of honor over the casket containing the body and the "rendering of appropriate honors at the time of leaving Persian soil."

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CORN PRICE HITS NEW HIGH MARK

Chicago.—Corn, hogs, oats, rye and provisions left wheat lagging Monday and ran a neck-and-neck race for advanced price records. Corn outdid all peace-time standards at this time of year by selling at \$1.00 1/2 a bushel for May delivery. Hogs touched \$10.50, the highest point since 1922. Oats and rye surpassed any prices heretofore paid in 1924 and the provision market equaled the feat.

Reports that corn growth had failed to make the progress it should have achieved in the last week started a rush of buying in the corn market and with hog arrivals scarce at the stockyards here, the upward swing of all farm produce markets, excepting wheat, became an extraordinary force.

Predictions that certain definite high figures for corn, wheat and oats would be realized were ascribed to James A. Patten, who at times has been a big trader in grain, but Mr. Patten declined to verify such reports. The fact that he had been active of late in the oats market, however, made that grain especially sensitive to the reports in question.

Sinclair Seeks Appeal.
Washington, D. C.—Harry F. Sinclair, lessee of Teapot Dome, has asked the District of Columbia court of appeals to allow him a special appeal from the recent decision of the district supreme court, holding that he must answer the indictment for contempt of the senate. The lower court invited the taking of the case to the higher tribunal. It is expected eventually to be decided by the supreme court of the United States.

George May Come Back.
London.—There are many signs of pending developments in Greece in the direction of restoration of the monarchy, according to the London Daily Express. The Royalists, who now have joined hands with the followers of Venizelos, it is said, believe that a counter-revolution is imminent and that King George will be restored to his throne.

Masterpiece Oddly Written.
"Songs to David," the lyrical poem of 86 stanzas, was written by Christopher Smart during lucid intervals of his wild madness.

BUYERS' STAMPEDE BOOMS GRAIN TRADE

Market in Chicago Pit Almost Runaway Affair.

WHEAT MAKES CLIMB

Strong World Situation and Reports of Crop Damage in Canada Chief Bull Factors.

Chicago.—Rarely is such a startling contrast in market conditions shown as was the case on the Chicago board of trade Saturday, compared with a year ago.

Wheat made a steeplejack climb of 6 1/2 cents a bushel here, on top of many spectacular recent gains. Last year at this time most deliveries of wheat here were under \$1 a bushel and below the estimated cost of production, the market demoralized and brokers in a rush to sell. Saturday there was an overwhelming rush to buy and as high as \$1.42 1/2 a bushel was paid.

A strong world situation with respect to grains, coupled with continued reports of extensive damage to the Canadian wheat crop, and in particular a greatly expanded general purchasing movement, were reasons advanced for the remarkable change from the situation last year. Some of the most experienced observers, however, described the appearance of the market at the close as strained, and said the outlook was one that suggested caution.

All deliveries of rye, as well as wheat, and some deliveries of corn reached new high record prices in Chicago. Hog prices as well as grain values soared. Choice hogs brought \$9.80, the topmost figure since October, 1922, when \$10.45 was paid. Less than a month ago predictions that the hog market in Chicago would reach \$10 before October 1 this year were smiled at.

Bank Situation Is Better.
Washington, D. C.—With the number of bank failures decreasing rapidly from month to month in the states west of the Mississippi river, where stringent credit conditions obtained last winter, high treasury officials expressed the belief Saturday that the reported bumper wheat crop in many of those states had placed the financial institutions of those districts on their feet again.

Treasury records show that 342 banks were forced to close their doors between January 1 and July 1. These include 267 state and 75 national institutions, and while a few more have gone out of business since, the records show that the failures in May were 30 per cent fewer than in April in states west of the Mississippi and 25 per cent less in June compared with May.

The agricultural credit corporation organized last spring at the direction of President Coolidge, has been able to open some 20 of the banks that failed and advised to the secretary indicate several score more in the northwestern states are now receiving aid which will enable them to weather any new crisis.

Rates Declared Unjust.
Olympia, Wash.—A joint complaint with the city of Walla Walla has been filed by the department of public works against the Pacific Power & Light company, serving a number of municipalities and country districts around Yakima and Walla Walla. The complaint alleges that the power company is charging rates that are "unfair, unjust, unreasonable and more than sufficient for electricity furnished to its customers."

Flight Ends at Seattle.
Los Angeles.—The army air service "has definitely decided" that the round the world flight, now approaching its last lap over the Atlantic, will end at Seattle and not at Santa Monica, the starting point. Advances to this effect were received here Saturday from Washington, D. C.

The federal trade commission has ordered the United States Steel corporation to abandon the Pittsburg plus system of determining the price of steel.

Powerful Steam Engine.
The most powerful high-pressure steam engine in the world was built for the Cargo-Fleet Iron company of England and develops 25,000 horsepower at 140 revolutions a minute with steam at 190 pounds.

THE RED LOCK

A Tale of the Flatwoods

By DAVID ANDERSON
Author of "The Blue Moon"
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"A GOOD BOY"

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 his hand and 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 hicks himself 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 boat fits the preacher's boot. A drunken ruffian disturbs a village festival and stabs the preacher in the shoulder. The preacher makes him leave. Jack trails the man to Belden's cabin.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

"That's why I came—Daddy wants to see y'u."
"Me?"
"He wants y'u to come over a minute."
"Y'u didn't tell 'im nothin' about that—that face?"
The girl's eyes flinched at the question.

"No—only that you got—hurt."
She drew a step nearer, laid her fingers lightly upon the sleeve of his blouse.
"How is y'r shoulder?"
He fumbled the side of his open collar.

"Aw, it ain't nothin'."
The smile came back and brought the dimples.

"Jack—"
He stole a quick look at the side of her upturned face and waited.
"I 'ben s' plinn' hungry all day somehow fr the rocks and woods—they're all waked up and wonderful now—and—"
She paused. The man drank in the exquisite profile of her fresh young face, her lips parted, her eyes softly retrospective with the smile that nestled in them.

"I 'lowed mebbe y'u wouldn't mind takin' me up there, bein' y'r shoulder ain't—well."
"Wouldn't mind takin' y'u—!" The man seemed to grope for a word big enough to finish the thought. "W'y—I'd—I'd—we'll be startin' the minute we can run over and see what Pap Simon wants—'fore, if y'u say so."

"No, I reckon we better go t' father first, he's been that fussed and restless since—"
She turned and took a thoughtful step toward the path that led across the orchard to the red-roofed cottage.

The man followed, suddenly stopped, raised a quick glance up to the wild and tumbled pinnacles of the cliff, and hurried back to the cabin. The girl followed him as far as the door, where she stood mildly wondering to see him take down the beautifully modeled revolver—the gift of her father—from where it hung on a peg behind the cook stove, carefully examine it and buckle it on under his blouse.

Jack Warhope was startled at the change the three days had wrought in the banker. The lines of his craggy face had noticeably deepened.

Texie ran to him and knelt by the chair. He laid a great gaunt hand on her head, and after a time looked up at the woodsman, standing so tall and strong in the floor that he seemed almost out of place in so small a room.

"I'm hearin' they clawed y'u up las' night."
The woodsman grinned; the old man went on:
"Didn't hurt y'u, did they—much?"
"A cat scratch."
The old man's fingers strayed over the girl's hair.

"Jack."
"Yes, sr."
"You've 'ben a good boy and you've worked hard." The woodsman shifted to his other foot and glanced down at the bright hair of the girl. The old banker studied him, slowly. "I never noticed it 'fore how much y'u look—and act—like y'r father."
"Size and looks and—actions, you're—like him," the old man went on. "Of all the men I ever knowed, I think he was the noblest, and—the finest gentleman. A soldier every inch, but no business man. That's why—"

He stopped abruptly, took his hand from his daughter's head and dropped it to her shoulder. His deep-set eyes strayed away—perhaps into the past, with its memories.
He looked up after a time, in his quick penetrating way.
"How's the cattle?"
The question was so at variance with the thoughts in the woodsman's mind that he was slow in answering.

"Fine, sr."
"About ready t' market?"
"Most any day, now. Three drovers have 'ben t' see 'em 'ready."
"Sell 'em—as soon as y'u please. What'll they bring?"
"If the market holds, they ought t' top five thousand."
"Five thousand—that's a heap o' money."

The bony fingers drummed hard upon the chair-arm. The old man fidgeted in his seat in a way that seemed to indicate that the interview was over. The girl rose.

"Father, we're goin' up in the woods t' see the sun set—Jack and me—"
A statement that was half question. The old man did not look up. They were at the door of the dining-room, the woodsman standing aside to let the girl pass, when the banker turned in his chair.

"Jack."
The girl stopped; the man turned back.
"Texie tells me you're leavin' us as soon as you're twenty-one."
"I'm a'min' to, sr."
"And that'll be—?"
"The twentieth—seven more days."
"Seven days—!" The old man frowned; rasped his hand over the dry stubble on his bony chin. "Well, seven days is—seven days," he muttered. "Hit ain't 'cause I've 'ben hard on y'u, is it?"

"No, sr, it ain't that. You've 'ben s' good to me that it makes it hard t' go, but I got t' do somethin' fr m'self—now."
The old man bent his brows thoughtfully; nodded toward his daughter in the door of the dining-room.

"She says you're calc'latin' t' fiae a wagon train fr California."
"Yes, sr, that's what I'm a'min' t' do, if you're still minded t' give me Graylock when my time's out."
"I'm a'min' t' pick up enough—gold out there t' come back and buy the homestead, if you'll sell it t' me, and make my father's—and mother's—dream come true."

The old man dropped his eyes and drew his hand across his shaggy brows.
"The day you're—twenty-one"—his voice was strained, and he seemed to



weigh each word before letting it fall—"we'll have a long talk, you and me, 'fore y'u fiae that wagon train—"
He stooped forward, picked up a bundle of papers from the floor and began sorting them over.

The others passed out through the kitchen, where Mrs. Curry was busy about the cook stove.

The witchery of the coming sunset was astrife among the splintered peaks and pinnacles of the bold headland. The woodsman took off his hat, swept his eyes over the far-spread landscape, drank deep the wonder of it, slowly turned to his companion.

He allowed himself to revel for a delicious moment in the rich completeness of her, as she stood lightly poised on the rock.

His arm unconsciously stole toward her; but he drew it back and pointed to the tiny flower bed at the foot of the upstanding pinnacle. The girl followed the motion, softly clasped her hands and stood looking down at the yellow orchid, its golden slipper still as plump and unwilted as before it had been transplanted.

"I found it this morning back in the woods."
His voice was strained and heavy out of all proportion to what might have been expected in uttering a statement so simple. The girl breathed fast. The man stooped, plucked the blossom from the stem and held it toward her; she took it and with slow fingers fastened it in her belt.

"I reckon we wasn't nothin' but jist crazy kids," the man went on, "but y'u know how the first bluebird and the first robin and the first lady slipper was always—big days to us—"

He was venturing his words forth as if each one had to feel its way across his lips, like a hunter picking his way over the dangerous bog at the head of Mud Haul.

"But lady slipper day," he faltered on, "was always the biggest. Y'u know, we alwys kinda fig'd on doin' somethin' extra that day, and when it come this year I 'ben plannin' I'd—"

for the next words—the hardest in the language to say; stole a glance at the girl's face; looked away. The stark skeleton of the unfinished farm-house unexpectedly—mayhap unluckily—came under his eyes; the transfiguring emotion slowly died in his face; the bound boy again dominated the man.

He heard the girl's deep breath; felt her hand thrill upon his arm; accepted it for what it was—the spontaneous communion of comradeship, a relation on which he dared not presume—dimly read in the serious eyes, as they strayed over his face, the tingling mystery, the far-flung vision that nestled there.

Very thoughtful she seemed, and for the most part silent—the all-sufficient silence that sometimes falls between comrades—as he led her down the bluffs, on the Eagle hollow side, around by the post office, and to the yard gate at the red-roofed cottage.

The Rev. Caleb Hopkins, with a book under his arm, was just coming across the little park from the study at the parsonage. He dropped down on the rustic seat at Whispering spring, opened the book and humped himself over it, apparently oblivious to all that went on about him.

The woodsman studied him a moment, frowned, and turned his eyes back to the girl. Swept by a sudden impulse that he could not control—an impulse that called for no word—he lifted her hand from the gate latch; held it for a delicious instant in both his own; dropped it and turned away.

Half-way up the road to the big elm at the homestead he looked back. The tall figure of the young preacher had risen from the rustic seat at Whispering spring, and through the pensive twilight the girl was crossing the yard toward him.

CHAPTER IX

Bats and Beetles.

In the luminous evening that followed Uncle Nick sat smoking a quiet pipe on the porch of his modest cabin at the upper edge of the village, almost exactly opposite the point where the Eagle Hollow road crossed the flat, unbanistered bridge and turned up the east bank of the branch to disappear between the jaws of the hollow.

Through the open door came the clink of the supper dishes as Aunt Liza put them away. A throng of bats, nocturnal hunters all, darted in and out among the fruit trees, white with bloom; the drone of a thousand beetles, the hum of a myriad gauzy wings, throbbled the silence into a sort of drowsy rhythm—a scene tranquil and serene.

The old man was just setting off to keep his tacitly understood appointment with the embryo scientists, soldiers and statesmen who assembled nightly around the barrels and boxes of Zeke Pollock's store, when the front gate creaked. He stopped and stood mildly wondering to see the tall and lanky form of Al Counterman, the one-eyed fisherman, coming up through the trees.

He threw up his hand, the fisherman threw up his. Two grins met and passed in the twilight.
"Fine day," said the fisherman.
"Couldn't make one no better, 'f I had the tools."

The fisherman seldom—almost never—came into that part of the village. With the sound horse sense that eighty years of hard knocks had pounded into him, Uncle Nick knew that something unusual had brought him. Counterman knew that he knew. He absently traced the flight of the bats with his puckered eye and shifted from one foot to the other.

"Little out o' y'r range, ha'n't y'u?"
The fisherman sat down on the porch, spit out into the yard, and threw away his cud, as if clearing his mouth for action. Al rarely threw away his cud. When he did it meant something.

"What's Aunt Liza?"
"Back in the kitchen. Why?"
The other did not answer, but sat listening to the clink of the dishes. He finally lifted his battered hat, ran his fingers up through his hair and mentioned his aged friend to sit beside him.

"Seen Big Jack t'day?"
"Seed 'im this evenin' late come down off'n Black Rock"—he tossed up his hand toward the high battlement of stone that frowned down upon them from across the mouth of the hollow—"him an' Texie. They crossed the branch at the bridge that, passed the gate an' went on down through town—t' the post office, I 'low."

The fisherman put his hat back on.
"I'm skeer'd it's dern little good it'll do 'im. As I come along up the creek, I happened t' glance down in ol' Sime's orch'd, an' ther she set with the new parson at Whisperin' spring."

The old man lowered his eyes and sat patting his boot upon the gravel of the small gutter worn by the drip from the porch eaves.
"Beats the devil the headway the parson's a-makin' with 'er," he muttered. "Must know some trick other men ain't on to."

"But I do know he's Black Bogus; yes, sr, Black Bogus."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Pale Drink.

Auntie (looking into baby carriage)—How pale little brother looks.
George Boy—Well, auntie, that's because they never give him anything but milk since he was born.

No Such Person.

There ain't no such person: the taller who will acquiesce in all your notions of how your suit should be made. This is a world of compromise.