

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.

Three outlaws held up the First National bank of Highlands, Ill., Tuesday afternoon and escaped with between \$17,000 and \$20,000.

Charles G. Dawes, republican vice-presidential nominee, will open the republican national campaign at Lincoln, Neb., August 29.

All preparations have been completed for the arrival of the American army airmen on their world flight, at both their landing places in Iceland, Hornafjord and Reykjavik.

Men's apparel, plain this year, is going to be more so next year, according to delegates attending the annual sessions of the Merchant Tailor Designers' association at Cedar Point, O.

Mrs. Meriam M. Ferguson, Texas' first woman gubernatorial candidate, increased her lead over Lynch Davidson, Houston, for second place to 3239 votes, it was announced by the Texas election bureau.

The headquarters of John W. Davis, democratic presidential candidate, during the coming campaign will be largely in the saddle. His personal base of operations will be his home at Locust Valley, New York.

Sixty natives are believed to have perished when the motorship Agusan burned off the coast of Camiguin Island in the sea of Mindanao. A telegram to that effect was received in Manila Wednesday from the commander of constabulary in Misamis.

The Carnegie corporation of New York, custodian of the bulk of the fortune left by the late Andrew Carnegie, Tuesday paid to Samuel Harden Church, president of the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh, an \$8,000,000 addition to the endowment for the educational work of the institute.

A posse dispatched from Wilmington, N. C. to Phoenix, Brunswick county, Tuesday night upon receipt of reports of a battle between prohibition officers and bootleggers found the bodies of Marshal Lilly, Deputy United States, and City Prohibition Agent Leo George in their automobile two miles from the town.

The smouldering feeling between members of the Ku Klux Klan and the anti-klan followers flamed into bitter and unexpected hostilities early Wednesday in Lancaster and Spencer, Mass., leaving in its wake injury and destruction of property. More than 50 persons were injured and property damage was estimated at thousands of dollars.

By way of a demand upon the United States tariff commission for information as to what it has been doing in sugar investigations, Senator La Follette of Wisconsin, independent candidate for president has promulgated a declaration which impartially attacked both the present republican and the preceding democratic national administrations.

Despite a perceptible slackening in steel operations in the second quarter of the year, directors of the United States Steel corporation Tuesday declared an extra dividend of 50 cents on the common shares for the third successive quarter, in addition to the regular dividends of \$1.25 a share on the common and \$1.75 a share on the preferred stocks.

The National Farmers' and Grain Dealers' association, in which 5000 grain elevators in the middle west hold memberships, has refused to endorse the recently organized Grain Marketing company of Chicago. The association declared it would continue to withhold its endorsement until the grain merger plan was modified to provide that all stock must be held by farmers' elevator companies and not by individuals.

The discovery of 250 gold ornaments that were ancient heirlooms even in the time of Homer, the opening of a Greek tomb that had not been disturbed for more than 3000 years, and the discovery that the so-called saddle roof was not unknown in the architecture of that early day, are some of the important results, just reported in Stockholm, of the Swedish archaeological expedition, headed by Crown Prince Gustaf Adolf, which is excavating the ancient city of Assine, Greece.

AIRPLANE MAY BE REPAIRED

Round-the-World Flier Has Chance to Finish Trip.

Washington, D. C.—A slight hope was held Monday night in war department circles that the trio of American around-the-world fliers might yet be able to complete their circumnavigation of the globe as a unit, despite the mishap Sunday to the Boston, piloted by Lieutenant Leigh Wade.

Initial dispatches describing the wrecking of the Boston were interpreted as having put Lieutenant Wade definitely out of the flight, but later advices that his machine was being taken to Reykjavik, Iceland, was accepted as evidence that a more careful survey indicated the possibility of repairs which would enable that ship to join those of Commander Lowell H. Smith and Lieutenant Eric Nelson.

A repair depot has been established at the Icelandic capital. Not only have spare parts been placed there for the engines, but complete sets added of the specially designed pontoons, wings, rudders and controls used in the Douglas type of airplanes which make up the flight group.

As a result, army officers declared that "if the fuselage of the Boston" is sound, she can be rebuilt at Reykjavik. It will only be necessary, they said, that the body of the plane with its internal struts and braces be available to the repair forces for the Boston to be placed in commission in 48 hours.

Suggestions were made that Lieutenant Wade be issued one of the observation planes carried by the cruisers patrolling the route or that a spare plane be shipped at once from this side, but both proposals were rejected by the army service after careful consideration.

The extent to which interest in the world flight is being maintained was indicated by numerous messages, both telephonic and telegraphic, to the war department seeking information as to Lieutenant Wade's mishap, his chances of continuing and proffering various suggestions for his assistance.

Citizens of Boston telegraphed President Coolidge urging that everything be done to enable Lieutenant Wade to complete the flight and this request was sent to the war department from the White House. Whether an extra plane from Langley field might be made available when the fliers reach this side was a question still undecided.

ALASKAN MOTORBOAT SEIZED BY RUSSIANS

Nome, Alaska.—Russian authorities have seized the Nome, a motorship of this city, and confiscated her cargo, according to word received here Tuesday from Anadyr, Siberia.

Gus Hendricksen, master and owner, Arnold Castel, engineer, and Sam Magids, charterer of the boat, were arrested, it was stated.

Magids had an arrangement with authorities at Moscow which he understood permitted him to trade in Siberia, but reports said that the authorities at Anadyr, which is on the east coast of Asia just south of the Arctic circle, refused to recognize this authority.

Russian authorities of the district known among Alaskans as Whalen, that is to say, the northeastern corner of Siberia, including East Cape and Anadyr, seized four American trading vessels last summer, the Iskam of Tacoma, Wash., the Silver Wave and the Blue Sea of Seattle, and the Belinda of Nome. The American state department refused to move in behalf of the owners or crews of these boats, because the United States then, as now, had no relations with Russia.

Body to be Sent Home.

Naples.—The United States cruiser Trenton has been ordered to proceed to Persia to take on board and carry back to the United States the body of Robert W. Imbrie, American vice-consul at Teheran, who was killed by a mob recently. Thirty-two sailors from the Trenton Monday rendered military honors at the unveiling of a tablet here in honor of Italy's war dead. The American consul-general attended the ceremony.

Mail Lost With Plane.

Washington, D. C.—Loss by fire of an air mail plane and 152 pounds of mail which left San Francisco Sunday, was reported to Postmaster-General Now. The plane being flown by Pilot Scott was over Great Salt lake when its radiators exploded. The plane took fire and Pilot Scott succeeded in effecting a landing but was unable to extinguish the flames or remove the mail. Scott received slight burns.

Astoria.—Building permits issued during the month of July by the city hall represented a value of \$327,435, according to figures given out Saturday by J. L. Burgess, city building inspector.

ALLIED PREMIERS IN FULL ACCORD

Steps Taken to Put Dawes Plan into Effect.

U. S. HELP IS PRAISED

Ambassador Kellogg Is Officially Present in Interest of American Government.

London.—A new era in allied diplomacy dawned Saturday when the inter-allied conference, with the United States officially represented by Ambassador Kellogg, reached a full agreement on the program for making the Dawes reparation plan effective. After eighteen days and a good part of many nights, spent at the British foreign office in Downing street, the parleys have terminated successfully so far as their inter-allied aspect is concerned. The conference now becomes an international one.

With the arrival of German representatives in response to the invitation dispatched by Premier MacDonald, the inter-allied formula for launching the new scheme to obtain war compensation from Germany will be reviewed and the Berlin emissaries will be asked to agree to it. Final adjournment is expected the end of next week.

The delegates characterized the negotiations as the most successful of all the European conferences held since the great war and many of them expressed appreciation of the assistance by the American delegates and observers.

"The conference has been a wonderful success so far," said Ambassador Kellogg to The Associated Press. "It has taken a good deal of time, but there was a vast amount of ground to be covered. Everyone was determined to accomplish the task, and I think we have done it. The program we have adopted is the only one we will take up with the Germans next week."

Mr. Kellogg paid tribute to the valuable work done by James A. Logan Jr., and the other American experts. He also praised the helpfulness of Owen D. Young, who in his unofficial position as one of the Dawes committee members placed his opinion before the conference whenever he was called upon.

In Mr. Logan's opinion, the agreement reached by the allies marks their greatest success since Versailles. Mr. Young, likewise, expressed approval of the program as a sound basis for working the Dawes scheme and in keeping with the spirit of the expert commission's work.

The mediative role of the Americans continued throughout the conference and aided materially in bringing the final accord during the plenary session, when it was found French and British views still were widely divergent on technical points which the experts during day and night sessions for the past 48 hours vainly tried to settle.

Ambassador Kellogg made a short speech giving his opinion as to what should be done and quick agreement followed.

Big Wool Deal Closed.

Pendleton, Or.—The wool clip of Smythe brothers, aggregating 300,000 pounds, was sold Saturday to C. B. Brannon of Buhl, Idaho, for Swift & Co., according to a statement made here by Mr. Brannon and verified at the office of Smythe brothers. The prices paid for the clip, which is thought to have constituted the largest volume of wool left in the hands of one outfit in Oregon, was 35 to 40 cents a pound, Mr. Brannon said.

Population Bogy Raised.

Williamstown, Mass.—"There won't be standing room in the United States 10,000 years from now, if the present rate of increase in population continues," said Professor Henry P. Fairchild of New York university Saturday. This statement was made in opening a round-table conference on population and related problems at the institute of politics.

Hondurans in Revolt.

Managua, Nicaragua.—Honduras is again in the throes of a revolution. San Marcos de Colón was attacked Monday by 400 insurrectionists under Generals Julio Peralta, Jeremiah Fonseca and Toribio Ramos. Many were killed and wounded on both sides. Commandante Tortillo and Colonel Gallardo of the government forces were killed.

THE RED LOCK

A Tale of the Flatwoods

CHAPTER IX—Continued.

He lifted his face after a moment and chuckled complacently.

"Big Jack," he went on, "couldn't kill him with a nigger maul. Didn't 'e fetch that chuckle head a groanin' lick? Lord! Leetle too high, though," he commented in the nice criticism of a man who, in his day, was known to have been the most dangerous rough-and-tumble fighter on the border.

He paused, and his face assumed the same puzzled expression it had worn at the festival the evening before.

"I reckon hit couldn't 'a' be'n, an' it's jist as well not 't say nothin' about it," he went on, "but I thought that feller favored that scape-gal'us of ol' Sime's—Ken Collin—what 'e would 'a' be'n by now. I noticed it when 'e fared up off'n the rock thar with the knife."

Counterman leaned nearer.

"That's jist what I mossey'd up 't talk about." He lowered his voice.

"That was Black Bogus."

Uncle Nick straightened.

"No!"

"Hit were."

The old man swore, took out his pipe again, stared at it and put it back in his pocket.

"Black Bogus—hit couldn't—w'y, ther's fifty sheriffs a-lookin' fr' him."

"Yes, an' them same fifty sheriffs ain't none too dern' anxious 't find 'im. He's a bad man with a six-gun."



"That's jist what I mossey'd up 't talk about." He lowered his voice.

"That was Black Bogus."

He may be Ken Collin—that I don't know—but I do know he's Black Bogus. I run afoul of 'im three year back, down Vincennes way. It was when—

The fisherman stopped, breathed hard, passed his hand up over his sunken eye socket and sat staring out into the gathering night. The aged hunter studied him covertly. More than once he had thought of asking for the story of that lost eye, but the innate delicacy of the born woodsman had restrained him.

"Calc'late you was some surprised when 'e swarmed in?"

Counterman turned; felt along the edge of the porch floor with his hands.

"I 'low I werdn't no worse surprised than he'd 'a' be'n if he 'a' saw me. But I happenen 't be back in the corner b'hind the crowd—an' it's a good thing I were. I don't come face 't face with Black Bogus. He tricked me once; he won't trick me no more"—the old hunter saw the weather-stained flat of the fisherman grip tight; heard his lanky jaws clamp together; watched him instinctively hitch the holster of his long-barreled six-gun to an easier position at his hip—"an' I've already got enough blood on my hands 'ver—"

He stopped abruptly and again sat staring into the night.

The man was a mystery. He had come to Buckeye as the driftwood comes—nobody knew from where. He paid his way, asked no questions, answered none. In the silence that fell Uncle Nick sat pondering him—what his life story might have been.

The fisherman roused himself after a moment and went on.

"What crosses my path is, how 'e come 't be there, p'tic'lar how 'e happenen 't come out s' bold—specially if 'e is the man you think 'e is. It ain't his way. He never would 'a' done it if it hadn't 'a' be'n fr' Zake Pollick's squil' whisky." He straightened, glanced around at his aged friend, and had the light been sufficient, the old man might have seen that the twinkle, never long absent from the doubly capable eye, had returned.

"Big Jack an' the parson shored did show 'im a good time—while 'e lasted."

Uncle Nick grinned.

"That parson—lord! I ain't be'n 't church in fifty year, but I'm calc'latin' on goin' next Sunday. If that parson can outface the devil the way he out-faced that bulkin' chuckle-head, he ain't no bad man 't hitch up with."

"I'm only hopin'," Counterman went on, "Big Jack—an' the parson, too, fr' the matter—has seen the last o' Black Bogus. I'm hopin' but I'm doubtin'." "I ain't nary a doubt," Uncle Nick checked. "Your Black Bogus"—the

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puzzled expression touched his face again—"got a bellyful las' night. He ain't honein' fr' no more, I'm bettin' m' bottom dollar 'e ain't."

"I dunno," Counterman pursued. "He's a bad lot. Ther' ain't a worse man the length o' the Wabash. An' then ther's Loge Belden they say moved in the ol' cabin up Eagle holler last week with 'is sister."

"Cordwood—huh—he ain't no more a wood chopper than I be. He's a river man. Come f'om the Kentucky mountains in the first place, an' use'n 't be a pearl fisher till they run 'im off'n the river. I never knowed Loge, that is, what y'u might say per'n'y. I never see'd 'im till 'e tangled with Big Jack in the post office 't other evenin'."

But I knowed 'is sister, not the one that's with 'im now but the other one—the one that's dead—"

The fisherman bent his head and his voice fell low, finally stopped.

"Black Bogus is an old pal o' Loge's," he went on after a time. "Wouldn't wonder he's harborin' up thar, an' if 'e is, why is 'e? An' what are they both—'r either one o' 'em—doin' up hyur in the Flatwoods? Hit looks 't me—he bent toward his companion—"they've got the'r eye on ol' Sime Collin."

Uncle Nick sat thoughtfully fumbling his chin.

"That'd leave Ken out," he mused. "He wouldn't 'a' felt that low. Anyhow, ther's lots o' folks that looks like other folks." Counterman thought a moment before he spoke again.

"Black Bogus' game is counter-fittin', but he's got the guts fr' anything; an' Loge's or'n'y enough fr' any dirt. Ther' ain't nothin' I'd put a-past 'im. He's done time twice 't'ready, an' would be doin' it right now if it werdn't fr' 'is sister. There's one good gal—as different f'om Loge as the devil f'om Sunday. Hit's Loge's one good p'int—he thinks a heap o' 'is sister."

"Well," commented Uncle Nick with his slow drawl, as the other paused, "hit might be the makin' of ol' Sime if somebody could manage 't pry a dollar 'r two off'n him, an' as fr' Big Jack, I 'low ther' ain't none o' 'em honein' fr' more truck with 'im."

He chuckled complacently, possibly fancying that he had put a particularly neat and unanswerable finish to the argument.

"That ain't it," Counterman pursued. "Black Bogus an' Loge are both the kind that strikes in the dark."

"Thunder!"

Uncle Nick's shoulder jerked away from the porch post, and the fisherman caught the glitter of his deep-set eyes in the twilight.

"They cayn't come nothin' like that on the boy 'r I'll strike the warpath m' self. Dunno but what I'll peel an eye on that cabin up the creek."

The old ranger sat erect and restless, drumming with his fingers on the porch floor and looking away across the narrow mouth of Eagle hollow to where Black rock poked his tumbled ramparts up against the eastern sky.

The clatter in the kitchen ceased, Aunt Liza's still sprightly, vastly positive step came across the cabin floor, and a moment later the creak of her rocking chair joined the droning chorus of the beetles.

"Wonder what Big Jack thinks o' the way the parson's a-cuttin' around 'is gal?" Counterman mused. "An' her the best prize in the Flatwoods, even if she didn't have a cent."

Uncle Nick fumbled out his pipe, knocked it on the edge of the porch floor, and filled and lit it.

"I knowed 'is father, Col. David Warhope, when 'e first come 't the Flatwoods up'rds of eighteen years back, an' I knowed 'is grandfather, Old Col. David Warhope. I fit Cumseh an' the Prophet under the gran'father. The homestead was a present 't 'im f'om Gen. Andrew Jackson. Ol' Colonel David an' young Colonel David, they were both fine, up-standin' men, soldiers every inch, an' Big Jack's like 'em. Hit's too bad the homestead had 't be lost 't ol' Sime, an' the boy bound out to 'im. But even so, he'd make a heap sight more fittin' man fr' a Flatwoods gal than that hump-backed, squinty-eyed parson. Beats the devil the headway he's a-makin' with 'er. I wouldn't 'a' thought—"

"No good'll come of it," broke in the acid tones of Aunt Liza. "Didn't y'u see 'is carryin' on with 'er at the sociable las' night? Big Jack ain't go'n 't be a bound boy 're'er. She'll rue the day she draps a fine lad like him an' takes up with a furriner."

"Aw, Liza," drawled Uncle Nick, "the parson ain't no furriner he's a college pr'fessor."

"Don't talk to me," snapped the tart voice. "I reckon I know what I see with m' own eyes. Mind what I tell y'u, she'll rue it, an' so'll Sime Collin a-lettin' 'im harbor around like that, don't keer if 'e did go 't school with Ken."

"I bet y'u if 'er mother was livin' ther' wouldn't be no sich goin'-on. I dunno what ol' Sime can be thinkin' about—nothin' but money boardin' an' 'er grabbin', I reckon. If I had a gal, I'd no more think o' lettin' 'er be harbored up with a teetotal furriner that a-way—huh—I'd no more think o' lettin' 'er than I'd think o' takin' wings

and flyin' 't Ingland. There ain't no sense—"

"Aw, don't be too hard on the parson," interrupted Uncle Nick with a chuckle. "I reckon 'e won't eat 'er."

"Hoh!" snorted the voice, in ultimate contempt. "What d' you know about raisin' gals? Cayn't see an inch ahead o' y'ur nose. Hyur we set, in our old age, barly able 't keep soul an' body t'gether, when we might 'a' tuck our pick an' choice—an' me a dinkin' it into y'u f'om daylight 't dark jist how 't'd be, too."

"Oh, well, Liza" the old man rejoined, in tones more serious, "don't throw it up to a man b'cayse 'is foresight ain't as good as 'is hindsight. You might 'a' done worse. I ain't never be'n in jail yet, an' y'u ain't never be'n in the p'orhouse."

The dim figure rocked a while in silence.

"Gals is gittin' e'en a'most too high fatuin' these days," she resumed, though in a milder voice. "Bound 'r free, Big Jack's a-pleaty good enough fr' Texie Collin, the best breath she ever drawn, with all 'er money an' good looks."

"Use'n 't be a gal could git along with one bean, but now'days—huh—they ain't satisfied 'lessn' they've got two 'r three a-tralpsin' after 'em. Things is comin' to a purty pass—that's what I say—to a purty pass. If a gal ain't satisfied with one bean at a time, how in the name o' sense can y'u expect 'er 't be satisfied with one husband at a time?—now ther's the business of it, I-jeeminy!"

The air of hard finality with which the grim lips were pursed up and twisted around toward the right ear, the crisp positiveness with which the words were uttered, almost made the twilight seem to crackle, like stiff parchment being folded after the reading of some weighty mandate.

Counterman dropped an arm across his knee and sat very still, as if afraid the slightest sound might touch off again that hair-trigger tongue; Uncle Nick looked away toward Black Rock; the bats darted about in the dim half light, intrepidly threading the bewildering labyrinth of fruit trees; a cricket at the corner of the porch tried to match the creak of Aunt Liza's rocking chair.

CHAPTER X

Warning of the Frogs.

While the cricket carried on his squeaking contest with Aunt Liza's rocking chair, Jack Warhope, in the tiny cabin at the homestead, sat reading by the candle on the small center table—studying would be a truer word, for the book was Professor Asa Gray's celebrated "Manual of Botany."

The breath of the trees came down over the cliff, caught and rustled the pliant sprays of the crimson rambler, then the countryside settled still; the words of the book blurred, dimmed, faded away, and from the transfigured page there looked out at him a face with laughing eyes.

A trim slim figure flitting with unconscious grace across the lawn to where a tall, suave, profoundly bowing man awaited by the rustic seat under the great maple at Whispering spring, crossed his mind—and the face was gone.

He laid the book aside; blew out the candle; turned his chair and sat staring into the fire, still faintly alive and fast waning, behind the open hearth of the cook stove. A stick



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burned in two, fell into the coals and stirred out a tiny shower of sparks. A bright little blaze flared up, danced over the walls and timbers of the cabin, glinted upon the sword and spurs hanging under the companion pictures beneath the draped flag.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Grass Hammocks. Hammocks made of grass or fiber were in common use among the Caribbean Indians when Columbus discovered America.

You can always spot an inferior person by his superior air.